

Siren

By

Ben

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The street is typical of American Suburbia. Two-story homes with green, manicured lawns and automatic sprinklers line the thin street.

Sunlight filters through canopies of majestic, large, oak trees.

Children jump rope, ride bicycles and play tag on the empty streets and sidewalks, sometimes having to walk to the curb to make way for a slow moving family car.

ALEXIS (VO)

The Greeks, or the Romans, I can't remember which one, told stories about seductresses who would lure sailors onto rocks in order to crash their ships.

KYLEAH WOODWARD, (17), heavily applied makeup with dark blonde hair and tight denim pants walks down the sidewalk, leaving one of the houses.

ALEXIS (VO)

They called them Sirens. Kyleah Woodward, had she knows what the word meant, would have proudly proclaimed that title.

Kyleah steps over a young BOY who has fallen off his bike and is wailing in pain.

ALEXIS (VO)

And she would be absolutely correct.

INT. SCHOOL QUADRANGLE - DAY

Teenage SCHOOLKIDS sit sprawled across the grassy quadrangle, nestled between buildings and classrooms.

Kyleah waltzes into the general area. Many boys, and a lot of girls, stop and stare at her as she walks.

ALEXIS (VO)

But sailors we weren't, and instead of turning our ships into floating rubble she mused our brains and made us into monsters.

(CONTINUED)

Kyleah stops, daintily sits on the grass among her friends: ALEXIS GOLDMAN, (17), our narrator, a very pretty Jewish girl with long curly hair, JORDAN HAYES (17), a mimicry of Kyleah with bleach blonde hair and an anorexic frame, and finally, LEILA TAYLOR (17), in an awkward stage of her looks.

ALEXIS (VO)

If I had known more about classical mythology perhaps nothing would have happened.

KYLEAH

I totally want to fuck Rick Kingsley.

Jordan laughs.

JORDAN

You'll have to fight off every girl and gay boy in the grade for him.

Kyleah scoffs semi-seriously at Jordan.

KYLEAH

Oh, Jordan, have you even *met* me?

The other girls in the group smile knowingly. Kyleah gets up and looks at the other end of the quadrangle.

RICK KINGSLEY, (17), a big guy who probably does his hair more than Kyleah, is sitting with a group of FRIENDS similar to him.

Kyleah goes over and kneels down to eye level with him. He gestures to his friends, who quickly leave.

Kyleah grasps Rick's knee and cups his ear with the other hand. She whispers, obviously inaudible, into his ear.

Rick's eyes widen, then he nods. Kyleah smiles in his face and then walks off.

Kyleah goes back and sits with her friends, and Rick's friends rejoin him.

LEILA

What the fuck did you say?

KYLEAH

(smiling)  
Anything. Nothing.

JORDAN

Don't bother asking her, we already know.

LEILA

Speak for yourself. I can't imagine what she said to make him do that.

JORDAN

Rick is equal parts stupid and hot. You could have described a piece of tinfoil with a vagina and he would come in his pants.

LEILA

Ew.

JORDAN

Yeah.

Kyleah turns to Alexis, as Jordan and Leila divulge in a separate conversation.

KYLEAH

You're awfully quiet, new girl.

ALEXIS

(jest)

The conversation was just so stimulating I literally was lost for words.

Kyleah smiles.

KYLEAH

What are you doing this afternoon?

ALEXIS

Nothing, why?

KYLEAH

Wanna hang out at my house? My dad's gone out for a few days.

ALEXIS

Sure.

INT. KYLEAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Alexis gazes at a family portrait hanging on the wall in Kyleah's living room.

A 12 year old Kyleah, wearing braces and curly natural hair, in the photo, stands next to her adoring parents, GLORIA and HANK.

ALEXIS (VO)

Kyleah with her family was surreal. The picture seemed so forced, like the second the camera flashed she went back to being seventeen year old Kyleah, with a dye job and this reputation.

Kyleah sees Alexis looking at the photo.

KYLEAH

I look so gay in that photo.

ALEXIS

I think you look cute.

KYLEAH

Gay.

Alexis shrugs.

KYLEAH (CONT)

Oh, by the way, the lady in that photo is not my mom. It's my stepmom.

ALEXIS

Oh.

KYLEAH

She's dead now. The stepmom.

ALEXIS

Oh. I'm sorry.

KYLEAH

Don't be, she was a cunt.

