

"HEARTTHROBS AND HEART ATTACKS"

A screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM- AFTERNOON

A boy of about nine or ten sits zombie-like staring at the front of the room. Off screen we hear, SHERIFF LEWIS.

SHERIFF LEWIS (O.S.)
I'm going to be straight with you
here ladies and gentlemen, because
you deserve to know the truth-

SHERIFF LEWIS stands at the head of the class. His most distinguishing features are his Magnum PI mustache and his beer gut.

SHERIFF LEWIS
Drugs will ruin your life. Now you've probably heard a lot of lies about how Marijuana is no big deal. Well I'm here to set the record straight. Marijuana is a big deal.

ROSE HAGGARD (30s), the somewhat frumpy teacher with a wild mess of dark hair, pops into the frame, stifling laughter.

SHERIFF LEWIS
The number one reason why people
wind up in prison is because they
smoked or possessed Marijuana.
Marijuana is a gateway drug to
criminal activities. Not only that,
but it funds terrorism. You don't
want some bad guy breaking into
your home in the middle of the
night and raping you or your
family, do you? Do you?! Because
that's what's going to happen if
you smoke Marijuana.

Rose checks out Sheriff Lewis' ass.

A few seconds later she makes a disgusted face.

SHERIFF LEWIS
I'm sure most of you here want to
do well in school and make your
parents proud of you. So if anyone
you know is doing drugs tell an
adult, like your teacher here, Miss
Haggard.

CLOSE ON SHERIFF LEWIS.

SHERIFF LEWIS
And when you tell an adult, I
promise you we'll come and take the
bad guys away. Count on it. Anyone
have any questions?

Drool spills from a zombie boy's open mouth.

ON SCREEN TITLE - "1994"

Rose joins SHERIFF LEWIS at the front of the class.

ROSE
Alright everyone. Let's thank
Sheriff Lewis, for taking time out
of his busy day, so he could come
talk to us today.

Silence from the class.

SHERIFF LEWIS
Can I speak to you outside, miss?

ROSE
(Under her breath)
Shit!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

ROSE
(Nervous laughter) Is
there a problem?

Sheriff Lewis looks down and starts talking to Rose's boobs.

SHERIFF LEWIS
After I speak to a class, I like to
have a one on one with the teacher.
You know to go over a few things.

ROSE
I really should get back to my
kids-

SHERIFF LEWIS
Let me congratulate you. You have a
well behaved group of kids, here,
ma'am.

Rose crosses her arms over her chest, and turns away.

ROSE
(Nervous laughter)
Well, you know I try to keep them
in line. It's too bad some of the
adults are not as well behaved.

Sheriff Lewis is now looking at Rose's ass.

SHERIFF LEWIS
Yeah I know what you mean. There
are a lot of creeps out there.

ROSE
Tell me about it.

Rose touches Sheriff Lewis' shoulder.

ROSE

Thanks for coming in to talk to the kids. But I really need to get back to my class.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Well I wouldn't mind talking some more. Maybe you and I can get together sometime, and go over some strategies to combat the War on Drugs. These children are our future, you know.

ROSE

That's really something you should talk to the principal about.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Everyone can do their part, miss, and you're on the frontline.

ROSE

This isn't a war zone. This is the third grade.

SHERIFF LEWIS

These kids are under a constant threat, ma'am. You need to be prepared. I don't mind taking a little time out of my schedule, so we can talk one on one.

ROSE

That's very nice of you. But, I'm sure you have other schools to talk to today. You don't want anyone else to become a drug addict, right?

The Sheriff licks his lips. He takes a comb out of his pocket, and combs his mustache. He puts his comb away.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Let me give you my card, miss. In case you ever need to talk. Maybe I can get your phone number, just in case an emergency comes up.

ROSE

You should give that to the office up front. They'll call you if they want you to come back.

SHERIFF LEWIS

I got you.

Sheriff Lewis starts to walk away, but then turns to face Rose again.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Say what time does school end? I could walk you to your car. It's not safe out there.

ROSE

School never ends for me. I'm married to my work, you know. Now I better get back to my kids, they're libel to tear the place apart if I leave them alone for too long.

SHERIFF LEWIS

Right. Catch you later.

Sheriff Lewis walks down the hall. There is a swagger in his step. Rose shakes her head in disgust.

INT. CLASSROOM.

Shot of the zombie kid. He looks up at the clock. The clock ticks slowly forward.

Rose enters and checks her watch. She sighs.

ROSE

Okay class. Looks like it's about that time. So if Bobby, Greg, Peter, Jan, Marsha, Cindy, Danny, Susan, Steven, Anna, Michelle, Sherrie, Jay, Jeremy, Terry, Terri with an I, Mark, Alan, Jack, Jill, Hans, Christian, Jeremiah, Zack, Billy, and Aisha could report to the nurse. It's time for your medication.

The kids, en masse, stagger zombie-like out of the classroom. Rose watches them go, and then surveys the empty classroom. She sighs, and sits down behind her desk.

ROSE

Finally, some peace and quiet.

Rose lights a joint. Then she puts on her glasses, and begins reading her favorite book: The Great Gatsby.

EXT. STREET CORNER IN THE SEEDY PART OF TOWN - EVENING A FEW PROSTITUTES HAUNT A STREET CORNER.

Sheriff Lewis approaches one of the girls. They talk among themselves.

The girl drags him into a nearby alley, next to a thrift shop. They proceed to get hot and heavy.

PAN TO THRIFT SHOP
The voice of Rose's sister, DAISY
HAGGARD, drifts out from inside the
thrift shop.

DAISY (O.S.)
So... are you seeing anyone?

INT. THRIFT SHOP

Daisy and Rose rummage through some clothes in the shop.
Daisy is the exact opposite of her sister. Daisy is tall,
blond (dyed), and skinny. Rose's is short, frumpy and
brunette. Daisy is well dressed, in a dress with a nice coat
while Rose is dressed in her well worn school clothes.

In the background, muzak plays over the store's speakers.
This same muzak will become the KILLER's theme song as the
story progresses.

ROSE
Don't start with me, Daisy! This is
why I don't like hanging out with
you.

DAISY
How old are you now?

ROSE
You already know how old I am.
You're my sister.

DAISY
I want to hear you say it.

ROSE
(Sighs)
Thirty-Five.

DAISY
Exactly. Don't you think it's time
you grew up and settled down? The
way you're going, Rose, you're not
going to make it to 1995.

ROSE
No. I don't think that at all,
actually. Besides, you're hardly
one to talk. Haven't you been
divorced like three times?

DAISY
You can try to make this about me,
if you want. But it won't work.
Getting divorced now-a-days is no
big deal, and we're all still
friends.

ROSE
So why even get married in the
first place?

DAISY Bragging rights, duh.

ROSE
Everybody knows you're not a real
blond. You're not fooling anyone.

DAISY Really. Hmmm?

Daisy looks at herself in a small shop mirror. The mirror is cracked.

DAISY
Maybe I should dye my hair red.

ROSE
That's what all the old bags are
doing now-a-days.

Rose exams a rack of purses. A red purse has caught her eye.

DAISY
Oh, did you hear? Mom's dating some
one. He's like ten years younger
than she is. Do you know what he
does?

ROSE Male prostitute?

DAISY
He appears in the background of TV
commercials.

ROSE
Wow Daisy! That sounds like a
totally made up job. He's probably
after her money.

DAISY
No, it's true.

ROSE
Which part? That he's after her
money?

DAISY
No stupid. Mom's boyfriend is in
that drug commercial. You know with
that cute guy. Mom's boyfriend is
at the beginning ordering coffee-

Daisy closely exams her hair. She is horrified by what she sees.

DAISY

Omigod! You're right! I can see the roots. I swear that girl at the salon must have been high. I'm sure you can relate.

ROSE

Well, we both have to put up with you. So I understand, if she needs to self-medicate to get through the ordeal. You can be a real stuck up bitch, sometimes, you know.

DAISY

Well at least that's better than being a crack whore.

ROSE

Hey! I'm not a crack whore. Get it right.

DAISY

Sorry.

ROSE

Only homeless people mess around with crack. I'm not homeless. That's why I only do marijuana. Oh, and acid that one time in college. But never crack!

DAISY

And you teach school children. The future's looking bright.

ROSE

Please! They're all doped up anyway. Man, some of the stuff these kids are on. Holy crap! If I could get my hands on some of that, then all my problems would be solved.

DAISY

I don't believe you ...

ROSE

(under her breath)

What a joy it's been to see you again, Daisy, after all this time. We should do it again sometime. Say in 10 to 20 years.

DAISY

You just don't get it. I care about you and you're just throwing your life away.

ROSE
I'm fine. I pay my bills. I have a
roof over my head.

DAISY
In a hotel that usually charges by
the hour.

ROSE
A place is a place. I even have a
steady job. What's the problem?

DAISY
You know what the problem is.

ROSE
No I don't! That's why I'm asking.
Look, I'm not perfect. I admit
that. And my choice in men isn't
exactly stellar. Travis, the last
guy I dated, you know what happened
to him, right-

Muzak plays as Rose falls silent.

DAISY
So what happened to him, Rose?!

ROSE
What?

DAISY
You started telling me about your
boyfriend, and then just stood
there for two minutes with a stupid
look on your face.

ROSE
What?

Daisy rolls her eyes, and sighs.

ROSE
Oh Travis. He's fine. After he got
arrested for indecent exposure, he
moved back in with his parents.
Last I heard he got all fat and
bald and is now on the sex offender
list. We don't really keep in
touch. But, the moral of the story
is: never, never date your dealer.
That's the road to heartbreak,
right there.

DAISY
I swear, Rose. It's like I'm
talking to a five year old. You
used to be so smart. And look at
(MORE)

DAISY (cont'd)
you, now. The way you dress. The way you act.

ROSE
What's wrong with the way I dress?
It's what I can afford.

DAISY
Weren't you offered a job teaching high school chemistry? At a better school up north.

ROSE
Yeah so. I like it here. I get to be close to my wonderful family.

DAISY
No. You know why you didn't take that job? It's because you would have to take a drug test. So you would rather stay here, where the principal at our school is a drunk. And, he doesn't care what we do. What are you going to do, if the school board ever votes him out?

ROSE
I'll get by. I always do.

BRIAN, an attractive tall man, with dark hair stares down at Rose.

BRIAN
Well, hello there. It's been a long time, hasn't it?

Rose looks up and smiles. She tucks a few strands of her hair behind an ear, in a flirty gesture.

ROSE
Oh. . . hi-

Daisy calls out from behind her sister.

DAISY
Oh my god! Brian?

Daisy reaches out, and she and Brian embrace. Soon the two of them kiss.

DAISY
What are you doing here?

BRIAN
I volunteer here sometimes. You know, to help out the homeless. How about you?

DAISY
My sister dragged me here.

BRIAN
Really? Is she homeless?

Daisy scoffs and shakes her head at the question.

DAISY
Oh my God. It's so good to see you.

The two lovers start to make out.

Rose picks up a sweatshirt. The front of the shirt reads:
"SEX QUEEN."

ROSE
Omigod, you guys! Look! Can you
believe it? They're just giving
this away!

EXT. ALLEYWAY NEXT TO THRIFT STORE - EVENING

Daisy and Rose exit the thrift store into an alleyway. Rose
carries a small bag, containing her purchase.

DAISY
Brian's a friend. That's all.

ROSE
You two were practically dry
humping in the store, Daisy. I'd
say he was more than a friend.

DAISY
Okay. He's a friend with benefits.

Just then, the prostitute from earlier shouts at her former
John. We see Sheriff Lewis walking away.

PROSTITUTE
Yeah! Well fuck you too!

The prostitute turns and walks to the front of the alley.

ROSE
I don't believe it. That's one of
my kids.

DAISY
Looks like you made quite the
impression on her. She is a sex
queen too.

ROSE
I'm going to go talk to her. I'll
see you later.

DAISY

Rose, come on. That's not a good idea.

ROSE

It'll be fine. I know her. I'll call you later. I really will this time.

DAISY

Do whatever you want. I don't care.

ROSE

Oh thank God! Now I don't have to pretend to be nice to you anymore!

Daisy starts to walk away. She stops and turns back.

DAISY

You call me as soon as you get home. So I know you're alright.

ROSE

I will. God!

Daisy leaves.

Rose runs to catch up with the prostitute.

ROSE

Hey! Wait a minute!

PROSTITUTE

I'm straight. I don't do chicks. Especially old chicks.

ROSE

Don't you know me? I'm Miss Haggard. I was your third grade teacher. You're Abby right?

PROSTITUTE

Not anymore, I'm not. So what do you want?

ROSE

Just to talk, that's all. So how have you been?

PROSTITUTE

How does it look like I've been, bitch?!

ROSE

I'm sure this is just a minor setback. You'll be back on your feet again in no time.

PROSTITUTE Are you high, lady?

ROSE Uh ...

