

STRANGERS ON A BUS

By

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Dedicated to the memory of Wes Craven.

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

A black briefcase. Golden hinges. The front. The sides. The back. The bottom. The top. Everything is finely textured.

The front again. The briefcase cracks open. It slowly opens up. White light bursts out of it and engulfs the screen.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - JUST BEFORE DAWN

A nondescript suburban house in "Anytown, USA."

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The ceiling fan rotates in slow motion.

BRITTANY (thirties) sleeps comfortably. She is equally beautiful, nerdy, and awkward.

The time on her clock changes to 6:30 a.m. Her alarm clock buzzes. Brittany jolts out of bed and yelps.

BRITTANY

I'm up, I'm up!

GRANDMA DEAREST (O.S.)

Brittany, wake the fuck up!

Brittany scrambles to her the alarm off. She scrambles to put her glasses on. She trips and falls trying to get out of bed. She grunts as she falls to the ground, flat on her stomach. She laughs. She picks herself up.

GRANDMA DEAREST (O.S.)

Brittany!

Brittany jumps.

BRITTANY

I'm up, Grandma!

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Brittany brushes her teeth rapidly. Her mouth is full of suds. Her toothbrush slips out of her hand and falls into the sink. Brittany grunts.

She spits out the toothpaste and washes her mouth. She washes off the toothbrush.

GRANDMA DEAREST (O.S.)
Don't forget to brush in the back!
And the molars!

BRITTANY
I know, Grandma! I'm not a child!

Brittany grumbles.

BRITTANY
Can't she just let me grow up?

She fills a plastic cup with water and rises her mouth. She spits. The repeats. And again. She dumps the remaining water and wipes her mouth off with the handtowel.

GRANDMA DEAREST (O.S.)
I hope you're wearing clean
underwear today!

Brittany grumbles.

BRITTANY
Yes, Grandma!

GRANDMA DEAREST (O.S.)
I don't like your tone!

Brittany grumbles.

BRITTANY
How did I get stuck with her?

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - SHOWER - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Brittany washes her hair.

GRANDMA DEAREST (O.S.)
Don't forget to use more soap than
you've been using!

BRITTANY

I know!

Brittany shakes her head and grumbles.

BRITTANY

Leave me a--

GRANDMA DEAREST (O.S.)

And don't forget to use soap this
time! And scrub your face!

Brittany grumbles, groans, and growls.

BRITTANY

Shut up! Just shut the fuck up!
Leave me alone!

She runs her fingers through her hair and roughs it up. She
growls and screams.

She hyperventilates and then catches her breath.

BRITTANY

I have got to get out of here. I
can't take another minute with her.
I just can't. Just kill me now.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

GRANDMA DEAREST -- 60s, overweight, unattractive, with an
aloof look frozen on her face (think a younger Anne Ramsey)
-- sits in her chair and watches an old sitcom.

Brittany races to the door with a Pop Tart in her hand.

BRITTANY

Bye, Grandma!

Grandma Dearest berates her. She raises her fist.

GRANDMA DEAREST

That's all you're eating?! Now
you'll never get fucking job!

BRITTANY

Yes, I will!

Grandma Dearest marches up to Brittany.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 There's cereal! There's eggs!
 Bacon! Toast! TV dinners!
 Spaghetti's! And all you wanna eat
 is fucking Pop Tarts! Pop! Tarts!

She grabs Brittany's arm and squeezes it.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 You're. Not. Leaving. Until you eat
 something else.

Brittany grunts and sighs.

BRITTANY
 I don't. Have. Time. Grandma. I've
 gotta go. Bye.

She breaks free and marches away.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 Come back here!

Brittany marches out the door. Grandma Dearest races after
 her. She swings the door open.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 Get back here!

BRITTANY
 No.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 Now!

She slaps Brittany across the face.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 You get your motherfucking lazy ass
 back into that kitchen, now! And
 make yourself something
 substantial! Something with
 nutritional value!

Brittany clenches her fist.

BRITTANY
 You look like you could use a
 sandwich.

Brittany socks her grandmother square in the jaw.

BRITTANY
A knuckle sandwich.

GRANDMA DEAREST
How dare you defy me!

BRITTANY
How dare you defy me! I'm a grown
woman, Grandma! How old am I?

GRANDMA DEAREST
You're not too old for a spanking!
Now get back in that house and eat!

Brittany marches away.

GRANDMA DEAREST
This year, Brittany!

Brittany mutters under her breath.

BRITTANY
Fuck you.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Now!

Brittany turns around and flips her off with both hands. She
turns back around.

BRITTANY
Bitch thinks she can tell me what
to do for the rest of my life? Give
me a fucking break.

GRANDMA DEAREST
And watch that attitude, young
lady!

Brittany imitates shooting herself in the head. She imitates
the sound of cocking the gun and the gunshot.

Brittany shakes her head and sighs.

BRITTANY
One of these days.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brittany tidies up her clothes. She combs her hair.

She tries to finish her Pop Tart.

BRITTANY

Hope this doesn't give me gas.

Brittany plays "air piano." She closes her eyes and hums Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

You're playing it wrong!

A slapping sound.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

C sharp minor, not major! Can't you do anything right?!

Another slapping sound. Even louder.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

C sharp, not D sharp! What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Another slap.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

I could play this song in my sleep! You can barely play it awake!

Brittany starts to tremble.

BRITTANY

"So, Brittany. Tell me a little bit about yourself."

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

LAURA -- thirties, pretty and dressed in office attire -- opens up her briefcase and stares in awe. A blindingly bright light shines from the inside.

Laura observes other passengers.

LAURA

Too old. Too young. Too smart. Too dumb. Blind.

Laura sighs.

LAURA
Isn't there anyone qualified for
this job?

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brittany looks at herself in her compact mirror.

BRITTANY
"What are your strengths and
weaknesses?" My strengths are--

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

Laura rubs her temples.

LAURA
I can't do it all by myself. I need
someone. Someone with that special
something.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brittany folds her hands. She smiles.

BRITTANY
"Why do you want to work at--"

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

The bus screeches as it stops. Laura and other passengers
cover their ears and grumble.

LAURA
Please. I need somebody. Anybody.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Brittany notices the bus. She jolts.

BRITTANY
Oh!

Brittany laughs nervously. She puts her makeup kit away.

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

The door opens. Brittany steps onto the bus; she trips on the first step.

The DRIVER, a crusty, old gentleman, grabs her hand before she can fall. Brittany catches her breath and laughs.

The driver nods his head.

DRIVER
Morning, ma'am.

BRITTANY
Morning, Sam.

Brittany opens up her wallet and pulls out a dollar. She drops it into the fare box.

DRIVER
Thank you, ma'am. Appreciate it.

Brittany nods as she strolls toward the seats. Not too many empty seats left. She spots one beside Laura.

The driver closes the door.

BRITTANY
Do you mind if I...?

LAURA
No, it's fine.

Brittany sits down. The bus resumes driving.

Laura has a blank look on her face.

BRITTANY
Are you okay?

LAURA
Same old.

BRITTANY
I'm Brittany.

Brittany extends her hand. Laura doesn't shake hands. Brittany awkwardly drops her hand and chuckles.

BRITTANY
So, where are you off to?

LAURA

Hell.

BRITTANY

Do you have a name?

LAURA

Bitch. But you can call me Laura.

Brittany looks down at the briefcase.

BRITTANY

What's in there?

LAURA

Say, Brittany. How would you like to do me a little favor?

A passenger pulls the cord.

BRITTANY

What kind of favor?

LAURA

I've got a boss down at the office. Makes Mr. Dithers look like Mr. Rogers.

BRITTANY

Mr. Dithers?

The passenger pulls the cord again.

LAURA

Don't you ever read Blondie and Dagwood?

The bus screeches to a halt. The passengers cover their ears and grumble. The bus makes Brittany lean to her right side. She accidentally farts.

The passenger who pulled the cord gets up. The driver opens the door. The passenger gets off.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Have a nice day, Ma'am.

Brittany picks herself back up and turns toward Laura.

BRITTANY

Sorry about that. I always dreaded the day that I'd fart on the bus. Oh my God, I'm so embarrassed.

LAURA
No, it's fine.

BRITTANY
I didn't have time to eat, so I had
a Pop Tart.

LAURA
We have a lot to cover, so why
don't you meet me at my house at
seven?

She grabs a pen and paper and writes down her address.

BRITTANY
May I ask what this is about?

LAURA
Long story short, let's just say my
boss needs someone to show him
who's boss. Are you in?

BRITTANY
Gee, I don't know, Laura. I'm not
good at confrontations.

Laura hands Brittany the note.

LAURA
Here's my address.

Brittany takes it.

BRITTANY
I've never done anything like this
before. I don't think I can.

LAURA
Why not?

BRITTANY
I have a job interview in the
afternoon, for one.

LAURA
If you want real money...

Laura opens up her briefcase and shows it to her.

LAURA
Does this change your mind?

Brittany stares in awe.

BRITTANY
Where did you get that?

LAURA
That information is classified. But
if you can "fire" my boss, it's all
yours.

BRITTANY
After my job interview. Maybe.
Where you do work?

LAURA
Shit.

Laura pulls the cord. She gives Brittany a set of keys.

LAURA
A 2008 Mercedes-Benz. In the glove
compartment, you'll find a knife.

Brittany's eyes widen in horror.

BRITTANY
A knife? Your car?

Laura shakes her head. She grabs a pen and notepad.

LAURA
Fall guy.

She scribbles on the notepad.

LAURA
Here's my cell phone number.
Legible enough?

BRITTANY
I guess so, but why me?

The bus screeches to a halt.

LAURA
Nobody would ever suspect you. And
your shoe's untied.

Brittany looks down. Her shoe is, in fact, untied. She ties
it. Laura walks away. The driver opens the door.

DRIVER (O.S.)
Have a nice day, ma'am.

The driver closes the door and resumes driving. Brittany
whispers to herself.

