

THE LEGEND BEGINS:
BLOODY MARY

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Outside a bedroom door with what was once a glittery pink decal that says "Mary".

The sound of a BED SQUEAKING. A MAN MOANING and GRUNTING. A LITTLE GIRL CRYING.

LITTLE GIRL
Stop. Please stop.

One last LOUD GRUNT from the Man.

Dead silence.

The door opens. The Man exits: grungy, out of shape, years of mutation from drug abuse and street fights.

He walks away from the door out of view.

The sound of a BAG FALLING onto a table.

MAN (O.S.)
Here.

MOM (O.S.)
What's this? You promised me a dime bag.

MAN (O.S.)
You promised me a virgin. I'm not stupid.

A DOOR SCREECHES OPEN and then SLAMS SHUT.

The BED SQUEAKS again.

The little girl, MARY, 15, appears. Her beauty is hidden by the bruises on her face. The vibrance of her eyes smothered by tears.

She pulls her pants over the bruises on her legs. Buttons them. Walks to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

She slides a hoodie over her bloody shirt. Gently applies makeup to her bruised face. Flinching at every touch. Dodging every tear.

She puts the makeup down. Looks in the mirror. Takes a deep breath to stop the crying. Exits back into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

She enters her bedroom again. Seconds later, she returns with a bookbag with multi-colored puzzle pieces all over it.

She tramps through the living room, avoiding eye contact with her MOM, 29, who sits on the floor. Mom is almost as worn looking as the man. Her loose tank top reveals multiple scars: some from cuts, some from needles.

Mom opens a small clear baggy of cocaine and scatters it on the table next to a bunch of one dollar bills, razor blades and high heel shoes.

She notices Mary B-lining for the door, but is too busy lining up the cocaine on the table.

Mary SLAMS the door upon her exit.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Mary hobbles past their house.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mary holds her double strapped bookbag tight to her as she continues.

The Man from her room closes the door to his beat up old car. Stares at her. Turns the car on and follows behind her.

Mary's walk becomes faster and faster. As does the car.

She turns a corner. The car turns with her.

She turns another. This time the car continues forward.

The worn down school building appears off in the distance. Only a few students still enter the building.

As one of them opens the door A LOUD BELL RINGS.

Mary's fast paced walk becomes a run. A limped run, but she's going as fast as she can.

At the first door she reaches, she yanks it open and runs inside. The bell stops ringing.

The door closes behind her.

Next to the door are several windows. Each windows filled with around forty STUDENTS and a TEACHER, and an ASSISTANT.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

Some of the students pay attention to the Teacher, but the majority of them fool around, showing no respect to the teacher's lesson plan.

ASSISTANT

Please be quiet. Hey, don't do that.

(raises hand)

Hand up means quiet time.

TEACHER

Just let them go, they do this everyday.

ASSISTANT

They aren't learning. Don't you want them to learn the lesson?

One of the students stands, walks to the door and opens it to leave.

He steps back as Mary runs past, almost running him over.

INT. HALLWAY

Mary runs down an empty hallway full of cheerful posters, quotes, and closed doors.

She reaches one of the closed doors at the end of the hall. Catches her breath. Opens it.

INT. CLASSROOM

The HISTORY TEACHER writes on the board about Henry the Eighth; doesn't realize Mary's late arrival.

Mary looks around for a seat in the full classroom. The students are loud, obnoxious, and paying no attention to the teacher.

Only one seat is open. Two girls, MEGAN, 16 and DOMINIQUE, 18, and a boy, DERRICK, 16, surround it.

Dressed in name brand clothes and too much makeup, Megan and Dominique resemble the stereotypical image of the popular girls.

Derrick doesn't look like a stereotypical jock, but a jock none-the-less: hipster clothes, wild hair, charming smile.

They grin at Mary like a pack of hyenas waiting for a meal.

Mary puts her head down, and saunters over.

Without removing her bag, she sits and puts her head in her folded arms on the desk.

