

"YOUNG PRAYING MANTIS IN LOVE"

A screenplay

by

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EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It begins in a parking lot. The parking lot is adjacent to an abandoned convenience store. A street lamp provides the only source of light. There is a buzzing sound. The buzzing gets louder, and louder: deafening. A congregation of white moths blanket the asphalt. Sitting on one side of the concrete step is a praying mantis, and sitting on the other side of the curb is another praying mantis. They serve as temple guardians to the flock.

LUCY, THE BLACK WIDOW KILLER, now passes by. She is out of focus, as she continues down the road.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Everything is now tinted a shade of green, as if she were looking through a pair of night vision goggles.

Lucy passes a couple of old women. Both women wear surgical masks to protect themselves from disease. They point and stare, not daring to get too close. Lucy continues down the street.

Lucy reaches out for help. People back away, giving her a wide berth. There's something wrong with her mouth. A closer examination reveals that her mouth has been eaten away. The cause: white maggots that crawl in and out of her mouth.

Suddenly, a halo of light surrounds Lucy. She turns to face the light, and is hit by a bus. The bus' windshield is stained with yellow goo. The bus comes to a screeching halt.

Shunned before, Lucy now has a crowd of on-lookers paying attention to her. Unnoticed by all, a tiny green praying mantis crawls out of her mouth. It scurries away.

ANGELICA LORDS exits the bus. She is a pretty young blonde and is conservatively dressed. Her hair is neatly tied behind her head. She wears thick glasses. All designed to downplay her beauty to her. The mantis is attracted to her, almost immediately It catches up. Soon it crawls up shapely legs. Angelica takes no notice. She continues down the street, but is accosted by three teen boys (ages 12 to

The boys are dressed like the kids from the TV show South Park. The shorter, and fatter, of the three boys approach her. Angelica pulls her purse close to her in order to keep it safe.

TEEN BOY 1

Hey baby... your ass might be
small, but it's just the right size
for me.

The teen walks backwards, stroking an imaginary wang, and trips over his own feet. The teen falls backwards. His two friends try to help him up, but he pushes them away.

TEEN BOY 1 (CONT'D)
Get off me! Fags!

Angelica speaks to the boys, making them an offer. Still unnoticed, the mantis creeps up her back.

ANGELICA
I'm on my way to church to attend
Wednesday night services, at my
church. You guys are welcome to
come along, if you want.

The boys stare at Angelica in disbelief. She continues her sermon.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Might do you some good. And there
will be some kids there your own
age, even some girls. Good people.
All are welcome.

TEEN 2
Jesus Christ! She's a Bible chick.

Close on Angelica. The boys check out the goods. Lusting after her body.

TEEN 3 (O.S)
That is so wrong.

Angelica reaches into her purse, and pulls out her bible. The mantis, meanwhile, has crawled onto her left shoulder. It sits there like a tiny devil. Angelica holds the bible close to her chest.

ANGELICA
There's nothing to be afraid of. It
may give your life some direction.
Some purpose. It did for me.

At first, The boys act as if they are listening intently. Then they start to crack up. The first teen boy reaches down, and grabs his balls.

TEEN 1
Suck my balls, lady

A brief flash of anger crosses Angelica's face. She forces herself to smile.

ANGELICA
Why not just give it a try. What's
the harm? I mean... it won't bite.

That's when the mantis strikes. It bites Angelica hard on the neck. She winces in pain, clutching her neck, and falls to her knees. The bible falls out of her hands. We hear the boys laughing. She looks up in their direction. From a distance, the boys taunt her. Her face twists into rage, and for a brief moment her eyes change to a solid black.

TEEN 1 (O.S)

What a crazy bitch. Come on, let's get out of here.

TEEN 2 (O.S)

I'd still do her.

TEEN 1 (O.S)

You gotta be kidding me. Damaged goods.

TEEN 2 (O.S)

I'd put a gag in her mouth. So I wouldn't have to listen to her crap.

TEEN 1 (O.S)

I hear that. That's what I'm talking about.

The teens are laughing again. As they leave, the first teen calls out a parting shot.

TEEN 1 (CONT'D)

I hope you burn in hell, bitch!

Angelica is alone. She takes her hand away from her neck, and looks down. Yellow goop covers her fingers. Angelica starts to gather up her things. She looks down at her bible. It's open. Lying in the center, dead, is the praying mantis. The yellow goop of its blood, defacing the holy pages.

Angelica makes a disgusted face.

INT. CHURCH - FANTASY SEQUENCE

Angelica sits on a desk. She looks up seductively. She arches back, untying her hair, letting it fall wildly down to her shoulders. With fury, Angelica tears open the front of her blouse, releasing her breasts. REVEREND HOLLOW, a man in his 40s or 50s, lunges forward, copping a feel. He pushes Angelica on her back. She moans softly. Angelica closes her eyes. The screen goes dark. In the darkness, the Rev call out her name.

END OF FANTASY
SEQUENCE

REV (O.S)

Angelica... Angelica... Angelica!

Angelica opens her eyes. She now sits fully clothed, in an old wooden chair. Her legs are crossed. Her hair is tied neatly behind her head. She looks up. The Reverend looks down at her concern.

REV (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

REV (CONT'D)
I thought I lost you there for a second.

ANGELICA
(dazed)
Sorry.

The Rev walks over to his desk. He sits on the end.

REV
You said you wanted to see me, after services. So here we are. I'm here to listen. Offer advice, if I can, for whatever is troubling you.

ANGELICA
It's hard for me to talk about.

REV
That's alright. Take your time.

ANGELICA
It's just that... lately... I've been having impure thoughts.

REV
I see...

CLOSE ON ANGELICA. She stares at the Rev's crotch. Her eyebrows are arched.

ANGELICA
It's very disturbing.

The Rev gets up, and sits behind his desk. He has a framed picture of the Virgin Mary on his desk. He turns the picture, so that the Virgin Mary is facing Angelica.

REV
You've been coming to our church for a long time.

ANGELICA (O.S)
Since I was a girl.

REV
Yes.

Rev clears his throat.

REV (CONT'D)
And I do appreciate your
dedication. But-

Rev sighs.

REV (CONT'D)
And this may sound a little
hypocritical, but there is more to
life than just church, you know.

ANGELICA (O.S)
How can you say that? Church means
everything to me.

REV
I understand. But life is a gift, a
very precious gift, something to be
experienced and enjoyed. God
doesn't want you to lead a
sheltered life-

Pause.

REV (CONT'D)
I guess what I'm trying to say is-

REV (CONT'D)
(choosing his words
carefully)
You're a very attractive young
woman, and you're bound to have
feelings that may seem wrong, but
are perfectly natural.

Angelica uncrosses her legs.

ANGELICA
But I don't want to feel this way.
It makes me feel dirty.

REV
That man of yours. He hasn't been
to services in a while has he?

As the Rev talks, Angelica slides a hand down her thigh.
Without realizing it, she is slowly pull up the hem of her
skirt.

ANGELICA
I'm sure he would like to come.
It's hard for him. He works late,
sometimes all night long.

REV

Can I ask you a personal question?
And I don't mean to be forward
here. If you don't feel comfortable
answering, I won't press. Have you
two been... intimate. I'm not
talking about sex. Fooling around.
That sort of thing.

Angelica nervously fumbles with the top button of her blouse.

ANGELICA

Of course not. What sort of person
do you think I am? I'm saving
myself for marriage. Mark is a
sweetheart. He understands.

REV

Uh-huh. How long have you two been
seeing each other?

ANGELICA (O.S)

It will be two years this Friday.

REV

I see. Why don't the two of you get
married?

CLOSE on Angelica's full lips.

ANGELICA

Because he hasn't asked me yet.

REV

Why don't you ask him? I think you
would be a lot happier if you did.

ANGELICA (O.S)

I could never do that.

The Rev smiles. He touches the bible on his desk. With his
thumb, he flips through some of the pages.

REV

Nothing in the Bible says you
can't.

Angelica folds her arms across her chest. She looks
uncomfortable.

ANGELICA

But that's just not how things are
done.

INT. CLASSROOM - THE NEXT DAY

We are invited into a darkened classroom. A slide projector provides us with brief flashes of light. The projector CLICKS, and the slide causes the student to gasp in disgust. Their disgust is justified, for on display is a picture of a pimple and puss riddled vagina. Off screen Angelica provides us with color commentary.

ANGELICA (O.S)
Now I don't mean to shock any of
you-

The next slide clicks forward. On this slide, is a similarly pimples and puss riddled penis. Again this slide is met with a chorus of disgust from the students.

ANGELICA (O.S) (CONT'D)
But these are just a few of the
many sexually transmitted diseases
that are out there. Lights.

The slide projector goes dark. Above, the classroom lights flicker on. Angelica makes her way to the front of the classroom. All eyes focus on her ass as it gently sways with her movements. Angelica sits on the end of her desk. Her chest pushes slightly forward. The camera begins to make love to her. As she speaks, we focus on her full lips.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
So begins our unit on sexual
education. I have to admit, I'm a
little nervous. This is my first
time, okay. So please be easy on me-

Angelica's cleavage is now on full display. Her chest heaves slightly.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
I want you to know, I'm not going
to be gentle with you guys. I'm not
going to hold your hand. We're
going to get right into it.

Angelica's legs are uncross.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
(sultry)
We're going to get down to all the
dirty little details.

Catcalls roar from the students. Angelica crosses her legs. Angelica looks confused and shakes her head in disbelief. In one quick motion, she gets up. She straightens the hem of skirt, and huddled around the white-board

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Now I know a lot of you are at that age, when your bodies are starting to change, and you have certain urges. And maybe some of you are being pressured into having sex...

MALE STUDENT (O.S)

I wish.

Several students start to laugh. Angelica smiles.

ANGELICA

Okay. Settle down. This is serious stuff guys. Come on.

The students quiet down. Angelica continues.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to do my job, and let you guys know what to watch out for. Because the truth of the matter is, there is only one sure fire way to protect yourself from getting some icky disease. Or worse you get pregnant before you're ready to have a baby. And that's-

On the white-board, Angelica writes the word: "ABSTINENCE". She underlines the word for emphasis. Then she turns to face her class.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Abstinence.

A loud groan comes from the student body. Angelica smiles.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Come on. It's not that bad, you guys. And the pros far outweigh the cons. So why don't we go over some of the benefits of waiting to have sex before you're ready.

On the white-board, Angelica draws a simple two sided chart. She labels one side "PROS," and the other side "CONS". She turns to her class.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Who wants to start? No one? How about I start? Now, I already mentioned a couple of the benefits when you wait to have sex: No icky diseases. Like the ones we saw in the slides, remember.

MALE STUDENT
(Calls out)
What about jerking it?

The rest of the kids laugh. Angelica waits until the laughter dies down before continuing.

ANGELICA
You might think masturbation is funny, but there is a reason why you feel guilty after you do it. That's your body's way of telling you that you are doing something wrong. And it can lead to serious health problems.