PROSTITUTE
What the fuck do you want?!

Serene harp-like music now plays as Rose speaks kindly to her former student.

ROSE
I'm not here to judge you, Abby.
I'm sure you've had enough people
judging you in your life.

PROSTITUTE
So what do you want to talk about?

ROSE
Yeah... um... do you know anyone
who's dealing right now?

INT. ROSE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Sunlight strikes Rose's face. She groans and turns away. Junk food wrappers blanket her bed. Rose rises from her bed. She now wears sweatpants and the SEX QUEEN sweatshirt she bought at the thrift store.

Rose turns on the TV and heads towards the bathroom.

Our attention is drawn to the TV. A commercial plays. The commercial begins with a middle-aged man holding up a cup waiting for it to be filled. This is HAROLD, the boyfriend to Rose's mom. A waitress pours coffee into the cup. We are in a restaurant. PAN over to a handsome business man. This is the Dome Pharmaceuticals SPOKESMAN. He addresses the camera directly.

DOMESPOKESMAN
Its 12 o'clock and you haven't
eaten anything all day. And maybe
you are starting to feel a pain in
your stomach. Suddenly, an
embarrassing sound erupts from
inside.

A MIDDLE-AGED COFFEE DRINKER. We hear the groan of a hunger pain. The man clutches his stomach.

DOMESPOKESMAN
You feel ashamed and embarrassed-

The Dome Spokesman pauses and shakes his head.

DOMESPOKESMAN
But, you are not alone. Thousands
of people suffer from a rare
medical condition known as Appetite
Suppression Syndrome. A-S-S strikes
(MORE)

DOME SPOKESMAN (cont'd)
both men and women, and people of
any age are at risk. Fortunately
there is help.

CLOSE UP on a drug package

 DOME SPOKESMAN (O.S.)
From Dome Pharmaceuticals, the
makers of Retchizine, comes
Nausenx. Nausenx is specially
designed to treat the symptoms of
appetite Suppression Syndrome.

Nausenx wraps a cool cord around your stomach that muffles
the embarrassing sounds, caused by A- S- S. Allowing you to
get through the day, embarrassment free. Nausenx gives you
control of your life and lets you decide when and where it's
time to eat.

CUT to a shot of the restaurant patrons. Including the man
drinking coffee.

An ANNOUNCER begins to list the many side-effects of this
wonder drug.

 ANNOUNCER
Nausenx is not intended as a
medical drug. After taking Nausenx,
some patients have complained of
nausea, stomach pains, and
diarrhea. Additional symptoms may
include irritable bowel syndrome,
constipation, fever, chills, and in
extreme cases colon blockage. If
these symptoms persist for more
than three days, stop taking
Nausenx immediately, and consult
your family physician. Nausenx is
not intended for children under the
age of ten. If your child has the
symptoms of Appetite Suppression
Syndrome we recommend Retchizine,
also by Dome Pharmaceuticals. Do
not drive or operate heavy
machinery an hour after taking
Nausenx. Nausenx is not responsible
if you have obtained this drug
illegally without a doctor's
prescription Nausenx is available
at most retail drug store chains.

 DOME SPOKESMAN
You never need to be a victim of
Appetite Suppression Syndrome
again. So ask your doctor to
prescribe you Nausenx today, and
start living your life to the
fullest.

The commercial ends. The TV screen goes dark. In the background we can hear Rose, retching in the bathroom. The toilet flushes, and Rose reenters the room. The TV springs back into life.

Coming back from the commercial break, is a local news program. TOM and PAMELA, the two newscasters sit facing each other. They silently laugh and chat, as an announcer talks over them.

ANNOUNCER

Channel 85. Your source for serious
and hard hitting news. And home of
the Grizzly.

A bear growls, bringing the intro to an ends. CLOSE ON TOM, the male newscaster.

TOM

Welcome back. Abigail Hoffman, a
local area woman, was found
savagely mutilated in an alleyway
early this morning.

Rose stands in front of the TV set. The remote is in her hand.

ROSE

Omigod.

BACK TO THE TV.

Tom, the male newscaster continues.

TOM

Our own Haley Gonzales is on the
scene. Haley.

HALEY GONZALES, a young woman in her late 20's early 30's with puffy 80's hair, stands in the same alleyway that Rose was in the night before.

HALEY

That's right, Tom. Abigail Hoffman, Abby, to her friends, was once a promising student. Then tragedy struck. When, in a cruel twist of fate, her own parents, the two people who loved her more than life itself, were senselessly mauled to death by wild animals early last year.

Haley silently shakes her head and then continues.

HALEY

With nowhere else to turn, this
innocent child, who only turned 18,
(MORE)

HALEY (cont'd)
18, last year, was forced to walk
these very streets in order to
survive in a harsh, cold,
unforgiving world.

ROSE
Omigod

Once again, Tom, the male newscaster, appears on screen.

TOM
Is there a possibility that wild
animals were also involved in this
horrible tragedy?

Haley Gonzalez listens, and then nods at the question,
before continuing.

HALEY
A good question Tom and one posed
to Sheriff Mark Lewis, earlier
today.

SHERIFF LEWIS
At this time we haven't ruled
anything out ...

HALEY
So as you can see, that theory has
not been ruled out. And, if it's
true that this sweet, innocent,
beautiful young girl was horribly,
horribly mauled by wild animals ...
then that is the real tragedy
indeed. Back to you, Tom.

ROSE
Omigod. It's Saturday Morning!
Where are all the goddamn
cartoons?!

Tom looks down and shakes his head. He looks up at the
camera, and shifts some papers in his hand.

TOM
A real tragedy. A real tragedy.

Tom shuffles a few papers.

TOM
Just to let viewers know, a young
woman by the name of Ping Xing, a
local area salon worker, was also
found mauled in the alleyway. The
police currently have no leads.
Over to you Pamela.

PAMELA, the female newscaster, also shakes her head.

PAMELA

A real shame, a real shame. You know, I almost named my daughter, Abby.

She turns to the camera. A smile lights up her face.

PAMELA

Channel 85's own Grizzly is at it again.

A man dressed in a bear costume dances a little jig in front of a group of school children in news footage.

PAMELA (V.O.)

That's right, The Grizzly, the popular host of a local area children's show, visited area schools yesterday to warn children about the dangers of sexual molestation.

Now the Grizzly speaks. And, when he does, he speaks with a very Barney the Dinosaur-like voice.

GRIZZLY

What do you say if someone touches you in the no-no place?

KIDS IN AUDIENCE

(Scream)

NO!

GRIZZLY

Yes that's right... you say no.

DAISY HAGGARD smiles and has a dreamy look on her face.

DAISY

Yeah, all the kids, and the teachers, were thrilled that the Grizzly got to be here with us today. He's teaching a very important lesson in a fun way.

Shyly, one of the kids comes up and whispers in Daisy's ear. The kid holds a picture.

DAISY

What is it you got there, honey? Do you want to show everybody?

CUT TO ROSE.

KID (O. S.)

This is a picture of the Grizzly. And this is a picture of the snake growing in his pants.

Rose rolls her eyes, and begins clicking through the channels. Images of animals stalking their prey flicker past. Finally something catches Rose's eye. An old public domain cartoon plays on screen. Rose's face lights up with delight.

ROSE

Finally!

Before the recreation can begin, Rose gets distracted by a phone call. She looks from the bong and then to the phone and at the bong again. With a frustrated sigh, she reaches for the phone.

ROSE

(Under her breath)
Somebody better be dead.

Rose answers the phone.

ROSE

(Depressed)
Hello? Oh, hi mom.

INT. LILLY'S KITCHEN

A middle aged man sits at a kitchen table. This is HAROLD. He is the same man from the beginning of the Nausenx commercial. He holds up a coffee cup waiting for it to be filled.

Rose's mother, LILLY, obliges, and fills the cup. Lilly is a woman in her late fifties. Other than her salt and pepper hair, the years have been very kind to Lilly, and she is still attractive. Lilly puts down the coffee pot, and crosses the kitchen to the fridge. There are groceries next to the fridge on a near-by counter. She holds a cordless phone in her hand as she talks to Rose.

LILLY

Rose! We all thought you were dead.

Rose sits on the bed.

ROSE Sometimes I wish I was.

LILLY (V.O.)

Did you say something, dear?

Pause.

LILLY (V.O.)

Would you put on some pants?

ROSE

What!

LILLY

Not you dear. I was talking to the
naked man in my kitchen.

Behind Lilly, Harold rises. We see that, yes indeed, he is
not wearing any pants. He gets up, and walks out into the
next room. Lilly watches him go. She then turns back to the
phone.

LILLY

You didn't call your sister last
night. Daisy called this morning in
a total panic. I would have called
sooner, to see if you were okay,
but Harold and I were otherwise
engaged.

ROSE shudders in disgust.

ROSE

I'm sorry ... I guess I forgot.

Lilly begins to rummage around in the grocery bags.

LILLY

No need to guess, honey. You did
forget, and upset your sister.

ROSE

Well it was nice talking to you,
mom. But I have a lot of things to
do today. You know important
things.

Rose looks down at her heart-shaped bong, and begins to
fondle it affectionately.

Out of the bag, Lilly pulls out a case of wine cooler and
puts it into the fridge.

LILLY

I'm sorry, honey. I lost my train
of thought there for a second.
Anyway, the reason why I'm calling
is because I need you to go visit
your grandparents today. Your
grandma needs you to run a few
errands for her.

ROSE

But it's Saturday. Can't Daisy do
it? You know I don't have a car,
the bus is always late, and they
live clear across town.

She has stopped putting away the groceries, and now wipes
her hands on a dishtowel.

LILLY
I'd asked your sister, but she's
just too upset.

Rose sighs and rolls her eyes.

LILLY
Besides, your sister has a big
dinner date tonight. So she has a
lot to do today, to get ready.

Lilly reaches into the grocery bag, and pulls out a package
of condoms.

LILLY
I'm sure you can take time out of
your busy day. I know your grandma
and grandpa would love to see you.

ROSE
This is so unfair. Why do I have to
do it?! It's not like grandma is
paralyzed or anything. She only in
a wheelchair. Right?

Lilly has finished putting the groceries away, and now folds
up the paper bags they came in.

LILLY
What was that dear? I didn't quite
catch that. Listen, all I really
need you to do is go pick up
grandma's prescriptions, and then
you can get back to whatever it is
you are doing. Okay.

ROSE
Uh... you know I'm a drug addict,
right?

LILLY
I'm sorry dear. Did you say
something?

Suddenly, a large hairy hand reaches out. The hand grabs
Lilly, pulling her off screen. Lilly screams.

ROSE
Mom! Mom! Are you alright?!

For a moment there is only silence on the other end of the
line. Then we hear Lilly laughing.

LILLY (V.O.)
Harold! You're terrible.

Lilly smiles, and looks girlishly over her shoulder.

LILLY
Listen, honey, I've got to go.
Harold's getting a little frisky
again.

Harold's hand reaches out, to pinch Lilly's butt, but she
bats him away.

LILLY
(To the off screen
Harold)
Stop it. What has gotten into you
lately?

LILLY
(Into the phone again)
I'll pay you back for whatever you
spend on Grandma's meds, okay. Bye!

Lilly reaches to hang up the phone, but the phone slips from
her hand and falls to the kitchen floor. In the background,
we hear Lilly's voice.

LILLY (V.O.)
Stop. Stop. How many of those blue
pills did you take? That's too
many. Oh no. Stop.

We hear moans and grunts coming from the phone. Rose's
expression goes from horror to disgust.

She quickly hangs up.

Rose falls back into bed.

ROSE
Man. All I wanted to do was get
high, watch cartoons, and get high.
Why is that so goddamn hard?!

INT. WHITE'S PHARMACY - MID DAY

Close up on a picture of Rose. In the picture, Rose is well
groomed, and her hair is neatly combed. She has a lively and
attractive smile that makes her look ten years younger. We
hold on this picture.

This is Rose's driver's license photo. The photo lowers,
revealing Rose as she is now. She is disheveled, her hair is
a mess, her, and her lips curl into an ugly frown.

ROSE
What?

PAN over to the pharmacist, DAN WHITE. White is a
middle-aged man. His cheeks and nose are red, from years of
drinking. His eyes are rummy. He wears a white short sleeve
lab coat that makes him look pale and sickly. To top it all
off, a wig rests on his scalp, that doesn't quite fit his

head. His thick mustache is gray, but the wig is a light brown in color.

WHITE

Your license expired ten years ago.

White looks down at Rose. In response, she begins to play nervously with a strand of her hair.

ROSE

Yeah well ... I don't drive. So, what's the big deal?

WHITE

The big deal is there are several powerful narcotics in this order.

Rose's face lights up.

ROSE

Really? Which ones?

WHITE

I can't allow these drugs to leave the store unless I see some valid ID.

White looks down at Rose in judgment. Rose, in turn, looks down in shame.

WHITE

Well, do you have anything to say for yourself?

