

BLEEDING GREEN

Written by

Name of First Writer

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FADE IN

EXT. GOOD SPRINGS REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

STUDENTS amble across the driveway as faded green sedan approaches the drop off area.

HEATHER, 16 and attractive with light make-up, sits in the passenger seat, a backpack in her lap.

She wears glasses that are a bit too big for her face.

Her mom, DENISE, 30's, puts the car in park and leans over the front seat, shouting as Heather exits.

DENISE

Remember, this is a new beginning-

Heather almost smiles as she looks back into the car.

DENISE

So don't screw it up.

Heather closes the door with her hip, takes a deep breath and walks solemnly into the abyss.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Heather sits by herself at a lonely table. She examines the contents of a school salad in an plastic container.

She reaches into her backpack and removes a bottle of Braham & Murray's Good Brand dressing.

DANIEL (18), plows through the crowd and approaches her table. He's built like a tree trunk; tall and solid.

He's got two burgers, fries, three milks and piles of mayo packets on his tray.

DANIEL

You're that new girl from Lakeshore, right?

Heather nods as she sprinkles dressing on her salad.

DANIEL

Cool. Their football team sucks. You used to have that running back who was real good, but I think he graduated or something.

HEATHER

I'm Heather.

Daniel smiles as he assembles his cheeseburgers with massive amounts of mayonnaise.

DANIEL

Daniel Klinger. So what brings you to the other side of the tracks? Did ya'll move?

Heather frowns and moves a tomato around her salad.

HEATHER

Rather not say.

DANIEL

A woman of mystery. I like that.

Like the parting of the seas, the students move out of the way for TROY and CASSANDRA, both 18, seniors and at the very top of the food chain in looks, style and everything else.

TROY

Excuse me. Could I have some of your B and M Good?

Heather nods as Troy and Cassandra put down their trays, both with salads and juice.

TROY

Thanks. This stuff is hard to find. Usually have to import it across the pond. Where'd you get it?

Heather shakes her head.

HEATHER

I dunno. My mom ordered it for me from a vegan website.

Troy raises his juice carton in a toast.

TROY

I respect your commitment to the cause. A lot of people will just waltz on down to their local Publix and never stop to question what is actually IN the crap they sell.

DANIEL

Works for me.

TROY
A can of Spam works for you,
Klingon.

Daniel nods. It's true.

DANIEL
Hey, is Coach Meyer gonna play your
brother this year? He's gonna need
that explosive power up front.

Troy stares daggers at Daniel. A sore topic.

CASSANDRA
Let it alone, Daniel. Come on,
Troy. I need to see Keshandra about
that meeting she "missed".

Cassandra and Troy get up.

TROY
Thanks for the dressing.

Cassandra stops for a moment and turns back towards Heather.

CASSANDRA
You got really pretty eyes. Shame
you hide behind them Coke bottles.
If you tried a little make-up, you
could be quite stunning.

As Cassandra slinks away, Heather takes a breath and squeezes
her juice carton into a tight little ball.

DANIEL
Troy Lockwood and Cassandra White.
Good Spring's version of Brad and
Angelina-only with twice the drama
and three times the attitude.

Heather chuckles and takes off her glasses.

HEATHER
What do you think? Could I be
"stunning?"

Daniel looks up and down quickly. Cassandra was right;
Heather is quite pretty. He stammers.

DANIEL
I, uh, either way, is nice.

Heather smiles and puts them back on.

INT. MR. TIM'S AGRICULTURE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The bell rings.

MR. TIM, 40's with a goatee and Hawaiian shirt, holds the door open for the kids.

Shortly, the classroom is filled students, including Daniel, Troy and Cassandra.

Heather enters behind them.

MR. TIM

Ah. And you must be Heather Kent.
Go ahead and take that seat over by
Miss Cassandra.

She does.

MR. TIM

Just so you know, Miss Kent, I got
an e-mail from Mr. Murphy this
morning about your situation. I
trust we won't have any similar
issues here, correct?

Heather slumps into her chair and shakes her head.