Angelica turns back to the white-board In the PRO column, she writes: No icky diseases. Behind Angelica, almost next to her ear, we hear someone say in a low, menacing voice

MENACING VOICE (V.O)
Angelica.... show us your boobs.

Close on Angelica. She looks over her shoulder.

ANGELICA
Come on you guys. That's not really appropriate. Okay.

She turns back to the white-board On the PRO side, she writes: No pregnancy.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
And you can't get pregnant. That's a big one.

Angelica turns to face her class again.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Here's the real deal with this, you guys. I'm not up here reading from some text book. I practice what I preach. I made the decision long ago to wait to have sex until I'm married. And, it's hard sometimes, I'll admit. But, I want my first time to be something special. That's what I want for you guys too. For sex to be special with someone you care about. When you have sex before marriage, you cheapen it.

STUDENT (O.S)
What about condoms?

ANGELICA

I'm glad you asked. You guys have probably heard a lot about condoms and birth control. Sad to say most of what you've heard is a lie.

Angelica goes to the white-board again. She has her back to the class. Under the CON section, Angelica writes: Condoms break.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Condoms break, all the time. And despite what you might have heard, condoms do not protect you from disease. Condoms are also made of latex. A product that is toxic, and causes an allergic reaction in some people.

The menacing voice comes back.

MENACING VOICE (V.O.)

Angelica... show your boobs. Come on.

Angelica turns to her class, and snaps.

ANGELICA

Okay. I'm not going to say it again. That is inappropriate language. I will not tolerate this behavior, again.

From the students there are whispers and nervous laughs. Anger flashes across Angelica's face.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

This is for your benefit. Not mine. I know this is a difficult subject to talk about, but I need you people to take it seriously.

Angelica turns back to the white-board Under the CON side of her chart, she draws an unhappy face with the word birth control pill next to it.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

As for birth control pills... There are studies out there that link birth control pills to both breast and ovarian cancer.

MENACING VOICE (V.O.)

You know you want to.

Angelica turns back to her class. She is upset.

ANGELICA

That's it! I have it with this nonsense. I don't know who's doing it. But it had better stop.

MENACING VOICE (V.O)

Take off your clothes. Give us a real education.

ANGELICA

What the hell is wrong with all of you!

Her eyes quickly dart back and forth across the faces of her students. Her students look scared and uncomfortable.

ANGELICA (O.S) (CONT'D)

Do you actually think I'm going to rip open my shirt and show you my breasts like some dirty whore!

Angelica fingers rest on the buttons of her blouse. The top buttons of the blouse are open revealing the black bra underneath. Above her, the bell rings. Angelica looks up at it, then back at her class. Her students quickly gather their things, and exit. We hear them whispering at each other as they leave. The utter phrases like: "She flipped out." "Needs to get laid."

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Angelica enters the girl's bathroom. She passes a couple of girls on their way out. They are giggling as they walk by, and for a brief moment look in Angelica's direction.

GIRL 1

Oh my god, it's Miss Lords.

GIRL 2

She totally freaked out in sex ed today.

GIRL 1

I know.

The girls exit. Angelica is alone (or so she thinks). She sighs, and goes to the sink. Angela washes her face. Soon drying her face with a paper towel. Something now catches her eye. Angelica looks up into a mirror. She touches her neck where the mantis bit her. In the mirror, The wound is puffy, and puss riddled. It starts to pulse. Angelica looks both horrified and disgusted.

A mop handle hit the bathroom floor. Angelica turns her head. Angelica pushes open the stall door, and we see LEWIS, the janitor, in all his glory. He is a fat, balding man. His pants are around his ankles, and he has his dick in his hand.

LEWIS

I was just fixing the pipes.

Angelica pushes the mop bucket out of the way, and falls to her knees. She reaches up, and it is heavily implied that she has grabbed his penis.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Wow the last time
this happened I was in high school.

For a moment, Angelica's head is down, so we don't see her face. Then she looks up. Her eyes are jet black.

Lewis sees the demonic change, in Angelica, and screams in terror.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Oh god! No! My heart!

He clutches his chest. His breathing becomes shallow. He falls over, dead from a heart attack.

EXT. BEHIND SCHOOL BUILDING

DAISY WILLARD, the science teacher, stands outside, next to the dumpster smoking a cigarette. She is a woman in her early 40s. Though somewhat frumpy, she is still attractive. She has black hair, Daisy holds court with a group of punk-looking students, who are also smoking cigarettes.

A side door in the school building now opens. The punk kids turn tail and run. Daisy quickly crushes her cigarette under her foot, and waves the smoke away from her face.

Angelica staggers out the door. The door starts to close. Daisy grabs the door. With her foot, she shoves a rock in the entryway: propping the door open.

DAISY

Miss Lords! Hey! I was just having
a study group with some of the-

Daisy coughs.

DAISY (CONT'D)

honor students....

Angelica looks the worst for wear. She opens the dumpster lid and proceeds to lose her lunch.

DAISY (CONT'D)

How's everything going?

Hyperventilating, Angelica, slumps down. She leans her back against the dumpster. Daisy saddles up next to her.

DAISY (CONT'D)
So. I heard you freaked out during
your sex ed class. It's cool. It
happens. Things can get pretty
heated in the chemistry lab, too.

Daisy tucks a few strands of hair behind an ear in a
flirtatious gesture.

DAISY (CONT'D)
It must be hard for you, huh.
You're one of those abstinence
chicks, right? No sex until you're
married.

Daisy leans in close.

DAISY (CONT'D)
You know... it's not really sex if
two women do it. It's more of an
experiment.

Still hyperventilating, Angelica looks over and grabs the
front of Daisy's shirt.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Well, alright.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM

Angelica and Daisy enter the girl's bathroom. Angelica leads
Daisy over to the stalls.

DAISY
I'm not usually into chicks, you
know. But, I'm over 40, divorced,
and pretty much open to anything at
this point. It's been a really long
time. And there was that brief
period in college-

Angelica, open mouth, points down. Daisy looks down and
follows her lead. She makes a disgusted face.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Oh...

Looking down at Lewis, The man's face is frozen in terror.
But, he is still pitching a tent in his underwear.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Wow that sucks. Still, I always
knew that guy was a pervert.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Daisy drives Angelica home. The car Daisy drives is a Volkswagen beetle. Angelica silently stares out at the window. Daisy sighs.

DAISY

So it's like totally bitchin' we
got to go home early. Huh? All
because that perv died. This you?
Right here?

Angelica nods. The Volkswagen pulls up the driveway to a nice suburban house.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Nice place. How do you afford it on
a teacher's salary?

Angelica unbuckles her seatbelt.

ANGELICA

Thanks for the ride home, Mrs.
Willard.

DAISY

Daisy. My name is Daisy. God you're
uptight. Who's that? Is that you're
dad or something?

Through the window. A man in his late 40s stands outside the house. He might have been handsome once, but he has gone to seed. He is a short man, has a bit of a gut, and graying hair. He is dressed in a nice suit and tie. This is MARK, Angelica's fiancé. He checks his watch, and looks annoyed.

ANGELICA

That's my fiancé

Angelica looks up at Daisy.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

DAISY

Uh... nothing.

Angelica nods warily. Then she exits the car. She shuts the door. In the car, Daisy smiles, and waves back.

DAISY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Sugar daddy or he has a really big
dick.

Daisy turns on the car, and backs out of the driveway. We now join Angelica and Mark. Their conversation is already in progress.

MARK

Do you know how long I've been standing out here? Ten minutes. I timed it on my watch. If you called me, I expect you to be here.

ANGELICA

I'm sorry.

MARK

Try better next time. Are we just going to stand outside on the lawn?

ANGELICA

No, of course not. Come in.

Angelica pulls out a set of keys, and begins fumbling with the front door lock. Mark is annoyed, sighs, and shakes his head.

MARK

Here let me do it.

Mark pushes Angelica aside, and grabs the keys.

MARK (CONT'D)

Which key is it?

Angelica points at one of the keys.

ANGELICA

This one.

Mark tries the key. It doesn't work.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

No. It's the one next to it.

Mark glares, sighs again, and shakes his head. He unlocks the door.

MARK

I swear sometimes you are so completely useless.

Angelica nods in agreement. Mark barges into Angelica's house. Angelica follows, keeping a respectful distance.

INT. ANGELICA'S HOUSE

Mark holds out his coat and briefcase. Angelica takes both.

MARK

What would I do without you?

Angelica smiles shyly, and goes to hang up his coat.

MARK (CONT'D)
Got anything to eat? Hey! Wire
hanger please. Not plastic. That
coat is expensive. The least you
can do is hang it up properly.

INT. KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Mark sits at the kitchen table. Angelica opens the fridge and pulls out a beer bottle. She walks over to Mark, opens the top, and sets the bottle in front of him.

MARK
Can I have a glass, please?

Angelica nods, and goes to the kitchen cabinet. She pulls out a small glass.

MARK (CONT'D)
Not that one. Do you really think
that all the beer in this bottle is
going to fit that tiny glass?

Angelica shakes her head. She puts the small glass back, and selects a larger glass. She sets the glass down next to Mark. He picks it up and examines it. Angelica stands at his side, and waits for his approval. He nods. Angelica pours the beer from the bottle into the glass.

Angelica goes to the counter. With a few items from the fridge, she quickly makes her fiancé a sandwich. Sandwich on plate, she places the food before him. Mark looks up annoyed.

MARK (CONT'D)
A sandwich? I guess it's fine for
tonight. Next time, try to do
better.

Mark begins eating. Angelica sits across for him, and watches him eat. Her head is low. There is silence between them. As he eats, Mark loudly smacks his lips. He gulps down his beer, and lets out a satisfying belch. Now that he has finished eating, Angelica looks up at him.

ANGELICA
Thank you for coming over.
Something bad happened at work
today, and...

With a finger, Mark picks at his teeth.

MARK
I'm going to have to work late
again tonight. So we're going to
have to cut this short, and get
back to the office. Are you going
to be alright, by yourself?

Angelica nods her head, and smiles shyly. Mark gets up, and kisses Angelica on the forehead.

He exits the kitchen. Angelica is alone. The smile drops from her face, replaced by a flash of anger. The front door slams shut. Angelica gets up and grabs the dish and glass. She washes them in the sink.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

It is a dark and stormy night. Angelica, dressed only in a nightgown, shivers in the rain. A neon sign catches her eye. The sign reads: MOTEL.

Seeking shelter, Angelica is drawn to the motel. She enters. There is an electrical flash. The first part of the sign lights up. Now the neon sign reads: "ROACH MOTEL."

INT. MOTEL - DREAM SEQUENCE CONTINUES

Angelica enters a brightly lit showroom. Her hair is sopping wet. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees a banner that reads: "PHEROMONES ON SALE HERE. IMPROVE YOUR LOVE LIFE."