BRITTANY
Me? A cold-blooded hit-woman?

Brittany looks around the bus at the other passengers.

BRITTANY
The only knife I ever use is a
butter knife.

Brittany stares at a man's pen in his coat pocket. The man turns to face her. She turns away and flinches.

She notices another man's T-shirt of a restaurant, with a knife and fork on it. The knife and fork look sharp and pointy. Brittany turns away and flinches.

The room spins around. Brittany wobbles in her seat. She looks out the window.

BRITTANY
Shit!

She yanks the cord. She quickly lets go and grabs her hand. She moans in pain and blows on her hand.

The bus screeches to a halt. Brittany falls out of her seat and onto the floor, face down. The other passengers gasp.

INT. PIANO ROOM - DAY

Brittany holds her hand. Her TEACHER observes.

TEACHER
Will you be able to play today?

BRITTANY
That's what I'd like to know.

She lets go of her hand and sits down at the piano. Her teacher opens up her sheet music. Brittany cracks her knuckles and clears her throat.

Brittany plays "Moonlight Sonata, First Movement" stiffly. Her teacher nods with each correct note. She instructs her to stop.

TEACHER
It needs to be a little more
lively.

BRITTANY

Lively?

TEACHER

You know, give it more oomph. More expression. You're just playing notes. Bring it to life.

Brittany mutters under her breath.

BRITTANY

That's the last word I wanted to hear.

TEACHER

What was that, dear?

Brittany nods her head and resumes. Her teacher nods to each correct note.

LAURA (V.O.)

You'll find a knife.

BRITTANY (V.O.)

A knife?

Brittany closes her eyes and shakes.

She plays a discordant chord and stops.

TEACHER

Are you all right? Do you need some water?

BRITTANY

Yes, please.

Brittany wipes her forehead and takes a deep breath.

LAURA (V.O.)

If you can "fire" my boss, it's all yours.

BRITTANY

Maybe I need a good warm up tune, like "Swanee River."

TEACHER

I'm sick of that song! Do you know how many times a day I suffer through it?

Brittany's teacher returns with the water. She hands it to Brittany. She replaces the sheet music with another song.

TEACHER
Here's what you need, Brittany.

BRITTANY
"Baby Got Back?"

Her teacher tries not to laugh.

TEACHER
Why not? If a song about butts
can't get your mind off whatever it
is, I don't know what can. Try it.

Brittany begins to play "Baby Got Back."

BRITTANY
I like big...

Her teacher interrupts her singing. She continues playing
the piano.

TEACHER
No singing. I want to evaluate each
note.

BRITTANY
But wouldn't it be better for me to
just sing?

TEACHER
If you need to go home, we can
reschedule.

Brittany stops playing.

BRITTANY
That might be a good idea.

TEACHER
Just one of those days. I get them,
too. I hope you get to feeling
better, dear.

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

Brittany naps on the bus. She sighs in her sleep. The other
passengers mind their own business.

The bus screeches to a halt. Brittany's in a heavy sleep;
she doesn't wake.

Two feet board the bus. It's Laura.

Sleeping Brittany sighs. She lays perfectly still.

Laura strolls over to her, briefcase in hand. She sits down in the same spot as before.

Brittany continues to snooze. Laura shakes her awake.

LAURA
Wake up, Sleeping Beauty.

BRITTANY
Huh, what?

LAURA
I didn't wanna disturb your little nap. But you don't wanna miss your stop, do you?

Brittany yawns and stretches.

BRITTANY
My grandmother would kill me.

She scratches the back of her head.

LAURA
You still on?

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - DAY

Brittany returns home.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grandma Dearest sits on the couch. The TV is off. Brittany enters the house.

BRITTANY
Hey.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Brittany.

Brittany stops dead in her tracks.

BRITTANY
Uh, yeah?

GRANDMA DEAREST
Brittany, I'm sorry I yelled at you today. You know how I get that
(MORE)

GRANDMA DEAREST (cont'd)
 early in the morning when I don't
 sleep. Or I have a low blood sugar.

Brittany nods her head.

BRITTANY
 I understand, Grandma.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 Do you forgive me?

Brittany nods her head.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 You know, it's like Norman Bates
 said in Psycho...

GRANDMA DEAREST
 "We all go a little mad
 sometimes."

BRITTANY
 "We all go a little mad
 sometimes."

Brittany laughs, yawns, and blinks sleepily.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 Look at you, you poor dear. Why
 don't you take a little nap before
 your job interview?

Brittany nods. Her eyes glaze.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Brittany waltzes into her bedroom, swaying back and forth.
 She holds a kitchen timer. She closes the door. She sets the
 timer on her nightstand.

She takes off her day clothes and slips into her pajamas.
 She yawns. She sets the timer for one hour.

She slips under the covers and into position. She turns to
 her side. She stares at the timer.

She smiles, yawns, and falls asleep.

The ceiling fan rotates in slow motion.

LATER

The ceiling fan continues in slow motion.

Brittany naps peacefully.

One minute left on the timer.

A gentle knock on the door. Brittany doesn't wake up. Grandma Dearest cracks the door open and walks in. In her hands is a bowl of hot oatmeal. She sets it on the nightstand. She kisses Brittany on the forehead.

GRANDMA DEAREST

You look so beautiful when you're sleeping.

She exits the room.

Brittany sniffs. She sighs in her sleep. She slowly awakens, the side of her face buried in her pillows.

She sighs happily. She rubs the sleep out of her eyes. She sits up, yawns, stretches, and scratches the back of her head.

She pushes the covers off her and climbs out of bed. She changes from her pajamas to her business clothes.

She exits her bedroom.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Brittany combs her hair. She hums to herself. A huge smile appears on her face.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Brittany returns to her bedroom. She sits on her bed and eats her oatmeal.

Thirty seconds remain on the timer.

BRITTANY

Knock 'em dead.

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

Brittany sits in the same seat.

BRITTANY

Hmm, I wonder when Laura gets off?

Brittany clears her throat.

BRITTANY

"So, Brittany, what do you want to accomplish in your first ninety days?" I'm glad you asked that question. I hope to accomplish...

Brittany sees a hallucination of herself standing at the front of the bus. The hallucination stabs the air with a bloody knife.

The real Brittany's eyes widen at the hallucination.

BRITTANY

Murder?

Brittany shakes her head. The hallucination is gone.

BRITTANY

No, no. I hope to accomplish...

Brittany sees a hallucination of Laura standing at the front of the bus. Laura opens up the briefcase.

LAURA

It's all yours.

BRITTANY

The perfect crime?

The Laura hallucination is gone.

BRITTANY

In my first ninety days, I hope to commit-- No, not commit. Accomplish! I hope to accomplish... Shit. Hang in there, Brittany.

INT. JOB INTERVIEW - DAY

Brittany, now dressed in office attire, sits down with her potential employer, JENNIFER SEPTEMBER (forties). September wears glasses, but is less nerdy.

Brittany sits stiffly.

SEPTEMBER

Now, before we begin, could you tell me a little bit about yourself?

BRITTANY

Sure. I moved here a year ago from Colorado. My first job was babysitting. My first paid job was as a cashier at McDonald's when I was sixteen. While it was fun, I felt that clerical work was a better fit for me.

September nods her head.

SEPTEMBER

Mm-hm.

BRITTANY

The kinds of jobs I was looking for were difficult to get in Colorado, for someone my age. So I stayed with McDonald's until I graduated. I attended Pickens Tech concurrently with my Senior year in high school.

SEPTEMBER

Impressive!

BRITTANY

Yeah, I really enjoyed it. I got a diploma and a certificate in the same year. But since the jobs were hard to come by, I took whatever I could find.

September nods.

BRITTANY

Wal-Mart, Blockbuster, Best Buy, Pizza Hut, Pay Less, Toys R Us, but none of them were really fulfilling. You know what I mean?

SEPTEMBER

I totally understand. Look at me, I didn't just wake up one day and take C-E-O pills.

Brittany and September share a laugh.

BRITTANY

When I moved here, I was lucky enough to get a job at Saxon & Blakley. It's the best job I've ever had.

SEPTEMBER

Most of the applicants I've been getting lately were from Saxon. Must've been tough when they went out of business. Moving on, What do you know about McKenzie-Krueger?

Brittany darts her eyes toward September's briefcase.

Brittany sees, in her mind, Laura open up her own briefcase.

LAURA

All yours.

Brittany shakes away the memory.

SEPTEMBER

Are you all right?

Brittany nods.

BRITTANY

I'm fine. McKenzie-Krueger is a leading technology company, steadfastly surpassing Apple.

Brittany sees a hallucination of Laura. Laura sneaks up behind September and slashes her throat.

BRITTANY

No! Don't!

SEPTEMBER

What's wrong?

BRITTANY

Could I get some water please?

SEPTEMBER

Sure, there's a water cooler out front.

Brittany nods her head and gets up. She trips on her chair. She falls to the floor with her butt hanging in the air.

September gets up to help her.

SEPTEMBER

Do you need help?

Brittany accidentally farts.

BRITTANY

Oh, God. I'm so sorry.

SEPTEMBER

It's fine. We all do it. I just did it before the interview.

September gags and fans the fart.

SEPTEMBER

Maybe we could redo the interview some other time. When would be the best day for you?

BRITTANY

I'd say Wednesday of next week.

September smiles.

SEPTEMBER

Wednesday of next week, it is.

She fans the fart.

Brittany walks toward the door. The room spins around. She passes out.

SEPTEMBER

Brittany?

EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The bus drops Brittany off. She walks toward the house and rings the doorbell.

No response.

She rings it again.

BRITTANY

Hello?

She knocks on the door three times.

BRITTANY

Laura?

She knocks again, this time to the tune of Chopin's "Funeral March." She steps back.

The doorknob slowly turns. The door creeps open. No lights are on.

LAURA

Come in.

Brittany obliges. Laura closes the door.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Brittany and Laura enjoy scrambled eggs and buttered toast. They drink fancy champagne.