MR. TIM

Good. Today we are watching a meat
processing documentary, which was
filmed last year down at Hudson,
Stuart and Rose. You still working
part-time for them, Mr. Klinger?

Danny smiles.

DANIEL

You bet. Bringin' home the bacon.
And the ribs.

TROY

And the pain.

MR. TIM

Excuse me?

TROY

Pain. Yes. When the animals are
slaughtered, they feel pain. No
life is taken without struggle;
(MORE)

Some lives scream in horror as of each precious drop of blood is siphoned off and sold to the highest bidder, curtesy of these satanic dungeons like Hudson Stuart. "Murder is a family value."

Heather pipes in softly, loud enough for Troy to hear.

HEATHER
"Three times a day."

The class groans.

TROY
I'd sooner watch soccer on Telemundo than be forced to watch this immoral snuff film!

MR. TIM
Course you would. Any student who may be uncomfortable viewing such material may be excused to the library.

Troy gathers his books and stands.

DANIEL
Any other ladies wanna go?

The class laughs. Troy turns and stares at Daniel.

TROY
There is a time coming, Daniel, when men such as yourself will be called into judgement for every drop!

MR. TIM
That's enough, Mr. Lockwood.

Cassandra also leaves. Heather sheepishly raises her hand.

MR. TIM
I figured as much. Go ahead.

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Heather, Troy and Cassandra sit a table, with a few vegan magazines spread open between them.

CASSANDRA
So, like, what happen at Lakeshore?

Heather shrugs.

HEATHER

Got kicked out. Assaulting a teacher.

TROY

Really? Impressive. Do tell.

HEATHER

Well, in my old biology class, the teacher was jokin' about dissecting frogs back in the old days. I disagreed.

TROY

Naturally.

HEATHER

He thought that the old method of using specimens was a better "educational experience" for the kids.

Cassandra briefly looks up from her magazine.

CASSANDRA

Barbarian.

HEATHER

Yeah. Then I said some things, and he said some things, and, well; I got really mad and threw a beaker at him!

TROY

Nice!

HEATHER

He got out of the way, but it shattered on the white board and he wound up getting like this little tiny cut on his cheek.

TROY

Rightly so. Karmic payback for all the defenseless amphibians that suffered under his scalpel. I've heard enough. Cassandra, your notebook, please.

Cassandra reaches into her backpack, removes a notebook (covered in girly hearts) and tears out a blank page.

CASSANDRA

Here.

Troy scribbles his number and address.

TROY

We like you. Stop by my house after dinner. Now, if you'll excuse us.

Troy and Cassandra stand and approach another table of GOOD LOOKING KIDS.

Heather rolls her eyes, but, as she looks at the note, can't help but smile.

EXT. TROY'S HOUSE - EVENING

It's a stucco McMansion in an exclusive neighborhood.

Heather rides up the carved stone driveway on her bike.

INT. TROY'S HOUSE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

MICHAEL, 11, a freckled, smaller version of Troy, leads Heather down the carpeted stairs.

MICHEAL

They're down here...in the inner sanctum.

The basement is finished with a well stocked bar, pool table and theater size TV.

It's painted in orange and blue, with Gator stuff everywhere.

At the far end of the room, loud music can be heard from behind a closed door.

Micheal knocks and the door unlocks from inside.

INT. THE SANCTUM - MOMENTS LATER

Troy, who holds a bottle of imported beer, opens the door.

Heather gasps.

The small room is plastered with propaganda posters which depict animals in various stages of slaughter. Not pretty.

Cassandra sits at a desk and gazes at a laptop computer.

TROY
 Would you like a beer? Cooler? Or
 are you the kind of girl who
 appreciates the finer things? My
 father has a full bar...

Heather shakes her head. Troy shrugs and tilts one back.

CASSANDRA
 It's about that time.

On the laptop screen, a grainy, black and white gas station
 security feed shows up.

An old pick up truck pulls up to a pump.

Daniel climbs out of the truck and enters the store.

TROY
 See? Predictability is a beautiful
 thing.

Heather looks at the screen.

HEATHER
 What's goin' on?