Several patrons scurry back and forth, but we don't get a good look at them. Angelica makes her way down a display aisle. Several porno video tapes are on display. One VHS in particular, catches her eye. The title of the video is: "Angelica's Secret." It shows a woman in a nightgown. Her hair is sopping wet. But the woman's face is covered by an expressionless white mask. Angelica looks at the other videos. All of them feature actors and actresses wearing expressionless masks. She looks, and sees a TV screen. A video shows a man and woman engaged in sex. They stop, and turn their faces to the audience. They too are wearing expressionless white masks.

A feminine hand taps, Angelica on the shoulder. Angelica turns. From Angelica's POV, we see a woman in an expressionless white mask. All we know of her is that she has shoulder length black hair.

MASKED WOMAN

Join us, Angelica.

Other patrons start popping out of the woodwork. All are wearing white masks. Angelica tries to get away. She is grabbed, and forced to the ground. Her nightgown is torn from body. She is naked. She screams. The masked people leer down at her...

INT. ANGELICA'S BEDROOM

Angelica wakes up in a cold sweat. She switches on the lamp next to her bed. She winces in pain.

Instinctively, a hand goes to the bug bite on her neck.

Angelica gets up, and goes into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Angelica clicks on the bathroom light. She looks in the mirror, and examines the wound on her neck.

The bug bite pulses and throbs. She touches it with a finger, and yellow pus shoots out. Angelica looks down. Yellow puss sticks to her fingers. She is at first disgusted, then curious. She smells her fingers, then licks them with her tongue.

INT. BEDROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE CONTINUED

Angelica enters the bedroom. She climbs into bed and shuts off the lamp next to her bed.

The screen goes dark. For a few seconds, all is quiet. Then the bed springs start to SQUEAK. Angelica turns on the light. She is looking up into the face of a giant praying mantis! Our POV changes, and now we are looking down at the creature. The lower half of its body thrusts forward. Angelica struggles underneath.

END OF DREAM
SEQUENCE

Angelica wakes up, in a cold sweat. She opens a drawer in her nightstand, and pulls out her bible. She goes to the closet. The closet door has a mirrored front. The mirror is cracked, distorting her reflection. She opens the closet door, steps inside, and hides in the closet for the rest of the night.

INT. CAFETERIA - THE NEXT DAY

It's lunch time, and students gossip as they eat lunch. Sitting in the back of the cafeteria, all alone, is Angelica. She looks at the students, eating lunch with their friends. Then she looks down at her own lunch: a small Tupperware container of carrot sticks.

DAISY (O.S)
Anyone sitting here?

Angelica looks up and shakes her head.

Daisy sits down across from Angelica. Daisy's lunch tray is layered with food: a couple of cheese burgers, a generous helping of French fries; a large shake, an apple, and some cookies.

DAISY (CONT'D)
How come you're not eating your
lunch in the teacher's lounge?

ANGELICA
I really don't know the rest of the
teachers that well. I don't think
they like me that much. I think
it's because I go to church. It
makes them uncomfortable.

DAISY
You know me, and I like you.

Angelica looks down.

ANGELICA
(Quietly)
Thank you, Mrs. Willard.

DAISY
Daisy. My name is Daisy.

Daisy takes a bite out of one of the cheeseburgers. As she eats, Daisy looks over at Angelica's lunch, and makes a disgusted face.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Oh my god. Is that all you're
eating for lunch?

ANGELICA
Yeah.

DAISY
What is up with women now-a-days?
You really need to eat more than
just a few carrots sticks for
lunch.

Daisy eats a few of her fries and then continues.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Look, the food isn't great here,
but it's free if you're a teacher.
At least until they cut the budget
again. So take advantage of it
while you still can.

ANGELICA
It's okay. I'm not really hungry.

DAISY

Bullshit!

Angelica winces, and rubs the bug bite on her neck. We notice that she wears a tiny black ribbon around her neck to conceal the wound.

ANGELICA

I really don't have much of an appetite.

DAISY

I said it once, and I'll say it again: bullshit. Have you looked in a mirror lately? You're going to start slipping under door cracks soon, you're so skinny.

Daisy smiles, a mischievous smile, then continues:

DAISY (CONT'D)

It's that guy isn't it. Your fiancé.

Angelica looks up alarmed. Slowly she nods her head.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I knew it. It's written all over your face.

ANGELICA

I really don't feel comfortable talking about Mark, when he's not here.

DAISY

You can't be serious. What's the fun of having a guy in your life, if you can't talk about him behind his back. So come on, spill it.

Ashamed, Angelica looks down. Daisy takes a sip of her shake. She soon gets tired of waiting for Angelica to speak.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I'm waiting.

Angelica sighs, and then spills her guts.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

ANGELICA

We were having dinner, about a week ago, and I got up to wash the dishes. He took one look at me, and said: pretty soon we're going to need one of those machines that beep, to warn people when you're backing up.

DAISY

What!

ANGELICA

He'd been drinking. He didn't mean it.

DAISY

Has he looked in a mirror? Lately? Because it looked like to me, he hadn't exactly missed that many meals.

Angelica shyly smiles, and then shakes her head.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I'm going to be completely honest with you. Angelica Lords, you are the skinniest girl I know.

Angelica rolls her eyes.

DAISY (CONT'D)

You know, I usually take some of this stuff home for dinner, but there is probably enough that we could share. At least have some fries, put a little meat on those bones.

Angelica frowns.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Oh come on. It's not going to kill you. Look at me. Healthy as a horse.

Pause.

DAISY (CONT'D)

You know, I could probably stand to lose a few pounds. Pass me some of your carrots. Would you?

Across the table an exchange is made. Daisy takes some of Angelica's carrots. Angelica takes some of Daisy's fries.

Looking down at the tray now it is a cornucopia of food. DISSOLVE, time has passed, and now the tray is almost empty save for the apple. Daisy sips on her shake. Angelica scarfs down some cookies.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Did you hear about that, Black Widow Killer?

Angelica shakes her head.

DAISY (CONT'D)
It was in all the papers. Some crazy bitch is going around killing a bunch of young guys. You know what that is?

Angelica bites the head off a gingerbread man. She shakes her head, in answer to Daisy's question. Daisy leans in close as if telling a secret.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Crime against humanity. They had pictures of some of the guys: gorgeous. Tall, muscular, cheek bones. Basically, the kind of guys who have an open invitation to get in my pants.

Daisy shakes her head, and then takes another sip of her shake.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Say what you will, about that crazy bitch, but at least she has good taste in men.

ANGELICA
I don't think it's very respectful to talk about people like that.

Daisy sighs, and then defends herself.

DAISY
Could you please stop being so uptight? Here, let me clue you in on something, from my vast years of experience. When you get to be my age, checking out some good looking guy doesn't hurt anybody. But if I was your age I'd be doing more than looking. I'd be shaking that skinny ass of mine, for a start. Because you're not going to have it forever, trust me.

The school bell RINGS. Signaling the end of lunch looks.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Well, back to the insanity.

Daisy gets up, and touches Angelica's shoulder.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I'll see you at the assembly,
later. Don't be a stranger, okay.

Angelica looks up, and smiles. Daisy takes a bite of the apple, and exits.

Again, Angelica finds herself alone. But, she is not alone for long. A cockroach scurries across the table. Angelica, disgusted, raises a hand to kill it. She stops and cocks her head to one side, as if listening. She gets up, and squats down on her knees, so that she and the bug are on eye level. They stare at each other, as if speaking telepathically.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - AFTERNOON

PRINCIPAL CHILDS stand at a podium. He is a big beefy man. Bald with a mustache. Next to him, stands a poster size black and white photo of Lewis, the school janitor. Lewis is younger, fit, and in a football uniform.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS
Most of you knew Jeremy Lewis, as nothing more than the custodian here at our school. But I knew him as a good friend. A man you could look up to. A man, who in his day, brought honor to this school when he led us to state in both his junior and senior year.

Daisy stands at the back of the gym with the rest of the teachers. She points at her open mouth, and pretends to gag. She looks over at Angelica. Angelica is staring intently at something off screen.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)
So I'm asking you all to give back, and honor the memory of my friend Jeremy Lewis, by supporting our Beavers this Saturday, as they go to state!

A marching band starts to play "Louie, Louie." The school mascot, a man in a beaver costume, tears through a paper banner.

Our POV changes. We stare out at the bleachers filled with bored looking students. The camera RAPID ZOOMS, seeking out and focusing on couples who are making out.

Angelica's eyes dart back and forth rapidly. Her concentration is broken, when MR. BOOKINGS, the English Teacher, speaks to her.

MR. BOOKINGS (O.S)
I used to really hate pep rallies
when I was in high school.

Angelica turns her head slowly. Her features are hard and stern. Her eyes are black. She blinks, and her eyes are white again. Angelica's expression softens.

Focus on Mr. Bookings. He looks down at his feet. He is geeky looking n Mr. Bookings. He is tall and skinny, very Ichabod Crane. He looks up slightly, and tries to smile. Succeed only partially.

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)
I suppose that's why the principal
has to make these stupid pep
rallies mandatory, otherwise nobody
would show up.

He gets no response. With a tilt of his head, Mr. Bookings, gestures over his shoulder.

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)
Looks like someone's having a good
time.

PAN OVER MR. BOOKINGS'SHOULDER. Daisy Willard leers hungrily as the football team passes by and enthusiastically whistle and cheers as they pass by.

BACK TO MR. BOOKINGS

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)
So... I've seen you around. I'm Mr.
Bookings, Eugene. I teach English
here.

ANGELICA
I'm Miss Lords, Angelica, the
health teacher.

Angelica and Mr. Bookings stand side by side. They are both looking down at their feet. An awkward silence passes between them.

Daisy comes up behind the pair, and throws an arm around each of them. She smiles.

DAISY
Wow I didn't think it was something
that-

Daisy turns to Mr. Bookings.

DAISY (CONT'D)
sucks and-

Daisy turns to Angelica.

Blows-
DAISY (CONT'D)

Daisy grabs Angelica by the hand, and starts to lead her away. Smiling, Daisy looks back at Mr. Bookings.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Excuse us, Mr. Bookings I need to
speak to my co-worker in private.

Before Mr. Bookings can say anything, Daisy drags Angelica away.

Angelica and Daisy are in a different part of the school gym. The two women stand next to the exit.

DAISY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ANGELICA
Nothing.

DAISY
Exactly.

ANGELICA
What... What should I be doing?

DAISY
You really don't know do you?

Angelica shakes her head.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Woman up! Use your feminine wiles.
Have that guy eating out of the
palm of your hand, so you can get
it on. You know how hard it was to
convince that guy to come over and
talk to you.

ANGELICA
But I have a fiancé

DAISY
So. You're not married yet, are
you?

ANGELICA
I really don't think that would be
appropriate.

Daisy sighs, and shakes her head.