ROSE

Why are you hassling me, man? This stuff is for my grandma. Do you want her to die? Because she will, unless I get her these meds.

White remains stern and silent. He has heard this spiel before, and it fails to impress.

Rose rolls her eyes and sighs loudly.

ROSE

Can't you just call my mom, please? You have her number right there.

WHITE

Fine.

White consults a sheet of paper, then picks up the phone.

INT. LILLY'S HOUSE

Lilly's phone is still off the hook, and the receiver lies on the kitchen floor.

The phone is pressed against White's ear. All we can hear is a busy signal.

WHITE

It's busy.

White hangs up the phone.

ROSE

Shit!

Rose turns her back on White, and begins arguing with herself.

ROSE

This always fucking happens. I try to do a favor for someone, and it blows up in my face. Damn it. Okay. Okay, Rose. Calm down. Remember what they told you in group.

Rose turns back around, and faces White. She tries to smile, and only succeeds part of the way. She begins to play nervously with a strand of her hair.

ROSE

Look ... uh ... can't you just cut me a break, here. It's my birthday.

WHITE

Not according to your license-

ROSE

Well ... uh ... this is when I celebrate it.

WHITE Are you on drugs?

ROSE

Nothing illegal, if that's what you mean.

White disgusted, shakes his head.

Rose leans against the counter to steady herself. White, in turn, stares down at Rose's chest. Two words glitter across her breasts: SEX QUEEN.

White begins speaking to Rose's breasts.

WHITE (O. S.)

Look, I'm really not supposed to do this, but maybe we can work something out. If you go out with me tonight ... then I'll let you walk out of here with your grandma's medication.

Rose folds her arms across her chest.

Close up of Rose's face. She has her head cocked to one side, and looks slightly pissed.

WHITE

Or I can call the cops and tell them you're trying to buy drugs illegally. It's up to you.

Rose's thoughts are loud and clear. In her head, she screams:

"FUCK!" But, to White she says pleasantly:

ROSE

Sounds great.

White, smug, slicks back the hair in his wig.

WHITE

Alright. I can get us into that club downtown. You know the one I'm talking about, right?

ROSE

No.

WHITE

El Diablo. Downtown. I know the owner. He goes to my church.

ROSE

Whatever. I'm mostly a homebody. You know, I like to watch cartoons.

WHITE

(Scoffs)

Aren't you a little old for cartoons?

ROSE

You got my license, man! You tell me!

WHITE

(Scoffs)

Well you're in for a treat, tonight. Tonight, you'll get to see what the grown-ups do, when the kids aren't around.

ROSE

(unenthusiastic)

Hooray.

A YOUNG GIRL, in her late teens or early twenties enters. She looks quite upset, and is trying to hold back her tears. Her voice is soft, as she speaks, but she is choking on her words.

YOUNG GIRL

Excuse me ... I'm sorry... I made a mistake last night... can you... uh ... tell me where I can find the morning after pill ... please-

The look of White's face is one of caring and concern. He seems to sympathize with the girl's plight, but it's just a facade.

WHITE

Oh of course... I can tell you where to find the morning after pill, young lady.

The girl looks up and smiles hopefully. Now White reveals his true colors.

WHITE

You can find it in hell! What made you think I would carry something so vile and dirty in my store?! I'm a Christian. This is a nice wholesome family establishment! Not some whore house! Get out! Go join your whore friends across the street at the strip club!

The Young Girl runs out of the store in tears. Without skipping a beat, White turns back to Rose. Now, Dan White is Mr. Smooth.

WHITE

So yeah. My wife usually falls asleep around 9 o'clock. We'll meet up at El Diablo's around ten. Okay.

ROSE

Cool. So... um... do you think I can get my grandma's medication, now? You know, before she dies.

White is all business.

WHITE

You're the boss, young lady. Let me ring up this order for you.

White exits. Rose stands alone. She shakes in disgust. Then something catches her eye. Rose happens to catch her reflection in the mirror of an eye-glasses spinner rack. The mirror is broken, and the lens on the eye-glasses are all scratched. The faint sound muzak now plays on the store's speakers.

The kerching of a cash register catches Rose's attention. White reenters carrying a receipt.

WHITE

Okay. It looks like the copay for all of this is going to be \$87.67.

ROSE

Oh... yeah. Can I get a rain check on that?

White, pissed off, slams the meds on the counter.

Rose starts to grab the meds. White grabs her wrist. He threatens Rose. His voice is low and quiet. Loud enough that Rose, and only Rose, can hear the threat.

WHITE

Take them and get out. And you better give good head, or I'm calling the cops, and say you stole this stuff.

He lets Rose go, as another customer, an elderly woman, approaches.

Rose makes her way to the front, and to freedom. White is all smiles, as he chats with his new customer.

WHITE

Mrs. Watkins. So lovely to see you. We missed you at church last week. I hope you're feeling better.

EXT. WHITE'S PHARMACY

Outside the pharmacy a CRACKHEAD is being arrested. Sheriff Lewis and one of his deputies have pushed the addict up against the wall of White's pharmacy.

Rose exits the Pharmacy. She carries several tiny pharmacy bags containing her grandmother's medicine. The crackhead sees Rose, and starts screaming.

CRACKHEAD

Hey! She's got drugs! Why aren't you arresting her? Better not buy any drugs lady or you're a criminal! Hey! Hey!

Rose keeps her head low, and tries to hide her face with her free hand.

INT. ROSE'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

An old clock slowly ticks away. Rose sits on a brightly-colored sofa.

She stares, zombie-like, at the clock. Off screen Rose's grandmother IRIS counts her pills.

IRIS (O.S.)

This is my heart medicine, but that gives me a pain in my arm ... so I have to take this medicine for the pain, but that makes me bloated... so I have to take this pill, but that makes my mouth dry... so I have to take this with water. But, that... Rose... I seem to be missing some of my medications.

ROSE

(Stoned)

They were all out, grandma.

Iris sits in her wheelchair at a kitchen table. All of her pills are lined up on the table. Next to Iris, sits her husband GEORGE. He holds a cup of coffee with both hands.

IRIS

But if I don't have my nerve medicine, I can't take these pills over here.

GEORGE

Oh leave the poor girl alone, Iris. She doesn't want to hear about your drug problem.

IRIS

But it's important. When she's our age, she'll know exactly what medicine to take.

GEORGE

If she makes it that far. We're probably boring her to death.

Stay on George. He speaks to Rose. Rose answers off screen. She speaks as if she were in a trance.

GEORGE

It's good to see you, Rose.

ROSE (O. S.)

You too, grandpa.

GEORGE

But you really shouldn't have had to come all the way across town to pick up your grandma's medication. Your mom was supposed to do that.

ROSE (O. S.)

It's alright... I don't mind. No trouble.

GEORGE

Sweetheart... are you alright?

ROSE (O.S.)
Yeah. Feeling fine.

GEORGE
It's just you seem a little out of
it. Are you sure you're alright?
You didn't take any of grandma's
medicine did you?

Rose is indeed out of it. Rose looks over to her left.
Sitting on the couch next to her is a giant praying mantis.
The bug's legs thrash about wildly. Rose stares at the
insect, and then slowly turns her head away.

ROSE
Can I use your bathroom?

INT. BATHROOM

The bathroom is momentarily filled with the sounds of Rose
puking her guts out. Soon, Rose pops into the frame. Her
face is worn and sweaty. She puts a bottle of pills on the
bathroom sink counter.

ROSE
God damn hallucinations! Always
killing my buzz!

Rose looks up to check herself out in the bathroom mirror.
She is shocked at what she sees. The mirror is cracked
making her image distort Rose begins to trace the crack with
a finger, but she is soon interrupted by the sound of
knocking on the bathroom door. George's voice comes from the
other side of the door.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Rose... Rose... you all right?
You've been in there a long time.
Did you fall in?

ROSE
Hold on. I'll be out in a minute.

GEORGE (O.S.)
Rose... do I need to call an
ambulance?

Rose opens the bathroom door, and jumps a little in
surprise. Rose's grandparents suddenly pop into the frame.
They leer down at their granddaughter.

GEORGE
Listen Rose. We know what's going
on. We lived through the Sixties.

IRIS
I was tripping on acid when I
delivered your mother.

GEORGE

It's true. I guess what we're trying to tell you is it's not that big of a deal. Drugs can be fun. Just don't let it consume your life, sweetheart.

George and Iris look at each other, and nod.

GEORGE

If you're feeling a little better, we could use your help with something.

IRIS

Your mom and sister just think we're crazy. But you're not like them, are you, dear?

PAN TO ROSE. She has been pushed against a wall. There is a cross above her head.

ROSE

Uh... what's going on?

Rose's grandparents look at each other conspiratorially.

GEORGE

As soon as it gets dark... we need you to come with us.

IRIS

(Whispering)

We're hunting vampires.

ROSE

I'm still tripping, aren't I?

DRAMATIC CLOSE-UP ON ROSE.

ROSE

Tripping... balls.

The cross falls from the wall, and strikes Rose on the head. Rose winces, and rubs her scalp.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

The night-stalkers have assembled. They are a group of vampire hunters, who vary in age from old to ancient. The group has armed itself with various household items from baseball bats, to shoves, to flashlights. A distinguished OLD GENT speaks to George.

OLD GENT

Now, you're absolutely positive, George, that your granddaughter is a virgin, right? Because that's the
(MORE)

OLD GENT (cont'd)
kind of girl, these monsters are
attracted too.

GEORGE
Of course, Rose, is a virgin. She
is a good girl who is just waiting
for a good man to come along.

Rose rolls her eyes, and shakes her head. Her grandfather,
George, calls out to her.

GEORGE
You be careful, sweetheart. Up here
is where we saw them.

Rose turns to face her grandfather.

ROSE
Are you guys being serious? I mean
come on. Oh God! This isn't an
intervention is it? Hey look, I'm
fine, okay-

GEORGE
Rose! Look out! Iris! Quick the
flashlight!

Iris turns on a flashlight, and begins to sweep the area.
The beam of light REVEALS a teenager with pale skin, dressed
all in black. The teen hisses, showing his fangs!

ROSE
Holy Shit!

The Vampire hunters stand in the background, ready to
strike. The teen is in the foreground weighing his options.
Flashlight beams shine down on him, casting the teen vampire
in silhouette. Cornered, the teen runs.

OLD GENT
He's making a break for it. Come
on. He'll lead us back to the nest.

The rest of the hunters shout in triumph, and give chase.
Soon, Rose stands alone, completely stunned. Iris, in her
wheelchair, zips past catching up to the others. Rose opens
her mouth to speak, but no words come out. She tries again,
and once more words fail her.

Unbeknownst to Rose, someone or something watches her from
the treeline.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Rose, somewhat stoned, looks out across the basketball court.

ROSE
Whoa.

A fight breaks out. Pandemonium on the basketball court. It's a group of Goth kids vs. the elderly. The old timers have the kids on the ropes. Rose's grandfather has snared the teen vampire by his shirt. George gives the kid a swift uppercut to the jaw. The teen's head snaps at the impact of the punch. His teeth spit out of his mouth.

The vampire teen's fangs fall, and land near Rose's feet. Rose stares down at them.

ROSE

Wait a minute ...

Rose looks down at the fangs again.

ROSE

Wait a minute.

Rose looks down at the fangs one more time. Then she looks over at the battle. She's slowly piecing it together. The teens aren't vampires at all, just kids who like to dress up. She looks down at the fangs again.

A whistle rings out.

PAN OVER to the battlefield. The Old Gent has a teenager by the throat. A couple of old people armed with chains, have cornered another teen. All of them look up in the direction of the whistle.

All eyes have turned toward Rose. Rose takes a whistle out of her mouth. She does not look happy.

ROSE

Alright! I might be as high as a kite right now, but I've refereed recess enough to do it in my sleep. Old people go to the left. Weird looking kids over to the right. Come one people! Don't test my patience!

There is much grumbling as people reluctantly split up, into groups, and carry out Rose's instructions. Rose watches with a stern look on her face, and arms crossed her chest. Now the old people are on one side, and the kids on the other. Both groups face each other, with Rose in the middle.

ROSE

Good.

The teen vampire speaks up.

TEEN VAMPIRE

They started it.

ROSE

And I'm finishing it, young man.

Rose holds up the fangs.

ROSE

Anyone care to explain what these are? No one? Well let me tell you, then. These are the fangs that were in that kid's mouth. Which is totally gross, and now I probably have hepatitis c. But the point is these kids are not vampires. They're fakes.

TEEN VAMPIRE

Duh! We're going to you sue old man.

GEORGE

Go right ahead, spawn of Satan. I fought the Nazis in World War II.

TEEN VAMPIRE

When was that grandpa? Back in the Stone Age!

The kid smirks, and looks around. Not wanting to draw attention to themselves, the rest of the kids look down or away. He turns back to Rose. Rose is not amused.

ROSE

Do you want detention? Because I will call your school.