BRITTANY

Why is it so dark in here?

LAURA

Seize the night, Brittany. Seize the night.

Brittany grabs her glass.

BRITTANY

Are you gonna tell me what this whole plot's about?

LAURA

It's very hard for me to discuss, but I'll try.

Laura takes a large swallow of her drink and wipes off her mouth with the back of her hand. She slams it back down.

LAURA

Ten years ago, I... God, has it been that long already? Ten years ago, I was in need of some dough. Serious dough. We're talking Benjamins. So, after all the good places turned me down, I finally got a job at GuestCorp.

Brittany nods her head.

LAURA

A year later, I had an affair with my boss, 'cause my husband was an asshole. But guess what?

Laura shows Brittany two black eyes and a bruise on her right arm. Brittany winces.

BRITTANY

He did that to you?

LAURA

I've been trying to escape ever since. But he controls me like a parent who won't let go of their adult child. A parent who tells you what to do, what to say, when to do or say it, how to dress.

BRITTANY

Why don't you just get another job?

Laura grabs her glass.

LAURA

Nobody wants me! Besides, revenge is too sweet.

Laura raises her glass.

LAURA

To revenge.

Brittany raises hers. Her hand starts to shake. She lowers one eyebrow.

BRITTANY

To revenge?

Laura and Brittany clink their glasses and take a drink.

Brittany looks down at Laura's silverware. She forces her eyes shut and shakes her head.

LAURA

Anyone like that in your life?

Brittany jolts and raises her head.

BRITTANY

Huh?

LAURA

You take care of my boss, and I'll happily return the favor. Who've you got?

BRITTANY
Well, Nobody.

Laura hovers her hand over the briefcase.

BRITTANY
No, I mean...

Laura releases the first hinge.

BRITTANY
Please.

Laura releases the other hinge and yanks the briefcase open.
Brittany shields her eyes.

BRITTANY
My grandmother!

Brittany hyperventilates. She sobs.

BRITTANY
My grandmother, my grandmother!
There, I said it. My grandmother.

Laura closes the briefcase.

LAURA
Tell me about Grandma Dearest.

A spanking sound. The sound of a young girl crying.

Brittany flinches at the memory. She trembles. She shakes her head.

BRITTANY
No.

A slapping sound. Brittany flinches again. The young girl continues to cry. Grandma Dearest is heard berating her granddaughter.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)
That was totally uncalled for,
young lady!

BRITTANY
No, no. Don't. That hurts.

Another slapping sound. Brittany flinches at the memory.

BRITTANY
No! Grandma, stop!

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)
What's the magic word?

Brittany jumps out of the table chair.

BRITTANY
Fuck you!

Laura snaps her fingers. She runs toward Brittany and shakes her out of her traumatic memory.

LAURA
Brittany!

Brittany looks around the room feverishly.

BRITTANY
Where is she?

Laura grabs Brittany's shoulders.

LAURA
It was just a memory. Now, can you tell me what she did to you?

BRITTANY
She raised me.

LAURA
What about your mother?

BRITTANY
It's a long, complicated story. But my grandmother raised me. Even into my adult life.

LAURA
Even into your adult life?

Brittany nods her head and sobs.

LAURA
I've got a box of tissues somewhere.

BRITTANY
She's very authoritarian. Strict as all hell. She controls what to wear, what to do, what to say, when to do it. She uses fear to break me.

LAURA
I'll be right back.

Brittany nods. She wipes her eyes with her sleeve.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brittany returns home. The lights are off.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brittany closes the door gently. She sneaks toward the stairs, watching each footstep carefully.

STAIRS/LIVING ROOM

Brittany ascends the stairs, one step at a time.

At the top of the stairs, in harsh light, is Grandma Dearest. She folds her arms and taps her foot. She growls.

Brittany jolts.

Grandma Dearest screams at the top of her lungs.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Brittany! Michaela! Bolton!

Brittany shivers.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Where on earth have you been all night?!

BRITTANY
I had dinner with a friend and--

GRANDMA DEAREST
You don't have any friends!

Brittany gulps.

GRANDMA DEAREST
I've been worried sick about you!
You were two minutes away from a missing persons report!

BRITTANY
God, I wasn't gone that fucking long!

GRANDMA DEAREST
Do you realize what time it is?!
Huh! Do ya?!

BRITTANY
Eight?

GRANDMA DEAREST
Not even close! Try four o'clock in
the morning!

Grandma Dearest stomps one step down.

Brittany takes a step back.

GRANDMA DEAREST
If I were twenty years younger...

She takes another step down.

GRANDMA DEAREST
...and twenty years healthier...

Another step. Brittany backtracks.

GRANDMA DEAREST
...I would beat the molasses out of
you! I would break every bone in
your goddamn body!

BRITTANY
I'm sorry, I lost track of time.

Grandma Dearest marches down the stairs to just the step
above Brittany. Brittany flinches.

Grandma Dearest slaps her with the back of her hand.
Brittany touches her cheek and sobs.

BRITTANY
I said I was sorry!

GRANDMA DEAREST
You've lost everything! No TV! No
computer!

Grandma Dearest and Brittany descend the stairs.

GRANDMA DEAREST
No video games! No Blu-ray! No
Netflix!

Grandma Dearest raises her hand. Brittany flinches and
cowers. Grandma Dearest glares at her.

GRANDMA DEAREST
No room, except for your bed. And
you are not to leave this house for
anything! For two months. Is that
clear?!

Brittany hesitates.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Is that clear!

Brittany sighs and weeps.

BRITTANY
Yes, Grandma.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Now, I want you to sit on that
couch for the rest of the night and
think about what you've done!

Brittany glares at her grandmother. She hyperventilates. She
clenches her fists.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Brittany...

She raises one fist.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Don't you dare.

She raises it higher.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Brittany.

She punches Grandma Dearest in the face. Grandma Dearest
falls to the floor. Brittany runs away to the chair.

Grandma Dearest lays unconscious on the floor.

BRITTANY
Good night, Grandma.

Brittany marches up the stairs.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ceiling fan rotates in slow motion.

Brittany grumbles.

BRITTANY

Who does that bitch think she is,
anyway?

She clenches her fists and punches the air.

BRITTANY

Why did I get stuck with her?

INT. CITY BUS #2 - DAY

Brittany sits on a different bus, in the same seat. She sighs and palms her face.

BRITTANY

I can't do this.

The PASSENGER (GUY IN HALLOWEEN T-SHIRT) next to her wears a Halloween Michael Myers T-shirt with prominent knife.

Brittany turns to look at him. She screams and turns away.

GUY IN HALLOWEEN T-SHIRT

Something wrong?

She sighs.

GUY IN HALLOWEEN T-SHIRT

Ma'am?

Brittany looks up at him.

BRITTANY

No, I'm fine.

She palms her face again. She drops her transfer ticket. The Guy in the Halloween T-Shirt picks it up.

GUY IN HALLOWEEN T-SHIRT

Here you go. What's going on, if
you don't mind me asking?

BRITTANY

I'm in a life-or-death situation.
I'm about to make a decision that I
might regret.

GUY IN HALLOWEEN T-SHIRT
We've all been down that road.

Brittany raises her eyebrow.

BRITTANY
Really?

GUY IN HALLOWEEN T-SHIRT
More than I care to recall.

Brittany's eyes widen in horror.

BRITTANY
Oh my God!

GUY IN HALLOWEEN T-SHIRT
What? You're acting like I'm some
kind of psycho killer.

Brittany gulps. The bus comes to a slow and steady stop.

EXT. TRANSFER STOP - DAY

Brittany sprints off the bus and trips. She picks herself back up and runs toward the original bus. The Guy in the Halloween T-shirt walks toward a different bus.

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

There's nobody on the bus.

DRIVER
Hello again. Where's the fire?

Brittany catches her breath.

BRITTANY
What fire?

DRIVER
You look like you're running away
from Jason or Michael Myers. Or
Freddy.

BRITTANY
I felt I could use the exercise.

DRIVER
Not the only thing that needs to be
exorcised.

Brittany walks toward the same seat she sat in earlier.
Laura is sitting in the same spot as before.

LAURA
Ready for Act Two?

BRITTANY
How is this gonna work?

LAURA
Simple. You get off on my stop, I
get off on yours. We do our dirty
work, we get back on the bus, and
call it a day.

BRITTANY
You sure this is gonna work?
Bitch-o is very vigilant.

LAURA
How old is she?

BRITTANY
Not too.

LAURA
Are we talking Michelle Pfeiffer,
Dianne Keaton, or Betty White?

BRITTANY
Diane Keaton.

LAURA
Worse comes to worst, I'll throw
Grandma from the bus.

BRITTANY
Good luck with that. You'd never be
able to lift her. And wouldn't it
be smarter to minimize witnesses?

LAURA
You're catching on, sweetie. I'm
impressed.

BRITTANY
My stop is coming up.

Laura grabs the cord.

LAURA
Thanks. Just tell me when.

Brittany looks out the window.

BRITTANY

When.

Laura pulls the chord.

The bus screeches to a halt. Brittany holds onto Laura to keep from falling over. Brittany lets go.

BRITTANY

Good luck, Laura.

LAURA

Ditto.

Laura gets up and walks toward the front of the bus.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Grandma Dearest spreads mayonnaise on her bologna sandwich. She's dressed in pajamas, a pink bathrobe and slippers.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - DAY

Laura hides in the bushes.

She checks to see if the coast is clear.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Grandma Dearest slaps the sandwich together.

LIVING ROOM

Grandma Dearest sits down in her chair with her sandwich. She turns on the TV. Some reality show.

Grandma Dearest grumbles and changes the channel. A basketball game. Click. SpongeBob.

GRANDMA DEAREST

Isn't there anything good on TV anymore? Where's Matlock?

Click.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - DAY

Laura creeps toward the back of the house.

