

Powder Keg

By

F. Aaron Franklin

WGAW# 1721072

f.aaron.franklin@outlook.com  
(847) 217-7928

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS. EVENING.

MARCUS (23) and ALANA (18) walk through campus, hand in hand. Alana has a very conservative style complete with French braids. Her doe eyed innocence borders upon a 1950s caricature.

Marcus appears to have just emerged from the pages Abercrombie catalog. Full of himself, but in a good natured manner. As they walk, they let go of one another's hand, Marcus puts his arm around Alana's shoulder, she in turn puts hers around his waste.

ALANA

But if I'm going to be a theta, or whatever, I want them to like me, you know?

MARCUS

Babe, they don't even like each other. Who cares? Besides, do you even want to be a-  
(Good natured mocking)  
-Theta, or whatever.

ALANA

(Giggling)

I don't know. Kind of. I guess.  
yeah..

Marcus stops, pulls away and stands in front of her. He grabs her by the upper arms. The two smile at one another.

MARCUS

Let's try this again. Alana, do you want to be one of them?

Alana smiles, shrugs, and stomps her foot.

ALANA

Well I'm a legacy, so don't I pretty much have to?

MARCUS

Only if you want to avoid jail time.

Alana's eyes widen in legitimate shock.

ALANA

What?

With a chuckle, Marcus pulls Alana along, they walk off, with Marcus shaking his head.

MARCUS

Don't even worry about it.

As the two walk through campus, begin a Voice Over, that belonging to ROSIE (23)

ROSIE (V.O.)

Aren't they just the cutest thing since toothpaste met O.J? Well don't get too attached to them. This isn't their story. More importantly, those two are going to be dead before the doof you came here with tries to cop his first feel. My names Rosie Beaumont, and this is my story.

Rosie's V.O. continues as Marcus and Alana fade into the distance and the camera takes us on a short stroll through campus.

ROSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now I should probably warn you that I'm the bad guy. I mean kind of, but not really. It all depends on who you ask.

(progressive hostility)

I know what you're already thinking. I deserve to *die* because I'm *mean*. Because I was the only one to see through little miss sugar and spice and nothing but bad news. But more on that later. If then you want to chat with a bunch internet losers who you've never even met and condemn me to some grizzly demise, then fine. But how about for now, you just shut up and eat your popcorn.

The "tour" leads to large, white Victorian House 5((with pink and purple accents. On the balcony are large, Greek letters P "Theta, Pi, Delta."

ROSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Shh. Post it on Facebook for nobody to care about. There I am. The hot one.

Three girls exit the house. In the center is ROSIE (23.) Rosie wears a "look at me" mini skirt and knee boots with a "can't touch" turtle neck. She tosses her hair, and speaks on with exaggerated hand motions and body language.

To Rosie's right is LYNDSIE. Lyndsie (22.) She dons a hipster/vintage inspired look, though clearly high end wear. She wears black glasses, her hair in a pair of balled up tails. "Hipster Snob."

To Rosie's left is SASCHA (21.) Pretty as a picture, soft spoken, and rarely without her infectious smile.

ROSIE

She's like one of those evil...  
cats from Lady and the Tramp. The  
ones that *everybody* thinks are so  
great, but in realty, they're  
*nothing* but trouble and *nobody*  
listens to the *one* person who sees  
through them.

SASCHA

Why do you have such a problem with  
Her? Isn't she pretty much where I  
was when I started?

ROSIE

And you were someone elses'  
problem. And you knew better than  
to step on the big kids' feet.

Rosie cocks her head with a snide smirk before she goes on.

Sascha stops and folds her arms and pouts. Rosie and Lyndsie  
walk on. Sascha quickly catches up with them.

ROSIE (CONT)

I *just* don't trust her. *Too* sweet,  
*too* innocent, *too* inquisitive.  
Those are the types that will stab  
you in the back the minute it's  
turned.

LYNDSIE

And it certainly has *nothing* to do  
with the fact that a certain  
*someone* has taken a liking to her?  
At least that's what I've been  
told.

Rosie expression fades into a glare.

ROSIE

I have *no* idea what you're talking  
about.

LYNDSIE

Don't you?

Rosie passive aggressively picks up her pace as she walks off.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRAT HOUSE. EVENING.

Several FEMALE STUDENTS, pledges of the sorority stand around and socialize. They are gathered around MARISSA (23.) She has a long blond pony tail and types on a cellphone with one hand, holds a cigarette in be other.

Visibly disenchanted by those around her, she perks up as Rosie, Lyndsie, and Sasha arrive. Marissa scurries up to them with an exaggerated sense of anticipation.

Marissa immediately grabs Rosie by the hands, and playfully shakes them up and down, as Rosie attempts to pull away and mask a smile.

MARISSA

OMG, I am SO psyched for tonight.  
It's going to be the best night  
*EVAAR* (ever,) smiley face, smiley  
face, *exclamation point* eye smiley  
face blowing its *fucking* brains  
out!

The others have a hearty laugh as Marissa goes on.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Christ, where have you bitches  
been. Not only do each and every  
one of these *children* seem to know  
my entire life story, but they  
expect me to care about theirs. At  
least when we pledged, they could  
just swat us away with the paddle  
if we got all up in their shit. But  
apparently, that's considered (AIR  
QUOTES) *abuse* now, because some  
chick ended up with (AIR QUOTES)  
*brain damage*. I need backup.

Rosie pulls away with a facetious pout.

ROSIE

Missy, you know I'd give my life  
for you, but I'm up to my neck in  
annoying teenager as it is.

MARISSA

Ha, you wouldn't break a nail for me.

Rosie takes a moment to admire her well manicured nails.

ROSIE

I said I'd give my life; but let's not go overboard.

Marissa props her elbow atop Rosie's shoulder. She turns to Lyndsie.

MARISSA

So how's Justin?

LYNDSIE

Dustin?

MARISSA

Sure, him too.

LYNDSIE

Going well. I think.

MARISSA

That's awesome. Please just don't become one of those look, I have a boyfriend, see you never bitches, bitches.

As Marissa takes a puff of her cigarette, puts her arm around Lyndsie, who fans the smoke away from her face with a snicker.

LYNDSIE

Stop blowing that shit in my face, and I'll take it into consideration.

MARISSA

Friendship means never having to compromise.

The four have a good laugh as they walk toward the house.

LYNDSIE

That doesn't even almost make sense. Besides, you know that shit's going to kill you.

MARISSA

If you believe everything doctor  
interweb tells you, *everything* will  
kill you.

Sascha pops into the frame with her two cents.

SASCHA

She's just trying to look after  
you.

Marissa puts her hand on her heart flicks away the  
cigarette.

MARISSA

(facetious )

She *is*? Oh, that is so sweet! Well  
in that case-

Marissa places her arm around Lyndsie with a playful hug as  
she bounds for the frat house.

INT. THE PARTY. EVENING.

Inside the house is your standard frat party. There are many  
students, multiple kegs, and a small bar. The base heavy  
house music drowns out all dialogue.

Lyndsie, Rosie, Marissa, and Sascha talk in their own  
circle. A handful of Theta girls approach, exchange  
pleasantries.

They quickly disburse, Sascha motions toward her circle with  
smile, moves along with the others. At the same moment,  
Rosie looks away and glares toward the entrance.

Alana and Marcus enter in a slowed motion. Alana smiles and  
waves at the group, pulls away from Marcus, holding up a  
single finger and mouths "one sec."

Rosie takes a deep, agitated breath and turns back to the  
others. Marissa gives her a facetious frown and grabs her  
cheeks in condescending fashion.

Alana scurries toward the girls. A pair of guys approach  
Marcus:

KYLER (23) has a redneck look to him. Unshaven with multiple  
tattoos.

DUSTIN (21) Is very clean cut and well groomed, vanilla.  
"Geek-stud."

The guys shake hands/fist bump etc. as they point toward the girls and converse.

Pan focus to the girls. The music dims to point where the dialogue is audible.

Alana and Marissa exchange a friendly hug. Lyndsie plays with Alana's braids with a smile. Marissa takes Alana by the hands with a genuinely sincere demeanor.

MARISSA

We are all so glad you could make it out.

ALANA

Are you kidding, I wouldn't miss this for the world. It's the first social I've been to since I got here.

LYNDSIE

Social, what the hell's a social?

ALANA

You know, like the freshman orientation activities.

LYNDSIE

Yeah, but not at all like the freshman orientation activities.

Lyndsie turns Alana around toward Rosie, who looks away, avoiding eye contact.

LYNDSIE (cont'd)

Say Alana, have you met Rosie yet?

Alana's face lights up as she eagerly scampers to Rosie who scowls spitefully at Lyndsie.

ALANA

Heeey! How's it going? I haven't seen around campus since-

Rosie acts as though unable to hear Alana.

ROSIE

Sorry, I can't hear you.

Alana raises her voice, adding emphasis via body language.



ALANA

HEY!, I haven't seen you around-

Rosie holds her hand to her ear, holds out her arms, her hands up and she shakes her head

ALANA (cont'd)

I SAID- you know what, I'll ask those guys to turn down the music.

Rosie gives her a facetious chuckle.

ROSIE

You go ahead and do that, ok?

Marcus approaches, along with Kyler and Dustin. Alana prances over to Marcus.

Lyndsie looks up.

LYNDSIE

Well there he isn't.

Lyndsie and Dustin gravitate toward one another. Dustin gives a half hearted wave to Rosie, who gives him a disinterested smile. Lyndsie nudges her head toward the back. She and Dustin walk off.