DAISY

Okay, look I'm trying to be your friend here. But your fiancé is old. Old. He's old enough to be your dad. Now I know that can be kind of a turn on for a young lady, like yourself, but snap out of it.

ANGELICA

I really don't want to talk about this.

Angelica starts to leave, but Daisy grabs her arm.

DAISY

Nobody's saying you have to marry this guy. Just go out and have some fun with a guy your own age. What's the problem? You're a virgin. He looks like a virgin. You guys are made for each other. It will be good for you.

ANGELICA

I don't know if that's such a good idea. What if we don't get along?

DAISY

When you're young, that's what beer is for. Then when you get to be my age, desperation takes over.

ANGELICA

You're not exactly winning me over.

DAISY

Look, If you want me to stop harassing you about this, you are going to go out with this guy, and you're going to have a good time. Because, if you don't I'm going to punch you in the tits.

Angelica looks up and smiles. Then she looks back down, and frowns.

ANGELICA

Fine.

DAISY

That's the spirit. Ah look at him over there. He's like a little lost puppy. So shy. So quiet-

Mr. Bookings stares intently in the direction of the two women. Spotted, he quickly looks away. His glasses fall off. He reaches down to pick them up.

DAISY (CONT'D)
He's probably a serial killer.

Daisy pats Angelica's shoulder.

DAISY (CONT'D)
You guys are going to have a blast.

Daisy exits. Angelica starts to follow, but something has caught her eye. She decides to take a closer look. The girl is pressed up against the wall. She moans. The boy thrust into her. The girl stops moaning, and stares straight out. It's Lucy, the Black Widow Killer. A sinister smile spreads across her face. Her eyes dart slowly up.

REVEAL. The boy has no head! It has been bitten off at the neck. The reveal is brief.

Angelica raises a fist to stifle a scream. Her terror is replaced by curiosity. Cautiously, she goes to investigate.

Meanwhile, Like a mosquito, Daisy buzzes in Mr. Bookings' ear.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Look at her over there... so shy,
so quiet. She's just dying for you
to go ask her out.

Persuaded, Mr. Bookings starts to walk away. Daisy pinches his butt. He turns to look at her. She smiles, and waves.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Go get her, stud.

We rejoin Angelica. Her back is turned. She looks behind the bleachers.

MR. BOOKINGS
Everything okay?

Angelica turns and backs into Mr. Bookings. She accidentally knocks his glasses off his face. Angelica catches the glasses, in an unnaturally quick movement.

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)
Wow. Good reflexes.

ANGELICA
(Confused)
What?

Mr. Bookings points at his glasses. Angelica takes no notice.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Did you see?

MR. BOOKINGS
I can't really see anything without
my glasses.

Angelica hands Mr. Bookings his glasses. He awkwardly puts them on, and looks behind the bleachers.

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)
Sorry. I don't see anything.

Mr. Bookings adjusts his glasses, in a nervous gesture. Angelica stands there, arms across her chest.

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)
So... did you want to-

ANGELICA
I guess-

MR. BOOKINGS
I don't have a car-

ANGELICA
Neither do I-

MR. BOOKINGS
We could meet-

ANGELICA
There's a theater near my house.
The Modesty-

MR. BOOKINGS
Eight O'Clock-

ANGELICA
See you there.

Angelica and Mr. Bookings stare at each other, for a moment, then look down at their feet. They go their separate ways without saying a word.

INT. CLASSROOM - THE NEXT DAY

With the pep rally over. Normal classroom activities resume. Angelica stands center stage. As she speaks in front of the class, the students are passing out copies of a xerox handout between them.

ANGELICA
Okay, before we begin, you guys...
I just wanted to apologize for my
behavior yesterday. This is a
difficult subject to discuss, and
I, I guess, I just got a bit
overwhelmed. So a fresh start
today.

Angelica turns away from her class, and goes to the white-board

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Let's continue our discussion from
yesterday-

Pause.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Before I went crazy.

The students snicker and chuckle at the comment. Angelica lets it pass then continues her discussion.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
The assembly cut our class short,
and we have a lot to go over. So
let's get started. If you can turn
to page 2 in your handouts, you
will see a graph that breaks down
the effectiveness of
contraceptives.

Angelica draws a graph on the white-board. She begins,
reading from the handout.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Using a condom is the most
effective at 80%, while the pill is
only 75% effective. Other forms of
birth control break down into
percentages, but are only about 50%
effective. Meaning they only work
half of the time. But I have to say
that this data is a bit skewed in
that it only measures pregnancy
prevention. Let me stress that
birth control will not prevent
sexually transmitted diseases. Like
the ones we saw in those slides
yesterday, remember.

Pause.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
The only thing, groan inducing as
it might be, that is 100% effective
in preventing pregnancy and
sexually transmitted diseases is-

Angelica writes the word: ABSTINENCE in big capital letters.
She turns to face her class, and is shocked at what she sees.

REVEAL. All of her students are completely naked. The
students carry on as if nothing is wrong. Some look through
their handouts. Others are taking notes, some are quietly
gossiping with each other.

Angelica tries to speak but no words come out. She turns and hurries out of her classroom.

INT. HALLWAY

It is in-between classes, and the school's hallway is devoid of life. Save, that is, for a boy and a girl who steal private moments to make out in front of a locker. The boy is generic looking. He wears a letterman's jacket. The girl, however, stands out. She has an 80s punk look about her. The girl's name is ANNA SCARFO. The boy is her BOYFRIEND.

The two love birds are in profile. Anna sees something out of the corner of her, and puts an end to the make out session.

ANNA
Wait... wait... stop. Somebody is
watching us.

Anna turns, and addresses someone off screen.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Enjoying the show?

Anna looks, over her shoulder, at her boyfriend. He shrugs. She turns her head, and addresses someone off screen again.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Learning a few pointers, are you?

Anna gets no response. She becomes frustrated.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Hey! Lady! I'm talking to you!

Angelica stands silently in the hallway. Her head is bent low. Her hair covers her face. Above her, one of the ceiling lights starts to flicker.

Pissed off, Anna gets in Angelica's face.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Is there something wrong with you?
Are you getting off on this?

BOYFRIEND
This is getting too weird.

ANNA
So you're just going to make out
with me, and take off! That's a
dick thing to do.

BOYFRIEND
I've got to get to class. See you
around.

ANNA

Asshole.

Anna turns to confront Angelica. To Anna's surprise, Angelica has invaded her space. Angelica stands uncomfortably close: close enough to kiss. Strangely, Angelica has not lifted her head, and her hair still covers her face.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

Recovering from her shock, Anna pushes Angelica. Angelica staggers. Anna steps back.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Are you messing with me?

Angelica's response is a low guttural growl.

Anna, throws up her hands, and backs away.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You know what! Do whatever you want! I don't need this crap. I got to get to class.

Anna turns to walk away, but Angelica puts a hand on her shoulder. Anna turns to look, and is horrified at what she sees.

INT. DAISY'S CLASSROOM

Daisy, wearing a lab coat and goggles, stands in front of a white-board. Written on the board is the following formula:
"A + B = KABOOM!"

DAISY

So, when two opposing forces
collide the reaction is often
volatile.

There is a loud BANG on the classroom door. This is followed by several THUDS. Daisy raises her goggles.

DAISY (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

INT. HALLWAY

Back in the hallway, Anna raises a fist, ready to strike another blow. Daisy's hand reaches out and grabs Anna's fist. Daisy twists Anna's arm behind her back. Then she shoves Anna, face first, into one of the lockers.

DAISY
Assaulting a teacher? Anna, what
are you doing? This isn't like you.

ANNA
She's a freak. She tried to bite my
neck.

Daisy looks down at Angelica. She is on all fours. Her hair
still covers her face.

DAISY
Angelica?

Angelica gets up. Sobbing, she runs away. Daisy shakes her
head.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Angelica Lords... making friends
wherever you go.

Daisy releases her grip on Anna. Anna rubs her wrist.

ANNA
I suppose I'm in trouble.

DAISY
I'll say. But, that's not really up
to me. You'll have to talk to
Principal Childs.

ANNA
It wasn't my fault. I was minding
my own business. That freak grabbed
me from behind. She tried to bite
my neck. It looked like she was
wearing fangs or something.

DAISY
Well, if you had been in class,
like you we're supposed to be, none
of this would have happened.

ANNA
You're not listening! She's crazy!

DAISY
She's a little weird, that's true.
Goes to church, you know.

ANNA
Whatever you do... don't turn your
back on her.

Daisy puts a hand on Anna's shoulder. With their backs turned
toward us, the pair march to Principal Childs' office.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Angelica is in one of the bathroom stalls. She sits on top of the toilet, curled into a ball. Inside the stall, Angelica sobs

Someone knocks on the stall door. Angelica sits bolt upright. She crooks her head to one side listening. All is quiet. Angelica calls out.

ANGELICA

Is... is anyone there?

There is no reply. Angelica looks about cautiously. She sees some graffiti on the wall. The graffiti reads: "FOR A GOOD TIME CALL ANGELICA LORDS."

More graffiti catches Angelica's attention. This graffiti also reads: "FOR A GOOD TIME CALL ANGELICA LORDS."

CLOSE on Angelica's hands. She opens one. A message reads: "FOR A GOOD TIME..."

She opens the other hand and finishes the sentence. "...CALL ANGELICA LORDS."

PAN UP. The message is scrawled across her face.

We look down and see the walls are painted top to bottom with this same graffiti. She looks up and screams.

Angelica wakes up with a start. She is still in the bathroom stall. There is a knock on the stall door. Outside the stall door stands a figure. We see its legs. Thin, green, insect legs. The ceiling fluorescent lights flicker and spark. The creature outside the stall slowly starts to peak over the door. Antennae, and black eyes, peer over the stall's top...

Angelica's head snaps back. She awakes with a start. Loud speakers buzz and hum. From the speakers, a woman's voice calls out. This is MS. MANNING, the school's announcer.

MS. MANNING (V.O)

Miss Lords. Please report to the
Principal Childs' office. Miss
Lords please report to the
Principal Childs' office.

The speaker goes dead. Angelica seems lost, as if she is not quite sure what's real. She has a hand brace against the stall. She removes the hand, uncovering a crude picture of a dick and balls.

INT. PRINCIPAL CHILDS' OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Angelica sits outside Principal Childs' Office, waiting for her meeting with the Principal. Across from Angelica sits Anna Scarfo. She is handcuffed at the wrist to a police officer. Anna looks over at Angelica and starts laughing.

MS. MANNING, the school's announcer, touches Angelica on the shoulder. Angelica looks up, at the approach of this elderly woman.

MS. MANNING
Miss Lords. The Principal will see
you now.

Angelica stands, wipes some tears from her eyes, and hugs Ms. Manning.

MS. MANNING (CONT'D)
Don't worry, dear. It's going to be
alright.

Angelica eyes are a solid black.