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

Brittany takes her phone out, along with Laura's number.
She dials the number.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE/INT. BUS - DAY - INTERCUT

Laura's cell phone rings.

LAURA

Shit.

Laura grabs her phone and answers.

LAURA

Hello?

BRITTANY

Hey, Laura. It's Brittany. How's everything?

LAURA

Fine. What about you?

BRITTANY

I'm still on the bus, and... I'm not sure I can go through with this.

LAURA

You're bailing on me? Why? After everything she's done to you!

BRITTANY

It hasn't been all bad.

LAURA

"Not all bad?" Brittany, you're a fucking puppet! Grandma Dearest is the puppeteer. You're a grown woman. Cut the strings already!

BRITTANY

What if we get caught?

LAURA

Now you're worried about being caught?! The sooner we pull this off, the happier our lives will be. Remember that fancy briefcase? Wouldn't you kill to have what's inside?

BRITTANY

I'll be there soon.

LAURA

I hope you mean GuestCorp.

Brittany hangs up.

Brittany takes a deep breath. She lowers her head and rubs her temples with her thumbs.

BRITTANY

To kill...

YOUNG BRITTANY (12) cries in a memory.

YOUNG BRITTANY (V.O.)

No, please, Grandma!

A slapping sound.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

No T.V.!

YOUNG BRITTANY (V.O.)

But I didn't do anything!

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

I told you to leave your door open!
Open!

YOUNG BRITTANY (V.O.)

It was open!

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

No it wasn't!

YOUNG BRITTANY (V.O.)

Ajar is open, grandma.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

Don't argue with me! One more word out of you and you're gonna lose your bedroom for a month!

Brittany clenches her fists.

BRITTANY
...or not to kill?

Young Brittany screams in a memory. A slapping sound.
Another slapping sound, even louder.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)
Don't you ever hit me, young lady!

YOUNG BRITTANY (V.O.)
Fuck you!

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)
If you ever hit me again, I'll call
the police!

Brittany raises her fists. She grimaces. She pulls the cord.

The bus screeches to a halt. She grabs the back of her seat
to avoid falling over. She gets up and walks toward the
front of the bus.

The driver opens the door. He nods and smiles.

DRIVER
Have a good day, ma'am.

Brittany smiles and exits.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The drivers closes the door and drives off. Brittany takes a
deep breath.

BRITTANY
You can do this, Brittany. How bad
can her boss be?

Brittany finds the Sunday comics wrapped around the back of
the bench. She grabs it and reads "Blondie." Mr. Dithers
berates Dagwood. Brittany's eyes widen. She gulps.

LAURA (V.O.)
(echoing)
Makes Mr. Dithers look like Mr.
Rogers.

BRITTANY
This must be Mr. Dithers?

Two POLICE OFFICERS (both male) approach her.

OFFICER #1
You lost, ma'am?

Brittany jumps. She grabs her heart and catches her breath.

OFFICER #1
I didn't mean to startle you,
ma'am. You look a little lost?

Brittany fidgets.

BRITTANY
Me lost?! No, I'm fine! Just fine!
Everything's great!

OFFICER #1
You sure?

BRITTANY
I just got off the bus and... you
know?!

Brittany laughs in a caffeinated manner. The two officers exchange looks.

OFFICER #2
Ma'am, you might wanna cut back on
the Starbucks.

BRITTANY
Oh, sure! It's been a crazy day
today! Have a nice day!

Brittany sprints away.

BRITTANY
Smooth. Real smooth.

Brittany palms her face and breathes raggedly.

She resumes walking.

Officer #1 speaks into his walkie-talkie.

OFFICER #1
Be on the lookout for a possible
fifty-one fifty. Last seen at the
bus stop on Elm Street, about two
miles from GuestCorp.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - DAY

Laura tries climbing up the house. She is halfway towards one of the bedroom windows.

LAURA
Come on...

LIVING ROOM

Grandma Dearest sleeps and snores in her chair. Her sandwich is eaten. Steve Harvey's Family Feud appears on TV.

LAURA

continues to climb. She grunts.

LIVING ROOM

The contestants win the \$20,000 playing "Fast Money." The commotion causes Grandma Dearest to wake up. She jolts awake and clenches her heart.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Wha--

She grabs the remote and turns the volume down.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Shut up!

Click. She gets out of her chair.

LAURA

gets closer.

Closer.

STAIRS

Grandma Dearest climbs up.

GRANDMA DEAREST
I'm too fucking old for stairs.
Fucking S-S-I.

LAURA

finally reaches the window.

HALLWAY

Grandma Dearest inches toward the bathroom.

GRANDMA DEAREST

One of these days, I'm gonna need
one of them portable commodes.
Damn, I wish I were dea--

Grandma Dearest spots Laura climbing into her bedroom window, and screams bloody murder.

GRANDMA DEAREST

Who are you?! What are you doing in
my house?!

LAURA

Are you Laura's grandmother?

GRANDMA DEAREST

You bet your sweet ass I am! I'm
gonna go piss, and then I'm calling
the police!

LAURA

The police already know who I am.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Brittany just stands there, looking at all the cars. The garage appears to stretch crosswise.

Brittany takes three steps forward.

BRITTANY

She said it was a Rolls-Royce,
right?

Brittany observes the nearest cars.

She takes two steps back.

BRITTANY

Or was it a Porsche?

A hallucination of Laura appears on top of one of the cars, a 2010 Porche. She wields a bloody knife. A dead body in a white bag lays on its back on the hood of the car.

The room spins around.

The hallucinations are gone.

The room resumes spinning.

BRITTANY

I can't do this. It's not right. I don't even know him. How am I supposed to just kill a complete stranger?

A slashing sound.

Brittany screams in frustration and falls to her knees. She pounds the ground.

BRITTANY

Probably too late for me. Oh shit.

Brittany sprints away.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Grandma Dearest flushes the toilet and washes her hands. She grumbles indistinctly.

Laura busts the door open and grips a knife. Grandma Dearest screams in horror. Laura stabs her repeatedly.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Laura sprints toward the bench. She grabs onto the back and catches her breath. She's covered in sweat.

She looks at her watch.

LAURA

I don't have ten minutes.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Laura continues stabbing Grandma Dearest. She falls to the ground and hits her shoulder on the toilet bowl.

GRANDMA DEAREST

I wish I were dead.

LAURA
Wish granted.

GRANDMA DEAREST
But not like this. You'll never get
away with it!

LAURA
Did you do all those nasty things
to Brittany?

GRANDMA DEAREST
It's called discipline. Every
spoiled little shit needs it.

LAURA
It's called abuse.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Abuse?! I'll show you abuse!

She punches Laura in the gut. Laura grabs her gut and gasps.

GRANDMA DEAREST
I've lost my teeth, my health, and
my mobility, but not my black belt.

EXT. THOMPSON LANE - DAY

Brittany runs through a suburban neighborhood. She screams.
The same police officers spot her.

OFFICER #1
Hey!

The officers run after her. Officer #2 speaks into his
walkie-talkie.

OFFICER #2
We're gonna need backup. Stat!

The officers collapse onto the ground. They huff and puff.
Brittany takes off.

OFFICER #2
Fifty-one fifty just ran off on
Thompson Lane.

PRESCOTT DRIVE

Brittany continues sprinting. She huffs and puffs. She stops when she comes to her house.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - DAY

Brittany catches her breath and wipes the sweat off her forehead. She pulls her shirt collar and fans herself.

Grandma Dearest screams from upstairs. Brittany jolts and races inside.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brittany swings the door open and doesn't close it.

BRITTANY

Grandma?!

She races upstairs.

HALLWAY

Brittany glances in the bedrooms.

BRITTANY

Grandma?

Grandma Dearest screams again repeatedly. Brittany races towards the bathroom. She opens the door. Her jaw drops. Her eyes widen. She stares in horror.

BATHROOM

Laura stabs Grandma Dearest seventeen times in front of Brittany. Grandma Dearest stops screaming and passes out.

BRITTANY

Is she...?

Laura checks Grandma Dearest's heartbeat and pulse.

LAURA

I'm no doctor, but I'm not reading anything.

BRITTANY

The deal's off.

LAURA

No. that's just the shock talking.
The stress. You'll snap out of it.

BRITTANY

No. Listen to me, Laura. The deal
is off. I'm not killing a complete
stranger. I'm not killing anybody.

LAURA

Too bad I didn't bring the
briefcase.

BRITTANY

The briefcase is overrated. I have
no motive to kill.

LAURA

You do now. Tomorrow, if you don't
fulfill your end of the deal, I
will kill the person you care about
most.

Laura holds up her knife.

BRITTANY

And who would that be?

LAURA

You've got at least one person in
your life you care about.

Brittany clenches her fist.

BRITTANY

If you're talking about yourself,
be my guest.

LAURA

I was thinking someone more
familial.

BRITTANY

I used to think someone like that
existed. I learned far too late
that I was wrong. And I still have
every scar to prove it.

Laura walks up to Brittany, pointing her knife at Brittany's
chin. Brittany trembles.

LAURA

If you don't kill my boss, I'll
kill you.

A slashing sound.

BRITTANY

You're on.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ceiling fan rotates in slow motion.

Brittany tosses and turns in bed. A shadow on the wall
resembles a woman with a knife.

INT. PARKING GARAGE (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Dream Brittany is a sexy siren. Sexy, black leather outfit.
Tight butt. No glasses. Fancy, glossy boots.

She struts toward the elevator in slow motion.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brittany tosses and turns. She grunts.

BRITTANY (V.O.)

Sexy! Sexy! Kill! Kill!

LAURA (V.O.)

That's the spirit, babe!

INT. GUESTCORP - ELEVATOR (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Brittany enters the elevator. She pushes a button. She
wields a clean knife.

The door closes in slow motion.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brittany tosses and turns.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

(Demonic voice)

What do you think you're doing?!
Stop!

LAURA (V.O.)
Don't stop, baby!