Meanwhile, a FRAT BOY begins to hit on Marissa, who is visibly disinterested.

Kyler and Rosie remain a few feet away from one another, willfully avoiding eye contact. He turns his head away as Rosie slowly walks toward with her arms partially folded, drink in one hand.

Kyler looks on, intentionally avoiding eye contact with Rosie. Rosie too looks away as she speaks to him.

ROSIE

What is it with chicks who insist on gravitating toward people who want nothing to do with them?

Kyler responds in a disinterested but matter-of-fact manner.

KYLER

What is it with chicks who don't understand the meaning of irony?

ROSIE

(Confused.)

What does that even-

Rosie pushes him with the palm of her hand.

ROSIE (cont'd)  
Bite me, Rawson. There *is* such a  
thing as *too* wholesome.

Rosie turns and tosses her hair as she walks away. Kyler gives a satisfied smile; he then shrugs his shoulders and nods in agreement before downing the rest of his drink.

FADE/TIME LAPSE

INT. THE PARTY (CONT). EVENING.

Marcus and Alana are hand in hand. They are about to kiss when Marcus looks up.

At the bar, Kyler stands with several male and female students. He points toward the center of the house. He then makes a "come here" motion.

Marcus puts a hand on Alana's shoulder, holds up a single finger, points toward the bar.

MARCUS  
I'll be back in not even a minute,  
cool?

Alana smiles, nods her head adamantly. Marcus gives her a peck on the cheek, heads toward the bar. Alana's smile quickly fades.

She is approached from behind. She turns sharply and snaps.

ALANA  
*WHAT?*

Lyndsie and Dustin stand behind her holding hands.

Alana quickly shrugs and flashes a bubbly smile.

ALANA (cont'd)  
Oh, I'm sorry. You just kind of  
startled me is all.

LYNDSIE  
Just seeing how you were doing. But  
by the looks of it, you're A-OK!

ALANA  
(sweet but sarcastic)  
Never better.

## TIME LAPSE

Following a brief time lapse, Alana glares toward the bar, arms folded.

Surrounded by several girls, who cling to him, hanging on his every word, Marcus and Kyler talk and laugh.

A DRUNK FRAT BOY approaches Alana, attempts to make small talk. Alana forces a friendly smile as she adamantly shakes her head. The Drunk Frat Boy shrugs and staggers off.

Alana turns back to the bar. Marcus holds up an index finger, mouths "One Sec." Alana nods back with a tense smile.

ALANA STANDS AND STARES. ZOOM OUT REVEALING ROSIE, FROM A BLURRED AND UNFOCUSED POV. AS THE IMAGE CLEARS, ROSIE WATCHES ON WITH A DEVIUS GRIN.

Alana quickly turns just in time for Rosie to slyly put her arm around Alana, who reflexively slinks. She shakes her head, regains composure.

Rosie behaves uncharacteristically friendly.

ALANA (cont'd)

Oh. Um, hey.

ROSIE

Would you believe it wasn't long ago that I was in your shoes.

Quizzically, Alana furrows her brow.

ALANA

Sorry?

ROSIE

Don't be. I learned the hard way, and I'm that much stronger because of it.

ALANA

I think he's sweet.

ROSIE

So did I. But don't worry, you'll grow an immunity.

The two watch on as Marcus continues to mingle. Alana, an entranced scowl on her face.

With a smirk not unlike a devilish Mona Lisa, Rosie turns, places her hand on Alana's shoulder.

ROSIE (cont'd)  
 Seeing as this little...  
 relationship is doomed regardless,  
 why not just end it on your own  
 terms, you know?

ALANA  
 (Entranced)  
 And how would I do that.

Rosie shrugs her shoulders, turns with a smile.

ROSIE  
 Like a band-aid.

ALANA  
 A...band-aid?

ROSIE  
 Yeah; you know. If you want to make  
 it hurt, you give it a *TEAR*.

Alana jumps reflexively as Rosie emphasizes it with a pinch.

ROSIE (CONT)  
 Or you can make it slooow and  
 agonizing as you *carefully*...peel  
 it away.

Rosie pulls pulls her arm from Alana's shoulder, begins to back away. She shrugs and cocks her head with a devilish grin.

ROSIE (CONT) (cont'd)  
 Or you could be gentle.  
 (spiteful)  
 Like he *wasn't* with me.  
 (snide)  
 It's up to you.

Marcus approaches Alana, puts his arm around her, keeping a cautious eye on Rosie who backs away with a wave and a smile. She pivots, turns, and walks off with an exaggerated switch of the hips.

Marcus looks to Alana quizzically, as she looks up at him, whispers into his ear. Marcus smiles and nods as the two turn and walk away.

INT. ROSIE'S ROOM. MORNING.

The next morning, Rosie is in her bed, disheveled and visibly hung over. She wears a t-shirt and boxer shorts.

She hears a \*KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK\* on the door. Slowly, she pulls herself up.

ROSIE

Come in.

It's Alana. She is perky as ever. Rosie expresses immediate agitation.

ALANA

Hey. Did I interrupt anything?

ROSIE

Who the fuck let you in?

At the same time, a shirtless GUY enters the room from Rosie's attached bathroom. Rosie glares in his direction.

GUY

Were you really that wasted last night?

ROSIE

Not you, shit for brains.

Addressing the Guy, Rosie motions to Alana.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

*Her!*

The Guy nods to Alana, turns eagerly to Rosie.

GUY

Can I watch?

Alana grimaces disdainfully as Rosie looks on, perplexed.

ROSIE

Can you *watch*? Watch-

She pauses, then shakes her head in disgust.

ROSIE (cont'd)

Just go home!

The Guy puts on his shirt, heads for the door.

GUY

So should I call you?

Rosie spruces up her hair, sits up on the side of her bed.

ROSIE

I don't care. If you want to, sure,  
but it's not something you need to  
pencil into your schedule.

Rosie condescendingly waves him off. The guy returns the gesture, exits.

Alana walks over and sits on Rosie's bed. Rosie looks on with annoyance.

ROSIE (cont'd)

Did you miss the part where I  
*didn't* tell you to make yourself at  
home?

Alana giddily bounces herself closer to Rosie, who pulls herself up and off the bed.

ALANA

So I took into consideration  
everything that you said last  
night; and it made sense.

ROSIE

I said a lot of things last night.  
I was drunk. Now I'm paying the  
price, and I'd just as soon you not  
add yourself to the tab.

ALANA

I mean about Marcus, silly.

ROSIE

What about Marcus? Enjoy him. I  
did.

Alana rises to her feet, giggles, and playfully nudges Rosie. Rosie looks at Alana like she's nuts.

ALANA

That's not what you said last  
night.

Rosie immediately lays into Alana, who passively flinches with each statement until she's in tears.

ROSIE

That's what I'm saying now. So good  
bye, good luck, get out. Seriously,  
I don't have time for you. Like,  
ever.

ALANA

Rosie, why are you-

ROSIE

Because I don't care who you fuck.  
I don't care if your little heart  
is broken. I don't care that you're  
here because you popped out of some  
old ass Theta eighteen years ago. I  
don't care, I don't care, I don't  
care. Go away.

With a conflicted nod of her head, Alana turns and walks  
toward the door.

ALANA

(Fights through tears)  
You won't be disappointed.

Alana turns and exits in a manner not unlike a scolded dog.

EXT. CAMPUS. DAY.

Marcus walks through campus with three KAPPA GIRLS. All  
three wear a visible crucifix around their neck.

At least one wears a shirt with Sorority letters other Beta  
Kappa Chi. The Kappa Girls hang on his every word.

MARCUS

All I'm saying is that I can be  
cool with Jesus without wasting an  
hour of my Sunday listening to some  
dude ramble on about-

Alana approaches from behind, somewhat awkwardly. She taps  
him on the shoulder. He turns to her with a blank look, then  
points and smiles.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Alana banana, oh, thank God.

ALANA

Is it ok if we talk for a moment?

The girls stand by and wait. Marcus walks to Alana, attempts  
to walk away with her. The Kappa Girls follow.

MARCUS

Yeah. Yeah. What's on your mind?

Alana stops as the Kappa Girls smile condescendingly at her. Alana nervously smiles back. She looks down, then back up with a forced smile poor covering a blank stare.

ALANA

You know what; it's nothing. Ok, it's not nothing, but I just realized, I have to be somewhere else.

The three girls laugh and whisper amongst themselves as Alana awkwardly scurries away, looking down.

Visibly confused and somewhat concerned, Marcus steps forward and hollers off at her.

MARCUS

Alana? Hey, Alana?!

Marcus turns back to the girls.

MARCUS (cont'd)

What just happened?

The three girls shrug and giggle amongst one another. Marcus turns and remorsefully watches Alana disappear into the distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Rosie, Marissa, Lyndsie, and Sascha sit in the living room as the scene opens mid conversation. Marissa stands mocking Rosie with over the top tone and demeanor.

Lyndsie and Sascha have a laugh, as Rosie sits back shaking her head, doing her best to avoid cracking a smile.

SASCHA

She was *really* upset when I saw her.

ROSIE

So you automatically assume that it's my fault? I mean yeah, so I laid into her a bit, but who cares?

From the kitchen enters LUANNE (45) with a glass of red wine. Luanne is the house mother. Beautiful and southern, she is no stranger to cosmetic enhancements.



LUANNE

She has just as much right to be here as you, Rosie.

ROSIE

And nobody said she didn't. But I have every right not to like her.

LUANNE

And you have every right to make her feel welcome, too.

ROSIE

But I'm not going to. I'm not going to go out of my way to terrorize her, but if she gets in my shit, I have a right to tell her about it, and I'm going to exercise it.

MARISSA

Yeah, you are.

Rosie shakes her head and rolls her eyes. Lyndsie lunges forward in her seat with a facetious grin.

LYNDSIE

You should totally dump a bucket of blood on her.

The others have a laugh as Rosie takes a moment to think; she then looks on, disgusted and confused.

ROSIE

Are you calling me Dracula or something, you fucking dumb ass Ritalin poster whore?

LUANNE

Did you ever stop to think that she looks up to you? You are what girls like her aspire to be.

Rosie begins to blush as Lyndsie holds back a snicker.

LYNDSIE

And then they grow up and have a good laugh about it as you serve them umbrella drinks in your bathing suit.

Marissa and Sascha have laugh as Rosie violently swats Lyndsie with a throw pillow, while Lyndsie laughingly defends herself.

ROSIE

Oh my god, I hate you, you're the worst, you nasty little-

SASCHA

Well do you know what I think;

The others stop what they're doing, turn to Sascha. Before she can speak, \*DING\* \*DONG\* goes the doorbell.

MARISSA

Only if it involves getting the door?

SASCHA

I always get the door.

MARISSA

So why not keep the tradition alive?

SASCHA

Because I'm comfortable, and because I'm not going to.

Sascha sinks deeper into her seat in a huff. Marissa hops off her seat, right beside Sascha, who adamantly looks away. Marissa throws an arm around Sascha.

MARISSA

Knock, knock.

With a furrowed brow, Sascha warily turns toward Marissa.

SASCHA

Who's there?

MARISSA

There's only one way to find out!

The doorbell \*RINGS\* again.

With an exasperated groan, Sascha gets to her feet, tosses doen a throw pillow, and storms toward the door. She, looks through the peep-hole. She smiles, turns to the others.

SASCHA

Guess who?

After a momentary lapse, Rosie's scrunches her face, buries her face in her hands.

ROSIE  
Can you just tell her I'm dead?

Marissa smiles smugly.

MARISSA  
Sorry, we don't believe in lies  
here in the Theta Pi Delta house.

ROSIE  
Then can you just kill me and then  
tell her I'm dead?

MARISSA  
We don't believe in murder either.  
Besides then she'd be one of our  
problem, and we can't have that.

Sascha stands by the door.

SASCHA  
So should I get it?

Lyndsie throws up her arms.

LYNDSIE  
Is that really a decision you can't  
make for yourself?

Sascha opens the door.

Marissa and Lyndsie hop from their seats joyfully as Rosie  
looks away.

LYNDSIE (cont'd)  
Lannie! We've been-

Noticing that Alana is visibly upset, Lyndsie backs off  
cautiously.

LYNDSIE (CONT)  
Uh, oh.

Alana slinks inside sadly. Sascha gently rubs her shoulder  
as she b-lines for the seating area.

ROSIE  
(Sarcastic)  
Oh, good. And she's *sad*.

Lyndsie tosses a pillow at Rosie, which she deflects.

LYNDSIE  
 Seriously?

ROSIE  
 Fuck off, rag.

Sascha rushes to Alana's side.

SASCHA  
 Hey, what's wrong?

Bracing her arms, Alana brushes past Sascha, who looks on quizzically and both walk toward the living room. Alana sits down on the couch next to Rosie with her head down.

Rosie grabs her own head with both hands, tosses her head back in melodramatic despair.

ROSIE  
 Fuck me. Seriously, I *can't* cope with this today. I just *can't*.

LUANNE  
 Well hi there Lana. You don't look so good.

Alana slowly shakes her head without lifting it. She walks right to the couch.

ALANA  
 No.

Alana takes a seat next to Rosie, who looks over with disdain, then inches down. Alana's head hangs low as she starts to speak.

ALANA (cont'd)  
 Rosie, remember what we were talking about this afternoon.

Marissa purses her lips as she muffles a snicker.

ROSIE  
 Yeah, I said what I said. Get over it. *Fuck*, why does everything have to be about me?

Alana looks up, takes a deep breath.

ALANA  
 It's not about you.

Alana looks to Rosie with tear filled eyes.

ALANA (CONT)

It's about Marcus.

ROSIE

And you can't take it up with Marcus, because?

ALANA

You remember the other night at the Zeta party?

Rosie facetiously glances between the others.

ROSIE

Well bits and pieces, yeah. Is there a reason for this trip down shit that nobody cares about lane?

ALANA

Well, when we went back to his room. Things happened. I didn't plan for them to, but I guess he did.

Brief pause. The bottom drops out of the mood. Luanne's eyes immediately close as she takes a silent gasp in despair.

LUANNE

Oh, please no.

The girls become caring and attentive, other than Rosie, who turns away embarrassed with her arms folded. Sascha sits back with her hand over her mouth, Marissa and Lyndsie are on the edge of their seats.

LYNDSIE

SO what happened?

LUANNE

Please tell us.

ALANA

I don't know. We were just talking, and he started rubbing on me. I didn't know how to make him stop, and I liked him, so I just let him do his thing.

The others move in closer toward Alana, listen on intently.

ALANA (CONT)

First he started playing with my bra straps, and next thing you

know, he unhooked it. Everything else happened so-I mean I tried to stop it, but he just had his way and all.

LYNDSIE

Had his way?

ALANA

You know.

LUANNE

Alana, did he force himself upon you?

ALANA

Did he what.

MARISSA

Did he *RAPE* you, Alana?

Rosie looks to Marissa with a look of death.

ROSIE

Don't be an *idiot*.

Marissa quickly snaps back, as Alana flinches as she looks back and forth between them.

MARISSA

What the *hell's* the matter with you?

Alana covers her mouth, GASPS.

ALANA

Goodness, no. I mean, I don't know. I didn't tell him no, not in so many words. I certainly didn't say yes, and I thought I made it clear that I wasn't; maybe I wasn't clear enough-

LUANNE

You were as *clear* as you needed to be. Alana, there's no reason for you to give him excuses, no matter who he is.

Lyndsie holds up a finger as and listens with baited breath.

LYNDSIE

Hold up a minute, let the girl finish.

MARISSA

I think we get the gist of it; she doesn't have to relive every detail.

LYNDSIE

It's not about reliving every detail, it's about hearing the whole story.

ALANA

That really is the whole story; pretty much. And Rosie, you did warn me, and I guess I should have listened.

Rosie turns further away from Alana.

ROSIE

Great, so I'm the fucking bad guy here?

LUANNE

*Dammit* Rosie, for once can something not be about you?

Rosie abruptly points an unsteady finger at the doe eyed Alana.

ROSIE

Maybe you should tell *her* that.

LUANNE

*Rosie!*

MARISSA

Seriously, get the fuck out of here!

Rosie rises, pounds the table with both hands as she does. Rosie storms off.

Alana looks up timidly as Rosie leaves. Luanne turns.

LUANNE

That will be enough, thank you. Alana, come on with me. I'd like to have a sit down, gal to gal. Just us.

Alana slowly nods her head "yes," gets up and follows Luanne out of the room.

EXIT Luanne, Alana. Lyndsie turns her head to Marissa.

LYNDSIE

So what do you think happened?

MARISSA

I'm not sure what you're getting at.

LYNDSIE

You're supposed be the smart one. You can figure that out.

MARISSA

What do I think happened? Probably what she said happened. I doubt she'd lie about something like that.

LYNDSIE

Lie? No. But the old consensual sex in which consent is retracted in retrospect; wouldn't be the first time.

SASCHA

But her?

LYNDSIE

It usually is somebody like her. Someone who seems so gee golly innocent, and then she gives it up to some guy she thinks is real swell; next thing you know, she has trouble coming to terms with what happened, and suddenly;

Marissa rises to her feet, listens on with her arms folded.

LYNDSIE (CONT)

well all I'm saying is that we know that Marcus could have taken home any girl at that party. So why club her over the head and drag her off to his lair?

Marissa begins to walk away.



MARISSA

You know what; this is me leaving.

LYNDSIE

And hopefully, that's also you thinking about what I said.

Marissa stops, turns back to Lyndsie.

MARISSA

Maybe just a little bit. But she deserves the benefit of the doubt.

LYNDSIE

Don't they both?

Marissa continues to walk off as Lyndsie stands by, hands on her hips.

INT. LORI'S ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Luanne and Alana sit side by side at the foot of Luanne's bed. Alana has her head hung low. Luanne has her arm around Alana.

LUANNE

Honey, I know exactly what you're going through, and I'd like to say that it's going to get easier, but the truth is that it probably won't.

Alana looks up with an inquisitive stare.

ALANA

Wha-what do you mean by that?

Luanne turns in to Alana, takes her by the hands. Alana listens on, shaking her head attentively.

LUANNE

What I mean is that when you're up against someone with a high social standing, especially when we're talking a local sports hero, people have a habit of misguiding their aggression.

ALANA

Like how?

LUANNE

Some are going to treat you like you asked for it; others will make him out to be the victim, with you as the bad guy. And if you're going to survive, you're going to have to be strong. I know this from experience.

ALANA

Did somebody do this to you?

Luanne leans back, gazes off thoughtfully.

LUANNE

Me personally, no. But somebody very close to me. One of my daughters.

ALANA

You have kids?