MS. MANNING (CONT'D)
You're crushing the life right out
of me, dear.

Angelica breaks the embrace. She has returned to normal. She wipes some tears from her eyes, and sniffles. Ms. Manning gently pushes Angelica to the door leading into Principal Childs' office. Ms. Manning opens the door to the office. Angelica, head low, reluctantly follows.

MS. MANNING (CONT'D)
Principal Childs, Miss Lords is
here to see you.

Principal Childs sits behind his desk. He picks up a clipboard, and runs a finger down a sheet of papers.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS
Ah yes, Angelica. Please come in.

Angelica enters the office. Ms Manning turns to Angelica.

MS. MANNING
Don't worry he won't bite.

Ms. Manning exits, closing the door behind her. Angelica stands looking down at her feet.

Principal Childs is a big man. In both height and weight. His head is completely bald, but a thick mustache covers his upper lip. He raises a couple of beefy fingers, and beckons Angelica to sit down.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS
Have a seat, Miss Lords.

Angelica obeys, and sits down in a chair. Principal Childs consults a folder, and nods.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)
Do you know why I called you here today?

Without looking up, Angelica shakes her head.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)
I've had some complaints from both students and parents about your performance in the classroom. Do you have anything to say about that?

Without looking up, Angelica shakes her head.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)
Now I'm willing to cut you some slack giving your inexperience, and your recent trauma-

Principal Childs trails off.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)
Discovering Mr. Lewis in the ladies restroom-

Principal Childs clears his throat.

A beam of sunlight casts down on Angelica. She raises a hand to shield her face.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. Let me shut the blinds.

The Principal gets up from his desk, and goes to the window. His back is turned. From Angelica's POV we stare at his ass.

The blinds close. The light in the room dims. Angelica looks up. Her eyes glow.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)
I don't want you to think I'm trying to give you the third degree.

Principal Childs sits down behind his desk. He reaches over, and clicks on a desk lamp. He puts on a pair of glasses and opens a folder.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

I want to make a few things clear, here Miss Lords. While I am willing to cut you some slack, let me say up front that I had some reservations about your teaching here. It worries me that the subject you are teaching might conflict with your strong religious beliefs-

One Angelica's hand suddenly takes on a life of its own. The alien hand crawls up, the front of her dress, and begins to unbutton the top.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

But it's not solely up to me who is hired or fired here. That's up to the board. My main concern is that you are teaching an abstinence only curriculum...

As Principal Childs continues, Angelica looks down. She sees that the front of her dress is starting to spill open. She quickly pulls the dress shut. Revealing her wayward alien hand. The fingers tap.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (O.S) (CONT'D)

Kids today are bombarded images of sex. You can't get away from it. It's on TV and in the movies. We need to have an open and honest dialogue when it comes to sex. It will help to demystify it. So it's not forbidden fruit. As a religious woman, I'm sure you understand.

Angelica reaches out, and her alien hand quickly scurries away. She grabs her alien hand by the wrist. The fingers kick wildly, as it struggles for life. Then as if life has been strangled out of it, the hand goes limp. Angelica sits on her hand.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

Is there a problem?

ANGELICA

Nervous.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS

That's understandable. This is a very difficult subject to discuss-

Principal Childs continues speaking off screen. Angelica begins fidgeting in her chair. First she sinks in her chair, spreading her legs wide. When she realizes what she is doing, she sits bolt upright.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

What troubles me more, is the recent incident involving you and a student. Anna Scarfo, says you tried to attack her. However, Miss Scarfo has had numerous disciplinary problems, and is a frequent visitor to my office. So, at best, her words is questionable. Mrs. Willard was a witness to the altercation, and said it looked like you had been attacked. So I think we're okay on the legal end-

Angelica slouches down in her chair. One of her legs is outstretched. Her foot slowly snakes across the floor, on its way to Principal Childs' crotch.

Principal Childs is completely unaware of what is going on.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

But, that being said, I had better not hear about anything like this happening again. I will not tolerate this sort of behavior at my school.

Angelica stomps on her wayward foot, and then just to be sure she stomps on her foot again. She opens her mouth trying hard not to cry out in pain.

Childs notices Angelica's distress.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

With tears in her eyes, Angelica nods.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

Good. Where was I?

Childs picks up a piece of paper and finds his place in his notes. He begins reading a speech. One that he has probably recited many times before.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

PRINCIPAL CHILDS

Oh yes... As a teacher, I expect you to set an example. A teacher needs to have a high moral standing. For, it is our job, as educators, to give these students the knowledge and moral center they will need, to prepare them for the real world. But, they are not going to listen to us, if we don't listen to them first. Too many young teachers, like yourself, have an us against them mentality. We tend to forget that the students are human beings, and as such we need to treat them with both respect and dignity. I hope I've made myself clear.

A short silence passes. Principal Childs looks down, and writes a few more notes on the clipboard. He doesn't seem to be paying attention to Angelica anymore. Almost as an afterthought, he asks:

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

Is there anything you would like to add? Before I submit my incident report with the board?

Angelica speaks out of the side of her mouth. The voice that comes out of her mouth is not her own. It is demonic.

DEMONIC ANGELICA

Hey fat ass, why don't you bend me over your desk-

PRINCIPAL CHILDS

I didn't quite catch that. Did you say something, Miss Lords?

Angelica covers her mouth. She shakes her head vigorously.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - EVENING

A gun shot: the back of a man's head explodes. We see the shooter. A man dressed in a bunny costume.

This is the EASTER BUNNY. He racks a saw-off shotgun. We look up at him from below. The camera spins 180 degrees.

EASTER BUNNY

I'm here to bring Easter cheer! To all you mother fuckers!

Close up. The Easter Bunny kisses a small crucifix around his neck.

The song "Ava Maria" begins to play.

Pull back. In slow motion, the Easter Bunny fires. The gunshot hits a Mafioso. His chest explodes revealing his still beating heart. The Mafioso slowly staggers back, before he falls. The film speeds up. The Easter bunny fires again, and a Japanese businessman goes down. The briefcase he carries, flies up in the air. It opens, money spills out. The bills scatter in the wind.

PAN down: The top of the Japanese man's head has been blown off, exposing his brains. Money rains down on him.

REVEAL. We are watching a movie. The Easter Bunny: La Morte Del Paradiso (The Easter Bunny: Death of Paradise). As the title suggests it is an Italian Grindhouse film.

We move away from the movie screen, to get an audience reaction. In the audience are Principal Childs and his two pre-teen daughters. They munch popcorn, and stare up at the screen with a blank expression.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)

You'll pay for this Easter Bunny.

EASTER BUNNY (O.S)

You tell the Vatican! You tell the Pope! You tell God! That the check is in the mail, bitch!

Principal Childs and his daughters continue to stare at the screen, and munch popcorn. We hear a woman's speaking. This is the NUN.

NUN (O.S)

Is that all you know how to do, Senor? Kill?

EASTER BUNNY (O.S)

No baby. Let me show you what else, bunnies are famous for.

NUN (O.S)

No. Stop. Please. I'm a bride of Christ.

EASTER BUNNY (O.S)

When I'm done with you, baby... he's not going to want you.

We hear the Nun. She moans and groans in orgasmic fury. Principal Childs expression goes from blank, to horrified, to rage. He grabs his daughters by the wrist. With his daughters in tow, he storms up the aisle.

On the movie screen behind him. We see the Easter Bunny sitting up in bed.

The Nun, naked except for her habit, sits behind him, draped over his shoulder. The Easter Bunny is loading a cartridge into his gun.

NUN

I can't believe it. It was over so fast.

EASTER BUNNY

I'm a bunny first, and a man second.

Principal Childs, and family, make their way to the exit. They pass Angelica and Mr. Bookings. Angelica watches Principal Childs exit. She turns to Mr. Bookings. The two laugh. Angelica rests her head on his shoulder. She smiles content.

On the movie screen. The Easter Bunny is driving. He drives off a ramp, and straight into a priest. The car cuts the priest in half. We look down at the priest. His guts hang out, but he is still alive.

PRIEST

My son, why? You're the Easter Bunny. You used to be so good.

The Easter Bunny enters the frame. Gun drawn, pointed at the priest's head.

EASTER BUNNY

And look where that got me father. When you get to heaven, do me a favor. You tell Saint Peter... I'm coming for him.

The priest holds up a hand to protect himself.

PRIEST

I forgive you my son. If only you could forgive yourself.

EASTER BUNNY

Forgiveness is for saints. And all saints die martyrs.

The Easter Bunny pulls the trigger. The priest's head is blown clean off. A geyser of blood shoots up from his neck.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - AN HOUR LATER

Principal Childs is in the theater lobby. He is arguing with the THEATER MANAGER. The Theater Manager is a young man in his 20s.

THEATER MANAGER

Sir, if you would just calm down-

PRINCIPAL CHILDS

After what I saw! After what my daughters were exposed too! I can't believe you would even show such a shameful movie in your theater.

THEATER MANAGER

Sir. This film is rated PG-13 for a reason. Because there might be some objectionable material for children.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS

Objectionable material? My daughters and I come to the theater expecting a nice family film, and instead we are exposed to pornography, right there in the middle of the movie. What do you have to say for yourself?

THEATER MANAGER

I didn't make the film...

PRINCIPAL CHILDS

But you show it in your theater. I'm a school principal, and I am personally offended by this film.

THEATER MANAGER

I'm sorry...

PRINCIPAL CHILDS

I don't think you are. I don't think you're sorry enough. Did you know there was a man and woman having sex in that film. Did you? And you chose not to inform me. You exposed my daughters to sex. They're probably traumatized because of it.

THEATER MANAGER

Sir, I don't know how this is my fault. You're the one who brought your daughters to see this movie.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS

You don't know how it's your fault? It's your job to keep me informed. How am I supposed to keep my daughters safe, if I don't have all the information?

PAN TO PRINCIPAL CHILDS' DAUGHTERS. The two girls stand at a video game console. They play an extremely violent first person shooter game. As they blow people on the video game screen to bits, both smile gleefully.

The theater doors open, and patrons begin to stream into the lobby. Mr. Bookings and Angelica are among them. Mr. Bookings sees Principal Childs arguing with the theater manager. He elbows Angelica to take a look.

PRINCIPAL CHILDS (CONT'D)

I saw another woman's breasts. Up until today, the only breasts I have seen, in my twenty years of marriage, belong to my wife. So I am not leaving until I am satisfied that you are truly sorry for what you have done.

Theater manager sighs.

THEATER MANAGER

Sir, would you please just calm down...

Mr. Bookings and Angelica start laughing, and are still laughing as they exit the theater.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - EVENING

In a display case, we see a poster for Easter Bunny: La Morte Del Paradiso. It shows the Easter Bunny, sitting on a throne. He holds a smoking gun. On either side of the throne, are sexy nuns. The nuns are dressed in their habits but are otherwise scantily clad. At the Easter Bunny's pawed feet, rests a dead body. A quote from a critic banners the top of the poster. The quote reads: "A Hare Raising Adventure."

