

CARRIE II

13 February 1998

screenplay by Rafael Moreu

**revisions by
Howard A. Rodman
Rafael Moreu**

**a sequel to
CARRIE
screenplay by
Lawrence D. Cohen
from the novel by
Stephen King**

*"I wish that I could write you a melody so plain
That would save you dear lady from going insane"*

Bob Dylan, Tombstone Blues

BLACK

MUSIC UP: Slow, sad, ethereal.

Perhaps even eerie.

FADE IN:

On a sea of red, filling the frame. A crimson ocean without waves or ripples.

A thick housepainter's BRUSH dips in, revealing it's paint. The BRUSH is extracted, paint dripping like congealing blood.

FOLLOW THE BRUSH to reveal...

INT. A HOUSE - NIGHT

A white wall, where the BRUSH is moved horizontally, leaving a thick continuous stripe, until the paint thins out.

A WOMAN'S HAND plunges the BRUSH back into the paint can, then takes up creating the stripe again, painting the wall: until it reaches a pleated drape --

-- and doesn't stop. A window and another drape receive the same treatment before the BRUSH is re-dipped.

A PUPPY,

a sad-eyed basset hound, sits on the floor watching, a bit perplexed. This is WALTER and even he knows this is weird. The dog looks over to...

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL

standing next to him, also watching. This is RACHEL. Dark haired, in a plain dress. Her large eyes are welling on the verge of tears.

The BRUSH is dragged across the wall, hits a wooden picture frame, moves across a cheap oil painting of a pastoral, forest scene, and over the other edge of the frame.

Another ANGLE takes in the red line, five feet high, parallel to the floor, extending around a modest living room.

Painting the line is BARBARA LANG, in her thirties, yet worn, haggard. She hasn't slept in a while.

The precision of her work, her concentration, her focus, as the line runs across a wall and into a corner, is more than a little frightening.

RACHEL

Mommy?

BARBARA hears nothing, says nothing, just wipes a paint drip. This is a very careful line.

RACHEL

Momma, come play with me. In my room.

But her mother keeps painting across a door.

RACHEL

Right now, mommy, okay?

BARBARA looks at her, or rather through her. And continues her task. RACHEL steps forward, tugs on her mom's arm --

RACHEL

I got a idea, we could--

-- and gets hit, splat, right in the face with the brush.

THE KITCHEN

A TOY AMBULANCE sits on the floor. RACHEL's tiny hand deliberately presses a button on it. The TOY responds with a wheep wheep siren, then:

AMBULANCE VOICE

(canned; tinny)

If you need help, dial nine one one.

If you need help, dial nine one one.

A WALL-MOUNTED PHONE

RACHEL's HAND struggles to reach the buttons to dial 9-1-1.

BARBARA's still painting the wall in the background.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Hello? It's my mom. She's doing some... some wrong things. She's doing wrong things, so, and, you should come.

EXT. THE STREET - FROM ABOVE - NIGHT

A light rain falls on an AMBULANCE sitting next to a POLICE CRUISER with its doors flung open. Its flashing red lights splash over the umbrella carrying NEIGHBORS, in pajamas and robes, watching...

TWO E.M.S. WORKERS drag a struggling BARBARA across a lawn, her hands in plastic restraining cuffs.

A wet RACHEL stands by a kneeling POLICE OFFICER holding a poncho over her head.

POLICEMAN

Rachel? Rachel, are you okay?

She keeps staring off, watching her mother being stuffed into the ambulance.

RACHEL

Momma!

She starts towards her, but the OFFICER holds her back.

POLICEMAN

Honey, she just has to go somewhere, to get some rest, so she'll feel better.

As the AMBULANCE pulls away, RACHEL catches a glimpse of her mother in the rear windows, watching her.

POLICEMAN

Is your dad around? When's he get home from work?

RACHEL

I don't have a dad.

The POLICEMAN collects himself.

POLICEMAN

Okay. Then we're going to take you someplace nice, with a family, a really nice family, till we get all this sorted out.

RACHEL

(quietly)

No.

POLICEMAN

We'll just--

RACHEL

No.

She breaks free, races into...

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Where she runs down the entrance hall. Behind her, outside, as the POLICEMAN runs toward the front door, it --

SLAMS by itself, right in his face.

FOLLOW RACHEL as she rushes through the living room and down a hall. Another door slams shut behind her.

HER ROOM

She spins, frightened by the door that closed behind her. To her left...

A WINDOW crashes shut, startling her. Then, like a wave moving in a circle around her, another WINDOW bangs down, a DOOR slams shut, another WINDOW. Scared, RACHEL backs into

A CLOSET

where she finds WALTER huddling and cradles him in her arms: The CLOSET DOOR swings shut, sealing her off from the world.

FROM ABOVE

In the dark, RACHEL is in a fetal position on the floor, dry-eyed, in shock, curled around her puppy.

There's the far-off sound of POUNDING on a door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A DARKENED BEDROOM - DAWN

RACHEL, now 17, is curled in bed around WALTER, also now a far more senior dog. She's enmeshed in tangled white sheets.

Small TATTOOS come into view -- A delicate angel with broken wings on her ankle. A small EGYPTIAN ANKH is etched on her shoulder blade.

Wrapped around her upper arm is an elegant THORN BAND encircling a HEART, either protecting or imprisoning it.

There's a knock on her bedroom door.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Rachel, get up. You're gonna be late again.

She rolls over, blinks awake. She's beautiful, with sensual lips framed by raven black hair.

RACHEL
Oh, joy.

CUT TO:

BLACK. A SUPER burns in:

MONDAY

FADE INTO:

A PAN AROUND RACHEL'S ROOM

the usual teenage mess, clothes strewn everywhere. A POSTER of Jim Morrison reads: "No One Here Gets Out Alive."

RACHEL stands before her dresser mirror, in a ratty bathrobe, putting on a small nose stud. She dons her daily armor --

-- Slipping on multiple earrings.

-- Applying Kohl around her eyes.

-- Shrugging on a T-shirt with a photo of Sharon Tate captioned "Manson Sucks".

-- Disheveling her long black hair.

Scooping up WALTER, she kisses him, takes him to an open ground floor window.

RACHEL
Sorry, Walt.

And gently lowers him outside.

EXT. A HOUSE - MORNING

It's not the home RACHEL lived in with BARBARA. This one is run down and in the section of town where people have cars in their yards they've abandoned tinkering with. The lawn is overgrown, there's broken glass on the street.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The crammed eat-in-kitchen of the WALLACE house. EMILYN, 40's, is ironing a waitress uniform on the counter. A groggy BOYD, 40's, enters, he's a trucker and looks like one. He goes straight for the refrigerator.

BOYD and his wife EMILYN have taken in RACHEL as a foster kid to augment their income.

RACHEL is alone at a formica table, eating cereal. BOYD looks at his wife.

BOYD
(yawns)
Working tonight?

EMILYN
Graveyard shift, again.
(to Rachel)
Was the dog in the house last night?

RACHEL
He's allowed in the morning.

BOYD
(head in refrigerator)
Daytime, yes; nighttime, no. We've
been over this ground.

RACHEL
I only brought him in this morning.

BOYD
No juice?

EMILYN
We're out of a lot of things.
(to Rachel)
I heard dog noises last night.
When I was trying to sleep.

RACHEL
(louder)
Walter was not in the house last
night.

BOYD
(shoots Rachel a look)
You watch that voice in this house.
While you're here, you'll respect her
as your mother, and treat her as such.

RACHEL
(lowers her eyes, mumbles)
Sorry.

She picks through her cold cereal in silence.

EMILYN
Your mom's making progress isn't she,
on the new medications, the
tricyclics?

RACHEL
Yes, ma'am.
(beat)
May I be excused?

Without waiting for a reply, she stands and gathers the bowl.

BOYD
(casually, a routine)
And you should take that thing outta
your nose. Don't you have enough
holes in your head?

As she turns away, RACHEL makes a face, but replies...

RACHEL
Yes, sir.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

RACHEL stands outside, clad in a long dark overcoat, with a
black backpack. WALTER sits next to her, behind a fence. :

A YELLOW SCHOOL BUS pulls up.

RACHEL
Later, Walt.

On WALTER, bummed.

WITHIN THE SCHOOL BUS

A gaggle of young KIDS in faded denims and pastels. RACHEL
moves to the back, sits with LISA PARKER, who could be her
younger sister, also dressed Goth, black lace and metal.

LISA has a HEART-THORN TATTOO around her arm, like RACHEL's.

LISA
(smiles)
Well, hullo.

RACHEL
She speaks. She opens her mouth
and sounds come out. The sounds
are words.

LISA gives her a Cheshire cat grin.

LISA
What's wrong, foster-dad bein' a
pain again?

RACHEL
Why are you so weirdly happy?

LISA
Do I look any different?

RACHEL
Do you look any...
(getting it)
Oh, my gawd. You did it.

LISA
Yep.

RACHEL
With who?

LISA
You'd never believe me if I told you.
I'm bringing him to lunch.

RACHEL
C'mon. Fess up.

LISA
All will be revealed in due time.

RACHEL pulls out a worn Anne Rice paperback from her bag,
gives it to LISA.

RACHEL
You suck.

LISA
I love you too.

Simultaneously, they bite their thumbs, then press them
together; a pantomime of blood sisters.

LISA / RACHEL
Best Blood. / Best Blood.

ARNIE, a skinny, pimply stoner, plops into the seat behind
them, sticks his head on their seatback, smiles full braces.

ARNIE
Hi there gruesome twosome, how 'bout
a threesome?

LISA
(ignoring him, to Rachel)
Lunch. Meet me in the parking lot.

EXT. BERGEN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A modern, windowless school, shrouded in mist. It's beautiful in an eerie "Fall of the House of Usher" way.

THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE - MORNING

Hung over the concrete entrance is a large bedsheet BANNER with oversized red lettering:

CRUSH CARLIN FRIDAY!

The school mascot, a scrappy BULLDOG wearing a CROWN tilted at a rakish angle, is also drawn on the banner.

FADE IN -- KNOTS of STUDENTS, like spectral figures.

The two major school cliques are...

FREAK HALL --

on the front steps. Land of burnouts, step-kids, Metalheads, skateboard junkies and other lost souls.

A STONER KID kicks his skateboard up and catches it. HIS BUDDY follows suit and misses, suffering the embarrassment of watching his board shoot down the steps whose metal rail separates Freak Hall and...

THE PATIO --

a courtyard with concrete tables where the school's royalty hold court. The cleancut "Patio People" are the jocks, student government types and others who have no idea what it is to be alone on a Saturday night.

At the patio is a pack of muscular jocks in football letter jackets reading "Bulldogs", some sport caps marked "Dawgs:

There's JESSE RYAN, handsome, longish hair, a young Eddie Vedder if Eddie ever played football. Next to him is...

MARK BING, good looking, with a body like a fist.

Behind them, arrayed around a concrete table are the large, doltish BRAD, hearty rich boy CHUCK, and the arrogant ERIC.

CHUCKS looks over a plain looking GIRL on the Patio.

CHUCK

(aside, low)

Hey, Mark, the girl over there,
how many if I do her?

MARK

Six.

BRAD

(miffed)

Hold it. I did her last week,
I only got five.

MARK

She was having a bad hairday.

A group of PATIO GIRLS sit at another table. Among them is MONICA, a stunning brunette, AMY a cute redhead and TRACY, an icy BLONDE who could spend all day checking her makeup.

JESSE looks over. TRACY graces him with a smile and turns away. MARK leans in to JESSE.

MARK

Hey, Jess. Tracy, she wants you, man.
Jump her bones.

JESSE

Yeah, whatever.

CHUCK

What's the matter with you, she's got
an ass stamped "Made in Heaven".

JESSE

I don't know, you ever have a
conversation with her? It's like
talking down a well. She only wants
me cause I'm on the football team.

MARK

So what? You want her to want you
cause of your dazzling personality?
Look, you want someone to talk to,
you got us. Her you screw.

THE SCHOOL BUS

RACHEL and LISA hop off and walk past the Patio. CHUCK
watches LISA pass.

CHUCK

(aside)

Woof. Coyote date.

JESSE

That's harsh, man, keep it down.

ERIC
What's a coyote date?

MARK
When you wake up in the morning, and
she's sleeping on your arm, and the
only way to get up is to wake her.
So you gnaw your arm off instead.

BRAD snorts a laugh.

A goatee'd ENGLISH TEACHER nods to both camps as he passes.

ENGLISH TEACHER
Hello Montagues, hello Capulets.

A BELL goes off and the STUDENTS start filing into school.
LISA waves the tips of her fingers to RACHEL, bye-bye.

RACHEL looks over, catches a glimpse of JESSE, across the
line of demarcation. For a piece of a second it seems as if
he's looking back. She drops her head, walks away.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

The ENGLISH TEACHER strolls among the student's desk. RACHEL
is in social Siberia, sitting in the back.

ENGLISH TEACHER
Okay, then how many saw the movie?

A show of hands, all the girls, some of the boys.

ENGLISH TEACHER
Now, how many read the play?
As assigned.

A few tentative hands, including JESSE.

ENGLISH TEACHER
I thank you for your honesty, but I am
saddened. I'd like to think we're
here to study William Shakespeare, not
worship at the altar of Leo DiCaprio.

Scattered laughs.

ENGLISH TEACHER
I was going to talk about the
language. But since you haven't read
the language, let's talk about the
plot.

Sighs of relief.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Romeo and Juliet, a tale of two lovers
meant for each other, pulled apart by
their families, society, and, some
might say, by fate.

(beat)

Why is it that we are so moved by love
stories that end with separation?

The STUDENT's faces are blank.

ENGLISH TEACHER

What are some other stories with this
theme?

(no responses)

How about, Dr. Zhivago? Casablanca?

Still blank. AMY timidly raises her hand.

AMY

You mean like in Dumb and Dumber
when the girl's husband showed up?

The TEACHER surrenders to the inevitable.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Okay, well. Perhaps at some level
we know that Lauren Holly's husband
has to show up? What say? Anyone?

(beat)

Rachel?

RACHEL

I don't know that I believe in it.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Believe in what?

RACHEL

Love.

JESSE looks at her, pensive.

ENGLISH TEACHER

(sympathetic)

Well, then you've got bigger problems
than passing this class.

ARNIE
 (raises his hand)
 Love is fifteen seconds of squishing
 noises. Unquote. Johnny Rotten.

Scattered laughs. JESSE overhears TRACY as she nods at
 RACHEL, whispers to AMY...

TRACY
 Who would love her?

ENGLISH TEACHER
 Do you think that all love stories are
 tragedies? I mean, unless they die at
 the same time, all lovers are
 eventually separated by death.

JESSE
 Well, then Romeo and Juliet isn't a
 tragedy, because the only way they
 could really be together was in death.

ENGLISH TEACHER
 Very good.
 (nods at Rachel)
 A foul cynic, most cliché.
 (turns to Jesse)
 A true romantic, how refreshing.

Kids scoff at JESSE, but RACHEL eyes JESSE, struck by this
 side of him.