TROY
 The lambs. They are being led to
 slaughter. Every day, this gorilla
 leaves the slaughterhouse at seven
 thirty five.

CASSANDRA
 Ish. Seven thirty five-ish.

TROY
 Fine. He stops in to this store,
 walks over to the cooler, picks up
 a twenty ounce bottle of Coke and
 then plunks down one dollar and
 fifty nine cents of blood money. He
 will then plop his fat, greasy ass
 back into that shitbox F one fifty
 to go back to sixteen thirty eight
 highland place...

HEATHER
 I can't see who it is.

Cassandra discreetly moves the computer and carefully hands a
 small object to Troy.

TROY
My question to you, Heather...

Troy grabs Heather's wrist and swipes it with a razor blade.

HEATHER
Hey! What the fu-?

Troy grabs her bleeding wrist and raises it to her face.

TROY
My question is this. Do you bleed,
Heather? Do you bleed green?

Heather begins to cry.

HEATHER
You're scaring me!

Troy throws her arm down. Cassandra quickly leaves the room.

Heather examines the cut on her wrist.

TROY
Oh, that? Nothing to it. Merely a
scratch. Certainly no more severe
than what you yourself delivered at
Lakeshore High.

Cassandra returns with a bandage and some antibiotic cream.

She hands it to Heather.

HEATHER
I don't like meat, I don't like
killing animals, but I don't think
I can do too much 'bout it other
than not eating them!

TROY
That's where you're wrong. We have
a plan to teach every carnivore a
lesson they won't soon forget. And,
the best part is, all you have to
do is drive.

HEATHER
What you gonna do? Dump buckets of
blood on him? Spray him down with
red dye number nine?

Cassandra nods. Not a bad idea.

CASSANDRA

You in?

Heather frowns as she bandages up her arm. Cassandra points at poster where a sheep is being slaughtered at its neck.

TROY

Consider the pain in your arm and multiply it thousand times! Imagine that callous blade mercilessly slicing through your throat as you gurgle and choke on your own blood. Consider that pain, Heather- Then consider yours.

Heather rubs the bandage smooth. Through tears, she nods.

HEATHER

Yeah, alright. I'll do it.

TROY

Good. We'll finalize things and take care of business tomorrow night.

Heather sighs and turns to leave.

HEATHER

I gotta get home.

TROY

And sorry to hear about that spill on your bicycle. Nasty.

Heather looks at him quizzically.

Troy points to her bandaged arm.

HEATHER

Yeah. Need to be more careful.

Heather leaves.

CASSANDRA

Do you think she has any idea?

Troy removes a pillow to reveal a semi-automatic hand gun.

Cassandra's face turns pasty white.

He turns points it straight at Cassandra's temple.

TROY

Nope. And neither do you.

Troy smiles.

TROY

Bang.

INT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Troy, Heather and JOSE, (18) muscular and Jeanette (17) fashionista, sit at a table.

Heather wears contacts and more make-up today.

RACHEL, (15) approaches the table, but doesn't sit down.

RACHEL

Hey, Troy. Like, have you seen
Cassandra today?

TROY

She's been a bit under the weather
lately. That stomach thing that's
been going around. I'll let her
know you asked, though.

Troy flashes his trademark paparazzi smile and Rachel leaves.

HEATHER

She didn't seem sick to me.

Daniel approaches and looks at Heather, who looks down to avoid his eyes.

Daniel frowns as he passes by.

DANIEL

With. Definitely with. Least them
glasses weren't all fake.

Troy snarls under his breath.

TROY

Effin' Neanderthal!

Heather tries to stand up, but Troy grabs her forearm, right on her bandage. She winces.

TROY

And where are you going?

She twists her arm away and glares at Troy.

HEATHER

Bathroom?!

JOSE
Troy! You double dippin' on
Cassandra, boy? Whoo-hoo. You are,
like, SO da man!

Jose offers a high five as Heather storms off. He's left hanging as Troy stares in Heather's direction.

EXT. GOOD SPRINGS REGIONAL HS COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Students hang out as Daniel walks across the courtyard.

Heather is twenty yards or so behind him.

HEATHER
Daniel, wait!

EXT. GOOD SPRINGS REGIONAL HS PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Daniel approaches the same beat up pick up truck she saw on the video earlier. He opens the door and climbs in.

INT. DANIEL'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Daniel turns on some good country music on the stereo.

Through the windshield, he spots Heather. She stands still for a moment, then turns back into the campus.

Daniel frowns and opens the wrapper on his sandwich.

DANIEL
Face it dude, she's out of your
league. Just let it go.

EXT. GOOD SPRINGS REGIONAL HS COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Heather walks back to class. She appears lost in thought and is startled awake when her cell phone buzzes.

It's a text message:

INSERT: H- 911- Come 2 my hse aft schl- don't tell troy - C

Heather quickly texts a reply and shoves the phone back in her pocket.

EXT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Heather rides her bike onto the gravel driveway.

It's a wood-framed, shot gun house; polar opposite of Troy's.

She knocks on the door.

Cassandra opens it slightly, undoes a chain lock, then opens it wide to reveal that her face has been beaten to a pulp.

HEATHER

Fell off your bike?

Cassandra nods as tears stream down her swollen cheeks.

Heather's eyes burn with fury. She enters Cassandra's house.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A sedan, spot painted with grey primer, pulls into the far side of the parking lot, then disappears behind the building.

EXT. GAS STATION BACK

The car idles beside a dumpster. The roaches scatter.

INT. TROY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Troy opens the glove box and grabs a rubber pig mask.

TROY

Tonight is the night for vengeance.
Tonight we strike back with passion
and steel for those whose lives
have been stolen- sacrificed on the
altar of carnivorism and
convenience.

HEATHER

And after? Your promise? Right?

TROY

Oh yeah, sweetheart. Don't you
worry! I'm going to give it to you
so fast and hard that you won't be
able to pee for a month!

Troy pulls the mask down over his face.

Heather smiles and gives the pig lips a seductive lick.

HEATHER
Mmmm. Can hardly wait.

Through the window, Daniel's pick up truck pulls up.

Troy opens the door, clicks the safety off the gun and strides over to truck.

EXT. GAS STATION PUMP

Daniel climbs out and turns toward the gas pump.

Troy runs up to him, gun pointed at Daniel.

TROY
Blood for blood! Blood for Blood!

Daniel turns sees him coming. This is not a surprise.

Troy aims and fires. It's a miss, but just barely.

The bullet knocks out the sign, which explodes in a shower of sparks and smoke.

Daniel spins and easily knocks the gun out of Troy's hand, which slides underneath the truck.

Troy is stunned as he's suddenly staring down the barrel of a revolver himself.

Troy rears backward, then turns and runs back towards the sedan, Daniel in hot pursuit.

EXT. GAS STATION BACK

He runs towards Heather, who stands in front of the car with her arms crossed. She has something in her hand...

TROY
Go! Go! Go!

Troy's eyes widen as he sees the cannister in Heather's hand.

Heather pepper sprays him, point blank, right in the eyes.

He falls to the ground writhing in agony as the Daniel pulls Troy's arms behind his back to handcuff him.

DANIEL
You got the right to remain silent,
you turnip lovin'...

Suddenly, the area is filled with sirens and police cars.

EXT. GAS STATION

Troy is led away in handcuffs by UNIFORMED POLICE. Another COP takes a statement from the elderly ATTENDANT.

DETECTIVE ROSE, late 20's, blonde, flips through papers on a clipboard as Daniel and Heather sit together on the curb.

DETECTIVE ROSE

I'm not arresting you, but I will need to take you to the office to answer some more questions. Understand?

They nod as she walks back to the other officers.

DANIEL

I can't believe he was really gonna to kill me...

HEATHER

But he didn't. Did he.

He shakes his head.

DANIEL

I suppose I owe you one, vegan. I'll eat a carrot in your honor. Hell, maybe I'll have a whole damn salad.

Heather laughs and smiles.

HEATHER

It'll cost you more than that...

Heather leans over and plants a big kiss on Daniel, who quickly melts into the moment.

FADE TO BLACK