LUANNE

Heavens no. She was my sorority daughter. One night, she left a party with our star basketball player; one thing lead to another, and he forced himself upon her.

ALANA

Oh, my god. But she was sure lucky to have the support of her sisters.

Luanne begins to tear up. She rises to her feet and approaches a desk with various items, including makeup, perfume, and pill bottles.

LUANNE

Well I wish that were the case. But we were young and foolish, and rather than doing what we thought was right, we did what was best for us. Remember folks viewed situations of this variety differently back in my college days...Five years ago.

Alana's eyes widen in surprise.

ALANA

Wow, I would have thought it was way longer ago than that.

Luanne glares, then smiles sheepishly. She opens the bottom drawer of her desk and removes an old yearbook. She opens it and looks down at it reflectively.

LUANNE

That's not the correct response,  
but because of your delicate  
situation, I'll let it slide.

ALANA

So have you talked to her since?  
Made amends?

Luanne picks up a tissue, dries her eyes.

LUANNE

Only in my prayers.

ALANA

Sorry?

Luanne takes a seat back down next to Alana. The two look on together. Alana sorrowfully covers her mouth as her jaw drops.

ALANA (cont'd)

Oh. Oh, my god.

Focus in on the page. It is a 1991 "TPD In Memorium" to Elsie Glazner, pictured with three other girls, including a twenty-something Luanne.

Alana smiles apologetically. Luanne gives her a nurturing embrace, which Alana eagerly reciprocates.

LUANNE

So you understand why I find it so important that we offer up our full support, regardless of the effect that it has upon ourselves. Alana, this is by no means customary for a Freshman, especially one who is not a full fledged member, but myself being the house mom-

(Stops heralded with a smile)  
sorry, the house big sister, I can bend the rules when the situation calls for it. I would like to extend an invitation to you to move into the house; just so you always have somebody to talk to.

ALANA

Oh, Mrs. Oberman, I don't know what to say.

LUANNE

You can start by never calling me Mrs. Oberman again.

ALANA

You have no idea how much this means to me.

LUANNE

Believe me, I do. You're very sweet, but with much to learn; and the important lessons are those we learn outside the classroom; from people who *truly* care.

CUT-IN: ROSIE STANDS ANGRILY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR FRAME, ARMS FOLDED. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD, TURNS SHARPLY AND STORMS OFF.

TIME LAPSE

INT. UPPER HALLWAY. EARLY EVENING.

Visibly shaken up, Rosie approaches Luanne's open door. She prepares to knock, first takes a peek inside.

INT. LUANNE'S ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

Luanne sits on her couch. With her hand over her mouth, she is in tears as she stares at the same yearbook photo.

Luanne take a deep breath, picks up her wine glass and looks up with a spiteful scowl.

She squeezes the wine glass to the point that the stem snaps off, the wine spills everywhere. Luanne gasps, frantically reaches for a napkin, immediately wipes down the book.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY. EARLY EVENING.

Back in the hallway, Rosie stands with her back to the wall outside Luanne's door, a look of remorse on her face. She quickly walks away.

EXT. CAMPUS. DAY.

In a musical sequence with no audible dialogue, Marcus walks through campus. STUDENTS whisper amongst one another as he passes by.

He is by himself, backpack over his shoulder. He is disheveled and clearly preoccupied.

As he walks on, he comes across the three Kappa Girls seen earlier. Marcus looks up with a forced smile. The Kappa Girls looms away, avoid eye contact.

TIME LAPSE

Alana walks through campus. She is met with a variety of condescending smiles, vindictive glares and whispers.

She does her best to maintain her confidence and composure, but the exercise is visibly arduous.

INT. BOY'S SUITE. DAY.

Marcus enters the suite where Kyler and several other guys are hanging out. They drink beers, play video games, etc. Kyler looks up from the couch.

KYLER

Dude, you don't have to say anything, but when you're ready, we'll be here.

Marcus lackadaisically nods his head.

KYLER (cont'd)

I know you and I trust your word. You have our support, my man.

Without responding, Marcus shuffles into his room. Closes the door. Dustin enters the frame, looks at Kyler.

DUSTIN

Speak for yourself.

KYLER

What's that supposed to mean?

DUSTIN

It means exactly what it sounds like. You can base your decisions however you want. I'll make my own. The fact that being a jock makes him an easy target isn't a get out of jail free card.

Kyler continues to speak from the couch.

KYLER

No, but the fact that our constitution says that he's innocent until proven guilty should be worth something.

DUSTIN

That's a crock of shit. Just because somebody's a football player doesn't give him the right to make unwanted advances.

Kyler gets up from the couch, walks toward Dustin in a non-threatening manner. Dustin backs away.

KYLER

And I'm not disagreeing with that. But the fact is that at this point, it's all here say; lest we forget with whom we're dealing. Wouldn't put anything past any of them.

DUSTIN

So he just gets the benefit of the doubt because he's our friend and she associates with people that you have it out for?

KYLER

Something like that. Yes. Because he's our friend, he deserves our support. Because these people I have it out for have a long history of twisting the truth to the benefit of their own agenda.

Dustin gets in Kyler's face.

DUSTIN

You're wrong, Rawson. You're wrong.

Kyler gets right back on Dustin's face.

KYLER

Guilty until proven innocent, is it, my idealistic but misguided friend.

DUSTIN

Yeah? Well the ass bag that date raped my sister was guilty as they

come, but he sure as hell didn't  
pay any kind of a price.

Kyler backs off, holds his arms out with a snide sneer.

KYLER

Oh, so that's what this about?

Dustin backs away shaking his head.

DUSTIN

That's not what I'm saying.

KYLER

It fucksolutely is.

DUSTIN

What I'm saying is that guys like  
Marcus; guys like us tend to be  
given the benefit of the doubt by  
their peers; and it's not right.  
Not in this situation.

KYLER

Actually, what you're saying is  
that your sister was once in a  
similar situation, so by default,  
everyone's guilty.

Dustin is becoming visibly shaken up.

DUSTIN

That's not the same.

KYLER

May as well be.

Dustin pushes Kyler. Kyler pushes Dustin back. Dustin spears  
Kyler, who wrestles Dustin to the ground. The two fight,  
each getting their licks in. Both become bloodied, but are  
eventually restrain they appear to have calmed, they are  
released.

KYLER (cont'd)

Look man. I don't know what  
happened. You don't know what  
happened. There are only two people  
that do. One of them has denied it  
for everything he's worth. The  
other one just tiptoes around it  
every time she's been confronted.  
Maybe you should use your fucking  
head before you pass judgment based

on something that happened between  
two completely different people.

Dustin takes another swing at Kyler, who dodges it, and takes a swing at Dustin. Kyler hits Dustin dead on, and Dustin falls back and flips over a couch.

Kyler goes to help Dustin up, but Dustin pulls himself up, takes a moment to regain his balance and shoots out the door. Kyler yells after him.

KYLER (cont'd)  
Yeah, I think you could seriously  
use some fresh air. This doesn't  
mean I love you any less.

Kyler walks off, whilst the others try to avoid eye contact. He angrily flips over a table on the way.

INT. LYNDSIE'S ROOM. EVENING.

Lyndsie's bedroom. It has an attached bathroom.

There is a knock on the door. Lyndsie's voice is heard from the bathroom.

LYNDSIE (O.S.)  
Coming.

Lyndsie walks out of the bathroom, finishes buttoning her shirt, and answers the door.

Dustin stands on the other side with a black eye and bloody lip.

Lyndsie smiles, which immediately fades into an expression of pity.

LYNDSIE  
Wow, looks like somebody sure gave  
you a heaping bowl of the what for.

DUSTIN  
Huh?

LYNDSIE  
It's old timey talk for what the  
fuck happened to you?

DUSTIN  
Don't ask.



LYNDSIE  
Too late. So what happened?

DUSTIN  
Let's just say I took an unpopular  
stance on a touchy subject.

Lyndsie purses her lips in a knowingly apologetic manner.

LYNDSIE  
Come with me. I'm pretty sure that  
I've got some stuff for that.

DUSTIN  
I just don't get how so many people  
just don't get it. Yeah, Marcus is  
my friend. But that shouldn't be  
the basis for judging a situation  
of this sort.

Lyndsie walks into the bathroom

LYNDSIE(OS)  
Behold the awesome power of the  
almighty uninformed opinion.

DUSTIN  
Yeah, tell that to Rawson.

LYNDSIE  
Sure, him too. But tell me, did  
yours have any more basis than his?

DUSTIN  
It's easy to say that you know  
somebody and they'd never do  
something like that. Or even worse,  
they don't know him from Adam and  
they're making a decision based on  
his social status or because he  
helped the team win a bunch of  
games. It's just not right.

LYNDSIE  
I couldn't agree more. But that  
isn't what I asked, is it?

Lyndsie emerges with cotton balls and hydrogen peroxide. She  
preps it and begins treating the wound with a cotton ball

LYNDSIE (CONT)  
And for what it's worth, that coin  
has two sides to it.

Dustin winces in pain as Lyndsie continues treating him.

LYNDSIE (CONT) (cont'd)  
-don't be a bitch- maybe other people are finding him guilty for just that reason. Because *they* automatically assume that he's in the *wrong*-because others think he's *right*-for all the *wrong* reasons. Like you seem to be doing right now. I know that TV and movies and the what not have trained us well to believe that everything's in clear black and white and there are no shades of gray in these scenarios. No means no, but yes doesn't necessarily mean yes and even if she says yes but means no, you're pretty much fucked anyway.

DUSTIN  
Maybe it's just me, but I can't imagine anybody being so vile as to make that type of accusation without any degree of truth to it.

LYNDSIE  
How adorably ignorant. Date rape is a very unique crime in that it's one of the few that can be committed in retrospect.

DUSTIN  
And what do you mean by that?

LYNDSIE  
If you're going to continue to tread the drab, vanilla path that is criminal justice, you should probably figure that out yourself.

Lyndsie gives Dustin one more dab. Dustin gives more of a wince. Lyndsie gives a mocking snicker. She tosses the cotton in the trash. Dustin takes a seat on the bed.

DUSTIN  
You don't think that Rosie would have put Alana up to crying rape to get back at her ex?

Lyndsie shrugs her shoulders.

LYNDSIE

Sure; in some alternate universe  
where she's an over-the-top b-movie  
villain.

Dustin passively smiles and shakes his head. Lyndsie walks over to a dresser, pulls out a tube of lotion.

DUSTIN

Then you think Marcus' is guilty?

Lyndsie responds from the dresser, back to Dustin. Begins to walk toward him.

LYNDSIE

Sure, it's possible. But that's not  
what I'm saying either.

DUSTIN

Then what are you saying?

Lyndsie playfully pounces onto the bed, facing Dustin.

LYNDSIE

I'm saying nothing. Because I  
wasn't there. And neither were you;  
or Kyler; or the countless other  
clueless kids who seem to be so  
sure they know what happened.

(Sincerity)

Look, Alana seems all sweet and  
naive. And I don't think it's an  
act. But she's also the new girl  
trying to fit in. And that will  
make people do some crazy shit.

Lyndsie puts her arm around Dustin, who puts his head on her shoulder.

LYNDSIE (CONT'D)

And I don't think that's something  
that guys like you can really hope  
to understand.

INT. COMMONS. DAY.

Alana sits alone in a commons area doing some work. She is visibly uncomfortable. As students walk by, some give her dirty looks. Others whisper amongst each other. Many pass without acknowledging her.

Suddenly, she jumps as a pair of hands plant upon her chair back.

Kyler stands behind her, leaned in with a menacing expression, which shifts to an antagonistic smirk.

Alana turns in her seat abruptly, then faces forward with a look of masked concern. She begins to tear up.

ALANA  
Just let me be.

KYLER  
Sure. Once you're ready to come out with the truth?

Alana gets to her feet, holding back tears.

ALANA  
What?

KYLER  
(Mockingly)  
What? Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about.

Alana bursts into tears.

ALANA  
Just leave me alone. *I'm* the victim here!

Kyler slaps both palms down on the table, causing Alana to wince and flinch.

KYLER  
*Bull* shit you are! The only thing you were a victim of was was falling in with the wrong crowd-

Alana quickly gathers her books, stuffs them in a bag, and scurries past Kyler, who turns with a facetious grin as he hollers back at her.

KYLER (CONT)  
Speaking of which, I don't see any of them rushing to your side.

Zoom out, to reveal a several Theta rank and file at a table watching on, minimally affected.

Kyler walks away, passing the Theta table with a snide smirk. Most of the girls look away and avoid eye contact with him.

KYLER

Ladies.

Kyler gives their table a "KNOCK, KNOCK" as he walks away with a growing air of complacency.

EXT. CAMPUS. DAY.

Alana tearfully walks through campus.

She is given dirty looks by some, patronizing smiles by others.

She passes the Three Kappa Girls who she had encountered with Marcus. They whisper amongst themselves.

KATIE, the lead Kappa follows after Alana.

KATIE (O.S.)

Hey, Alana?

Alana stops, does not turn.

KATIE (CONT'D)

If you need somebody to talk to,  
somebody who cares, the Kappa house  
is just a few doors down.

Alana turns sharply with a vicious scowl and corresponding tone.

ALANA

Well I *don't* need anyone talk to.  
And if I did, the Kappa house is  
the *last* place I'd go.

Alana turns and walks off.

The Kappa Girls watches on, glaringly. Katie hollers as Alana picks up her pace.

KATIE

You're headed in the wrong  
direction. And in more ways than  
one.

Focus on Alana's face as she walks off. She at first smiles proudly, which quickly fades to a solemn, reflective gaze.

FADE

EXT. OUTSIDE SORORITY HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Marissa sits on a swing on the porch smoking a cigarette and typing on a cell phone.

She looks up at the "CREAK" of the screen door and smiles sheepishly as Rosie emerges with an apologetic simper.

Marissa goes back to what she was doing as Rosie stands by. After a moment, Rosie gently nudges the swing with her foot.

ROSIE

Hey.

Marissa addresses her without looking up.

MARISSA

Hey, hey.

A tense and awkward pause.

ROSIE

Missy, you haven't talked to me in days. Nobody has. But I actually give a shit what you think.

Marissa abruptly looks up, a stern expression on her face.

MARISSA

Do you?

Rosie pathetically nods her head.

MARISSA (cont'd)

Well good.

Marissa clicks off her phone, shoves it into her top.

MARISSA (cont'd)

In that case, here's what I think. It wasn't cool how you handled things. You don't have to always have the last word, and that was a perfect example of a time when you should have let somebody else have it.

ROSIE

(Assertive wine )

Missy?

Marissa takes a deep breath and turns to Rosie in a stern but sympathetic manner.

MARISSA

What? Rose, I've spent the past four years enabling your random acts of bitchery, but the way you handled this was just too fucked up. Nobody expects you filter what you think, but you need to learn to filter what you say.

ROSIE

Does this mean that you don't hate me?

MARISSA

Now you're putting words in my mouth.

Rosie playfully but forcefully nudges Marissa.

ROSIE

Fuck you too, bitch face.

Marissa flicks away her cigarette, pulls Rosie onto the swing beside her, gives her a hug around the neck as the swing aways erratically.

MARISSA

Rosie, I'm your best friend. If I don't call you out on your shit every now and then, who will? And who knows, now that she's our roomie, maybe you'll become best of friends.

ROSIE

(Facetious)

Oh yeah, ya think?

MARISSA

It could be like one of those feel good, Disney movies.

Rosie hops up from her seat.

ROSIE

Well, I do feel as though me and her are due for a little a chat.

Marissa looks up, squints her eyes with a leery smile.

MARISSA

What kind of *chat*?

ROSIE  
The sisterly kind.

Rosie mischievously pops her brow, pivots, and giddily bounds back into the house. "CREAK" goes the door.

Marissa leers on as Rosie disappears into the house, the door slowly "CRICKS" it's way shut with a "SLAM," eliciting a reflexive jump from Marissa, who then shakes her head and returns to her phone.

INT. ALANA'S ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Alana lays on her bed typing on a lap top computer. She turns at the sound of three rhythmic knocks on her door. Rosie lets herself in. Alana looks up with a quizzical grimace.

ALANA  
Oh. Hey.

Rosie responds .

ROSIE  
Hey.

ALANA  
So what's going on-

Rosie plops down on Alana's bed, proceeds in a matter of fact manner.

ROSIE  
In case you haven't figured it out,  
I don't so the best around the bush  
thing.

ALANA  
O-k. So what's this about.

Rosie closes Alana's lap top, Alana looks up with focus.

ROSIE  
It's about Marcus. I don't think I  
need to elaborate.

ALANA  
What about him?

ROSIE  
I want to know what happened.



ALANA  
You know the story.

ROSIE  
Yeah. I know the story. Now I want  
to know what happened.

Alana begins to tear up as Rosie stands firm, arms folded.

ALANA  
Oh, my God, Rosie, please don't do  
this. I've told you guys  
everything-

ROSIE  
Cut the shit.

ALANA  
There's no-

Rosie leans back and tosses her hair back with a sweet but  
devilish air.

ROSIE  
Babe, if you can't share the goods  
with your big sister, what's the  
point in having them?

Visibly suspicious, Alana takes a deep breath. She shrugs.

ALANA  
Ok. Close the door.

Rosie smirks slyly as she closes the door with a sway of her  
hip and a BANG. The screen goes black.

TIME LAPSE

As the scene fades back in, Rosie is almost in tears. She  
shakes her head in disbelief as Alana speaks with  
matter-of-fact body language, at first, inaudible. The  
conversation fades in.

ALANA (cont'd)  
Long story short, we *did* go back to  
his room. And things *did* get kind  
of steamy. But I drew the line when  
he got nasty; I mean can you  
believe that he actually *puke*d down  
my shirt?

As Alana goes on, Rosie's demeanor fades to shock and  
disbelief.

ALANA (cont'd)

*What? You were right as always;  
total jerk. I mean the only thing  
worse than taking the walk of shame  
is taking it soaked in puke;  
without even getting laid.*

Rosie slowly shakes her head and looks up.

ROSIE

I told them you were bad news.  
Nobody wanted to listen.

ALANA

Oh, stop. Marcus was swell. He  
really was a nice guy. But I  
already felt myself becoming catty  
and jealous, and it wasn't a good  
feeling. So like you said, I  
carefully removed the band-aid; my  
way.

Rosie springs to her feet, gets right in Alana's face. Alana  
looks on in a smug but cautious manner.

ROSIE

I said nothing remotely suggesting  
what you did. Do you have any idea  
what you've done to him?

Alana shrugs nonchalantly.

ALANA

Kind of, I guess. But in case you  
can't tell, I went from being a  
nothing who happened to be hooking  
up with the football guy to; well  
(giggle,) I'm kind of a big deal,  
don't you think? I mean I'm not  
you, per say, but how long did it  
take you to claw your way to the  
top?

ROSIE

Oh my god.

ALANA

Get over it.

Rosie springs to her feet, steps right in front of Alana,  
who backs away.

ROSIE  
You're *going* to come clean!

Alana takes a step back, folds her arms with a snide grin.

ALANA  
Or *what*?

ROSIE  
Because if you don't, then *I* will.  
And I'll tell the story as I see  
fit.

ALANA  
And I'll cry.

ROSIE  
Damn right you will.

ALANA  
You don't get it, do you?

ROSIE  
Are you delusional or do you have a  
death wish?

ALANA  
Neither. You are who you are, and  
who girls like me aspire to be.

Rosie holds out her hands, shakes her head in a "WTF"  
manner.

ALANA (cont'd)  
That's right.

As Alana goes on, her tone becomes teary eyed and sincere.  
Rosie shakes her head in betrayal and disbelief.

ALANA (cont'd)  
And I just wanted to fit in and get  
those guys to like me. I didn't  
want to do it, but Rosie put me up  
to it, and I didn't know any  
better. I didn't want to hurt  
anybody, honest I didn't.

Alana shrugs her shoulders, cocks her head with a haughty  
grin.

ALANA (cont'd)  
(Nonchalantly)  
But hey, shit happens, right?

Rosie despondent demeanor; soon blossoms into empowerment as she to laugh.

ROSIE  
Got that right!

Alana remains collected, but shows signs of doubt.

ALANA  
What are you laughing at?

ROSIE  
(Over laughter)  
You, you stupid bitch.

Alana puts looks on, offended. Rosie pulls out her cellphone, hits a stop button as she goes on.

ROSIE (cont'd)  
You're like the worlds dumbest  
criminal mastermind.

Alana's face immediately reflects defeat and betrayal. She grabs for Rosie's phone. Rosie quickly pulls it away with a snicker.

ALANA  
Come on, give it here.

ROSIE  
Nope.

Alana backs down, passive folds her arms as she looks on pitifully.

ALANA  
Rosie?

Rosie backs toward the door with a smug smirk and a spring in her step.

ROSIE  
Sorry. Enjoy being you.

As Rosie nears the door, Alana takes a deep breath. She aggressively lunges at Rosie, reaches for the phone. A brief struggle ensues, with Rosie laughing it off, and Alana the aggressor.

ALANA  
Give it here!

ROSIE

No!

Rosie pushes Alana away, causing Alana to stagger back.

FROM ALANA'S DISTORTED/SKEWED POV, ROSIE LOOKS ON WITH A HAUGHTY GRIN.

Back to normal POV, Alana makes one final lunge, successfully grabs the phone. She attempts to break it in her hands.

ROSIE (cont'd)

Get the fuck off of my you little-

With her back against the door, Rosie uses her foot to push back Alana, who staggers and falls, hitting her head on the dresser on her way down.

Alana lays unconscious on the floor. Rosie shows immediate concern as she slowly and cautiously approaches.

ROSIE (cont'd)

Alana?

Alana stirs, takes a breath. Rosie takes a sigh of relief. She shrugs as she backs off.

ROSIE (cont'd)

(Facetiously)

Oops!

Rosie's eyes widen with a sense of urgency.

ROSIE (cont'd)

Marcus!

Rosie bolts out the door.

PAN AND ZOOM TOWARD THE FALLEN ALANA AS SHE BEGINS TO STIR.

Note that there is no blood.

INT. HALLWAY. AFTERNOON.

Rosie races out of the room. Marissa and Sascha exit into the hallway from their respective rooms.

MARISSA

Rosie, what's going on? What was all of that-

Rosie stops, turns quickly as she backs toward the stairwell.

ROSIE  
Can't talk, tell you later!

Rosie turns and darts down the staircase as Marissa and Sascha turn to one another quizzically.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

As Rosie approaches the door, Luanne enters. She carries a gym bag. She and Rosie each stop in their tracks.

LUANNE  
Rosie?

Rosie takes a deep breath, pulls her phone out of her back pocket and tosses it to Luanne.

ROSIE  
Just push play. We'll talk.

Rosie rushes past Luanne and out the door. Luanne watches on with quizzical suspicion as she nonchalantly slips the phone into her shirt.

Marissa and Sascha approach from behind.

MARISSA  
What was that all about.

Luanne simply stares off as Marissa and Sascha stand behind her.

EXT. CAMPUS. EVENING.

Rosie hurries through campus. She stops to catch her breath, then bolts toward a dormitory. Her eyes widen as she sees two MALE STUDENTS exit the dorm. She hollers out to them.

ROSIE  
Hey guys, can you please hold that door?

The Male Students look up. One walks on, the other holds the door.

Rosie bolts for the door, plowing past Male Student 1, who spins to get out of her way.

Rosie darts past Male Student 2, right into the form. Male Student 2 darts out of her way, the door closes behind Rosie as Male Student 2 watches on.

Male Student 1 approaches him from behind.

MALE STUDENT 1

Dude.

Male Student 2 turns, gives him a single nod, a stoic expression on his face.

MALE STUDENT 1 (cont'd)

Somebody's about to get some poon.

Male Student 2 nods and smiles.

MALE STUDENT 2

Yeah, no doubt.

INT. INSIDE DORM. EVENING.

Rosie gently taps on a door, speaks into it.

ROSIE

(Assertive whine)

Hello?

Rosie bangs on the door impatiently.

ROSIE

(Increasingly assertive)

Come on. Open up.

As though she's been here before, Rosie fiddles with the doorknob, and opens it. She walks in.

INT. DORM SUITE. EVENING.

Rosie enters Marcus' suite. It is unlit. Two doors are open. One is not. Rosie approaches the closed one. She knocks on the door.

After no answer, she turns the knob, and gives the door a slight push with her shoulder, popping it open.

Rosie lets herself in. She sniffs and grimaces, then fans the area with a wave of her hand.

A male student, MARCUS sits at a desk, face down on it. By his side is a cocktail glass.

Rosie passive aggressively stands by with her arms folded.

ROSIE

If you want to hate me, then *fine*.  
I can't blame you. But you *need* to  
hear me out first.

Rosie smiles self righteously as she slowly walks toward him.

ROSIE

Now for what it's worth, my reputation may be a touch; how do I put this, unsavory. But it precedes me, so I pretty much wear it on my sleeve. As if I have a choice anymore.

She stops and stands over him, places her hand on the chair back.

ROSIE (CONT)

But little miss sugar and spice and nothing but bad news, nobody saw her coming. Certainly wouldn't listen to me when *I* did.

Rosie gently spins Marcus' chair in her direction As she goes on.

ROSIE (CONT) (cont'd)

So perhaps there's a lesson to be learned here. And would you like to tell me what it-

Rosie GASPS, her expression immediately shifts to one of shock as the chair rotates 90 degrees. Marcus slumps backward in the chair.

ROSIE

Marcus?

Rosie backs away, her eyes aghast. She covers her mouth with both hands. She bursts into tears.

As the chair reaches full spin, focus in on Marcus dead eyes gazing back at Rosie.

INT. BOYS' DORM SUITE. EARLY EVENING.

Rosie darts out of Marcus' room into the living room . Kyler rushes from his own. He glares at Rosie, who freezes. She blankly at Kyler who approaches aggressively.

KYLER

What the *fuck* are you doing here?

Rosie frantically shakes her head with erratic hand motions.

Kyler looks on in annoyance as he shakes his head along with her.



ROSIE

Kyle- Kyler please. He's in.  
Marcus. He's in there. Kyler,  
please-

Kyler grabs Rosie by the shoulders, just hard enough to hold her still.

KYLER

FORM. A FUCKING SENTENCE!

Rosie stops, takes several deep breaths and let's it out.

ROSIE

Marcus is *dead*!

In tears with smudged makeup, Rosie pulls away from Kyler, causing a tear in the strap of her dress.

Kyler pushes her aside, approaches Marcus' room. Rosie collapses onto a couch, balls her eyes out as the scene fades.

EXT. OUTSIDE SORORITY HOUSE. EVENING.

Bracing herself, Rosie slowly walks through campus. Her head is down. She is visibly disturbed, borderline catatonic.

She looks up to see several police cars and an ambulance outside the sorority house. She snaps out of her state as she approaches the house, begins to run. She slows down as she looks on.

Two Sheriff's deputies point in her direction, as they speak. One of them picks up a walkie talkie as he looks toward Rosie.

Luanne watches stoically, sunglasses on her face. She wears a different outfit than she had been in her last scene. Her hair damp as though freshly washed.

Several feet away, Marissa watches with a lit cigarette in her hand. Sascha stands behind her in bewilderment.

Dustin holds Lyndsie as she watches on in disbelief.

In the background, gawkers gather. Many inch closer whilst maintaining a safe distance.

As Rosie makes her way to the central action, Marissa and Sascha both approach her. Marissa gives Rosie a hug, Rosie weakly reciprocates. She shake her head.

Marissa pulls back, puts her hands on Rosie's shoulders, looks into her tearful eyes.

ROSIE  
Wha- what's happening?

MARISSA  
Rosie, it's Alana?

Rosie glares back viciously.

ROSIE  
What did that *bitch* say to you?

Marissa "SHHH's" Rosie, who shakes her head with equal parts anger and confusion.

MARISSA  
Rosie;

ROSIE  
What?

Marissa's eyes begin to tear.

MARISSA  
Alana's dead.

Rosie's jaw drops as she looks in shock. Luanne approaches Rosie.

LUANNE  
These officers need to ask you some questions, Rosie.

Rosie shakes her head. Looks up and away;

A covered gurney is being wheeled out of the sorority house. Blood is soaked through the cover at the neck, as well as upper and lower abdomen.

ROSIE  
But I didn't- I don't know-

The dialogue yields to music; "Evil Girls," Escondido.

As Rosie shakes her head, Luanne backs away, apologetically blows a double kiss, turns and walks off toward the house.

The officers cuff the suddenly catatonic Rosie from behind.

Marissa covers her mouth, attempts to avoid bursting into tears.

Rosie simply stares off as the officers speak to her, presumably reading her rights.

As they do, Marissa sinks to the ground and begins to bawl, inconsolably. Sascha attempts to calm her down.

Lyndsie takes Dustin by the hand, turns away, and leads him into the house.

Pan back to the bawling Marissa, seated on the ground hugging her knees.

Pan to Rosie being placed into a squad car.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

On one couch Lyndsie and Dustin are seated with expressionless faces.

On the chair, Sascha leans to one side, head propped up at the mouth on her arm. She blankly observes those around her.

On another couch, Marissa sits back with her arms folded, nervously tapping her foot. Her makeup is a mess. She snuffles as she stews vengefully.

LYNDSIE

Christ, it's like some kind of  
fucked up Romeo and Juliet from  
hell.

Luanne enters from the kitchen with a large glass, brimming with red wine. She still wears her sunglasses.

SASCHA

But who could have done this?

Though civil at first, Marissa and Luanne's exchange becomes progressively heated.

LUANNE

Probably whomever the evidence,  
which I should add is overwhelming  
points to.

MARISSA

And what overwhelming evidence  
would that be?

LUANNE

Rosie all too giddily strolling out  
of Alana's room. The fact that  
Rosie was the last person seen

exiting *both* of their rooms before the bodies were discovered.

MARISSA

One of which is being ruled a suicide, the other soaked in blood, and Rosie didn't have a single drop on her when she left the room.

LUANNE

Just think about how calculating of a young woman we're talking about.

MARISSA

Which automatically makes her capable of murder?

LUANNE

No, but that temper of hers does. And her calculating nature makes her very capable of cleaning up the mess to save her own skin.

Marissa hops from her seat, aggressively approaches Luanne. Luanne scowls back, standing her ground.

MARISSA

Oh fuck you, you dried up old hag.

Luanne's glare becomes more vengeful as Marissa approaches.

MARISSA (CONT)

You've been living vicariously through her for-

As Marissa reaches arms length, Luanne slaps her across the face.

Stunned, Marissa drops her jaw, holds her face. She prepares to go after Luanne when Lyndsie hops from her seat.

LYNDSIE

*Enough!* If the evidence proves conclusive, *then* we'll have an answer. Until then, you're welcome to your own stance. But right now, being there for one another is more important than being right.

Marissa swiftly turns her attention to Lyndsie.

MARISSA

How dare you question the integrity  
of your sister. You exist because  
she made you.

Marissa motions to Dustin, who passively avoids eye contact.

MARISSA (cont'd)

Now you have your man, and you turn  
your back on everybody else?

Lyndsie throws up her her hands in exasperation.

LYNDSIE

Because that's exactly what- You  
know what, I need to get out of  
here. This just too fucked up. I  
don't know if you need therapy or  
what, but this is not normal.

Lyndsie turns to Dustin.

LYNDSIE (cont'd)

Come on, I can't deal.

Dustin gets to his feet, avoids eye contact with the girls.  
Lyndsie turns and walks away with Dustin in tow.

Marissa watches on with bottled remorse.

MARISSA

Whatever. She'll be fine. We need  
to come with some kind of a plan  
here-

LUANNE

No, Missy, we most certainly do  
not. It's in the hands of the court  
now. I love Rosie like a daughter,  
but the evidence is overwhelming.

Marissa begins to hold back her tears.

MARISSA

It's not evidence, it's hearsay,  
and it's all that these gomers need  
to lock her up for no other reason  
than that they have no idea how  
else to handle it.

LUANNE

You listen to me, this is *not* a  
game. You may be able to mind fuck

frat boys, and even the occasional professor, but if you really think you can play your games with the United States judicial system, you're simply delusional.

Luanne steps right up to Marissa, they two stand face to face.

LUANNE (cont'd)  
Use your better judgment.

Luanne turns and walks away.

LUANNE (cont'd)  
Better yet, use mine.

Marissa unhappily shakes her head as she turns. Sascha, who had been watching on from the couch looks up.

MARISSA  
The way I see it, assuming the killer *is* still on the loose, Rosie can't possibly be guilty.

Sascha's eyes widen in fear.

SASCHA  
There's a killer on the loose?

Marissa turns with a sinister grin.

MARISSA  
Not yet.

Marissa sits down beside Sascha, puts an arm around her shoulder.

MARISSA (CONT)  
Sasch, you're an...acting major...or something, right?

Sascha giddily perks up her head.

SASCHA  
*Drama!*

MARISSA  
Whatever.

The camera focuses in on Marissa's sly grin as the scene ends.

INT. BOYS' DORM SUITE. EVENING.

Dustin and Lyndsie arrive at Dustin's suite. The door is blocked off with yellow tape. A folded up sheet of paper is taped to the door with "Ass Hat" written on it.

Lyndsie turns to him with a sheepish smile.

LYNDSIE

I think it's for you.

With a half hearted chuckle, Dustin takes the paper and opens it.

NOTE: HEY, GUESS WHERE I GET TO GO? HINT: THEY USE GUYS LIKE YOU AS CURRENCY.

Dustin and Lyndsie wistfully look at one another. Dustin carefully folds the note in quarters, slips it into his back pocket.

Dustin tears down the tape, opens the door. Motions for Lyndsie to enter, which she does.

INT. BOYS' DORM SUITE. EVENING.

As the two enter the suite, the ambiance is unsettling. Eerily quiet. A chill comes over Lyndsie as Dustin looks around uncomfortably.

DUSTIN

(Guarded, facetious)

Home. Sweet. Home. Yup.

Lyndsie gives him a hug. He reciprocates weakly.

EXT. OUTSIDE SORORITY HOUSE. EVENING.

From the POV of an upstairs window, the camera slowly zooms toward Sascha. Dressed in a tight fitting t-shirt with the Greek letters "TPD," '70s style gym shorts, and '70s style knee high gym socks, she sits on the porch steps doing work

She looks up at the window, squinting suspiciously. Nobody is there.

She looks up once again. A MASKED ASSAILANT glares down. The Assailant wears in all black, complete with a faceless mask.

Sascha looks up, opens her mouth to gasp. Shakes her head, takes a deep breath, and gets to her feet, backs away in terror.

TIME LAPSE

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS. EVENING.

Breathing heavily, Sascha runs through a wooded area. As she does, she stops to glance behind her.

She stops, takes a breath, and wipes the sweat from her brow. She turns back. Her eyes widen with a sense of urgency.

SASCHA  
(Under her breath)  
*Crap!*

Sascha does a quick set of stretches and makes a run for it.

Several yards away, the Masked Assailant slowly stalks after Sascha.

As Sascha runs, her fear progresses. She looks off in the distance to a sparsely populated courtyard area. She picks up her pace.

As she approaches the courtyard area, she stops, gently sets herself down on the ground, rubs some dirt on her face and body, and adjusts herself to appear as though she's fallen.

Sascha cringes looks up and cringes in terror. As the ambiance peaks.

Sascha's eyes widen, she looks up to see the Masked Assailant bear down upon her. The Assailant tosses up her hands and speaks; it is Marissa and the two speak casually despite their body language suggesting otherwise.

MARISSA (MASKED)  
Sascha, why are you dressed like a  
1970s B-movie?

Sascha defiantly looks up at Marissa.

SASCHA  
Some decisions are best left  
between the actress and her  
character, without micromanaging  
from the director.

Masked Marissa shakes her head in annoyance. Sascha folds her arms defensively.

MARISSA (MASKED)  
*What does that even mean?*



SASCHA

I wouldn't expect you to understand.

Masked Marissa takes a deep breath, places the palm of her hand on her forehead.

MARISSA (MASKED)

Well at least you're right about something. You know what; It's fine. Just...scream, OK?

Sascha nods her head affirmatively.

SASCHA

Oh, right.

Sascha digs into her pocket, pulls out a small vial of eye drops. She saturates each eye, getting her mascara running.

Sascha again takes a deep inhale, closes her eyes tightly, and lets out a blood curdling SCREAM.

MARISSA (MASKED)

Shit! I meant when I was ready!

Masked Marissa looks up toward the crowd. She holds up a large knife as Sascha assumes a "damsel in distress" pose.

The students begin to look around, talk amongst one another.

FEMALE STUDENT

What was that?

MALE STUDENT 1

I don't know.

A second Male Student points toward Sascha and the Assailant, each of whom hold in their previous positions.

Masked Marissa lowers the knife and gently nudges Sascha with her foot.

MARISSA

I seriously hope you're a better killer than a victim.

Masked Marissa runs off into the night as Sascha looks back, shakes her head in offense. She turns back as students from the commons approach her.

MALE STUDENT 1  
What happened?

FEMALE STUDENT  
Are you OK?

Sascha sits upright, hugging her knees close to her chest. She looks up with, wide eyes. Her makeup now running down her face. She shakes her head melodramatically.

SASCHA  
It was him. That was the guy.

