

DEADGIRL
by
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INT. - DARKNESS

We hear a MAN CRYING. He is sobbing uncontrollably, a pain from deep within.

His choked voice is all we hear. Blackness is all we see.

MAN'S VOICE

I-I'm sorry. I couldn't let it
happen. I couldn't let you do that
. . . I-I know you won't
understand. But I can't let you
go. I'm sorry . . .

Roll credits

EXT. - THE STREETS OF EVANSBURGH - DAY

We see scenes from an average day in a small town: Sparsely populated streets, a quaint church, women with bee-hive hairdos carrying shopping bags, old men playing checkers in a small park. The streets are populated by an inordinate amount of pickup trucks. Most of the men seen are wearing sun-faded baseball hats, jeans, and t-shirts. It's much like the Mayberry of "Andy Griffith" fame, but with an air of economic despair.

The final shot of this introductory montage is a sign:
WELCOME TO EVANSBURGH, NJ - A NICE SLICE OF PARADISE.

CUT TO:

EXT. - RAILROAD TRACKS OUTSIDE OF TOWN - LATER

Two teenage boys walk their bicycles alongside some railroad tracks. They are JT and RICKIE. Rickie wears a faded green army jacket, black SLAYER t-shirt, and jeans - the standard uniform of the young and rebellious small town kid. His buddy JT wears a sleeveless t-shirt, has a mullet hair cut, and a scraggly goatee. JT is older-looking than Rickie, cagier, meaner.

The boys stroll lazily along the tracks. A TRAIN WHISTLE blows far in the distance.

JT

Rickie's playing hookie! I can't
hardly believe it!

RICKIE

Well believe it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JT

I'm tryin, but I still can't believe my eyes. Think of all the great stuff you're missin today . . . Ms. Sloan's wrinkled old ass, that fiiine cafeteria food-

RICKIE

Rat turds isn't one of the food groups, so I should be all right.

JT

-Gay Coach Hankins' gym shower, jock motherfuckers fuckin with you . . . Yep, you're really missin out-

RICKIE

JoAnn Skinner.

JT

Huh?

RICKIE

I'm missing JoAnn Skinner today.

JT

Shit. That cocktease'll still be struttin her stuff tomorrow. And the next day and the day after that. Slut. I can't fucking believe that you're still hot for that little bitch. You've been pining for her for what? Five years? And in all that time, how many words been passed between the two of you? Two? One? None?

Rickie sighs, doesn't answer.

JT (CONT'D)

You gotta give it up, Rickie. Hey. C'mon. You're on vacation today. Forget I said anything.

RICKIE

Okay. So I'm on vacation and you're on permanent vacation-

JT

Damn straight! Schoolin's for suckers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKIE

-So what are we gonna do?

JT

Shit. There ain't never nothin to do in this podunk burg, you know that.

RICKIE

Great. Now I'm really glad I ditched school.

JT

Don't sweat it, buddy. Your old pal JT's gonna take care of ya.

JT pulls his backpack around and zips it open, revealing a few cans of spray paint, a crowbar, a pellet gun, and a warm six pack of cheap beer.

JT (CONT'D)

. . . Whaddaya say we hit the old nut house?

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM VALLEY - LATER

A MONTAGE of shots outside Harlem Valley. We see the abandoned buildings with their barred windows and overgrown lawns. It looks imposing, quiet, scary.

We hear VOICEOVER as we continue to show Harlem Valley:

RICKIE

(vo)

The nut house? Why you wanna go there?

JT

(vo)

Why not? You got something better to do?

RICKIE

(vo)

I guess not . . . Aren't there security guards?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Our MONTAGE moves inside the halls of Harlem Valley. We see the massive, decayed lunch rooms, the large strips of peeling paint hanging from the ceilings, the abandoned padded cells, the dark and dusky stairwells.

JT

(vo)

The fucking place is huge, man. Fifty buildings all connected by tunnels. You think the lazy-ass security bums they hire are gonna patrol the whole place? They got, like, one dude up there and he never leaves his office. Just drinks booze and reads stroke books all day. Nothing to worry about.

CAMERA moves slowly down an empty tunnel. Stagnant puddles on the floor, rusted pipes running along the ceiling. We come to rest on a closed door at the far end of the tunnel.

JT (CONT'D)

(vo)

The place is dead . . . Deader than dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM VALLEY - LATER

JT and Rickie are hunched over, sneaking across the lawn of Harlem Valley. They stop at a ground-floor window. JT pulls the crowbar out of his backpack. After a quick look around, he SMASHES the window with the crowbar. He carefully climbs in. Rickie follows.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

JT and Rickie are in Harlem Valley, in one of the large eating rooms. It's in a major state of disrepair.

RICKIE

Wow.

JT

Yeah. Pretty cool, huh? Think about al of the fucking crazies who used to live here . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKIE

You trying to scare me?

JT

Huh? No. I was just thinking about all of the drugs that used to get served out around here. Keep us floating for a lifetime. C'mon.

The two of them walk through the abandoned eating space and enter a darkened stairwell. They use a dusty serving tray to keep the door propped open.

JT (CONT'D)

I didn't bring a flashlight and there's no windows in the stairwells. We gotta keep the door propped open.

RICKIE

Where are we going anyway? You got some special beer drinking room around here?

JT

Where's your sense of adventure, man? Let's explore for a minute first.

RICKIE

I'd rather drink the beer.

They emerge onto another floor of Harlem Valley. It's a smaller waiting room. JT puts down his backpack, opens it up.

JT

You're right. It's time for the beer.

Another MONTAGE of the two boys shotgunning beers, laughing, spray painting the walls, smashing holes in the walls with the crowbar, shotgunning more beer (this time JT spits a huge mouthful of foam all over Rickie, who chases JT through the halls). Now they're toppling toilets and smashing windows. Now they're drinking their third beers. Now they're braking more stuff, flinging drawers out of their runners, smashing anything remotely breakable . . . The montage becomes more and more frenzied as their vandalization grows wilder and more destructive.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- LATER

Rickie and JT are lying on their backs in the middle of the floor. They're laughing.

RICKIE
(in an imitation of Beavis
and Butthead)
Huh huh. Breaking things is cool.

Rickie and JT laugh some more.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
You know, this place isn't as scary
as it seems from the outside. I
kind of like it here.

JT
Yeah. Bet you feel right at home,
huh? Padded rooms and all . . .
Hell, it's more fun than hanging
out in the parking lot of the Quik-
E-Mart, anyhow . . .

They sit in silence for a beat.

JT (CONT'D)
But you wanna see scary, you gotta
go into the tunnels.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY - LATER

Rickie and JT are deep in the tunnels beneath Harlem Valley. It's quiet. Little lights seeps through the tiny ground-level windows that line the top if the hallway's walls.

JT
These tunnels run to a bunch of
other buildings. This way they
could take the dangerous patients
to the hospital or another cell
without taking them outside.

RICKIE
They never went outside?

JT
Some of them. The really fucked up
ones, the murderers, the ones that
they didn't want to escape . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rickie thinks about this silently as he continues down the dark tunnel.

RICKIE
They kept murderers here?

No answer from JT.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
JT?

Rickie turns around. JT is nowhere in sight. He could have disappeared into any number of doorways that line the tunnel.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
JT? Where'd you go, man?

Nothing. Rickie takes a few steps down the hallway. JT jumps out of a door.

JT
BOO!

Rickie doesn't even flinch. He rolls his eyes at JT.

RICKIE
Told you I wasn't scared.

JT
Aw, c'mon, you were scared just a little bit.

RICKIE
Nope.

JT
Fine. Come here. I need some help over here.

Rickie follows JT through the doorway he jumped out of. JT motions Rickie over to a closed door. The same closed door we saw earlier.

JT (CONT'D)
Help me open this door.

Rickie tugs on the doorknob. It doesn't budge.

RICKIE
Why do you want to open this door?
What's in there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JT
Because it's locked. Don't know
what's in it. C'mon, help me out
here.

Rickie shrugs and helps JT wedge the crowbar into the door.
They both put their backs into it.

RICKIE
The fucking thing's not locked,
it's rusted shut.

JT
Just push, fer chrissake, we've
almost got it . . .

The door POPS with a metallic CLANG. It slowly swings open.

The room is dark and dusty. Rusted pipes run along the
ceiling, disappearing into the darkness. Rickie and JT peer
into the room.

RICKIE
What is it? Some kind of boiler
room?

JT
Dunno.

JT slowly creeps into the dark room, his eyes trying to
adjust to the darkness.

RICKIE
You see anything? It's dark.

JT disappears into the room. We follow, the camera becoming
used to the dark. We begin to see dark forms in the corners,
shadowed lumps, nothing recognizable.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
JT? What the fuck are you doing?

JT
(obscured in the dark)
Hold on a second . . .

We hear JT bump into something. He CURSES in the darkness.

RICKIE
What was that? What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JT
Ah, some goddamn bed or something,
I . . . Holy shit.

RICKIE
What? What is it?

JT
Holy shit.

RICKIE
What?

JT
You're not going to fucking believe
this.

RICKIE
What?

Rickie takes a few steps toward JT's voice.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
What is it?

JT lights his lighter, illuminating the dark corner of the room in which they stand. Rickie jumps with a start when he sees what JT sees.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

JT
I told you.

We see the object of their shock: It's a mildew-ridden hospital bed. Chained to the four corners of the bed spread-eagle is a NAKED WOMAN. She's unconscious, perhaps dead. She's beautiful: long legs, flowing blonde hair, smooth skin. JT and Rickie stare at her in shock for a moment.

RICKIE
What the fuck is she doing here?

JT continues to stare.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
Is she . . . ? Do you think she's .
. ?

JT
Only one way to find out, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JT slowly reaches out to touch the girl. Rickie draws in a deep breath and holds it.

JT brushes the girl's stomach with his fingertips. She stirs slightly, moaning quietly through the cloth gag tied around her mouth.

RICKIE
Holy shit. Holy shit. What's she
doing down here?

JT
I dunno. She didn't just tie
herself to the bed-

As if sharing the same thought, Rickie and JT jump and spin around, searching the dark corners of the room for a hidden killer or kidnapper or whatever.

RICKIE
You think whoever did this is still
down here? We've got to get her
loose and get the fuck out of here!
What if whoever did this decides to
come back? We've got to get the
fuck out of here!

JT is staring down at the naked girl.

JT
Hold on a sec, partner.

RICKIE
Are you out of your fucking mind?
Let's go!

Rickie is starting to panic, his eyes rolling around in his head with fear.

JT
Will you take it easy, man?

RICKIE
Take it easy? We're in the
basement of a fucking nuthouse with
a naked, kidnapped woman!

JT
Just shut up for a second! Now
think about it: We just pried that
door open. You yourself said it
was rusted shut!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5) JT(CONT'D)
There's nobody down here, man.
We've been raising hell here all
day. There's nobody here but us.

RICKIE
Good! Now let's free the girl and
get the fuck out of here!

JT brings his lighter closer to the naked girl, running the
small circle of light over her body, stopping to study the
breasts and crotch.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
What are you doing? C'mon, let's
get going!

JT turns to face Rickie, glares at him.

JT
Will you just fucking shut up for
half a goddamn second? Jeezus!

JT turns back to study the form of the naked girl.

JT (CONT'D)
Look at her, man. Like something
out of HIGH SOCIETY. She's
definitely not from around here.
I'd recognize a body like that
anywhere . . .

JT reaches out and caresses one of the girl's breasts.

JT (CONT'D)
They're real. C'mere and feel.

RICKIE
Are you fucking kidding? I'm not
going to feel up a defenseless,
naked woman!

JT
Your loss.

JT continues to grope the girl.

RICKIE
What the fuck are you doing, man?
Cut that shit out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JT

Are you crazy? Look at her! She's fucking beautiful, man. And she's ours . . .

RICKIE

No, she's not OURS! Jesus! This is stupid. Let's just let her go and get our of here-

Rickie makes a grab for the girl's shackles. JT grabs him by the shoulders and pushes him away.

JT

What do you think you're doing?