ALEXIS

I see.

The doorbell CHIMES.

(CONTINUED)

KYLEAH  
That's for me.

ALEXIS  
It's your house...

Kyleah rushes to the front door and opens it. TOBIAS (17), stands in the doorway. He wears a public school uniform that Kyleah and Alexis don't wear, and holds a report in his hands.

KYLEAH  
Tobias, what's up? Finished already?

TOBIAS  
Yeah.

The report in his hands reads: "History Research Report: Contemporary Power Blocs by Kyleah Woodward". He passes it to her.

KYLEAH  
Thanks.

TOBIAS  
Yeah. What are you doing tonight?

KYLEAH  
Oh, I'm just...(re: Alexis) hanging with some friends. Why?

Tobias has suddenly become shy.

TOBIAS  
Nothin. I'll see you...whenever.

KYLEAH  
Oh, I nearly forgot.

Kyleah reaches into her pocket.

KYLEAH (CONT)  
The twenty five dollars I promised you.

TOBIAS  
Forget it. Only took me a few hours to do.

Kyleah smiles sweetly. She tenderly touches Tobias's arm.

KYLEAH  
Thanks, Toby.

She closes the door.

ALEXIS  
What the hell just happened?

KYLEAH  
Oh, *thankgod* he did that. I do *not*  
have twenty five dollars on me.

ALEXIS  
He does your assignments? He  
doesn't even go to our school.

KYLEAH  
He goes to my old school, the  
public school. They do pretty much  
the same assignments we do.

Alexis seems irked by this.

KYLEAH (CONT)  
What do you want to do tonight?

Alexis glances at her phone.

ALEXIS  
I might just go home. You know,  
actually finish my *own* history  
report.

KYLEAH  
(laughing)  
No, stay here. I don't want to hang  
out with Leila and Jordan.

ALEXIS  
Sorry.

INT. KYLEAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyleah rolls around in bed with Rick, both naked. Rick is on top of Kyleah, who avoids eye contact.

Kyleah talks quietly to Rick, inbetween laboured breathes

KYLEAH  
You got here at like, just the  
right time. I thought Alexis would  
never leave.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A laboratory classroom. An old, bearded science TEACHER drones on. Kyleah and Alexis sit together. Alexis doodles in her book while Kyleah gazes out the window.

The classroom door opens and SIMONE WALKER, (17), who dresses to stand out and has green streaks in her hair walks in.

TEACHER

I don't think you're in this class,  
Miss.

Simone and Kyleah lock eyes. Kyleah, in absolute shock and horror, darts her eyes away and covers her mouth.

ALEXIS

What's the matter?

Kyleah shakes her head, unable to talk.

SIMONE

A teacher aide directed me here.  
I'm new.

TEACHER

You're not on my roll. What's your  
name?

Simone looks Kyleah in the eyes once again, and as she responds to the teacher she smiles in Kyleah's face.

C.U: Simone.

SIMONE

(smiling)  
Simone Walker.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

A LUNCH BELL rings.

Within seconds, GIRLS rush in and start applying makeup and whatnot.

Among them is Kyleah, rushing to the far end of the bathrom to a faucet, splashing her face. Alexis rushes after her.

ALEXIS

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

KYLEAH  
(panicking)  
That girl. Simone. The new girl,  
she's from my old school.

ALEXIS  
So?

Kyleah turns to look at Alexis.

KYLEAH  
Don't talk to her, don't listen to  
her, don't fucking make friends  
with her. If she adds you on  
facebook or some shit, reject it.  
She is evil.

Alexis is baffled.

KYLEAH (CONT)  
Alexis, she ruined my life. She's  
why I came her.

Wisely, Alexis doesn't say anything, just nodding.

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAY

The same as earlier. Kyleah, Alexis, Leila and Jordan sit in their little circle on the grass, and most of the grade seems to be doing the same.

Across the quadrangle, Simone exists a building with books in her arms. For a moment, the sun shines on her perfectly, and she seems to walk in slow motion.

The whole congregation of schoolkids stares at her walking to lunch, like they once did to Kyleah.

KYLEAH  
(aside)  
Fuck her.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Alexis applies eyeliner at one of the mirrors in a school bathroom. This bathroom is well-light and nice.

Simone enters. She stands at the mirror next to Alexis's.

(CONTINUED)

SIMONE

So you're Kyleah Woodward's friend?