The BELL rings and ARNIE leads the exodus.

ARNIE
 Food!

ENGLISH TEACHER
 Next assignment, Brave New World, the
 book, not the TV movie.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A stone-faced LISA folds a NOTE, places it within her hallway
 locker, jammed to the brim with books; a photo of Fiona Apple
 and a Nine Inch Nails sticker are plastered on its door.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL. THE REAR PARKING LOT - LUNCHTIME

STUDENTS pour out the doors, some heading to a row of outside
 lockers. RACHEL appears, searching for LISA.

BACK TO:

THE SCHOOL HALLWAY

LISA walks as if moving through extremely dense air, hugging the wall as STUDENTS pass without acknowledging her.

BACK TO:

THE PARKING LOT

RACHEL looks around the students, sees a GIRL's HEAD from behind, realizes it isn't LISA.

BACK TO:

A STAIRWELL

LISA ascends several flights, still brushing the wall, exiting onto the...

SCHOOL'S ROOF

She walks past a TRIO OF STUDENTS smoking near the roof's : edge. Without slowing or blinking an eyelash LISA simply...

DROPS OUT OF FRAME.

A GIRL turns in the direction of LISA's disappearance.

SMOKING GIRL

Did you see that?

SHOCK CUT TO:

WITHIN A PARKED CAR

LISA'S FACE smashes into the windshield which cracks in a spider web pattern. Blood fills the web. The sound of a droplet hitting car vinyl, then drops SPLATTER RED on our P.O.V.

EXT. THE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Standing in the lot is RACHEL. She stares in horror at --

LISA sprawled on the dented hood of a parked car, her head a bloody mass nestled in the shattered windshield.

-- and RACHEL opens her mouth, but the SCREAM BOTTLED inside catches in her throat, which causes --

A ROW OF OUTDOOR LOCKERS

to EXPLODE open, behind her, like dominoes, banging in a wave away from her, startling KIDS near them.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

BANG as a door marked "GUIDANCE COUNSELOR" swings open and...

SUE SNELL whips around in her seat, late 30's, but with the eyes of someone who's been to hell and back. A YOUNG GIRL is seated before her for counseling.

In her doorway is the SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, chaos in the hall behind him.

PRINCIPAL

You'd better come with me, a girl just killed herself in the lot.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

More chaos. KIDS rush in to see, others move away.

Next to the car with LISA's body is RACHEL. Slowly, tentatively, without knowing what she's doing, RACHEL runs her hand along the car's hood, coating her thumb with blood.

RACHEL

(to herself)

Best blood.

SUE pushes her way through the crowd, sees a stunned RACHEL, puts an arm around her shoulder.

SUE

Come. Come with me. Let's back off.
One step. Good. Let's back away.

PULL BACK to see the widening circles of shock as the students of Bergen High realize what's just occurred.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

A SNOW DOME with a forest scene. RACHEL is in a chair, her face an ashen mask, staring at the dome on the desk. SUE offers a glass of water, RACHEL doesn't take it. SUE leans on the desk's edge.

SUE

(low, intimate)

Was she a friend? This is a place
where you can talk about it.

(MORE)

SUE (cont'd)
(no response)
Or not. But if you need to, I'm
always here.

SUE takes RACHEL's hand. RACHEL looks up at her, eyes
welling. But she doesn't cry.

SUE
It's okay. Let it out.

RACHEL
(shakes her head)
I never cry. Miss Snell? She was so
happy this morning. I don't
understand. Why would she--

The INTERCOM BOX squawks:

WOMAN (V.O.)
Ms. Snell, would you please come to
the principal's office? Ms. Snell,
please come to the principal's office.

SUE
You stay here as long as you need to.

RACHEL nods. SUE moves to the door and exits.

Leaving RACHEL alone, looking all of five years old.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A medium-sized office, standing room only. The PRINCIPAL
addresses SUE and his STAFF as he hands out sheets of paper.

PRINCIPAL
The board of education has given us
these procedures to follow. I want
every teacher to read this aloud in
their classrooms in ten minutes.
Do not digress or become overly
emotional or dramatic.

His VOICE under...

EXT. THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

A door BANGS open as RACHEL runs out and down the steps.

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)
Then I'll ask you to identify any
students who may have been Lisa
Parker's close friends and therefore
may require additional counseling.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

He scans the faces of his troops.

PRINCIPAL

No memorials. No assembly. We want a return to the normal life of the school. What do we not want?

(pause)

Copycats. Everybody got it?

Nods all around.

PRINCIPAL

Then let's go with the drill.

INTERCUT:

-- A TEACHER reads from the prepared statement to her class.

TEACHER

One of our students died today.

-- A FOREST -- Glimpses of RACHEL running through the trees.

-- SUE at a microphone, reading from a sheet of paper:

SUE

We will observe, at exactly two p.m....

-- Her voice emanates from an INTERCOM BOX high on a classroom wall. STUDENTS bow their heads.

SUE (V.O.)

...a moment of silence.

EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

With RACHEL -- running, branches tearing at her clothes.

SUE (V.O.)

Lisa Parker may be gone, but she will not be forgotten by her friends.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

ERIC surreptitiously passes MARK something under a desk, a large pocket NOTEBOOK.

A GIRL picks her nose. A BOY yawns. Another BOY absently fiddles with his crucifix as he reads a comic book.

A GIRL and a BOY whisper to each other, then stifle a laugh.

SUE (V.O.)

She will not be forgotten, by her
fellow students, her teachers, and
her school.

EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

RACHEL sits on rock in a clearing, observing her own moment
of silence.

She looks at her hand. It's trembling and still covered with
LISA's BLOOD.

EXT. ARKHAM STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

with a sign identifying it as such. A fenced-in complex of
spooky Victorian and Queen Anne buildings.

EXT. A BUS - DAY

RACHEL sits, removing her nose stud and earrings as the bus
approaches the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - DAY

RACHEL is washing off her makeup, which runs black into the
institutional porcelain sink.

She changes into a white cotton shirt.

INT. STATE HOSPITAL, VISITING AREA - DAY

The dilapidated room is a statue garden of catatonics and
depressives seated on vinyl furniture before a static-filled
T.V. PATIENTS shuffle past like motorized corpses.

BARBARA LANG, now in her 40's, sits on a couch with a
transformed RACHEL. BARBARA is lucid and beaming at her.

BARBARA

Yes, baby, I really am feeling so much
better. I feel so good on the inside,
I must be glowing on the outside.

RACHEL

You look great, mama.

BARBARA

Lord, you come all the way out here,
we can't keep talking about me. How
are you? I want to hear every little
thing I'm missing.

RACHEL takes a deep breath, working extra hard to seem happy and well adjusted today.

RACHEL

Things are really great. Last night I, um, I had this slumber party, with some girlfriends. And this morning, Mrs. Wallace made us all pancakes before school.

BARBARA

The Wallaces sure are a nice family.

RACHEL

(her smile falters)

Oh, they are. A nice family.

BARBARA

What's wrong?

RACHEL

Nothing, I just... I miss those crepes you used to make me.

BARBARA

Oh, honey, those crepes weren't nothing but watered down pancakes.

(holds out her arms)

Come here baby.

She gives her daughter a big hug.

BARBARA

Now you listen to me, the doctors say I'm doing well. You know what that means? That means someday, soon, you and I are gonna be eating crepes for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

For the first time, RACHEL's smile is genuine.

RACHEL

That would be so great.

BARBARA

(holds her at arm's length)

Oh, I look at you, remembering what you were like at five, at ten...

(decides not to go down a sad path)

All I need is a little Loving Care for these grey hairs and we'll make up for all the time we've lost.

(looks at a wall clock)

(MORE)

BARBARA (cont'd)
Now you get going before you're late
for work.

RACHEL
Yes, mama.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

RACHEL stands before glass doors, reinforced with chicken wire, waiting to be buzzed out.

The NURSE on the other side is on the phone.

RACHEL turns and sees graffiti reading:

kIng of heLL

She cocks her head, noting the capitalized letters reveal a hidden message: ILL.

A smiling TEENAGE GIRL wears a nightgown with a large wet spot where she's soiled herself, without warning, she lets out a piercing scream.

RACHEL wheels and pounds on the door.

RACHEL
C'mon, c'mon. Let me out!

The door buzzes and she shoves through.

EXT. THE KENNEL - DAY

A restaurant/bar decorated with the BULLDOG insignia on a football helmet.

INT. THE KENNEL - DAY

The rear end of a young WOMAN in tight jeans walking away.

MARK (V.O.)
Backfield in motion.

PULL BACK TO -- Pub decor with football paraphernalia everywhere; Bulldog lamps and paw prints painted on the floor. The bar's packed with local BUSINESSMEN.

JESSE, MARK and the other BULLDOGS are in a corner booth.

A middle-aged, bearded WAITER with half his face burn-scarred approaches.

WAITER
Boys, what can I get you?

MARK

Hey, Al, we'll have three large pepperoni pies and two pitchers of beer.

WAITER

(heading off)

Three large pizzas and cokes all around.

BRAD

I can't wait to play Carlin, man, I'm gonna bash Todd Simpson's face in.

CHUCK

He scored two touchdowns on you last time, dude.

BRAD

Yeah, I wish he would jump off a roof.

TRACY, MONICA and AMY are at a table across the Kennel.

MARK

Yo, Jesse, I think Tracy's following you.

He pulls out the black NOTEBOOK.

ERIC eyes it, gets very nervous.

MARK

Now then, according to the scoreboard Jess, you'd have to bag every girl here to catch up. You need the points. I'll give ya ten for Tracy.

BRAD

Do her, Jess.

CHUCK

(a low chant)

Do her, do her, do her...

MARK and the others join in.

JESSE

All right, all right.

ERIC leans over to MARK, urgently whispers, and the two of them move to...

ANOTHER BOOTH --

ERIC

(nervous, jumpy)
When Lisa asked me to lunch, she was
actin' like were on the road to
marriage or something. I told her to
wake up, she was just a pump, a nut.

MARK

And she freaked and took a header.

ERIC

And now I'm freakin'. The Notre Dame
scout's comin' Friday and if this gets
out, I mean, sex and suicide?
Catholic schools frown on that shit.

MARK

No one knows 'bout you and her.

ERIC

Lisa took a picture of me with her.

MARK

Shit. Okay. I'll handle it.

ERIC

How?

MARK

Eric, relax, it's me, Mark. I'll
handle it.

The WAITER sets a pitcher of soda and cups on the table.

AT THE BAR -- MR. STARK, a rotund lawyer in his 40's, takes a
pitcher of beer from the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

I don't see nuthin'.

STARK strolls to the booth with the pitcher in hand. He
sits, hiding the pitcher below table level.

STARK

Hello, boys.

ERIC

Hi, dad.

STARK winks, takes MARK's empty cup and fills it with beer
below the table.

STARK

Great game last week. All of us on the town council are awful proud.

He hands MARK the cup under the table and takes JESSE's cup. The PLAYERS smile at each other.

STARK

So, the Bulldogs bringing home the state championship again this year?

MARK

Absolutely. We're gonna crush Carlin Friday and make it seven years in a row.

STARK

That's what I like to hear.

MARK

(offers a toast to Jesse)
It's good to be king.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A CRASH of metal as the lock is cut off Lisa Parker's locker with a pair of boltcutters held by SHERIFF KELTON, 30's, a former Bulldog himself. The PRINCIPAL and SUE stand nearby.

Opening the locker, KELTON finds LISA's NOTE. As he pulls it out, something falls from the note.

SUE

What is it?

KELTON

(reads)

Looks like a suicide note.

(bending to retrieve)

...and a stub. Royal Photos.

EXT. ROYAL DRIVE-THRU PHOTOMAT - DAY

RACHEL's at her job, an island in the middle of a parking lot. She wears her Walkman, listening to music. Across the street is a 7-11 type store.

INT. MINIMART - DAY

ARNIE, the sweet-natured stoner, mops the floor. He waves to RACHEL, who gives him a half-hearted wave back.

INT. ROYAL PHOTOMAT - DAY

Photos glide out of the developing machine. RACHEL pulls the pictures out, stops dead when she sees they're shots of LISA; With RACHEL, laughing. LISA with Rachel's dog.

RACHEL's finger tenderly slides along LISA's face.

She's shocked to find a picture of --

LISA AND ERIC -- his arm draped around her in the backseat of a car. LISA's holding the camera at arm's length.

JESSE's CAR pulls up outside. MARK sits beside him.

RACHEL
(startled)
Oh!

She peels off her headphones.

JESSE
Sorry, didn't scare you, did I?

RACHEL turns, slides LISA's PICTURES into an envelope. MARK checks her out, likes what he sees, nudges JESSE.

JESSE
You're... Rachel, right?

She nods, surprised he knows she's alive, much less knows her name.

JESSE
I'm Jesse.

RACHEL
Uh-huh. The true romantic.

MARK leans over JESSE, his voice low now, intimate.

MARK
So, Rachel, there were some pictures
Lisa took. They have, what you might
call sentimental value.

She just stares at him. MARK pulls a twenty from his wallet.

MARK
Twenty bucks cover it?

RACHEL
No.

MARK

What do you mean? I'll go thirty.

RACHEL

They're not your pictures.

MARK

Well it's not like she's gonna be picking them up, is it?

RACHEL turns away. JESSE glares at MARK.

JESSE

Hey, cool it.

MARK

(tries a different tack)

Rachel, why don't I come by when you get off and, you know, take you for a ride?

JESSE cocks an ear for her reply, but she doesn't answer.

MARK

C'mon, I don't bite... not unless you want me to.

RACHEL

I don't think so.

MARK

Why not?

RACHEL

(turns)

Cause I'm a dyke.

JESSE laughs. MARK doesn't. He knows she's putting him on and bores holes into her.

MARK

Let's go, Jess.

The car pulls away, MARK glances in the REARVIEW MIRROR at RACHEL, framed like a target.

MARK

(low to himself)

Bitch. I'll show you funny.

ON RACHEL -- watching them go.

Seconds later, a SHERIFF'S CRUISER pulls up.

KELTON

Hi.

He holds out Lisa's PHOTO STUB. RACHEL takes it, sees the name, her eyes widen.

EXT. A HILL - NIGHT

A star-filled sky hangs above the town's makeout spot, a hill overlooking Bergen. MARK and CHUCK stand outside a car sipping beers. JESSE's CAR, a blue G.T.O, is several yards away, with foggy windows.

WITHIN JESSE'S CAR

The backseat. JESSE's on top of TRACY. He pulls away from her. She pulls her top down, sits up.

JESSE

I'm sorry, it's not you. It's me.

TRACY

It's okay. You should save your energy for the game anyway.

JESSE opens the door, stands outside, tucking in his shirt.

MARK and CHUCK make a crude humping gesture to JESSE. He hesitates, then nods at them.

MARK pulls out the SCOREBOARD and enters JESSE's name with TRACY's and the number 10.

MARK

He shoots, he scores.