RICKIE

What do YOU think you're doing, man? What are you gonna do? Keep her trapped down here and rape her?

JT

Maybe.

RICKIE

Maybe not if I've got anything to do with it. Now get out of the way.

Rickie once again makes a move for the naked girl's bonds. JT swings his fist, decking Rickie in the mouth. Rickie cries out in pain and shock, his upper lip already split and bleeding.

RICKIE (CONT'D)

What's gotten into you, man?

JT is intense, staring behind Rickie as he speaks.

JT

Just get the fuck back, man. You can sit around and pine for JoAnn Skinner all you want. I, for one, am sick and fucking tired of talking about getting some all the time and then having to settle for some drunken fucking cow. Look at this chick, man. She's fucking HOT! We'd be idiots to pass this up! She's like a fucking Christmas present all wrapped up and waiting for us, man! Look at her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Rickie looks at the unconscious girl. She really is beautiful. But Rickie wipes a spot of blood from his broken lip, shakes his head at JT.

RICKIE
You're fucking sick, man.

JT
Fine, so I'm sick. You don't want to see this, you need to go home. You didn't see anything. You were never here as far as I'm concerned.

JT isn't even looking at Rickie as he says this. He's absently rubbing his crotch and inspecting the naked woman.

RICKIE
You can't do this, JT-

JT
I said GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!
GO HOME, PUSSY!

JT draws back a fist to punctuate his last sentence. Rickie shakes his head: he can't believe what he's hearing.

JT (CONT'D)
Go on! Get out of here!

Rickie pulls himself off of the floor and walks backwards out the door.

JT turns his attention to the bound and naked woman. Smiling intensely, he undoes his belt buckle.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICKIE'S BACK YARD -- THAT EVENING

Rickie is in his back yard: A junk-strewn lot overgrown with weeds. A few rusty cars on blocks sit idle amongst the trash barrels, mattress springs, and a new satellite dish.

Rickie's lip is swollen and crusty with dried blood. He's scowling, mumbling to himself, and taking potshots at a rusted washing machine with an old .22 pistol.

JT's voice comes from offscreen, startling Rickie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JT

(OS)

Hope you're not seeing my face when
you pull that trigger, son.

Rickie turns to see JT casually watching him.

RICKIE

I don't want to see you, JT.

Rickie takes another wild shot at the dilapidated washing
machine.

JT

C'mon, Rickie, don't shut me out,
man. We've been friends for too
long for something like this
afternoon come between us.

RICKIE

I thought we were friends right up
until you fucking slugged me.

Rickie doesn't look at JT as he talks.

JT

Yeah, well, I'm sorry about that,
alright?

RICKIE

And what about her? You sorry
about that now too?

Silence for a beat.

JT

That's what I came here about. I
need you to go back there with me.

Rickie finally turns to face JT.

RICKIE

Are you fucking kidding? You mean
she's still down there?

JT's face is dead serious.

RICKIE (CONT'D)

Right now?

JT nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKIE (CONT'D)
No way. Forget about it.

JT
Rickie. I need you to come with me. I have to show you something. It's important.

RICKIE
If it's so important, why don't you just tell me right here?

JT
You wouldn't believe me. You've got to see it for yourself.

RICKIE
No. I don't want to be an accessory to whatever sick shit you're doing.

JT stands, staring at Rickie, imploring him with his eyes. Rickie looks torn, his gaze going back and forth from JT to the bullet-pocked washing machine.

JT
Rickie. Please.

Rickie pops off one more frustrated shot at the washing machine. He sighs.

RICKIE
You're an asshole, man. Let's go before it gets too dark . . .

Rickie pockets his pistol and begins to storm off in the general direction of Harlem Valley. He turns, pissed, to JT.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
I said "let's go." Hurry up before I change my mind.

The two of them head off, Rickie in the lead.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY - LATER

The hallway in the depths of Harlem Valley is darker than before. JT's flashlight illuminates the peeling walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKIE
We're letting her go. That's all
there is to it. Hopefully she
won't send your ass to jail . . .

The two boys open the rusted door leading to the girl's room.

JT
She won't send me to jail . . .

JT's flashlight falls on the bed, the naked girl still
chained to its four posts.

Rickie GASPS. The girl isn't moving. Her eyes are closed.
Her face is bruised and swollen. Her skin is pale and cold-
looking.

RICKIE
What the fuck? What did you do,
JT? WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO
HER?

JT stares blankly at the naked girl.

JT
It was going along just fine,
Rickie. She was already wet-

RICKIE
What did you do, you fucker?

JT continues as if he doesn't even hear Rickie.

JT
-Then she woke up. She started to
struggle, but it wasn't too bad.
She's tied up, right? So I kept
going at it-

RICKIE
You're sick, man.

JT
-And I don't know hoe it happened,
but her gag got worked free and she
was thrashing like a fucking wild
animal. She didn't scream, just
kind of growled, and she started to
snap her teeth at me like she was
going to bite me-

Rickie has dropped to his knees beside the unmoving girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICKIE

Sick. You're sick.

JT

-So I hit her. Just a little, you know? Enough to get her to stop. But she didn't. She kept fucking fighting me, trying to bite me. So I punched her harder-

RICKIE

You fucker.

JT

-And it felt good. Really good. I couldn't help myself. I kept punching her and punching her and it just made me harder, made we want to go deeper. I don't know what came over me, man. I never felt anything like it. And my punches, they didn't have any effect on her. She just kept snapping at me and growling like a fucking dog-

RICKIE

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

JT

-So I started to choke her, wrapped my hands around her neck and just did it, you know? After a while she stopped moving . . .

RICKIE

You sick fucking FUCK.

JT

. . . I thought I broke her-

RICKIE

Broke her? BROKE HER!? She's not a FUCKING TOY, for Chrissake! You fucking KILLED HER! Jesus, you fucking killed her and you bring ME down here to show me a FUCKING CORPSE? You SICK FUCKER!

JT

No . . . She's not dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rickie blinks away the panicky tears in his eyes, reaches out to touch the girl. She MOANS and slowly turns her head, her eyes not opening.

RICKIE
That's it, man. Enough of your
psycho shit. We're taking her out
of here. NOW!

Rickie goes for the girl's shackles again.

JT
Hold on a second, Rickie.

RICKIE
NO! I'm not going to "hold on a
second!" This has gone far enough!

JT
But you haven't seen what I brought
you down here for, man.

RICKIE
I've seen more than enough, JT.

JT
No. You haven't.

JT pulls Rickie away from the bed, slipping his hand into Rickie's pocket as he does so. JT flings Rickie back, Rickie's .22 pistol in his hand.

RICKIE
What the fuck are you doing?

JT aims the gun at the defenseless girl, cocks the hammer. Rickie screams

RICKIE (CONT'D)
Nooooo!

JT
You haven't seen anything yet.

JT calmly shoots three rounds into the girl with Rickie's gun.

Rickie SCREAMS again before passing out from shock.

FADE OUT:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY - LATER

Rickie wakes up on the floor of the room. JT is standing over him, shaking him awake.

JT
Hey. C'mon, buddy, wake up.

Rickie jerks away from JT's hand, scooting across the floor to get away from him.

RICKIE
Get the fuck away from me, you
goddamn MURDERER!

JT
Hey, take it easy, man.

RICKIE
Take it easy? You fucking killed
her! You killed her with MY
FUCKING GUN, you son of a bitch!

JT
Hold on a second, man-

RICKIE
You sick FUCK! You sick FUCK!

JT
Hey. Look.

JT points in the direction of the bed. Rickie looks over. The girl is grunting and struggling against her shackles.

JT (CONT'D)
Pretty active for a dead girl, huh?

RICKIE
What the . . . ?

JT
I told you you wouldn't believe me.
You had to see for yourself.

RICKIE
Jesus, we've got to get her to the
hospital before she bleeds to
death!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JT

She ain't gonna bleed to death,
man. Look at her.

Rickie studies the girl again. She is struggling, grunting, growling. Rickie - and the audience - see the girl's open eyes for the first time. They're milky, dead-looking, rolling wildly in her skull, never focusing on anything in particular.

RICKIE

What the fuck is wrong with her?
Is she on drugs?

JT

Never seen drugs that'll let you
take three bullets like nothing
happened.

RICKIE

Jeez.

JT

Yeah, tell me about it. I had to
be sure I wasn't going crazy, man.
I had to bring you down here, make
you see it. I wasn't telling the
complete truth earlier. I did
strangle her, but when I did it, I
heard the SNAP, man. I felt her
throat crack under my thumbs. I
know I broke her neck. I know I
did. I went into a panic right
then, let me tell you. I was
sitting there, trying to figure out
what to do when she started to move
again. But I killed her, I knew I
killed her . . . I figured 'what
the fuck,' you know, and I killed
her again. Stuck my thumbs really
deep into her neck until she quit
moving. I waited a few minutes,
sure enough, she wakes up again.
Fucked up. I killed her three
times now and look at her.

The dead girl continues to thrash and growl, her dead eyes
still rolling.

RICKIE

This isn't real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JT
That's what I thought the first
time.

RICKIE
What is she?

JT
Hell if I know. Maybe she's one of
them zombies, like in the movies.

RICKIE
This isn't the movies, JT.

JT
Whatever. She was probably a
patient at the hospital. They did
some kind of experiments on her,
some Mad Scientists or something .
. . .

RICKIE
Like in the movies?

JT
Like I said: Whatever.

JT and Rickie stare at the struggling dead girl.

RICKIE
So . . . What do we do with her?

JT
Well, I've been thinking about
that. She's dead, ain't no doubt
about that fact. We tell the cops,
take her to the hospital, it's
gonna be a shit storm of questions
we can't answer . . . Like what
bullets from your gun are doing in
her. We could leave her be, just
forget about her. But somebody
else is bound to find her
eventually. We could destroy her.

RICKIE
How you plan on doing that?

JT
I dunno. Get her in the brain pan,
like in the movies-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICKIE

But this isn't the movies, man.

JT

I know. And destroying her, well, it just doesn't seem right. I mean, look at her. Sure, she's some kind of fucking zombie or something, but those tits! I don't mind tellin you, she's one fine fucking piece of ass, dead or not.

RICKIE

That's sick, man.

JT

Whatever you say. But like mamma says, don't knock it 'til you tried it . . . So, whaddaya say?

RICKIE

About what?

JT

Think about it, man! Hot pussy straight from the pages of a fucking skin rag any time we want it, any way we want it, you and me.

RICKIE

You can't be serious.

JT

As a heart attack. What else we gonna do? Invite her home and introduce her to our moms?

RICKIE

I don't know. It doesn't seem right.

JT

Yeah. Tell that to whoever left her here.

The girl continues to struggle, her feral gaze falling briefly on Rickie.

RICKIE

I've got to think about this, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JT

Fine. Take all the time you need.
She ain't going anywhere.

RICKIE

One thing, though, JT.

JT

Sure.

RICKIE

This is just between you and me,
right? We can't let this get out.
There's gotta be some kind of law
against this, whatever she is.

JT

You got it, buddy.

RICKIE

I'm serious, JT. Not even Wheeler.
Nobody finds out about this, right?

JT

Right.

RICKIE

All right, let's get the fuck out
of here. It's late.

Rickie moves to leave.

JT

Hey, hold in a second.

RICKIE

What now?

JT

We should take advantage of this.

RICKIE

C'mon, man.

JT

I'll let you go first, man. You've
got to try her on.

RICKIE

No. That's okay.

JT pulls at his belt buckle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JT
Fine. Your loss. I'll catch up
with you tomorrow.

Rickie stares at JT for a moment, disgust crossing his features. He looks like he's about to jump in to stop JT, but just shakes his head.

RICKIE
Fine.

Rickie leaves JT and the dead girl alone in the room.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- THE NEXT DAY

Rickie sits in biology class. The teacher is lecturing and scrawling on the blackboard.

TEACHER
The moment of death is a
scientifically definable
occurrence, marked by lack of pupil
response, absence of reflex,
cessation of cardiac action-

Rickie is scribbling in his note pad, but is obviously not paying attention to the lecture.

We see Rickie's note pad: It's covered with several crudely rendered sketches of a naked woman chained to a bed.

The school bell RINGS. The class files out quickly. Rickie, his eyes distant and dazed, is the last to leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- LATER

Rickie sits in the cafeteria. The usual cafeteria craziness is going on: mild food fights, flirting couples, laughing tables. Rickie is alone, not paying any attention to the action around him.

Somebody throws a tray full of food onto the table beside Rickie and sits down. It's Wheeler.

WHEELER - Looks like a stoner. Greasy shoulder-length hair, 3/4 sleeve rock and roll t-shirt. Mutton sideburns. Yellow teeth. He smiles a lot. Some call him "dim" and they're not altogether wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEELER
Yo, Rickie, wassup?

RICKIE
Hey, Wheeler.

WHEELER
So, how was your "sick day?" You
feeling all right?

RICKIE
Yeah. Fine.

WHEELER
Whoah! Mr. Talkative today, huh?
What's up with you?

RICKIE
Sorry, Wheeler, just thinking.

Across the crowded cafeteria, JoAnn Skinner appears with a tray of food. She saunters over to a table occupied by two boys and another attractive girl. The two guys wear Evansburgh varsity jackets. One of them, the bigger of the two, playfully grabs JoAnn around the waist. JoAnn looks annoyed, but sits down nonetheless.

WHEELER
Yeah. Thinking about JoAnn again,
huh?

Rickie smiles, coming back to the land of the living.

RICKIE
What else is new?

WHEELER
Well just watch it with the
eyeballs, there, buddy. Johnny
don't take kindly to thoughts like
yours.

Across the cafeteria, Johnny James gropes JoAnn, who ignores him with much effort.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- LATER

The final bell is still ringing. The halls are filled with students scurrying for the exits. Rickie runs up behind Wheeler, taps him on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKIE
Whatcha doing today, Wheeler?
Wanna go shoot some rats at the
dump?

WHEELER
Naw, my man, can't. Got plans.

RICKIE
Hot date?

WHEELER
I should be so lucky.

They exit the school.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow, Mr. Man.

RICKIE
Later, Wheeler.

Rickie takes his bike from the bike rack and rides off.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rickie enters his small mobile home. It's dusty, full of mismatched flea market furniture. The coffee table is covered with overflowing ashtrays and old copies of the World Weekly News.

RICKIE
Ma? You home?

No answer. Rickie takes a Budweiser out of the fridge, pops it open, takes a sip. He heads to his room.

Rickie flops down on his bed, staring at the ceiling. He sighs. He closes his eyes as if to fall asleep, but opens them again.

Rickie gets up to close and lock his bedroom door. He reaches under his mattress and pulls out a few battered porno mags. He reaches his hands into his pants with one hand as he turns the pages of the pornos with the other.

The pages full of naked women flip by the screen. Flashes of the naked dead girl appear in the montage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rickie is staring through the magazine rather than at it. He tries to immerse himself in the smut again, his stroking hand moving more fervently. Nothing.

Rickie sighs, dropping the magazine and withdrawing his hand. He stares off into space for a few moments.

Taking a final deep breath, Rickie gets up and leaves his house.

He grabs his bike out of the front yard, hops on, and pedals off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM VALLEY - LATER

Rickie stashes his bike behind some overgrown bushes. It's quiet on the grounds of Harlem Valley.

He squeezes through the window he and JT forced earlier.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Rickie has a small flashlight with him. He uses it to guide him to the room with the dead girl in it.

He gets to the door, noticing a sliver of orange light coming from beneath the door. Rickie extinguishes his flashlight and put his ear to the door: Quiet grunting, the slap of flesh against flesh.

Rickie pushes the door, it slowly swings open.

The room is festooned with dozens of lit candles. Empty beer cans - at least a twelve pack's worth - litter the floor. The dead girl is still strapped to the bed. Wheeler, his jeans around his ankles, is thrusting madly between her legs.

RICKIE
(whispering to himself)
Wheeler?

Wheeler turns from his activity to smile at Rickie.

WHEELER
Hey, Rickie. Hot date!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Rickie can come to grips with what he's seeing, the sound and flicker of a lighter comes from off screen. Rickie turns to see JT lounging in the corner, smoking a cigarette.

JT
Hey, Rickie.

Rickie bulges his eyes at JT.

JT (CONT'D)
What?

RICKIE
Remember our conversation
yesterday, JT, of did all that gas-
huffing give you selective memory?

JT
What's your problem, man?

RICKIE
My problem is that we agreed not to
FUCKING TELL ANYBODY about this!

He points furiously at the bed as Wheeler climaxes atop the dead girl.

RICKIE (CONT'D)
What are you thinking, man?

JT
I'm thinking that since you're to
fucking SQUEAMISH to put it to this
hot little fuck toy, I might as
well share it with somebody who
don't mind a nice piece every now
and again. What's the point of
having something this sweet without
sharing it with somebody who
APPRECIATES it?

RICKIE
She's not a fucking FUCK TOY, JT!

JT
Oh yeah? What the fuck is she,
then? She ain't human, whatever
she is.

RICKIE
That's beside the point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JT

Is it? Then what are you doing
coming down here all by yourself?
You planning on a nice dinner and
conversation?

Rickie's face turns red with embarrassment. He's been
caught. He sputters, not knowing how to answer.

Wheeler has disengaged himself from the dead girl and is
zipping up. He's happy.

WHEELER

Hey, Rickie, if you want, we can
turn her over. We haven't hit her
back door yet, man.

RICKIE

No. Thanks.

JT

What's wrong, Rickie?

RICKIE

This whole thing is over. We're
all gonna get arrested or worse.
It was supposed to be a secret,
man.

JT

How long have we known Wheeler?
All our lives? He knows a good
thing when he sees it, don'tcha
Wheeler?

WHEELER

I know a good thing when I fuck it,
that's for sure!

JT

Right. So you see, Rickie, there's
nothing to worry about. It's just
you, me, Wheeler, and the dead
girl.

RICKIE

She's not just some dead girl, JT.

JT

Sure she is. I done killed her
three times. Now c'mon, buddy, hop
in her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WHEELER

Yeah, Rickie, you gotta give her a try, man. Sweeeeeeeet stuff!

RICKIE

No thanks, I gotta go.

Rickie leaves. JT yells after him.

JT

(os)

We'll be done in a couple of hours, Rickie! You wanna come back alone, make it nice and romantic, we'll be gone then!

Rickie looks disgusted with the whole scenario. He picks up the pace as if eager to get out of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Rickie throws himself onto his bed. He stares at the ceiling, unable to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Wheeler watches JT rape the dead girl. He is cheering JT on. JT punches the dead girl in the face and laughs as he does so.

WHEELER

That's it, JT! Wail on that bitch!

Wheeler walks over to stand at the dead girl's head. He reaches down, cupping the dead girl's breasts in his hands. He spits in her face. The dead girl GRUNTS beneath her gag.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

The dead cunt likes it rough.
Don't you, fuckslut?

JT continues to thrust into the dead girl. As he reaches climax, his face goes from pleasure to confusion to extreme pain. JT SCREAMS. He pulls away from the dead girl, his crotch reduced to what looks like raw, bleeding ground beef. JT SCREAMS again, this time louder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Wheeler can act accordingly, the dead girl's hands are mysteriously free. She grabs Wheeler by the face, her nails dragging deep furrows in his cheeks. She tears a chunk of flesh out of Wheeler's neck, severing a major artery which jets a huge spray of blood. JT SCREAMS once before the dead girl buries her thumbs knuckle-deep in each of his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. RICKIE'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Rickie awakes with a start. He's covered in sweat, looking around with a dazed expression, sickened by the detail of his dream.

He gets up, still in his clothes from the day before, grabs his backpack, and stumbles from his house.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- AFTERNOON

JoAnn Skinner strides gracefully through the cafeteria. She takes her usual seat at her usual table, right next to her boyfriend Johnny. She smiles, pushes an errant strand of hair out of her eyes.

Rickie is watching JoAnn from across the room. He's obviously smitten.

Rickie is abruptly pulled from his JoAnn hypnosis by the loud arrival of Wheeler.

WHEELER
Rickie! What's up, my man?

RICKIE
Wheeler.

WHEELER
You go back to visit our sweetie
last night?

RICKIE
No.

WHEELER
Man you've gotta give her a ride.
Never had nothing like that ever-

RICKIE
Will you shut the fuck up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEELER

What?

RICKIE

Don't talk about that here. Don't talk about it anywhere. Too many fucking people know about it already!

WHEELER

You mean me? You got a problem with me, Rickie? What did I do?

Rickie softens a bit.

RICKIE

I'm sorry, Wheeler. I just don't want it to get around. It CAN'T get around. The best way to stop it from getting around is to not talk about it, right?

Wheeler is half listening, engrossed with a Twinkie he can't seem to unwrap.

RICKIE (CONT'D)

RIGHT?

WHEELER

Huh? Yeah, Rickie. You're right, you're right . . . So, you going over there after school?

RICKIE

What did I just fucking tell-

Rickie looks at Wheeler, his chin covered with Twinkie cream filling. Rickie shakes his head in dismay but laughs as he does so.

WHEELER

What?

RICKIE

Nothing.

Rickie steals a look at JoAnn Skinner, who is writing diligently in a notebook. Her boyfriend, Johnny, happens to look right at Rickie as he is staring. Rickie quickly looks down at his untouched food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We dolly across the room to JoAnn's table. Johnny James, JoAnn's boyfriend, is scowling. He punches his buddy, Dwyer, on the shoulder. Dwyer looks up from the massive pile of food he's been shoveling down his throat.

DWYER

What's up, Johnny boy?

JOHNNY

You see that dipshit over there?

DWYER

Lots of dipshits over there. Which one you talkin about?

JOHNNY

That fucking stoner over there with his retarded buddy.

Dwyer sees Rickie and Wheeler.

DWYER

Who cares who the dipshits are?

JOHNNY

The stoner has been looking over here all goddamn lunch.

DWYER

Duh. He's eyeballing JoAnn, dude. He's been doing it for the last two years.

JOHNNY

You think?

DWYER

I dunno, he could be a fag, dreaming about slipping his dick into your fine, tight quarterback ass . . .

JOHNNY

Shut up, Dwyer. You're sick.

Dwyer shrugs and dives back into his food. Johnny glares across the room at Rickie and Wheeler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(mumbling to self)
Fucking stoner faggot redneck.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- LATER

JT is raping the dead girl, who is still tied and gagged. She seems to be losing her fight, grunting occasionally but not struggling as much. JT slaps the back of her head as he pumps away.

JT
That's right, you dead little
zombie cunt. You like it, don't
you? Don't you, corpse?

Wheeler enters the room, which is becoming more cluttered with burnt candles, cigarette butts, and crushed beer cans.

WHEELER
Hey JT. How's our hole?

JT doesn't miss a stroke.

JT
Unwilling but able, like always.
We need to get us some vaseline or
something, though. I'm about
spitted out.

JT grunts, his orgasm short and mechanical. He withdraws from the dead girl, zips up, and slumps against the wall next to Wheeler. He lights a cigarette.

JT (CONT'D)
Go on, buddy, she's all yours.

Wheeler stares at the dead girl.

JT (CONT'D)
Better hurry up before I get riled
up again.

WHEELER
What do you think she is, JT?

JT
She's our fuck slave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEELER

Seriously, man. Where'd she come from? What's she doing here?

They stare at the dead girl impassively.

JT

I don't know, Wheeler. Who cares? Look at her, she's perfect . . . Well, except for the bullet holes and stuff . . . She's the perfect woman, Wheeler. Hot. Giant tits. And she's OURS.

Wheeler nods noncommittally.

JT (CONT'D)

What's your problem, man?

WHEELER

Nothing. Just wondering, that's all. She's weird. This whole thing's weird. She doesn't eat, she doesn't piss, she doesn't shit . . .

JT doesn't respond. He puffs on his cigarette.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

How long you been down here, anyways?

JT

Spent the night last night. Why?

WHEELER

It's starting to stink.

JT sighs.

JT

Yeah, I thought so. I started to notice it this morning. Coming from the wounds.

JT gets up, motioning for Wheeler to follow him as he crosses the room to the dead girl. He slides his hand across the dead girl's body. He absently pinches one of her nipples.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JT (CONT'D)
Hey, there, sweetie.
(to Wheeler)
The holes are starting to stink.

JT squeezes one of the septic bullet holes on the dead girl's chest. Though scabbed over, the wound oozes a greenish-yellow pus. The dead girl doesn't even flinch.

WHEELER
Ugh. What the fuck is that?

JT squeezes out more pus, then begins to probe the wound with one of his fingers. It sinks to the first knuckle.

JT
Shit. A little worse for the wear,
but . . .

JT's finger probes even deeper, burying itself into the wound up to the fist.

JT (CONT'D)
It's warm in there.

JT smiles.

JT (CONT'D)
Wet.

Wheeler grimaces. JT unzips his pants, pops his dick into the festering wound, and begins to thrust.

Wheeler laughs at the sight. Sure, it's gross, but he can't help but to chuckle as JT fucks the dead girl's wound.

JT (CONT'D)
Yeah. Now that's the ticket.

JT looks at Wheeler.

JT (CONT'D)
C'mon, buddy, get while the
gettin's good!

Wheeler begins to squeeze the pus from another wound in the dead girl's stomach. He and JT laugh like bad children . . .

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

The next day at Evansburgh High School. Rickie sits in the cafeteria at his usual spot. Wheeler sits beside him, tearing into a Hostess cake with single-minded gusto. Rickie stares across the room at JoAnn Skinner. As usual, Johnny sits beside her.

We see JoAnn from Rickie's POV. She's softly focused, haloed by light. She laughs at something her friend says in slow motion. She's beautiful, pure-

-We abruptly CUT TO Johnny, who glares at Rickie with intense hostility. He talks to Dwyer beside him, but never takes his gaze from Rickie.

JOHNNY

That fucking peckerwood is staring over here again, Dwyer.

Dwyer is obviously becoming disgusted with this line of conversation. He rolls his eyes.

DWYER

Yeah, Johnny, I know. They're lookin' at JoAnn. All them stoners want to stick it to your squeeze, man. They jerk off thinkin about filling up JoAnn's puss with their redneck dicksnot-

JOHNNY

Shut the fuck up, Dwyer! I'll kick your ass!

DWYER

Hey, man, take it easy. It's not me that's dreaming about pounding the shit out of JoAnn's hotbox. You got a problem with folks fantasizing about porking your bitch, you take it up with them.

Johnny's face is red with anger. Dwyer smirks and goes back to trying to sweet talk the cheerleader sitting on his other side. Johnny is steaming.

Across the cafeteria, Wheeler occupies himself by trying to touch his nose with his tongue. Rickie is staring into his plate of untouched food.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- LATER

The bell RINGS, signaling the end of a period. The halls fill rapidly. We fall on Rickie, who walks alone in the crowd. Rickie shuffles along with the crowd.

Johnny comes from the opposite direction, moving fast. He shoulders Rickie hard when they pass. Rickie's books and supplies go flying as he catches himself against a locker.

Johnny is long gone, swallowed by the masses. Rickie sighs, watches other students trample his scattered supplies. One of his books is kicked and slides across the hall to be stomped yet again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- LATER

Rickie sits in a classroom as the teacher drones on. A thick and nasty spitball, more phlegm than paper, slaps into the side of his face. It slowly slides down his cheek. Several class members SNICKER at the stunt as the teacher continues to talk, unaware of what's happened.

Rickie wipes the spitball away and turns around. The rest of the class are red-faced and trying to hold in laughter. Except for Johnny, who sits a few rows back. Johnny is chewing on a straw (the very one that launched the offensive spitball), glaring at Rickie without an ounce of humor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- LATER

It's the end of the school day. Rickie walks to his locker to get his jacket or return his books or whatever. Carved into the paint of his locker door, scrawled in violent letters: UR DED, REDNECK FAGET.

Rickie stares at the words for a moment before opening the locker.

A hand slaps on Rickie's shoulder. He cringes and spins defensively. Wheeler holds up his fists defensively.

WHEELER

Whoah, Rickster! Take it easy,
man!

Wheeler reads the scrawled words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEELER

Hm. Nice.

RICKIE

Yeah, funny, huh?

The two boys stare at the threat. Wheeler shrugs.

WHEELER

C'mon, redneck faggot, let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVANSBURGH HS PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Rickie and Wheeler are walking across the parking lot toward the bike rack. Other students mill about the lot, smoking cigarettes, making out on the hoods of cars, blasting their stereos.

WHEELER

Aw lighten up, man. What else you gonna do?

RICKIE

I told you already, Wheeler. I'm not going back there. The whole scene's fucked. You and JT have got to quit it. Let her go-

WHEELER

Let her go? Where to? Home? You think she's got a home to go to, Rickie? She's a fucking medical experiment!

RICKIE

Well just leave her be, then. You're gonna get busted breaking in there one of these days and then you're gonna fucking bring my name into it and we're all gonna be fucked!

WHEELER

You're paranoid, man-

Wheeler is thrown to the ground violently, interrupting his sentence. Before Rickie can even react, Johnny James has him by the shirt front. Dwyer, as usual, stands nearby. He's laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

You got the message yet, grit?

Rickie stammers an unintelligible response. Johnny slaps him across the face, like he's manhandling a woman.

JOHNNY

What's that, pussy? I didn't hear you.

RICKIE

I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, man!

JOHNNY

You hear that, Dwyer? He thinks I'm fucking blind, man! Thinks I can't see him when he's drooling over JoAnn!

RICKIE

I don't know what-

Johnny throws Rickie to the pavement and kicks him in the ribs.

JOHNNY

Shut up! Just shut your filthy cracker mouth!

Dwyer continues to laugh at the action. Until a backpack slams him on the side of the head. Wheeler raises his bag to strike again.

WHEELER

Fucking jock assholes!

Johnny smashes Wheeler in the nose before he can land another blow upon Dwyer. Wheeler drops the bag and lands flat on his ass. He cups his hands over his nose, which has begun to bleed profusely.

JOHNNY

That's it, you little shits! This was supposed to be a warning to keep your fucking eyes to yourself! But now? Now I'm gonna have to make sure you know who's the fucking BOSS around here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Johnny descends on the semi-helpless Rickie, begins to really pound the hell out of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. OTHER END OF EVANSBURGH HS PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Across the parking lot, JoAnn and another girl (Dwyer's girl) are watching the action from the hood of a parked car. From this vantage point, we can see Rickie being pummeled as Wheeler crawls on the ground, bleeding and crying.

Dwyer's Girl lights up a cigarette and looks at her watch impatiently.

DWYER'S GIRL

God, what are they up to now? I
wanna go home!

JoAnn Skinner doesn't reply. She watches the fight with a distant expression. She sighs, but doesn't turn her gaze away from the violence at hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVANSBURGH HS PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Rickie is balled up on the ground, his hands wrapped around his head. Johnny delivers a final kick to his ribs. Wheeler is crying loudly, his slobber mixing with the blood from his nose.

JOHNNY

No more looking at my woman, you
miserable little shits! You got
that?

Rickie coughs in pain.

JOHNNY

I said YOU GOT THAT?

Rickie can only nod. Wheeler is blubbering like a baby. Johnny and Dwyer give each other a high five and begin to strut off.

Wheeler crawls over to Rickie, sees the damage inflicted. Wheeler lets out a cry of anger and disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEELER

FUCK YOU jock motherfuckers! We don't need your fucking cheerleader SLUT! Fuck you! We've got our own fucking PUSSY! We've got the sweetest fucking PUSSY in this whole fucking TOWN, you assholes! She's hotter than that fucking bitch, she's got bigger tits, and she's our FUCKING SEX SLAVE, so FUCK YOU!!!

Rickie manages to shoot Wheeler a "shut up!" Look, but it's too late. In SLO-MO, we see Johnny and Dwyer turn back around. They've got mean looks in their eyes and their fists are already clenched.

CUT TO:

EXT. OTHER END OF EVANSBURGH HS PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Dwyer's Girl puts out her cigarette. JoAnn is still expressionless, hard to read.

Across the parking lot, Wheeler and Rickie are being pounded again.

DWYER'S GIRL

God! I'm sick of this! You'd think they'd proven themselves by now! I'm going to get a ride home with Charlotte, you wanna come along?

JoAnn watches the fight for a few more beats before grabbing her books and following Dwyer's Girl to another car full of teens.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TRUNK OF JOHNNY'S CAR -- LATER

It's dark in the trunk of Johnny's car. Wheeler and Rickie are locked in. The car's engine is roaring beneath them as Wheeler sobs and sniffles.

RICKIE

Shut the fuck up, Wheeler!

WHEELER

I'm sorry, Rickie! I'm sorry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKIE

Great. You're sorry. That'll unfuck us for sure.

WHEELER

I said I'm sorry, Rickie!

RICKIE

Yeah well I'm sorry, too, Wheeler! Sorry you couldn't keep your fucking mouth shut! You fucked us, man! We're good as busted now! Those two assholes hate us, man!

Wheeler continues to sob.

RICKIE

Will you shut up? Johnny's gonna take one look at the dead girl and he's gonna turn around and fucking bust us and you'd better not be fucking crying like a baby when we get sent to the pen! You cry like a bitch and that's exactly what you'll end up being!

Wheeler begins to sob even harder.

WHEELER

Oh shit, man! I don't wanna go to jail, man! My mom's gonna fucking kill me!

RICKIE

Well you should'a thought about that before you decided to run your mouth off, Wheeler!

The car slows, its engine revving down, and makes a turn.

WHEELER

Oh shit, shit, shit.

The engine turns off. Two car door open and shut. Two pairs of footsteps meet at the trunk. Rickie shoots Wheeler a very serious look. He makes two fists and shows them to Wheeler. He nods his head in the direction of the trunk's exit. Wheeler steels himself, nods back at Rickie, and makes two fists of his own. They tense up, ready for a fight and flight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY

(O.S.)

Alright, you shits! Don't even
think about making a run for it -
Dwyer's got a baseball bat and he's
a fucking State Champ! You got it?

Rickie groans. Wheeler begins to whimper again.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

The four teens are walking down a long, dusty hallway with Rickie and Wheeler in the lead. Dwyer has his trusty baseball bat over his shoulder.

RICKIE

C'mon, guys. Wheeler was just
talking shit. There's nothing down
here-

JOHNNY

Oh, just talking shit, huh? Well,
I guess me n Dwyer can stop fucking
around and kick your asses right
now then.

Rickie glances over his shoulder at Dwyer, who looks like he's itching to pound the crap out of him. The four continue down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

The door to the dead girl's room squeaks open. Rickie, Wheeler, Johnny and Dwyer enter the dank, candlelit room.

The dead girl lies unmoving on her bed.

WHEELER

S-see? She's here, just like I
said.

JOHNNY

What the fuck . . .

Johnny and Dwyer push past Rickie and Wheeler, slowly approach the dead girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWYER

Jesus.

(to Wheeler and Rickie)

What the fuck is this?

Rickie doesn't know what to say. It does look pretty bad, a bound and gagged naked girl in an abandoned mental hospital basement. JT's voice comes from a dark corner.

JT

(OS)

Just what it looks like, Dwyer.

JT comes out of the darkness. He's shirtless and smiling.

JT

A hot to trot bitch with a yen for dick.

Johnny looks worried. The unexpected appearance of JT changes the odds.

JOHNNY

JT.

JT

Johnny.

There's a tension in the air. JT glares daggers at Wheeler and Rickie, but his voice remains friendly.

JT

(to Johnny and Wheeler)

So you guys decided to come by and give our little friend a try, huh?

JOHNNY

We were just fucking with Wheeler. We thought he was shitting us.

JT

No shitting going on here, buddy.

Dwyer is inspecting the dead girl.

DWYER

What's going on here, JT? Why's she all tied up and . . . bleeding and shit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JT
Cuz that's the way she likes it,
Dwyer. Rough. Just the way we
give it to her. S and M. Whips and
chains. Ain't either of you seen
any porn before?

JT runs his hand over the dead girl's curvaceous body. He
slaps her ass, making her moan beneath the gag.

JT
See? She's hot for it. You guys,
ah?

JT motions to the dead girl and winks lasciviously.

JOHNNY
Uh, naw, we're . . . um . . . fine.

But they're looking mighty hard. Remember: the dead girl,
while a dead girl, is still HOT. JT uses this to his
advantage, stroking her hair and body thoughtfully.

JT
Hmph. Two red-blooded, all-
american studs like you passing up
free, fine pussy. Guess what they
say 'bout tight ends's true.

Johnny and Dwyer do nothing to protest the slander. There's
a certain fear of JT mixed with a desire for the loins of the
dead girl. JT continues.

JT
Now, I know you boys've been having
problems with my little compadres
there, but I'm willin to let
bygones be bygones, know what I'm
saying?

WHEELER
JT! Naw, man! She's OURS! Ours,
dammit!

JT shoots Wheeler a "shut the fuck up" look. Rickie takes in
the scene with cold cunning.

WHEELER
(whispering in panic)
Rickie! The dead girl's ours!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICKIE
(whispering)
Just shut up, Wheeler. JT knows
what he's doing.

DWYER
Well . . . Man, she's hot. Where'd
y'all pick up a piece like that?

JT
Got me one'a them a-dult newspapers
in Boonton coupla weeks back. You
should read some a the stuff in
there. You know there's guys
wantin chicks to shit in their
fuckin MOUTHS? I tell ya, takes
all kinds.

There's a pause. Johnny and Dwyer are thinking.

JT
C'mon, now, fellas. The more the
merrier.

JT fingers the dead girl's nipple.

DWYER
Ah, what the fuck. I need to bust
a nut.

Dwyer steps forward, unzipping his fly. He steps offscreen.
We hear him struggle a little, grunt, and then sigh. Flesh
slapping flesh. The dead girl's moans.

JT smiles.

DWYER
(OS)
C'mon in, Johnny, the water's
Fiiine.

Johnny laughs to himself. He can't believe it.

JOHNNY
What? And dip my wick in a puddle
of your spunk? I may be horny, but
I ain't that desperate.

JT looks over at the silent Wheeler and Rickie. He winks at
them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JT
(to Johnny)
Well, why don't you go for the
mouth, then, Johnny boy? She likes
it any way she can get it.

Wheeler grimaces but says nothing. Rickie's eyes bulge in shock.

Johnny shrugs his shoulders.

JOHNNY
Yeah, well. Can't deny the little
lady, now can we?

We watch JT, Rickie, and Wheeler as they watch the two jocks go at the dead girl. They're silent conspirators watching a dangerous science project.

We hear Johnny's pants drop. The muffled grunting of the dead girl becomes less muffled when Johnny removes the gag.

JOHNNY
(OS)
Whoo! She's a hellcat! Ain't you
a hellcat, sweetie? Now don't be
scared of this here thing. It
won't bite you . . .

JT has to bite back a laugh at that statement.

DWYER
(OS)
Da-yam, Johnny! She's a sweet one!

We continue to hear the satisfied grunts and groans of the two jocks.

JOHNNY
(OS)
Aw, yeah. She's got some sweet
lips on her.

JT furrows his brow in confusion. It's not supposed to happen this way. What's going on? Then . . .

. . . Johnny SCREAMS like a little girl, the pitch of his voice rising unnaturally.

DWYER
(OS)
Johnny!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOHNNY

(OS)

JESUS CHRIST! She's biting me!
SHE'S BITING ME!

Rickie is horrified. Wheeler looks like he's going to be sick. JT wears a look of dark malevolence.

DWYER

(OS)

Oh, shit! Oh shit!

JOHNNY

(OS)

Get her off of me! Oh God Jesus
GET HER OFF OF ME!

We hear the dead girl's animalistic growls. Johnny SCREAMS again.

JOHNNY

(OS)

FUCKING BITCH!

We hear a fist striking flesh and bone. Again. And again. And Again. Johnny SCREAMS with relief.

JOHNNY

(OS)

Fucking BITCH!
(a violent PUNCH)

BITCH!

(another PUNCH)

BITCH!

(another PUNCH, this one wetter)

Johnny begins to sob and cry.

JOHNNY

(OS)

Oh, Jesus! FUCK! I'm fucking
BLEEDING!

Another couple of PUNCH sounds. Johnny is still sobbing.

Dwyer jumps across the room in one bound, grabbing JT around the neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWYER

You goddamn redneck fuck! Look
what she did to Johnny!

JT is nonplussed but amused.

JT

Take it easy, Dwyer. Wasn't me who
nibbled a chunk outta your
boyfriend's cock.

Dwyer pulls back to strike JT but is stopped by Johnny's
sobbing.

JOHNNY

Aw, Jesus. Dwyer, you gotta get me
to the hospital, man!

Dwyer sneers at JT and lets him go.

DWYER

Okay, Johnny. We're gettin you out
of here. We'll get you fixed up.
(to JT)
And then we're going to the cops.

JT

You know, guys, I wouldn't do that
if I were you.

DWYER

Fuck you, JT! You and your bitch
are gonna pay for this shit!

JT

Yeah? What're you gonna tell the
cops? That you were raping a chick
in the mouth and she bit your dick?

JOHNNY

I wasn't raping her man, she wanted
it!

JT

I'm sure the cops've heard that one
before-

JOHNNY

You said she liked it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JT

Yeah, well . . . Prove that in
court when you whip your dick out.
Prove it in court when they bring
out photos of her face.

JT lifts the dead girl's unconscious head, revealing her
face. Her nose is crooked, smashed flat. Her lips are split
wide, revealing the teeth beneath. One of her eyes is swollen
shut, purple and oozing blood.

JT

Boy howdy, you did a number on her.
She used to be so hot . . .

He sighs and drops the dead girl's unconscious head. Johnny
is moaning, but Dwyer begins to see the truth of the
situation.

DWYER

You fuck.

JT

And don't forget about the lovely
JoAnn . . . How you gonna explain
that? "Gee whiz, baby, I was just
walking through the mental hospital
with my weenie wagging out and it
was so dark, I tripped and guess
where my dick ended up?"

DWYER

Look at him, man! He's fucking
BLEEDING!

JT

Yeah, well, all the blood's been
rushing down there. It ain't as
bad as it seems. You hold off on
sticking it to JoAnn for a few
weeks, everything'll be good as
new. Tell her you're savin'
yourself for the state champs or
somethin' . . .

Johnny has gotten control over himself since JoAnn's name
came into the conversation.

JT

. . . Or don't. Go to the cops.
Send me and Rickie and Wheeler to
jail. And yourselves.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3) JT(CONT'D)

You won't be fit to tackle a retard with polio by the time you get outta the pen. Me n the fellas, we'll miss out on a couple a divorces, a handful of brats, and a billion shifts at the gas station.

Rickie looks like he's going to cry. Wheeler is visibly bummed by this truthful assessment of his doomed future.

JT
Go on. Do whatever you want. Just get the fuck out of here. Johnny's gettin nasty sporto blood all over my nice basement.

DWYER
You're not gonna get away with this, JT!

JT
Yeah, yeah. Whatever.

JOHNNY
Dwyer? Can we go? I'm not feelin so hot.

JT and Dwyer glare at one another for a beat. Dwyer helps Johnny up.

JT
I would show ya to the door, but you know your way out, right?

DWYER
Fuck you, JT!

JOHNNY
C'mon, Dwyer, leave it, man.

JT
Yeah, why'nt you take your boyfriend outta here?

Dwyer and Johnny limp out of the basement.

Wheeler, Rickie, and JT stand in silence for a beat.

WHEELER
I-I'm sorry, JT! I didn't mean to say anything, it j-just came out and-and-and-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JT

Stow it, Wheeler, you dumb fuck.
You two are lucky I was here-

RICKIE

You TWO? What the fuck, JT? I
didn't have nothin . . . I mean,
Wheeler-

JT

Just shut the fuck up, both of you!
GODDAMMIT!

JT ambles over to the dead girl, lifting her semiconscious
head, examining the gruesome damage to her face at the hands
of Johnny.

JT

Look at this shit! Look at it!
Bad enough those two fucks came
down here, but look at what they
did to her! I'm gonna have to put
a bag over her head just to get it
up!

RICKIE

What about Dwyer and Johnny?

JT

They'll keep their mouths shut.
They see my point.

WHEELER

B-but what if they DON'T, JT? What
if . . . I don't wanna go to jail,
man! I don't wanna-

JT

Fer chrissake, Wheeler! SHUT UP!
You ain't going to jail, you ain't
gonna do SHIT except go home, get
up, go to fucking school, and act
like none a this happened, you got
it?

RICKIE

This is fucked, JT. We should just
let her go and leave this place.
Nothin good is gonna come out of
this shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JT

You do whatever you want, Rickie.

JT goes back to inspecting the dead girl's battered face.
He's obviously pissed.

WHEELER

JT, what if-

JT

BOTH a you motherfuckers get outta
here! Go home! Everything'll get
taken care of! Just go HOME!

Wheeler silently sobs. Rickie grabs him by the arm to lead
him out.

RICKIE

C'mon, Wheeler, let's go. JT needs
to be alone with his dead girl.

They leave.

JT

(whispering to self)

Fuck you, Rick.

(to dead girl)

Good job, baby. Too bad about the
face, though.

He stands up, feeling his cock through his pants.

JT

Let's see if they messed you up on
the other side . . .

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

Rickie and Wheeler sit side by side at their usual table,
their food trays untouched. They're surreptitiously watching
JoAnn, Dwyer, and dwyer's girl at their table across the
room.

RICKIE

You think they told anybody?

WHEELER

I think we'd be in a heap if shit
right 'bout now if they did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKIE
You see Johnny today?

WHEELER
Right there.

Johnny, food tray in hand, walks across the cafeteria and joins his friends. He is limping slightly.

Johnny sits down next to JoAnn, who gives him a kiss in the cheek. JoAnn's hand reaches under the table and Johnny scoots away from her with a quick jerk. We see him say something to her, he shrugs apologetically. JoAnn furrows her brow at him briefly before turning her attention to her sandwich.

Johnny and Dwyer glare across the room at Rickie and Wheeler, who both turn away from the accusatory gazes.

RICKIE
Just stay cool, Wheeler. They
aren't going to do anything.

Wheeler smiles.

WHEELER
I'm cool, man. Thank god for JT.

RICKIE
Thank god? If it weren't for JT
none a this would've happened! As
a matter of fact, FUCK JT!

WHEELER
That's no way to talk about your
friends, Rickie.

RICKIE
Yeah, JT's a friend. A fucked up,
psycho, rapist friend if ever there
was one.

WHEELER
There's no call for that kinda
talk, Rick. Rapist?

RICKIE
Yeah. And you too, Wheeler. This
whole thing's just plain WRONG,
man!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHEELER
She's just a dead girl, Rickie.

RICKIE
Whatever, Wheeler, just leave me
the fuck alone.

Rickie picks up his tray and leaves the table in disgust.
Wheeler frowns in consternation.

WHEELER
What'd I say?

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- LATER

JT is sloppily applying red lipstick on the dead girl's split
and crusted lips. Her face is covered with poorly applied
makeup in gaudy hooker tones.

Wheeler stands behind JT, watching. The lipstick breaks off
and crumbles as the dead girl twitches and strains against
her bonds.

JT
Motherfucker! How the hell do they
get this shit on so good?
Goddammit!
(to Wheeler)
Listen, don't sweat it. Who
fucking needs Rickie anyways?

WHEELER
He was real pissed off, JT.

JT
So what? Rickie's a bitch. He's
always been a bitch.

WHEELER
He looked like he might do
somethin, though.

JT
He ain't gonna do nothin. Never
done nothin his whole life but sit
around thinkin everything'll work
itself out if he just sits there -
"JoAnn Skinner'll come around and
tell me she loves me if I just sit
around and wait for it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: JT(CONT'D)
A good job'll come by and I'll
leave this shithole burg if I'm
patient enough." Fuck Rickie.

WHEELER
O-okay, JT. Whatever you say.

JOHNNY
That's right, whatever I say. Now
come over here and hold her head
still, I gotta figure out this
eyeliner shit . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Rickie is walking down the hallway of Evansburgh High between
classes. He passes Wheeler. They don't acknowledge each
other.

Rickie also passes Johnny and JoAnn at Johnny's locker. The
two are caught up in a conversation, not even seeing Rickie.
Rickie passes and we stay with Johnny and JoAnn.

A VOICE comes from offscreen.

VOICE
Yo Johnny! Think fast!

A football is tossed in Johnny's gut. He catches it before
it drops to the ground. Johnny smiles and tosses it back,
but his stomach makes a low gurgling sound that can be heard
above the chat and clatter of passing students. Johnny
frowns for a moment, clutching his midsection, but puts on a
macho face and goes back to flirting with JoAnn.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- LATER

Rickie sits in home economics class, doodling in his
notebook, not paying much attention.

TEACHER
. . . "perishables" means that the
product must be sold by a certain
date to in order to avoid spoilage,
which could cause serious illness.
Some perishables include milk,
eggs, fruits and vegetables, and,
of course, meat . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rickie's face squinches up in disgust. He obviously smells something rancid. He looks around for the source of the smell. Other students begin to notice the stench, too.

Across the row from Rickie and a few desks ahead sits Johnny James. Johnny is pasty, sweating, and shaking. He has his hands wrapped protectively over his stomach.

Johnny's guts rumble loud enough for the whole class to hear. He MOANS slightly.

TEACHER

. . . Rotten meat, particularly
when left unrefrigerated, can
become toxic . . .

Johnny jumps from his seat and runs out the door. Some class members snicker. The teacher drones on without missing a beat.

TEACHER

. . . I'm sure everyone here is
familiar with the safety issues
concerned with poorly kept
perishables . . .

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- MOMENTS LATER

The door to the boy's bathroom flies open with a bang and Johnny comes stumbling in. The bathroom is empty as it's during class.

Johnny's gut RUMBLES loudly again as he hurriedly unbuckles his pants on the way to the nearest stall.

JOHNNY

Ugh. Oh god.

Johnny stumbles into a stall and just manages to get his ass over the toilet before he erupts with a wet, gaseous, liquid splashing burst.

A shudder of relief passes through him as his bowels loudly empty into the toilet.

JOHNNY

Aaaaah. Oh my god. Whew. Just in
time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another rumble in his gut causes Johnny's expression to change from relief to discomfort. He grimaces, pulling up his t-shirt to cradle his aching stomach.

JOHNNY

What the fuck . . . ?

Johnny's stomach is covered with a nasty green-purple bruise - in the shape of a football.

JOHNNY

Oh shit.

Before Johnny can even react to the bruise, his bowels erupt again. The movement is grossly prolonged, splattering and splashing for nearly ten seconds.

JOHNNY

What the fuck is wrong with me?

Johnny wipes the sweat from his brow. He takes a deep breath, regains his composure. He rolls off a healthy wad of toilet tissue and reaches around to wipe. His face registers confusion as he wipes. He inspects the toilet paper in his hand.

It's drenched with black, viscous blood.

JOHNNY

Oh FUCK!

Johnny stands up and looks into the toilet bowl.

His gastrointestinal tract is coiled wetly in the bowl, still connected to Johnny by a single string of intestine still protruding from his anus.

Johnny SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

The SCREAM can be heard in the home economics classroom, interrupting the teacher's droning lecture.

A SCREAM again, echoing down the halls.

Rickie's face drains of color.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- LATER

Johnny is still screaming his head off as the stretcher he is on is pushed through a crowd of students gathered at the high school's doorway.

Students react with horror and confusion as their star quarterback is wheeled away, wrapped in a bloody sheet.

JoAnn Skinner is crying as Dwyer leads her across the parking lot.

Rickie watches the action with a pale face. He spots a smiling Wheeler through the gathered crowd. Wheeler winks and gives him a "thumbs up." Rickie stares off into space . .

.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- LATER

The dead girl sits listlessly in her chair. Her face, still broken and destroyed from Johnny's pummeling, is caked with poorly applied makeup. The makeup isn't helping. She looks beat. JT is trying to comb the tangles out of her hair as Wheeler paces around the room behind him.

WHEELER

. . . Everybody saw it. He was all bloody and screaming and shit. What're we gonna do? Dwyer knows. Dwyer's gonna bring the cops out here!

JT concentrates on brushing the dead girl's hair.

JT

Dammit! Look at her! She's all fucked up! Shit!

WHEELER

We should just leave her here, man. She's lookin like shit, her pussy's all worn out . . . and she ain't smellin so hot, either. Leave her and let's just cut out. After what happened to Johnny, it don't seem wise to-

JT

What happened to Johnny, anyways? It's not like he's dead.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: JT(CONT'D)
Who says it's got anything to do
with the bite in the first place?
Maybe he just got a stomach virus
or some shit. You worry too much,
Wheeler.

WHEELER
I worry too much? You're the one
gettin all bent out of shape just
cause the dead girl got fucked up.
I just don't want to go to jail and
shit when Dwyer blows the whistle-

JT
Fuck you, Wheeler! This is MY
goddamn dead girl! She's all
fucked up because YOU went blabbin'
off to those two fuckheads who
deserve whatever they get for
fucking up MY dead girl! Look at
her! She ain't never gonna be the
same again after the beating she
took - fuck Dwyer! He's as
responsible for what happened to
Johnny as the rest of us, so he
ain't gonna do shit!

WHEELER
I'm not so sure about that, JT.
Dwyer's gonna do something.

JT
I'll take care of Dwyer if he tries
anything . . . I gotta fix her
somehow. There's gotta be a way.

Wheeler watches silently as JT continues to work on the dead
girl's hair.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- NIGHT

The dead girl sits in her dimly lit room. The doors squeaks
as someone enters and quietly makes their way to her prone
form.

The dark figure kneels at the dead girl's feet and begins to
do something.

A flashlight clicks on, illuminating Dwyer as he finishes
cutting one of the dead girl's legs free from the rope that
binds it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dwyer stands and spins, a large hunting knife held at the ready.

JT continues to spot the flashlight on Dwyer.

JT
Whatcha doin there, Dwyer?

DWYER
Just stand back, JT. I'm taking
the girl.

JT
I don't think so.

DWYER
Fuck you, man! I don't know what
this chick's got, but she gave it
to Johnny and she's coming with me
to the fucking hospital and then
we're goin to the cops, man.

JT
No. You're not taking her
anywhere. She didn't give shit to
Johnny. I've been fuckin her for
weeks. So's Wheeler. So did you.
There's nothing wrong with her.

DWYER
Bullshit, man! Just fucking look
at her! She's not fucking right,
man! She fucking stinks like
roadkill and she's barely
conscious! Johnny's sitting in the
fucking hospital with half of his
guts getting stuffed back into him
and he hasn't eaten or slept since
he got there and the doctors can't
figure out what's wrong with him
because all he does is groan and
grunt and he's starting to fucking
smell like rotten meat!

JT's eyes light up and he smiles.

JT
(whispering)
She bit him. Just like in the
movies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DWYER

What? What the fuck did you just say? . . . Ah, forget about it! I'm taking the girl with me and I swear to god, you fucking hessian motherfucker, I'll fucking stab you if you try to stop me!

Dwyer starts to cut through another one of the dead girl's ropes.

JT

You don't need to do that, Dwyer. Johnny's dead.

DWYER

Man, I always knew you were one apeshit redneck. Johnny's not dead.

JT

Sure he is. Just like girlie there. They're both dead but they don't even know it. Or at least I think they don't.

DWYER

What the fuck are you talking about?

JT springs across the room and slugs Dwyer on the side of the head. The hunting knife drops to the floor and Dwyer crumples.

JT grabs up the knife and gives Dwyer a swift kick to the gut.

JT

Guess you're head's too used to bein in a helmet, tough guy. Them footballin pads made you softer than you think you are, Dwyer.

Dwyer begins to get up to counter-attack, but JT pokes him back down with the tip of the knife.

JT

Ah-ah-ah. You just stay put now, you hear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DWYER

What the fuck are you gonna do, JT?
Kill me?

JT

Yeah I am. Actually, that ain't true. She's gonna kill you. But don't worry. Nobody'll know you're dead. Actually, I gotta thank you for coming in tonight, buddy.

DWYER

You're crazy, man. What is she?
Some kinda fucking psycho killer?

JT

Man, you just don't get it, do you?
Johnny is DEAD. This bitch is DEAD, too. Ain't you never seen them zombie movies?

DWYER

You're fucking nuts, man.

JT

Oh, I'm nuts, huh?

JT takes the knife and violently stabs the dead girl about the neck and shoulders. She barely makes a sound.

JT

How's that for nuts? Or how bout this?

JT plunges the hunting knife hilt-deep into the dead girl's skull with a wet THUNK.

DWYER

Oh Jesus. You fucking sick fucker.
You killed her.

JT

Oh yeah?

JT lifts the dead girl's head by the handle sticking out of the back of her head. She moans and looks around with blank eyes. A trickle of black blood drips down her chin.

DWYER

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Dwyer turns to run, but is jumped from behind by JT. JT rides the burly jock around the room. JT covers Dwyer's eyes as Dwyer tries to spin JT off of his back. They bump into the dead girl's chair and knock her over. One of the dead girl's feet is free and she blindly kicks around.

JT begins to pummel Dwyer in the face repeatedly, specks of Dwyer's blood becoming airborne.

JT
(while beating Dwyer)
Don't worry, Dwyer. You'll like being dead. Dead girl here likes it, dontcha? I gotta thank you for coming over tonight, buddy. I thought I was gonna have to give up a good thing, y'know? She ain't been the same since you and Johnny-boy worked her over. But no worries, right? I'll just make another.

JT stops wailing on Dwyer, who is unconscious from the brutal beating.

JT
You'll be a zombie, Dwyer, but nobody'll know the difference.

JT drags Dwyer's unconscious form over to the still-struggling dead girl.

JT
You hungry, baby?

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Rickie sits down next to Wheeler in the cafeteria. Wheeler digs into his Twinkies.

Rickie looks across the room at JoAnn Skinner, who sits alone at her usual table. JoAnn is looking right at him. Rickie stares down into his plate.

RICKIE
What's going on, Wheeler?

Wheeler looks at Rickie but doesn't reply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKIE

Wonder where Dwyer is today. Must
be visiting Johnny at the hospital.

More silence from Wheeler.

RICKIE

What's up, Wheeler?

Wheeler screws up his face in confusion.

WHEELER

JT says I shouldn't outta hang out
with you anymore, Rick.

RICKIE

What the fuck? When did JT become
your boss, man?

WHEELER

I-I . . . He says you wouldn't like-

Wheeler stops himself from going further.

RICKIE

Wouldn't like WHAT, Wheeler?

WHEELER

Nuthin. Never mind.

RICKIE

I don't know what JT's got up his
sleeve, Wheeler, but it ain't good,
I know that. He doesn't know when
to stop, man. You shouldn't let
him do your thinkin for you-

WHEELER

What? And I should let YOU do it
for me instead? He was right. You
think you know what's best for me?
You don't know anything. You just
go ahead and pine for it all day if
you want, me and JT got a good
thing and it's gonna get better,
you wait and see! We're gonna have
. . . we're . . . Aw, man, just
forget it!

Wheeler storms away, frustrated and angry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rickie steals another look at JoAnn Skinner, who appears to have been watching the argument with interest.

CUT TO:

EXT. JT'S CAR -- NIGHT

It's night. JT is driving a beat-up sedan. Wheeler is in the passenger seat. The road around them is dark and secluded, surrounded by woods.

WHEELER

I didn't say nothin to him, just like you told me, JT . . . We gonna be long? Ma said I gotta have the car back for her to start her shift-

JT

Don't worry. We'll be done soon.

WHEELER

You sure he's done?

JT

Jesus! Will you quit bitching? You sound like an old lady, ferchrissakes! YES he's done! You saw him!

WHEELER

S-sorry. Just askin, is all.

They drive on for a few more moments in silence.

JT

This is as good a place as any, I guess.

JT pulls the car to a stop and gets out.

JT

C'mon. Help me out, here.

Wheeler gets out of the car and they both go around to the trunk. JT opens it and they both begin to struggle with something in the trunk.

JT

You get his legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a struggle, they pull the bound and gagged Dwyer out of the trunk. Dwyer is limp in their arms, but obviously still alive. Or at least animated.

JT rips the duct tape off of Dwyer's mouth. Dwyer drools and groans, but doesn't even acknowledge his captors with his dead eyes.

JT cuts the ropes securing Dwyer's hands and feet. Dwyer sways, barely maintaining his balance.

JT
See? He ain't gonna finger us.
He'll be lucky to make it back to
town, shape he's in.

Wheeler and JT study the zombified Dwyer.

WHEELER
You sure this is gonna work?

JT
Look at him. Look at Johnny. Look
at the dead girl. Course it's
gonna work. It's gonna work just
perfect.

Jt slaps Dwyer on the back, causing him to fall down and roll into the woods along the road. Dwyer grunts in the darkness. Twigs snap as he makes his way deeper into the trees.

JT
Go on home, Dwyer!

JT laughs.

JT
Alright, now for the fun part. We
better hurry, though! Don't want
your mamma to miss her shift at the
fucking Dairy Queen, now do we?

WHEELER
Hey. She's a MANAGER, man.

JT
Aw, take it easy, buddy. I's just
giving you some shit, is all!

The two of them hop into the car and take off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUICK-E-MART PARKING LOT -- LATER

JT and Wheeler are parked in the lot of the Quik-E-Mart. The radio plays some heavy metal tune at a low volume. JT drums his fingers on the steering wheel. Wheeler squirms in his seat.

JT
Will you hold still,
fercryinoutloud?

WHEELER
I shouldn'ta drank all them Jolt
Colas. Now I gotta piss again.

JT
Goddammit, Wheeler, you're gonna
hold it! You done been in there
ten times in the last two hours!
They're gonna get suspicious!

WHEELER
How long we gotta wait here,
anyways? I thought you said we
were gonna-

JT
Look, goddammit, we're gonna stay
here til the right one comes along!
We still got a few hours. I ain't
just going for the first thing that
comes along, dammit.

A red camaro pulls into the parking lot. A girl with large, bleached blonde hair gets out ass first, showing off her short-short cutoff jeans.

WHEELER
There you go, JT! Lookit that ass!

JT
Jeez, how could you miss it?
Enough damn cottage cheese squeezin
outta there to fill a gallon jug!

WHEELER
Aw, c'mon, she ain't that bad!

JT
Ain't that bad ain't good enough,
man!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The girl enters the Quick-E-Mart.

WHEELER

C'mon, man, this is our chance -
she's the only piece a splittail
come by here in an hour. Look at
her jugs, man!

JT peers across the parking lot through the windowed front of
the mart. The woman in question is, indeed, stacked.

JT

True.

JT continues to stare.

WHEELER

C'mon, man, it ain't gonna get any
better than that there. 'Less you
wanna drive three hours to Boonton
for them big-city types.

JT is thinking.

WHEELER

I'm goin. Let's do it, JT.

JT sighs.

JT

Fine. You know what to do.

Wheeler gets out of the car and moseys over to the red
Camaro. The girl comes out of the Quik-E-Mart and approaches
the Camaro. Wheeler begins to talk to her as she nears. The
two of them talk for a few seconds, but we can't hear exactly
what is being said.

JT wipes his sweaty palms on his pant legs. He steals a look
at the Quik-E-Mart clerk, who has his face buried in a copy
of YOUNG N TINY TWATS.

JT

C'mon, Wheeler.

Wheeler and the girl continue to talk. JT is visibly
nervous. Wheeler begins walking back to the car. He turns
to the girl, who is still standing by her Camaro. Wheeler
says something to her, waving her over. The girl hesitates
for a moment before following Wheeler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JT

That's it. Come to pappa.

JT gets out of the car and goes around to the trunk, where Wheeler has led the girl.

JT

Hey.

The girl scowls at JT.

GIRL

(to Wheeler)

I ain't givin you shit til I see it. And it better be good - I know good when I see it, so don't be tryin to pass no oregano off on me, motherfuckers.

WHEELER

What'd I tell you? It's right here in the trunk. JT?

JT is eyeing the girl. She looks much worse close up than she did across the parking lot. We see her chipped fingernails, her yellowed teeth, the roll of fat perched above the waistband of her cutoffs . . .

WHEELER

YO! JT! The trunk.

JT snaps out of his daze.

JT

Huh? Oh, yeah, right. It's in the trunk.

GIRL

What's wrong with your buddy there? He slow or something?

JT opens the trunk of the car and the girl looks in.

GIRL

Well? I don't see nothin.

Wheeler leans into the trunk.

WHEELER

Sure, baby. I got it right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wheeler whips around, a tire jack in his hand. He smacks the girl on the head with it with a hollow metallic THUNK.

The girl calmly looks at Wheeler and then JT. A trickle of blood slowly runs from her hairline down her forehead.

She punches Wheeler in the face, snapping his nose. Wheeler screams and goes down, blood pouring from his nose like a faucet.

WHEELER

SHIT!

GIRL

What the FUCK? You goddamn
peckerwood motherfuckers!

She takes a swing at JT, who manages to duck. Her fist glances off of his head. JT tackles the girl to the pavement, but she's SCREAMING and fighting like a hellcat.

JT

Wheeler! Help me out, here!

The girl scratches JT's face, leaving two red welts down the length of his face, but he maintains his grip.

JT

Wheeler!!

CUT TO:

INT. QUICK-E-MART -- CONTINUOUS

The Quik-E-Mart clerk is reading his copy of YOUNG N TINY TWATS with fervor. A shitty boombox next to him loudly plays bad country music.

Out in the parking lot, over the shoulder of the clerk, we can see the struggle behind Wheeler's mom's car: The girl has the obvious upper hand as she doles out devastating punches to the prone form of JT.

The clerk is oblivious.

CLERK

(mumbling to self)

Young and tight. Mmm-mmm. God,
I'd kill a man for a taste of that.
Goddamn.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUICK-E-MART PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

The girl is pounding the crap out of JT. Wheeler, his nose covered in gore, manages to stand. He grabs the tire iron from the ground and runs at the girl, holding the iron rod like a baseball bat.

GIRL
Teach you to fuck with me, you
little fuckin-

THWAK! Wheeler hits the girl on the back of the head so hard one of her eyes pops out of the socket. She teeters a moment before falling headfirst into the trunk.

JT is still dazed from his beating. Wheeler is trying to fold the girl's legs up to get her into the trunk.

WHEELER
Jesus christ! Holy shit! JT! JT!
Come on! Help me out here!

JT gets up, wincing in pain as he does so. Wheeler steals a look at the Quik-E-Mart clerk, who is still not looking.

WHEELER
Fucking help me, man!

JT and Wheeler crush the girl into the trunk. JT slams the trunk, but it won't lock. He has to slam the trunk over and over. Finally, after a bone-snapping CRACK, the trunk latches.

WHEELER
Goddamn, JT, take it easy, you're
gonna kill her!

JT
KILL HER?

JT screams louder than he meant to. Both he and Wheeler look over at the Quik-E-Mart entrance. The clerk is staring at them over the top of his magazine.

JT waves at the clerk and smiles. The clerk shoots back a weird look for a moment before half-heartedly waving back and resuming his reading.

JT
(whispering)
YOU fucking killed her already!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHEELER

What are you talking about?

JT motions for Wheeler to get into the car. They both get in with an air of false casualty.

WHEELER

What do you mean I killed her?

JT

Jesus christ, man, you knocked her
FUCKING EYEBALL out of her FUCKING
HEAD, Wheeler!

JT starts the car.

WHEELER

Aw, man. Aw, man. I didn't mean
to hit her so hard, JT. But she
was kicking the crap out of you,
man. I had to do something. I-Oh
shit. I killed her? Oh fuck! OH
FUCK!

JT runs his fingers through his hair. Wheeler is sobbing.

WHEELER

I didn't mean it, man! I didn't-

JT

WHEELER! Calm the FUCK down, man.
This don't change a thing.

Wheeler begins to sob like a baby, bloody bubbles of snot forming in both nostrils.

JT

Will you get ahold of yourself?
Goddamn, we were gonna kill her
anyways!

WHEELER

Yeah, but that ain't REALLY like
killin her, JT! This is different!

JT

No it ain't. We just got to go
through with it, is all.

Wheeler sniffles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHEELER

You mean it's still gonna work?
It'll work if she's already dead?

JT

Works like that in some of the
movies. Might as well give it a
shot, right?

Wheeler appears to be in mild shock.

JT

RIGHT, Wheeler? We're just gonna
proceed as planned, right? We're
gonna get us an all new dead girl,
RIGHT? Right, buddy? This is the
one you wanted, right? We picked
her just to make you happy,
Wheeler. Right?

Wheeler snuffles again, but laughs with relief.

WHEELER

O-Okay, JT. Boy, she really did a
number on you, man. That chick
kicked your ass.

JT

Yeah? Well . . . Nice nose, there,
tough guy.

JT backs the car out of the Quik-E-Mart parking lot.

WHEELER

Hey, we still gonna be able to get
the car back in time?

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Rickie sits at his desk in a classroom. He, and the rest of
the class, are silently working on a test of some sort.

A folded piece of paper lands on Rickie's desk. He furtively
looks at the teacher before opening it:

MEET ME IN THE PARKING LOT AFTER SCHOOL. WE NEED TO TALK.

-J

Rickie appears confused. He turns
to look around the room, his eyes
landing on JoAnn Skinner.

JoAnn is looking right at him. She subtly nods once before
resuming her test.

Rickie smiles to himself dreamily.

CUT TO:

INT. EVANSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- LATER

Rickie sits alone at his usual table in the cafeteria.
Wheeler's seat is conspicuously empty. He looks across the
cafeteria at JoAnn's table. JoAnn sits alone.

JoAnn looks up and catches Rickie's eye. She stares at him
for a moment. Rickie swallows with a GULP and smiles at her.

She smiles back with a Mona Lisa smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVANSBURGH HS PARKING LOT -- LATER

Rickie waits at the edge of the parking lot. Many students
mill about the lot, going to their cars, horsing around.

Rickie nervously looks for JoAnn.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EVANSBURGH HS PARKING LOT -- LATER

Rickie is sitting at the edge of the parking lot. Most all
of the cars are gone by now.

One of the school's sets of double doors opens. Rickie
quickly stands and pats down his hair. Two students, neither
of them JoAnn, exit the building and walk to their cars.

Rickie slides back down the wall to a sitting position.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EVANSBURGH HS PARKING LOT -- LATER

Rickie is staring off into space. One of the school's side doors opens and JoAnn Skinner exits.

She appears in slow motion, her golden hair catching the sun's rays. Rickie swallows and stands up as JoAnn approaches. He smiles at JoAnn as she comes up to him . . .

. . . and punches him right in the nose. It's a devastatingly powerful blow that crumples Rickie to the ground. Rickie yelps in pain, shoots JoAnn a wounded look.

JoAnn grabs Rickie by the collar and yanks him to his feet before punching him again, this time in the stomach. Her grip prevents Rickie from collapsing again.

Rickie is bawling, obviously heartbroken.

JOANN

Shut up and quit whining, you
little redneck shit!

Rickie is shocked by the coarse language issuing from the lips of his beloved. She slaps him, causing another crying jag.

JOANN

I said SHUT UP, you fucker!

Rickie, although shocked to the bone, manages to compose himself somewhat.

RICKIE

J-JoAnn . . . What are you doing?

JOANN

I know you and your retarded buddy
had something to do with Johnny.
Probably Dwyer, too. He never came
home last night.

RICKIE

I-I don't know what you're-

JoAnn smashes him in the nose yet again. Rickie cups his face in his hands and a rivulet of blood trickles from between his fingers.

JOANN

Talk, you little shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKIE

JoAnn, I-

JoAnn belts him again. Rickie whimpers in pain.

JOANN

I said TALK, goddammit!

RICKIE

It's Johnny's fucking fault that he got sick, JoAnn! He's an asshole! He's no good for you! He got sick from another girl! He doesn't love you like I-

JoAnn slaps Rickie in the chops.

JOANN

Don't you even SAY it, you little limp dick! What the hell are you thinking? You don't LOVE me! You don't even know me! And don't you DARE talk trash about Johnny! He's more of a man than you or your dumbass, redneck, white trash buddies'll ever be! Now you're gonna take me to your friends and let me deal with em!

RICKIE

N-no. You don't wanna-

JoAnn begins to kick the crap out of the bawling Rickie.

CUT TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- LATER

The dead girl is off of the bed. She's tethered to the wall by the ropes around her wrists. Her face is smeared with gore.

The brutally chewed and torn remains of the Quik-E-Mart victim lay at her feet, yards of pink intestine and innards strewn about the floor. The dead girl takes another bite.

Wheeler is squatting in the opposite corner of the room as JT paces angrily.

WHEELER

I-I don't think it's working, JT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JT
No shit, Sherlock!

WHEELER
T-that means w-we k-killed her, JT.

JT
No it don't. It don't mean
nothing. Just let her keep going.
That goddamn Camaro slut'll start
kickin' soon as dead girl's dead
juice gets in her.

The mutilated corpse of the Quik-E-Mart victim emits a
farting noise as the dead girl tears into her guts.

WHEELER
JT?

JT
What?

WHEELER
If she does come back . . . You can
fuck her first.

JT slaps Wheeler on the back of the head.

JT
Just shut the fuck up, Wheeler.

The dead girl continues to chomp on the remains of the Quik-E-
Mart victim.

WHEELER
It stinks in here, JT.

JT
Will you quit your bitchin? Jeez!
We'll move dead girl to another
room soon as camaro trash wakes up.

Wheeler sighs and buries his face in his arms. JT stops
pacing, looks at the mess, and runs his fingers through his
hair. He knows that the Quik-E-Mart victim isn't going to
wake up.

The door squeaks open, causing Wheeler and JT to jump.
Rickie, more bruised and bloody than he was after his
altercation with Johnny and Dwyer, shuffles into the room.
He's sobbing, his eyes puffy and swollen from the tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JT
What the fuck are you doing here,
Rickie?

Rickie looks at the mess in the corner. It's virtually
unidentifiable.

RICKIE
Holy shit. What's . . . That's not
. . . Dwyer?

JT
Naw . . . It ain't. Just some
trailer slut. What difference is
it to you, anyways? So what if it
was Dwyer? And what the fuck
happened to your face? I KNOW it
weren't Dwyer or Johnny-boy that
done that to you-

He stops in mid-sentence as JoAnn bursts into the room. She
stares daggers at JT.

JOANN
Johnny ain't the only one around
here who can kick some redneck ass-

JoAnn is cut short when she sees the gore in the corner of
the room.

JOANN
Oh my god.

JT
Grab her, Wheeler!

Wheeler makes a move toward JoAnn, but she SCREAMS and with
lightning speed cold cocks Wheeler right in the nose.
Wheeler hits the floor like a bag of bricks. His head CRACKS
loudly on the cement.

JT makes a grab for JoAnn, but she rips herself free from his
grasp. She blindly grabs a metal rod that is leaning against
the wall and begins to swing. JT jumps out of range, but
Rickie - who has been standing immobile since his arrival -
is smacked on the arm. Rickie YELPS in pain and falls to the
ground.

JT
Now c'mon, sweetie, just put down
the pipe and let's talk fer a
minute-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOANN

Get the fuck away from me!

JT makes a dive for JoAnn, but she's quick on the draw. She swings the pipe, hitting JT's arm. JT SCREAMS and crumples.

JT

AAAH! You bitch! You fucking
CUNT! You broke my fucking ARM!

JT raises his wounded limb. It dangles at a strange angle, his hand hanging limply.

JOANN

Just stay put, JT!

Everyone in the room stands at an impasse. The room is silent except for the dead girl's chewing and grunting. JoAnn swivels her head for a quick look at the corner. She gags.

JOANN

What the FUCK is going on here?
What did you do to Johnny, you
redneck piece of shit? And what
the FUCK is that?

JT laughs despite his obvious pain.

JT

You know, I thought for a minute
there that the whole deal was
fucked.

(to Rickie)

I knew you'd try to pull some shit,
Rickie. You still trying to win
her love, you pitiful son of a
bitch?

JOANN

This little peckerwood and me?
Forget about it.

RICKIE

Fuck you, JT.

JT

How about FUCK YOU, buddy?

RICKIE

What the fuck is she eating, JT?
What the fuck did you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JT

Just trying to make us another friend over there. Me 'n Wheeler found her last night . . . But it didn't work good on her like Johnny-boy . . .

JoAnn is confused and shocked into silence.

JT

. . . Or Dwyer, for that matter. But I think I got it all figured out now.

(referring to JoAnn)

She looks good all sweaty and scared, don't she?

JOANN

Shut up, JT!

JT

You heard her, Rickie. You ain't NEVER gonna get any of that. She'd rather die than have anything to do with a no-good loser like you.

Behind them, Wheeler begins to stir. He tries to lift his head out of the puddle of blood that's formed beneath him. The task proves too difficult and he stops moving. But he has moved enough to catch the attention of the dead girl. Unwatched by Rickie, JoAnn, or JT, the dead girl slowly drags herself over the remains of the Quik-E-Mart victim and reaches for the unconscious Wheeler.

JT

But we can fix that, can't we Rickie? We can make her yours and yours alone. Me n Wheeler'll keep away from her. She can finally be all yours, Rick. Just like you always wanted her. Any way you want her.

JoAnn raises the pipe and takes a step towards JT.

JOANN

I told you to SHUT UP! I swear to god I'll fucking bash your goddamn head in, JT! Just shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JT begins to talk faster, desperate to recruit Rickie. He's concentrating on Rickie, crawling slowly away from JoAnn's advance as he pleads.

JT
Goddammit, Rickie! You know this is the only way! She'll never have you, Rick! She's going to fucking send us all to fucking jail forever and you're never gonna get her or anybody else! You know what you - what we - gotta do, goddammit!! You know it's-

JT is interrupted by a LOUD SCREAM. All three of them turn to see Wheeler twisting painfully in the grip of the dead girl. A huge chunk of Wheeler's face is gone. It dangles wetly between the lips of the dead girl. JoAnn SCREAMS.

RICKIE
Wheeler!!

Wheeler tries to fend off the dead girl but her head descends again, her jaws clamping down on Wheeler's neck. She quickly tears off another chunk of Wheeler's meat. But this time she bites right through Wheeler's carotid artery. Wheeler GURGLES his last breath as his arterial spray drenches the dead girl's face and hair.

Rickie dives for Wheeler, grabbing his still kicking legs.

RICKIE
Wheeler! NO!

JoAnn is shocked into near catatonia. JT uses this to his advantage. He kicks out at JoAnn's leg's, knocking her over. He's on her in an instant.

Rickie is playing a game of tug of war with Wheeler's twitching body. The dead girl continues to disfigure Wheeler's head as Rickie pulls at his legs.

Jt is atop JoAnn, his face a mask of pure rage. Using his good hand, he grabs her by the throat and begins to slam her head onto the cement floor.

JT
Goddamn stupid cunt! I'll fucking kill you!

JT lifts JoAnn's head a foot off of the ground and slams her down with all his weight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Her skull POPS loudly and she begins to violently spasm as a pool of blood rapidly spreads around her.

JT

You're gonna be my new dead girl,
you prissy fucking BITCH! I'm
gonna put my fucking dick in your-

JT SCREAMS like a girl as Rickie bends his broken arm all the way back. Another bone SNAP and JT's knuckles are brushing against the back of his forearm.

JT

You traitorous MOTHERFUCKER!
AAAAAH!!

JT and Rickie wrestle around on the bloody floor. Rickie still has JT's bad arm in his grip. He twists and bends the hand until JT's sheared forearm bone pops out from beneath the skin. Blood oozes from the ghastly wound. JT SCREAMS like a banshee.

JT

What'd you do that for, Rickie?

JT begins to cry pitifully. He's lost his fighting spirit. Rickie holds JT down until his struggling ceases. JT's crying uncontrollably, snot and blood pouring out of his nose.

JT

I thought you was my friend,
Rickie.

Rickie is softened a bit by JT's sniveling.

RICKIE

I was.

JT

I know it got out of hand, Rickie,
but it wasn't all my fault! I
tried to keep you out of trouble,
Rickie! I took care of those jock
motherfuckers for you! I was gonna
give you your dream girl, Rickie!
Why'd you do this to me? It's not
too late, Rickie! Look at her.
She ain't dead yet! You and me,
we'll fix her. She'll be better
than ever! She'll love you,
goddammit!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Rickie looks over his shoulder at his beloved JoAnn. She's twitching and gagging on her own blood. It's disgusting.

RICKIE

No, JT. It's gone far enough.

JT immediately quits crying. His face turns mean again.

JT

Then I guess she's gonna be all mine.

JT makes a swing at Rickie. It connects, but Rickie barely flinches.

RICKIE

NO!

Rickie grabs JT's wounded arm and violently bends it, stabbing JT in the eye with his own bone stump. JT whines and thrashes, but Rickie simply leans in the imbedded arm with all of his might. JT's sharp stump slips further into the depths of his cranium until he stops moving.

Rickie lays atop JT's lifeless body. He sobs, drained to the bone. The room is motionless save for the dead girl, who is tugging futilely at her bonds.

The room is drenched in blood and gore.

Rickie cries to himself, still unable to climb off of JT.

JoAnn GASPS and twitches. She coughs wetly.

Rickie jumps off of JT's corpse and crawls over to JoAnn. He tries to cradle her head, but his hands slip on the blood oozing out of her skull. She is rasping, barely able to focus her eyes.

RICKIE

JoAnn? JoAnn? Can you hear me?
Just hold still, JoAnn. Don't die!
Please don't die, JoAnn! I-I-I
love you!

JoAnn smiles weakly. Her breathing is labored.

JOANN

C-Come closer, Rickie.

Rickie holds JoAnn's cheeks in his hands. He is inches away from her. He's crying. JoAnn coughs wetly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

JOANN
W-what did you just say, Rickie?

RICKIE
I-I said I love you, JoAnn.

JoAnn spits a red loogie right in Rickie's face.

JOANN
F-fuck you, you redneck trailer
trash motherfucker.

JoAnn falls unconscious. She twitches and bleeds.

RICKIE
Noooooooooo! NO! NO, goddammit!
JoAnn! Don't die! Don't-

Rickie looks up at the dead girl who is watching the blood
and death with the interest of a two year old in front of the
TV.

RICKIE
Die.

Rickie stares at the dead girl.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARLEM VALLEY -- MORNING

Harlem Valley is beautiful in the morning. A light mist
clings to the ground. Birds CHIRP happily as the brilliant
sun shines down . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARLEM VALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Rickie drags JoAnn's unmoving form through the deserted
hallways of Harlem Valley. He's crying and laughing
maniacally.

He drags JoAnn through a rusted doorway.

Rickie sobs as he ties the unconscious JoAnn to the four
corners of the ratty, mold-encrusted bed.

RICKIE
I-I'm sorry. I couldn't let it
happen. I couldn't let you do that
. . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see a fresh crescent-shaped bite mark on JoAnn's neck as Rickie positions her still form as comfortable as possible. Rickie begins to cry more, his tears flowing freely.

RICKIE

I-I know you won't understand. But
I can't let you go. I-I'm so sorry
. . . I love you.

Rickie kisses the unconscious JoAnn on the forehead.

Her dead eyes open just as Rickie slowly seals the heavy door to the room and encases her in blackness . . .

THE END