Teen looks down.

TEEN VAMPIRE

No, ma'am.

ROSE

Then maybe you should just stand there quietly then!

Rose addresses the rest of the group.

ROSE

Okay. Listen up. I am very disappointed in all of you. This basketball court is now off limits, until all of you can grow up. I hope I've made myself clear.

Silence. Rose gives the fangs back to the teen vampire.

ROSE

Oh and take these... gross.

The parties break up, and go their separate ways. Rose calls out to her grandparents.

ROSE
I'll see you guys back at the
apartment.

Iris and George wave at her, and exit.

Rose calls out to one of the teens: a Goth girl who has just
lit a joint.

ROSE
I saw that young lady. Come here!

The Goth girl silently mouths the word: "Shit." Soon, the
girl approaches Rose. Guilt is written all over the girl's
face.

GOTH GIRL
It's not mine, I swear. I found it.

ROSE
Hand it over.

The girl hands the joint over. Rose takes a big puff.

ROSE
Thanks. I needed that.

GOTH GIRL
Hey.

ROSE
What? It's not yours, right? You
found it.

GOTH GIRL
Bitch.

ROSE
Do you want me to call your mother?

In a huff, The Goth Girl storms away. Rose watches her go.
She takes another puff of the joint.

ROSE
Cunt.

EXT. ROSE'S GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rose is again being watched through the trees. She is
standing outside of her grandparents' apartment.

ROSE
Bye Grandma. Bye Grandpa.

A door shuts. Rose walks down a pathway towards the park.

ROSE

I should have asked that girl who her dealer was? That was good shit. No seeds at all. Kids just don't appreciate how good they have it now-a-days.

Blood from above drops onto Rose's head. She looks up. The Goth Girl hangs suspended from a tree branch. The girl's throat has been torn open.

Rose freaks out. She screams and runs away. Before she gets very far, she trips and disappears out of the frame.

That's when we see the masked Killer. He stands next to a street lamp. He looks down. Then he slips behind the lamp post, and disappears from view. Rose pops back into frame. There is now a large gash on her forehead.

ROSE

Son of a bitch.

INT. GROCERY STORE

Rose enters a grocery store. A woman with a crying baby pushes past Rose, on the way to the liquor section.

Rose looks down the aisles, and sees more customers. Finally, she finds the aisle that she is looking for: the drug aisle.

Rose stares at the assortment of over the counter drugs and pills. Suddenly, a bright glow from above casts a halo around the drug aisle.

Rose raises a hand to shield her face from the light. Everything starts spinning, and Rose is caught in the middle.

PULL BACK. From a distance, we see Rose stagger, and then fall to the ground. Unconscious.

INT. ROSE'S DREAM

Rose dreams of an empty and run down theater. Slowly, she walks down the aisle and occasionally stops to ask: "Sorry ... is this seat taken?"

Off screen, a voice calls out to her. Rose looks up. A few seconds later she walks into the movie screen. Rose is now in black and white, and has wandered into a cartoon. Rose stands in front of a cartoon wall. She looks around confused. Rose turns to face the movie theater audience.

ROSE

Hello? Is anyone there? I seem to be lost. I'm not sure how I got here?

An unseen announcer responds to Rose's call.

ANNOUNCER

Feeling lost? Scared? Alone? Are you confused? Frightened? Isolated? These could be symptoms of a rare condition known as Reality Dependent Disorder. Reality Dependent Disorder can strike anywhere at any time, and no one is immune. Fortunately, there is help.

ROSE

What are you talking about?

The word: "COCAINE" appears above Rose's head. It is written in a seventies style font. The unseen announcer continues.

ANNOUNCER

From the makers of Heroin comes... Cocaine. Cocaine is specially designed to combat this terrifying disorder, and make you feel high on life.

ROSE

What is going on? I'm really starting to freak out here.

Rose scans her surroundings. SUPERIMPOSED over Rose is a long written legal disclaimer. The font of which is so small, it's almost unreadable. The Announcer continues.

ANNOUNCER

Children under five should not take cocaine without adult supervision. Side effects of cocaine may include: disorientation, feelings of isolation, paranoia, loss of judgment, incoherent speech, suspiria, hallucinations, and in extreme cases... death.

The legal disclaimer disappears. Rose stands alone. The Announcer continues.

ANNOUNCER

So ask your doctor if cocaine is right for you. And start living your life to the fullest.

ROSE

Hello? Is anyone there?

The Killer answers Rose's call.

KILLER

I'm here, Rose. I've been watching you. Watching you for a long time.

CUT TO:

Rose now sits next to the masked Killer.

Muzak plays lightly in the background as they talk.

ROSE Who are you?

KILLER

Isn't it obvious? I'm the man of your dreams.

ROSE

Dude! You are seriously killing my buzz.

KILLER

Ah... a slave to your addictions, just like me.

The Killer holds up a beating heart. There is a straw poked through one of the valves. He takes a sip. Rose watches in disgust.

ROSE

Man, I should have never taken my grandma's meds. This is really fucked up. Okay. Lesson learned.

KILLER

Such a lonely life isn't it, Rose? You tell yourself you can quit, anytime, but always the cravings. They get the best of you.

ROSE

(Quietly)
I get by okay.

KILLER

It makes you feel ashamed. Like there is no one you can turn to. And you worry that people will think you are some kind of monster, if they get close to you.

Rose looks down in shame.

KILLER

That's what I thought at first too, but I was wrong. Embrace it, Rose. Why deny what you are? Feed your cravings.

ROSE

Are you a cop? Because you have to tell me if you are.

The Killer grabs Rose by the wrist. He moves in close so that they are face to face.

KILLER
(Hissing)
No Rose. I'm the Bogeyman.

The Killer lets go of Rose's wrist. He reaches out to touch Rose's cheek, but she flinches away. The Killer leans back in his seat, quietly chuckling to himself.

KILLER
Now I must tell you Rose. When you wake up there will be some... unpleasantness. The cravings got the better of me, you understand.

The Killer lifts an arm. Blood drips from his sleeve cuff. He places a cloth napkin to his masked mouth, and dabs his lips. Then the Killer takes Rose's hand into his.

KILLER
But, there is no need to be afraid. I would never hurt you. There have been other girls, oh yes, so many lovely, lovely, girls. But you... but you... understand what it's like to be alone, in a world that hates you. Just for being who you are. Here, a small token of affection.

Rose look down at a small framed picture of a white rose in a vase. It is signed with the words: "From your secret admirer."

Rose looks up from the picture. The Killer stares at her. Slowly, the darkness swallows him.

KILLER
This is my favorite part of the movie, Rose. Fade to Black...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. GROCERY STORE

Rose's eyes flicker open. In her hands is a white plastic rose. Rose gets up, and scans her surroundings. The lighting in the store is very dim and almost dark. The fluorescent light above her has been torn down from the ceiling. It flickers and sparks.

Rose begins to walk down the aisle. Her eyes rest on a crying baby. The baby is left unattended in the seat of a grocery cart.

Rose looks down and sees the baby's mother. The woman's throat has been ripped out.

Except for muzak playing over the speakers, the store is eerily quiet.

CLOSE ON ROSE. Rose opens her mouth and starts to scream, and that's when the lights go out.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sheriff Lewis is outside talking to one of his deputies. They are leaning against a squad car. Both men are laughing, and sharing a bottle in a brown paper bag. Rose comes running up to them. She is out of breath.

ROSE

In the store... in the store...
something horrible...

The deputy looks over at the store. The store is completely dark.

DEPUTY

Store's closed, lady.

ROSE

No! Listen! There was a guy... the
boogey-man... he did something-

The Deputy and the Sheriff look at each other. Both are smiling, a smug little smile. The deputy takes a swig from the bottle.

DEPUTY

Sure, sure. Why don't you go sleep
it off?

ROSE

Why aren't you listening?!

DEPUTY

What do you think, boss? Off her
meds?

The Deputy hands the bottle to the Sheriff. The Sheriff takes a swig.

SHERIFF

It's like I was saying, right. It's
these damn Liberals letting all the
nut jobs run lose.

Rose throws up her hands in disgust, and runs off. The Sheriff calls out to her.

SHERIFF

Hey! She flipped me off!

The Sheriff throws the bottle aside. He opens the door to the police car.

SHERIFF
What are you waiting for? An
invitation? Get in the goddamn car!
We're going after her.

The two police officers get into the car. The Sheriff reaches up to buckle his seat belt, and then starts the car.

SHERIFF
I'm going to teach that bitch a
little lesson.

PAN TO DEPUTY. The Deputy's throat has been severed, blood gushes out from the open wound.

Muzak starts to play over the car's stereo.

In the rear view mirror, we see the Killer in the backseat. The rear-view mirror suddenly cracks as the Killer reaches out. He grabs the Sheriff's face.

MOVE IN CLOSE. The Killer has pressed his face next to the Sheriff's ear.

KILLER
(whispering)
She's mine ...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER

Rose pounds on Daisy's front door. The door opens, and Rose stands outside. She is excited and begins talking rapidly.

ROSE
(Rambling)
Daisy! Omigod! There's was this
creepy guy at the store, who said
he's the man of my dreams, and he
killed everybody, and the cops are
being real dicks about it, and I
fell down and I accidentally took
some of grandma's medicine, and saw
a giant praying mantis, and the
drug store guy blackmailed me into
going on a date with him... and all
I wanted to do today was get high,
and watch cartoon, and get high.

Rose pauses for a moment, to catch her breath. She notices her sister for the first time, and is taken aback.

ROSE

Uh ... Daisy ... is that you?

DAISY (O. S.)

Jesus Christ, Rose! You're always doing this ...

Daisy is in a bear costume. She takes off the head.

DAISY

You come over here, all freaked out, banging on my door. Why can't I just have one night to myself? Is that even possible?

The Grizzly now joins Daisy at the door. He is also in a bear costume. When he speaks he uses his Barney the Dinosaur like voice.

GRIZZLY

Is everything alright, honey?

DAISY

It's fine. My sister is a drug addict and she is freaking out ... again.

GRIZZLY

Is that right? Well, let me tell you something about drugs-

A very kid friendly tune accompanies the Grizzly as he delivers a drug free message.

GRIZZLY

Only dopes do drugs. That's why they call it dope. Because only dopes do it. So don't be a dope because only dopes do drugs. Don't do drugs. Don't do DRUGS!

With his message delivered, the kid friendly tune comes to an end.

ROSE

Oh my god, Daisy. That's the Grizzly, and he has an enormous wang. It's huge. Seriously, how does that thing even fit in your no-no place?

Daisy looks at Rose in disgust.

ROSE

Oh Shit! I have group tonight! I got to go. I'm going to be late!

Rose starts to leave, but then comes rushing back.

ROSE

Uh ... Mister Grizzly here is my number, in case you ever want to call me, sometime.

GRIZZLY

This-

The Grizzly clears his throat, and talks normally.

GRIZZLY

This piece of paper is blank.

Rose twists a strand of her hair nervously.

ROSE

Oh.... yeah... uh my phone is going to be disconnected on Monday ... so...

DAISY

Rose!

ROSE

Oh right ... see ya Daisy. I'll call you!

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - GROUP HEADQUARTERS.

A cigarette dangles from a man's fingertips. This is PATRICK WOODS.

PATRICK

Man, drugs ruined my life. At first it was just a hobby, something I did in my free time. Then I was spending all my time getting high. Lost my job, my family, and my friends.

Patrick takes a drag off his cigarette, and exhales the smoke with a sigh of relief.

PATRICK

I've been drug free for about a year now.

Rose hands Patrick a Styrofoam cup.

PATRICK

Whoa, are you psychic? How'd you know I wanted a cup of joe,

Rose smiles, and shrugs.

ROSE

Women's intuition.

The voice of the GROUP LEADER calls out to Rose. Rose stops dead in her tracks: a deer caught in the headlights.

GROUP LEADER (O.S.)

Rose-

Rose mouths the word "Shit."

PAN TO GROUP LEADER. He is a middle-aged man, somewhat fat, but trying to hide his double chin with a goatee. He looks down at his clipboard.

GROUP LEADER

You've been rather quiet at the last few meetings. Would you like to share?

The rest of the group turns and stares at Rose.

ROSE

Now is not really a good time.

GROUP LEADER

That's alright, you're not on trial. No one is making you do anything you don't want to do.

ROSE

I'm dealing with a lot of issues right now.

GROUP LEADER

This is a safe place to talk about whatever is bothering you.

ROSE

I really don't feel comfortable talking about it right now.

GROUP LEADER

Well it's your choice Rose. It's just everyone else here has contributed to the discussion, and you don't seem to want to take part. This is a group effort Rose, and we're here to help. But if you don't participate, then we can't help you.

PATRICK

I'm sure someone else would be happy to go. Sometimes it helps to just listen, you know.

GROUP LEADER

But that's not really fair to everyone else. Is it Rose?

Rose sits down.