Angelica and Mr. Bookings step into the night air. Their date is coming to an end. Neither Mr. Bookings nor Angelica are sure what to do next. Angelica smiles, but Mr. Bookings looks down at his feet. Angelica frowns, and looks down at her feet.

ANGELICA

Well... I... had a real nice time.

MR. BOOKINGS

Yeah, me too.

ANGELICA

I'd better get home. Classes tomorrow.

MR. BOOKINGS

I'd better get going too.

ANGELICA

Um... bye.

Angelica starts to walk away. Mr. Bookings, stands there silently cursing himself. Somewhere deep down, Mr. Bookings finds some courage. He calls out.

MR. BOOKINGS
Hey. You said you live around here.
Right?

Angelica stops and turns.

ANGELICA
A couple blocks away.

MR. BOOKINGS
Can I walk you home?

Angelica smiles shyly.

ANGELICA
Okay.

Mr. Bookings catches up with Angelica, and the two begin walking down the street. Awkward conversation follows.

MR. BOOKINGS
So what did you think of the movie?

ANGELICA
It was alright, I guess.

MR. BOOKINGS
Just alright? It's a foreign film,
supposed to have won all kinds of
awards.

ANGELICA
It was fine. I just wish it didn't
have so much sex in it.

MR. BOOKINGS
I'm sorry.

ANGELICA
It's not your fault. Sex is
everywhere. You just can't get away
from it.

Mr. Bookings looks up. He sees a billboard. A woman in a nightgown, lies on a couch. Her back is

turned to us. Her husband comes in. He holds a bottle of champagne in a bucket of ice. His tie hangs loose. The top of his shirt unbuttoned. There are captions on either side of the billboard. The first caption reads: "Give him what he really needs." The second caption reads: "Life Insurance."

ANGELICA (O.S) (CONT'D)
You know what I mean.

Mr. Booking's gaze comes back down to earth. Angelica stares out, a worried expression on her face.

MR. BOOKINGS

I think I have a pretty good idea.

Angelica gives him a puzzled look. They continue their walk, in silence. Mr. Bookings is the first to break into conversation.

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)

Oh, did you see that article in the newspaper today?

ANGELICA

Mr. Willard was mentioning something about a bunch of guys getting killed.

MR. BOOKINGS

Oh yeah, that Black Widow thing. That's pretty weird. Huh?

ANGELICA

I wouldn't know. I don't read the newspaper. It's too depressing.

MR. BOOKINGS

Well, the article I'm talking about was about a girl who got hit by a bus. The only reason it caught my eye was because, she was a student of mine.

ANGELICA

Really?

MR. BOOKINGS

Yep. My first year of teaching. Lucy, that was her name. She was a smart girl. Lucy, though, was a bit of a loud mouth, but still very popular.

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)

But I guess, after she graduated, her life just fell apart. Drugs, prostitution, that's what the paper said anyway. It happens. You're the center of attention, in high school. Out in the real world, you're just nobody. Small fish in a large pond. Some people just can't cope.

ANGELICA

Wow. That's spooky. That could have been me. I was pretty popular in high school.

But then, my parents died. Car accident. I was so alone. Lost. Probably would have gone down the same path, if I hadn't found my church...

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

This is my house, right here.

They reach Angelica's house. Angelica steps up on the doorstep, and unlocks her front door.

MR. BOOKINGS

Nice place.

ANGELICA

It's my parent's house.

MR. BOOKINGS

Oh. Sorry.

Mr Bookings sighs.

MR. BOOKINGS (CONT'D)

(Sighs)

So, awkward part of the date. Huh?

ANGELICA

Like I said, I had a real nice time. But, you should know, I'm seeing someone.

MR. BOOKINGS

Is it serious?

ANGELICA

He's my fiancé.

MR. BOOKINGS

(Devastated)

Hey. That's cool. We can still hang out, if you like. Maybe catch an occasional movie.

ANGELICA

I don't think that would be a good idea.

We look down at Mr. Bookings.

MR. BOOKINGS

Well... I'll see you tomorrow. You know, at school.

ANGELICA
Okay. Good night.

Angelica rushes into the house. She quickly shuts the door behind her.

Looking down at Mr. Bookings. He puts two fingers to his temple and pulls the trigger

MR. BOOKINGS
Right.

With the same two fingers, he points at his head, and pretends to pull a trigger.

INT. ANGELICA'S HOUSE

Peeking out from behind some blinds, Angelica watches Mr. Bookings walk away. She sighs. Suddenly, there is a shooting pain in her neck. She winces in pain, pressing hard on the bug bite. Angelica takes off the black ribbon around her neck. She looks into a hallway mirror. The bite on her neck pulses and throbs.

She crosses her arms over her breasts, and doubles over. She disappears out of the frame. Angelica begins to retch. Then she stands, and straightens.

Angelica's reflection is no longer her own. Instead, the image staring back at us is the girl, Lucy. Lucy's face is horribly disfigured: as if it has been corrupted, by sin.

Angelica's back is turned to us. With a hand, she smooths the wrinkle from her shirt. She unties her hair, and lets it fall loose down her back. She turns. Her eyes are jet black. She smiles: knowingly.

EXT. STREET

From Angelica's POV, we follow Mr. Booking seeing him from the ass up look at him. He is hunched over. Under his breath, he curses under his breath.

MR. BOOKINGS
God I'm such an idiot. I probably
just freaked her out-

Angelica calls out to Mr. Bookings off screen. Her voice is different: huskier.

ANGELICA (O.S)
Hello...

Mr. Bookings looks startled. He stumbles slightly, his glasses fall. He fumbles for them. He puts his glasses on, and looks up. Angelica stands under a street lamp.

MR. BOOKINGS
Sorry... I thought you were back at
your house... did you forget
something?

The street lamp above her, begins to flicker.

ANGELICA
Yes.

The street lamp flickers out. Angelica steps forward. Her eyes glow. She presses up against, her man. Pulling his head down, so they can kiss. Mr. Bookings pulls back. He touches his lip. His lip is bleeding.

MR. BOOKINGS
Hey, watch it. You bit my lip. Full
moon, I guess huh.

Angelica puts a finger to his lips, to silence him. She runs a finger down his chest. Mr. Bookings, straightens suddenly, and lets out a low groan. Angelica has grabbed his equipment.

ANGELICA
Yes. Just what I need.

She spreads her hands across his chest, then whispers in his ear.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Come to the house.

Angelica runs a hand across the side of Mr. Bookings' face. Then, she pulls away, and starts back to her house.

Mr. Bookings adjusts his glasses.

MR. BOOKING
Uh... okay.

Mr. Bookings turns, and sees Angelica is already some distance ahead of him. In fact, she's almost out of sight.

MR. BOOKING (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Damn she moves fast.

MR. BOOKING (CONT'D)
(Calls out)
Hey wait up!

Mr. Bookings runs to catch up. Across the street, from Angelica's house, rests a parked car. A man watches the front of the house. The back of his head is turned toward us. We hear the news playing on his car radio.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

The chemical spill is not harmful
to people. That's what scientists
from Dome Chemicals are saying.

But offer no comment on the effects to the indigence life in
the area.

The Announcer pauses, then moves onto the next story.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Five more bodies have been found.
The victims are all young men,
between the ages of 18 and 35...

From the car window, we see Mr. Bookings approach the house.
The front door is open. He goes inside, and closes the door
behind him.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Police remain silent as to whether
these are victims of what the press
has dubbed, the Black Widow
Killer...

The man in the parked car looks straight ahead. We see that
it is Mark, Angelica's fiancé. His face is twisted in rage.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The Black Widow Killer has claimed
over 12 victims since last year.
Police currently have no leads.
This has been News of the North.

The news segment ends. A commercial, featuring a sultry
voiced woman, begins to play over the radio.

In disgust, Mark reaches over and flicks off the car radio.
We hear a woman's voice from the floor of the passenger's
seat. This is a PROSTITUTE.

PROSTITUTE (O.S)

Hey... can I stop now? My jaw is
getting sore.

The prostitute sits up in the passenger's seat. She is a
middle aged woman. We see crows feet creeping around her
eyes. She is frumpy, with beginnings of a double chin. Her
breasts are large, but are starting to sag. Her most notable
feature is that she looks like an older version of Angelica.

The prostitute wipes her lips with the back of her hand.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)

It looks like it's just not going
to happen tonight, honey.

The prostitute looks up at Mark. She sees that he is upset, and tries to comfort him.

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)
Hey. It's alright it happens. We
can try again later, if you want.

Mark does not answer.

The prostitute digs through her purse, and pulls out some lipstick. She reaches to adjust the rear view mirror, so she can apply her lipstick. Mark grabs her wrist.

MARK
Don't touch the mirror.

He lets go of her wrist. She sighs and holds up her hands in surrender, and puts the lipstick back in her purse. Mark looks straight ahead.

PROSTITUTE
So what are we doing here anyway? I
thought we were going to get
something to eat. I'm starving.

Mark starts the engine, and guns it. The car SCREECHES away.

EXT. DAISY'S HOUSE

We go across town, and find ourselves in a rundown neighborhood. We stand outside a tiny rundown house. A light flickers in the window from a TV set. We hear voices coming from inside: A YOUNG MAN and an OLDER WOMAN.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S)
The female praying mantis is one of
nature's most deadly predators.

YOUNG MAN (O.S)
Wow, you're so smart.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S)
You have to be, to be a teacher.

YOUNG MAN (O.S)
Maybe I can teach you a few things.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S)
Wait, what are you doing... oh
wow...

INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM

Close on Daisy. She is nude. She moans, and is out of breath. Her breasts rise and fall. She moves in a steady rhythmic motion. Off screen we hear the Young Man's voice.

YOUNG MAN (O.S)
I've never done it with an older woman.

Daisy is near an orgasmic release, when the phone rings. She sighs, and reaches for it.

DAISY
(Out of breath)
Hello. No... you're not bothering me.

Daisy is holding a dildo.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I was just having a quiet evening at home, alone.

Swipe over to the TV. On the screen a porno movie plays. Featuring a naked young man, and an older woman wearing nothing more than glasses and a lab coat. He has bent her over a desk and is giving it to from behind.

DAISY (CONT'D)
What's up? Whoa slow down. What's the matter? Listen... listen I'll be right over. Don't panic.

Everything will be okay.

Daisy hangs up the phone. She gets out of bed and throws on a long sleeve shirt. She CLICKS the TV remote. The porno movie stops. The news takes its place. There is no sound on the TV.

DAISY (CONT'D)
God damn Christians.

She shakes her head, and exits the room. On the TV screen. A news anchor silently speaks. A small picture appears in the upper right hand corner. The picture shows an outline of a spider. Overlaying the picture are the words: BLACK WIDOW KILLER?

INT. ANGELICA'S HOUSE - 30 MINUTES LATER

There is a knock on Angelica's front door, followed by a RINGING doorbell. Angelica opens the door.

Standing outside is Daisy.

DAISY
So what's the emergency?

PAN TO ANGELICA. She is stripped to her underwear. The only other clothing she wears is Mr. Bookings button down shirt. The front of the shirt is open. When she speaks, Angelica seems to be in some sort of trance.

ANGELICA
Thanks for coming, Mrs. Willard. I
didn't know who else to call.

DAISY
(annoyed)
Daisy. My name is Daisy.

DAISY (CONT'D)
(A bit kinder)
And it's okay. Is it alright if I
come in?

Without looking up, Angelica nods. Daisy enters, and shuts
the door.

DAISY (CONT'D)
It looks like someone had a good
time, anyway. Is that the young Mr.
Bookings' shirt you are wearing?

Angelica seems confused. She pulls the shirt around her,
covering up.

ANGELICA
I didn't even know I had it on.

DAISY
Wow. Always the quiet ones.

DAISY (CONT'D)
(Teasing)
And what's that on your neck there.
Love bite?

Daisy reaches out to touch the band-aid on Angelica's neck.
Angelica suddenly looks up and snarls.

ANGELICA
Don't touch that!

Daisy raises her hands, and backs away. Angelica looks down
again, back in her trance.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
It's nothing. It's just a bug bite.

DAISY
(Teasing)
Sure it is.

Pause.

DAISY (CONT'D)
So... what's the problem? Seems
like things worked out okay.

ANGELICA
I don't think we had sex.

DAISY
What?

ANGELICA
I'm not sure. That's why I called
you.

Daisy rolls her eyes, and sighs.

DAISY
Jesus, Angelica. I can't believe
you're the sex ed teacher, and you
don't even know what happens when a
man and a woman-

Daisy makes a circle with two fingers on one hand, and jams a
finger through the circle.

DAISY (CONT'D)
You know.

Angelica doesn't respond.

DAISY (CONT'D)
So... is he still in the bedroom?

Without looking up, Angelica nods. Daisy tucks a few hairs
behind an ear in a flirtatious gesture.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Well... let's go take a look.

Pause.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Cause I got to say, Angelica, I'm
totally down with showing you two
kids how it's done.

Daisy follows Angelica into the bedroom.

INT. ANGELICA'S BEDROOM

Inside the bedroom. Angelica huddles against the wall. She
points to the bed. Then hugs herself, and shivers.

From Daisy's POV, we approach the bed. Looking down we see
Mr. Booking's shape under the covers. The shape of his large
erect penis stands out.

Daisy looks over at Angelica, and silently mouths the words:
"Oh my god."

Daisy girlishly smiles and then blushes. She moves closer to the bed.

DAISY

Mr. Bookings... no need to hide under the covers. No scary monsters out here. Just a couple of women in need of some attention.

Daisy sits on the bed next to the covered Mr. Bookings.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I bet I can make you come out.

She reaches under the covers, and feels Mr. Bookings' up. She gives a disapproving look over at Angelica.

DAISY (CONT'D)

Bareback? Really? You guys should know better than that. Wait a minute, I think I have a condom in my purse.

Daisy draws her hand out from under the covers. She looks down at her palm, puzzled. REVEAL, her palm is covered in blood.

DAISY (CONT'D)

What?

Daisy jumps off the bed. She pulls down the covers. The white sheets are stained with blood. Like a band-aid, she rips the sheets off quickly.

REVEAL. Mr. Bookings' head has been bitten off at the neck. The head rolls off the bed, and falls onto the floor. It looks up at Daisy. She screams.

Angelica is left shaken at revelation. She holds herself, rubbing her arms.

ANGELICA

Is that supposed to happen?

Daisy turns, a scream still on her lips.

DAISY

No! That's not supposed to happen, you crazy bitch!

Angelica cries in her hands.

ANGELICA

I don't know what I did wrong. Everything was perfect. I wanted it... I wanted it so bad. And he did too. And... I don't know...

(MORE)

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
it's like something came over
me...and I... and I... bit him.

Daisy is backing away, trying to escape.

ANGELICA (O.S) (CONT'D)
It just happened.

DAISY
You stay away from me.

ANGELICA (O.S)
And the scariest part is...
Angelica looks up from her hands.
Her face has changed. Her nose has
flattened. Her eyes are black. Her
teeth are wide and sharp.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
I liked it. I liked it a lot.

Angelica's back is turned toward us. Her arms are out to embrace her prey. She seems to glide across the floor. In the background we see Daisy. She scans the room, looking for an exit.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
I've been so lonely, so terribly
lonely. And I have so much love to
give. You're lonely, aren't you
Mrs. Willard. I'll love you. Let me
show you how much I love you...

Daisy drives over the bed. She holds Mr. Booking's torso, using it as a shield. Blood spills from the open neck wound, onto Daisy's face.

DAISY
Go fuck yourself!

Demonic Angelica stares across the bed. Her head is cocked to one side: assessing the situation.

DAISY (CONT'D)
You heard me! Just leave me alone!
And the name is Daisy, by the way,
you bitch!

Silence. Cautiously, Daisy, peers over her human shield. Then let's Mr. Bookings' torso fall back onto the bed. Angelica has disappeared! Daisy looks around in disbelief, unsure what to do next. Finally she begins to make her way out of the room. Angelica grabs her feet, and begins to pull Daisy under the bed. Daisy kicks and screams for dear life. Daisy spots one of Mr. Bookings' arms hanging over the side of the bed. In a desperate effort, she grabs for it. It comes off in her hand. Daisy disappears under the bed.

The bed's mattress begins to bump up and wildly as it is pushed and moved from underneath. Then as suddenly as it started, it stops. The mattress lies still.

EXT. ANGELICA'S BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

Angelica looks down at her handiwork. She is now dressed in a sweatshirt and sweatpants. There is a message on the sweatshirt that reads: "Hugs save lives." Angelica picks up a shovel. She begins to replace the dirt back into the hole that she has dug. We look down into the hole. It contains the body of Mr. Bookings. Mr. Bookings' body has been cut up into several pieces.

She is looking down. The sun is starting to come up behind her, as dawn approaches. The hole is filled, she pats the top of the filled-in hole with her shovel. She leans the shovel against the house, and goes inside.

INT. ANGELICA'S BATHROOM - DAWN

Angelica is in the shower. The water runs down her naked body. She looked defeated and ashamed.

With a fist, she begins pounding on the shower tiles.

Her free hand takes on a life of its own. Her alien hand reborn. Like a spider the alien hand crawls down her leg, making its way to intimate area. Angelica gasps, and winces in pain. Then her face relaxes. She lets out a sigh. Her fist opens, and the flattens against the tile.

We give Angelica some privacy, as she discovers a new side of herself. In the shower curtain, we see her silhouette. Her body begins to change. Her butt grows longer, and wider. Her stomach stretches impossibly thin. Green legs reach over the top of the shower curtain.

She moans. Soft at first, but her moans grow louder, more guttural. Until the sound of her moans is no longer human, but a monster's shriek.

INT. ANGELICA'S LIVING ROOM - 30 MINS LATER

The doorbell rings repeated. Angelica, dressed in a bathrobe, dries her wet hair with a towel. She opens the door. Outside stands her fiancé, Mark. He points at his wristwatch.

MARK

I have been standing outside for
half an hour.

ANGELICA

Sorry. I was in the shower.

MARK

It shouldn't take you half an hour to take a shower. It should only take you ten minutes, if you're doing it right.

ANGELICA

(annoyed)

Sorry.

Mark enters without being asked. He hands Angelica his coat and suitcase. He makes his way into the kitchen.

MARK

Angelica. Would you come to her for a moment?

Angelica rolls her eyes and sighs. She throws his things carelessly to the floor.

INT. KITCHEN

Mark stands, arms crossed, looking displeased, down at the kitchen table.

MARK

What's missing from this table?

ANGELICA

I don't know.

MARK

I don't know is not an answer.

ANGELICA

(annoyed)

Just tell me.

MARK

Fine. There is no breakfast on this table. You know I come over here every morning, before you go to work.

Angelica rolls her eyes again. She reaches into a cupboard, and pulls out a box of cereal. She reaches into the refrigerator and pulls out a carton of milk. She slams both of these items on the table.

MARK (CONT'D)

I don't know what's more disappointing. The fact that you didn't give me a bowl, or your attitude this morning.

ANGELICA
(to herself)
Jesus Christ.

Angelica turns to Mark.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
If you want a bowl, get it
yourself. What are you? Five years
old?

Mark stares at her in open mouthed disbelief. He stumbles for his words.

MARK
I don't know what's gotten into
you...

Angelica speaks more to herself than Mark. It's like she is only vaguely aware of his presence. Her voice is euphoric, as if she were high.

ANGELICA
Something wonderful. It's like I'm
entirely a new person.

MARK
But this is not behavior I will
tolerate from someone who is going
to become my wife.

ANGELICA
(to herself)
Well that's not going to happen.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
(To Mark, confident)
So eat your breakfast there, and
get the hell out of my house. I
never want to see you again.

Angelica starts to exit the kitchen, but Mark grabs her arm. She looks down at his arm with disgust. Then she licks her lips, hungrily.

MARK
What is wrong with you?

Angelica smiles: a secret, sly, smile.

ANGELICA
I've changed.

A worried look crosses Mark's face. He quickly regains his stern expression.

MARK

I saw you last night. I saw you with another man. Is that his car in the driveway?

ANGELICA

(nonchalant)

Oh that. Well don't worry about that. Nobody will ever see him again...

MARK

I have always been faithful to you. I respected your wishes, to wait to have sex until we were married.

And I have stayed pure this entire time.

ANGELICA

(unconcerned)

What about all those prostitutes?

Open mouthed horror creeps across Mark's face.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Yeah. I know. I used to think it was me. You know, that I was the problem. But, you're just kind of pathetic. If you wanted sex, that badly we should have gotten married a long time ago. Then we could have had sex whenever you wanted.

Mark falls to his knees. Clinging to Angelica's leg. He starts sobbing like a five year old.

MARK

You don't understand. I had needs. I never had sex. They just sucked me off. And that doesn't count.

Angelica is off in her own little world. She has completely lost interest in her fiancé, and his problems.

ANGELICA

I have a lot to do today. So are you going to eat your breakfast, and leave? I really don't have time for this.

She tries to leave again, but Mark clings to her leg: like a ball and chain.

MARK

(sobbing)

Don't go. Don't go. You are not listening. Just wait a minute. Please.

Angelica sighs, and stares at the ceiling in disbelief. Mark rubs the snot from his running nose on his shirt sleeve. He stands.

MARK (CONT'D)
(still sniffing)
Okay. We can talk like adults. I don't know what's wrong with you, okay. You're not yourself. When was the last time you went to church?

Angelica is staggered by the question. Mark sees this, and a trace of a smug little smile spreads across his lips.

ANGELICA
(confused)
I don't know. It's been a while.

Mark clears his throat, and the arrogance returns to his voice.

MARK
Well there you go.

ANGELICA
I'm sorry.

As Angelica shrinks, Mark stands a little taller.

MARK
I know how confused you get, if you don't go to church. You go after work. Talk about whatever is bothering you, with the Reverend...

ANGELICA
(unsure)
Will you come with me?

MARK
I wasn't done speaking. But to answer your question, I'm afraid I have to work late again tonight.

Angelica places a bowl and spoon gently on the table. She pours some cereal into the bowl. Then add a little milk.

MARK (CONT'D)
Not too much milk. You know I don't like cereal to get soggy.

Angelica lowers her head, and nods. She puts the milk down, and pulls out the chair for Mark to sit down. Mark sits.

MARK (CONT'D)
Well. I'm glad you have come to your senses.
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

I had to make a fool of myself, but
I suppose I can forgive you. Given
that you are obviously not right in
the head.

Angelica continues to look down in shame. Quietly she asks.

ANGELICA

I need to get ready for work. Is
that alright?

Mark, places a spoonful of cereal in his mouth. He chews it
slowly. After what seems like an eternity, he dabs his mouth
with a cloth napkin.

MARK

I think you can wait until I finish
with my cereal. Can't you?

ANGELICA

I don't want to be late.

MARK

Then you should have thought of
that before you decided to pick a
fight with me this morning.

Angelica nods. Marks slurps down another spoonful of cereal.
Chewing it painfully slowly.

Angelica clears her throat. Quietly she says:

ANGELICA

Maybe I can make it up to you.

With a mouthful of cereal, Mark responds.

MARK

I don't know how? 'm very upset.

ANGELICA

Maybe I can... do what you pay
those girls to do.

Mark swallows hard. His cheeks go red with embarrassment.

MARK

Well... uh... that would be a
start.

ANGELICA

(quietly)

What do I have to do?

Mark turns his chair to face her.

MARK

Uh... well... uh just get on your knees. Right here, in front of me...

Angelica does what she is told.

Mark clears throat.

MARK (CONT'D)

Then... you know... open my pants, and uh... reach in, and put my thing in your mouth.

Angelica does what she is told.

Mark groans. He slips down, a little, in his chair.

MARK (CONT'D)

That's it. Oh god... yes.

Suddenly he winces in pain. Angelica looks up. Her eyes are jet black.

MARK (CONT'D)

You're using a little too much teeth. God, you're teeth are so sharp. Angelica, honey, please... you're biting me.

EXT. ANGELICA'S FRONT LAWN - A FEW SECONDS LATER

We stand outside on Angelica's front lawn. It is a nice sunny day. From inside the house, Mark screams in terrible pain: twice.

The automatic sprinklers pop up out of the ground, and begin to water Angelica's front yard.

INT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

We start in Principal Child's office. The Principal has been bent over his desk. His head bitten off. It is a scene of pure horror. The floor is littered with students. All male, all with their head bitten clean off. The trail of bodies leads to the Boy's locker room.

INT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM

A standing locker, in a darkened corner, suddenly comes to life. Something is trying to get out. The pounding on the door is loud and the sound reverb in the dark locker room. The door gives and now Daisy falls out, gasping for life. A hockey-stick falls out with her and Daisy hugs it close.

In the distance, Angelica moans.

Daisy with hockey-stick in hand heads toward that sound. Upon entering the shower, Daisy stifles a scream.

INT. SHOWER

In the shower stands a naked young man. He is thrusting forward. Again, Angelica moan softly.

Aware of Daisy's presence, Angelica sits up. She looks over the boy's shoulder. Her face is caked in blood.

ANGELICA

Oh, hey. Sorry I took your car.

DAISY shakes her head in disbelief, unable to think of anything to say.

Angelica gently shoves the boy off of her. He falls, and we see that his head too has been bitten off.

Angelica smears the boy's blood across her chest. She lets out a orgasmic sigh.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

(still panting a little)

I only have a learner's permit, so I needed someone with a driver's license to come with me. I didn't want to get in trouble if I was pulled over.

DAISY

What the fuck?! What the actual fuck?!

ANGELICA

But I'm glad you're here! I was wrong. I was so wrong about everything. You were right. Sex, it's so wonderful.

PAN TO DAISY. Daisy holds the hockey-stick close to her.

DAISY

Well I hope they put a bag over your head first.

ANGELICA

So hurtful, Miss Willard. I thought we were friends.

Angelica looks down at her friend. In defiance, Daisy looks up, adjusting her grip on the handle of the hockey-stick.

ANGELICA (O.S) (CONT'D)
I was confused. I have all these
new thoughts and feelings. I just
couldn't help myself.

DAISY
Yeah, I get it. You were horny and
needed to get your freak on. But
this needs to stop.

Angelica rushes forward. With little effort, she slap's the
hockey-stick out of Daisy's hands. There is a snap. Daisy
winces and grabs her wrist.

ANGELICA
Stop? Why would I ever stop? I just
want to share this beautiful gift
with everyone.

DAISY
What about you're fiancee?

Angelica, moves in close. Now she and Daisy are face to face.
She shoves Daisy back into one of the lockers.

ANGELICA
He was a bad man. He didn't love
me. He was dead on the inside, and
because I loved him, I set him
free.

Angelica leans in closer. She gently touches Daisy's face.
Angelica brushes a strand of Daisy's hair behind Daisy's ear.
Daisy turns her head away in disgust. This action
inadvertently exposes her neck to Angelica.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
But you are still so full of life.
And I've come to love you, Mrs.
Willard.

Angelica licks the nap of Daisy's neck. Angelica pulls back.
She opens her mouth wide, revealing even more sharp teeth.
Daisy struggles to get free. She looks down, and sees
Angelica's breasts. Daisy smiles. Then, she punches Angelica
in the tits.

Angelica doubles over, as if she has just been kicked in the
balls.

Daisy is free. She slips down the locker's front. Daisy
gasps: trying to catch her breath. Suddenly her eyes go wide.
We hear the SNAPPING of bones, and the STRETCHING of skin.
Daisy looks down. She spots the hockey-stick. She grabs it.
Then, finding her feet, Daisy gets up and runs.

Behind Daisy, Angelica moans in ecstasy. We catch a brief glimpse of a metamorphosis taking place. Angelica waist elongates. She sprouts an extra pair of legs.

INT. SCHOOL GYM

Fleeing the boy's locker room, Daisy runs and finds herself in the school gym. Cautiously, she scans the area. The gym is a wide and vast expanse. It is devoid of life, save for Daisy. But, headless bodies litter the floor. In the distance, Daisy spots an exit sign. She begins making her way toward it. Above Daisy, a light begins to flicker. Then it sparks. Soon, it shorts out. The area above Daisy, falls into darkness.

Glowing eyes stare down at Daisy.

Daisy starts to run, but trips over her own feet. The hockey-stick spills from her hands breaking in half.

Daisy slides backward on her butt. Daisy tries to reach for the hockey-stick. But a long green leg, shoots out, stopping Daisy.

REVEAL Angelica. the upper half of her body is still relatively human. The lower half, however, has become insectoid in nature. Angelica open her mouth wide and ROARS. She advances.

Frantically, Daisy searches for something, anything, that she can use to defend herself. Her fingers rest upon the decapitated head of one of Angelica's victims. Daisy grabs the decapitated head by the hair. Then she swings, with all her might.

The decapitated head connects with Angelica's own head. Angelica staggers, momentarily stunned.

Daisy rolls to one side: out of frame.

Angelica shakes her head, like a dog. Regaining her senses, Angelica turns to face Daisy. Angelica's body bends forward. Her mouth opens wide.

From below, the splintered end of hockey stick's punctures Angelica's neck. Instinctively, Angelica's hands reach for the hockey-stick's handle. She pulls the hockey-stick out of her neck. Then she falls to one side.

Daisy reaches down, and picks up the hockey-stick.

There is a crazed look in Daisy's eye. Daisy raises the hockey-stick, and brings it down again and again. Blood splatters across her face and shirt. She screams:

DAISY

And my name is Daisy! Not Mrs.
Willard! Daisy! You crazy bitch!

Out of breath, Daisy stops. For a brief instant, crazed laughter seizes her. Then she is overcome with shame. She covers her face with a hand, and starts to sob. Behind her, A voice calls out. The voice belongs to the SWAT CAPTAIN.

SWAT CAPTAIN (O.S)

Drop your weapon! Or we'll shoot!

Daisy looks up: confused.

PULL BACK: We see Daisy is still holding the hockey-stick. Blood drips down from the stick's splintered tip.

DAISY

Wait. Wait... this isn't what it
looks like.

SWAT CAPTAIN (O.S)

Drop your weapon!

Daisy throws the hockey-stick to the side. She raises her hands.

A SWAT team stands en force. Their guns drawn at the ready. The SWAT Captain barks out another command:

SWAT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Hands behind your head! Get down on
the ground!

Daisy points to Angelica.

DAISY

Please... just look.

PAN down to Angelica. Minus her head, Angelica has returned to normal: her curse broken.

BACK TO DAISY.

DAISY (CONT'D)

FUCK!

Daisy puts her hands behind her head, and falls to her knees.

The swat team, swarms over her. The Swat Captain, twists her arms behind her back, and handcuffs her.

With a police escort, Daisy is lead out of the school gym, and down the hall.

SWAT CAPTAIN

You are one sick person, lady.

DAISY
(defeated)
Yeah. I know.

We return to Angelica. Unnoticed by all, a tiny green insect crawls out of the open wound in her neck. It scurries down the hall, following Daisy and the police, as they make their way out into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Daisy is marched out into the parking lot, into the waiting arms of the press. Cameras flash. A reporter screams out a question:

REPORTER
Why did you do it?

Daisy remains silent. She is thrown into the back of a police car, and taken away.

A local TV reporter, HALEY GONZALEZ, turns to face the audience.

HALEY GONZALEZ
The Black Widow Killer. That is what they are calling high school chemistry teacher Daisy Willard. Mrs. Willard is suspected in a series of murders targeting young men in the area. Her reign of terror has ended, in bloodshed, at the local high school, earlier today.

CUT TO MS. MANNING Ms. Manning is being interviewed for the local TV news.

MS. MANNING
Oh yes, Miss Willard, has been disciplined several times after being caught smoking behind the dumpsters with students. It's shocking you know, such a blatant disrespect for the rules.

PAN TO ANNA SCARFO

Anna Scarfo, the punk girl, from earlier, stands off to the side. She puffs on a cigarette, and then shakes her head.

Looking down at the tiny green insect, approach her bare leg. Just as it is about to bite her, Anna drops her cigarette. The cigarette falls on the bug. The girl crushes the cigarette, along with the bug, under her boot.

THE END