ON TRACY -- in the front seat, using the rearview to adjust her makeup, pleased with what she sees. She glances at JESSE as he re-enters on the driver's side.

TRACY

What are you thinking about?

JESSE

Nobody.

TRACY

I asked what, not who.

JESSE

Oh. Nothing.

(pause)

(MORE)

JESSE (cont'd)
Doesn't it bother you that a girl
offed herself today?

TRACY
Why? She wasn't anybody.

JESSE
What?

TRACY
I mean, I didn't know her.
(smiles)
You know, I still don't have a date to
Mark's party Friday. Hint, hint.

She leans over and nibbles on JESSE's ear. He pulls away, forces a smile and turns the ignition.

INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SMASH as a dish drops onto the floor. RACHEL is at the sink, doing dishes. She crouches to retrieve the broken plate.

WE PAN along the chorus line of dishes, glasses, and silverware on the counter as the metronome of the sink faucet's DRIP, DRIP, DRIP and the micro-explosions of the soap bubbles in the water intensify to deafening levels.

TIGHT ON a SPOON atop the counter which suddenly begins dancing. Pots and pans on a hanging rack start rattling.

A RUMBLE as more dishes and utensils vibrate and rattle, as if by a paranormal force.

But as RACHEL casually straightens up and looks out the window, it's revealed it's only...

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOYD driving a large SEMI-TRUCK pulling alongside the tiny house. Its engine shuts off...

THE KITCHEN

...and the spoons and dishes stop vibrating.

RACHEL
(singsong, to herself)
Daddy's home.

She walks to her bedroom and closes the door.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

BOYD goes to shut the open fence and WALTER, the basset hound, scurries past him and into the street.

BOYD
Come back here, mutt.
(whistles loudly)
Aw, good riddance.

And he closes the gate.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL lays in bed, staring at the ceiling. BOYD knocks on her door.

BOYD (O.S.)
Your dog got out. Better get'im.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

JESSE's driving alone, wiping Tracy's lipstick from his cheek.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

RACHEL's in her overcoat over her longjohns. She looks down the road and blanches as she sees WALTER trotting towards...

The road in front of him, a two-lane blacktop with CARS and TRUCKS streaming by at high speed.

RACHEL
Walter!

And she breaks into a run. WALTER looks back, starts running, this is all fun for him.

There's the low BLEAT of a TRUCK'S HORN and then...

The high, piercing SQUEAL of a wounded animal.

In the road, WALTER, laying flat, keening in pain.

She runs to him and in one continuous motion SCOOPS him into her arms.

RACHEL, in the middle of the two lanes. She turns as...

HEADLIGHTS

approach, fast.

She stumbles under the dog's weight, tries flagging down a car.

RACHEL
Help me! Please!

It speeds past, dangerously close. Another set of LIGHTS.

RACHEL
Stop! Please, stop!

But the CAR passes, blaring its horn. She spins around.
ANOTHER CAR is bearing down on her. She holds her ground.

RACHEL
Stop!

THE CAR'S WINDSHIELD -- CRACKS, crazes, as if it hit with a sharp, fierce projectile.

THE CAR -- lays down rubber as it screeches to a halt.

JESSE is at the wheel. Sees through the crazed windshield:
RACHEL, splattered with dog's blood.

He gets out, stares at his windshield, shaken-up, groping for some explanation.

JESSE
Damn. What... damn.

RACHEL staggers up to him, holding a shivering mass of fur.

RACHEL
Please--

JESSE
Oh, my god.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

JESSE driving. RACHEL sits next to him, hugging the dog.

RACHEL
It's my fault. He should have been in bed with me.

JESSE
Everything's gonna be all right.

His voice is not entirely convincing.

Through the spidered windshield: The car's headlights pierce the night.

INT. THE VET'S PET CLINIC - NIGHT

A craftsman bungalow which serves as a vet's hospital. The only light is over a FEMALE VET in her bathrobe, tending to WALTER on a shiny examining table. There are runnels on both sides of the table, for the blood.

RACHEL and JESSE stand nearby.

RACHEL

His name's Walter. Will he be all right?

The VET's intensely focused on inserting an I.V. into the dog.

VET

You two had best wait outside.

JESSE

Let's go. Best thing's to let her do her work.

JESSE gently guides RACHEL away, who keeps looking back at her dog.

THE WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL and JESSE on a couch in the darkened room. She's rocking herself, caked with blood. He tries to comfort her.

JESSE

Your dog's gonna be okay.

She nods, unconvinced.

JESSE

God, I almost roadkilled you.
Are you sure you're all right?

She nods. They hear a muffled, "Dammit", from the VET in the examining room. JESSE tries to take RACHEL's mind off it.

JESSE

That tattoo on your arm, it's pretty.
Hurt a lot when you got it?

RACHEL

Some.

JESSE

Yeah?

RACHEL

But it's... you know, like the song says, you hurt yourself to see if you can still feel.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

JESSE

For what?

RACHEL

For making you--

JESSE

No problem. Glad to help, you know.

RACHEL

And I'm sorry about your windshield, about your car.

JESSE

How bizarre was that, huh? Anyway, wasn't your fault.

RACHEL

You can be sorry for things that aren't your fault.

The VET enters, drying her hands. RACHEL sits up, bracing herself for the bad news. JESSE puts an arm around her seat back, getting ready to hold her.

VET

Walter's banged up pretty bad, lost quite a bit of blood, but he's gonna make it.

RACHEL

Can I see him?

VET

Come back tomorrow, any time after eight.

EXT. HOUSE OF BREAKFAST - NIGHT

Your typical I.H.O.P. JESSE's CAR is parked in the lot.

INT. BATHROOM, HOUSE OF BREAKFAST - NIGHT

RACHEL's at the sink, washing the dog's blood from her arms.
A WOMAN walks in, sees her. Looks alarmed.

INT. HOUSE OF BREAKFAST - NIGHT

As RACHEL moves through the restaurant, THREE PATRONS stare,
stare, stare at the blood stains on her coat.

She slides into a booth with JESSE. He's eating eggs.

JESSE

Better. You don't look like a mass-
murderer now.

She smiles, sips a coffee. A country song comes on the
jukebox.

JESSE

Wow, this music. Guess we should just
count ourselves lucky it ain't Hanson.

RACHEL

(a weak smile)
Lisa hated them.

JESSE

She was a friend of yours?

She nods.

JESSE

I'm really sorry.

RACHEL

Sometimes I'd see someone, from
behind, and I'd know, I'd just know,
it was Lisa. And then she'd turn
around, and it wasn't. But sometimes,
you know, it was. And now...

(pauses)

Whenever I see someone who looks like
her, and she turns around...
It won't be... ever.

They both go quiet, not knowing what to say.

JESSE

(looks at his watch)
Wow. It's late. I've got football
practice tomorrow.

RACHEL
I know. I hope I didn't ruin it.

JESSE
No, if it wasn't for you I wouldn't
have had this nutritious meal.

RACHEL
You're very polite, for a jock.

JESSE
The compliments, they just keep on
comin'.

He drops some money on the table.

RACHEL
I don't have any--

JESSE
It's cool, I got it. Can I give you a
lift home or something?

RACHEL
I can walk.

JESSE
Yeah, right.

RACHEL
Or hitchhike.

JESSE
Right.

RACHEL
(smiles)
Or I could wait for my limo.

JESSE
(smiles)
You could. You could just wait for
that limo.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

He pulls up in front of RACHEL's house and kills his engine.

JESSE
Well.

RACHEL
Thank you. For everything.

JESSE
I guess I'll see you in school
tomorrow?

RACHEL
Sure.

JESSE
You'll let me know how Walter's doing?

RACHEL
Yeah.

JESSE
Good night.

He extends his hand. She takes it.

Zap!

The SHOCK of static electricity. Their words are
simultaneous.

RACHEL
Dry weather.

JESSE
Acrylic sweater.

They both laugh. Then go quiet. Then just stare at each
other. Then the moment is gone.

RACHEL gets out of the car, through the gate, back inside her
house. JESSE watches her go. Starts his engine, and his car

WIPES THE FRAME TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

RACHEL crossing the lot. Her HEARTBEAT can be heard. She
looks up, sees LISA approaching the roof's edge. RACHEL's
heart sounds like its bursting from her chest.

RACHEL
Lisa don't! Somebody stop her! Stop!

SLOW MOTION -- LISA falls through the air towards the car,
arms outstretched, hair trailing like black flames.

SMASH -- she goes through the windshield, but the face is
RACHEL'S.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL's eyes pop open as her body jerks awake, heart pounding. She looks around, realizes where she is.

FADE TO BLACK:

A SUPER:

T U E S D A Y

Under which is heard:

KELTON (V.O.)

"For a moment, I thought someone was actually seeing me. But it was all a lie...."

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF KELTON is reading from a photocopy of Lisa's NOTE. :
SUE and RACHEL sit in chairs.

KELTON

"Eric lied when he said I was special. And I guess I was lying to myself when I believed him."

He folds the note.

SUE

Rachel, is there anything in there that strikes a chord for you? Do you know what Lisa was referring to?

RACHEL

(after a moment)

Yesterday morning, she told me she'd, uh, lost her virginity.

KELTON looks at SUE, produces the photo of LISA with ERIC.

KELTON

You recognize this boy?

RACHEL

Sure. Eric Stark. He's on the team.

KELTON gestures to SUE and they step out into...

THE HALLWAY

with another "Beat Carlin!" banner in the background.

KELTON

What do you think?

SUE

Robbie, I had a Freshman crying in the hall last week. I couldn't get anything out of her, but her friend told me a football player slept with her, then dumped her.

KELTON

Nothing illegal about breaking a girl's heart.

SUE

Eric's 18. Lisa was 15. That's statutory rape.

KELTON

That's a stretch.

SUE

Then let's make it. I don't know what's going on around here, but if that's what it takes to stop it, let's stop it, before someone else's daughter kills herself.

KELTON

All right. I'll look into it.

THE OFFICE

SUE sits behind her desk, with RACHEL before her.

SUE

How are you feeling?

RACHEL

Okay. Fine. Can I go now?

SUE opens a file on her desk.

SUE

I was looking at this last night.
It says here your mom's in Arkham.

(beat)

How's your mom doing?

RACHEL
She's gonna be fine.

SUE
I spent some time up there.
As a patient.

RACHEL looks surprised.

SUE
Does that surprise you?

RACHEL
I guess. I mean, you seem pretty
normal.

SUE
Thanks. I try. You visit your mom
often?

RACHEL nods.

SUE
Is that scary for you?

RACHEL
Why?

SUE
Well, children of schizophrenics
sometimes live with the fear of it
happening to them. At your age,
it's perfectly normal to be afraid
of turning out like your parents.

RACHEL
Normal, huh? Get real, I know I'm
ten times more likely to get it
than most people.

SUE
You're right. I'm sorry. So.
You've been in a series of foster
homes since you were, what, four?

RACHEL nods.

SUE
How's your foster family?

RACHEL
They're happy, long as they get
their check every month.

SUE

What about your real father?

RACHEL

Never met the gentleman. My mom
won't even tell me his name.

RACHEL stares at a ceramic MUG of coffee, very close to the
edge of the desk.

SUE

Rachel, in a way, you've lost your
mother. And now you've lost a friend.
Losing someone can be a very lonely,
painful place to be.

RACHEL

(quietly)

You're right, I lost my mom, I lost my
friend, the people who cared about me.
But you only get paid to care.

SUE

I really do care. How can I show you
that I do?

RACHEL is silent, staring at the MUG.

SUE

Rachel?

But RACHEL's shut off, pushing down a storm of emotions.

SUE

You know, this room is a place where
if you have feelings, you can talk
about them. You can let them out.

RACHEL shifts. SUE sees RACHEL's forearm near the coffee
MUG. And, as if by proximity alone, it EDGES off the end of
the desk --

And FALLS --

RACHEL catches it in one smooth motion just before it hits.

RACHEL

Sorry. I must've knocked it.

SUE, the color draining from her face.

SUE

I didn't... see you knock it.

The DOOR swings open and the PRINCIPAL walks in, lays a computer printout on her desk.

PRINCIPAL

Sue, could you update the absentee lists, see who we have to call?

SUE

(dazed)

Sure... sure.

She turns, and RACHEL is gone.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

ERIC is at his locker, wearing his BULLDOG letter jacket. He closes his locker to find RACHEL approaching him, intimidated, but determined. She looks him in the eyes.

RACHEL

(low)

I know... I know what you did.

A chill goes through him. Not saying a word, he turns, walks through the crowd, looks back.

She's still rooted, staring him down.

EXT. FREAK HALL - LUNCH

ARNIE plays hackey-sack behind RACHEL, who sits on the steps. She looks up, sees a BULLDOG letter jacket standing over her. It's JESSE.

JESSE

Hi. How's Walter?

RACHEL

(cold)

Good. I'm picking him up today. Why aren't you hanging out with your friends over there?

JESSE

(taken aback)

What's up? What's wrong?

She sees the hurt look in his eyes and softens.

RACHEL

What do you want from me?

JESSE
I just wanted to, you know, see
how you're doing.

Over his shoulder she can see the stir his presence at Freak
Hall is causing among...

THE PATIO GIRLS

MONICA taps TRACY on the shoulder, who's checking her makeup
in a compact mirror.

MONICA
Look at Jesse, talking to a burnout.

TRACY turns, slips on a stylish pair of DKNY glasses.

TRACY
She's not very good in daylight is
she? Wonder where she keeps her
coffin.

BACK ON:

JESSE
So you'll meet me tonight, at the
pizza place--

RACHEL
--yeah. Okay.

JESSE
(smiles, as he backs away)
Okay. See you. Tonight.

ARNIE sees the Patio Girls glancing at RACHEL. She sits and
ARNIE nudges her.

ARNIE
What'd he want?

RACHEL
He asked me out.

ARNIE
What'd you say?

RACHEL
I said, "Okay, it's your funeral."

ARNIE
Pardon me, but is hanging out with
jockboy such a hot idea? I mean,
(MORE)

ARNIE (cont'd)
I heard he's dating Tracy Campbell,
who is giving you the look of a
thousand deaths right now.

RACHEL casually turns to take in TRACY, then turns away. Her
heart sinks.

RACHEL
She's beautiful.

ARNIE
Duh.

INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a TV SET showing game highlights of last year's
Bulldog game against the Carlin Cougars.

WALSH (O.S.)
All right, as you can see from last
year's tape, the Carlin Cougars are a
tough, physical team. So Friday,
it's gonna be kill or be killed.

COACH WALSH, a charmless John Wayne, stands near the TV. The
BULLDOGS sit on benches before him.

On the VIDEO -- MARK misses an easy block. WALSH points.

WALSH
Here, we can see Mark Bing kissing an
opposing player good-bye.

There are hoots of derision from the other PLAYERS. MARK
nods. ERIC leans into MARK, speaks low.

ERIC
You didn't get the picture?

MARK
Bitch wouldn't give it to me. Stay
frosty, no one else knows anything.
It's still at the photomat, I'll
get it.