Alexis politely nods, not saying anything.

SIMONE (CONT)

I bet she told you not to talk to me.

Alexis doesn't respond, quickly packing up her makeup.

SIMONE (CONT)

She's a clever girl, Kyleah. Don't let her get to you.

Simone speaks down to Alexis, but Alexis listens anyway.

SIMONE (CONT)

She'll get into your head, Alexis.

Alexis is surprised.

SIMONE (CONT)

I know your name. I can see her, Alexis. I can see her pulling the strings.

Alexis is very uncomfortable now.

ALEXIS

What do you mean?

SIMONE

It's hyperbole. Do you know what that means?

Alexis shakes her head, kind of embarrassed.

SIMONE (CONT)

Well then. What do you know about the ancient Greeks?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Kyleah walks down the corridor, heading to class. She has a pencil case in her hands and folder.

She checks her phone, then looks up at a group of younger GIRLS stands by their lockers. They see Kyleah and start pointing, giggling, and whispering.

Kyleah looks at them, seething.

(CONTINUED)

KYLEAH

What the fuck are you laughing at?  
Go back to the nursery.

The girls aren't intimidated all.

GIRL

Slut.

Kyleah glares at her and keeps walking.

ALEXIS (VO)

Cracks started to appear in what  
Kyleah had built for herself.  
Simone had cut the strings for most  
people.

EXT. QUADRANGLE - DAY

A group of teenage girls, including Jordan and Leila, sit  
around Simone as she gossips to them.

Alexis sits separate, excluding herself from the  
conversation.

ALEXIS (VO)

Not me though.

Alexis texts something into her phone, in between  
eavesdropping on Simone's gossip, like she is taking notes.

ALEXIS (VO)

I was edging closer and closer to  
the rocks.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Kyleah exits a stall and walks to basin, starts washing her  
hands.

A SKINNY GIRL stands in the corner, smoking a cigarette. A  
young MALE TEACHER walks into the bathroom, simultaneously  
trying not to invade privacy and covers his eyes.

He sees the smoking girl. He is exasperated.

MALE TEACHER

Britney, come on. I can smell that  
in the teacher's lounge. Just put  
it out.

The girl puts it out in the sink and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

MALE TEACHER (CONT)

Don't do it again.

He walks out. The girl turns to Kyleah, who was surveying the whole thing.

GIRL

You were kind enough not to fuck the guy, at least.

KYLEAH

Excuse me?

GIRL

That's why you left your old school, right? You fucked one of the teachers.

Kyleah is taken aback. She sturggles not to cry.

GIRL (CONT)

The funniest part of it all, though, is that the poor fucker *killed himself* when everyone found out. How *embaessing*.

She goes to leave.

GIRL (CONT)

Ciao.

EXT. KYLEAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Alexis knocks on Kyleah's front door. There is no car in the driveway.

ALEXIS

Kyleah?

No answer. She tries the knob. It is unlocked.

INT. FOYER

Alexis wanders through the house, fine furnishings gathering dust.

She approaches Kyleah's bedroom door.

INT. KYLEAH'S BEDROOM

The bed is unmade, clothes are strewn on the floor, dresser drawers are open and on the floor.

School books and pieces of paper litter the carpet and a broken glass sits barely swept in the corner. Kyleah lays face down on her bed.

Alexis enters.

ALEXIS  
Kyleah?

KYLEAH  
Go away.

Alexis sits down on the bed.

ALEXIS  
I'm not going away.

KYLEAH  
(through tears)  
I suppose you heard it all.

ALEXIS  
Someone else told me. I don't believe it.

ALEXIS (VO)  
Yes I did.

KYLEAH  
Why? It's true. He wasn't even hot. He was like forty. He had kids.

Alexis is shocked.

ALEXIS  
I'm so sorry.

KYLEAH  
What the fuck? Why? You didn't do anything.

Kyleah rolls onto her back, staring at the ceiling. Her face is stained with tears.

KYLEAH (CONT)  
Everyone hates me, Alexis.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXIS  
I don't. And what about Jordan and  
Leila?

KYLEAH  
They hate whatever's being hated.  
It's why I enjoyed being their  
friend so much.

Alexis is confused.

ALEXIS  
Is that why you're friends with me?

KYLEAH  
(caught off guard)  
No, of course not.

A long silence. Kyleah stops sobbing.

KYLEAH (CONT)  
I want to do something.

