

On The Radio

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EXT. DANCE STUDIO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The bitter yet beautiful snow falls down in the late full moon night.

One car sits in the isolated parking lot. The driver's window is rolled down; an arm dangles out, with a steamy cigarette between their slender fingers. Faint music plays as the CAMERA ZOOMS IN CLOSER TO THE CAR.

INSIDE THE CAR: The radio plays a feet-tapping, groovy song.

CLOSE SHOTS:

The driver's arm outside the window--

The driver's head moving left and right to the bumping music--

The driver's pink cherry lips smoking the cancerous stick--

This lonesome driver is, RENAE, mid-20's, an alluring, southern American girl. She softly dances with her fragile shoulders, rhythming thighs, and constant head jamming.

The song concludes and a RADIO HOST introduces himself.

RADIO HOST (V.O.):  
Alright, you lovely mamas and  
daddy-o's, we have a few more  
classics heading your way, but  
before that, we got sudden news on  
the Manhattan Killer.

Renae throws her cigarette out the window. She keeps her ears focused on the mellow voice of the radio host.

RADIO HOST (V.O.): (CONT'D)  
Shelly Bridges' body was found in  
an alleyway about an hour ago.  
Brutally attacked. She's the  
seventh victim in the timespan of  
three months...For the souls out  
there listening, please be careful  
and don't trust no one when it gets  
dark. Hopefully the police find  
this killer. This song goes out to  
Mrs. Bridges. Rest in peace.

The radio host plays another upbeat song.

Renae coldly exhales. She removes the car key and the engine goes out.

Renae gets out of her shabby car and walks to the semi-modern dance studio. The wind howls and the cold December doesn't give no mercy.

She takes a look at her surroundings. It's scary around here tonight...

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

Renae makes it to the front door then shuffles into her purse to find the building key. She opens the door, letting the frosty breeze in. She soon closes the door and warms herself up.

Renae walks further in--the studio is fully decorated with tasteless holiday signs and depressing Christmas lights. The corporation and bland jolly spirit is definitely here.

A banging sound from the other end of the hall triggers Renae's alertness.

RENAE:  
(reluctant)  
Hello? Someone there?

No response.

She continues to walk towards the source of the sound...which is inside the buzzing break-room.

RENAE: (CONT'D)  
Spencer?...Donna?

Renae comes closer to the break-room...and closer...Her breathing softly shivers and her skinny fingers start to shake...

Renae peaks into the break-room--

A GUY IN A WOLF MASK POPS UP!

Renae jumps out of her skin!

The guy in the wolf mask is heard snickering as another guy in a LAMB MASK casually reveals himself to Renae.

GUY IN WOLF MASK:  
Ha! We got her, man!

GUY IN LAMB MASK:  
You idiot--that isn't Giovanna!  
It's just the farm girl...

GUY IN WOLF MASK:  
Awe, shit!

RENAE:  
Who the hell are you two?

The guys remove their masks to show some decent looking studs.

RENAE: (CONT'D)  
Chris?...and...a dude I haven't met before.

GUY IN WOLF MASK:  
I'm Damien.

RENAE:  
Oh my god, I don't give a shit. Now get out before I call the cops.

DAMIEN:  
We're dancers here.

RENAE:  
Dancers that are here after hours.  
Now go home.  
(takes their masks)  
And don't wear these. Don't you know there's a killer out in Manhattan? The police might mistake you two clowns for *him*.

CHRIS:  
How do you know the killer is a man?

RENAE:  
Statistics. Now go.

Chris and Damien head towards the front entrance where Renae entered from. She scans the realistic, rubbery masks.

As the guys head out, GIOVANNA, early 30s, an elegant looking beauty wearing classy pearl earrings and sophisticated coating, enters the studio. The guys grunt in frustration as they pass by the angelic mistress.

Renae walks to the front.

RENAE: (CONT'D)  
(to Giovanna)  
These two doofs were in here trying to scare you.

Giovanna watches the guys head out. Her eyes are careless and her lustful smile is extremely forgiving.

GIOVANNA:  
Silly kids.

RENAE:  
Silly? This is serious, especially around times like these.

GIOVANNA:  
Around Christmas?

RENAE:  
No--Don't you watch the news or listen to the radio?

The two walk deeper into the studio.

GIOVANNA:  
I chose not to watch anything tragic or distressing, it makes me age immensely.

RENAE:  
I'm not joking around, Giovanna.

GIOVANNA:  
You worry too much, Regina.

RENAE:  
It's Renae and you should be worried. Seven girls are dead. Around this area.

GIOVANNA:  
And how does that personally effect me, Renae?

Renae is stuck to answer back.

GIOVANNA: (CONT'D)  
You see? Life goes on, my classes go on. End of story...

RENAE:  
Wait, what are you doing here so late?

