But I Love You...
FADE IN:

INT. CHRISTINE’S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

An invitation to a high school reunion sits on the coffee table in a messy room. CHRISTINE, 35, with a pale complexion and dark hair, kneels before a closet. A small yellow glow flickers from inside.

NARRATOR
Let me tell you a story, one for the books. It’s about a lonely girl, with devilish looks.

Christine looks into a mirror hanging on the closet door. She smirks.

The closet is a shrine, dedicated to a boy from high school. Pictures of him have his age range from 14 to 36. A lot of them are candid. Hair, chewed up pencils and used toothbrushes litter the shrine.

INT. CHRISTINE’S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Christine stands in front of the mirror, she applies mascara. She wears a bright pink dress and has a matching coloured bow in her hair. She’s excited.

NARRATOR
She had waited and waited and the day finally came.

She now applies lipstick.

CHRISTINE
After tonight, my life won’t be the same.

EXT. CHRISTINE’S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Christine walks to her car, duffle bag in hand.

BEEP.

Her car unlocks.

She opens the back door and throws the bag in.
INT. CHRISTINE’S CAR

Christine enters the driver’s side. She turns the key in the ignition. She takes out a cassette tape from the glove box and puts it in her stereo.

*I Ran by A Flock Of Seagulls* plays.

She pulls out of her driveway and speeds down the street.

EXT. ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Numerous people walk hand in hand towards the gym doors. A SECURITY GUARD, late 50’s, stands at the entrance, he pats people down before they enter.

Christine pulls into the parking lot and parks her car.

NARRATOR

Christine has a plan to win over her crush. Every time she thought about it, she would start to blush.

INT. CHRISTINE’S CAR

Christine smiles to herself. She blushes.

She glances over to the entrance. The security guard leans against the wall, he smokes a cigarette.

CHRISTINE

It’s now or never...

Christine gets out of her car and grabs the duffle bag.

NARRATOR

This next part is actually pretty clever.

EXT. ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL

Christine walks towards the entrance doors. The security guard holds up his hand to stop Christine.

SECURITY GUARD

Hold it, I’ve got to see what’s in the bag Miss.
NARRATOR
That security guard’s name, well
it use to be Chris.

INT. ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL - GYM

The gym is busy. People are dancing, chatting others up at tables, drinking. Every one is having a good time.

A homemade banner strung up near the a makeshift stage reads: “Class of 2001”

Christine enters the gym.

She scans the area then drops the bag. She kneels down, unzips it and pulls out some chains.

She turns to the door and pulls the chain through the door handles. Then clamps a lock on it. She then grabs the duffle bag and heads towards the next door.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Oh...My...Gawd, is that Christine Baker I see over there?

Christine stops, her eyes widen. She turns to see VANESSA, 35, blonde hair and blue eyes. Still the prettiest girl in the room.

VANESSA
I remember you from grade ten science. You were such a square.

A high pitch laugh emits from Vanessa’s mouth. Two of her friends, LAURA, 35 and LARA, 35, impossible to tell them apart, share in her laughter. They all hold cosmopolitans in their hand.

CHRISTINE
Vanessa Vanderbalt, still a bitch I see.

NARRATOR
Christine imagined beating her, maybe a club to the knee.

Vanessa gives a fake smile. Then pours her drink on Christine’s dress. It’s ruined.

VANESSA
Oops, sorry. I didn’t mean to do that.
CHRISTINE
You’re just jealous because you got fat.

Christine turns and walks away in a hurry. Vanessa and her friends stare, mouths agape.

At the second door, Christine drops the bag and grabs another set of chains. She does the same and locks it

Christine turns to scan the room once more. She sees a familiar face. It’s DANIEL, 36, chiseled features and infectious smile. He chats up a girl.

He’s the person in the pictures from the shrine. She blows him a kiss.

Christine bends down and removes an AK-47 from the duffle bag. It’s loaded.

CHRISTINE
Hey Vanessa!!!

Vanessa turns around.

CHRISTINE
Nice dress.

She squeezes the trigger.

NARRATOR
The gym was about to become a bloody mess.