Grandma Dearest and Laura's voices overlap indistinctly.
Both voices grow more and more demonic.

Brittany covers her ears with her pillows.

INT. GUESTCORP - CORRIDOR (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Brittany struts down the corridor.

BRITTANY
Anyone know where the boss is?

Laura appears out of nowhere and points down the hall. Her voice is slow, monotone and ghostly.

LAURA
Down there.

Laura inches toward the office in slow motion.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brittany sweats profusely. She yelps. She's still asleep.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Brittany busts the door open. She carries a large knife. Laura's BOSS stares at her. He's an old, grouchy, rich asshole with a full head of white hair.

BOSS
Who the hell are you? Get out!
Secur--

Brittany throws the knife. It slices his throat and returns to Brittany like a boomerang.

The edge is bloody and dripping.

BRITTANY
(echoing)
No more Mr. Nice Guy?

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brittany jolts awake and screams. She beats up her pillows. She huffs and puffs, hyperventilates.

She catches her breath.

BRITTANY
God, what a nightmare.

She lays back down and goes back to sleep.

LAURA (V.O.)
(Gradually demonic)
Yes. Just like that.

The ceiling fan rotates in slow motion.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Brittany wakes up after a restful night's sleep. Her smile turns to horror as she spots Laura by the door. Brittany screams. Laura walks closer toward her, with a knife and a blank expression on her face.

BRITTANY
No.

Laura walks closer.

BRITTANY
I haven't had a chance to--

Closer.

Brittany holds her hands up in defense.

BRITTANY
No, stop.

Laura runs toward her and stabs her.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brittany tumbles around in bed.

BRITTANY
No, no, no. Stop! Laura, stop!

Brittany screams and wakes up.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brittany pours herself some water. She turns the faucet off. She drinks the water.

She turns the faucet back on and runs hot water. She splashes her face. Again. Again. Again.

BRITTANY

She's not. Going. To kill me if I
just follow through. Relax,
Brittany.

She exhales sharply.

BRITTANY

Just relax.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ceiling fan rotates in slow motion.

Brittany lays back down and goes back to sleep.

The ceiling fan rotates at regular speed.

Then it slows back down.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Brittany wakes up after a restful night's sleep. She smiles briefly, then darts her eyes toward the door.

BRITTANY

No!

Nobody's there. She sighs in relief.

BRITTANY

Laura?

No response.

BRITTANY

Anybody?

No response.

Brittany smiles and laughs.

Brittany crawls out of bed.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Brittany enters the bathroom. She flushes the toilet. She removes her pajamas and steps into the shower. She turns the water on.

SHOWER

Brittany checks the temperature. It's warm enough.

The shower head is set to full blast.

Brittany washes her body. She lets the shower rinse her off. She resumes washing her body.

The shower head keeps blasting water.

Brittany continues washing herself.

The door cracks open. A dark figure resembling Laura's silhouette enters the bathroom. She inches toward Brittany.

Closer. The figure pulls the shower curtain.

Brittany hears what sounds like "The Murder" from Psycho. She screams. She grabs her heart.

The shower curtain is closed; she tears it open. She shields her body with her arms.

BRITTANY

No, no, no! Stop it! N--

She stops. Nobody is there.

BEDROOM

The sound is her alarm clock buzzing. The time is 8:30 a.m.

SHOWER

The alarm clock buzzes in the distance. Brittany exhales and laughs to herself.

BRITTANY

We all go a little mad sometimes.

She slips on the bar of soap. She grabs the tile wall to avoid falling.

The water runs down the drain.

Brittany turns around and slides down. She reaches for the shower curtain. She rips it off.

She falls to the floor, face down.

The water continues running.

Brittany's feet lay perfectly still. The water continues to run down the drain.

Brittany herself lays perfectly still. A drop of water runs down her face as if she's crying. She doesn't blink once. Not once.

The water continues running.

Brittany gets up and turns the water off. She picks up the bar of soap and puts it back on the soap dish.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Brittany exits the bathroom wearing the same business clothes. Her hair is still damp, but combed.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Brittany looks around the room as she makes herself a bowl of Cap'n Crunch cereal.

She darts her eyes toward the knives. Nothing there. She sighs in relief.

She opens up the fridge. Laura jumps out with a bloody, dripping knife.

LAURA

Boo!

Brittany screams. Laura's not there. Just regular, old food. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Brittany shakes her head.

BRITTANY

Get a hold of yourself, Brittany.

She grabs the milk out of the fridge and pours it into the bowl. She puts it away.

She goes to the silverware drawer. A hand with a bloody knife swings at her. Brittany screams. She slams the drawer, crushing the hand. She scrambles with the drawer and the hand until the hand is fully inside the drawer. She slams the drawer.

BRITTANY

One, two, three...

Brittany catches her breath and opens the drawer again. She grabs a spoon out of the drawer and closes it.

She walks into the

LIVING ROOM

and sits in her grandmother's chair.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

Get out of my chair! You have a whole couch you can sit on!

Brittany grabs the remote and turns on the TV. Grandma Dearest appears on the screen. She literally looks ghoulish, not to mention bloody.

GRANDMA DEAREST

Look what you did to me!

Brittany jolts.

BRITTANY

Grandma?

She closes her eyes and opens them again. Jeopardy! appears on TV instead.

BRITTANY

Pull yourself together, Brittany.

Jeopardy! cuts out and is replaced by static. Grandma Dearest emerges from the static and knocks on the screen.

GRANDMA DEAREST

Look what you did to me!

YOUNG BRITTANY (V.O.)

I didn't mean it!

Grandma Dearest slaps the air with full force. A sharp, loud slapping sound. Brittany turns away as if she's been slapped. She grunts.

Brittany changes the channel. Nothing happens.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Don't touch that dial, sweetie!

Grandma Dearest cackles wickedly. Young Brittany cries in a memory. Brittany (proper) trembles.

BRITTANY
Grandma, is that you? But you're,
you're...

GRANDMA DEAREST
Dead! Dead as a doornail! Deceased!
Kaput! No thanks to you, you little
shit!

Grandma Dearest slaps the air again. Brittany turns away as if she's been slapped. Young Brittany cries in a memory.

BRITTANY	YOUNG BRITTANY
Grandma, stop it!	(V.O.)
	Grandma, stop it!

Brittany changes the channel. Grandma Dearest again. She has a crazed look on her face. It morphs into a monster's face.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Give that little psycho bitch a
taste of her own medicine. Do it
for your sweet Grandma.

Brittany breaks out in sweat. She trembles.

GRANDMA DEAREST
(Demonic voice)
Do it for me!

Brittany closes her eyes and opens them again. Strangers on a Train appears on TV. No supernatural happenings.

The film's main characters, Guy and Bruno, discuss their murder plot.

INT. CITY BUS #1 (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Laura writes down her address for Brittany.

She grabs a pen and paper and writes down her address.

BRITTANY
May I ask what this is about?

LAURA
Long story short, let's just say my
boss needs someone to show him
who's boss. Are you in?

BRITTANY
Gee, I don't know, Laura. I'm not
good at confrontations.

Laura hands Brittany the note.

LAURA
Here's my address.

Brittany takes it.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brittany continues to watch the movie. The murder plot
discussion continues.

INT. CITY BUS #1 (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Laura opens up her briefcase and shows it to Brittany.

LAURA
Does this change your mind?

Brittany stares in awe.

BRITTANY
Where did you get that?

LAURA
That information is classified. But
if you can "fire" my boss, it's all
yours.

BRITTANY
(echoing)
After my job interview. Maybe.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brittany turns the TV off and finishes eating.

EXT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - DAY

Brittany exits her house. She locks the door. She turns around and darts her eyes in every direction.

Nobody's there. Just her.

She sighs in relief.

BRITTANY

This is no time to be paranoid.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

A STRANGER (29) sits on the bench next to Brittany. He is casually dressed and wears glasses.

Brittany acts nervous. She fidgets.

STRANGER

Are you all right, ma'am?

Brittany nods.

BRITTANY

I have a lot on my mind.

The stranger holds out a Pop Tart.

STRANGER

Pop Tart?

BRITTANY

No, thanks. They give me gas.

Brittany laughs awkwardly.

STRANGER

A pretty girl like you? Say, where are you off to on this lovely day?

BRITTANY

Oh, just some business. Errands. It's my first day.

STRANGER
Congratulations!

A slashing sound. Laura's boss's voice screams. Another slashing sound.

BRITTANY
Uh, thanks. I guess.

STRANGER
You guess?

Brittany notices an electric guitar case strapped to the stranger's back.

BRITTANY
Nice guitar.

STRANGER
Thanks.

BRITTANY
You play?

STRANGER
I've been playing for eleven years.

BRITTANY
I play piano, kinda. You off to a gig?

STRANGER
Nah, practice. Nice meeting you.

Brittany nods.

BRITTANY
You, too.

The bus arrives.

INT. CITY BUS #1 - DAY

The driver opens the door. Brittany and the stranger board the bus. Brittany watches her step.

DRIVER
Morning, ma'am. Sir.

Brittany puts the fare into the fare box. The stranger does the same. Brittany sits in her usual seat, but Laura's not there. The stranger sits in that spot. Sitting next to the stranger is Officer #1.

The bus resumes driving.

Officer #1 stares at Brittany suspiciously.

OFFICER #1
Hey, it's you.

BRITTANY
Who, me?

OFFICER #1
You're that crazy girl we saw
yesterday, aren't you?

BRITTANY
I was just a little nervous is all.

OFFICER #1
"A little?" You looked like you'd
had fifteen Starbucks.

BRITTANY
Yesterday sucked. I didn't have
time to eat, so I ate a Pop Tart. I
blew my job interview. I met this
girl on the bus, and now I'm losing
my mind.

OFFICER #1
You can say that again. You always
like that?

BRITTANY
Not usually, no.

OFFICER #1
Perhaps my partner and I misjudged
you. Sorry, it's a cop thing.

BRITTANY
Don't sweat it, Officer. Speaking
of your partner...