WALSH (O.S.)
You two ladies back there gossiping?

MARK
No, sir.

WALSH (O.S.)
Excellent. Then you can give me fifty
when we hit the field.

EXT. FOOTBALL PRACTICE - DAY

JESSE and BRAD rest on a bench in their uniforms as MARK and ERIC do push-ups. The COACH stands on a blocking sled with PLAYERS pounding into it.

WALSH

C'mon girls, those are love taps!
(sees Chuck give a weak block)
Potter, show me you're a dog.

CHUCK

Aww, coach.

WALSH

You know the drill.

The other PLAYERS begin a BARKING CHANT. CHUCK strips off his helmet, jogs to the bench and opens a styrofoam cooler, within it are slabs of raw steak on blood soaked ice.

WALSH

Show me you're a dog, Potter.

The barking rises as the PLAYERS psyche up CHUCK, who chews off a bite of the raw meat. JESSE whispers to MARK...

JESSE

I hate this bullshit.

MARK

Not me. I love it.

MARK pops up, grabs a steak, rips off a bite, and runs full tilt at the blocking tackle, smashing into it with meaning.

WALSH

You're a piece of work, Bing.

MARK takes a bow as he jogs away, chewing. He spots the SHERIFF's CRUISER pulling up to the practice field.

INT. A BUS - DAY

RACHEL hugs her dog, who looks a mess; hind legs bandaged, a funny cone around his head.

TWO OLD LADIES are staring at RACHEL, unsure if they're more appalled by her appearance or the dog's.

WALSH (V.O.)

Show me you're dogs!

EXT. FOOTBALL PRACTICE- LATER

WALSH drill sergeants over MARK and the other PLAYERS as they do drills. The CHEERLEADERS run their practice in the background.

On the sideline, SHERIFF KELTON is talking to ERIC, who's sweating bullets as he fiddles with his helmet.

MARK watches ERIC, so intent he bobbles a ball thrown to him.

KELTON

So, you're saying you never met or talked to Lisa Parker?

ERIC

No, sir. Never.

KELTON produces the photo of LISA and ERIC.

KELTON

Eric, who's this you're hanging onto, a ghost?

ERIC blanches.

MARK watches KELTON leading ERIC away with WALSH.

INT. THE KENNEL - DAY

A pinball machine as MARK plays, applying some body English to it. A wired ERIC enters, a bundle of violent energy.

MARK

What happened?

ERIC

(angry)

Kelton, man, with that Sheriff's badge he pulled out of a cereal box. Somebody told him I did Lisa. He nails me with a picture of me and her, starts talking statutory rape.

MARK

Relax, that's bullshit. Your dad's a lawyer, he'll kill that talk dead.

ERIC

So I'm suspended. And Coach, Coach he up and does this scene where he says, "give me your helmet."

MARK
What about Carlin?

ERIC
What about Carlin? Game of the year,
football scouts are gonna be there and
I'm gonna be sittin' on the bench with
my thumb up my...
(shoves the machine in anger)
You said you were gonna get the
pictures.

MARK
I tried. That Rachel bitch wouldn't
give 'em to me.

ERIC
She's the one who put me and Lisa
together. Shit. What are we gonna
do, Mark?

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

BRAD and CHUCK are throwing unfurling TOILET PAPER rolls onto
the trees in front of someone's middle-class house.

BRAD
Who's place is this, again?

CHUCK
Nimrod. It's Carlin's quarterback.

MARK and ERIC pull up in Mark's Mustang convertible.

MARK
(whistles loudly)
Hey, dogs! C'mon, we got a mission.

BRAD and CHUCK run to MARK's car, jump over and into the back
as MARK peels out.

INT. RACHEL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A HAND WIPES shower steam off a mirror, revealing a wet
RACHEL, a towel wrapped around her.

RACHEL
You are going to be late.

She hears her doorbell go off.

THE FRONT DOOR

as RACHEL opens the door.

RACHEL

What'd you forget your--

There's nobody there.

RACHEL

(weakly)

--keys?

She looks around, closes the door, locks it, wraps her towel tighter.

LIVING ROOM

As she crosses back to her room. There's a KNOCKING on the kitchen back door. She frowns, goes to the back door, looks through the glass. No one there either. Now she's worried.

RACHEL

(calls through the door)

Boyd? Emilyn?

She turns when the DOOR HANDLE on the front door JIGGLES once. She stops dead. Spins as...

The BACK DOOR handle starts JIGGLING.

She backs into the living room and spins as--

Something starts TAPPING on one of the living room WINDOWS.

Like a wave moving around her, a WINDOW on the other side starts TAPPING.

RACHEL turns a full circle, scared, surrounded by TAPPING and JIGGLING, which grow increasingly louder.

She puts her palms against her temples, as if struggling to keep something bottled inside:

RACHEL

Oh, god, oh, god. Not now. Stop it!

Suddenly all goes silent. She jumps as...

The PHONE RINGS near her. She scoops up the cordless. Beat.

RACHEL

Hello?

There's a long pause on the other end.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered)
What's your favorite scary movie?

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARK on a CELL-PHONE. BRAD starts laughing next to him as MARK covers the receiver, gestures to ERIC and CHUCK, who scurry around Rachel's house.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Who is this?

WITHIN THE HOUSE

RACHEL sees a SHADOW run past a window.

MARK (V.O.)
Who is this?

RACHEL
Knock it off. Is this you, Arnie?

MARK (V.O.)
Ding, ding, ding. Wrong, guess again.

RACHEL
What do you want?

MARK (V.O.)
(a menacing pause)
You.

The JIGGLING and the TAPPING starts up again, loud. The BOYS VOICES are heard outside chanting...

BULLDOGS
Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!

MARK (V.O.)
Rachel, come out and play now.

RACHEL grabs a knife from the kitchen, backs into...

HER BEDROOM

where a bandaged WALTER is on the bed, looking alarmed.
RACHEL keeps backing up, nearing her open closet door.

RACHEL
I'm calling the police.

She hangs up, dials 911, fumbling with the knife.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

A beer-and-slice emporium. JESSE's at a payphone, hearing a busy signal on RACHEL's line. He hangs up.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A horror-movie-moment as RACHEL waits for 911 to pick-up. Behind her, a HAND is reaching through the open sash window, pulling it up to gain entrance.

RACHEL
(into phone)
I have an emergency. Now, right now!
Yes, 3366 Elm Street...

She turns, sees the HAND at the window.

RACHEL
No!

The WINDOW SMASHES down on the intruder's HAND. There's a muffled YELL outside and the HAND is extracted.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Headlights light up MARK's face as BOYD and EMILYN's beat-up STATION WAGON approaches the house.

MARK whistles loudly.

And takes off, joined by ERIC, clutching his injured hand.

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

RACHEL, still stunned by what just happened. The cordless in her hand speaks:

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Hello? Hello, Ma'am, you still there?

RACHEL slowly moves to her bedroom doorway. BOYD comes in the front door.

RACHEL
(into phone)
Yes. It's okay. Things are fine.

She hangs up as a clueless BOYD takes in her freaked-out appearance.

BOYD
What's wrong?

RACHEL
Nothing.

She retreats into her bedroom, looks at the window. The PHONE RINGS in her hand. She answers.

MARK (V.O.)
Don't go tellin' stories about my boy Eric.

Click and the line goes dead. She hangs up. The PHONE RINGS again. She doesn't answer.

THE LIVING ROOM

The PHONE RINGS on another extension. EMILYN answers.

EMILYN
Hello... just a second. Rachel?

RACHEL

curled on her bed with WALTER, calls out:

RACHEL
I'm not here.

INT. PIZZA KING - NIGHT

JESSE at the payphone, sipping a Royal Crown Cola.

JESSE
Okay. Thank you, then.

He hangs up. Checks his watch. Waits.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER:

W E D N E S D A Y

JUMP TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

A SCREAMING DEVIL fills the frame.

The bed of a speeding PICK-UP TRUCK is jammed with kneeling TEENAGE BOYS wearing children's Halloween masks. They're screaming bloody murder as they fire RAW EGGS at...

The BERGEN STUDENTS gathered at the entrance.

The PICK-UP speeds off as STUDENTS recover, straightening up from their ducking positions. MARK and his cohorts go running after the truck.

TRACY

Carlin creeps!

At Freak Hall, ARNIE rises, wipes egg yolk from his hair.

ARNIE

(slowly)

Hormonally-charged morons. Why do the innocent always get hit in a drive-by?

RACHEL looks up, sees JESSE approaching. Her eyes flare.

JESSE

Hey, what happened to you last night?
I waited.

RACHEL

You tell me what happened last night.

JESSE

What?

ON RACHEL and JESSE as she tells him what happened last night. He gets more and more agitated.

TRACY is wearing her glasses as she and MONICA watch JESSE from the Patio.

TRACY

What is wrong with this movie? What does he see in her?

MONICA

Come on Trace, you're caviar, she's cheeze whiz. He'll come around. He's just letting little Jesse do the thinking for big Jesse.

BACK TO -- A pissed-off JESSE.

JESSE

Okay, don't worry, I'll talk to Mark,
I'll take care of it

RACHEL

(frustrated)

No, don't... maybe all this isn't such
a good idea.

JESSE

All what?

RACHEL

I mean, guys like you are supposed to
date girls like Tracy.

JESSE

I'm picking you up tonight. We're
gonna have a nice, mellow date.

RACHEL stands, silent, torn. The BELL RINGS, everybody
starts filing in. She moves, he smiles, blocks her way. :

JESSE

I'm not going anywhere till you
say yes.

RACHEL

(looks away, looks back, smiles)

All right. Okay.

(he doesn't move a muscle)

Yes.

JESSE lets her pass, with a chivalrous after-you sweep of his
hand, then falls in next to her. RACHEL's arm is grabbed
by...

SUE

May I speak with you a second?

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

RACHEL crossing and uncrossing her legs, it's the last place
she wants to be. She idly plays with the forest SNOW DOME.

SUE doesn't look so comfortable herself. She's holding a
stack of index cards.

RACHEL

What are those, tonight's Top-Ten
list?

SUE

These are just an exercise that will let me know how to help you better.

RACHEL

You're wasting your time.

SUE

Just answer true or false to these statements.

(reads the top card)

"There's a man inside the television set who tells me what to do."

RACHEL

False. I don't see the point--

SUE

"Sometimes my thoughts assume the form of a giant insect."

RACHEL

This doesn't make any sense.

SUE

Answer true or false and this won't take all day. Again: "Sometimes my thoughts--

RACHEL

False.

She sets down the SNOW DOME.

SUE

"If you want to play the piano well, you have to practice."

RACHEL

True.

SUE

"I can see sounds and hear colors."

RACHEL

False.

SUE

"Large furry animals crawl on my face every night while I sleep."

RACHEL

True.

SUE looks up, surprised.

RACHEL
I have a dog.

SUE nods, watches RACHEL closely as she takes her time with this one, not reading off a card.

SUE
Sometimes I can move things with my thoughts.

Beat. RACHEL stares at her, a million thoughts racing.

Another beat.

The only sound is the clock ticking on SUE's desk. RACHEL grabs her backpack and stands.

RACHEL
Fuck this--

SUE
Honey, sit down. I just want to help you--

RACHEL
--and fuck you. You're not my mother!

RACHEL turns to go. SUE jumps up, grabs her arm, and...

THE SNOW DOME

on the desk EXPLODES, splattering water and white flecks all over the desktop. RACHEL looks at it.

SUE stares at it, her worse fears coming true.

As RACHEL flies out the door.

EXT. FOOTBALL PRACTICE - DAY

WALSH sees JESSE get tackled, then help up the teammate who tackled him.

WALSH
What was that? What are you, Miss Manners? Show me you're a dog, Ryan.

JESSE looks at the styrofoam cooler on the bench.

A few of the nearby PLAYERS begin their barking chant.

JESSE
Can't, Coach.

WALSH
Say what?

The barking trails off. The other boys are stunned.

BRAD
Oh, shit.

JESSE
Well, I'm not a dog today, Coach,
I'm a vegetarian.

WALSH
Since when? Don't give me that.
Show me you're a dog, Ryan.

JESSE
Sorry, Coach. No can do.

WALSH
Your attitude sucks. Hit the showers.
Get outta my sight.

JESSE doffs his helmet, jogs to the bench. He douses his head with water, sits there, looking angry.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

PLAYERS goof around, snap towels at each other. Clanking steel and grunts from the boys at the weight machines.

LOCKER ROOM SHOWERS

The mist in a shower, through which are glimpses of a lean male figure with rippling stomach muscles. It's JESSE. MARK and BRAD enter the showers.

BRAD
(to Jesse)
Yo, lover boy, whatsa matter? Didn't ya nut that tattoo chick yet?

MARK
Brad, how many points he gonna get for straightening a dyke?

BRAD
Twenty, no, thirty.

They fingertip high-five each other.

BRAD

Jess, you score the skank yet?

JESSE just glares at him, walks away.

MARK

What's with him?

BRAD

Must be that time of the month.

THE LOCKER ROOM

JESSE finishes dressing between the lockers. MARK, wearing a towel, approaches him.

MARK

Jess, what's the matter?

JESSE

You. What's with the stunt you pulled last night?

MARK

What? Papering McCabe's house?
I asked you if you--

JESSE

What you did at Rachel's.

MARK

What? We were just sendin' her
a message.

JESSE slams his locker closed.

JESSE

Tell me, I'll pass it on.

MARK

Look, man. She's getting Eric in all
kinds a shit. I mean, if he gets
charged with rape, there goes any
chance of--

JESSE

Screw Eric, he's a big boy. He made
his own decisions, he's gotta live
with 'em. And stay away from Rachel,
or deal with me.

MARK

What are you getting bent for? She's just a burnout, a slut--

BANG as JESSE shoves MARK against a locker. MARK shoves him back. The rest of the PLAYERS in the background go quiet.

JESSE

(low, intense)

Don't call her a skank, don't call her a slut.

MARK

What's wrong with you?

JESSE

We screw with girls, use them, because it makes us feel like big men--

MARK

Get to the bad part.

::

JESSE

I'm tired. I'm tired of all of it.

MARK

What are you talking about? We're friends, we're all friends.

JESSE

No. We just grew up together.

And he walks away. On MARK. Pissed. He sees JESSE left his letter jacket behind, hanging on the locker.

INT. ARKHAM STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

CLOSE ON GRAFFITI reading:

King of heLL

RACHEL is looking at it, while she waits to be buzzed in. The capped letters read: KILL.

THE VISITING AREA

where RACHEL sits with BARBARA, holding her hand. There are occasional MOANS and SHOUTS from other PATIENTS.

BARBARA

Baby? Rachel? What's wrong?

RACHEL

Mama, what was it like? When you started to... when things went bad. What did it feel like, what did you see?

BARBARA

Oh, honey, why do you want to--

RACHEL

Did you see things move by themselves? Please, mama. I have to know.

BARBARA

(thinks, then)

Well, first, I thought I saw the devil in your eyes. Then I started to see people's faces looking... deformed, like they'd had plastic surgery, or the bones were moving under their skin.

(laughs)

For a while, I thought I had this big snake wrapped around my neck, and I couldn't talk, or it would try to go down my mouth.

RACHEL sits, thinking.

BARBARA looks at her in confusion for a long beat.

BARBARA

There is something different about you. Baby, are you all right?

RACHEL

Yeah. Yes. Everything's fine. Everything's gonna be all right.

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

A BUZZ and as RACHEL leaves, she smiles at...

HER MOTHER

sitting on the couch. BARBARA shifts slightly, looks at a CHROME CHAIR across from her.

HER DISTORTED REFLECTION

A LARGE SNAKE is coiled around her neck.

She closes her eyes. Opens them. And the SNAKE is gone.

There's the high, mechanical wssshh sound of film sliding through a gate on the--

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

A MICROFILM MACHINE as IMAGES STREAM past its screen. Black and white, abstract, poignant, fleeting, with newspaper text, scratches and magnified pieces of dust.

SUE (V.O.)

July. June. May.

HER FACE

is illuminated from below by the view screen. And now:

She stops on a NEWSPAPER front page:

THE CHAMBERLAIN RECORDER. May, 1976.

With a PHOTO of CARRIE WHITE at age seventeen.

The headline identifies her as the girl thought responsible for the arson at Chamberlain High School which killed 73 people.

The text below the photo states that Ralph White is the father of Carrie White.

ON SUE --

staring. Totally absorbed.

A HAND

grabs her forearm. SUE jerks. Looks up.

LIBRARY MATRON

The library is closing.

EXT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

SUE SNELL walks up the steps of a nondescript municipal building.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

SUE SNELL at the files. She pulls up:

An aging photocopy, white on black of...

Rachel Ann Lang's BIRTH CERTIFICATE.

She scans the certificate finds:

MOTHER: Barbara Elizabeth Lang.

FATHER: UNKNOWN

SUE
(under her breath)
Unknown?

EXT. ARKHAM STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

SUE'S red VOLVO sits before the entrance to the hospital.

SUE looks at HER EYES in the rearview mirror, takes a deep breathe to summon her courage.

SUE
(whispers)
You can do this.

She gets out of her car, holding a box of chocolates.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

SUE strides up to the reinforced door. The sudden BUZZ of the lock seems to cut through her. She hesitates, then pushes in to...

THE VISITING AREA --

...and approaches the NURSES STATION.

SUE
I'm here to see Barbara Lang.

NURSE
Stay here, I'll get her.

SUE looks around. This place holds a lot of bad memories.

DOCTOR NELSON, 50's, an overworked-underpaid psychiatrist approaches with a smiling MALE PATIENT.

DOCTOR
Suzy? Suzy Snell?

SUE
Hello, Doctor Nelson.

DOCTOR

Suzy Snell, one of my rare success stories. What brings you back?

SUE

I'm visiting the mother of one of my students.

DOCTOR

I heard about the good work you're doing at the high school.

The PATIENT turns and softly starts thudding his forehead against the wall. The DOCTOR casually pulls him away before he can harm himself.

DOCTOR

Excuse me, Sue.

(towing the Patient)

Come see me after. I'd like to hear how you're doing.

INT. THE VISITING AREA - DAY

SUE sits before BARBARA, who's picking her way through the chocolates. The MOANS of PATIENTS seem to rattle SUE.

BARBARA

Thank you for the chocolates.
Thoughtful of you.

SUE

(beat)

Mrs. Lang, why didn't you ever tell Rachel who her father was?

BARBARA

Wasn't important.

SUE

Why was it important for her not to know?

BARBARA

Why would she need to?

SUE

Mrs. Lang, I need to know who he was.

BARBARA

I'm sorry, that's private.

SUE

Mrs. Lang, it's important that I know his name.

BARBARA

I really don't see how that's any of your business.

SUE

I promise you, I'll keep the information in the strictest confidence.

BARBARA just looks at her, chewing.

SUE

I'm just trying to help Rachel. She seems very troubled and I'm worried about her.

BARBARA

(laughs)

You're worried? Very worried?

SUE

I am. Yes.

BARBARA

You don't have children, do you, miss?

SUE

No. No I don't.

BARBARA laughs, almost hysterically. SUE's thrown. BARBARA regains herself, then, with tremendous conviction...

BARBARA

Then you don't know. You will never ever know, how terrifying children can be.

SUE, frustrated, it's like punching water with this woman.

SUE

Rachel needs my help. She...

(desperately groping)

She has a... a disease, a genetic disorder I think her father passed on to her. I need to know so I can help her. Who was her father, Mrs. Lang?

BARBARA eyes SUE, then goes quiet, lost in her memories.

BARBARA

(smiles)

I did tell Rachel how I met him. He said it was love at first sight. I was his waitress. I insisted he try the cherry pie, 'cause I'd baked it myself. He said, with every bite of that pie, he could see our future together. By the time he got to the crust, he could see what I would look like, all old and saggy... and he still loved me.

(her smile fades, then)

He left me after Rachel was born. I never told her because, people around here aren't too fond of Carrie White, for what she did. I didn't want her having to grow up with that. His name was Ralph. Ralph White.

SUE goes cold.

SUE

So they are half-sisters.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

A castle, a windmill, and yards of worn astroturf. One of those places you go for fun if you're young and the city's too far away.

MONTAGE -- of RACHEL and JESSE on their date, playing, laughing.

-- JESSE takes a swing, muffs a shot, tosses his club.

-- A tricky par-four hole, featuring a dogleg and a slope to the cup. RACHEL hits the ball. And it rolls a hole-in-one.

-- She leaps in the air with joy. Behind her, JESSE feigns dropping dead.

EXT. MONARCH MOTORS - NIGHT

A sign reads: MONARCH MOTORS, below it are a row of USED CARS for sale, hoods open, like circus animals begging for peanuts.

JESSE (V.O.)

That's my dad's dealership. Someday all that will be mine.

EXT. WITHIN JESSE'S CAR - NIGHT

JESSE driving. RACHEL has her hand on the big HURST stickshift between the two bucket seats. He accelerates and RACHEL expertly shifts the gear.

JESSE

You are good. I'm impressed.

RACHEL

My foster-dad taught me on his semi-truck. Where we going?

EXT. THE HILL - NIGHT

The twinkling lights of Bergen below. Stars above. RACHEL and JESSE lay on the hood of his car, leaning against the windshield.

JESSE

Before he sold cars, my dad wanted to write this book: "One Hundred Senators Pick Their Favorite Restaurants." So, he wrote, to all of them.

RACHEL

All of them?

JESSE

Dear Senator So-and-so, I am writing a book.

RACHEL

Anybody answer?

JESSE

Yes. No. Sort of.

She laughs.

JESSE

He got two letters back. One was a form letter which said, "Thank you for your support."

RACHEL

And the other?

JESSE

The other was from Hubert Humphrey.

RACHEL

Who?

JESSE

He was the Vice-President once.
He wrote back a three page letter,
raving about a place called Wally's
Burger Hut. My dad was knocked-out.

RACHEL

So your dad wrote a book, color me
impressed.

JESSE

He never wrote it. Or he was going
to, and then my sister was born, and
then I was born. And there was this
car dealership, and it was security.

RACHEL

So your dad wanted to be a writer.
How'd his kid end up being this sweaty
armpit jock?

JESSE

(beat)

Sometimes when they throw me the ball,
it feels like time just slows down.
And I know where to be and how to get
there. When I have that feeling I
catch it. Always. Every time.

RACHEL

And you like that.

JESSE

Yeah, I love it. Except. My dad.
He's got my life all mapped out. He
wants me to take over the business.

RACHEL

What's wrong with that? Sounds like a
nice life.

JESSE

Selling used cars is not what I want.
And, unless I nail that football
scholarship, that's what I'll get.

(exhales)

Wow. I can't believe I'm telling you
all this. I've never said any of this
out loud to anyone before.

(takes a long look at her)

Must be great not having to be like
anyone else.

RACHEL

It's not so great. Sometimes I wish I could just be one of the shiny, happy people. Does that surprise you?

JESSE

Everything about you surprises me.

There's the soft pops of rain hitting the car as it begins to drizzle, then it comes down hard.

WITHIN THE CAR

RACHEL and JESSE are in front, facing each other, leaning against the doors as rain streams against the windows.

RACHEL

(sits forward)

I used to know this guy, could suck a strand of spaghetti through his mouth and out his nose. He called it Brain Flossing.

JESSE smiles.

RACHEL

He had a talent. You. You got football. It'll get you outta this place. You can make your own path after that. Write your own book.

JESSE

Yeah? Want to come with me?

She smiles. He leans forward. And she pulls away, afraid, then decides to let him. They kiss. Then she pulls away.

JESSE

What?

RACHEL

This...

She indicates the gear shift.

RACHEL

Is poking me right in the ribs.

JESSE's eyes flicker to the back seat.

RACHEL

Um, I don't know how to say this.

JESSE

Yean?

RACHEL

But I've never...

JESSE

Oh.

RACHEL

And, I'd want it to be special. Like you ring the doorbell, with flowers in your hand.

JESSE

Right. So... what's your favorite flower?

RACHEL

(smiles)

Daisies.

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In his car. The street's wet, but it's stopped raining. RACHEL gives him a quick kiss goodnight.

RACHEL

See you--

JESSE

--later.

She pulls away, exits, closes the door for the--

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL sleeps fitfully, tangled in her sheets.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

A massive GOTHIC BED sits incongruously in a clearing.

RACHEL AND JESSE

are making love. She's on top, her hands on his chest. Their glistening bodies catch the light of a RING OF FLAMES bursting around the bed.

RACHEL'S HANDS

suddenly sink into the flesh of JESSE's chest.

She SCREAMS as she tries to extract them, but strips of his flesh stick to her like flypaper.

RACHEL twists violently as her torso melds into his.

Their bodies fuse, a grotesque apparition with four legs and two heads.

Her mouth presses into his as their faces merge.

The ring of fire leaps inward, consuming the bed.

FADE TO WHITE:

SUPER IN BLACK:

THURSDAY

FADE IN:

EXT. FREAK HALL - MORNING

RACHEL sits, lost in thought. JESSE nears. She stands up.

JESSE

So, you're coming to the game, right?

RACHEL

I don't really get football.

JESSE

C'mon. I need you, for good luck.

RACHEL

All right. I'll be there.

JESSE

Good. I have practice today, but I can pick you up later, seven thirty?

RACHEL

Sure, go practice. Go be great. Live the life you want.

JESSE

What kind of life do you want?

RACHEL

(playful)

I don't know. I have a hard time picturing it.

JESSE

Well if you can't, I'll do it for you.

RACHEL

What do you mean?

JESSE

I will predict your future.

RACHEL

Uh-huh. Can I get a hint?

JESSE

I'm in it.

ON THE PATIO -- are TRACY, MARK and MONICA, watching them.

TRACY

If he's gonna do it, you know, be seen talking in public with someone else, he should show some respect.

(a slow boil)

He should show me the respect, at least, to be seen with someone pretty. Someone cool. Someone who counts. Amy or you, you know, someone. Instead, it's her. And I feel...

MONICA

Disrespected?

TRACY

That's right. I wish there was something I could do to make him come to his senses.

On MARK's face, a slow, insidious grin that seems to spread into eternity appears.

TRACY

What?

MARK

Let's nail the bitch. Plan a way to screw her like she's screwing us.

TRACY, a wicked smile as she nods.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

RACHEL watches SUE at the door, speaking to her TEACHER.

SUE points to RACHEL, who looks less than thrilled.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A dark smudge is spread on the empty parking space where LISA died. No one parks there anymore.

SUE is escorting RACHEL to her VOLVO.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Where are you taking me?

SUE (V.O.)
There's something you have to see.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

A DREAM-LIKE GLIDE past SUE's VOLVO, parked on the roadside, and through the trees.

SUE (V.O.)
This used to be the school for the
whole district. Chamberlain High.
It was closed down in 1976.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE OLD GYM - DAY

A burned-out hulk, shrouded in mist.

SUE (V.O.)
There was a fire here that year.
The night of the prom. Seventy-three
people died. A few of us survived.

INT. THE DESTROYED GYM - DAY

Dark, full of exposed wires, metal rods and pipes, countless empty beer cans. Two mattresses are laid out amid the debris.

SUE stands on a pile of rubble, next to RACHEL. There's a haunted look on SUE's face.

FLASH TO:

INT. THE GYM - PROM NIGHT, 1976 (STOCK)

STROBING IMAGES of CARRIE WHITE, drenched in pig's blood.

Sounds of horrible SCREAMING.

Flashes of KIDS stampeding. Burning. Dying.

A fire rages behind CARRIE as she steps off a platform, turns and looks at us with the face of an avenging angel.

BACK TO:

THE DESTROYED GYM,

present day, as SUE flinches.

SUE

I haven't really been here in over twenty years. But it feels like I've been back here every day since.

RACHEL

Happy homecoming. Can we go? This place is spooky. Gives me the creeps.

SUE

Do you know what happened here?

RACHEL

You just said. A fire.

SUE

What caused it?

RACHEL

They think a boiler blew up, okay? Am I gonna be graded on this?

SUE

Come on, you've heard of Carrie White.

RACHEL

(kicks a can)
Everybody has.

SUE

And?

RACHEL

(sighs)
Supposedly, she set the fire, as part
(MORE)

RACHEL (cont'd)
of a revenge-suicide thing. Elvis was
her date and they escaped in a U.F.O.

SUE
I know what happened to that
snow dome, on my desk.

RACHEL
(beat)
It fell.

SUE
We both saw it.

RACHEL looks at her, isn't going to talk about this.

SUE
I know everything there is to know
about Carrie White. She did this.
It began with what you did, with
the snow dome. Then it got out
of control.

RACHEL
(turns)
I'm cold. Let's go.

SUE
It's a genetic recessive trait. The
male is the carrier, when he combines
with the right female, the trait
surfaces in their offspring, usually
in women. Like King's Disease,
hemophilia.

RACHEL
What are you saying I have?

SUE
It's a trait, Rachel, you inherited.
Telekinesis.

RACHEL
With all respect, lady, you're
seriously bat-shit. I'm walking,
back to the real world.

SUE's voice is low, quiet.

SUE
Your mother told me your father was
Ralph White. Carrie's father.

It stops RACHEL in her tracks.

RACHEL

I don't believe you. She never told me, why would she tell you?

SUE

You need help--

RACHEL

Like what? Like they helped you?

SUE

Yes. No.

RACHEL

So then it's Arkham for me?

SUE

No. I can help you, get it under control.

RACHEL

You want to know what I'm feeling today? Happy. Happier than I've ever been. So I don't want or need your help.

RACHEL runs off. SUE follows, trips on the rubble, falls.

SUE

Rachel!

INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - DAY

JESSE stands at his locker, dressing. MARK approaches.

MARK

Hey.

(no response from Jesse)

Just wanted to say two things.

I'm sorry. Maybe I overreacted.

JESSE

Don't play with me.

MARK

I'm not. We've been friends since we could both pee standing up. And I thought we'd be best friends forever.

(beat)

Never thought some girl could come between that. Look, I know I'm scum. I'm lower than scum, I'm smegma, I'm butt lint.

JESSE
(smiles in spite of himself)
Keep going.

MARK
I'm sorry.

JESSE
I'm not the one you should be
apologizing to.

MARK
You're right. I'll come up with a way
to make it up, to both of you.
(smiles, full charm)
I'm tryin', brother, I'm tryin'.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DUSK

Light streams in through the slatted blinds. The young D.A.
is at his desk. MR. STARK, Eric's attorney father, sits
across from him with ERIC. SHERIFF KELTON and COACH WALSH:
also sit in chairs.

STARK
You're not really thinking of pressing
charges against my son.

D.A.
We're doing more than just thinking.

WALSH
I need the boy for the game.

STARK
Robbie, we've known each other a long
time, since you were a Bulldog.

KELTON
Save it, Lou. Sue Snell told me there
were other girls--

WALSH
Those kinds of girls know what they're
getting in to. Eric's a good kid, he
may be guilty of some youthful
transgressions--

KELTON
Youthful transgressions? A girl
killed herself.

The door opens and the town's MAYOR walks in, grey-haired, distinguished, with an air of authority.

D.A.

(nods)

Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR

Sit, everybody, sit, I'm just listening in.

He leans against the desk, arms folded.

STARK

(beat)

Okay. Cards on the table. My boy isn't going down alone then.

D.A.

Go on.

STARK

He hasn't done anything other boys on the team haven't done. Eric can even get proof of it. Mark Bing, Jesse Ryan, Chuck Potter, Brad Winters.

(pauses)

Now, there will be college scouts at the game Friday. Eric takes a fall, I'll make sure they all do. You want to be responsible for tarnishing all these boys lives?

MAYOR

Well. I think that about sums it up.

He looks at the D.A., as if to give him his cue.

D.A.

Robbie, I just don't think I have enough evidence to ruin this boy's reputation.

KELTON

But--

D.A.

That's it, Robbie. That's all.

MAYOR

Lou, thank you for coming in. I'll walk you out.

They all stand and shakes hands.

KELTON sits; seething as he realizes the fix was in before he ever entered this room.

He looks across at ERIC, sitting, a smug look on his face.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

MARK intercepts JESSE as he nears his car.

MARK

Hey, man, I got it. This girl, this Rachel, is special to you, huh?

JESSE

Yeah.

MARK extracts a KEY RING from his jacket, pulls a KEY off.

MARK

The cabin. My folks aren't there.
Get away from all of us idiots.
Go have a romantic time.

JESSE looks at him. MARK tosses the key, JESSE catches it.
MARK smiles.

MARK

And bring her to my party. I'll show
you we can be one big, happy family.

EXT. STREET/TRACY'S BMW - DAY

TRACY driving with MONICA as they follow a walking RACHEL.
RACHEL crosses the street.

MONICA

Finally, she's going into the mall.

TRACY

(an evil smile)
Perfect. We have the homefield
advantage.

INT. SHOPPING MALL, DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The cosmetics department of an upscale store, mirrors on every counter. A SALESWOMAN sprays perfume samples on passing shoppers. She pulls up short as she encounters...

RACHEL wandering by, out-of-place in her street urchin wear.
The PERFUME WOMAN watches RACHEL pass.

Stopping at a counter, RACHEL takes in the vast array of makeup, the models on the displays. She sees a YOUNG COUPLE go by, very J. Crew, very much in love.

She turns to her own visage reflected in several mirrors on the counter.

RACHEL
(under her breath)
You're normal.

At the end of the counter, the PERFUME WOMAN approaches a SALESWOMAN helping MONICA.

PERFUME
Karen, watch the girl in black, make sure she doesn't pocket anything.

MONICA turns around to see...

RACHEL -- staring at a row of lipsticks. She's startled by...

SALESWOMAN
Can I help you?

RACHEL
Uh, just looking.

The woman gives her a smile of devastating insincerity, crosses her arms and just stands there. RACHEL gets her drift.

MONICA walks up behind RACHEL.

MONICA
Oh, hi. Karen, this is a friend of mine from school.

The SALESWOMAN nods, moves away.

RACHEL
Thought she was gonna frisk me.

MONICA
She does Step Class with my mom.
(smiles)
You should see the scars from her liposuction.

RACHEL edges way, checking out the lipsticks, but MONICA trails her.

MONICA
What are you looking for?

RACHEL
Nothing. Just lookin'.

MONICA
Is it perhaps, something to wear on a date? Perhaps with a certain jock-hunk we all know?

RACHEL
(smiles, nervous, nailed)
No.

MONICA
You know, Tracy isn't universally loved.

RACHEL
There's a shock.

MONICA
Exhibit A. I think she's a Melrose Place superbitch.

RACHEL cracks a hint of a smile.

MONICA
You have great lips.
(beat)
No, really. Look, this shade would look very kissable on you. Soft.

MONICA goes to apply the lipstick on her. RACHEL pulls away.

MONICA
Trust me. See, Tracy tried to steal Brad from me. Now hold still.

And RACHEL does.

MONICA
So, he invite you to the game? Just nod.

RACHEL nods.

MONICA
Well, there's a big party after. I hope you can go. I know it would mean a lot to Jesse if we all got along.

RACHEL

Uh-huh.

MONICA

Good. See?

Checking in a mirror, RACHEL sees she's right.

MONICA

Here, these two would also rock on you.

The SALESWOMAN reappears.

SALESWOMAN

Can I ring those up?

RACHEL

Um, sure. How much are these?

SALESWOMAN

Twenty-two fifty. Each.

RACHEL sets the lipsticks down. MONICA smiles at the SALESWOMAN.

MONICA

Maybe next time. Bye.

She pulls RACHEL away. As they walk the SALESWOMAN keeps looking at RACHEL with distaste.

MONICA

(a conspiratorial smile)

Here, I kleptoed it for you.

She slips RACHEL the lipstick.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL before the mirror, applying the lipstick. A P.J. HARVEY song plays under, slow, insistent, seductive:

P.J. HARVEY

*She's burst/ dropped off/ picked the
fruit/ realize/ I'm naked / I'm naked
too./ So cover my body/ dress it fine/
hide my linen and lace.*

She pulls on a silver, thrift-shop SLIP DRESS, moves a sleeve to cover her tattoo.

P.J. HARVEY (cont'd)
*So fruit flower myself inside out / I'm
happy and bleeding for you / fruit
flower myself inside out / I'm tired
and bleeding for you...*

She slips off her nose stud.

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JESSE waiting in his car. He looks up --

RACHEL stands under the porch light in her dress. A lanky gangster girl, with one leg planted on a step like a cocked gun. She's bone-chillingly beautiful.

He gets out, opens the car door for her.

JESSE
What happened to that little thing you
wear, that, uh...

He gestures to his nose, indicating her stud.

RACHEL
Took it off.

JESSE
Too bad. I like it. It's different.

RACHEL looks at the car seat. On it are DAISIES.

JESSE
(smiles)
Just, you know, throw'em in the back.

EXT. A CABIN - NIGHT

A small cabin in the woods. Fire light in the window.
JESSE's CAR is parked in the gravel alongside.

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

JESSE is stoking a fire in the fireplace. There's a MOOSE HEAD TROPHY on the wall. RACHEL's sitting on a bed, draped with a chenille spread.

JESSE
It was nice of Mark to lend us the
place. He's really tryin' to make
peace. Invited us to his party. But
we won't go if you'd be uncomfortable.

He moves to the bed.

RACHEL

No. Let's go.

JESSE

Great.

(looks at her)

What's wrong?

RACHEL

I feel like... we're being watched.

She looks up at the MOOSE HEAD's MARBLE EYES, reflecting firelight. JESSE drapes his jacket over the MOOSE HEAD.

JESSE

Sorry, Bullwinkle, lights out.

(sits on the bed)

Feel better?

RACHEL

Feel scared.

JESSE

Funny. Me too.

He leans in to her. She backs away, like a skittish doe.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, I just feel... weird.

I don't know. Oh, wow, I am really losing my mind here.

JESSE

It's okay. Rachel, it's okay. It doesn't have to be tonight. Whenever you're ready. And, hey, you know what, you're the sanest person I know.

And that's exactly what she needed to hear. She cups the back of his neck and pulls his lips to hers. They kiss; a deep, healing kiss.

HER HAND

brushes aside one of the straps to her dress, which slips off her shoulder.

JESSE tenderly runs his hand over her HEART-THORN TATTOO.

FADE TO BLACK/FADE IN:

CLOSEUPS OF RACHEL AND JESSE

in the bed, making love. Firelight playing over their skin. It's beautiful. What we all wanted our first time to be.

They move slowly, as if all the pain in the world could be erased, if only they could become one. JESSE watches RACHEL. Her face open, vulnerable.

FADE TO BLACK/FADE IN:

RACHEL ASLEEP

seems peaceful, holding on to JESSE like a child, they're covered by the chenille spread. Their sweat clings to them like the softest of prisons. He's awake, studying her. He gently runs his fingertips across her brow.

JESSE

(softly)

I love you.

MOVE off them and across the floor...

TO FIND a MICROPHONE on the floor, hidden behind a chair.

FOLLOW the MICROPHONE CORD to a closed WINDOW where it snakes out.

There's the gaping lens of a VIDEO CAMERA visible in the corner of the window. Its RED recording light on.

DIVE into the black lens, and...

FADE TO BLACK:

A SUPER - BLOOD RED:

F R I D A Y

FADE IN TO:

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

And the round BLACK PUPIL of WALTER's EYE.

He lays on the bed watching RACHEL sneaking in through her window, trying to be mouse quiet. She gets safely inside when her bedroom door opens.

BOYD stands in the doorway. She's busted.

BOYD

You were out all night.

RACHEL nods, defiantly. He walks over to her and, without warning, slaps her.

BOYD

You're grounded. No school today.
You don't move from this room.

He turns on his heel, walks out. The dog looks as stricken as she does.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

Of RACHEL in her bedroom, as the day passes.

The sun moves across the floor as a ghostly RACHEL and her dog FADE IN-AND-OUT around the room. She lays in bed, staring at the ceiling. Paces her room like a prisoner.

FINALLY -- It's nightfall.

RACHEL slips out her window.

EXT. ARKHAM STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

And it looks even spookier at night.

INT. STATE HOSPITAL, VISITING AREA - NIGHT

Dimly lit as SUE SNELL sits with BARBARA.

SUE

Rachel needs help. She doesn't believe me and I'm afraid for her. I want you to tell her who her father was.

BARBARA

Why?

SUE

She'll believe it from your lips. Mrs. Lang, I really need your help, before it's too late. I can take you to her. Will you help me?

BARBARA slowly nods, yes.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM, STANDS - NIGHT

The entire town has showed for this traditional rivalry and there's Bulldog paraphernalia galore. RACHEL appears in the stands, looking a bit lost. Down front sit MONICA and AMY.

On the field are TRACY and her fellow CHEERLEADERS.

MONICA nudges AMY and waves to RACHEL.

MONICA

Rachel, Rach, over here.
Hey. Grab a seat.

Looking around, RACHEL sees she's surrounded by Patio People.

RACHEL

Thanks, but...

MONICA

Oh, please, you're not gonna sit by
your lonesome. There's plenty of room,
if Amy here slides her bubble butt.

AMY

(dry)
Very witty, Ms. Bulimia.

But she moves over. RACHEL tentatively sits.

INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

JESSE enters, mounds of hair are at his feet. He looks up.

MARK and most of the BULLDOGS have shaved their heads and are working on the last players. They turn to him in unison.
CHUCK grins, runs his hand over his scalp.

CHUCK

We did it for the big game.

MARK

C'mon, Jess, you're up.

JESSE stares in horror at how identical they all look now. Then he starts to... giggle, then breaks into laughter, turns and walks away.

BRAD

Man, he'll ruin the whole effect.

EXT. THE STANDS - NIGHT

MONICA and RACHEL.

MONICA

No, no, it's an extra point when
you score the kick after the touchdown.
A safety is when you get tackled with
the ball in your own end zone.

RACHEL

Thought that was a bunt.

MONICA

What?

RACHEL

I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

MONICA

Okay, listen. Here's what Brad told me
to say, doesn't matter if something good
or bad happens, just say "You gotta be
fuckin' kiddin' me!" No matter what,
just say that. It'll sound like you know
what's going on.

INT. STADIUM TUNNEL - NIGHT

JESSE and the team move through a dark tunnel and onto...

THE FOOTBALL FIELD

with all the pageantry and sheer rush of a hometown crowd.
The school band plays like they're going to bust a gut.
Hysteria and bloodlust fill the air as the crowd starts a
barking chant.

JESSE --

on the sideline bench. He scans the crowd behind him,
sees...

A NOTRE DAME SCOUT, wearing a "Fighting Irish" jacket, toting
a clipboard.

JESSE then spots RACHEL in the stands, gives her a reassuring
grin. She glances at the SCOUT, smiles back at JESSE.

TRACY sees them, is none too happy.

SLOW MOTION -- A whistle sounds as a FOOTBALL is kicked to
start the game. The BALL spins end over end until...

It's caught by a BULLDOG receiver who starts his return, then is popped hard and FUMBLES. An OPPOSING PLAYER leaps onto the ball on the muddy quagmire of a field.

In the stands...

RACHEL, MONICA, AMY
(in accidental unison)
You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me!

They turn to each other, burst into laughter.

MONTAGE -- of the punishing game. Epic warfare with grunting, spitting and cursing as LINEMAN butt heads and...

-- A CARLIN RUNNING BACK steamrolls through the BULLDOGS for a touchdown.

-- RACHEL, MONICA and AMY do their "You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me" routine.

JESSE catches a pass, and is immediately slammed hard by a CARLIN PLAYER.

RACHEL looks like she's been kicked in the gut.

RACHEL
Do they have to hit him that hard?

MONICA
Amy, Rachel's worried about Jesse.

AMY
Don't worry, it always looks worse than it really is.

CUT TO:

TRACY and the other CHEERLEADERS leading a cheer as...

JESSE glances at the sideline, where the NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL SCOUT watches him, writing notes on his clipboard.

THE HALF-TIME SCOREBOARD and the BULLDOGS trail 7-0.

On the sideline, MARK SMASHES his helmet to the ground.

INT. ARKHAM STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An impatient SUE sits before an exhausted DOCTOR NELSON.

DOCTOR

Well... I understand you need to take out Mrs. Lang, to do a drug-abuse intervention with her daughter. But while she's doing well, her condition may be fragile.

(beat)

In good conscience, I could only release her in your custody for two hours.

SUE

Thank you.

SUE jumps to her feet to leave.

DOCTOR

Hold on. You have a bunch of release forms to sign. I'll go get them.

On SUE, sitting, knowing she may be running out of time.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

The BULLDOGS prove their worth with brutal play as they cream the CARLIN QUARTERBACK for a big loss.

THE FOURTH QUARTER SCOREBOARD -- the BULLDOGS trail 7-3.

RACHEL sees...

The Notre Dame FOOTBALL SCOUT writing notes as he watches...

JESSE cutting across the middle of the field.

He catches a pass, but two DEFENSIVE BACKS converge on him and he gets bone-jarringly plastered.

JESSE hits the ground with such force his helmet flies off. For a moment, it looks like he's been decapitated.

RACHEL

(stands)

Jess!

THE HOMETOWN CROWD rises to their feet as...

JESSE stays down, hurt.

RACHEL

Oh, no.

RACHEL strains to see him as the team circles around JESSE.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHERS rush along the sideline to snap shots, their cameras flashing.

JESSE sits up, stands, shakes his head to clear it as he jogs to the sideline.

RACHEL

Thank, God. He's okay.

CUT TO:

THE SCOREBOARD CLOCK -- loudly TICKING from 0:09 to 0:07.

JESSE -- running. He looks up to...

THE NIGHT SKY -- A FOOTBALL silently arches up, spinning an achingly beautiful spiral in SLOW MOTION.

THE SCOREBOARD CLOCK -- a booming TICK from 0:05 to 0:04.

JESSE makes a spectacular one-handed catch on the run, streaking along the sideline.

Ahead of him, a monstrous CARLIN LINEBACKER closes in on him with murder in his eyes.

RACHEL

Look out!

THE LINEBACKER'S P.O.V. --

All the PHOTOGRAPHERS on the sideline have their CAMERA FLASHES flare in unison, without their snapping them!

The blinded LINEBACKER plows into the SIDELINE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

JESSE scores a touchdown.

And the CROWD goes berserk as the BULLDOGS throw their helmets in the air.

MONICA

(stunned)

You gotta be... wow.

RACHEL stands there, open-mouthed, relieved, but unsure if she had anything to do with what just happened.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

The Bulldogs are still whooping it up as COACH WALSH approaches JESSE.

WALSH

Ryan, Notre Dame scout's here,
wants to talk to you first.

JESSE nods, turns to BRAD.

JESSE

Brad, can you tell Rachel I'll be
out soon? Have her wait for me.

INT. STADIUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

RACHEL and MONICA stand in the hoard waiting for the players.
TRACY passes, soggy, muddy, yet still radiating a cool
confidence in her beauty. She gives RACHEL a shark's smile.

BRAD exits the locker room, goes to RACHEL's side.

BRAD

It's gonna be a while, Jess is talkin'
to the scout, he said for you to go
ahead to the party.

MONICA

(warmly)

Rachel, did you hear that, Jesse's
talking to the scout, isn't that great?

RACHEL

Yeah.

MONICA

C'mon, I'll give you a ride to Mark's.

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUE drives up with BARBARA to RACHEL's tiny, run-down house.

BARBARA

No, this couldn't be it. Rachel said
it was a real nice house, surrounded
by trees, with a pool in the back.

SUE

I guess she didn't want to worry you.

INT. RACHEL' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door is opened by EMILYN. SUE and BARBARA stand
behind her.

They find WALTER, alone on the bed, blinking awake.

EXT. MARK BING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An upper-class home built in the international style of fieldstone and gray-stained wood. The house is set back from the road, surrounded by trees, with a pool in the back.

A herd of parked cars and throbbing music indicate MARK's party is at full tilt.

INT. MARK BING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON -- a 36-INCH TV playing psychedelic music videos and Japanese anime.

WIDEN -- to reveal a DANCING CROWD in a dimly lit, split-level living room with exposed wooden beams.

There's a large, roaring fireplace and a Jackson Pollock splatter PAINTING hangs opposite. Sliding glass doors overlook the backyard patio and swimming pool.

CHUCK cuts through, sees someone jostle a table lamp.

CHUCK

Careful! Don't break anything, or Mark'll have my head on a plate.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MONICA leads RACHEL up the walkway to the front door where a BEEFY BOY plays doorman. ARNIE and two geeky YOUNGER BOYS mill outside the door, trying their damndest to look cool.

ARNIE

Hey, Monica, can ya get us into the party?

MONICA

Sure, Arnie, wait here. I'll come back for ya...

And she waltzes past him.

MONICA (cont'd)

...in two or three years.

ARNIE points at a passing RACHEL.

ARNIE

How come she gets to go in?

MONICA
(raises a toast)
To new friends.

They raise their glasses and RACHEL joins in with a hesitant smile. Their glasses clink together for the...

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JESSE crosses the near empty lot, hair wet from his shower. He stops dead.

JESSE
Damn it.

Under a pool of lamplight -- HIS CAR has had its tires slashed and someone has sprayed in red "Carlin Rules!" across the door.

TRACY pulls up in her BMW, wearing her cheerleading outfit:

TRACY
Oh, wow, that sucks. Further proof
Carlin guys are gravy sucking pigs.

JESSE
Yeah.

TRACY
Need a ride?

JESSE
You goin' to Mark's?

TRACY
Wouldn't miss it. Hop in.

As he gets into her car, TRACY has one hand on the wheel, the other hanging out her window. She drops something as JESSE closes the door.

REVEAL a CAN of red spray paint TRACY dropped onto the parking lot's tarmac.

TRACY
Just a quick stop at my house, I
want to change my outfit.

Her car pulls off...

WIPING THE FRAME TO:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RACHEL and MONICA chat with AMY and two other PATIO GIRLS.
AMY takes RACHEL's hand.

AMY
I really like your nail color.

MONICA
Check out the tattoo on her arm,
wild huh?

AMY
Yeah. Did that hurt?

RACHEL
No. Well, yeah, actually some.

AMY
Oh, it's just too cool.

MONICA
I'm dying to get one, but my mom
would have a shit fit.

AMY
So would mine. She says I'm not
that type of girl.

RACHEL
What type is that?

There's an awkward pause which MONICA breaks.

MONICA
A slut.
(throws an arm around Rachel)
That's why you should take all
of us in for tattoos!

AMY and the other GIRLS laugh. RACHEL softens, joining in.
She looks around at everyone at the party, laughing, dancing.
The shiny, happy people. It feels weird, but here she is.
She smiles, takes a sip of her drink.

By the stereo, MARK cranks up the music as CHUCK dances over
to AMY, pulls her into the dancing CROWD. BRAD grabs MONICA.

BRAD
C'mon, wench, let's dance.

He pulls MONICA into the crowd, and she gestures for RACHEL
to join them.

RACHEL
No, I'd rather wait for Jesse.

MONICA
Oh, c'mon, Rachel. He'd want you
to have fun.

AMY
Yeah, c'mon, Rach.

There's a chorus of "C'mon, Rachel" from the guys and some of the other DANCERS join in. An embarrassed RACHEL surrenders, sets down her drink and enters the dancing group.

MONICA
All right, girl.

RACHEL smiles. BRAD starts dancing before RACHEL.

SLOW MOTION -- CLOSE on RACHEL's face, dancing, beaming. For a few moments, everything seems perfect. And she throws her head back and laughs.

MARK dances into the group.

MARK
Hey, Chuckzilla, why don't you
put on the highlights tape?

CHUCK
You mean tonight's game?

MARK shares a laugh and a glance with MONICA and BRAD.

MARK
Yeah, tonight's game.

CHUCK
Okay. Let's go to the videotape!

He dances out of the group over to the VCR where he pops out a tape and inserts a tape marked "Bulldogs Highlights".

RACHEL turns around, sees the large screen TV PLAYING images of the Bulldogs playing football.

RACHEL
Is that tonight's game?

MARK
No, it's the other game.

Still dancing, she turns back to the group.

RACHEL
What other game?

MARK
The game you were in.

The others laugh. She smiles, confused.

RACHEL
What?

BRAD
The one you played.

MARK
Yeah, yeah, what was the score?
Chuckie, pass me the scoreboard,
I wanna show Rachel how she helped
Jesse win the game.

CHUCK pulls the BLACK NOTEBOOK next to the CD's off a shelf,
pretends he's a quarterback hiking a ball.

CHUCK
Twenty-four, twenty-six, hut, hut,
hut.

He drops back to pass the NOTEBOOK.

CHUCK
Go long, Bradzilla.

MARK laughs as BRAD circles around RACHEL, twists between
other dancers. CHUCK tosses the NOTEBOOK over RACHEL and
BRAD leaps up to catch it.

BRAD
Post-pattern, Mark!

Ducking around DANCERS, MARK raises his hands for the pass.
KIDS start to notice their antics and start laughing.

BRAD passes the book over to MARK who catches it, mimes
spiking it for a touchdown and does a silly victory dance.

MONICA laughs and turns to RACHEL, who laughs, even though
she still looks a bit befuddled.

MARK
Rachel, catch!

He throws the NOTEBOOK through the air, where it tumbles end
over end for a few slow beats, then is caught by her.

BEHIND RACHEL --

THE TV SET -- keeps playing football highlights, but suddenly there's an almost subliminal --

FLASH of TWO INTERTWINED BODIES.

RACHEL holds the NOTEBOOK, unsure of what to do with it. The boys are a little out of breath, but still grinning and dancing.

MARK

Open it. Go 'head, read off the scores.

BRAD

Start with Eric.

CHUCK

Yeah, start with poor Eric.

She opens the book, looks at the pages with a quizzical expression. She sees the Bulldog names across the top of the page with lists of girls beneath each one. Every girl has a number next to her with a total at the bottom.

MARK

What's Eric's score?

RACHEL

Twenty-two?

RACHEL stops dancing as she spots LISA PARKER's name at the bottom of ERIC's column with the number four next to it.

MARK

What's up, Rach? You know someone on that list?

RACHEL

(under her breath)

Lisa.

MARK

Oh, yeah, Lisa, forgot about her.

CHUCK

How many points was she?

BRAD

Four. But maybe he shoulda lost those when she offed herself.

MARK

Rach, look under Jesses's name, how many points you get?

MONICA

(cheerleading)

Two, four, six, eight--

AMY

Who do we appreciate!

RACHEL looks down JESSES's column sees her name with thirty points next to it, then, above hers, sees TRACY with ten.

MARK

No, more than that, remember, we thought Rach was a dyke. He got extra-points for the conversion.

BRAD

Two points?

MARK

Try thirty.

RACHEL stares at the book, stunned, trying to make sense of it.

MONICA

Look at her face, this is priceless.

At the front door, JESSE walks in, TRACY behind him. He looks around, hasn't seen what's going on yet. ERIC intercepts him, turning JESSE away from the TV.

ERIC

Hey, man, what did the scout say?

Behind RACHEL...

THE TV SET -- between shots of players grunting, tackling and smashing into each other, longer and longer segments appear of...

A COUPLE MAKING LOVE --

from the waist up, with thick scan lines that almost make it look surreal. It's obvious that the girl is RACHEL, and the boy is JESSE.

DANCING KIDS notice what's on the TV and start to point and laugh at the set. RACHEL is completely unaware of what's going on behind her.

MARK

See, we didn't think Jess could do it,
so he offered to get evidence, proof
that he'd scored you.

MONICA

Here comes Jesse's big play!

MARK

Lookie, lookie, Rachel.

RACHEL realizes people are watching something behind her,
then laughing at her. She turns and sees...

The IMAGES of her and JESSE on the TV.

Her face goes slack with horror.

RACHEL

Oh, God.

MARK leans in to RACHEL, who hasn't noticed JESSE.

MARK

Jess was disappointed with the picture
quality, but I told him it was better
than Pam and Tommy Lee's tape.

CHUCK

Rach, was it good for you too?
Sure looks like it, don't it?

MARK

Why don't we ask Jesse?

He turns and calls out.

MARK (cont'd)

Hey, Jesse! Over here!

JESSE looks over and his eyes meet RACHEL's, but she just
stares back, horrified. Then he sees the TV set behind her.

JESSE

What...

JESSE pushes his way through the crowd, trying to get to
RACHEL. TRACY throws an arm around him, kisses his neck.

TRACY

He told me he was thinking of me
when he fucked you.

Seeing MARK laughing, JESSE realizes what's going on.

JESSE

Rachel...

He tries to shrug off TRACY, but ERIC and CHUCK grab his arms and pull him back into the crowd.

JESSE

Rachel!

MARK pushes RACHEL towards BRAD.

MARK

Rachel! Rachel!

She tries to get away, but BRAD pushes her into MONICA who shoves her to AMY as they join in the chanting.

BRAD

Rachel!

MONICA

Rachel!

AMY

Rachel!

Drowning out JESSE's cries.

RACHEL's P.O.V. -- spinning around. A NIGHTMARISH GALLERY of dancing, jostling torsos, TWISTED FACES and LAUGHING MOUTHS, smirking and pointing at her.

INTERCUT WITH:

FAST CLOSE-UPS

of RACHEL and JESSE making love. The assault of music, chanting and images crescendo with...

BRAD grabbing RACHEL's bare arm below her HEART-THORN TATTOO, forcing her to face the TV screen.

BRAD

Hey, is that a zit on your ass?

RACHEL has tears streaming down her face for the first time since she was four years old.

She bows her head.

A LAUGHING BRAD

glances down at RACHEL's arm.

The THORN VINE around the HEART TATTOO looks bigger, edging up her arm.

He looks away, shares a laugh with MARK, looks back and...

THE HEART TATTOO

on RACHEL's upper arm is growing, etched from within, the thorn covered vine snaking like a tendril up her arm.

BRAD

Holy shit.

He releases her.

RACHEL raises her head, eyes glowing with pain and rage, her broken heart turned to stone.

The delicate THORN VINE has grown across her chin, cheekbone and forehead, swirling around to end on her other cheek.

A stunned BRAD backs away from her.

JESSE breaks free of ERIC's grip, slugs CHUCK and pushes his way towards RACHEL.

Her HEART POUNDS at an alarming rate as she slowly turns and sees JESSE coming at her, his arms out to take her in his embrace.

A KNIFE

on the bar dances and rattles, then...

A WHIP PAN finds...

JESSE, as his back arches in pain and he screams. The KNIFE is embedded in his open palm, nailing his hand to the wall.

MARK and the other boys stare in shock.

MARK

What the fuck?

ON JESSE -- as he screams again.

A CORKSCREW has pierced his other hand, at waist level. The SCREW spins around, burrowing into his flesh.

Everyone on that side of the room stops dead, taking in the bizarre sight.

RACHEL straightens up and...

The kitchen door CLOSES...

The glass doors to the back yard slide SHUT...

The front door SLAMS.

TRACY
(looking around)
What's going on Mark?

MARK
I dunno.

The floor starts to shake like a small earthquake. All the PARTYGOERS go still, looking around at each other. The room is frozen, even though the music keeps pounding.

MARK looks at RACHEL, her disheveled hair partially obscures her features, but her eyes are glowing.

THE GLASS WINDOWS

surrounding the room, begin to RATTLE, then CRACK in a spider-web pattern. Then...

THE WINDOWS BURST inward.

