

THE PARKTON GIRLS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. THE BRONSON HOUSEHOLD - KELLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A complete mess. Piles of clothes, food containers and various other items make it near impossible to see the patchy carpet.

Among the carnage, on a single bed, lies KELLY BRONSON (16). She tosses from one side to the other, her eyes shut tight.

A BANG on the door.

KELLY'S FATHER (O.S)
Get the fuck up now, Kelly.

Kelly reaches down the side of the bed, finds a boot, hurls it at the door.

KELLY'S FATHER (O.S)
Fucking bitch. If you want your two cheeks to match, open that door. If not, you'd want to get to school as quickly and quietly as possible.

Kelly springs up, her back against the flimsy headboard. She gives the finger to the door.

Heavy footsteps trail away from the room.

Kelly gets out of bed, walks toward a mirror.

She inspects a dark purple bruise on her cheek.

KELLY
(to herself)
Asshole.

She brandishes a phone, opens a music app and clicks PLAY.

INT. THE MURPHY HOUSEHOLD - JEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

An impressively neat space, decorated with family photos and framed art.

JEN MURPHY (16) sits on the edge of her freshly made bed, dressed in a crisp blouse and a knee length skirt.

She holds a phone, listens to the news from it.

REPORTER (O.S.)
That takes the number to three
missing teenage girls from the
Parkton area in the last two
months.

JEN'S MOTHER (40s) knocks as she pokes her head around the
open door.

Jen cuts the sound from the phone.

JEN'S MOTHER
Jen, dear. I really don't want you
listening to that.

Jen forces a brace-full smile at her mother.

JEN
ok, Mom.

JEN'S MOTHER
You're such a sensitive little
girl--

JEN
--I'm sixteen.

JEN'S MOTHER
You're such a sensitive middle aged
woman--

They both crack a smile.

JEN'S MOTHER
--I just don't want all this to
scare you. These girls could all
show up yet.

JEN
I know. I'll try not to listen
anymore.

JEN'S MOTHER
That'd be swell. Now, put your new
cardigan on. There's a chill today.

INT. THE BRONSON HOUSEHOLD - KELLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kelly pouts at the mirror as she applies lip gloss. Once
done she smacks her lips together, pockets the gloss.

She makes her way to her window, looks out, sees POLLY (16)
and ZARA (16) waiting.

She slides the window up, grabs a backpack and shimmyes her way out the window.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Kelly, Polly and Zara walk on the pavement alongside each other.

Each house they pass has a similar assortment of Halloween decorations on show.

POLLY

I know he likes me. And now he's broke up with Megan--

KELLY

--Polly. He didn't break up with Megan. She literally just went missing.

Polly gives a 'same thing' shrug.

ZARA

And plus, there's a million other girls in school. What makes you think he's going for you next?

Kelly scoffs. Zara laughs too. Polly looks in to the distance.

ZARA

Oh, come on Pol. Jake Clarke or no Jake Clarke, we're all going to the dance with hot dates.

Kelly and Polly smile, nod in agreement.

ZARA

Unlike some.

Kelly and Polly give Zara an inquisitive look.

Zara points a finger across the road at--

EXT - SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

--Jen. She leans against a wall with earphones in as she clicks away at a phone.

A hand swings towards her, hooks an earphone out of her ear.

The hand belongs to Zara. She steps an inch closer to Jen, flanked either side by Polly and Kelly.

ZARA

Did you not hear me?

Jen looks at her in the eye, then her eyes shift to the other two.

ZARA

I said 'who are you bringing to the dance?'

POLLY

Your dad?

Polly and Zara cackle. Kelly looks on, tries not to look Jen in the eye.

POLLY

Better get the search party.

KELLY

I'd run away too to get away from Mrs. Bronson.

Another fit of laughter from Zara and Polly.

Kelly takes a step away.

KELLY

Come on, let's go.

Zara pushes Jen up against the wall.

ZARA

Freak.

VOICE (O.S)

Hey, that's enough.

The voice is MATT MURPHY'S (40s). His tall, broad figure rushes on to the scene.

ZARA

Unc saves the day again.

POLLY

Sorry, Mr. Murphy.

The three girls turn and walk away. Kelly looks back at Jen for a second, then continues on with her friends.

Matt puts his hand on Jen's shoulder.

MATT
You OK, kid?

She nods.

He stares at the three girls.

MATT
(under his breath)
Kelly Murphy.

He sweeps back his black hair, breaks his stare.

MATT
Are sure you don't m--

JEN
--It's fine.

MATT
I just don't like p--
She puts her earphones back in.

JEN
I'll see you at second period.
She walks to the school entrance.

INT. MR. MURPHY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Matt sits in a brown, leather seat at the top of the class, feet up on the desk in front of him as he taps at his phone.

A class of about twenty busy themselves as they complete test sheets.

A bell rings, Matt springs from his chair.

MATT
Leave the tests on my desk. Results tomorrow.

He turns to the whiteboard, erases its contents.

MATT
And I know the annual firework extravaganza is tonight. Just try show up tomorrow in one piece.

Students chuckle.

Matt turns away from the board.

MATT
Jen, can I talk to you.

Kelly walks past him.

KELLY
Bye, Mr. Murphy.

He stares her down until she leaves.

Jen walks to his desk, Matt turns his attention to her.

MATT
So, tonight.

JEN
Yep.

MATT
Just be careful.