Bullets rip into Vanessa, the glass in her hand shatters, she’s hit 3 or 4 times. Blood sprays anyone nearby as she falls to the ground.

A few stray bullets hit Lara. Laura cowers in fear.

The noise is loud, it startles everyone. The music stops and they look at Christine, frozen in fear.

She aims the AK-47 to another GIRL, pulls the trigger without warning. The girl falls back, smashing into the food table. The punch bowl smashes on the ground.

Everyone is in a frenzy. They rush to the doors, but they are chained shut.

Someone manages to pry it open a little. Enough to see the body of the security guard, with his throat slashed. Not enough to squeeze through to escape.
Women scream, men run around looking for cover.

Christine fires at more women. Only women.

Another body falls, then another. Soon there are dozens of dead women in the gym.

She walks over to the DJ table and grabs the microphone.

**CHRISTINE**
Can I have everyone’s attention please. I’m looking for a Daniel O’Conner.

Daniel, hiding behind a turned over table, hears his name. He moves to stand up but is stopped by a former TEACHER, crouched beside him.

**TEACHER**
If you get up son, you’re a goner.

Daniel pulls his arm away from the teacher and stands up. It’s silent as people watch on in horror and fear.

Christine shyly walks towards Daniel. She smiles and fixes her hair. On her way over she asks a TERRIFIED MAN hiding under a table.

**CHRISTINE**
Is my hair pretty? What about my dress?

**SCARED MAN**
No, I mean yeah. I’m sorry, please don’t kill me. I’m under a lot of stress.

Christine continues towards Daniel.

**DANIEL**
What do you want with me?

**NARRATOR**
Christine giggled and shouted out with glee.

**CHRISTINE**
To be with you forever, I did this for us.

Daniel looks horrified, he takes a few steps back. Christine notices this.
CHRISTINE
Don’t you remember that time you
smiled at me on the bus?

Daniels looks around the room for some support. No one.

DANIEL
Yes..of course I do. We can be
together, forever.

NARRATOR
Daniel thought that he was being
really clever.

Christine looks at all the frightened people.
There were many.

CHRISTINE
The way I see it, I still have
some competition.

NARRATOR
Christine open fired and continued
on with her mission.

Christine reloads her assault rifle, with quick
precision.

NARRATOR
Another one dead, that’s four, no
wait it’s five. She was making
sure not to leave anyone alive.

Daniel sees his opportunity. He charges after Christine.
He tackles her when her back is to him. He lands on top
of her and the gun slides a few feet away.

DANIEL
Stop it!! Why are you doing this?

NARRATOR
That’s when she leaned in for the
kiss.

Christine locks lips with Daniel. He immediately pulls
away, spitting and wiping his lips with his hands.
Christine lies on the ground, big smile on her face.

CHRISTINE
I can’t believe I kissed him. I
finally did it.
NARRATOR
Daniel didn’t like it, not one bit.

A few guys rush over to grab Christine. They hold her up, she laughs the whole time.

DANIEL
Someone call the police, this chick is insane.

CHRISTINE
Hey Dan, look down. Is that a bloodstain?

Daniel looks down. A knife stick out from his side, blood fills his white dress shirt. He pulls it out and falls instantly.

CHRISTINE
If I can’t have you, than no one will.

NARRATOR
She finally did it, she went in for the kill.

BANG.

Christine falls to the ground. Blood stains the gym floor and pools from her head. The smoking barrel a few feet behind her.

Laura stands there, holding the AK-47. Blood specks on her face, a bullet wound in her shoulder. Her dress is bloody and she’s visibly shaken.

She drops the assault rifle. Then cries.

NARRATOR
Not all stories end nicely with a bow. But this is one that I thought you should know.

EXT. ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL – PARKING LOT

Numerous police cars fill the lot. Ambulances are full of injured people.

Some give their eye witness accounts to the officers, others cry and look for someone to share their emotions with.
NARRATOR
A story about a lonely girl, a
girl named Christine.

Coroners rolls out Christine’s body. Her face still
smiling, frozen. A bullet hole in her forehead.

NARRATOR
All she wanted from the boy that
she liked, was to be seen.

They zip up the body bag.

FADE OUT: