

THE WICKED DIE YOUNG



THE NEON DEMON
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wild bunch



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1

INT. STUDIO - DAY

1

CLOSE ON JESSE'S face, eyes closed, angelic, beautiful.

Slowly, the CAMERA PULLS BACK and her twisted, bleeding body is revealed, tangled in a tattered dress. It appears a violent crime has just taken place.

CLOSE ON a man's face. It is DEAN, handsome, slightly awkward. He stares at the scene, entranced by Jesse's figure.

He raises a still camera. Jesse's image is reflected in miniature in the glass lens. He takes a photo, and the black shutter closes and opens on Jesse's body, the mechanical sound a startling contrast to the eerie quiet of the room.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK again, revealing that the crime scene is actually a fashion photo shoot.

The clicks of Dean's camera, uneven at first, grow rapid and regular. A frenetic, percussive score. With every shot, a new image of Jesse appears on the nearby computer screen.

As though waking from a dream, Jesse's eyes open...

2

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY

2

She is seated in front of a mirror, staring at her reflection with wide eyes. Her face still appears bloody and battered from the shoot.

She begins taking off the make-up.

From across the room, RUBY, 27, simultaneously iron-willed and fragile, watches her every move. Jesse senses her gaze.

RUBY
Am I staring?

JESSE
I don't mind.

RUBY
Sorry. Occupational hazard.

Ruby waves a fist full of make-up brushes.

JESSE
(a revelation)
You did my make-up.

RUBY
Yeah. Like an hour ago. You don't remember?

JESSE
Sorry -

RUBY
What, did you have a stroke between then and now?

JESSE
I thought you were in the next shoot.

Ruby laughs. Jesse doesn't understand the joke.

RUBY
(touched)
Oh, you're serious.

JESSE
Yeah.

RUBY
Well, here, let me help you.

Ruby rushes over and begins wiping away some bloody make-up out of reach behind Jesse's ear.

RUBY (CONT'D)
I'm Ruby, by the way.

JESSE
I'm -

RUBY
Jesse. You told me earlier.
You're a little bit deer-in-the-headlights.

JESSE
I just moved here. Six weeks ago.

RUBY
Please don't be from New York.
Last thing we need is another pretty bitch without a soul.

JESSE
I'm from Ridgecrest.

RUBY
Where's that?

JESSE
Near Death Valley.

RUBY
Spooky. What's in Death Valley?

JESSE
Nothing worth sticking around for.

Ruby smiles, a genuine understanding.

RUBY
Your skin is perfect. Look at you.

She leans in, examining Jesse in the mirror, their faces nearly touching.

RUBY (CONT'D)
I don't think you're even human.
(whispering)
If I killed you, would you die?

Ruby playfully holds up her hands, covered in bloody make-up.

RUBY (CONT'D)
I swear I didn't do it!

She begins cleaning her hands with a small cloth.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Shit, what time is it? I promised
Dee and Dum over there a ride.

Ruby nods toward two ULTRA-THIN MODELS leaning against each other in the corner of the room. They are totally bored. It looks like it takes every bit of effort to hold themselves upright.

RUBY (CONT'D)
You think they've ever had lunch?
Probably don't even know what it
is. 'Wanna go to *lunch*?' Probably
think it's a day-spa.
(to Jesse)
Hey, you wanna come? We're going
to this club in West Hollywood.
Please. You'll be saving me from a
thirty minute ride with the world's
only living exoskeletons.

One of the thin girls sighs deeply.

JESSE
Do I get shotgun?

RUBY

Deal.

Ruby tosses the blood-covered cloth on the make-up table. She claps loudly, startling the thin girls to life.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Ashley! Mary-Kate! Ánde! Party time!

They stand and slink out of the room. Ruby rolls her eyes as they leave.

Jesse turns back to the mirror and runs a hand down the side of her face, touching her skin.

3 INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DUSK - LATER 3

Jesse finishes changing.

Several MODELS in various states of undress sit at a row of tables as stylists scurry between them.

At the corner mirror, one girl places a palm to her reflection, tears running silently down her face. Jesse notices her as she stands to go.

4 INT. STUDIO - DUSK - CONTINUOUS 4

Jesse heads through the studio toward the exit, the set from her shoot disappearing farther and farther into the background.

5 INT. HALLWAY - DUSK - CONTINUOUS 5

She walks alone through the winding hallways of the building.

6 INT. STUDIO STAIRS - DUSK - CONTINUOUS 6

We watch from above as she spirals down a long internal staircase.

The sound of wind, gradually intensifying...

7 EXT. RUBY'S CAR/HIGHWAY - DUSK 7

CLOSE ON the sleek hood of the car, slicing through the air. It flies down the highway, weaving defiantly through traffic.

8 INT. RUBY'S CAR - DUSK 8

Ruby drives, the two thin models slumped in the backseat. Jesse stares out the passenger seat window, mesmerized by the neon lights of Los Angeles.

Ruby pays dangerously little attention to the road in an effort to sneak looks at Jesse.

One of the thin models springs to life.

THIN GIRL
You missed your exit.

RUBY
Oh, it speaks.

The thin girl hisses at her.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Back in your cage.

Ruby makes a risky maneuver on the highway and Jesse grips the car door, white-knuckled.

RUBY (CONT'D)
I won't really kill you, I promise.

9 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 9

The car exits the highway and drives into West Hollywood.

10 EXT. RUBY'S CAR - NIGHT 10

It pulls up to the curb and screeches to a sharp halt.

11 INT. RUBY'S CAR - NIGHT 11

Jesse releases the car door, stretching her cramped hand.

12 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 12

All four girls exit the car. We watch them disappear down the street, headed to the club.

13 INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT 13

Jesse and Ruby stand inside the entrance.

MUSIC BLASTS at a deafening level. The tremendous main room is completely congested with sweaty dancers. The walls, lined with floor-to-ceiling mirrors, reflect a galaxy of pretty, bouncing lights.

Someone waves to Ruby across the room. She turns to Jesse and shouts over the music.

RUBY
Be right back!

JESSE
What?

RUBY
Don't go anywhere. Promise?

JESSE
I can't hear you.

Ruby disappears into the crowd.

Jesse walks around the perimeter of the room, watching the reflections of the club in the mirrored walls.

She spots a pair of eyes watching her. They belong to JACK, 37, leaning casually against a pillar in a shadowed corner of the room. He is striking, fashionable, and holds himself with unintentional arrogance. When their eyes connect, it is unclear how long he has been looking at her.

SARAH, 24, plenty of eyeliner, flirts with him, but fails to hold his attention.

Jack makes his thumbs and forefingers into a square, holds them up, and squints.

JACK'S POV: Jesse gazes back at him, captured within the frame.

Sarah sees the gesture and looks across the room for the recipient. Jesse is identified.

She whips around and crashes head-first into DEAN. He smiles at her.

DEAN
I was hoping you would be here.

Jesse cannot hear him.

JESSE
I'm looking for my friend.

He leans closer.

JESSE (CONT'D)
 (louder)
 Ruby? Do you know Ruby?

He nods in acknowledgment and gestures for Jesse to follow him. They start across the room, searching for Ruby.

Dean glances over his shoulder and sees Jesse struggling to make her way through the crowd. He reaches out.

Their hands lock.

14 EXT. CLUB ALCOVE - NIGHT

14

Dean and Jesse push through a back door into a small, dark alcove. The MUSIC, still pulsing, is muffled.

They both exhale, relieved to be away from the crowd.

A LONELY SMOKER dressed in black leans against the brick wall while two GAY MEN kiss hungrily across from her. The smoker watches them, sucking her Marlboro, unmoved.

Jesse and Dean smile at the scene, then look at each other, searching for something to say.

DEAN
 You hungry?

She shakes her head.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Do you want a drink? I could get you a drink.

JESSE
 I'm okay.

A silence.

DEAN
 You did great today. By the way.
 At the shoot.

JESSE
 Thanks.

He looks down, hands in pockets, and shifts nervously. Jesse watches him carefully, amused.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Would you say... I really killed
it?

He looks up, surprised. She smiles, coy.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Bad?

DEAN
Pretty bad.

JESSE
I can do worse.

DEAN
Okay.

JESSE
Why did they build a gate around
the cemetery?

DEAN
I don't know. Why?

JESSE
Because people were dying to get
in.

Small laughs.

JESSE (CONT'D)
What do you do with a dead chemist?

DEAN
What?

JESSE
You Barium.

More laughs. They move a little closer.

DEAN
Okay, I've got one.

JESSE
Is it bad?

DEAN
Very.

JESSE
How bad?

DEAN
The worst. Get ready.

JESSE
Okay.

DEAN
You ready?

JESSE
Ready.

DEAN
You sure?

JESSE
I'm sure.

DEAN
What did one dead guy say to the
other?

JESSE
What?

They are close enough to kiss. Dean looks down at her face.
He is once again enraptured.

DEAN
I - can't remember the punch line.

The moment is broken as the back door swings open and music
blasts into the alcove.

RUBY (O.S.)
Jesse!

Ruby heads toward them, clutching a bottle of champagne. She
is followed by GIGI, 21, very charming, very sexy.

Ruby sizes them up, trying to decide what she interrupted.

JESSE
You know Dean.

RUBY
Yeah, sure.

JESSE
We were just looking for you.

RUBY
Clearly.

Gigi giggles.

DEAN
I should get back in there. Nice
to see you, Ruby. And -

GIGI
Gigi.

Dean places a hand on the small of Jesse's back and whispers
in her ear.

DEAN
Find me if you need a getaway.

She nods.

RUBY
Well, that was rude.

Jesse smiles, unable to take her eyes off him as he walks
back into the club. We move in on her face until...

15 INT. CLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

15

The sound of a POP breaks Jesse's trance. Bubbles spill down
the side of a champagne bottle.

Jesse blinks and looks around the room, as though only just
realizing she is there. She glances curiously at some
graffiti on the wall which reads, 'DO WHAT THOU WILT.'

Ruby drinks straight from the bottle, perched on the edge of
the sink, nearly slipping. Gigi checks her reflection in the
bathroom mirror, smoothing the skin around her nose.

GIGI
Does my nose still look swollen?

RUBY
No, but your ass does.

GIGI
Very funny.

Someone knocks on the bathroom door.

RUBY
(shouts)
We're in here!

JESSE
What happened to your nose?

GIGI
Why? Does it look bad?

RUBY
Gigi's going full Barbie.

JESSE
What?

RUBY
All plastic.

Gigi slaps Ruby playfully on the backside and chases her around the room. Ruby hops on the toilet seat for safety.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Sanctuary!

JESSE
You had surgery?

GIGI
God, you say it like it's a bad thing.

JESSE
No, it's just - have you done it a lot?

GIGI
Not really.

Ruby hiccups and holds up seven fingers behind Gigi's back.

GIGI (CONT'D)
I go to this guy in Beverly Hills if you want his number.

RUBY
(dreamy)
Oh, Andrew...

GIGI
Doctor Andrew.

RUBY
You love him.

GIGI
Of course I do. Look at me.

Gigi presents herself.

GIGI (CONT'D)
He calls me the Bionic Woman.

JESSE
Is that a compliment?

Ruby snorts champagne. Someone knocks on the door again.

GIGI
(shouts)
We're in here!

RUBY
Where's Sarah? I wanna dance.

GIGI
Just go. She'll be lurking around
Jack for the rest of the night,
poor thing.

RUBY
Sarah's in love with Jack because
they fucked once, like a thousand
years ago -

GIGI
Be nice.

RUBY
But everyone knows he's only
interested in starving preteen
babydolls -

GIGI
Hey -

RUBY
What?

GIGI
Not in front of the kid.

Gigi and Ruby turn to Jesse.

JESSE
Oh, I'm not a virgin.

A strange silence as the conversation comes to a halt. Gigi and Ruby exchange a quick look. Ruby dangles the champagne bottle lifelessly between her knees.

Another knock at the door breaks the tension. Gigi, annoyed, undoes the lock and Sarah bursts in, pushing Jesse behind the door.

SARAH

Well, he's stoned out of his mind
and acting like an asshole,
surprise-surprise.

(to Ruby)

Move.

Sarah pushes Ruby off the toilet and sits to pee.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'll probably still go home with
him because I'm such a pushover.

Ruby slams the bottle on the sink and storms out of the
bathroom.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What? What did I say?

Gigi presents Jesse.

GIGI

Sarah, this is Jesse.

Jesse offers a hand, but Sarah grabs the toilet paper
instead.

SARAH

I think we met.

16 INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT - LATER

16

Even LOUDER MUSIC.

Sarah, Gigi, and Jesse dance in the middle of the crowd.
Gigi bounces around like a ball on a string. She grabs
Jesse's hand and spins her. The world whips around in
circles.

As she spins, Jesse sees Ruby watching them across the dance
floor. With each turn, Ruby's face becomes closer and
clearer, her expression hard and fixed on Jesse.

The sound of RUBBER AGAINST THE ROAD as...

17 EXT. DEAN'S CAR/HIGHWAY - NIGHT

17

The wheels of the car spin down the highway.

18 INT. DEAN'S CAR - NIGHT 18

Jesse stares at her reflection in the window of the car. She looks past herself and sees Dean's reflection, driving steadily.

She leans her head against the window next to his image. Her eyes begin to close.

19 JESSE'S DREAM 19

A fuzzy, pink surface. An image out of focus. After a while, the image becomes clear, and we realize we are looking at skin. We see an arm. A pair of shoulder blades. A collarbone. An elbow. A mouth. Odd angles of seemingly dismembered portions of a WOMAN'S BEAUTIFUL BODY.

20 INT. DEAN'S CAR/JERRY'S MOTEL - NIGHT 20

CLOSE ON Dean's face. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see that he is watching Jesse sleep in the passenger seat. After a few moments, her eyes open, and she looks around, disoriented.

JESSE

Where are we?

She glances out the window. The motel is run-down, depressing, cheap. She is a little embarrassed.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Oh. How long was I asleep?

DEAN

Not long.

She rubs her eyes and gathers her things.

JESSE

Thanks for the ride.

21 EXT. JERRY'S MOTEL - NIGHT 21

Jesse climbs up the rusty outdoor stairs to her motel door.

22 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 22

She pulls a set of keys from her bag and is about to open the door when...

DEAN (O.S.)

Hey.

She turns and leans on the balcony rail, looking down over Dean.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What did one dead guy say to the other?

JESSE

What?

DEAN

Nothing. He's dead.

Dean smiles. Jesse smiles.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I want to see you again.

JESSE

Okay.

DEAN

Tomorrow.

She nods.

Dean points up, and she turns her head to the sky. The full moon is perfectly luminous. She gazes at it in awe as Dean's car springs to life and drives away.

She turns to her motel room. One number hangs on the door, the other has long gone missing. The color has chipped away revealing multiple coats of hideous paint. The lock takes a bit of effort with the key, but it finally clicks.

23

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

23

Jesse steps into the room, leaving the front door half open. She flips the light switch a few times, but it doesn't work. Aside from the ambient moonlight shining through the window, the room is dark and eerie.

Jesse tries to see into the space. Her skin prickles as she senses that something or someone is in the room. She makes out a shape in the dark which starts to approach her. She quickly steps out of the room, slamming the door shut.

24 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 24

Jesse stares at the door, unsure of her next move. The drapes inside the room move slightly, as if someone brushed past them.

She glances around her, but the parking lot is deserted. The only sounds come from televisions in neighboring rooms and the muffled roar of the distant highway.

She turns to the door again and takes a deep breath. She is about to slip her key in the lock when a loud bang hits the door from the inside. She drops the keys and walks away.

25 INT. JERRY'S MOTEL MANAGEMENT - NIGHT 25

A LITTLE BELL JINGLES as Jesse runs through the door and hurriedly approaches the Night Manager, HANK. He is a fake-tanned, hair-straightened, middle-aged, failed actor. He was obviously once very good looking, but now borders on the grotesque.

Hank sits at the front desk, feet up, cutting his nails with a small switchblade.

JESSE
Someone is in my room.

Unimpressed, he does not look up from his work.

HANK
What do you mean someone is in your room?

JESSE
I went to let myself in, and I heard someone.

Hank takes her in.

HANK
Are you high?

Jesse takes out her cell phone and starts to dial.

HANK (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JESSE
I'm calling the police.

HANK
Whoa. Relax, okay?

He snaps the blade shut and whistles to the back room.
MIKEY, a skinny, grungy biker kid appears.

HANK (CONT'D)
Mikey?

MIKEY
Yeah?

HANK
This lady has an unwanted guest.

Mikey looks at both of them. He picks up a baseball bat.

26 EXT. JERRY'S MOTEL - NIGHT 26

The threesome climb the stairs. Hank, following at the rear, looks at Jesse's ass and grunts, impressed. She turns around and he winks.

27 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 27

Jesse struggles to make her key work in the lock. Hank sighs impatiently.

HANK
Mikey, go get the spare. Uh -

JESSE
Jesse.

HANK
(suggestively)
Jesse and I will wait here.

Mikey scrutinizes the door, makes a decision, and kicks it open.

28 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 28

Hank shines his flashlight in the room, which we now see has been torn to pieces. Jesse's clothes are scattered everywhere.

HANK
What the fuck? You're going to have to pay for this.

JESSE
I didn't do it. It wasn't me.

HANK

Nice try, sweetheart. We don't
foot the bill for your pissed off
boyfriends.

JESSE

I'm telling you, it wasn't me!

Mikey, meanwhile, is investigating the room. He shines a flashlight across the back wall, revealing that the window is open.

He moves the light down and stops on a crouched figure. It is a WILDCAT eating into the cheek of another dead animal on the floor. The wildcat slowly glances up and stares into the light for a moment before returning to his meal.

MIKEY

There's your visitor.

29 INT. ELEVATOR - THE NEXT DAY 29

The SOUND OF A DING.

Stainless steel elevator doors close on Jesse's reflection. She grazes her fingers across her cheek, thinking about the wildcat from the night before.

30 INT. OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY 30

Jesse walks down a long, stark white hallway of doors.

31 INT. CASTING WAITING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 31

She opens the door to a room crowded with plastic folding chairs. FIFTY MODELS, all variations of the same girl, sit anxiously, quietly waiting. Every head snaps to Jesse as she steps inside.

She crosses to the CHECK-IN GIRL at a folding table in the corner. The Girl, twenty-something, smacks her gum hard and does not look up from the fashion magazine she is reading.

CHECK-IN GIRL

Write down your name and your
agency. Have a seat. They'll call
you in.

Jesse scribbles her information on the clipboard. She pulls a comp card from her bag. The Girl flips a page.

CHECK-IN GIRL (CONT'D)
Just put it with the others.

Jesse places her photo on top of a very tall pile.

She turns around and sees every set of eyes still fixed on her. They follow her as she finds an empty folding chair in the corner of the room and sits.

The door swings open and every head looks to the NEW GIRL as she walks in.

Jesse slumps down in her seat. She pulls a pair of headphones from her bag and puts them on.

MUSIC BLASTS as her thoughts leave the room...

32 JESSE'S DAYDREAM 32

A series of JUMP CUTS: Sun shining through the clouds. Bare feet run on hard concrete. A pair of skinny knees drop to the ground. A girl's hands grip the edge of a swimming pool.

We see YOUNG JESSE's face reflected in the water. She looks at herself for a long time before reaching out a hand and skimming the surface, distorting her face.

33 INT. CASTING WAITING ROOM - DAY 33

Jesse peels the nail polish off her fingernails.

Every model in the room rises at once. A female CASTING ASSISTANT stands by the door, ushering the girls into the studio. Jesse rips off her headphones, gathers her things, and follows the line inside.

She passes the Check-in Girl, still engrossed in her magazine, as she blows an enormous bubble which threatens to pop.

34 INT. CASTING STUDIO - DAY 34

The studio is very bright. Big windows line one side of the room and racks of clothing line the other.

Jesse stands with the group of girls against a side wall. They are positioned shoulder-to-shoulder, almost militant, awaiting instruction.

In the center of the room, the fashion designer, SUJI, an elegant Korean woman in her 40s, sits at a long table. Standing behind her right shoulder is the TRANSLATOR.

The Casting Assistant slams the door hard. She places the stack of comp cards on the Designer's table and crosses to the models.

ASSISTANT

You can undress.

Like clockwork, the models strip off their jeans and t-shirts, dropping them in heaps on the ground. They stand tall in their underwear and heels.

The Assistant hands each model a paper sheet with a number on it.

The FIRST MODEL is called forward. She holds up her number as the Assistant snaps a Polaroid.

The Translator converses for an interminably long time in Korean, pointing to the model's face and hips, clearly discussing the girl's features. The model tries not to look nervous. Suji remains silent, simply shakes her head.

TRANSLATOR

Thank you. That will be all.

The model rejoins the group as another is called forward.

Jesse scans the faces behind her, wondering how long this will take. She spots an anxious SARAH in the back corner.

Another model is dismissed, and Suji frowns, surveying the group. She locks eyes with Jesse. She points.

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

Come forward please.

Jesse points to herself.

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

Can you come forward?

Jesse walks to the center of the room. Suji speaks.

TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

She wants to know, how old are you?

JESSE

Nineteen.

The Translator repeats this in Korean. Suji puts on her glasses and examines Jesse suspiciously.

JESSE (CONT'D)
I just had my birthday.

Jesse fidgets.

The Assistant stands in front of her and takes a Polaroid. The bright flash startles her.

ASSISTANT
Raise your arms.

Jesse raises her arms above her head. We see that she is very thin, her ribs clearly defined under stretched skin. The Assistant pulls a measuring tape from around her neck and begins to measure the various circumferences of her body, scribbling notes on a clipboard.

She notices the models watching her every move.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
How much do you weigh?

JESSE
(distracted)
Sorry...?

ASSISTANT
Your weight.

JESSE
One-oh-two.

The Assistant scribbles.

ASSISTANT
Can you do the walk?

Jesse walks from one side of the room to the other, her HEELS TAPPING a confident rhythm on the hardwood floor. Sarah peers behind another girl to try and get a better look.

When she finishes, Jesse stands in front of the table. A long, silent moment as Suji decides. She nods.

TRANSLATOR
Very good.

Jesse's smiling reflection is torn in two as the elevator doors part ways. She is about to step inside when she hears a LOUD CRASH. She turns toward the noise. The crash is followed by the SOUND OF A WOMAN CRYING.

She walks slowly down the hall to investigate.

36 INT. RESTROOM DOOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 36

Jesse presses her ear to the bathroom door which bears the hot pink icon of a woman's figure.

JESSE

Hello?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Please go away.

She pushes the door open.

37 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 37

Jesse steps inside and sees SARAH's distorted reflection in front of a shattered mirror. Shards cover the sink and floor. Sarah turns toward Jesse, mascara running down her face, red from crying.

SARAH

I SAID GET THE FUCK OUT! Are you deaf?

JESSE

Sarah?

SARAH

Fuck, it's you. Perfect.

She slides down the bathroom wall and slumps on the ground. The broken mirror crunches under her weight.

Jesse notices a few cuts on Sarah's arm which have already begun to heal. Sarah covers them with her hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(defensive)

I cut myself when the mirror broke.

Someone tries to open the door from the outside. Jesse pushes it shut.

JESSE

We're in here.

They try again, and Jesse bangs on the opposite side of the door.

JESSE (CONT'D)
I said we're in here!

The woman gives up, mumbling some profanity. Jesse clicks the lock. Sarah is impressed.

Jesse sees Sarah's book under the sink, torn apart, and picks up a photo.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Are you here for a casting?

Sarah scoffs.

JESSE (CONT'D)
I'm sure you were great.

SARAH
I know you saw me.

JESSE
Oh.

SARAH
Yeah. Oh.

JESSE
It's a great photo. You look really pretty.

SARAH
Waste of time. Everyone wants you to look like a fucking preteen.

This is pointed. Jesse does look like a preteen. She kneels beside Sarah and holds out the book.

JESSE
I bet you can fix this.

Sarah makes no move to take it.

JESSE (CONT'D)
They're expensive.

SARAH
Do you know how lucky you are?

JESSE
What do you mean?

SARAH

Don't do that.

Sarah pulls the box of cigarettes from her purse, lights one, and sucks hard.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think God has favorites, you know? Some people are just born with more. People look at you. They notice. I walk down the street and no one sees me. I'm a ghost.

She exhales and a puff of smoke winds up into the air.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What is that like?

JESSE

What?

SARAH

To be you? To walk into a room and all of a sudden it's like - in the middle of winter, you're the fucking sun.

Jesse swallows.

JESSE

(quietly)

It's everything.

Sarah pulls Jesse toward her and puts the cigarette to her lips. Jesse takes a deep inhale, coughs.

SARAH

Careful.

Sarah brushes a piece of hair from Jesse's face and tucks it behind her ear. She brushes her lips down Jesse's neck. Jesse closes her eyes, full of desire, until...

JESSE

Shit!

She loses her balance and stabs her hand on a piece of mirror. She rushes to the sink and runs the water. A large triangular shard is stuck in her palm. She pulls it out, wincing, and it clinks in the drain. Blood follows.

SARAH

Let me see.

JESSE

Fuck.

SARAH

Let me see.

JESSE

It's really bad.

SARAH

Here, let me see it.

Jesse holds out her hand. The fatty muscle is visible.

JESSE

Do you think I need stitches? I don't have insurance.

Sarah is staring at the cut.

JESSE (CONT'D)

(desperately)

What do I do?

Sarah impulsively puts Jesse's hand to her mouth and begins to suck the blood from the wound. Jesse tries to pull away.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Sarah sucks hungrily. Jesse manages to yank her hand away. Sarah's mouth is covered in blood.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you?!

SARAH

Nothing!

JESSE

What the fuck is wrong with you?

SARAH

Nothing, nothing...

Sarah's face streams with tears. Jesse runs from the bathroom.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Please don't go! Jesse!

38 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 38

Jesse scrambles to the elevator and slams her hand onto the button, leaving a streak of blood. She looks toward the bathroom.

39 INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY 39

Sarah looks in the cracked mirror. Her eyes are black. Her mouth is covered in blood. She looks like a monster.

The anger begins to rise inside of her, and she sweeps her arms across the sink, sending shards of mirror whirling across the room.

SARAH

Jesse!

40 INT. HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - DAY 40

We ZOOM quickly down the hall toward Jesse as she hears her name called out. She presses the button over and over.

Finally, the ELEVATOR DINGS. She rushes on and hits the button for the ground floor.

The doors close on Sarah who just misses the ride. Jesse backs as far away as she can.

41 EXT. TAXI - DUSK 41

A cloud of gray smoke coughs out of the taxi's tailpipe.

42 INT./EXT. TAXI/JERRY'S MOTEL - DUSK 42

Jesse pulls a few crumpled bills from her wallet and hands them to the TAXI DRIVER. He notices blood on the money.

She looks for something out the window.

TAXI DRIVER

Miss?

HANK stands outside, an unlit cigarette in his mouth. He struggles to make the plastic Bic lighter catch, gives up, throws it across the parking lot, and enters the office.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

She slides out of the taxi.

43 EXT. JERRY'S MOTEL - DUSK 43

Jesse sprints up the outdoor stairs.

44 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK 44

She struggles one-handed with the key and lock. The doorjamb has been rigged with duct tape, making it stick.

JESSE

Come on.

She looks over her shoulder and sees Hank step back out with a working lighter. She slams her weight against the door. It budge slightly. She tries again and the door swings open.

Hank looks her way just as she slips inside.

45 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK 45

Jesse slams the door and does the chain. She peeks behind the curtains to see if she was spotted.

46 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DUSK 46

Jesse's reflection in the medicine cabinet is deathly pale.

She opens the cabinet and examines the meager contents: toothpaste, deodorant, a bottle of peroxide. She grabs the peroxide and shuts the cabinet.

She opens the bottle and pours a healthy amount over the wound on her hand, now caked in dried blood. The wound bubbles up, and the pain is almost unbearable. Jesse makes a sharp sound and sinks to the ground, clutching her hand to her chest.

A KNOCK at the door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Jesse?

Still reeling in pain, she braces herself on the door frame with her good hand and stands, shaky on her feet.

47 INT./EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK - CONTINUOUS 47

ANOTHER KNOCK.

There is a deep purple bloodstain on the carpet from the wildcat. Jesse stumbles a little, dizzy.

She peeks out the window. It is DEAN, shifting nervously.

She opens the door and he presents a bouquet of red flowers. She takes them.

JESSE

Pretty.

Dean peers into the motel room.

DEAN

What happened in here?

She starts to lose her balance.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Jesse!

He tries to catch her, but she falls to the floor, fainting. The flowers hit the ground and petals scatter everywhere.

48 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER 48

Jesse's eyes blink open. Dean is crouching over her. He holds up a hand with five fingers spread wide apart.

DEAN

How many fingers do you see?

JESSE

Four.

DEAN

Try again.

JESSE

Six.

DEAN

Six?! How many fingers do you have?

He grabs her bad hand to check for six fingers. She winces.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What happened to you?

JESSE
Nothing.

DEAN
Let me see.

Jesse reluctantly unclenches her fist and shows Dean the wound. He stands.

JESSE
Where are you going?

DEAN
I'm taking you to the hospital.

JESSE
No.

DEAN
You need stitches.

JESSE
It's not that bad.

DEAN
Not that bad? You fainted.

JESSE
I know, I know. I just - I didn't
eat today and -

DEAN
You didn't eat?

JESSE
I'm feeling much better. Honestly.

DEAN
Why didn't you eat?

JESSE
I - forgot.

Dean eyes her suspiciously.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Please don't look at me like that.

They sit in silence for a moment. Dean looks around the room.

DEAN
This place is a mess.

JESSE
This fucking cat got in and wrecked
everything.

DEAN
Real party animal?

JESSE
It ate my face cream.

Small laughs.

DEAN
You can't stay here.

JESSE
I don't know where else to go.

DEAN
I've got a couch.

She shoots him a look. He grins.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Worth a shot.

JESSE
Besides, I can't leave.

DEAN
Why not?

JESSE
I owe them money.

DEAN
For what?

JESSE
For the damages.

DEAN
It wasn't your fault.

JESSE
I left the window open.

DEAN
So?

JESSE
So you try telling him. The guy's
a creep. He won't listen.

Dean looks at her, propped up against the bed, clutching her hand. She is incredibly small.

He stands.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

DEAN
Stay here.

49 INT. JERRY'S MOTEL MANAGEMENT - DUSK

49

A LITTLE BELL JINGLES as Dean enters the office door.

HANK has his feet up, flipping through an out-of-date Hustler Magazine and shovelling sticky, red Chinese food into his mouth with a fork.

DEAN
Are you the Manager?

HANK
Depends on who's asking.

DEAN
My friend says she owes you money.

This gets Hank's attention.

HANK
That so?

DEAN
Room twenty-one.

HANK
Oh... The wildcat!

Hank growls. His mouth is covered in red sauce.

HANK (CONT'D)
That's some hard candy, you know
what I mean?

DEAN
I'm sure I don't.

Hank looks him up and down.

HANK
What are you, a Mormon?

DEAN

No.

HANK

You with the DPH? Cuz we passed our last inspection. I'll show you the paperwork.

DEAN

I'm a photographer.

HANK

A photag, huh? Take any of these?

He holds up the nude magazine.

DEAN

Not my style.

HANK

Hmm.

Hank turns back to the magazine, instantly sucked into one of the pictures. For a minute he forgets about Dean.

Dean clears his throat.

HANK (CONT'D)

Right. Back to business. Your little friend's a piece of work. Gonna have to replace the door and do a new spackle on the wall. Looking at... at least two-hundred.

DEAN

Fine.

Dean takes out his wallet and produces a wad of money. Hank eyes it hungrily.

HANK

Or was it three?

They exchange a look.

DEAN

I have two-forty in cash.

HANK

Sold!

Hank rips the bills from his hand. He goes to a filing cabinet and unlocks the top drawer. He takes out a cash box, counts the money, and puts it inside.

DEAN

There a pharmacy around here?

HANK

Why? She send you out for tampons,
too?

DEAN

You've got a real attitude problem.

HANK

That's what I hear.

DEAN

I could report you.

HANK

Hey, now. I'm just being friendly.
Just wanna make sure you're getting
something out of this deal.
Symbiotic relationship, you know?
Cuz if you're not -
(whispers)
Got plenty other girls here. Take
a peek in room twenty-two if you
get a chance. Rented it yesterday
to a girl from Sandusky, Ohio. Run
away from home. Thirteen years
old.

He sucks air through his teeth.

HANK (CONT'D)

Now that's some Lolita shit, you
know what I mean?

Hank grunts and moans, suggestively rubbing his body against
the filing cabinet. The drawers make a rattling sound as
Hank molests the cabinet, his efforts increasing, slapping a
hand against the metallic side.

Dean leaves, repulsed. The BELL JINGLES as Hank calls after
him.

HANK (CONT'D)

Room twenty-two!

50

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK

50

We pass the row of motel doors, past room twenty-four, twenty-
three, twenty-two... stopping at Jesse's room: number twenty-
one.

51 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DUSK

51

We ZOOM in slowly on Jesse's body, lying motionless on the bed. She appears to be asleep until we see her eyes, open wide. She stares at a patch of wall covered in deep gashes from the wildcat.

IMAGES FLASH through her mind:

The wildcat's yellow eyes.

The models looking her up and down.

Sarah's bloody mouth.

Suddenly, Dean shoves the door open with some force and stumbles inside. He carries a plastic sack from the drugstore.

DEAN
(re: the door)
They'll fix that soon.

Jesse runs to him and wraps her arms around his waist. Surprised by this sudden gesture of intimacy, he runs a gentle hand through her hair, curling the soft waterfall of strands through his fingers.

52 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DUSK

52

Jesse sits on the toilet seat, knees to her chest like a child. Dean kneels beside her, picking a small shard of mirror from the cut with a pair of tweezers.

She winces. He hesitates.

JESSE
It doesn't hurt.

He dabs a damp piece of tissue around the wound, places a large Band-Aid over the cut, and wraps it tightly in an ace bandage.

DEAN
Best I can do.

JESSE
Thank you.

DEAN
You're welcome.

He thinks about kissing her, but instead starts to clean up.

JESSE
 (sincere)
 I'm having a really good time.

He looks up, smiles, completely charmed.

DEAN
 Anything else need fixing?

53 INT./EXT. JESSE'S BUICK/JERRY'S MOTEL - DUSK 53

The crunchy, metal SOUND OF A MOTOR attempting to rev to life.

Dean tries to start Jesse's car, a run-down Buick past its prime. He has been working at it for some time, and sweat beads cover his brow.

Jesse sits on the back bumper watching.

Frustrated, Dean powers through one last attempt. We see the motor of the car as it springs to life. He slams the hood and wipes his greasy hands.

Behind him, the sun sets in brilliant red and orange.

54 INT. AGENCY OFFICE/HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY 54

The relentless, high-pitched RING OF A TELEPHONE.

Sitting rigid at a desk is JAN CAMPBELL-COOPER, a ferociously attractive thirty-something sporting a tight-lipped smile and a power suit with a plunging neckline. Every word from her mouth drips with sing-song saccharine despite her dying patience.

A framed magazine cover bearing a photo of Jan as a model in her earlier days hangs askew behind the desk.

Jesse sits in a shabby upholstered chair, pulling at a loose thread as they wait in silence for the phone to desist.

JAN
 Cara, sweetie, would you like to
 answer the phone today?

Through the door, we see Jan's twiggy, perky, blonde assistant CARA gabbing with the MAIL CLERK, unaware of the phone's insistence.

JAN (CONT'D)
 (a little too harsh)
 CARA!

Cara jumps. She picks up the receiver.

CARA
 Jan Campbell-Cooper's Office. Oh,
 hi, Brad!
 (whispering)
 It's your ex-husband.

Jan closes the office door with force.

JAN
 Next time, remind me to hire
 someone with a hump or a skin
 disease.

She sits on the corner of the desk. Smiles again. Poised.

JAN (CONT'D)
 I want to talk about your future.

JESSE
 Okay.

JAN
 You've been getting a lot of
 attention lately.

JESSE
 I have?

JAN
 The [DESIGNER NAME] people called
 this morning. They said you were
 absolutely perfect. I'm not
 surprised.

Jan sucks down half a can of Diet Coke through a clear-plastic straw and scrutinizes Jesse.

JAN (CONT'D)
 Can I ask you a question?

JESSE
 Okay.

JAN
 Where do you see yourself in five
 years?

Jesse shrugs.

JAN (CONT'D)
Don't be shy.

JESSE
Working more high-end, maybe.

JAN
Mmhmm.

JESSE
I'd like to go to New York for
September.

JAN
Well, well! Aren't you Miss
Confident! And I mean it as a good
thing. Those goals are perfectly
achievable. Let me put this
another way. What do you think
about Paris?

JESSE
Paris?

JAN
And after that, Milan. London.
Singapore.

JESSE
Sounds okay.

JAN
Okay? This is every little girl's
dream! Get you out of the New
Faces and into Vogue. You'll work
for all the big designers.
International success.

JESSE
Sounds great.

Jan straightens her photo on the wall.

JAN
You know, one time I met Valentino
while I was doing a runway show in
Rome. He kissed me right here.

She points to the very corner of her mouth.

JAN (CONT'D)
What do you think about that?

Jan turns to Jesse, expectant.

JESSE

Wow...?

Jan turns back to the photo, her face reflected in the glass. Jesse attempts to recover.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You were so beautiful.

Jan frowns at the past tense.

JAN

We're sending you next week. You have five days to pack your things and tell all your boyfriends goodbye. We'll cover your housing and your travel expenses, of course. Don't be worried about that. You don't need to do anything up front, just pay us back with the money you'll make overseas. How does that sound?

JESSE

Sounds amazing.

JAN

Cara will have you fill out a W2 and all that nonsense. It's very simple since you're over eighteen.

Jesse pulls harder at the loose thread in the fabric.

JAN (CONT'D)

You are eighteen...?

JESSE

Not exactly.

JAN

It says nineteen in your file.

JESSE

That might be a mistake.

Jan grins, knowingly.

JAN

Stay right there.

She walks out of the office, shutting the door behind her.

55 INT. AGENCY HALLWAY - DAY

55

Jan marches up to Cara.

JAN

I need a parental consent for a
minor. International.

Cara rummages through her desk which is in total disarray.

Jan looks over at three other HOPEFUL MODELS sitting in a row of chairs. She shoots them a half smile. She speaks to Cara through clenched teeth.

JAN (CONT'D)

I thought I told you to keep the
others in reception.

CARA

I thought this would be better.

JAN

Oh, you thought it would be better.

CARA

(confused)

That's what I just said.

Jan rips the paperwork out of Cara's hand and storms back into the office.

56 INT. AGENCY OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

56

Jan hands a stack of forms to Jesse.

JAN

Here we go.

JESSE

What's this?

JAN

All we need is a signature giving
parental consent. Just one little
signature, right there, and off you
go.

Jesse takes the papers, looking closely at the line reading
'Parent or Guardian.'

JAN (CONT'D)

Is that a problem?

Jesse shakes her head.

JAN (CONT'D)

Good. Now, we need to work on your book before you go, so I've arranged for a test shoot. It's thirteen-hundred, which I know sounds astronomical, but again, we'll cover it. A small price to pay for all the work you'll get later, right? This guy is the best in the business. Real Jackson-Pollock-meets-Marlon-Brando type. And his photos are good, too. So my advice is... Don't mess it up, honey.

She hands Jesse a slip of paper with an address.

JAN (CONT'D)

You can meet him at one.

57 INT. JACK'S STUDIO - DAY

57

Elevator doors close shut behind a frozen Jesse. On the other side of the studio is JACK. A silent moment passes between them. Jesse is acutely aware that they are alone.

JACK

Come closer.

Jesse walks to him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Take off your clothes.

She looks around for a place to change. The studio is modest, minimal, clean. Brick walls and large windows. Various lighting instruments and a small desk in the corner.

JACK (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

JESSE

No.

She tosses her bag on the ground and strips to her underwear. She stands tall, awaiting instruction.

JACK

All the way.

Jesse swallows hard. She slips her underwear down her legs, brushing them to the side with a foot. She unhooks her bra and drops it to the ground.

He stares at her for a long time. It is not sexual, rather the look of a sculptor sizing up an untouched ivory block.

JACK (CONT'D)

Pull your hair up and turn.

She does.

The idea comes to him. He walks out of the room, and Jesse is left alone. Shivering, she attempts to cover her body with her arms. The rays of sunlight shooting through the window shine down on her like a spotlight.

He returns carrying a large metal box and a bundled plastic tarp. He stretches the tarp out in the corner of the room, smoothing every corner with great care and deliberation.

He motions for Jesse to come.

He opens the box and examines the contents, making his selection. Curious, Jesse tries to peer inside.

JACK (CONT'D)

Put this on.

He tosses the object to her. She drops it, nervous, and bends down to pick it up before he notices. It is a tube of gold paint.

Jack cleans a lens with a small cloth and attaches it to the camera base on a tripod.

JESSE

Um -

She looks at the tube, unsure of what to do.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry -

He either doesn't hear her or doesn't care to respond.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do with this.

He goes to her and takes the tube.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

He squeezes a good amount of paint on his hand. He stands behind her, placing a hand at her collarbone.

A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS: He slides his hand across her chest. Between her breasts. Down the soft flesh of her belly...

JESSE'S POV: Jack stands back and admires his work, wiping his hands.

JACK

Over there.

He motions for her to stand in front of the camera. He clicks a small remote and MUSIC begins to play through the studio.

We only see Jack as he stands behind a camera and begins to take pictures. He stops, looks up, unhappy. He walks out of frame to adjust something, then back to the camera.

JACK (CONT'D)

You look stiff.

JESSE (O.S.)

How's this?

JACK

Better.

He clicks a few more photos. He takes the camera off the tripod and walks closer, the CLICKS OF THE CAMERA growing rapid and regular, louder and louder...

58

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY

58

We see Jesse in the mirror covered head-to-toe in gold, the portrait of a Greek Goddess. She runs a hand down her body, amazed that it belongs to her.

RUBY (O.S.)

The Midas Touch.

Jesse is surprised to see Ruby reclining behind her.

RUBY (CONT'D)

At least it's not blood.

Ruby makes a face, plays dead.

JESSE

Have you been here the whole time?

RUBY
That's what they pay me for.

59 INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY - LATER

59

Ruby plunges her hand into a small basin of water which sloshes onto the floor. She worshipfully washes the paint off Jesse's body. Jesse stares off.

RUBY
Did your dog die or something?

JESSE
What?

RUBY
So serious.

Ruby pokes Jesse's face with her index finger.

JESSE
You disappeared the other day.

RUBY
Yeah. Sorry.

JESSE
Where'd you go?

RUBY
I've been house-sitting.

JESSE
House-sitting emergency?

RUBY
Had to take care of some things.

JESSE
Like what?

RUBY
I had to water the plants. What's with the third degree?

Jesse looks down.

JESSE
He didn't say anything after the shoot.

RUBY
Is that what you're worried about?

Jesse nods.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Well what did you want him to do?
Fuck you?

Jesse looks away, red-faced.

RUBY (CONT'D)
You did.

JESSE
No.

RUBY
God, you're worse than Sarah.

Jack walks in.

JACK
Jan's office said you need these in
a rush, so I'll have them by the
weekend.

JESSE
Okay.

He starts to leave.

JACK
Good work, by the way.

JESSE
Thanks.

He goes. Jesse exhales, deeply relieved.

RUBY
Maybe he will.

Jesse slaps her playfully.

60 INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY - LATER

60

Ruby and Jesse, clean and dressed, sit at a table staring at
the agency paperwork.

RUBY
I don't see what the problem is.
Just get the signature.

JESSE
Not possible.

RUBY

So sign it yourself. It's not like you're robbing a bank. It's a signature. How old are you, anyway?

Jesse hesitates.

RUBY (CONT'D)

I'm not a cop.

JESSE

Sixteen last month.

RUBY

Jesus. Got your license and hit the road, huh?

This strikes a nerve. Jesse looks at the papers, forlorn.

RUBY (CONT'D)

One time in the sixth grade Scott Masterson and I snuck into the science lab. We stole the answers to the Chem final and sold them for a buck each. I never got caught.

JESSE

Did he?

RUBY

Look, the point is, sometimes you have to do something a little bit bad to get something really, really good. And usually, no one ever finds out.

Jesse looks at the papers. Ruby nudges her, chanting 'sign-sign-sign.' Jesse scribbles the signature. Ruby tosses tissues into the air like confetti, a celebration.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Hey, you wanna do something?

61 EXT. PET STORE - DAY

61

CLOSE ON a hamster jogging infinite circles on a wheel in the window of the pet shop. Jesse and Ruby stand outside.

JESSE

What if he asks my name?

RUBY
 Tell him the truth. Or lie.
 Whatever. Just don't let him turn
 around.

Jesse looks anxious.

RUBY (CONT'D)
 I helped you, you help me. Right?

Jesse nods.

62 INT. PET STORE - DAY

62

The CHAOS OF ANIMALS barking, chirping, crying.

Jesse leans both elbows on the glass counter by the front register. A scrawny SALES CLERK saunters over in a bright blue and yellow work uniform.

SALES CLERK
 Can I help you?

A name-tag clipped to his shirt reads: CONRAD.

JESSE
 Are you Conrad?

CONRAD
 That's me.

JESSE
 I need help finding something.

CONRAD
 Okay.

She points behind the counter to a shelf.

CONRAD (CONT'D)
 Fish pellets?

JESSE
 Yeah.

CONRAD
 What kind of fish do you have?

JESSE
 Um... a red one?

Jesse looks as sheepish as possible. Conrad thinks she's adorable.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Can I come back and take a look?

He motions her behind the counter. As they turn away from the door, Ruby slips inside and disappears to the back.

CONRAD

So these are flakes and these are pellets. Really, they're the same thing, just depends on how much you want to spend. This is fourteen-ninety-nine, but it'll last you a year.

JESSE

Can I see?

He unscrews the cap. Jesse glances over her shoulder. No Ruby.

CONRAD

Should I ring you up?

JESSE

Do you like - fish?

CONRAD

They're okay. I mean, they're pretty much non-pets, right?

She is running out of ammunition. He looks at her with curiosity.

CONRAD (CONT'D)

Do you want a brochure or something?

JESSE

Wait -

Too late. Conrad turns around just as Ruby is sneaking toward the exit carrying a large brown paper sack.

RUBY

(to Jesse)

Run!

Jesse ducks under Conrad's arm, spilling the jar of fish food. The girls fly out the door.

Jesse and Ruby charge down the street toward the car.

RUBY
Unlock the door!

64 INT. JESSE'S BUICK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

64

They fall into the car, sliding deep into the seats. Ruby looks back to see if they were followed. The paper bag on her lap shakes violently.

JESSE
What's in that?

Ruby smiles mischievously. She reaches in the sack and produces a large orange and yellow cockatiel.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Is it expensive?

RUBY
They wouldn't sell him to me.

JESSE
Why not?

She runs a finger down his back.

RUBY
Isn't he beautiful?

CONRAD appears out of nowhere, banging on the car window. Ruby loses hold of the bird which goes flying through the car. Jesse turns the key in the ignition, but the car won't start.

RUBY (CONT'D)
Hurry up!

She tries again. The car roars to life.

Ruby flips Conrad the bird as they floor it down the street.

65 INT. RUBY'S APARTMENT - DAY

65

They enter the apartment and Ruby immediately disappears into the bedroom.

RUBY (O.S.)
You want something to drink?

JESSE
No, thanks.

Ruby's living room is a bona fide zoo. A giant cage holds at least thirty restless parakeets, flapping and CHIRPING incessantly. An upset deck of tarot cards is strewn across the coffee table. On the wall, a framed quote: "The light is mine. Its rays consume me."

Jesse scans a shelf, running her fingers across a row of books including *The Holy Book of Thelema* and *Magic and Alchemy*. She selects a thick, leatherbound book, opening to a page covered in Latin scrawl and a reverse Pentagram.

Ruby reappears with the cockatiel in a small cage.

RUBY

I should name him Conrad. What do you think?

Jesse looks up from the book.

JESSE

Are you a witch?

Ruby laughs.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What is all this stuff?

RUBY

Just some things I'm interested in.

JESSE

Do you believe in it? This... magic stuff?

RUBY

Some of it.

Jesse flips a page. Ruby watches her intently.

RUBY (CONT'D)

What do you believe in?

Jesse shrugs.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Everyone believes in something.

Jesse flips the page to images documenting various animal sacrifice rituals. She glances nervously at the birdcage.

JESSE

Why wouldn't they sell you the bird?

RUBY
Because they're a bunch of
Fascists.

Ruby grabs the book and puts it back on the shelf.

JESSE
I should go.

RUBY
Me, too. Plants won't water
themselves.

Jesse starts to leave.

JESSE
Thanks again for your help.

RUBY
Hey. Friends, right?

They share a smile.

66 EXT. JESSE'S BUICK - DAY

66

Jesse's phone RINGS as she walks to the car. She beams when she sees the name on the caller ID.

JESSE
Hi.

DEAN (V.O.)
What do you call a cow with no
legs?

JESSE
What?

DEAN (V.O.)
Ground beef.

Small laughs.

DEAN (V.O.)
I've been waiting to tell you that
one all day.

67 INT. RUBY'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

67

Ruby leans against the large cage in the corner and makes kissing noises. She opens the gate and refills the water with a paper cup.

JESSE (V.O.)
Guess what?

DEAN (V.O.)
What?

JESSE (V.O.)
I booked a show tonight.

DEAN (V.O.)
Well, maybe I'll see you after.

JESSE (V.O.)
I'd like that.

Ruby sprinkles feed inside. The birds go wild.

68 INT. BACKSTAGE RUNWAY FITTING AREA - DUSK 68

The HOSTILE WHIR OF A SEWING MACHINE. A woman's callused hands run a piece of fabric through it, her fingers dangerously close to the needle.

SEAMSTRESSES hustle about. Jesse stands before one of them, rollers in her hair, arms outstretched, as last minute alterations are made. Beside her, two CHATTY MODELS laugh and talk animatedly in FRENCH.

69 INT. BACKSTAGE RUNWAY MAKE-UP TABLES - DUSK 69

Jesse sits at a make-up mirror, grinning.

GIGI (O.S.)
Look what the cat dragged in.

GIGI's reflection appears behind her. Her face is made-up and a pink robe hangs open over her underwear.

GIGI (CONT'D)
You've got a secret.

She flops into the neighboring chair, flinging her legs over the side, and sucks down a tiny bottle of champagne from a straw.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Spill.

JESSE
I don't have a secret.

GIGI
Come on. Give me the gossip. Are
you pregnant?

JESSE
No!

GIGI
Are you in love?

JESSE
No.

GIGI
You are! You're in love.

JESSE
I am not.

GIGI
Then why are you blushing?

Jesse's excitement overcomes her.

JESSE
They're sending me to Paris.

GIGI
Paris, huh?

JESSE
Next week.

GIGI
Quelle superbe nouvelle!

JESSE
Oh, god. Do you think they'll be
upset that I don't speak French?

GIGI
Relax. You're not joining the
debate team. No one cares about
what you say.

Gigi picks up a bright lipstick and absentmindedly applies it
in the mirror.

JESSE
Did you look different? I mean
before?

GIGI
You wouldn't even recognize me.

JESSE

Do you think you look better now?

GIGI

I get more work, if that's what you mean.

JESSE

I guess some people are just born with more.

Gigi laughs.

GIGI

Where did you hear that?

Jesse shrugs.

GIGI (CONT'D)

The way I see it... God made man, but He also made Dr. Andrew. Why just be pretty when you can be perfect?

JESSE

Some people say that God's a woman.

GIGI

Well then she definitely understands.

They share a smile.

GIGI (CONT'D)

I love this color on me.

Gigi leans into the mirror. She kisses her reflection, leaving an electric red lipstick mark.

70

INT. BACKSTAGE RUNWAY/AUDIENCE - DUSK

70

Jesse attempts to peer into the crowd.

JESSE'S POV: Hundreds of men and women take their seats.

The flash of a camera startles her, and she turns over her shoulder. We see her fully made-up for the first time. She wears flesh-colored lingerie, loads of make-up, and a thin gold band across her forehead like a crown. She is completely transformed.

The flash belongs to JACK, taking backstage photos. Another shot, and Jack walks away. She watches him go, sliding a hand across her stomach.

The lights grow dim. A WOMAN'S VOICE introduces the show. The STAGE MANAGER runs around frantically. Jesse takes her place in line.

The SOUND OF APPLAUSE.

MUSIC BLASTS as the first girl makes her way onto the runway. Gigi, close to the front, turns around and winks at Jesse.

71 INT. RUNWAY - DUSK 71

Jesse steps out onto the runway and the MUSIC STOPS. TIME SLOWS. Nothing but the rapid crescendo of her BREATHING.

We see her face as she begins to walk, eyes determined. We see her torso. Her hipbones. Her feet. Flashes of camera light bounce across portions of her body, dissected in motion.

When she reaches the end, the BREATHING STOPS.

JESSE'S POV: A sea of illuminated eyes looking directly at her.

CLOSE ON her face. The hint of a smile.

72 INT. BACKSTAGE RUNWAY - DUSK 72

MUSIC again as Jesse exits backstage, ecstatic.

She sees Jack across the room and walks confidently up to him, pulling him into a corner. She grabs his hand and places it between her legs. He raises his eyebrows in surprise, realizing that she is very wet. She kisses him hungrily, pulling his body against hers.

Then, a voice.

DEAN (O.S.)

Jesse?

Jesse looks up, lipstick smeared across her face. She sees Dean as he charges at Jack.

JESSE

Dean, don't!

He slams Jack hard against the wall. His camera crashes to the ground.

JACK
Who the fuck are you?

JESSE
He's nobody.

Jesse's comment makes Dean's head turn and while he is not paying attention, Jack clocks him. Dean tumbles backwards and trips over a rack of women's clothing. The whole thing topples over.

JESSE (CONT'D)
(to Jack)
I'm sorry -

Jack picks up his camera and storms off.

Gigi and a small group of girls have surrounded the scene, snickering. SUJI breaks through the spectators to check on the commotion. She looks disappointedly at Jesse and walks away.

Dean cannot stand, tangled in a mess of clothes. Jesse steps over him.

DEAN
Jesse -

JESSE
Just go.

73 INT./EXT. JESSE'S CAR/JERRY'S MOTEL - NIGHT 73

Oil drips beneath the parked car. Out the window, Jesse sees Dean waiting on the steps of the motel.

74 EXT. JERRY'S MOTEL - NIGHT 74

Jesse approaches him, still made-up from the show. His eye has already started turning purple. She marches past.

DEAN
Can we please talk?

75 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 75

Jesse storms into the room, Dean on her heels.

DEAN

Jesse -

JESSE

What were you doing there?

DEAN

I thought you invited me.

JESSE

I didn't.

DEAN

I realize that.

JESSE

That's my job, Dean.

DEAN

I know.

JESSE

My *job*. You have no idea how much you've fucked things up.

DEAN

Let me talk to them.

JESSE

No.

DEAN

It's the least I can do.

JESSE

Stop trying to be the nice guy. Stop fixing things. Sometimes people don't want to be saved.

DEAN

I'm just trying to help.

JESSE

I don't want your help.

DEAN

Well, I don't want to be one of those guys who gets into fights over a girl.

JESSE

You're not one of those guys.

DEAN
Why does that sound like an insult?

Jesse sits on the bed, defeated.

JESSE
What do you want me to say? Huh?
I don't even know you. Not really.
You're just some guy who gave me a
ride one time.

This hits hard.

JESSE (CONT'D)
I think you should go.

76	EXT. JERRY'S MOTEL - NIGHT	76
	Dean walks slowly down the stairs.	
77	INT./EXT. MOTEL MANAGEMENT/DEAN'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS	77
	HANK watches Dean through the window as he gets in the car and drives away.	
78	INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT	78
	Jesse sits on the bed, staring into space. Her eyes land on the red flowers from Dean. She has failed to put them in water, and they are wilting on top of the television.	
79	INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT	79
	Jesse tosses the flowers into the trash.	
80	INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT	80
	She throws herself onto the bed, completely spent. She clicks the bedside lamp off sending the room into total darkness and begins to drift to sleep.	
81	EXT. JERRY'S MOTEL - NIGHT	81
	A pair of men's feet walk quietly up the outdoor stairs.	

82 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 82

The feet stop in front of Jesse's door.

83 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 83

The door slowly opens. The feet creep to Jesse's bedside. Fingers rub greedily against sweaty palms. We see that they belong to HANK. He looks down on Jesse, sleeping quietly, his expression full of longing.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the switchblade. Opens it. He sticks the blade between her slightly open lips. Between her teeth. Down into the soft hollow of her mouth.

Jesse wakes. She sees the knife and freezes, fearful of slicing her tongue on the blade. She locks eyes with HANK who is panting hard.

HANK

Wider.

After a beat, Jesse opens her mouth wider.

HANK (CONT'D)

WIDER.

She opens wider still, the skin of her mouth stretched taut at the corners. He sticks the blade down into her throat. She begins to gag...

84 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 84

Jesse sits upright in bed. She flips on the light and looks around the room for Hank, but she is alone. She holds a hand to her mouth, realizing it was all a dream.

85 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT 85

Cool water runs in the sink as Jesse splashes her face. She has not removed her make-up, and it is smudged across her face.

86 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 86

Jesse lies back on the bed and curls into the fetal position. She picks up her phone from the nightstand and sees that she has two missed calls. She ignores them, and clicks the light off again.

While attempting to drift back to sleep, the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS startles her. A man's shadow looms outside her window. She rushes to do the chain-lock, backing into the dark corner. She watches the shadow pass under her door to the neighboring room.

Jesse puts an ear to the wall. The faint whispers of a YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE, startled by the unexpected company. Her eyes widen as the whispers become FEARFUL CRIES. Some awful violence is taking place in the room next door.

CUT TO: Behind the wall. Jesse is silhouetted as the CAMERA TRACKS BACKWARD creating a tunnel effect.

87 INT./EXT. HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 87

RUBY opens the front door. JESSE clutches a suitcase.

RUBY
You look terrible.

88 INT. HILLS HOUSE SHOWER - NIGHT 88

Jesse stands naked in a hot shower, her face lifted to the showerhead. Black makeup runs down her neck and chest.

89 INT. HILLS HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT 89

Wrapped in a white towel, she draws the large outline of a heart with her finger on the foggy mirror in front of her. She stares at the heart before wiping it away, revealing her image.

For the first time, we see her without any make-up or glamour. She looks incredibly young, a girl of sixteen.

90 INT. HILLS HOUSE GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 90

The room is luxurious, clean, comfortable - the complete opposite of Jerry's Motel. She towel-dries her hair as she walks around, examining things.

A reflection appears in the window. Jesse whips around, startled by Ruby standing in the doorway. She attempts to cover her nude body with the towel.

RUBY
I brought you something.

She holds up a small bottle.

JESSE

What is it?

She points to Jesse's hand.

RUBY

Helps it heal.

Jesse sits on the bed. Ruby carefully unwinds the bandage and doctor's her injured hand.

RUBY (CONT'D)

There.

JESSE

Thank you.

Ruby looks down at her exposed body.

RUBY

You have such beautiful skin.

Jesse swallows hard. Ruby touches her ankle, up her leg, over her knee, to the inside of her thigh.

Their eyes lock as Ruby penetrates her. Jesse's face scrunches into a tight ball, a mix of pain and pleasure.

- 91 INT. HILLS MASTER BATH - NIGHT 91
- Ruby washes her hands in the sink. They shake nervously, and she drops the small soap into the basin with a clink.
- 92 INT. HILLS MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 92
- The sheer curtains wave at the open window, the only movement in the room. Ruby sits motionless on the edge of the bed, gripping her cell phone. After a long moment, she dials.
- 93 EXT. HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT 93
- The moon shines bright in the sky above the monstrous, glass house.
- 94 INT./EXT. HILLS HOUSE GUEST BEDROOM/BACKYARD - THE NEXT DAY 94
- Jesse's eyes are already wide open as the first rays of sunshine pour in the window.

Her cell phone vibrates incessantly on the nightstand. She looks at it with disdain.

She yanks open the back window and impulsively tosses the phone outside. It goes flying into the grass below.

95 INT. HILLS HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM/HALLWAY - DAY 95

Jesse knocks on the door.

JESSE

Ruby?

No response. She twists the knob and enters. The bed is mused and unmade, but Ruby is not there.

96 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY 96

Jesse, dressed, turns the key in the ignition. The car refuses to cooperate, and the dashboard lights up as it dies completely.

JESSE

Shit.

97 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 97

Jesse crawls on her hands and knees searching for her phone in the grass. The sun beats down. Eventually giving up, she sits back on her heels and wipes sweat from her forehead.

98 INT. HILLS HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY 98

Jesse examines a wall of framed photographs. A smiling trio: MOTHER, FATHER, and SIX-YEAR-OLD-BOY are present in most. She stops at a picture of the young boy at Halloween dressed in a homemade astronaut costume.

99 INT. HILLS HOUSE MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 99

Jesse fingers glass perfume bottles arranged in neat rows on the vanity. She picks up a lipstick and puts it on, imitating Gigi.

JESSE

I love this color on me.

She opens a drawer of the vanity and finds several pair of glasses. She tries on a few, twists up her hair, turning, admiring her reflection.

She sees the open closet door behind her and has an idea.

100 INT. HILLS HOUSE CLOSET - DAY 100

Jesse flips the light-switch and her jaw drops. The colossal walk-in closet is any woman's fantasy, boasting floor to ceiling mirrors and racks of expensive-looking clothes. Jesse thumbs through them, stopping at a beautiful red evening gown.

101 INT. HILLS HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY 101

Jesse walks around the perimeter of the room in the gown. It is slightly too large, and she looks very much like she is playing dress-up. Her fingers lightly trail the glass walls as she watches her reflection pass beside her.

She stops and looks through her own image to the backyard. There is a giant rectangular swimming pool.

She smiles.

We hear LOUD MUSIC on the radio as...

102 INT. RUBY'S CAR - DAY 102

Ruby sits in a parking lot, looking at herself in the rearview mirror for a long time. She turns the key and the MUSIC STOPS.

103 INT. DINER - DAY 103

Ruby stands inside the diner.

RUBY'S POV: SARAH and GIGI sit on the far side of the room.

Ruby slides into the opposite side of the booth. No one speaks. Eventually, a WAITRESS walks over, breaking the silence.

WAITRESS

Would anyone like to hear the specials?

GIGI

Sure.

Sarah groans.

GIGI (CONT'D)

What? They work so hard to memorize them.

WAITRESS

Today is Thursday, so we're serving breakfast all day. We have a loaded baked potato with a side of broccoli or a fruit cup for seven-ninety-nine. We have a lovely pan-seared halibut topped with a mango-peach salsa on a bed of wild rice served with a fruit cup. And we have a steak sandwich which comes with fries.

GIGI

If I don't want fries, could I substitute the fruit cup?

WAITRESS

Sure.

GIGI

Could I have the fruit cup without it being on the side of anything?

WAITRESS

If you just want fruit, you'll have to order the fruit *bowl* -

SARAH

You know, we're not that hungry. Thanks, though.

WAITRESS

(confused)

You do know this is a restaurant?

Sarah looks at her with killing eyes.

SARAH

Three waters.

GIGI

And a fruit cup.

The Waitress walks away. Another silence as the three eye each other. Finally, Sarah speaks.

SARAH

So. Where is she?

RUBY
She's at the house.

104 INT. HILLS HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY 104

The red gown lies in a heap on the floor. We track up Jesse's body as she ties the top of a bathing suit.

105 EXT. POOL - DAY 105

Jesse tosses the towel on a patio chair. She climbs the ladder of the diving board.

A SHARP SCREAM.

A YOUNG WOMAN is being chased around the neighboring backyard. A YOUNG MAN catches her and throws her over his shoulder, upside down. The young woman squeals with delight.

Jesse frowns. She turns away.

She walks to the edge of the diving board and jumps high in the air. The sound of the DIVING BOARD SPRINGS.

Mid-air, she twists and lands back on the board, clinging to it with both arms, struggling to maintain her balance.

She looks with horror at the concrete bottom of the pool which holds no water, only two large round drains.

106 INT. HILLS HOUSE ENTRYWAY - DUSK - LATER 106

Ruby stands by the front door, keys in hand, and calls out.

RUBY
Jesse?

107 INT. HILLS HOUSE GUEST BEDROOM - DUSK 107

Ruby looks around the room. No Jesse.

108 INT. HILLS HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DUSK 108

Ruby is on her way to the back door when she hears a noise. She follows the sound. Jesse sits on the floor, tucked behind a big armchair in her bathing suit, a half-empty bottle of wine beside her.

RUBY
Did you go swimming?

JESSE
Tried to.

Jesse laughs hysterically, teetering on the edge of drunk.

RUBY
What's so funny?

Jesse's laughter fades to nothing. She is very still, contemplative.

JESSE
When I was eleven, I asked my mother for a swimming pool. I begged and begged. Please let me have a swimming pool. Please. Of course she said no. But my Stepdad, he said, 'You want a swimming pool, you got a swimming pool.' Two months later -

She snaps her fingers.

JESSE (CONT'D)
My mother told me I was dangerous.

RUBY
Why?

JESSE
She was right. She wasn't wrong. I know what I look like.

RUBY
I'm sure you do.

JESSE
What's wrong with that anyway? Am I supposed to feel bad? Sometimes, I look at myself and I think, I actually think - God! Was there ever anything better than this? I mean, look at me. What else is there?

She takes a drink.

JESSE (CONT'D)
And it isn't just being beautiful. It's more than that. It's power. You asked me what I believe in?
(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)
 I believe in *me*. Men look at me.
 Women look at me. Everyone either
 wants me or wants to be me. And
 you know what? I love it.

Jesse exhales deeply, relieved, as though she had been dying to get this out for a long time.

JESSE (CONT'D)
 I need more wine.

Jesse pulls herself to her feet. Ruby watches, but makes no effort to help.

109 INT. HILLS HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT 109

Jesse grabs a fresh bottle of wine from the counter.

110 INT. HILLS HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT 110

She starts back to the living room with the wine, but is stopped by a NOISE behind her.

JESSE
 Ruby?

Jesse follows the noise.

111 INT. HILLS HOUSE ENTRYWAY - NIGHT 111

The front door is open wide. Jesse shuts it. She puts one eye to the peephole.

JESSE'S POV: Outside is mostly dark, obscured shadows.

After a long moment, she turns around. She is startled by SARAH standing motionless in front of her. Jesse is instantly tense.

CLOSE ON her wounded hand as she balls it into a fist, recalling their last interaction.

JESSE
 What are you doing here?

Sarah does not offer a response. They face-off for a long moment until...

Sarah lunges toward Jesse. The bottle of wine is dropped, smashing on the ground.

112 EXT. HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 112

Jesse opens the front door and runs a few steps outside, but Sarah catches her. She clamps a hand over Jesse's mouth, dragging her back inside, ripping her bare feet on the hard concrete.

113 INT. HILLS HOUSE ENTRYWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 113

Jesse grabs the door frame and struggles wildly. Sarah slams the door and it closes hard on Jesse's wounded hand. Once. Twice. Three times.

Jesse cries out and finally releases the door, sinking to the ground and clutching her hand. Sarah takes this moment to do the lock.

Jesse crawls across the broken bottle and scrambles to her feet, barely getting away.

She runs.

114 INT. HILLS HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 114

We see Jesse's reflection run through the room, Sarah's in hot pursuit.

115 INT. HILLS HOUSE STAIRWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 115

Jesse scrambles up the stairs. She stumbles, and Sarah grabs her foot. Jesse kicks her in the face. Sarah's nose drips with blood. Jesse crawls away.

116 INT. HILLS HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 116

Jesse runs down the hall and ducks into the first room she sees.

117 INT. HILLS HOUSE CHILD'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 117

Jesse shuts the door and flips off the lights. She turns around. The walls and ceiling are covered in glow-in-the-dark planets and constellations, a magnificent replica of outer space. Jesse is stopped in awe.

She is brought back to earth when she hears FOOTSTEPS in the hall. She ducks into the closet and shuts the door.

118 INT. HILLS HOUSE CLOSET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 118

Jesse pulls her knees to her chest and holds her breath.

The sound of the DOOR OPENING. Light pours in the crack under the closet door. Jesse puts her own hand over her mouth to quiet her breathing.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(whispered)
Jesse?

Jesse backs farther into the closet and bumps into a child's spaceship toy. The toy lights up wildly, making 'BLAST-OFF' NOISES. She panics.

The closet door swings open. It is RUBY.

119 INT. HILLS HOUSE CHILD'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 119

Jesse flies out of the closet and clings to Ruby. Ruby puts a finger to her lips.

RUBY
(whispering)
We'll go out the back.

She grabs Jesse's hand and peeks out the door.

120 INT. HILLS HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 120

Jesse and Ruby walk hand-in-hand toward the stairs.

121 INT. HILLS HOUSE STAIRWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 121

The pair runs down quickly.

122 INT. HILLS HOUSE BACK DOOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 122

They make it to the back door, and Ruby opens it. Jesse runs out ahead of her.

123 EXT. POOL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 123

SARAH is standing motionless beside the pool holding a hand to her bloody nose. Jesse quickly turns back to Ruby, who shuts the door firmly behind her. Ruby looks down, refusing to meet her gaze. Jesse's eyes widen as she realizes that Ruby is part of whatever is going on.

Jesse backs away from both of them. GIGI steps out of the shadows behind her. She pushes Jesse in the pool.

TIME SLOWS as she falls.

A CRUNCH as she hits the hard, cement bottom. She grimaces in pain and grabs her now broken leg.

We see Jesse from above, lying on her back, twisted in the rectangular grave.

JESSE'S POV: The full moon shines bright in the sky above her.

124 INT. HILLS HOUSE SHOWER - NIGHT - LATER 124

The sound of RUNNING WATER as a showerhead springs to life.

Ruby, Sarah, and Gigi are naked in the shower, covered head to toe in blood. They vigorously scrub their bodies, very focused. Ruby washes her hands. Sarah lets water run into her mouth. Gigi pulls a thick substance from her hair.

Thin, red water circles down the drain.

125 INT. HILLS HOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT 125

The three girls dry off, making little eye contact.

Gigi wraps a white towel around her body. In the foggy mirror, she sees the faint outline of a heart.

She clutches her stomach, suddenly nauseated. She falls to all fours and vomits. A human eye is in the vomit. It seems to look directly at her.

Without missing a beat, Sarah picks up the eye and puts it in her mouth, popping it with her teeth.

126 EXT. HILLS HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY 126

Sprinklers pop up in the front yard.

127 EXT. POOL - DAY 127

The sound of a SQUEAKY SPIGOT turning.

Water sprays through a garden hose across pretty red rose bushes lining the fence. Ruby walks around the perimeter of the backyard watering the plants, her house-sitting duty.

When she is finished, she hesitantly walks to the edge of the pool and looks down into it. We only see her face as she grimaces.

She sprays the hose into the pool. The SOUND OF WATER takes us to...

128 INT. HILLS HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY 128

Ruby scrubbing her hands aggressively in the kitchen sink. She flips off the sink, examines them, turning them over. They are red, rubbed raw. Satisfied, she dries them on a dishtowel.

She frowns at the stove, buried under dirty pots and pans.

129 INT. HILLS HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY 129

Ruby enters the dining room. She looks in disgust at Sarah who is devouring a plate of eggs and bacon.

Sarah shoots her a toothy grin, her mouth full.

SARAH

Morning.

RUBY

The kitchen's a mess.

SARAH

Relax. I'll clean it.

RUBY

They're coming home -

SARAH

This afternoon. I heard you the first hundred times.

Ruby sits, defeated, looking especially fragile.

Gigi runs in, her hair dripping.

GIGI

I took another shower.

She slides into a seat at the table. Ruby notices a little blood behind Gigi's ear.

GIGI (CONT'D)

What?

RUBY
You have some -

Ruby points to the blood.

GIGI
Damn. Will you get it?

Gigi grabs a napkin and hands it to Ruby. Ruby lowers her head and cries quietly. Sarah puts her utensils down.

SARAH
Again?

RUBY
(quietly)
Shut up, Sarah.

Sarah mouths the words 'all night' to Gigi.

GIGI
Everything okay, Ruby?

SARAH
Post-traumatic stress. She'll get over it.

Ruby turns to Sarah in a burst of sudden rage.

RUBY
I want to know how you can eat.

SARAH
It's the most important meal of the day.

RUBY
Fucking animal.

SARAH
(her mouth full)
Hey! What did I do that you didn't do?

Gigi shoots Sarah a look.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What? She's the one who found her, anyway.

GIGI
Be nice.

SARAH
 (to Ruby)
 Remember? 'The only virgin in LA,
 and I got her.'

RUBY
 That was a joke.

SARAH
 You still laughing?

RUBY
 I didn't - How could I know what I
 was doing?

SARAH
 It was your idea! We went to visit
 Gigi after she had her -

Sarah gestures to her whole face.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 She looked like a human punching
 bag. And she said, 'I wish there
 was an easier way.' Didn't you say
 that, Geeg? And Ruby, you said,
 'There is.' You planned it. You
 found her.

Ruby grabs Sarah's plate and smashes it against the table.
 It breaks into pieces.

Sarah stands, ready for the fight.

GIGI
 Hey!

Sarah sits, ending the standoff.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 What do we do with her car?

RUBY
 We get rid of it.

GIGI
 What about her -

RUBY
 It's done.

SARAH
 What? What's done?

GIGI
The... rest of her.

Ruby begins to weep again.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Sweetie...

RUBY
I can't be a part of this.

GIGI
But you are a part of it.

RUBY
I have to go. We have to tell
someone.

SARAH
Are you out of your mind?

RUBY
(to Gigi)
She was my friend.

GIGI
I know, sweetie.

RUBY
Do you?

GIGI
Of course I do.

RUBY
I've never been like you - I've
never felt like I was -

SARAH
Jesus. SHUT UP.

Sarah's fist is balled tight, white-knuckled.

RUBY
But she was a person. I've never
thought about what it means to be a
person. Have you?

GIGI
No.

Ruby looks down at her hands. They are suddenly covered in
blood. She shoots out of her chair, sending it flying behind
her.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 What? What is it?

Ruby holds her hands in front of her, screaming uncontrollably.

Sarah grabs a piece of the broken plate and stabs through the center of Ruby's throat, slicing her vocal chords. Ruby's eyes bug out as she tries to speak.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 WHAT THE FUCK?! What the fuck did you do?

Ruby makes raspy croaking sounds.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 She can't breathe! We have to call an ambulance! We need to take her to the hospital!

Sarah watches Ruby gasp for breath, the plate in her hand.

GIGI (CONT'D)
 DO SOMETHING!

Sarah forces Ruby to her knees and slices her deep across the throat. Blood shoots from her jugular splattering Gigi and half the table. She falls limp to the floor.

Gigi stares wide-eyed at Ruby's bleeding body.

130 INT./EXT. JESSE'S BUICK/DRIVEWAY - DAY 130

Sarah attempts to start Jesse's car. It stalls.

SARAH
 Shit.

She tries again and again, her desperation growing. No luck.

JENNY (O.S.)
 Looks like you need a jump.

Sarah startles. She steps out of the car. JENNY, the overweight, middle-aged, next-door neighbor, is standing with a casserole.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 Do you have cables?

SARAH
 I don't know.

JENNY
You should know if you have cables.

SARAH
I've never had to use them.

JENNY
Check the trunk.

Sarah opens the trunk of Jesse's car. She pulls out a set of jumper cables.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Problem solved. Is Ruby inside?

SARAH
Uh, yeah, but I think she's busy.

JENNY
That's okay, I'll just drop this in the kitchen. The Andersons get back from Bermuda tonight. Don't want them to come home and the cupboard's bare.

Jenny heads for the door. Sarah cuts her off.

SARAH
I'll take it for you.

JENNY
You don't have to do that.

SARAH
It's no trouble.

JENNY
I want to leave a note.

Sarah grabs the casserole.

SARAH
(forceful)
I said I'll take it.

Jenny lets go, made uneasy by Sarah's dominant tone.

JENNY
Twenty minutes at three-twenty-five.

131 INT. HILLS HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY 131

Gigi is on her hands and knees scrubbing the dining room floor. Her sponge is so blood-soaked that nothing is really being cleaned.

Sarah rushes in.

SARAH

We have to go now.

Gigi looks at Ruby's body. She starts to cry.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What?

GIGI

We can't just leave her.

SARAH

Look at me. The neighbors are bringing casserole. I have to learn how to jump a car. There's no time to be sentimental!

Sarah heads to the kitchen with the dish.

Gigi looks around, helpless. The room is in complete disarray and cleaning up suddenly seems like an impossible task. She drops the sponge.

132 INT. JESSE'S BUICK - DAY - CONTINUOUS 132

The RADIO BLASTS as Sarah speeds down the highway. The car lighter pops out, red hot, and she lights a cigarette, nodding her head to the beat.

133 INT. GIGI'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 133

Gigi drives in total silence, her hands at a perfect ten-and-two.

134 INT. JESSE'S BUICK - DAY - CONTINUOUS 134

Sarah catches her reflection in the rearview mirror. She turns the mirror away from her and CRANKS UP THE MUSIC.

135 INT. GIGI'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 135

QUIET again as Gigi drives, tears in her eyes.

136 EXT. JESSE'S BUICK/MAGIC MOUNTAIN - DAY 136

The car zips by the rides and rollercoasters on its way to the amusement parking lot. Gigi's car follows behind.

Sarah parks and gets out. She throws the keys as far as she can and walks away from the car.

137 INT. GIGI'S CAR - DAY 137

Gigi looks straight ahead as Sarah climbs in the passenger seat.

138 EXT. GIGI'S CAR/JESSE'S BUICK - DAY 138

Gigi's car drives out of frame, and we are left for a moment with the abandoned Buick.

139 INT. GIGI'S CAR - DAY 139

Sarah and Gigi drive in silence for a long while.

SARAH

You okay?

Gigi does not respond.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Wanna talk about it?

No response. Sarah resorts to an old tactic.

SARAH (CONT'D)

If you could be like anyone in the world -

GIGI

(interrupting)
Grace Kelly.

SARAH

And why?

GIGI

(dreamy)
Because she's perfect.

Gigi exhales deeply.

SARAH

Better?

Gigi nods. They drive on.

140 INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER 140

We see a shadowy-gray rectangular shape on the wall behind the sofa where something used to hang.

141 INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS 141

Newspaper is duct-taped to the front of the stainless steel refrigerator.

142 INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 142

A sheet hangs over the mirror attached to the chest-of-drawers. A cracked, full-length mirror is stuffed behind the door. A decorative, mirrored wall-hang lined with purses and scarves is scribbled-in with black marker.

143 INT. SARAH'S BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 143

We slowly ZOOM IN on Sarah through the bathroom door. She is standing in front of the sink, carefully applying make-up: lining her eyes, powdering her nose, curling her lashes. Her movements are robotic, as though she has done this routine a thousand times.

She zips her make-up bag and exits the bathroom as we move inside. We see that she has been standing in front of a blank wall, two round holes in the sheetrock where the mirror has been ripped out.

144 EXT. MAKE-UP TENT - DAY 144

Gigi rushes to an outdoor tent set up as a make-up room. She slips into a chair and the male MAKE-UP ARTIST begins doing her hair.

MAKE-UP ARTIST
You're late.

GIGI
Did anyone see me come in?

MAKE-UP ARTIST
They're all over there.

He touches her hair.

MAKE-UP ARTIST (CONT'D)

Did you wash this? I told you not to do that.

Gigi sees a group of people outside the tent. A PHOTOGRAPHER gestures wildly with a camera and storms away.

GIGI

What's going on?

MAKE-UP ARTIST

Some drama. It's supposed to rain, they're gonna miss the light, Ruby didn't show, blah blah... Do you know where she is?

GIGI

Why would I?

MAKE-UP ARTIST

Just tell her she owes me for covering.

Gigi touches her face in the mirror.

GIGI

Do I look different today?

MAKE-UP ARTIST

What is in your hair?

He holds up a bloody lock of Gigi's blonde hair.

The wind whips the corner of the tent in a rhythmic beat. Gigi is fixated on the sound. She closes her eyes as the sound grows louder...

145

EXT. BEACH PHOTOSHOOT - DAY

145

Gigi stands on the beach, fully made-up, wearing a bikini, her hair in a bouncy ponytail. She holds a big beach ball and stares out over the water.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Do you want to tell us what is so interesting, or are you going to make us guess?

GIGI

Sorry.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You look sad. This is a tampon ad.
 You're comfortable, active. Be
 happy. Jesus. Is everybody trying
 to ruin my day?

The OTHER MODEL in the shoot looks at her, annoyed.

Gigi poses with the ball. Her smiles are forced, plastic.
 She fights back tears as the photographer snaps her picture.

She throws the beach ball high in the air.

146 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 146

The sound of an ELEVATOR DING.

Sarah stands inside. She glances at her reflection in the
 doors, looking quickly away again.

147 INT. JACK'S STUDIO - DAY 147

Sarah steps out of the elevator.

Jack is adjusting a light instrument. She watches him work
 for a while, a sheepish grin on her face. He does not notice
 her.

She clears her throat. He looks up, but does not stop
 working.

JACK

What are you doing?

SARAH

Came to surprise you. Are you
 surprised?

A very YOUNG MODEL in a robe enters from the make-up room.
 Her hair and make-up are elaborately constructed. She stands
 in front of Jack.

He crosses his arms and tilts his head, examining her. He
 nods, approvingly. The model slips out of the robe. She is
 wearing very little underneath.

Sarah tries hard to sound cheerful.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh, are you working?

JACK

Yeah.

SARAH

I didn't know.

JACK

You didn't call.

This hurts, but Sarah forces a smile.

SARAH

I don't mind waiting.

Unprompted, she goes to the corner and sits on a tall stool, clutching her bag to her chest.

She looks at the computer on the desk beside her and freezes. Jack has been editing photos of Jesse from the shoot a few days before.

148 INT. MAKE-UP TENT - DAY

148

The wind, stronger now, whips the corner of the tent harder. It sounds like a HEARTBEAT.

Gigi stands motionless, changed halfway into her street clothes, haunted by the sounds.

The OTHER MODEL from the shoot changes clothes beside her.

MODEL

Did you take too much Percocet or something?

Gigi resumes dressing.

MODEL (CONT'D)

What do you think happened to Ruby? I bet she finally went off the deep end. I mean, it was bound to happen.

Gigi is again fixated on the tent.

MODEL (CONT'D)

Hello?

GIGI

Yes. Jesus. I heard about Ruby.

Gigi storms out of the tent.

MODEL
When did you become a bitch?

149 EXT. BEACH - DAY 149

The wind whips sand in the air. The sun has disappeared, and the beach is misty, gloomy, ready for rain.

The rhythmic SOUND OF THE TENT grows stronger, stronger... It is a full heartbeat now.

Gigi is pulled to the water, drawn by some magnetic force. The HEARTBEAT grows louder.

Gigi wades into the water up to her knees. She looks down, searching for something. Gentle blue waves lap around her.

She stares at her reflection in the water. She reaches down and touches it, lovingly.

Suddenly, the reflection transforms into JESSE'S FACE. A hand rises from the ocean, grabs her, pulling her completely underwater.

150 UNDERWATER - DAY - CONTINUOUS 150

Gigi is pulled deeper, deeper. She kicks her legs, struggling for the surface.

151 EXT. BEACH - DAY - CONTINUOUS 151

Gigi wrestles her way back to the beach. She is drenched and caked in sand.

She coughs, breathing hard, and looks out over the water, horrified. Was it all in her imagination?

152 INT. JACK'S STUDIO - DAY 152

PULSING MUSIC blasts loud through the studio.

Sarah is still slumped in the corner, watching the shoot. Bright light flashes across her face every time Jack snaps a photo. Her patience is diminishing at a rapid rate.

Jack signals to the Model with his hand, indicating that they are done. She high-fives him and heads back into the make-up room.

Sarah sits up, hopeful. Then...

The elevator opens and a dozen new MODELS walk out, chatting noisily. A few of them wave to Jack as they make their way to the make-up room.

Sarah furrows her brow. She crosses to Jack.

SARAH

Hey.

JACK

Are you still here?

SARAH

You hungry?

JACK

I'm working.

SARAH

When will you be done?

Jack looks up at her for the first time.

JACK

Sarah -

SARAH

Hey, do I look different today?

She smiles widely.

JACK

No.

He walks away, preparing for the next shoot. Sarah clenches her jaw.

153 INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY

153

Sarah walks quickly through the room, on the verge of tears, her bag in hand.

The MODELS bustle around, getting ready. Their sharp laughter makes Sarah prickle.

A BRUNETTE MODEL runs into her, knocking the bag out of her hands. Sarah's things go flying everywhere. She turns around, anticipating an apology, but the Brunette Model continues laughing and chatting with her friends, unaware.

SARAH

Excuse me.

The Model turns around.

BRUNETTE MODEL
Yeah?

SARAH
You spilled my shit.

BRUNETTE MODEL
Sorry.

SARAH
Pick it up.

Sarah throws open the bathroom door and enters.

BRUNETTE MODEL
(whispered)
She's always here.

The other girls snicker.

154 INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - DAY 154

Sarah sits on the toilet seat, trying to pull herself together. She grabs a piece of tissue and wipes her eyes.

155 INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY 155

The MODELS giggle as they lean a chair under the bathroom doorknob, locking Sarah inside.

156 INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - DAY 156

Sarah takes a deep breath and stands to leave. She tosses the tissue, catching a glimpse of herself in the large bathroom mirror. She turns away quickly.

She twists the doorknob, but the door is jammed. She tries it again.

157 INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - DAY 157

The chair wiggles violently.

One of the models nods to another girl and points to the door. They share a smile.

158 INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - DAY 158

Sarah bangs relentlessly on the bathroom door.

She sees herself in the mirror and starts to panic. She is trapped.

SARAH

Hello? Can anyone hear me?

159 INT. JACK'S STUDIO - DAY 159

The MUSIC continues to blast. Jack sits at the computer, editing the photos of Jesse, unaware of Sarah's cries.

160 INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - DAY 160

Sarah claws at the door, desperate to be free.

SARAH

Someone let me out!

She goes to the bathroom mirror. She tries with all her might to pull it from the wall, but it will not budge. She hits it with her fists, but it will not break.

She looks fully at her reflection and screams hysterically.

161 INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY 161

Gigi is damp and covered in sand. Mascara is smeared beneath her eyes. She is arguing with the RECEPTIONIST, a conversation which has gone on for some time.

RECEPTIONIST

I've already told you -

GIGI

Yes, but I've been waiting for an hour.

RECEPTIONIST

Like I said before, ma'am, you don't have an appointment.

GIGI

(an insult)
Are you new?

RECEPTIONIST

There's no need for that tone.

GIGI

Please tell him I'm here.

Gigi slumps back into a chair. She puts her head in her hands.

A woman exits through the door beside reception. Gigi sees her chance and runs through it.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me! Excuse me, what are you doing?

162

INT. DOCTOR'S HALLWAY/PATIENT ROOM - DAY

162

Bright white doors to various patient rooms line the hallway. Gigi flings them all open, searching desperately for something.

She opens the door to one room and a naked woman turns around. Hideous black tick marks cover her body, prepped for surgery.

Gigi back away. She slams into a doctor in a handsome tie standing in the doorway. It is DR. ANDREW, 43, charming, perfect smile. The fluorescent light from the hallway shines down on him, and he looks like an angel.

Gigi throws her arms around his waist. He brushes some sand from her hair.

DR. ANDREW

Were you building a sandcastle?

The Receptionist rounds the corner in hot pursuit.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry - I tried to stop her.

DR. ANDREW

Annie -

RECEPTIONIST

(annoyed)
It's Anna.

DR. ANDREW

Anna, please find a room. This is my best patient.

Gigi beams at him.

163 INT. PATIENT ROOM - DUSK

163

The room is almost luxurious. Gigi sits on a table in a robe while Dr. Andrew presses the skin around her nose.

DR. ANDREW
It's healing nicely. Looks good.
Open up.

Gigi opens her robe and Dr. Andrew feels her breasts. For the first time we see small scars from her implants.

DR. ANDREW (CONT'D)
Does this hurt?

Gigi shakes her head.

DR. ANDREW (CONT'D)
And I gave you a prescription for
Vicodin, just in case?

GIGI
And Xanax.

DR. ANDREW
Turn for me.

Gigi turns to the side.

DR. ANDREW (CONT'D)
Everything looks fine. You're good
to go.

He snaps off a pair of rubber gloves and tosses them in a big metal can.

GIGI
Please - I need you to do
something.

Dr. Andrew sighs.

DR. ANDREW
I told you, kiddo, four in one year
is all I'll do. If you want to
talk about a fifth this soon you'll
have to wait or go find somebody
else, but I cannot give you my
blessing. Your body can't go
through that kind of trauma -

GIGI
I need you to take it out.

DR. ANDREW
Take what out?

GIGI
All of it.

Gigi begins to cry. Dr. Andrew pats her hand, gently. He sits beside her and she melts into him.

GIGI (CONT'D)
I did something... I think - I can feel it inside me. I need you to take it out, okay? Can you just - can you just take it out? Please? Please? I can't go home. I can't leave until you do.

DR. ANDREW
Hey, hey. It's okay. Look it isn't uncommon. After something like this. You've put a foreign object into your body... Plenty of women feel this way. Plenty of women experience some sadness, discomfort, even depression... We talked about all of this, remember?

Gigi nods.

DR. ANDREW (CONT'D)
You'll be fine. If you want a mild anti-depressant call me and we can figure it out, okay?

He starts to leave, but she clutches his hand so desperately that one of her nails breaks his skin.

DR. ANDREW (CONT'D)
Ow. Jesus.

He looks at her, frightened and concerned.

DR. ANDREW (CONT'D)
Wait right here. Okay? Don't go anywhere.

Dr. Andrew leaves. Gigi gasps for breath, half smiles, simultaneously relieved and at a loss.

She sees Dr. Andrew whispering to a NURSE in the hall. The Nurse peers in the room, furrows her brow.

Gigi backs away from the door, realizing he is not going to help her. She looks around the room, desperate. What to do now?

She sees her reflection in a metal cabinet, walks up to it. Touches it.

GIGI
(whispers)
Jesse?

Suddenly, the outrageously loud BEAT OF A HEART. Gigi covers her ears, as though someone had blasted music through headphones.

She stumbles around the room, throwing drawers open. She spots something in one, reaches in...

Dr. Andrew enters the room. Gigi's back is to him as he steps inside.

DR. ANDREW
Gigi? Honey? Someone is on their way over here to talk to you, okay? Help you out. Okay? Kiddo? Can you hear me?

Gigi turns to face him. She is holding a scalpel.

DR. ANDREW (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Gigi slices across both of her breasts. Blood and silicone ooze from the wounds.

DR. ANDREW (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

She jams the scalpel into her stomach. She pulls the scalpel down, cutting across her belly. Blood everywhere. She cries from the pain, brought to her knees. Her flesh rips open as she makes one last cut and drops the scalpel on the ground. She plunges a hand inside of her, searching for something.

Dr. Andrew runs from the room.

She pulls her hand from her stomach. It is covered in blood, empty. She looks at the blood pooling around her knees and realizes what she has done.

164 INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - DAY - LATER

164

Sarah sits in the corner of the bathroom, knees pulled to her chest. Her face is red and hot from crying, but now she is still, calm.

A NOISE from the opposite side of the door draws her attention up. The door opens, and light from the make-up room pours in.

Jack appears in the doorway.

JACK

How long have you been in here?

Sarah shrugs.

He looks down at her, his expression pitiful. He sits on the floor in front of her. She smiles a little at this unexpected gesture of kindness.

JACK (CONT'D)

You have to stop this.

SARAH

Stop what?

JACK

This. Coming around all the time. Showing up wherever I am.

SARAH

I thought you'd be happy to see me.

She places a hand on his knee.

He sighs. He puts his hand on hers and pats it lovingly before removing it.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(confused)

We slept together.

JACK

Three years ago.

SARAH

You make it sound like I'm crazy.

JACK

Well -

Jack holds two fingers close together as if to say 'just a little crazy.'

Sarah smiles at this. They share a small laugh. Her laughter ceases as a wave of realization passes over her face.

SARAH

You're never going to love me.

He does not respond.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Are you?

JACK

Sarah -

SARAH

Why? Why won't you love me?

He looks to the ground, does not respond.

We ZOOM IN slowly on her face as she speaks.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(a realization)

I thought I could make you love me.
I thought - But it's too hard. All
of it. All of it. Be young. Be
thin. Be perfect. It's too hard.

(pointed)

You have no idea what I've done.
All for you. It was all for you.

JACK (O.S.)

What did you do?

The camera stops. Time seems to stand still.

SARAH

I ate a young virgin because I
thought it would make me beautiful.

Jack freezes, his mouth gaping. For a minute he thinks she must be serious. Then his mouth begins to curl into a smile. He starts to laugh.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm serious. It's not a joke.

He laughs harder.

JACK

What's with you today?

SARAH
What do you mean?

JACK
I don't know. Something's -

SARAH
What?

JACK
Different.

He looks at her for a long time. He smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
Okay.

He holds up one finger.

JACK (CONT'D)
One drink. One.

Sarah can hardly believe it. She holds up one finger to match his.

SARAH
One.

JACK
Just one.

SARAH
I'll meet you after work. We can go wherever you want.

JACK
Okay.

SARAH
Just one, I swear.

He starts to leave, changes his mind.

JACK
You do have beautiful eyes.

He goes.

Sarah is very still for a moment. She tries to control her breathing, but she is overcome. She holds a hand to her heart and closes her eyes. Fat tears roll down her face. She weeps, convulsing, for a very long time. Deep, sharp exhales. Years of longing met in a moment.

She is suddenly still. A look of disbelief crosses her face. Did she really get away with it? Did it really work?

She scrambles off the floor and looks into the mirror. Tentative at first, she wipes away the tears and takes a moment to truly examines her face, turning this way and that. She searches for some change.

Her hands rise to her eyes. Her beautiful eyes.

IMAGES FLASH through her mind: Jesse's eye on the bathroom floor. Her hand picking it up. Putting it in her mouth.

A smile creeps across her face. It worked.

She begins to laugh. Wild, manic laughter escapes her lips. She is the portrait of a deranged lunatic.

She stretches top and bottom eyelids away from her eyes with her thumb and forefinger. Her mouth opens wide. Her eyes bulge out. She appears utterly grotesque.

We slowly ZOOM IN on her eyes, growing wider and wider, her laughter growing louder and louder until finally...

It stops.