FOLLOW the deadly hail of shards as they cut through the CROWD.

FROM ABOVE -- The outer edge of the CROWD are mowed down as if by a machine gun and...

A WHIP PAN -- Finds a BOY impaled by a large, jagged shard.

TWISTED SHADOWS

are splayed across a wall of KIDS falling to the ground. The hard-edged music keeps playing while...

CHUCK's decapitated head rolls across the floor and onto...

A plate.

The BEEFY BOY spins around, clutching at a shard protruding from his neck, his carotid artery spewing blood like a lawn sprinkler.

On a GIRL as his blood sprays across her face and...

The BOY turns, arcing blood across...

The Jackson Pollock PAINTING, which blends into the multi-colored canvas.

Reeling into the stereo, the BOY scatters CDs everywhere.

On RACHEL, clothes spattered red, tears streaming down her cheeks.

TRACY straightens up, having been protected by MONICA, who's screaming, her face a lacerated pulp with glass shards sticking out of it like a pincushion.

Surviving PARTYGOERS panic as they struggle to their feet and try to flee, stampeding over each other.

MARK, TRACY, ERIC and BRAD shove their way through the crowd.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As SUE and BARBARA leap from the Volvo. SUE hears the screams from within the house, takes in the shattered windows.

SUE
Oh, no!

BARBARA
Rachel!

They race to the door as...

WITHIN THE HOUSE

BRAD runs to the front door.

An IRON FIREPLACE POKER lifts up one end, then flies like a javelin towards BRAD's back as...

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

BARBARA and SUE approach the door when the end of the POKER bursts from the center of it, nearly spearing a surprised BARBARA in the face as it sticks out about a foot.

She jerks back, then pushes the door open with an effort.

WITHIN THE HOUSE --

They enter and freeze as the door slams shut behind them, revealing a dead BRAD speared through the throat, pinned to the door.

BARBARA

Oh, my god. Where's Rachel?

They see JESSE, then RACHEL covered in tattoos.

A panicked AMY smashes into BARBARA, then runs toward a window.

RACHEL sees AMY and her eyes narrow...

MUSIC CDs fly off a shelf and...

Spin through the air at high velocity.

One of the deadly frisbees buries itself in AMY's back, spinning her around. More CDs embed in her stomach, chest and throat.

MARK and ERIC smash their way through the chaos as MARK's eyes flash from a collapsing AMY to RACHEL

MARK

God, it's her! She's doing it!

SUE moves towards RACHEL.

SUE

Stop! Stop it!

RACHEL has her gaze locked on...

MARK, who realizes he's a dead man. He moves toward a shattered window, through which some PEOPLE escape.

But RACHEL turns her head slightly and...

A TELEKINETIC PULSE travels across the row of LIQUOR BOTTLES at the bar, exploding them one-by-one, spraying alcohol which douses SUE.

A FLAMING LOG erupts from the fireplace...

Striking the alcohol-drenched BAR, setting a blazing trail and lighting the curtains on fire, creating a wall of FLAMES before the windows.

SUE

Stop it! You don't want to--

And RACHEL snaps her head around, launching another LOG from the fireplace which strikes SUE in the back, whose alcohol drenched clothes catch flames... and she burns.

A screaming SUE pitches forward, rolls on the floor to put out the flames, but only succeeds in lighting another trail of liquor which creates a barrier to the backyard windows.

In the eye of the storm is BARBARA, shaking her head in denial, muttering, as her mental state rapidly deteriorates.

BARBARA

No, this isn't happening. It isn't happening, isn't happening...

MARK pulls ERIC by the shirt collar and they careen down...

A HALLWAY

where each of the DOORS ahead of them SLAM SHUT as they approach.

THE LIVING ROOM --

Utter CHAOS, but RACHEL calmly turns into the hallway, following MARK, as if in a trance.

MARK

lowers his shoulder, crashes through a closing door into...

A DEN

where the walls are decorated with deer heads and hunting trophies. MARK and ERIC are smashing a standing glass case containing pistols and rifles.

TRACY leans panting against the wall.

MARK slips a HANDGUN into his belt.

TRACY

Screw that, get the shotguns!

Shaking, freaked out, they gather weapons.

THE HALL

MARK and ERIC see RACHEL the end of the hall, silhouetted from behind. They take off in the other direction, TRACY bringing up the rear.

Barrelling shoulders first into a door, the boys burst through and into...

EXT. THE BACK YARD - NIGHT

Where they almost stumble into the swimming pool.

Toting their rifles, MARK, ERIC and TRACY turn to find RACHEL, at a gunfighter's distance, coming towards them.

TRACY and BRAD cock their weapons and bring them to their shoulders. TRACY slips on her glasses.

MARK

Wait till she's closer.

TRACY tightens her finger on the trigger.

RACHEL's eyes narrow and...

TRACY's glasses shatter into her eyes, spewing blood and milky fluid.

TRACY

Aaaaaa...

She staggers, fires her shotgun into ERIC's groin and he lands sitting next to the pool. A dying ERIC stares at his shredded lap, then falls over.

MARK looks at his dead friend.

MARK

Oh, shit.

...recovers, and swings his aim back at RACHEL. But his rifle goes sailing over his head and into the grass twenty feet behind him.

He makes eye-contact with a grim RACHEL advancing toward him, and hauls ass.

RACHEL glances at a coiled GARDEN HOSE and it springs to life, slithering through the grass and across the concrete at high speed to wrap around MARK's ankle and trip him up.

He hits the ground hard and rolls over to find the hose twisting around his legs and up his waist like a python.

HIS HAND

grasps for the rifle, but falls short as the hose pins his other arm to his side, then curls around his windpipe in a stranglehold.

His eyes widen as the life is squeezed from him and he sees RACHEL standing over him.

He gropes for the shotgun again... and finally grabs it.

RACHEL looks at the rifle and it flies from his hold, splashing into the pool.

But she jolts on two...

GUNSHOTS

RACHEL looks down. MARK had pulled the handgun from his belt with his pinned hand and fired.

She's holding her belly, gutshot, staggers and falls into the pool, disappearing amid a swirl of blood.

MARK yanks the hose from his neck as it goes slack. He gasps, points the gun into the pool and FIRES until it's silent and he's left pulling the trigger on empty chambers.

He gets his breathing under control, leans over to look into the water of the deep end. He starts on the sound of a mechanical whirring, and turns.

A POOL COVER starts to unfold.

At that moment...

RACHEL'S BLOODY ARM

bursts from the water and grips his neck. MARK grabs her forearm as her other arm yanks him into the pool.

UNDERWATER --

As RACHEL drags MARK down, he kicks and pummels her, but she holds on. The POOL COVER steadily closes over them, shutting out the light from above.

MARK finally frees himself and lunges for the surface, but the POOL COVER blocks his escape.

He desperately pushes at it, eyes bulging, lungs burning, as his feet kick to keep him afloat.

ON THE SURFACE --

The POOL COVER closing as RACHEL hauls herself from the water, barely making it out. MARK'S HAND, grabs her leg, slides, then clutches at the edge of the pool. His fingers slip under as the cover completely shuts.

MARK's head bulges the POOL COVER, then his hands punch feebly at it a few times. Then... nothing.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Rachel!

A weakened RACHEL lays by the pool. She seems to be snapping out of her trance as she rolls over and sees BARBARA.

RACHEL shudders and suddenly just looks like a wet, scared little girl reaching for her mother.

RACHEL

Mama. Mommy?

BARBARA'S P.O.V. of RACHEL,

but it's a FOUR-YEAR-OLD RACHEL, pristine, without tattoos.

BARBARA blinks and her P.O.V. is of a TEN-YEAR-OLD RACHEL reaching for her.

RACHEL

Mama, please.

BARBARA blinks and it's now...

The 17-YEAR-OLD RACHEL, covered in blood and tattoos.

She looks her daughter in the eyes, backs away in terror.

BARBARA

What are you? You're not my little girl. No. The devil's in you.

RACHEL

(crying)

Don't leave me, mama.

But her mother disappears into the shadows.

RACHEL

Please, I don't have... anyone.

She rolls onto her back, looks up at the STARRY NIGHT.

RACHEL

Please, God, let me die...

And she tightly shuts her eyes.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

THE LIVING ROOM

A vision of hell -- crimson-stained walls and piled bodies.

The fire is spreading, licking its way across the burning SCOREBOARD NOTEBOOK, and along the floor toward...

JESSE, in pain, still pinned to the wall. He raises his head and starts in fear as...

RACHEL walks to the center of the room, facing him.

He sees the gunshot wounds in her stomach, then follows her gaze to...

THE TV SET --

with a cracked screen, but still playing the tape of their intimate moment at the cabin, with a sleeping RACHEL laying on JESSE.

He looks back at her.

JESSE

Rachel, listen. I swear, I didn't know they were taping us. I would never hurt you.

She looks at his pleading eyes.

JESSE

I love--

The TV SET now has the video footage of...

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

JESSE looks at RACHEL clinging to him, asleep, peaceful. He gently runs his fingers across her brow.

JESSE

(softly)

I love you.

And pulls her closer.

BACK TO --

RACHEL staring at the TV. And the VCR rewinds and replays...

ON TV -- the moment of JESSE saying "I love you" to her while she was asleep.

RACHEL falls to her knees, tears running down her face. She turns back to JESSE, amazed.

A BLAZING CHUNK of ceiling falls near her.

JESSE

(coughs)

Rachel. Get out, now. Go.

And the KNIFE and the CORKSCREW drop away, releasing him.

He falls to the floor, drags himself over... and takes RACHEL in his arms. He cradles her. She whispers and he bends over to hear. She whispers again...

RACHEL

...love you.

JESSE tenderly kisses her lips.

And all the TATTOOS fade from her face and body.

RACHEL

Love.

Her face is serene.

JESSE traces his fingers across her brow, embraces her, the flames start to encircle them, just like in RACHEL's nightmare.

JESSE pulls RACHEL over the debris ridden floor toward the back windows, but stumbles and goes down. Her eyes flutter open.

RACHEL

Leave. Get out

Instead of leaving her, JESSE hugs RACHEL closer. The sleeve of his jacket catches flames. And he accepts his fate.

RACHEL shuts her eyes, gives one last TELEKINETIC PUSH...

EXT. THE BACKYARD - NIGHT

And a BODY is flung out the back window like a rag doll, clothes in flames.

The BODY goes fifteen feet and falls onto the pool cover, its weight bowing the cover enough for water to rush over it.

BACK TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL on her back, looking up, eyes open, a slight smile on her lips.

SHE SEES --

The BURNING CEILING collapse, raining death on her.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

...is now a burning inferno. A funeral pyre.

BACK YARD - THE POOL

At water level. All is quiet, there's only the sounds of the crackling fire and faraway sirens of firetrucks. Suddenly --

JESSE BURSTS up on the --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HILL - NIGHT

From miles away -- the LIGHT given off by the BURNING HOUSE rises over the treeline.

CLOSE ON

A dejected ARNIE and the two uncool BOYS who couldn't get into the party, leaning against a van, staring in amazement.

ARNIE

Man, we are missing one killer party.

FADE TO BLACK:

And the peaceful sound of CRICKETS for the...

SUPER: NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY - ONE YEAR LATER

FADE IN TO:

EXT. NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

A CHURCH TOWER with a BELL overlooks the student dorm buildings. The darkened campus is tranquil, still.

INT. HALLWAY, STUDENT DORM BUILDING - NIGHT

MOVING down a dormitory hall. The room doors feature rock posters and "Fighting Irish" stickers and pennants.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

JESSE is slumped over, asleep on a desk layered in textbooks and a notebook. An all-night study session.

His hair is short, he's wearing a beard. His face is more mature, sadder. The beard largely hides some burn scars on one side of his face.

Over the desk is a MIRROR and a "Fighting Irish" pennant. The only light comes from his desk lamp.

He jerks awake with a spasm, glances at a digital clock glowing on his desk: 11:58 A.M.

JESSE
(rubs his eyes)
Jesus.

WALTER, Rachel's dog, hops on his lap, licks at his face. The sad-eyed DOG whimpers and JESSE scratches him.

In the distance the CLOCK TOWER BELL can be heard CHIMING MIDNIGHT: One, two...

As JESSE looks down and his eyes widen in surprise:

Somehow, he's scrawled on the notebook paper on the desk in front of him:

kING of HELL

Or, if you only look at the capitalized letters, it reads:

IN HELL.

Around it, the same phrase is written over and over again:

kING of HELL kING of HELL kING of HELL
kING of HELL kING of HELL kING of HELL
kING of HELL kING of HELL

JESSE lowers the dog.

JESSE
How did...

Trails off as he stares at the page.

The CLOCK BELL in the background is still CHIMING: five, six, seven and...

The FRENCH DOORS fly open behind JESSE. He jumps. Turns.
It's the wind. The DOG starts barking.

JESSE
(shushes the dog)
Ssshhhh. Relax, boy.

He takes a deep breath, flips the page on the notebook,
resumes his cram session.

On the floor, the DOG looks at the open French doors, then
scurries under the bed.

JESSE is writing, doesn't see in the MIRROR above him...

A WOMAN'S FIGURE

standing in the French doors, her face hidden in shadow.

JESSE glances up, sees the WOMAN reflected, spins to watch
her step forward into the light.

It's RACHEL, in her slip dress.

JESSE
(stunned)
Rachel?

RACHEL smiles. She lifts her arms to him.

JESSE
(with growing joy)
Rachel.

He rises, envelops her in his arms, and kisses her.

He pulls back to take her in.

The two of them are reflected in ANOTHER MIRROR behind the
room's door.

RACHEL opens her mouth to speak --

A LARGE SNAKE

FLIES out and jams itself into JESSE's mouth, throwing him
back.

He gags, clutching at the SNAKE as it slithers down his
throat, and SMASHES into the desk and mirror, shattering it
on the --

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM, NOTRE DAME - NIGHT

A LOUD SCREAM as JESSE jerks awake at his desk. His heart BEATING like it's about to explode from his mouth.

He looks down at the paper in front of him. Filled only with his study notes.

The dog, WALTER, is awake on the bed, blinking, having been stirred by the scream.

JESSE

Jesus.

He recovers, runs his hands through his hair. Starts reading.

The DIGITAL CLOCK reads: 11:59 A.M.

In the distance, the CLOCK BELL begins chiming midnight: One, two, three...

JESSE reads, but in his eyes he's waiting for the seventh chime.

The BELL CHIMES: Four --

The FRENCH DOORS burst open.

JESSE spins. The wind. Nobody there.

He turns back to his reading, his heart BEATING WILDLY again. Glances up at the mirror. Nothing.

His HEARTBEATS and the BELL CHIMES get increasingly LOUDER as...

He reads, glances up at the mirror, shivers, and it isn't from the cold.

Move to ANOTHER ANGLE:

Where his image is MULTIPLIED TO INFINITY in the two mirrors. Fear is written on his face.

And we know he'll be looking over his shoulder...

Until the day he dies.

SLOW FADE (