ALEXIS  
Sure.

KYLEAH  
I want to do something about  
Simone.

Alexis seems to know where this going, her eyes widening.

ALEXIS (VO)  
She was inside my head, mushing my  
brain. The rocks were quite sharp.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The street is dead at night, a few streetlights illuminating  
the curb. There is a light mist.

In a near feverish frenzy, Kyleah rushes down the street,  
Alexis trailing.

ALEXIS  
I can't tell if you're being  
serious.

Kyleah stops all of a sudden and turns to Alexis. Kyleah's  
hair is fraying and she looks tired and a little crazy.

(CONTINUED)

KYLEAH  
You're my friend right? You're my  
*best friend?*

Alexis shifts on her feet.

ALEXIS  
Sure. Sure I am.

KYLEAH  
Trust me with this.

Kyleah keeps rushing down the street, and Alexis stands alone, gripping her stomach with fear.

EXT. SIMONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A modern, one storey home in a nice neighborhood. Kyleah and Alexis stand in front of the house. Kyleah slides down the side of the house, between the wall and the fence.

ALEXIS  
(whispering)  
How do you know where to go?

KYLEAH  
I used to be friends with her in  
like ninth grade. Her windows the  
first one.

The reach the first window. The lights are off inside, and Kyleah grabs the window and opens it quickly and quietly.

Alexis is panicking, breathing quickly.

ALEXIS  
(whispering)  
Please don't do this.

INT. SIMONE'S BEDROOM

Kyleah and Alexis stand over Simone who sleeps in bed. She breathes lightly, clearly in a deep sleep.

Kyleah grabs a camera out of her handbag. She snaps a picture of a left wall, and the bright flash goes off. Simone groans in her sleep.

ALEXIS  
(whisper)  
Shit! Turn the flash off, she's  
gonna wake up.

(CONTINUED)

KYLEAH

If I turn the flash off, there'll  
be no picture. Retard.

Kyleah takes one more picture of Simone asleep, before grabbing a small cushion off the foot of the bed. Alexis looks nearly visibly ill.

Kyleah places the cushion on Simone's face, lightly at first.

The breathing stops, turns into a light splutter. She places more pressure on Simone's face and erupts in a smile as Simone splutters some more.

Alexis heads for the window, hyperventilating and having a panic attack.

KYLEAH (CONT)

(whispering)

Shutup!

Alexis curls up in the fetal position. Simone struggles to breathe in her sleep, but doesn't wake up.

Finally, she emits a futile gasp before giving up any kind of fight.

Kyleah carefully removes the pillow.

ALEXIS

Fuck. Fuck.

Kyleah grins. Simone's lips and face are blue, her eyes open in agony. She takes another photo.

Alexis climbs out the window, trembling. Kyleah seems proud.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Down the street, Kyleah runs from Simone's house, laughing. Alexis vomits on the road.

KYLEAH

Catchya tomorrow, loser.

Alexis gags some more.

Kyleah walks off calmly, going through the photo previews on her camera. She disappears as she walks into the thick mist.

INT. KYLEAH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kyleah opens her walk-in wardrobe. Hanging on the back wall of the closet is a cork noticeboard, with pictures of her friends and herself and the like pasted on it, like many teenage girls have.

Kyleah holds some freshly printed photos in her hand. She sticks one up on the board in a fresh spot. It's a picture of Simone's room, with Simone sleeping in her bed.

ALEXIS (VO)

Apparently Simone had a sleep disorder and her parents assumed that's what happened. There were no bruises on her face.

She sticks another photo on the wall. It's similar to the first one. Kyleah grins, happy with herself.

ALEXIS (VO)

I couldn't tell anybody because I was an accessory, or something.

Kyleah places the final picture on the noticeboard. It's Simone's face, contorted in strangulation.

INT. ALEXIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alexis lays on her bed, looking pale and terrified. She is curled up under the covers, recouping from crying.

ALEXIS (VO)

I changed schools again.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

The same street as the beginning. Kyleah walks out of her house and heads off to school. The sun is high in the sky, and once again children play in the street.

Kyleah walks down the sidewalk, smiling happily.

ALEXIS (VO)

Kyleah sat back up on the rocks, waiting for somebody new to steer in her direction.

Kyleah has a skip in her step.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

17.

ALEXIS (VO)

She was queen again. I was lost at  
sea.

CUT TO BLACK