GROUP LEADER
Are you willing to share with us,
Rose?

PATRICK
Hey man, why don't you just leave
her alone?

ROSE
It's all right. I guess lately,
I've been thinking a lot about a
friend of mine. My best friend
Kerry from high school. I remember
she liked this guy, Jason, right.
One day me, her and this guy
skipped school together, and-

EXT. CHURCH-GROUP HEADQUARTERS - 30 MINUTES LATER.

The group members stand around the Group Leader. They are
laughing.

Occasionally, they look over at Rose, and laugh again.
Alone, Rose stands at the bus stop.

Patrick comes over to talk to her.

PATRICK
Rose, can I give you a ride? My
car's right over there.

ROSE
No, that's alright. I'm fine. The
bus will be here soon.

PATRICK I don't mind.

Rose silently shakes her head.

PATRICK
Hey, don't worry about those guys.
I'll let you in on a little secret-

Patrick looks around, to see if anyone is listening, and
then whispers to Rose.

PATRICK
They're all drug addicts. Shhh.
Don't tell anyone.

Rose smiles.

PATRICK
Plus the new guy we got running the
group is a real douchebag.

Patrick takes a cigarette out of a pack, and lights it. He
has a coughing fit. Rose looks disgusted. The fit passes.

PATRICK

Sorry about that. Want one?

Rose shakes her head. Patrick writes something on the pack, and then looks up at Rose.

PATRICK

Nasty habit. Still better than being strung out, I guess. You know what that guy's problem is? He's never had to struggle a day in his life.

ROSE

You should lead the group.

PATRICK

No thanks. I'd probably just mess it up. Those guys will suck up to that douchebag, but they won't listen to me. So that stuff you were saying ... is that true?

ROSE

Yeah. But my friend's fine. She's in a mental institution.

PATRICK

Probably isn't the worst thing that's happened to you is it?

ROSE

Nope.

PATRICK

Is that why you're using again?

At first Rose is shocked. Shock soon turns to embarrassment.

ROSE

Oh god. Is it that obvious?

PATRICK

Only to us addicts.

ROSE

If it makes you feel any better, I'm not feeling particularly high right now. I wish I was. I still have some shit I have to deal with tonight.

PATRICK

I hear you. Do you know how long it's taken me to work up the courage to talk to you?

ROSE
Isn't there some rule that people
in group aren't supposed to date
each other.

PATRICK
You think I actually listen to that
douchebag? I'm a rebel, baby. I
play by my own rules.

Rose rolls her eyes, and then smiles.

PATRICK
So... uh... you want to go out for
some coffee? You know, just to
talk.

Rose sighs.

ROSE
I really want to. God you don't
know how much. But, I have a date.
It's part of the shit I have to
deal with tonight.

PATRICK
Blind date, huh...

ROSE
No more like if I don't go out with
this guy, he's going to call the
cops and have me arrested.

Patrick hands Rose the pack of cigarettes.

ROSE
I told you. I don't smoke.

PATRICK
That's alright, the pack's empty.
My number's on the back, should you
ever want to talk.

ROSE
I don't know what to say...

Patrick crushes his cigarette under his shoe. He starts to
leave. Rose calls out to him.

ROSE
I'll call you!

Without turning around, Patrick, waves. The bus arrives, and
Rose gets on.

EXT. EL DIABLO NIGHTCLUB - 10PM

Outside of the hottest nightclub in town, several patrons
smoke cigarettes. Rose approaches, walking through a

gauntlet of smoke. She makes her way to the front entrance.

INT. EL DIABLO NIGHTCLUB

The first person we meet inside the club is a BAR PATRON. He is a young, hipster looking man. He holds a plastic tube, in the shape of a cigarette. There is a red light at the end of the tube. He is explaining this device to his friends.

BAR PATRON

Yeah... it's an electronic
cigarette. Now I don't have to go
outside to smoke.

Rose enters. She scans the club for her date, and spots him sitting alone at the end of the bar. Dan White looks the worst for wear. He is nursing a scotch. Rose goes to him, sighs, and sits down next to him.

ROSE

(unenthusiastic)

Well... here I am.

White takes no notice of Rose. He continues to nurse his drink. A couple of girls approach. The snarkier of the two taps Rose on the shoulder. Rose turns to face them.

SNARKY GIRL

Hey! We were just wondering... are
you somebody's mom?

ROSE

Don't you have school tomorrow?

The girl and her friend burst out laughing, and then walk away. Rose turns away, and hides her face.

ROSE

(To herself)

God... we must be the oldest people
here.

White starts to sob.

ROSE

What the hell?

White downs the rest of his scotch, and then the story pours out.

WHITE

My wife left me. We've been
together twenty-seven years.
Twenty-seven years! I don't
understand. How can she leave me?
It's not fair. What did I do wrong?
Please, tell me? What did I do
wrong?

Rose nods. She puts a hand on White's shoulder.

ROSE
I'm sorry ... I really gotta take a
piss.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BATHROOM

Rose is at the sink. She washes her face. Rose looks to her left.

Someone has left some cocaine on the sink counter. Rose looks around suspiciously. She calls out, but her voice is only slightly above a whisper.

ROSE
(barely above a whisper)
Uh ... someone left some cocaine
here.

Rose waits a moment, to see if anybody responds. She shrugs.

ROSE
Gosh... well I would hate for it to
go to waste.

She puts a finger to her nose, and leans down out of frame. Suddenly, we hear a whimpering behind her. Rose looks up. She rubs her nose. The whimpering grows louder. It is coming from one of the stalls.

Rose cautiously approaches the stall.

ROSE
Hey, I'm sorry about the coke! I
thought it was just like a free
sample or something. Don't worry,
there's still some left.

Only whimpering answers Rose.

ROSE
Are you okay?

Blood pours out from the stall. The blood pools on the floor, and stops just short of Rose's feet.

ROSE
Oh... wow... okay. That's no
problem.

Rose looks to her right, and spots a tampon dispenser. She looks to her left. Rose sees herself reflected in the bathroom mirror. A large crack runs through the glass.

ROSE
(To herself)
Oh crap.

ROSE
(To the stall)
Look, I'm going to get some help
okay. You just hold on. I'll get
some help.

Rose slowly backs away. She exits back into the nightclub.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The nightclub has fallen eerily silent. The loud music has stopped.

All the patrons are dead. Rose passes the bar patron and his friends. His electronic cigarette has been shoved down his throat, and we see a red light coming from inside his windpipe. Rose passes the snarky girl. Her head is on a table. Her tongue has been pulled out, and a fork has been jammed into it.

ROSE
Hello, is anybody here? There are a
lot of dead bodies laying on the
floor! It's a good thing I took a
hit of coke or I'd be totally
freaking out right now!

We hear a cat meowing loudly at the door.

Attracted by the sound, Rose goes to the front entrance of the club. She opens the door. Dan White lays dead. His throat ripped open. But, strangest of all, is that he has been gift wrapped. He is bound by red ribbons, and a red bow sits in the center of his forehead.

ROSE
Mr. White?

The Killer steps forward.

KILLER
My gift to you, Rose. I know this
man was bothering you, but he won't
be bothering you anymore. Now, I'm
here to sweep you off your feet.

Rose yawns.

ROSE
Sorry, mister. I'm exhausted. It's
been a long day. I'd better get
home before I turn into a pumpkin.

KILLER
You have no home to go, Rose my
love. I burned it down. Now why
don't you join me for a Danse
Macabre.

ROSE

Sure, man. Let me just go get a pack of smokes, I'll totally be right back, I promise.

KILLER

Cross your heart and hope to die.

ROSE

You know it.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB

Huffing and puffing, Rose runs down the street. Still panting collapses in the street.

ROSE

(Still panting)

I can't believe that worked. Looks like I finally lost that creep.

KILLER

Rose! So lovely to see you again! No need to get those cigarettes now. These e-cigarettes are the latest thing. The young woman who I got this from was quite reluctant to give it up, until I tore off her jaw.

Rose screams and runs. But, as if in a dream, no matter how far she runs the Killer is always in front of her. He stands and waves, each time she passes by.

In exhaustion, Rose collapses out of breath. She looks up. The Killer looks down at her.

ROSE

How?

The Killer puts a hand to his ear, and then leans in close.

ROSE

It's not possible.

The Killer steps back. He bows, and tips his hat.

KILLER

But it is possible, Rose. For you see, I'm magic.

The Killer adjusts his black gloves.

KILLER

(sighs)

All the wonderful things I've done for you, Rose. I've even gone so far as to get rid of those people who have caused you so much grief.

He looks down at Rose. The Killer's black gloves are outstretched.

KILLER (O.S)

Perhaps, I haven't gone far enough.
Maybe I'll pay your sister, Daisy,
a visit. Or maybe you'll call your
mother and the phone will just ring
and ring.

A halo of light surrounds the Killer. The Killer turns. He is bathed in light. He raises his arms to shield his face. That's when the Killer is hit full on by a bus.

Rose looks up. Above her head, we see a Bus Stop sign.

ROSE

Wow! The bus was on time for a
change.

Rose begins to laugh hysterically. Then she bursts into tears.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. PHONE BOOTH/LILLY'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

Rose stands in a phone booth. She lines up some quarters on the shelf like her grandmother lined up her pills. For the moment, Rose is dead to the world, and her movements are robotic.

Rose dials 911. She is greeted by an automated message.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O)

Thank you for calling emergency
services. All our operators are
busy assisting other callers. Your
call is very important to us. So
please stay on the line, and the
first available operator will
assist you.

A mechanical voice chimes in.

MECHANICAL VOICE

Your estimated wait time is 26
minutes.

Muzak begins to play. An important announcement from Dome Pharmaceuticals interrupts the muzak.

DOMESPOKESMAN (V.O)

Dome Pharmaceuticals believes in
giving back to the community, and
works to keep you and your family
safe. That's why, we're happy to
sponsor emergency services, like
the one you are using now. Dome

(MORE)

DOME SPOKESMAN (V.O) (cont'd)
Pharmaceuticals... adding years to
your life, and life to your years.

The automatic message now breaks in.

 AUTOMATED MESSAGE (V.O)
All our operators are busy
assisting other callers. Please
stay on the line.

The muzak starts to play again. Robotically, Rose hangs up.
She puts another quarter in the phone, and dials another
number.

Back at Lilly's house, we see that the phone is still off
the hook, the receiver lies on the kitchen floor.

Back with Rose. She stares at the phone. A busy signal mocks
her from on the other end of the line. Rose again,
robotically hangs up. Carefully, she takes out the empty
cigarette pack. Neatly, she spreads it out on the metal
shelf. She plops a quarter in the payphone, and dials the
number on the back of the pack.

The phone rings, then Patrick Woods answers.

 PATRICK (V. O.)
Yeah.

Rose, who had been keeping her emotions in check until now,
starts to lose it. Her mouth trembles.

 PATRICK (V. O.)
Who is this?

Patrick coughs.

 PATRICK (V.O)
Is this some kind of prank?

Rose's face tightens. Her lower lip quivers. And, Rose
finally breaks down.

 ROSE
It's me... Rose!

Rose listens to the other side of the conversation.

 ROSE
Does it sound alright? Everything
is really fucked up right now. Of
course, I'm sober. I only took a
hit of cocaine.

Rose lowers her voice.

ROSE
Please, I really don't want to be
alone. I know it's late. No
someplace public. That new place on
third and first. Hurry.

Rose hangs up the phone. There is a tapping on the phone
booth door.

Rose turns, and sees a homeless man tapping on the door.
This is the crackhead who was being arrested earlier in the
day.

CRACKHEAD
Hey lady. Got any change? I need to
make a call too.

Rose shakes her head.

CRACKHEAD
Well then, do you want to buy some
weed?

Rose smiles wide.

INT. SEX MALL - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Rose and Patrick enter the Sex Mall on third and first. Over
the store speakers, muzak plays.

ROSE
Wow, this place is huge. Can you
believe they were actually going to
build a homeless shelter here?

Rose scoffs.

PATRICK
So do you bring all your first
dates here? To the Sex Mall?

ROSE
Get your mind out of the gutter.

PATRICK
So you sounded pretty upset when
you called. Is everything okay?

Rose fakes a smile, and turns away. One of the products
catches her eye.

ROSE
I'm... fine. I just wanted to see
you. That's all. And pick up some
stuff. Like this. The Unicorn...
hmmm?

Rose takes the "Unicorn" product, and makes her way up to
the front of the store. Soon, she places the item on the

front counter.

A few seconds later, she looks up and smiles. Off screen, like the voice of God, comes the judgment of the CASHIER.

ROSE
How much for this?

CASHIER (O.S.)
You're disgusting. You make me sick.

ROSE
Excuse me?

CASHIER (O.S.)
Not you, lady. Your boyfriend.

Patrick is smoking a cigarette.

PATRICK
What?