Megan, Dominique and Derrick laugh, quietly taunt Mary. Poking her. Yanking on her bag.

Derrick attempts to lift Mary's hoodie. She jerks away.

DERRICK

What's a matter Mary, you don't want us to see the bruises?

DOMINIQUE

Or maybe she just snorted too much cocaine today.

Megan appears hesitant, but goes along.

MEGAN

Did your mom leave you bloody again?

DERRICK

Do you have another bloody shirt on under there Bloody Mary?

Several other students chuckle.

HISTORY TEACHER

(without turning around)
Quite please.

The students ignore him.

DERRICK

Huh? Is that what it is? Little Bloody Mary.

Derrick tries to lift Mary's hoodie up again. Mary pulls away, keeping her head down.

They resume poking Mary. Mary flinches to each one, but keeps her head down.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

(Whisper)
Bloody Mary.

DOMINIQUE
(Whisper)
Bloody Mary.

MEGAN
(Whisper)
Bloody Mary.

Mary lunges up. Her makeup runs down her face from crying.

She rushes out of the classroom. The teacher looks at her for a brief moment. Continues to write on the board.

Megan, Dominique and Derrick lean in and whisper something INAUDIBLE to each other.

They wait for the History Teacher to sink back into her lesson plan. Sneak out of their seats. Creep out the open door.

INT. HALLWAY

Megan, Dominique and Derrick laugh as they rush to decorated, overly-sparkled locker with Megan's name on it.

DOMINIQUE
Get it. Get it. Hurry up.

Megan opens her locker. Dominique and Derrick search through.

Megan keeps watch.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)
Go make sure she's in there again.

Megan rushes down the hallway to the girls restroom.

She pushes the swinging door forward just enough to peek inside.

Inside, Mary stands, staring in the mirror. Motionless. Eyes locked on her reflection.

A LOCKER SLAMS CLOSED.

Startled, Megan lets the door swing closed.

DOMINIQUE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hurry up. Hurry up.

Derrick and Dominique make it over to her. Dominique holds a can of red paint.

DERRICK

Open it.

Dominique struggles to open the paint.

DOMINIQUE

It's stuck.

MEGAN

Give it to me.

Megan snatches the paint can. Fights with the lid. It pops open, spilling on her hands and shirt.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Fucker.

DOMINIQUE

Don't be a baby. You open the door,
and I'll throw it.

Megan hands the paint can back to Dominique. Approaches the door.

MEGAN

OK, on three. One...two...

GLASS SHATTERS inside the bathroom.

Megan jumps back. They all stand confused.

DOMINIQUE

What was that?

MEGAN

I don't know.

They approach with caution.

DOMINIQUE

She's probably just having another
psycho panic thing.

MEGAN

Should we go get someone?

DOMINIQUE

No. Let's do it. Megan, open the
door.

Megan freezes.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

Megan.

Megan unfreezes. Re-approaches the door. Places her paint covered palm flat on the door.

DERRICK

On the count of three.

Megan nudges the door. Mary's limp leg can be seen lying on the floor.

Dominique swings the can to the count.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

One...two...three.

Megan flings the door open.

Dominique lunges into the restroom.

Screams. Drops the can of paint, in CLING against the ground. Bolts out of the restroom.

DOMINIQUE

Oh my god.

Derrick chases after her.

Megan looks in the past the restroom door as it swings back and forth.

In between the swinging door: Mary's body sits up against the wall, both wrist slit from the end of her palm to a quarter of the way up her forearms.

Her head rest against her shoulders, almost lifeless. Eyes wide open.

Megan faints. The door stops swinging, closes. Megan's red paint hand print rest in the center. A trail of paint goes from her wrist down the door to the floor.

INT. RESTROOM

Paint flows across the floor toward Mary.

It stops at the sharp piece of mirror still in Mary's hand. Blood from her wrist runs down the glass into the paint.

The paint and blood covered piece of mirror reflect Mary's wide open eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.