JEN
As always.

She slips earphones in, exits.

Beside the classroom door, on the wall, hangs a poster. It shows black and white pictures of three teenage girls. The heading reads: MISSING

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark, open space. A slice of moonlight shines through a smashed window.

Water drips from cracked pipes, mold clings to the walls.

A small leather armchair looks out of place in the corner of the otherwise unfurnished space.

From under the chair, and deep under the rotten floor, a muffled scream is heard.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

A party is in full swing.

Teenagers flood the pitch. They talk, drink and laugh in groups.

Behind the goal is JAKE CLARKE (16), wearing the school football jacket. He sticks a firework in the ground.

He looks at a line of fireworks set in the ground, dusts his palms off. Job done.

JAKE
(to the crowd)
We're fucking ready.

A cheer erupts.

He runs to the start of the firework line and begins lighting.

The sky lights up with colourful explosions.

Amidst the crowd, Kelly holds a red cup next to Zara, who stares at a phone.

KELLY
She should be here by now.

ZARA
She just left me on read.

KELLY
I'll go look around for her.

ZARA
If she's not here soon, I'm gonna talk to Jake.

Kelly opens her mouth in shock.

KELLY
Zara!

No reaction from Zara as she types frantically.

KELLY
I'll check the gym. They're smoking pot in there.

Kelly leaves.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Dark, no sound - Until the door creaks open.

KELLY
Hello.

No reply.

KELLY

You guys still in here?

A slight moan responds. Then a giggle. It echoes all around Kelly as she strolls deeper into darkness.

KELLY

Polly? That you?

The sound of glass hitting the hard floor. Something rolls on the floor and stops.

Kelly reaches into her back pocket, brandishes a phone, shines the torch.

In the corner, a circle of plastic of chairs are neatly set up.

In the middle of the circle, Kelly sees a passed out body.

Kelly rushes to the scene, shines her torch to get a better look at the body. It's Polly.

Polly moans and then giggles. Her right arm is stretched out in front of her. Beside her, up against the leg of a chair lies a glass bong.

KELLY

Jesus, Polly.

She crouches down beside her friend.

KELLY

What happened?

Polly opens one eye.

POLLY

They left me.

KELLY

Don't know how we're gonna get you home, Pol.

Polly answers with a snore.

Kelly grins.

A torch shines at Kelly from behind her. She spins, raises a hand to block the light.

KELLY

Who's that?

The light switches off.

Kelly shines her torch at the person. It's Jen.

JEN

Is she OK?

KELLY

What are you doing here?

Jen shows a joint.

JEN

But I'll help you move her if you like.

Kelly stares Jen down, then back to Polly.

KELLY

Ok, take her legs.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Kelly and Jen carry Polly through the door.

KELLY

Where'd you get the key?

JEN

Stole it from my uncle.

Kelly lets out a laugh.

KELLY

Not bad.

They lay Polly down on a sofa.

KELLY

Thanks.

Jen nods, goes to the door.

KELLY

Who are you here with?

Jen holds up the joint.

KELLY
Don't suppose you wanna share.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Moonlight floods through the treetops. Faint party music can still be heard.

Kelly and Jen sit on a log. They take turns with the joint.

KELLY
I'm sorry about Zara.

JEN
She really hates me, huh?

ZARA
She hates a lot of people.

Jen shrugs. Silence, they stare at the stars.

JEN
Your dad hit you?

Kelly looks at her, wide eyed.

KELLY
What?

JEN
Your cheek. I've seen the other bruises.

KELLY
I-- Yeah. He just gets angry sometimes.

Silence for another few seconds.

JEN
Asshole.

Kelly takes a drag, nods.

JEN
Can you walk with me to drop my uncle's key back?

KELLY
I should probably get ba--

JEN
--It'll be real quick. Promise.
Just don't wanna go alone with
everything going on.

KELLY
Where?

JEN
He's got a workshop. Five minutes
away.

KELLY
OK.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

Kelly and Jen walk side by side.

KELLY
You're not so bad, Jen.

Jen stops in her stride, grabs Kelly's arm.

JEN
You think so?

KELLY
Well yeah, you were cool with the
drugs and not a total weirdo.

Jen's eyes grow wide, her smile widens.

KELLY
Obviously we can never tell anyone
about tonight.

Jen's smile fades.

KELLY
I just can't. Zara would just--
well you know.

Jen looks down.

JEN
Yeah.

KELLY
Sorry.

Jen's smile returns.

JEN
No biggy. We're here.

They both take in the warehouse ahead of them, complete with cracked windows, rusted pipes and peeling paint.

They both walk to the building, Jen brandishes a set of keys and opens the door.

They step inside the

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Darkness except for a sliver of moonlight from a window. Silence except from the drip of water.

Jen feels for a switch on the wall.

JEN
My uncle really likes you.

Jen finds the switch, flicks it on.

Before Kelly can adjust, Matt appears behind her. He holds a rag up to her face. She faints.

Matt stares at Jen. Smiles.

MATT
Thank you.

INT. THE BRONSON HOUSEHOLD - KELLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A phone sits on a neat vanity table. The news plays from it.

REPORTER (O.S.)
The disappearance of Kelly Murphy
takes the total in the Parkton area
to four in the last two months.

Jen reaches out, cuts the sound from the phone.

She sits on a stool, stares coldly at herself in the mirror and runs a brush through her hair.

FADE OUT.