CASHIER (O.S.)
What the hell is your problem, man?
Are you trying to kill us all? This
is a public building. Shit man,
there could be kids in here, and
you just gave them all lung cancer.

PATRICK
Sorry.

Patrick takes the cigarette out of his mouth. He crushes the bud with his foot.

CASHIER (O.S.)
Are you going to pick that up?! You
think I want to clean up after you?
That's just gross. Leave now,
dickhead!

PATRICK
Uh ... I guess I'll wait outside.

Patrick exits.

We see the CASHIER, a sickly looking young woman dressed in S & M gear. She has spiky hair, and a white skull is painted on one side of her face. The Cashier shakes her head in disgust.

ROSE
I really don't know that guy well.
Oh my god! Is that you? Christina
Dobson? It's me, Miss Haggard. I
was your third grade teacher.

CASHIER
It's Killface, now.

ROSE
So making a little extra money,
huh? I hope you're keeping up with
your schoolwork.

The Cashier looks over Rose's shoulder, and screams at a couple of customers.

CASHIER
Hey! How many god damn times do I
have to tell you! If you wank off
on it! You bought it!

A couple of CUSTOMERS, old men in trench coats, look around nervously unsure what to do, now that they have been caught.

The Cashier continues to scream at them.

CASHIER (O.S)
Don't just put it back in the
goddamn bin!

ROSE
I always thought you had a bright
future ahead of you.

CASHIER
Yeah, things are going just great.
These vibrators are very popular
with all the old bags like you.

The cashier rings up Rose's item. It's a white vibrator of some size and length.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
\$69.99

Rose nervously twists a strand of hair in her finger.

ROSE
Oh... yeah. My boyfriend was going
to pay for that. But, you kicked
him out of the store. So ...

CASHIER
I thought you said you didn't know
him that well.

ROSE
You know how it is. He's older than
me, so... uh... things well... they
don't quite work right down there.
It's kind of embarrassing, really.

CASHIER
(Annoyed)
Just take it. It seems like you
need it.

ROSE
Thanks! Can I get a bag?

The Cashier rolls her eyes, and puts Rose's item into a bag.
Rose starts to leave. Behind the cashier, the store phone
rings. The cashier answers the call.

CASHIER
All Things Considered ... this is
Killface speaking.

CASHIER
(Sighs)
Just a minute. I'll see. Is there a
Rose Haggard in the store?

Rose stops. She raises her hand weakly, and smiles shyly.
The Cashier holds the phone out. Rose takes it.

ROSE
Hello.

There is a click, and the line goes dead.

EXT. SEX MALL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Rose runs outside. Desperately, she searches for Patrick.
She sees him lying on his side, clutching his stomach.

ROSE
Oh god! No!

Rose rushes over to Patrick's side. At first he appears
dead. Then he gasps. He takes in a deep breath of air. This
is followed by a fit of coughing.

PATRICK
(Gasping)
I'm fine. I'm fine. Just give me a
minute.

ROSE
Thank god. Thank god.

PATRICK
(Gasping)
Got bored waiting. Needed something
to do. Smoked an entire pack.

Rose cradles him in her arms, and kisses the side of his
face.

ROSE
Is there anything I can do?

PATRICK
(Gasping)
Yeah, reach into my coat pocket.
I've got another pack in there.

EXT. THE SEEDY PART OF TOWN

Rose and Patrick walk down the street. Rose scans the rooftops. She is completely paranoid.

ROSE
I really don't think we should be
out on the street.

She looks around some more. Patrick grabs her arm.

PATRICK
No need to worry. You're with me,
now. Relax.

ROSE
(unsure)
Okay.

They start walking again. Rose still scans the area. On the sly, she remains on her guard, in case Patrick is watching.

PATRICK
So this guy who's hassling you,
just showed up out of nowhere.

ROSE
Yeah. I don't even know who he is.
But he acts like he's known me all
my life. Granted there are large
gaps of my memory that are ...
what's the word I'm looking for ...
gone, due to my recreational
activities.

PATRICK
Did you try the cops?

ROSE
Yeah... They were also engaged in
recreational activities.

PATRICK
Still that doesn't give him the
right to harass you. This guy shows
up again. I'll kick his ass.

Patrick starts coughing again. The fit is brief.

ROSE
That's sweet of you. But, I think
he's out of my life for good. At
least, I hope so. He caught a bus
out of town.

PATRICK

So what are you going to do, now?

ROSE

All I wanted to do was get high,
watch cartoons, and get high. And,
God damn it. I can't even have
that, without it getting all fucked
up.

Patrick stops. He spins Rose around so that they are face to face. He holds her by the arms.

PATRICK

Stop it! That's the easy way out.
You got to face things head on,
Rose. Remember what they taught us
in group. Drugs might be easy, but
they are never the answer.

Rose pushes Patrick away, and walks forward, folding her arms across her chest as she does so.

A cigarette dangles from Patrick's his mouth. He now searches his pockets for a light.

PATRICK

Say, Rose? Do you have a light?

ROSE (O. S.)

Hey, let's try in here. Maybe they
can help us.

Rose points to a store front window. In the window, is a neon sign that reads: "FORTUNES TOLD ...

PATRICK

"Fortunes Told. Know your problems,
before they happen. Not for the
faint of heart. All are welcome. We
have a 75% accuracy rate." Sure
why not.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER SHOP

The shop is cramped and cluttered with strange books and curious objects. A young exotic looking woman sits at a round table. Around her neck, is a necklace, made of shiny metal that glows slightly in the dim light. Behind her is a red curtain. The woman's name is ZELDA. She beckons Patrick and Rose forward. There is a slight accent in Zelda's voice, as she speaks.

ZELDA

Please be seated. All who wish to
know their future are welcome.

Rose and Patrick sit at the table.

ROSE
So how much is this?

ZELDA
It depends on how much you want to know.

Rose digs in her purse. She takes out a compact, to get a better look inside. Finding nothing, she drops the compact back in her purse, and looks up with a guilty expression.

ROSE
Uh... well... this is embarrassing.
Could I get a rain check?

ZELDA
Are you trying to insult me?

ROSE
No.

Zelda glares at Rose. Rose looks up at Patrick, pleading.

ROSE
(whispering)
Give me some money.

No answer from Patrick.

ROSE
(whispering)
Oh come on! Don't be like that. I'm
a public school teacher. I don't
have any money.

Patrick sighs, and takes out his wallet.

PATRICK
I got ten bucks.

Both of them turn back to Zelda. Zelda gives them a stern look.

ROSE
Is this enough?

Zelda snatches the money away.

ZELDA
That is acceptable.

PATRICK
Times are tough for everybody, I
guess.

Zelda points at Patrick.

ZELDA
You, I like.

Zelda then turns her attention to Rose.

ZELDA

You, on the other hand, were born under a bad sign. Everywhere you go, trouble follows. You bring destruction to all who are close to you.

ROSE

Is ... Is that my fortune?

Zelda shakes her head.

ZELDA

No, that's women's intuition. My husband is the one with the gift. Still your money is good, and my husband will do what he can to help you.

PATRICK

You're kind of a bitch, aren't you?

ZELDA

Yes. But I have nice tits. So it's all good.

Patrick stares at Zelda's chest. Rose punches him in the arm to draw his attention away.

ROSE

(Annoyed)

Patrick.

Zelda raises a finger.

ZELDA

Take heed.

Zelda points at the red curtain.

ZELDA

My husband approaches.

Our attention is drawn to the red curtain. First, there is silence.

The silence is soon interrupted by the sound of a flushing toilet.

After a few seconds, it flushes again. The curtain pulls back. SCOTT FITZGERALD enters. Scott is a heavy set man. He wears a ball cap, T- Shirt, and jeans. His shirt is too small for him, exposing his enormous gut. Scott turns to his wife, Zelda. Soon he sits. The chair he sits in creaks under his weight.

SCOTT

I don't know what's in those diet pills you got me, honey, but goddamn. It's like I have to go to the crapper every ten minutes. Be worth it though, if I can get this shirt you bought me to fit.

Zelda gives her husband a dirty look, and then nods over to Rose and Patrick.

SCOTT

Oh, how are you folks doing? I'm Scott Fitzgerald, and this pretty gal here, who you've already met, is my wife Zelda.

ROSE

Really? Oh my god! You've got to be kidding. This is amazing. The Great Gatsby is my favorite book.

Silence. Both Scott and Zelda look at Rose, confused.

ROSE

You know, The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald. His wife Zelda went crazy and died in a mental institution.

SCOTT

What have you been smoking, girl?

ROSE

(To herself)

Several controlled substances, sir.

SCOTT

Fair enough...

Scott begins stacking several items on the table in front of him: a crystal ball, an astrological chart, tarot cards, and several thick old books.

SCOTT

So what are we doing for you folks today?

Zelda whistles to get her husband's attention. He looks over at her. She holds up the ten dollar bill. Scott nods, and turns back to Rose and Patrick.

SCOTT

Right...

Scott now starts removing items from the table, until only the tarot cards remain.

SCOTT

A basic reading. Well, we all gotta start somewhere.

He puts the cards in front of Rose.

SCOTT

Cut the cards in half.

Rose does so.

SCOTT

Set the top half aside, and draw four cards from the remaining deck. Then line them up right here. First card face up, and the rest face down. And make sure you don't peek, or your future won't come true.

Rose does as she is told. The face card is the tarot card for the Devil. Rose hesitates.

SCOTT

It's alright. You can't judge the cards by their face value. This one here, for example...

Scott points at the card.

SCOTT

This one means you're holding onto something and it's dragging you down. Like these two lovers here in chains, you see. If you want your future to change, you're going to have to learn to let go. Now turn over the next card.

Rose does so, and gasps.

PATRICK

What's wrong?

SCOTT

What the hell?

Rose has turned over another Devil card.

Rose and Patrick turn over the remaining two cards. They are also Devil cards.

ROSE

I'm guessing this isn't good, is it?

SCOTT

Zelda? Have you been messing with these cards? Woman! What have I told you about that?

ZELDA

I did not touch your stupid cards.
Why are you always accusing me of
everything?

SCOTT

Because, honey ...

Before Scott can finish his answer, there is a tapping at
the window. At the window, stands the masked Killer.

ROSE

Oh shit, Patrick! That's the guy!
That's the guy!

Patrick stands up, ready for a fight.

PATRICK

Really?! Maybe I should go out
there and talk to him. Set him
straight about minding his own
goddamn business.

He starts full of swagger, and then falls over in a coughing
fit. Rose appeals to Scott.

ROSE

Please! We can't let him in.

Scott thinks for a moment, and scratches his chin. He gets
up, and goes to the window. The window is starting to crack.

Zelda reaches out for her husband. He pats her hand.

SCOTT

It's alright, woman. I got this.

He approaches the window.

SCOTT

We're closed, buddy. You're going
to have to leave.

KILLER

Let me in!

SCOTT

You're not invited.

The Killer laughs.

KILLER

Your sign says differently.

Scott reaches over, and pulls the sign out of the window. He
rips it in half.

SCOTT

Yeah? What's it say now?

EXT/INT. FORTUNE TELLER SHOP

The Killer pulls away from the window, as if he's been shocked. He SHRIEKS. Unexpectedly, the Killer starts to climb up the side of the building.

Inside, Scott and Zelda look up and listen as the Killer climbs up the side of the building. Rose, meanwhile, is at Patrick's side holding his hand. He is lying on the ground.

PATRICK

I really should cut back to two packs a day.

ROSE

I'm sorry. God, it's just all too much. It's a good thing I'm so high right now or I'd really be freaking out.

SCOTT

Well, maybe you should give me whatever it is you're smoking. Because, I'm really starting to freak out too.

ROSE

This is so embarrassing.

ZELDA

Your boyfriend is crawling up the side of the building, like a cockroach.

ROSE

He's not my boyfriend. I don't even know the guy. So back off.

ZELDA

Bitch.

ROSE

Cunt.

SCOTT

Alright. Alright. Name calling ain't going to solve anything. Everybody just settle down. I think, as long as nobody invites this thing in... It's going to be okay.

EXT. ROOFTOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Vampire Kid, from earlier, has retreated to the safety of this building's rooftop.

The Teen Vampire sits smoking dope with a couple of Goth girls. He regales them with his exploits.

TEEN VAMPIRE

So I totally told this old guy:
when was that, Grandpa, back in the
Stone Age, right. Blew everyone's
mind. Grandpa was left speechless,
and I'm like yeah that's right. Go
take your meds, man. It's past your
bedtime.

He takes a puff, and then passes it to one of the girls.

TEEN VAMPIRE

Hey, what's that?

The Teen Vampire looks over. The Killer has reached the top
of the roof. He brushes off the dust from the sleeves of his
suit jacket.

TEEN VAMPIRE

Whoa! Did you just climb up the
side of the building?

The Killer shrugs.

TEEN VAMPIRE

Can you show me how to do that?

The Killer cocks his head to one side, and then nods. He
reaches into his coat pocket, and pulls out a couple of
plastic roses. He hands them to the two girls. The girl
looks up and giggles.