She looks around the area.

OFFICER #1
Jimbo's got a car. Mine's
impounded. Being a cop is like
doing an arthouse movie; you never
get rich.

Brittany turns toward the front of the bus. She sees Laura
standing there holding a knife.

Brittany blinks. Laura's gone.

OFFICER #1
Ma'am?

BRITTANY
Huh?

OFFICER #1
I said "What's your name?"

BRITTANY
Oh, um, Brittany.

OFFICER #1
I'm Rich.

BRITTANY
I thought you said--

OFFICER #1
No, that's my name. Rich.

Rich extends his hand.

BRITTANY
Oh, um. Nice to meet--

She and Rick shake hands.

The bus screeches as it stops at a red light. Passengers cover their ears and grumble.

OFFICER #1
I hate that.

STRANGER
You know, Brittany, you remind me of me. My grandmother raised me, even into my adult life. She controlled me with an iron fist, she spanked me, hit me, took my privileges away. She even took my room away!

BRITTANY
Sounds like me.

STRANGER
That's abuse. Did you ever report her?

No. STRANGER No. BRITTANY

OFFICER #1
Someone should've.

The light turns green. The bus resumes driving.

STRANGER
My point is, you can't run from
your past. You can't change it.
When life gives you lemons, you
know the rest.

BRITTANY
But what if somebody changes the
recipe?

STRANGER
Huh?

A slashing sound.

Brittany laughs awkwardly. The stranger joins in awkwardly.

OFFICER #1
Brittany, did you say you met a
girl on the bus and she's driving
you mad?

BRITTANY
Yes, sir.

OFFICER #1
Her name wouldn't happen to be
Ophelia, would it?

BRITTANY
I don't know anyone named Ophelia.

Officer #1 laughs.

OFFICER #1
What am I talking about! If you met
Ophelia, you'd never know. She
always uses an alias. Whatever
comes natural. Beth. Lindsay.
Susan. Laura.

BRITTANY
Laura?

OFFICER #1

She picks a random name and tries to recruit a fall guy for her murder plot.

BRITTANY

Why doesn't she use her real name?

OFFICER #1

Ophelia means "snake." Why would anyone trust a name like that? And who the hell would wanna get caught?

BRITTANY

Point taken--

The bus screeches to a halt. Brittany darts her head toward the front of the bus. She hyperventilates.

OFFICER #1

I've been trying to catch her for three years now. Are you all right?

An ELDERLY COUPLE boards the bus. They pay their fare.

Brittany sighs in relief.

BRITTANY

Yeah, I'm fine.

Slashing sounds.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

Look what you did to me!

LAURA (V.O.)

It's all yours.

STRANGER

It's the recurring nightmares, isn't it? I get them, too. A childhood like that will make anyone paranoid.

BRITTANY

Tell me, what does this Ophelia look like?

Officer #1 rubs his neck nervously.

OFFICER #1

Well, um...

BRITTANY

What?

Brittany fidgets.

OFFICER #1

I wish I could tell you. She's a shape shifter.

BRITTANY

Shape shifter?

OFFICER #1

Yup. Changes her appearance with each identity. She changes both like most people change their underwear.

BRITTANY

I change mine every day, unless I run out and we haven't started the laundry yet.

STRANGER

Me, too. But that's rare for me.

The stranger laughs awkwardly.

OFFICER #1

Anyway, that Ophelia could be anybody.

Brittany stares suspiciously at the elderly couple as they sit down across from her.

OFFICER #1

But there's only a twenty-five percent chance you've run into her. Her case hasn't been hot in about six months.

BRITTANY

But her seat has.

Brittany laughs. Officer #1 and the Stranger join in.

OFFICER #1

I can't imagine how many people have sat here. Probably dozens!

Brittany stops laughing. She panics.

BRITTANY
Oh shit, my stop!

She pulls the cord frantically.

DRIVER
Damn!

The driver stomps on the breaks. The bus screeches to a halt. Brittany tumbles over. The driver opens the door.

BRITTANY
Excuse me, gentlemen.

Brittany picks herself up and walks toward the front of the bus. She turns to the driver.

BRITTANY
Sorry.

She exits.

The driver's face is cold.

DRIVER
Have a nice day!

He closes the door and drives off angrily.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Brittany picks up her cell phone and calls Laura.

The line rings. Laura answers.

LAURA (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hello?

BRITTANY
It's Brittany.

LAURA (V.O.)
Where are you now?

BRITTANY
The parking garage. Where were you?

LAURA (V.O.)
Early shift today. I'm in the office.

BRITTANY
What kind of car was it again?

LAURA (V.O.)
Car? What car?

BRITTANY
With the knife in it.

LAURA (V.O.)
A 2008 Benz.

BRITTANY
But I see...

Three Mercedes-Benz cars are parked nearby.

BRITTANY
Three of them.

LAURA (V.O.)
One's a 2015 model.

BRITTANY
And the other two are 2008?

LAURA (V.O.)
At least one of them is.

BRITTANY
What's the license plate number?

LAURA (V.O.)
I can't remember.

BRITTANY
What?! How am I supposed to--

LAURA (V.O.)
No, wait. It's coming back to me.
Duh!

BRITTANY
What's the license plate number?

LAURA (V.O.)
U-R-F-Y-R-D.

BRITTANY
I take it it's your boss's car?

LAURA (V.O.)
 I'm not that clever! It's my
 brother-in-law's car. Hold on, I
 gotta go!

Laura hangs up.

BRITTANY
 Laura! Laura? Damn.

Brittany ends the call and puts her phone away.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Laura's boss yells at her.

BOSS
 Who are you talking to? I want that
 report in before you leave. This
 time I mean it!

LAURA
 Yes, sir.

He leaves. Laura grimaces. She opens up her briefcase and
 stares at it in awe.

LAURA
 "It's all yours, Brittany."

She laughs wickedly.

LAURA
 She actually bought it.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Brittany observes the license plates on the Mercedes-Benz
 cars. None of them have the license plate "URFYRD."

BRITTANY
 That lying bitch.

Grandma Dearest appears out of nowhere.

GRANDMA DEAREST
 Look what you did to me!

Grandma Dearest wields a bloody knife. She pulls off her
 face to reveal Laura.

LAURA

(Demonic voice)

If you don't kill my boss, I will
kill you.

Brittany shakes her head. Nobody's there.

She pounds her hand on one of the cars in question.

BRITTANY

Which car is it, you bitch?

She picks up the phone again and calls Laura.

The line rings. Again. Again. Brittany huffs and puffs.

The line continues ringing. Finally, Laura's voice.

LAURA (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached Laura. I can't
come to the phone. Leave a message
after the beep.

The answering machine beeps. Brittany grumbles and hangs up.

She breaks the glass on the first Mercedes. The alarm
blares. She unlocks the passenger side and opens the door.
She jumps inside.

BRITTANY

Shit! That's right. Fuck!

Brittany scrambles for something on the floor, anything.

Her hand hovers over a peanut, an M&M, a napkin, and...

BRITTANY

Wait a minute.

She reaches for a paperclip. She touches it with her
fingertips. She's finally able to reach it. She grabs it.

Brittany inserts the paperclip into the glove compartment
lock. She wiggles it, then opens the compartment.

Her face glows.

Nothing in it. Her smile fades.

She jumps out of the first Mercedes and picks the lock on
the driver's seat of the second Mercedes. She struggles.

BRITTANY
Come on. Come on.

She swings the door open and jumps inside. She picks the lock on the glove compartment. She opens it.

Just a comb and two pairs of rubber gloves.

Brittany grumbles. She jumps out of the second Mercedes and picks the lock on the third one. She opens the door and jumps in.

She picks the lock on the glove compartment. She opens it. A man's voice stops her.

MERCEDES OWNER (O.S.)
Excuse me! What do you think you're doing in my car?

BRITTANY
Oh, sorry. I must have the wrong...
Did you say this was your car?

The MERCEDES OWNER watches her with a cold face. He folds his arms and takes a deep breath.

MERCEDES OWNER
I'm calling the police.

BRITTANY
They're still on the bus.

MERCEDES OWNER
Excuse me?

BRITTANY
Do you know Laura?

The Mercedes owner grabs his phone. He points his index finger at the keypad.

Brittany trembles. She opens the glove compartment and grips the knife with shaky hands. She points it at him.

BRITTANY
Don't call the police.

MERCEDES OWNER
Who are you? Drop the knife.

BRITTANY
Do you know Laura, yes or no?

MERCEDES OWNER
Get the hell away from my car.

He dials "nine."

BRITTANY
Who does Laura work for?

MERCEDES OWNER
Who do you work for?

He dials "one."

Brittany raises the knife above her head, still trembling.

The Mercedes owner's index finger hovers over the "one." He gets closer to pressing it. Closer.

Brittany grabs him by the neck and stabs his shoulder. The man gets on his knees, cowering. Brittany slits his throat.

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - SHOWER (FLASHBACK) - DAY

The dark figure resembling Laura stabs Brittany repeatedly. Brittany screams.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Brittany screams and grunts as she stabs the Mercedes owner repeatedly. He drops to the ground in the fetal position. Blood oozes out of his neck and shoulder.

Brittany races toward the

ELEVATOR

She grabs her phone and dials Laura. She huffs.

The line rings. Again. Again.

LAURA (V.O.)
(on phone)
I'm on the third floor.

BRITTANY
Why did you lie to me?

LAURA (V.O.)
What lie?

BRITTANY
Don't pull that shit with me, why
did you lie about the license
plate?

The phone slips out of Brittany's hands.

BRITTANY
Shit.

LAURA (V.O.)
What happened?

Brittany gets down on her knees and reaches for her phone.
She farts.

LAURA (V.O.)
Was that you again?

Brittany chuckles nervously.

BRITTANY
Guilty as charged.

LAURA (V.O.)
You're not in the elevator, are
you?

Brittany chuckles nervously. She pushes the button for the
third floor.