GIOVANNA:  
I couldn't sleep. Decided to come down to the studio and practice some new dances for my young potentials. What about you?

(MORE)

GIOVANNA: (CONT'D)

Trying to figure out what old,  
lonely fucks can do besides 'The  
Twist?'

RENAE:

Don't make fun of my class.

GIOVANNA:

You know what's the difference  
between my class and yours? Mine  
are going places--the only place  
yours are going is the nearby  
funeral home.

RENAE:

You are so caught up in your own  
ego, it makes you so oblivious.

GIOVANNA:

It's better than focusing on the  
bad things and stressing about them  
when can't nothing about it.

Renaë and Giovanna reach their personal dance room. Right  
next door to each other.

GIOVANNA: (CONT'D)

Don't worry, sweetheart. What are  
the chances some killer comes after  
us?

Renaë rolls her eyes and enters her room.

Giovanna sharply smirks and enters her room.

INT. RENAË'S DANCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Renaë's room is spacious. The room is decorated with purple  
and pink hanging lights.

Renaë sits on the solid floor, glancing at her reflection  
from the mirror wall. She has removed her gritty coat and now  
wears a thin, black leotard, black leg warmers, and heels.

BUBBLY MUSIC IS HEARD FROM BEHIND THE MIRROR WALL--The thing  
separating Renaë's room from Giovanna's.

Renaë crawls to the mirror and bangs on it.

RENAE:

Turn it down!

INT. GIOVANNA'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The mirror on Giovanna's side has been seen banging but Giovanna pays no attention.

She dances to the beat. Giovanna wears a small gray sweater with tight shorts. The song guides her with freedom--her moves are flowing...fun...perfect.

The lights hanging in her room are more festive: red and green flash on and off.

Giovanna has no care in the world.

EXT. DANCE STUDIO - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The midnight wind howls even more now. The unlocked front door, by vicious winds, slowly opens up...

INT. GIOVANNA'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Giovanna shifts through the room and gains her breathtaking motions.

INT. RENAE'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renae walks around her room. Her heels click as she looks at framed pictures hanging on her wall. They're pictures of her and her class throughout the three year span. Renae and the elders.

She softly smiles.

Renae goes towards a BOOMBOX and places a CD inside.

She begins her night dance...

INT. GIOVANNA'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The soulful music stops playing.

Giovanna tries to catch her breath...

COMMOTION IS HEARD FROM OUTSIDE THE ROOM.

Giovanna turns to the noise.

GIOVANNA:

Hello?!

Renae's music starts playing, scaring Giovanna.

GIOVANNA (CONT'D)  
(under breath)  
Jesus Christ...

She rushes to the mirror wall.

INT. RENAE'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The song chosen by Renae is "On The Radio" by Donna Summers. She loosens up her bones and muscles. Her heels click on the wooden flooring.

She lets her hair flow as the song begins bumping.

The music consumes her paranoia.

INT. GIOVANNA'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Giovanna bangs on the mirror--

GIOVANNA:  
Hey! Turn your damn music down!

The muffled song continues. She huffs in anger.

GIOVANNA: (CONT'D)  
Godamnit!

Unnoticed by Giovanna, THREE LARGE SHADOWS dash inside her dark, flashy room.

INT. RENAE'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renae truly lets go. She twirls and relaxes her limbs. She arches her back and moves like a bird in the wind.

The banging is seen on Renae's side.

INT. GIOVANNA'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Giovanna slams the mirror.

GIOVANNA:  
Little bitch...

As soon as Giovanna turns back--A HUGE MONSTEROUS BEAST RIPS THROUGH HER SHOULDER! BLOOD SPLATTERS ON THE MIRROR!

Giovanna screams as the werewolf's sharp teeth dig deeper.

INT. RENAE'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renae twirls left and right--laughing and full of joy.

INT. GIOVANNA'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The werewolf throws Giovanna across the room where TWO OTHER WEREWOLVES UNCOVER FROM THE SHADOW.

Giovanna screams!

GIOVANNA:

Help me!

The three werewolves attack the distressed dance teacher--

INT. RENAE'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renae becomes dazed and her vision turns faint. Each time she moves, her balance suffers. She stumbles in her heels--the happy time quickly vanishes. Now she panics for safety as she moves through the non-stop song.

INT. GIOVANNA'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The murderous werewolves rip through Giovanna, tearing her arms and legs out of her torso--

She gags on her blood while screaming for help.

INT. RENAE'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renae continues to panic still--twirling and dancing forward and backward--she looks like a dog in need of water. The song seems to be on repeat:

"ON THE RADIO, WOAHHH...ON THE  
RADIO, WOAHHH...ON THE RADIO,  
WOAHHH...ON THE RADIO, WOAHHH...ON  
THE RADIO, WOAHHH--

INT. GIOVANNA'S DANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Giovanna screams one last time before one of the werewolves BITES HER HEAD OFF!

