

TWISTED, LOVE

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INT. SOMEONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A wild party. Packed with teenagers. Dancing. Singing. Smoking. Drinking. Texting. Browsing the network. Everything GenZ does.

Party cups lay all over. Food everywhere. The floor. The toilets. Even the ceiling. It's a mess.

The teenage conversations mumble out in the background as...

SIMON KELLER (20), good-looking, a bit weird but in a nice way, stands in the corner of the room. To himself. He holds onto a drink. He sips, scanning the house, and people.

His eyes catch a glimpse of somebody...

LILLY COLLINS (20) entering the front door. She's beautiful. Gorgeous even. Maybe the prettiest girl here. She's with her *girlfriends*. They greet the crowd of people.

GIRLS

Hey, Lilly.

LILLY

Hi.

GUY

Sup, Lilly.

LILLY

Hey.

Simon stares at them. Lilly hugs a few friends. Simon glares. Fascinated. He's found an attraction to her.

He takes another sip. Still staring at her.

Lilly makes her way past Simon. He's staring hard. The two lock eyes. *An instant connection?* Lilly stares back.

BEAT.

A smile emerges from her face. Simon smiles back.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Simon and Lilly picnic on the grass. Holding hands. Smiling.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A projector shines onto a wall. Simon and Lilly watch a scary movie. Lilly gets a quick scare. Simon comforts her.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE, LATER

Lilly tosses a shoe at Simon. He ducks.

LILLY

What the fuck is wrong with you!?

SIMON

Quit trying to pick a fight for literally every fucking small thing.

LILLY

Fuck you, Simon!

She storms off.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM, LATER

Simon sits on his bed. Playing video games. Controller in his hands.

Lilly enters. Embarrassed. She sits next to him.

Simon pauses the game.

LILLY

I'm sorry.

SIMON

It's okay.

LILLY

I know it's weird and all, but I just thought you weren't giving me much attention lately, ever since you got that new video game.

SIMON

I guess you're right. It's really my fault too. I'm sorry.

They hug.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A collection of photographs of Simon and Lilly. Happy. Pictures of Simon and his family. His mother. Brother. Grandma. Until, the final image--

A memorial card. Of Lilly.

Lilly Collins. October 6th 2002 - April 12th 2022

INT. BASEMENT

Darkness.

A basement door opens. Simon switches the light on. It flickers. His hair a bit messy. He holds a tray with a plate of scrambled egg, a plastic fork, and a scissor on the side.

He moves down the steps. Carelessly. He whistles to the beat of his steps. He moves over to a mirror.

He places the tray down over a filled water sink. He looks into the mirror. Still whistling. He corrects his hair. He smirks.

SIMON

Hey baby.

Simon turns. He looks down at Lilly. She's alive. She's tied down to a chair. Beating. Tape covering her mouth. Face pale and dull. Hair messy.

She mumbles to him. Forcing out a cry.

Simon grabs the tray and moves over to her. He places the tray on the floor. Next to her barefoot self. He moves towards her face. Scary.

He pulls the tape off.

LILLY

Simon, please. I'm begging you.
Please. You don't have to do this.
Please.

Simon looks uninterested.

LILLY (CONT'D)

This is all just a big mistake.
Please. I promise.

SIMON
You know I love you, right?

Lilly glares.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Which is why I had to throw a funeral for you. I had to mourn you. You ran away, remember? Nobody could find you. Everybody thinks, you're dead. Two funerals one week. Now that's fucked up. Don't you think?

LILLY
Please, you have to believe me, I didn't do it. I swear.

Simon grabs the scissor from the tray and points it in her face. Scaring her.

SIMON
Shut the fuck up!

Lilly tries moving her face away. Simon doesn't allow her.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Or I'll fucking kill you.

He removes a packet of hair. Not much. But enough to see that it's hair.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'm going to ask you this again: why did I found this? Huh? Why!

LILLY
Please.

SIMON
After all this time down here, you still don't want to tell me the truth.
(then)
I guess you don't wanna go home, then.

Simon lets go. She lets out a huge gasp. He drops the scissor on the ground. He puts the packet in his pocket.

He grabs tape.

LILLY

You can't leave me down here.
Please. I'm scared. Simon...Please.

A bird flies through an opened window. Landing on a shelf.
They see.

SIMON

Look at that, a friend for you.
Enjoy it while it lasts.

Simon covers her mouth with tape again. He walks up.

Lilly cries. Then--

Her eyes catch a glimpse. The scissor. It's still here.
She looks to the stairs. She stretches her toes. Then--

The door opens. Simon comes back. He grabs the scissor. He
walks back up again. The bird flies away.

Lilly sighs.

She scans the room again, for an escape. She sees the
plastic fork on the plate. She checks for Simon. It's safe.

She stretches her toes. Fail. She tries again. Fail. She
checks for Simon again. It's still safe. She tries again.
Gotcha.

She lifts the fork up and quickly cuts on the tape from
behind.

The door opens. Simon walks down. Lilly stops. She sees...

A plastic bag in Simon's hands. He looks malicious. He
moves towards her. He removes the tape from her mouth.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I really tried to love you. But
you're no good than the rest of
them. Sluts. Hoes. A nympho. A
Tramp. A fucking loose woman. Just
because this is the era of being a
powering sexual woman, doesn't mean
that you should fuck, my brother!
You dirty slut. You couldn't keep
your hands off him, huh?

LILLY

What are you going to do with that
bag, Simon?

SIMON

I thought you and I had something special. But no. You proved that hoes like you, deserve nothing but disrespect. You're every horrible word in the dictionary, and now he's dead, because of you.

Lilly shakes her head.

LILLY

No. Please. I didn't...

Tears fall down her face. She cuts the tape faster.

Simon moves closer to her. Holding the bag, ready. She cuts even faster.

SIMON

Say hello to my brother, would you?

He wraps the bag around her head. Suffocating her.

She cuts herself loose and stabs him in the face. He yells.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She darts for the stairs. He stops her. He drags her back down. He pulls onto her hair. She screams.

He forces her into the sink with water. She yells. She struggles to get loose. He brings her head up. Screaming into her ear.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You like this, huh?

He forces her head back down. She struggles. He pulls her back up.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You fucking like getting wet, huh?

He forces her back.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You fucking slut. I fucking hate you. Bitch. Fuck. You. Fuck. You!

The bird flies into the room, again. Catching Simon off guard. His grip loosens.

Lilly gets the strength and head butts him. He falls down.
Nose bleeding.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You stupid, bitch.

Lilly grabs him. She pulls him to the chair. Tying him to it.

Simon laughs. He groans. Blood leaking from his face.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Fuck. You.

LILLY
You wanna know what it feels like,
Simon? To be locked up down here?
Isolated? Afraid? It fucking sucks.
And you wanna know what the worst
part of this is? I still fucking
love you.

SIMON
Boo-hoo.

LILLY
Yeah. But it's okay, Simon. I
forgive you. But you're gonna get
what you deserve.

Lilly tapes his mouth. Simon groans. She walks up the stairs.

LILLY (CONT'D)
For what it's worth, I didn't fuck
your brother.

She turns back.

LILLY (CONT'D)
I just sucked his dick.

Simon yells.

SIMON
Fuck! I'll find you, you fucking
bitch. I'll find you. When I do,
you'll wish you were fucking dead!

Lilly stands by the door. She looks down at him.

LILLY
Oh, go fuck yourself, Simon!

She slams the door.

SMASH TO BLACK.