LAURA (V.O.)
I'll take the stairs.

BRITTANY
Where can I find your boss?

LAURA (V.O.)
Look for the door that says
"Jasper."

The elevator door opens.

INT. GUESTCORP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Brittany trips as she exits the elevator.

LAURA (V.O.)
(on phone)
Why did I ever pick you?

BRITTANY
Just watch. Which door is it?

LAURA (V.O.)
The one that says "Jasper."

BRITTANY
I mean, where is it exactly?

LAURA (V.O.)
The third floor.

Brittany clenches her fist and raises her knife.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE (DREAM SEQUENCE) - DAY

Brittany imagines herself stabbing Laura repeatedly.

INT. GUESTCORP - CORRIDOR - DAY

BRITTANY
Yes, but--

Laura hangs up. Brittany grumbles.

INT. GUESTCORP - OFFICE - DAY

Laura opens up her briefcase and stares in awe.

Her boss enters.

BOSS
Get cracking on that report!

He stops. He stares in awe at the briefcase.

BOSS
Wow. Where did you get it?

LAURA
Same place I got this.

Laura reaches into her pocket.

INT. GUESTCORP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Brittany scans the names on the doors. None of them are labeled "Jasper."

She spots an EMPLOYEE -- late twenties, male -- walking out of a distant room. She approaches him.

BRITTANY

Excuse me, do you know where I can find Jasper's office?

EMPLOYEE

Sorry, I don't know any Jasper.

BRITTANY

Do you know anyone named Laura?

The employee grabs Brittany with both hands.

EMPLOYEE

Laura is not to be trusted. Her name isn't even Laura.

BRITTANY

Was is it, then?

EMPLOYEE

That's not important.

Laura's boss exits the room next door to the one the employee exited. The boss trembles. Laura follows him out with a knife pointed at him.

BOSS

Let me go.

BRITTANY

Hello, Laura. If that is your real name.

Laura approaches her with the knife.

BRITTANY

I want the truth.

LAURA

We all want something, Brittany.

BRITTANY

You set me up to kill your boss so you could kill me. You wanted to kill me all along. Where's the briefcase?

LAURA

You poor, naive little thing. You thought I was gonna give away such a prized possession? I guard that briefcase with my life!

BRITTANY

Why aren't you now?

Brittany races into the

OFFICE

and grabs the briefcase. She opens it up, blinding Laura, her boss, and the employee.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

That's my girl! Make Grandma proud.

BRITTANY

What is your name? O--

LAURA

Ophelia.

BRITTANY

Like Hamlet?

LAURA

It means "snake."

BRITTANY

Fitting. Who's Jasper?

Laura/Ophelia's boss extends his hand.

BOSS

Casper. Casper Guest.

Brittany closes the briefcase and sets it on the table. She and Casper Guest shake hands.

BRITTANY

Casper Ghost?

BOSS

Guest.

Brittany glares at Laura/Ophelia. She pulls her own knife out of her pant pocket. The blood is dry. Laura/Ophelia races to the briefcase, but Brittany grabs it first. She opens it up, blinding Laura/Ophelia.

BRITTANY
I'm not finished with you. Why did
you lie about the license plate?

Laura/Ophelia falls to her knees. She sobs.

LAURA
Stop!

BRITTANY
Did you sic your brother-in-law on
me?

LAURA
My brother-in-law is dead.

BRITTANY
I know.

Brittany shows Laura her knife.

LAURA
He died five years ago.

Brittany points the knife at her.

BRITTANY
Is that your final answer?

Laura continues to sob.

BRITTANY
Then who...?

LAURA
"Then who" what?

BRITTANY
Who did I kill?

LAURA
Hell if I know. Could've been
anybody's car.

Brittany paces around the room, pointing the knife at Laura.

BRITTANY
You mean to tell me that I broke
into an innocent civilian's car and
killed him?

LAURA
I didn't tell you to kill anybody.
Except my boss.

BRITTANY
I won't do it.

LAURA
You already signed the contract.
The ship has sailed.

Brittany inches toward her. She wags her knife.

BRITTANY
There was no contract. If you want
my signature, here you go.

Brittany proceeds to stab Laura in the stomach. Laura grabs
the blade and pushes it away.

LAURA
No, no. I'll do anything. Anything!

Brittany smirks.

BRITTANY
Anything?

Brittany picks up the office phone and hands it to Laura.

BRITTANY
Turn yourself in.

LAURA
Are you fucking crazy?

Brittany threatens her with the knife.

BOSS
I'd do what the girl says.

BRITTANY
And you can kiss this briefcase
goodbye.

Brittany grabs the briefcase off the table. She inches
toward the window.

LAURA
Don't you dare.

Brittany smirks. Laura shakes her head.

LAURA

Please!

Brittany smirks wider.

Laura begins to shed tears.

Brittany chucks the briefcase out the window.

Laura sobs.

LAURA

No! No, no. No!

Laura charges at her.

LAURA

You fucking bitch!

She knocks Brittany onto the ground.

She stabs Brittany three times.

Brittany punches her in the face and kicks her in the groin. Laura grabs her groin with one hand and moans in pain; she uses her other hand to swing the knife around.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)

That's my granddaughter! Show that bitch what you're made of!

LAURA

You want a piece of me,
backstabber?

Laura charges at Brittany and wrestles her.

BRITTANY

Look who's talking.

Brittany kicks Laura in the ass.

Laura stabs Brittany in the shoulder.

Brittany stabs Laura back, in the arm.

They stab each other back and forth once more.

Laura stomps hard on Brittany's stomach. Brittany cries in pain. She grabs Laura's ankle. Laura cries in pain.

LAURA

There can be only one winner.

Laura breaks free and kicks Brittany in the chin.

Brittany kicks Laura in the leg.

Laura swings and slaps Brittany in the face with the back of her hand.

Brittany swings the knife at her. Laura swings hers.

They glare at each other.

They continue swinging their knives. Brittany stabs Laura in the stomach. Laura backs away.

Brittany picks herself back up. She brushes herself off.

Laura charges toward Brittany and slashes her neck.

Brittany kicks Laura in the groin. Laura grabs it and cries in pain.

She backs away and bumps into the wall.

She almost falls out the window backwards.

BRITTANY

Careful now, Laura-phelia. Don't
wanna suffer the same fate as
London Bridge, do ya?

Laura glares at Britney. She grips her knife.

She charges toward Brittany. Brittany puts her leg in front of her.

Laura trips and falls.

Brittany walks over to her and steps on her stomach.

BRITTANY

Who's clumsy now?

Laura kicks and yells. She grabs Brittany's leg.

She stabs it five times. Brittany moans in pain.

Laura picks herself up off the ground.

Brittany charges into her.

They both almost fall out the window.

Laura stands on the ledge.

Brittany stabs Laura in the chest, heart, shoulders, and stomach. Laura grunts with each stab.

LAURA

Stop!

BRITTANY

I'll only stop on one condition.

LAURA

Never.

Laura swings her knife at Brittany.

Brittany stabs the air in front of Laura.

Laura flinches. Her knife slips out of her hand.

LAURA

My knife!

She turns toward Brittany and glares at her.

LAURA

You bitch!

She punches Brittany in the face.

Brittany is pushed back by the blow, and falls onto the ground in the fetal position.

Laura climbs back into the room.

She marches towards Brittany.

Brittany picks herself back up.

They clench their fists.

BRITTANY

You have only one way!

LAURA

No.

BRITTANY

It's the only option you have.

EMPLOYEE

She's right, Ophelia.

LAURA

Don't call me Ophelia. I'm Laura.

BRITTANY

You stopped being Laura when I got off the bus.

BOSS

What's taking the police so long?

BRITTANY

They're waiting for the final blow.

Brittany punches Laura in the face.

Brittany drops the knife on the floor.

BOSS

Are you crazy?

EMPLOYEE

Aren't we all?

BRITTANY

This madness stops with me.

Brittany walks over to the phone.

Laura gets up off the ground.

Brittany hands Laura the phone.

BOSS

And this time, we mean it!

Laura turns away and takes it. She dials 911.

LATER

Laura hangs up.

BRITTANY

Don't you feel better?

Laura glares at Brittany.

LAURA

The bleeding has stopped.

BOSS

You're fired! And I never want to see you anywhere near this building again. Is that clear?

Laura turns to Brittany.

LAURA

See. Told you he made Mr. Dithers
look like Mr. Rogers.

BOSS

You're lucky I already fired you.

Brittany turns toward the employee.

BRITTANY

How long have you known about this?

EMPLOYEE

The last six months. She's been
plotting this murder for a long
time now.

He turns toward Laura.

EMPLOYEE

Don't think I haven't heard! I've
got ears, Ophelia.

BRITTANY

Why did you get me involved in this
whole plot? What was your childhood
like?

LAURA

What are you, a shrink?

EMPLOYEE

No, I am. And I'll tell her every
word of it.

He turns toward Brittany.

EMPLOYEE

Brittany. That's your name isn't
it? Brittany, Ophelia had a dark
and complicated childhood.

BRITTANY

Haven't we all?

EMPLOYEE

Her mother was bipolar and had her
young. So she was raised by her
grandmother, who had her own
issues: Depression, abusive
childhood, borderline personality
disorder, strict disciplinarian.

Brittany nods.

EMPLOYEE

Ophelia's grandmother married three times. One ended in divorce before Ophelia was born. The next one was twelve years of pure hell. And Ophelia lived through the majority of it. Her grandparents divorced in 1994. She was eight.

Laura cries.

EMPLOYEE

But her childhood only got worse after the divorce. Her grandfather may have been the lesser of two evils.

BRITTANY

How bad was it?

EMPLOYEE

We're talking the usual stuff here. Her grandmother started making her do chores about the time she turned eleven. Drove her like a slave. Very little freedom, very little fun. Grave consequences for even minor infractions.

BRITTANY

Story of my life.

Laura raises her knife.