GIRL

You should invite him to the party.

TEEN VAMPIRE

Oh hey, my parents are out of town,
and we're having a party
downstairs. Booze, ladies, drugs,
whenever you want. You seem
alright. My sister's being kind of
a bitch, but just ignore her, and
go right in. You're like totally
invited.

The Killer looks up, and adjusts his tie.

The Killer walks over to the Teen Vampire. He pats him on
the top of the head. The Teen's head falls off.
The Killer opens the stairway door. He adjusts the brim of
his fedora and descends.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER SHOP

Rose and Scott sit at a round table.

SCOTT

It came to me on the crapper. From what you told me, I think I know what this thing is. Here, take a look.

Scott passes a thick book over to Rose. Rose looks down at a picture in the book. It is a line drawing of a hooded figure. He holds a mask in front of his face. The face of the mask is pleasant and jovial. But peering behind the mask is something dark and sinister.

SCOTT (O.S.)

It's called a Stahlemeyer. And a nastier critter, you're not likely to meet. Misery and destruction are like fertilizer to this thing.

Rose looks up horrified.

SCOTT

Thankfully, most of the time they're pretty harmless. Usually, they appear in nightmares and hallucinations, trying to freak people out. They'll give you a case of insomnia, for your trouble, but that's about it. They are also the voice that whispers in your ear at three in morning, telling you what a failure your life is. But sometimes, they can get a little more ambitious, and cross over into our world if they attach themselves to a host.

PAN TO ROSE.

SCOTT (O. S.)

See what they do is they appear to some miserable bastard. At first they'll pretend to be your best bud from way back, in order to gain your trust.

SCOTT

It's all a ruse, of course. Because this thing, it's like a weed. It plants its roots in deep, and eventually sucks the life clean out of you. At least that's how my grandma told it, and she was 1/16th Apache.

Rose scoffs.

ROSE

Sounds like pretty much every guy I've ever known.

SCOTT

This thing ain't trying to get into your pants, darling. It wants to be you.

ROSE

What? Why would anyone ever want to be me? My life sucks.

SCOTT

Well if you feel that way, just give up. Let it suck your life dry and then move onto someone else.

Rose looks down in shame.

ROSE

(Quietly)

No. That's not right.

SCOTT

Good girl. I'm not going to lie to you. You're going to have some trying times ahead, and you're going to have to face this thing head on, because it won't just go away.

Rose, still looking down, nods.

SCOTT

Take heart. Like all evil spirits, it's got certain vulnerabilities. It doesn't like light, especially sunlight. Though that won't kill it. All sunlight will do is give it a nasty sunburn. But its biggest weakness is that it can't stand to see its own reflection.

Rose looks up.

ROSE

That's why all the mirrors were broken.

SCOTT

Now you're catching on. See, if the mirror breaks, the reflection distorts, and it's no longer a threat. And here is the most important thing, it can't come in unless it's invited. Which means someone you know, has been messin' with something they shouldn't have.

ROSE

But who?

SCOTT

Hard to say. Someone from your past maybe. But, this thing obviously knows all about you from somewhere, and thinks you'd be a good catch.

INT. APARTMENTS ABOVE THE FORTUNE
TELLER SHOP

The Killer knocks on an apartment door. A young woman answers. She is dressed as a sexy angel. The music inside is interrupted by the sounds of laughter. The girl is lit in such a way that she appears to have a halo behind her.

SEXY ANGEL GIRL

What do you want?

KILLER

I was invited.

SEXY ANGEL GIRL

What? Jesus! Did my stupid brother say you could come to my party? I'm going to kill that little shit.

KILLER

No need. That's taken care of.

SEXY ANGEL GIRL

I don't want you to get the wrong idea, here. But we are trying to keep this party exclusive. Only invite the best kind of people, you understand?

A half naked girl, in a devil costume, staggers out of the door. She begins puking in the hallway. The Killer and Sexy Angel Girl watch, and wait patiently. Her business concluded, the devil girl staggers back into the party with a quick apology.

The Killer and Sexy Angel Girl pick up their conversation as if nothing has happened.

SEXY ANGEL GIRL

I'm sure there is another party going on somewhere. So that's where you should go. You know, somewhere else.

She starts to close the door. The Killer pushes his way inside. He grabs the girl by the neck.

KILLER

You don't understand. I was invited. And I really, really, need to use your bathroom.

The Killer gently closes the door behind him. We are left alone, standing in the hallway. The music stops, and that's when the screaming starts.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER SHOP

We return to the Fortune Teller shop. Scott and Rose are just finishing up their conversation at the round table.

SCOTT

But there is some good news in all of this. This thing has one natural predator.

Scott flips through some pages in the thick old book. He finds the page he is looking for, and then shows Rose. Rose looks down incredulous.

SCOTT

That means one of these is bound to be around too.

Rose looks down at the book, and sees a line drawing of a girl riding side-saddle on an unicorn.

ROSE

You have got to be kidding me?

SCOTT

I assure you darling ... I kid you not.

ROSE

A unicorn? Come on.

Scott shrugs.

SCOTT

What's that sticking out of your purse, right there?

Rose looks, and sees the vibrator. She goes red with embarrassment and clears her throat.

ROSE

That's ... um ... kind of embarrassing.

SCOTT

Do me a favor. Read what it says on the top there. Right there, on top of that packaging.

Rose puts on her glasses.

ROSE

The ...

Rose takes off her glasses and looks up.

ROSE

Unicorn!

Scott smiles.

SCOTT

That there is a girl's best friend
in times of need.

Scott stands, and adjusts his cap.

SCOTT

Well, If you'll excuse me, I really
need to use the crapper again. God
damn these diet pills ...

Scott exits. Rose is left alone. She sits for a few seconds,
and pulls the book closer to her. She begins tracing the
picture of the unicorn with her finger.

INT. BATHROOM

Scott enters the bathroom. Scott notices the toilet paper
dispenser is empty. He curses under his breath. Suddenly,
pipes moan and creak. The toilet sighs, and starts to
overflow. The seat begins to jump up and down.

PAN TO SCOTT.

Scott stares with his mouth agape
at the toilet. He hears a strange
cracking sound to his left. He
turns to look, and sees that the
bathroom mirror is starting to
splinter.

SCOTT

Oh Shit!

Scott flees the bathroom. Behind him, the Killer rises out
of the toilet bowl. Scott runs into the main room to warn
the others.

SCOTT

He's here! He's here!

ROSE

Do we stay and fight?

SCOTT

Hell no! Let's get out of here!

Scott grabs Rose's purse, and presses into her hands. He
then pushes Rose forward toward the front door. The others
follow.

The killer stands next to the toilet. His suit is dripping
wet. He is missing his hat, and now he notices it too. The
Killer reaches up, and confirms that the hat is not there.
He looks down into the toilet bowl, and then reaches in. The

Killer retrieves his hat. He shakes some of the water off, rings it out, before putting the hat back on his head. He pauses at the cracked mirror to adjust his tie.

Soon, the Killer walks into the main room. He places a plastic rose in a buttonhole in his suit. He looks, and finds that the room is empty. Momentarily stymied, he begins to sniff the air.

EXT. FORTUNE TELLER SHOP - SIDEWALK

The Four are standing outside. Scott pants, heavily out of breath ..

SCOTT

That guy came out of the goddamn toilet! We're so in the shit right now, it's not even funny.

Suddenly, Scott is pulled back into the shop. Zelda screams. The Killer has Scott by the throat.

KILLER

(To Scott)

Stop interfering.

The Killer calls out to the others.

KILLER

Oh Rose. How I love a girl who is chaste. I promised no harm would come to you, my sweet, but if you keep running I'm going to have to break your legs. The rest of you will die, of course. And you will all die, horribly.

ZELDA

(To Rose)

You bitch! You bring this thing into my home!

Zelda slaps Rose across the face.

KILLER

(Snarls)

How dare you!

The Killer releases his grip on Scott, and in a flash, leaps towards Zelda. But something stops him. The Killer holds up his hands to protect his face. He SHRIEKS in terror. For a brief moment, we see a dark figure, reflecting in Zelda's metal necklace. Already, the metal is starting to scratch, distorting the reflection. Rose joins the fray. She flicks a lighter and holds a flame next to the necklace.

The necklace glows, and the light causes the Killer to shrink back even further. The Killer reaches out for the necklace and tears the front of Zelda's dress. Patrick, now,

plays a part and punches the Killer in the side of the face. Patrick starts coughing, but the Killer is knocked to the ground. The Killer puts a fist to the side of his mouth, and rubs his wounds.

KILLER

I have all your scents. When this is all over! When Rose is mine! I will kill each and every one of you!

The Killer growls, then turns, and jumps out of sight.

Rose and the others look up, and watch him go. Patrick raises a middle finger.

PATRICK

Yeah! Well fuck you too! Asshole!

EXT. FORTUNE TELLER SHOP - SIDEWALK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Zelda stands in the doorway of the Fortune Teller Shop. Patrick and Rose stand outside. The front of Zelda's dress has been torn open, revealing her impressive breasts.

ZELDA

While he's indisposed ... My husband asked me to tell you, that the creature will need to feed after we've driven him back. He will go someplace full of misery and death, so you have some time, to make plans or put your affairs in order. What are you staring at?!

Patrick quickly looks away. The cigarette dangling from his mouth now goes flaccid.

PATRICK

You're right, those are pretty nice.

Zelda sighs, and pulls her dress tighter around her, covering her impressive breasts. She goes into the shop, and SLAMS the door behind her. A few seconds later, the dead bolt locks.

Rose looks down and sighs. She starts to walk away. Patrick catches up to her. He wheezes and coughs from the effort.

PATRICK

So ... um ... you did have a light.

Patrick points at the cigarette.

PATRICK

Do you mind?

Rose flicks her lighter, and lights Patrick's cigarette. He takes a grateful puff.

PATRICK

Thanks.

Rose looks down. She presses her face against Patrick's chest. We hear her start to sob. Patrick reaches down to pat her on the back.

INT. HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING AROUND 3 AM

The local hospital is a place full of misery and death. But the sign on the glass door says "All are welcome." We go inside. There we are greeted by a familiar face: the handsome and charming spokesman for Dome Pharmaceuticals. He appears on a TV screen inviting us to listen.

DOMESPOKESMAN

We live in an age when people are afraid to get sick. We live in a time, when medical bills are the number one cause of bankruptcy. We stay home instead of going to the doctor, and then it's too late.

The Dome Spokesman pauses and shakes his head, before continuing.

DOMESPOKESMAN

We at Dome Pharmaceuticals think that's just not right. And we've decided to take a stand, and do something about it. That's why Dome Pharmaceuticals have opened hospital franchises across the country. We've cut through the red tape, and treat you like a human being, not just as a commodity. Our goal is to provide medical care that is quick and efficient, at a price you can afford.

The Dome Spokesman pauses again. Letting the information sink in, and then continues.

DOMESPOKESMAN

You need never be afraid to be sick again. Dome Pharmaceuticals: Bringing years to your life and life to your years.

The TV screen fades to black, and then the commercial starts again, but we don't hear the audio. Instead, our attention turns to a young and pretty RECEPTIONIST. She sits behind a glass cage that looks like a drive through window at a fast food restaurant. She wears a black cap, and a collared t-shirt. Under the hat, she wears a microphone head-set.

RECEPTIONIST

I've already explained this to you
ma'am. It's very simple.

She turns in her chair, and points up at a series of cartoon pictures. Each one is assigned a number. Basically, it's like a fast food restaurant, only the menu choices are all medical symptoms. The Receptionist first points at a face with a red nose.

RECEPTIONIST

Just tell me the number, and we'll
get you the medical treatment you
need. So is it number one? A cold?

She points at another picture. This shows a man gripping his throat.

RECEPTIONIST

Is it number two? Are you choking?

She points at another picture. This picture shows a man clutching his stomach.

RECEPTIONIST

Is it number three? A tummy ache?

She points at another picture. This shows a woman patting her round belly.

RECEPTIONIST

Is it number four? Are you
pregnant?

She points at a picture of a skull and crossbones against a black background.

RECEPTIONIST

Is it number five? Have you been
poisoned?

She points at a picture of a cartoon Grim Reaper. The Reaper sports a kid friendly smile.

RECEPTIONIST

Is it number number six? Are you,
or someone you know, dead?

PAN and REVEAL the person the receptionist is talking to. It is an old woman. She looks confused. A tube plugs her nose. The tube runs down to a portable oxygen tank that she carries.

OLD WOMAN

I don't understand. Can't I just
see the doctor? I don't feel well.

RECEPTIONIST

Of course you can see the doctor. I just need you to tell me what's wrong. It's very simple. Just tell me the number and we'll get you fixed up. Is it number one? Do you have a cold?