LAURA

And then one day, I retaliated! I rose above her oppressive rule over me!

EMPLOYEE

She started hitting, lashing out, threatening, rebelling. Back in 2002, it escalated to the point where she strangled her grandmother.

LAURA

Bitch barged into my room. "I told you to leave your door open!" "It was open." I was so pissed, I grabbed my shoe and threw it at

(MORE)

LAURA (cont'd)
her. Bitch punished me, threatened
to ground me from my computer.

Laura slashes the air with her knife.

EMPLOYEE
That's what really set her off--

LAURA
The computer had fuck-all to do
with it!

EMPLOYEE
As I was saying, she filled with an
uncontrollable rage. Her hands
trembled. She marched right over to
her grandmother, who was doing
laundry--

The employee raises his hands as if he's going to strangle
Brittany. Brittany flinches and backs away.

The employee strangles the air. He grunts.

LAURA
"Why won't you die?!"

INT. BRITTANY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Laura stabs Grandma Dearest repeatedly.

LAURA
Why. Won't. You. Die?!

Grandma Dearest grunts and yelps.

LAURA
Die, bitch. D--

INT. GUESTCORP - OFFICE - DAY

Laura stabs the air repeatedly.

LAURA
--iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeee!

Everyone gasps. The room falls silent. Laura continues.

EMPLOYEE

Her exact words. Ophelia's grandmother called the police. She was charged with assault and battery, but got off on probation. I've been seeing her ever since.

LAURA

Die!

BRITTANY

So, what are you doing here?

EMPLOYEE

I'm court-ordered to monitor her on the job for the rest of her life.

Laura continues stabbing the air.

BOSS

Not for long. I'm probably the last person left who would ever hire her. When are those police gonna get here?!

INT. GUESTCORP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Police Officers #1 (Rich) and #2 (Jimbo) race to the office.

OFFICER #1

Hey, Jimbo. You know that girl we saw yesterday?

OFFICER #2

The crazy one?

OFFICER #1

Seems we misjudged her.

They bust down the door.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Laura continues stabbing.

LAURA

Die! Die! Die! Bitch, die!

They shoot Laura and apprehend her. Officer #1 grabs Laura's wrists. Laura sobs and rambles to herself. Officer #2 puts the knife in a plastic baggie. Laura tries to break free from Officer #1's grip.

LAURA
Let go of me!

OFFICER #1
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. If have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you.

OFFICER #2
Do you understand your rights as they have been read to you?

LAURA
Let go of me, you pig!

OFFICER #2
We're gonna use that one against you!

OFFICER #1
Brittany?

Brittany laughs awkwardly.

BRITTANY
Hi, Rich. Jimbo.

OFFICER #2
First name basis?

OFFICER #1
We were just strangers on a bus.

OFFICER #2
Speaking of which, I think I've got enough money for your car.

Officers #1 and #2 escort Laura out of the room.

GRANDMA DEAREST (V.O.)
You've been a good girl, Brittany.
Good girl.

LAURA (O.S.)
My briefcase!

LATER

Laura's boss shakes Brittany's hand.

EMPLOYEE

Thank you.

Brittany nods. She turns toward the employee.

BRITTANY

And thank you. Both.

The employee nods.

EMPLOYEE

Just doing my job.

BRITTANY

I never did get your name, Doctor.

The employee extends his hand and smiles.

EMPLOYEE

Guffin. Mick Guffin.

BRITTANY

Nice name.

BOSS

Are you currently employed,
Brittany?

INT. PADDED CELL - DAY

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

Laura bounces around the padded room in a straitjacket. She laughs maniacally. Her hair is an uncombed mess.

Grandma Dearest appears out of nowhere and stabs Laura repeatedly. Laura continues laughing.

LAURA

(sing-song)

Brittany, Brittany, Brittany,
Brittany.

She keeps repeating Brittany's name. The hallucination of Grandma Dearest is joined by one of Brittany herself. She stabs Laura thirteen times.

GRANDMA DEAREST
Get her real good, Brittany! Real
good.

Brittany has a crazed look on her face.

BRITTANY
Yes, Grandma Dearest.

Laura screams.

Dr. Mick Guffin enters the room.

EMPLOYEE
Ophelia! Nobody's here! Nobody's
here.

The doctor injects a shot into Laura's neck. Laura grabs his arm. She injects the shot into his neck instead. He grunts in horror.

Laura walks out of the room.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Laura waits for the bus in her gown. She has a crazed look on her face.

The bus arrives, screeching to a halt.

The driver opens the door.

DRIVER
Where's your fare?

Laura marches onto the bus. She grumbles, laughs, and makes nervous tics. She strangles the driver with her bare hands.

She grabs the CB and wraps the cord around him. She squeezes tighter. Tighter. He passes out. She stabs him with a knife. Again. Three more times.

The passengers gasp and panic.

Laura drives the bus recklessly. The bus swerves from side to side and screeches. Passengers gasp.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Brittany listens to the radio while sitting in her office.
"Moonlight Sonata" plays.

A news reporter interrupts the music.

RADIO (V.O.)

We interrupt this broadcast with an
important news bulletin.

Brittany jolts.

RADIO (V.O.)

Mental patient Ophelia Langenkamp,
arrested for murder and conspiracy
to commit double-murder six months
ago, has escaped.

Brittany gasps. She grabs her heart.

RADIO (V.O.)

Langenkamp broke out of her cell by
killing her psychiatrist, Dr. Mick
Guffin. He was 29. Langenkamp was
last seen hijacking a city bus and
driving along Saxon Boulevard.

Brittany's eyes widen.

BRITTANY

Saxon Boulevard?!

EXT. GUESTCORP - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Laura jumps off the bus and summersaults. She grabs her
knife. She dashes toward the main doors.

Two security guards -- MIKE and JASON -- block the entrance.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Brittany listens intently on the broadcast.

RADIO (V.O.)

She is believed to be on her way to
GuestCorp, which is also located on
Saxon.

Brittany is frozen with fear.

EXT. GUESTCORP - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Laura points the knife at the guards.

MIKE
Step away from the building!

LAURA
Mike, it's me! Remember?

MIKE
You heard me! I will notify the
police. Please return to your
vehicle.

JASON
Do as the man says. Ophelia!

Laura glares at them.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Brittany trembles.

RADIO (V.O.)
We will have more on this story as
it develops.

"Moonlight Sonata" resumes.

EXT. GUESTCORP - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Laura kicks Jason in the groin and stabs Mike repeatedly.
Jason draws his gun and points it at her. He shoots her in
the shoulder.

Mike falls to the ground, dead.

LAURA
Let me in.

JASON
I'm afraid I can't let you do that.

Laura wags the knife.

LAURA
Afraid? You have nothing to be
afraid of, Jason.

She raises her knife.

LAURA
Except this!

She plunges the knife into Jason's stomach. He groans in pain. He coughs.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Brittany picks up the phone and calls her boss.

BOSS (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hello?

BRITTANY
Mr. Guest, it's Brittany!

BOSS (V.O.)
I heard it on the radio. I've
already called security. They're on
their way.

INT. GUESTCORP - ELEVATOR - DAY

Laura presses the button for the third floor.

INT. GUESTCORP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Several groups of feet race toward the office.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Guest continues speaking over the phone.

BOSS
Don't worry. They'll be here any
minute.

Laura busts the door open. She carries her knife.

LAURA
No. They won't.

BRITTANY
What are you doing here? Where's
security?

Laura wipes the blood off the edge of the knife.

She licks it.

LAURA
Tastes like Pop Tarts. Less gassy.

Brittany glares at her.

BRITTANY
Fuck. You.

Laura approaches her. She wags the knife.

LAURA
Do you kiss your dear grandmother
with that mouth?

BRITTANY
Kinda hard to.

Brittany points to the urn with her grandmother's ashes.

Laura bows her head.

LAURA
My condolences.

Brittany stares at Laura.

Brittany goes into her desk drawer. She pulls out a knife.

BRITTANY
I always knew you'd come back for
me. To fulfill our contract.

INT. GUESTCORP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Several groups of feet race toward the office. They are
closer than they were previously. Closer. Closer.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Brittany continues talking.

BRITTANY
But the difference is...

INT. GUESTCORP - CORRIDOR - DAY

Several boots. Several people in dark uniforms. Badges. The
word "SWAT." Guns.

INT. GUESTCORE - OFFICE - DAY

Brittany continues talking. She grins.

BRITTANY
...I'm ready.

Several security guards and a SWAT team enter the room. About thirty people in uniforms. Armed.

LAURA
How did you get here? I killed you all!

One security guard, FRED, speaks up.

FRED
If you're gonna kill somebody, make sure they're actually dead.

Fred motions for Brittany to move.

FRED
Brittany, get back!

Brittany ducks.

The security guards and SWAT team fire 21 rounds into Laura.

Brittany closes her eyes and covers her ears. She cowers.

Laura falls to the ground, dead.

Brittany walks over to her. She kicks her body. She gets down on her knees and checks Laura's heartbeat and pulse.

FRED
Is she...?

BRITTANY (V.O.)
Is she...?

BRITTANY
I'm no doctor, but I'm not reading anything.

LAURA (V.O.)
I'm no doctor, but I'm not reading anything.

Brittany wipes the sweat off her forehead. She looks down on Laura's body.

BRITTANY
We all go a little mad sometimes.

FRED
I love that movie. One of Hitch's
best. But have you ever seen
Strangers on a Train?

BRITTANY
No, but I've lived it.

FRED
I think it was just on Turner
Classic Movies.

BRITTANY
I think I might have glanced at it.

FRED
Say, how about lunch later?

BRITTANY
Is McDonald's fine?

FRED
I was thinking more Chinese.

BRITTANY
Chinese is fine.

Everybody exits the room.

EXT. GUESTCORP - DAY

The police escort Laura.

The briefcase is demolished. Its contents are revealed:
Action Comics #1.

FADE OUT.

THE END