Pan across a long line of patients waiting for their order. The sounds of coughs, moans, and a babies crying are the sound tracks of these people's lives. The Killer is at the end of the line. He shakes his head, checks his pocket watch, and shakes his head again. The Killer gets fed up waiting, and makes his way forward. He steps in front of the old woman, and tips his hat to her.

KILLER

Excuse me, young lady.

The Killer looks down at the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, I really need you to wait in line. There are people ahead of you.

KILLER

I'm not here for medical treatment. Tell you a secret... I'm here to see you.

The Receptionist looks a little confused and just a little bit alarmed. The Killer reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a plastic rose. The Receptionist smiles.

KILLER

It's from your secret admirer.

The Receptionist smells the rose, and then frowns.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, plastic.

KILLER

It's the thought that counts. Besides, plastic will last longer.

RECEPTIONIST

I suppose. And tell my secret admirer thank you too.

KILLER

I'm sure he already knows. You know while I'm here, I might as well get something. Let me see.

The Killer starts pointing at pictures.

KILLER
I'll take one of those, and one of
those. And, well-

The Killer thinks for a moment, and then continues.

KILLER
Gosh, I really don't know if I
should. Oh, what the heck! You only
live once, right? So one of those,
and one of those also. To go
please.

The Receptionist nervously laughs.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry... This isn't a fast food
restaurant.

The Killer is shocked.

KILLER
It's not?

The Killer leans in close.

KILLER
It certainly looks like one to me.

Alarmed, the receptionist reaches for the phone. But it's
too late.

EXT. HOSPITAL

Blood splatters against the inside of the hospital's glass
doors.

Then the screaming starts.

EXT. WHITE'S PHARMACY - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Rose and Patrick stand outside of White's Pharmacy. Rose has
a set of keys in her hand. She is trying each one in the
front door lock.

PATRICK
Why did we come here?

ROSE
Because I have the keys. And,
because my apartment burned down.

Rose finds the right key, and opens the door.

ROSE
It's cool. I got them from the
owner.

PATRICK
You didn't steal them, did you?

Rose looks up annoyed.

ROSE
Are you coming in? Or are you going
to stand outside and catch your
death in the cold?

Patrick enters the pharmacy, followed by Rose. The door closes behind them. Unseen by both Patrick and Rose is a small sign in the door that reads: "Come in. All are welcome."

INT. PHARMACY

Inside, Patrick lights a cigarette, while Rose fumbles with the lock.

PATRICK
What if the owner comes back?

ROSE
He's dead, so I'm sure it's fine.

PATRICK
What?

ROSE
The man chasing me... he uh-

PATRICK
Oh.

ROSE
I think I saw some light switches
over there. Would you mind?

Rose tests the door, and to her satisfaction finds it locked. The lights come on. Rose joins Patrick, and slips into his arms. They walk down an aisle, filled with cold medicine. Here, Rose breaks away.

Close on Rose, She spreads her arms wide. Drugs and medicines surround her on all sides.

ROSE
Besides, I feel safe here.
Surrounded by all my friends.

Patrick smiles. Rose slips back into Patrick's arms and they make their way to the Pharmacy counter.

For a moment, our attention is drawn to a discarded mirror on the floor. A large crack suddenly distorts the glass. A warning of things to come.

Rose sits on the floor. In a trash can next to her rests the discarded Unicorn packaging. Rose holds the white Unicorn Vibrator in her hand, and examines it. Suddenly it clicks on, and starts to buzz and vibrate. Rose is momentarily shocked. Then she leans in for a closer look.

ROSE
(To herself)
Whoa.

Rose turns the vibrator off. Soon, she stands and turns her back on Patrick. Now, she stuffs the vibrator down the front of her pants.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Having fun?

Rose turns around. She takes off her glasses and sets them aside.

Patrick leers down at her.

PATRICK
Is that a rocket in your pocket or
are you just happy to see me.

ROSE
Happy to see you.

PATRICK
Hell of a first date, huh? I just
hope you give good head.

Rose cocks her head to one side, and gives Patrick an annoyed look (but there is a trace of a smile on her face).

PATRICK
You know, I still think we should
just hop in my car, and drive until
we run out of gas.

Rose frowns, and turns her back on Patrick.

ROSE
You can still do that, if you want.
Maybe it would be best, if I
handled this alone, so nobody else
gets hurt.

Patrick flicks the cigarette out of his mouth. He grabs Rose, spins her around, and the two kiss. Close on Rose, focusing on her eyes. Her eyes are closed. She imagines the following scene:

INT. ROSE'S IMAGINATION

Patrick lies on her lap puffing away on a cigarette. Rose strokes his hair, then reaches over, and takes a hit off of her heart-shaped bong.

Rose eyes flicker, and then open.

Blood splatters on Rose's face. Patrick lies dead at her feet.

ROSE

No!

She strokes Patrick's hair.

ROSE

You can't die! We didn't even have sex!

KILLER (O. S .)

Oh Rose ... I'm so sorry. But I knew, in the end, he would break your heart.

Rose looks up. She is angry and afraid.

ROSE

You! How? I locked the door.

The Killer holds the small welcome sign out to show Rose.

KILLER

I was invited.

He flicks the sign at Rose.

KILLER

Now, Rose. Lovely Rose. No more games. I need your help. This body is wearing a little thin.

The Killer takes off one of his gloves. REVEALING, a skeletal hand underneath.

Rose scrambles to her feet. She ducks down an aisle.

The Killer signs deeply, and curses under his breath. He calls out to Rose.

KILLER

Why are you running, Rose? I'll find you wherever you go.

Rose stops at a row of mirrors. Frantically she begins to look through them, but every one of them has a crack. First, she cries in frustration. Then, she cries out in delight, as she finds a mirror that is still intact.

Over the store's speakers, muzak begins to play.

She slips the mirror under her sweatshirt. Just in time, because the Killer reaches out and grabs her shoulder.

KILLER

Gotcha.

Rose shakes him off, and starts backing away.

ROSE

Leave me alone.

KILLER

Listen Rose. It's our song. I thought it would help set the mood.

ROSE

I'm warning you.

KILLER

All the mirrors are broken. You have no more defenses. So stop all this nonsense.

ROSE

Alright. I warned you.

Rose reaches under her sweatshirt, and pulls out the mirror. For a moment, the Killer puts his hands up to protect his face. Then he turns and laughs. He snatches the mirror from Rose. Now, the Killer shows Rose her own distorted reflection.

KILLER

Peek-a-boo.

The Killer throws the mirror aside, and now advances. Rose backs into a shelf and has nowhere else to run. The Killer takes Rose in his arms. They embrace. Rose turns her face away in disgust.

KILLER

Oh Rose, at last, we're together. It won't hurt, I promise. All you have to do is let me in. Let me in, into your heart.

The Killer begins to feel Rose up. Then he stops.

KILLER

Wait. Something isn't right.

He backs away. And we see the enormous bulge in Rose's pants (from the vibrator).

ROSE

I guess you don't know everything about me, do you?

In a fury, the Killer pushes Rose down. Rose hits her head. She is dazed. Rose lands spread eagle, the bulge even more pronounced. She passes out.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Rose wakes out of her daze. The muzak has stopped. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees the Killer. The Killer has turned his back on Rose. He ignores her for the moment, as he is too busy arguing with himself.

KILLER
(Snarling)
Spare me your revulsion, Jeremy.
What does it matter to me who, or
what, she is! As long as she agrees
to be part of us.

Rose is still dazed. She holds up a hand to shield her face. The sun is in her eyes. Rose looks over, and sees her purse on the counter. She crawls over, and grabs for it.

The contents spill out of her purse and onto the floor. Among the items is her compact.

The Killer turns and advances. His black gloves reach out, posed for the kill.

Rose snatches the compact. She opens it, and reflects the early morning sunlight straight into the Killer's eye.

The Killer screams in pain. He falls to his knees, clutching his wounded eye. Rose looks down at the compact. She sees her own distorted reflection in the cracked mirror. She tosses the compact aside.

Now, we see the Killer from Rose's POV. The camera pans up. We are standing over the Killer.

Rose comes back into the frame. She looks down at the Killer.

ROSE
Just leave me alone. That's all I
want.

Rose starts to walk away, but the Killer grabs her hands.

KILLER
(Growling in pain)
Rose...

The Killer turns his face to us. His eye is burned black, and the wound is still smoldering.

KILLER
Wait! You don't understand!

The Killer takes off his mask, but only Rose sees his true face. Rose gasps.

ROSE

Oh my god! It's you! You know that
guy with the sexy car.

The Killer's face remains hidden.

KILLER

Yes... Yes... After all these
years.

The Killer is now on his knees before Rose. No face reveal,
yet. Rose stares down at him.

KILLER

I was arrested, Rose. They put me
in prison for a long time. The
other inmates found out I was
dealing to kids. They made my life
a living hell. Then one night, I
was going to kill myself. I had
smuggled in a razor to do the deed,
but at the last second I heard this
voice call out to me, and I was
saved. I invited it in, and then I
became so much more than I once
was. It was better than any drug.

PAN UP TO ROSE.

ROSE

I'm sorry, what was your name
again?

Off screen the Killer continues to try and seduce his prey.

KILLER (O.S.)

And I want to share that with you
Rose. It's like being high all the
time. Oh yes! Just surrender
yourself, and it will be over with
a kiss.

ROSE

I said it before, and I'll say it
again. Go fuck yourself!

The Killer screams in rage. Rose looks up, horrified.

The loud snap of tree branches breaking surround Rose on all
sides.

Rose runs down an aisle. A vine races across the floor. The
vine wraps itself around Rose's feet. She is knocked to the
floor. The vines drags her back.

REVEAL: The Killer now reveals his true form. He has become,
essentially, a giant marijuana plant. The only human feature
that remains is the Killer's decaying head. The head sprouts
from the vine stock. Suddenly, leaves and vines begin to

pour out of his mouth.

Now, more vines swarm around Rose. The vines begin to pull off her clothes. First, her sweatshirt, then her pants. Rose turns her head, and watches as her pants are taken away. She reaches out...

It isn't long before Rose is completely stripped bare. The Killer's face leers down at her. His plant body swarms over her. Then, he mounts her.

KILLER

(snarling)

You'll be mine! Whether you like it or not!

Rose spits in his face.

KILLER

I'm sorry. I was harsh. All you need to do is say yes. And then, Rose, think of all the fun you and I will have together.

Rose smiles.

ROSE

Why wait. Let's have some fun, right now. Look, I even brought a friend.

Rose holds the unicorn vibrator. It glows in the sunlight. The Killer SHRIEKS. It's a sound of pure terror that rises from every leaf and every vine. The Killer shrinks back.

KILLER

A unicorn! It's not possible!

Rose sits up. She grabs the vine stock with The Killer's head. She pulls the head in close: close enough to kiss.

ROSE

No! You sick fuck! It's magic!

She thrust the vibrator forward. The sounds of a horse rearing up and stomping forward is heard, as she plunges the vibrator straight into the Killer's good eye.

The vines that make up the Killer's body thrash wildly in seizure- like frenzy. Then the weed begins to brown and wither. The Killer gasps his final words:

KILLER

It's not fair It's not fair ... I was so close.

The plant withers completely. Rotting into dust. Only the Killer's skeleton remains.

Rose stares down at the Killer. Somber, she nods and exits. A few seconds later, Rose comes back. She smiles, and reaches down. The vibrator begin to buzz.

INT. PHARMACY - MORNING

Rose stares down at Patrick. She pats his head. She finds a cigarette and puts it in his mouth, and lights it. She puts on Patrick's jacket and grabs her purse. Then she exits the store.

EXT. PHARMACY - MORNING

Rose stands outside. The sun reflects on her face. She looks to the left, and then to the right, unsure of which way to go. A voice calls out to her. The voice belongs to a crackhead. This is the same crackhead who was arrested the day before.

CRACKHEAD (O.S.)

Hey! Hey lady!

Rose turns to look at the crackhead. He sits against the wall. Now, he looks up in Rose's direction.

CRACKHEAD

Is everything alright, lady? It looks like you're naked!

ROSE

I'm not sure. It's like waking up from a bad dream.

CRACKHEAD

Is it the one where bugs crawl all over you? I get that one a lot.

Rose shakes her head.

CRACKHEAD

Want to buy some drugs? I know a guy who's dealing.

ROSE

Nah. I don't need that stuff anymore.

The crackhead scoffs, and shakes his head. With a wave of his hand, he dismisses her. Rose reaches into his purse. She pulls out her heart-shaped bong, and then gives it the crackhead.

ROSE

It's about damn time, I grew up. Because drugs might be easy, but they are not the answer. Today is the day I start living my life to the fullest.

Rose pops one of Patrick's cigarettes in her mouth, and lights it. She takes a drag off the cigarette. Rose sighs in pleasure. She looks up and sees something in the distance.

In the distance a traffic light flashes green. Rose walks toward it. Rose doesn't get very far before she hunches over, coughing from the cigarette smoke.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.