She quickly stops to pull a fallen sock back up to her knee, then returns to her state of shock as the scene fades.

INT. JAIL CELL. EVENING.

Inside a women's holding jail cell, several Bikers, gang members, various rough looking women talk and laugh. Each are in their own circle by group (BIKERS, GANG MEMBERS, VARIOUS ROUGH WOMEN, etc.)

With her torn dress Rosie sits uncomfortably hunched over, her eyes red from the tears. She observes her surroundings while avoiding eye contact.

She is suddenly startled at the sound of an Inmate's voice.

INMATE (O.S.)  
Eh!

Rosie looks up in fear. Before her stand two AFRICAN AMERICAN INMATES.

INMATE  
Let me ask you something.

Rosie simply stares back at her, visibly afraid.

INMATE  
How come you let them step sisters  
tear up your dress like that.

The two women have a hearty laugh as Rosie hunches down.

ROSIE  
Please don't hurt me.

The tow look at one another, part offended, part amused.

INMATE 2  
 Man, ain't nobody looking to hurt  
 your little raggedy ass.

INMATE  
 Looking like a little broke ass  
 beauty and the beast. Shit.

INMATE 2  
 Maybe you have the mice and  
 squirrels hook you up with a new  
 dress.

The two walk off laughing as Rosie holds back her tears.

INT. LYNDIE'S ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Dressed in workout wear, Lyndie walks downstairs for a morning run. She puts in a pair of ear buds, begins searching an I Pod. Marissa calls her name from O.S.

MARISSA (O.S.)  
*Lyndie!*

Lyndie removes the buds from her ears and turns to see a "bloodied" Marissa stagger toward her.

Marissa forces a cough. She swishes her tongue and lips, then forces herself to spit. Out of her mouth comes a few splashes of what looks like blood.

Lyndie drops the I Pod, backs off in terror as Marissa clutches her abdomen and staggers on.

MARISSA  
 Lyndie, please. You need to run.  
 Save yourself.

Lyndie screams and b-lines for the door.

As though surprised, Marissa stands upright with no signs of pain.

MARISSA (cont'd)  
 Lyndie, come on! I didn't think  
 you'd actually-

The door SLAMS.

MARISSA (MASKED)  
 Fuck! Really?

Marissa hollers toward the kitchen.

MARISSA

*Sascha!*

SASCHA (O.S.)

*Yeah?*

MARISSA

*Go! Quick!*

Sascha pops up from behind a counter dressed in all black. She quickly puts on the same mask worn earlier by Marissa.

Sascha prances toward the door as Marissa wipes herself off with a paper towel.

EXT. OUTSIDE SORORITY HOUSE. MORNING.

As Lyndsie runs and screams for help, The Masked Sascha pursues her.

SASCHA

*Hey, hold up!*

Lyndsie stops with a quizzical expression at the sound of Sascha's voice.

LYNDSIE

*Sasch?*

Masked Sascha catches up to Lyndsie, makes a weak slash at her with the knife.

LYNDSIE (cont'd)

*OK, what on earth are you trying to pull; or should I say being put up to?*

SASCHA

*Don't worry, we'll explain later.*

Masked Sascha makes another weak slash with the knife. Lyndsie reflexively jumps back.

LYNDSIE

*Are you out of your mind?*

SASCHA

*Do I look like I'm out of my mind?*

Sascha makes another weak slash. It slightly grazes Lyndsie, cutting her shirt. Sascha passively holds up her hands, palms out.

SASCHA (cont'd)  
 Sorry. Sorry. I am so sorry. I  
 think I have wrong knife.

Lyndsie simply stares on in shock and contempt. Sascha makes one more weak slash. Her body language shifts to pleading.

SASCHA (cont'd)  
 Could you *please* just play along?

Lyndsie backs away. She shakes her head slowly, equal parts terrified and perplexed.

Masked Sascha's eyes squint menacingly from behind the mask as she takes an aggressive step forward.

SASCHA (cont'd)  
*Fine!*

Masked Sascha takes a deep inhale, lifts the lower portion of her mask, and let's out a terrified SCREAM. Lyndsie reflexively flinches and covers her ears.

Other students in the area turn their attention as the masked Sascha runs off. Others approach Lyndsie who looks on in befuddlement.

STUDENT  
 What just happened?

Lyndsie folds her arms as she regains her composure.

LYNDSIE  
 I don't know, but I *will* find out.

The Student raises his hand for a high five.

STUDENT  
*Fuck* yeah!

Lyndsie walks past him into the sorority house.

EXT. SASCHA'S ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Cut to Sascha entering her room. She looks up and is immediately startled. Before Sascha can speak or scream, from her own POV, a Masked Intruder slices her across the throat with a single motion.

Sascha gasps and grabs her throat, then looks at her "blood" covered hand in horror. She then throws both hands down at her side with passive aggression.

SASCHA  
Not cool. You know I like this  
shirt.

The Masked Intruder presses up and down on the retractable plastic blade and removes the mask, revealing Marissa, who laughs as she fluffs out her hair.

MARISSA  
Well get over it. You can pay me  
back in about an hour. Western  
commons.

SASCHA  
In broad daylight?

MARISSA  
Isn't that when it all started?

Sascha stops to think.

SASCHA  
Missy, I don't think-

Marissa aggressively stuffs a finger in Sascha's sternum. Sascha looks on passively.

MARISSA  
No. You *don't* think. You smile and  
you go with the flow.

Marissa backs away with a kind demeanor.

MARISSA (CONT)  
It's what you do, and we love you.  
So why change?

Sascha shakes her head.

SASCHA  
How much longer do we have to do  
this?

MARISSA  
'Til we're done.

SASCHA  
Then fine, finish without me.

Marissa stares down Sascha reproachfully. She then softens her stance.

MARISSA

Sasch, look. You know this isn't being done for shits and giggles. And as out there as it is, it's the only way I can think of to help Rosie, who's always been there for me. We know that she didn't do this. We know. Now please, just humor me for the sake of doing so. You know she's do it for you.

SASCHA

Would she really?

Marissa stops to think. She then looks up with a smile.

MARISSA

Probably not. But do you really know of anybody who would do something like this for anybody else?

Sascha rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

SASCHA

Can't you just make the pledges do this?

Marissa throws her hands in the air, then back down with a slap to her thighs.

MARISSA

(Sarcastic)

And why didn't I think of that? Better yet, let's just get the entire uni in on the act.

Sascha smiles and shakes her head with a sigh.

MARISSA (cont'd)

So you'll be there?

Sascha folds her arms with a sigh.

SASCHA

Womb to tomb.

MARISSA

*What?*

Sascha rolls her eyes and smiles.

SASCHA  
I'll see you there.

Marissa blows her a kiss and exits.

Sascha takes a deep breath and enters the attached bathroom.

Focus on the bathroom door from 1st Person POV.

After the sound of a flush and the running of the faucet, Sascha emerges. She is immediately startled, then calms down. Looks on disgustedly.

Back to normal POV. Before her stands a figure with a black cloak and a mask with a pivoting visor. Hanging from the visor is a flap with a head shot of Marcus with eye holes.

Sascha backs away, drops her jaw in fright. Her demeanor shifts to one of disgust as she casually points a finger at the Intruder.

SASCHA (cont'd)  
You don't expect me to wear that,  
do you? I'm all for creativity,  
but-

The figure spins the flap 180 degrees, revealing an eye holed photo of Alana.

SASCHA (CONT'D)  
-That's not any better.

The Figure holds out a knife. Sascha raises her hand palm down, slaps down toward the knife blade;

SASCHA  
And tell me you've got the right  
knife this time. You know I could  
have;

Sascha "SHRIEKS" in pain and horror as she impales her hand on the real knife.

As the Intruder approaches Sascha, she suddenly faints.

EXT. COURTYARD AREA. AFTERNOON.

Marissa sits at an outside table doing some work. She becomes progressively agitated and impatient as she waits. She looks down at her watch.

The three Kappa Girls walk by, mid conversation.



KATIE

It wouldn't surprise me, but even if she didn't, this is what happens when a lifetime of the worst possible karma catches up to you. Somebody up there has been frowning down on her for who knows how long, and he finally had enough, so-

Katie stops talking, looks behind her to see Marissa watching on with a smug smirk.

A brief and very tense pause.

MARISSA

Everything you're saying is very interesting, and very informed. So by all means, do go on.

KATIE

Maybe it's time that you too set aside some one on one time with Jesus Christ. Perhaps there's still time for you to avoid the karma that Rosie brought upon herself.

Marissa speaks sharply as she gathers her belongings, gets to her feet.

MARISSA

And maybe it's time that you read a fucking book. Perhaps you'll learn that Karma and Christianity go together like peanut butter and ketchup, you ignorant cow.

Katie drops her jaw, folds her arms as she looks back and forth between the other two Kappa Girls.

Marissa walks holding up her middle finger as she walks off.

INT. MARISSA'S ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

Marissa unzips her sweatshirt, tosses it on the bed and walks to a drawer. She opens it, pulls out the mask and cloak, stuffs them in a duffel.

She takes a look in the mirror, touches up her makeup. She the. Turns and walks to the door.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY. EARLY EVENING.

As Marissa exits her room, from Sascha's room emerges the masked intruder. The two approach one another cautiously.

Marissa squints and furrows her brow as she takes a moment to size up the intruder.

Marissa backs away, folds her arms with a glare.

MARISSA

You get an E for effort. And a C  
for creepy.

Marissa flicks the intruder on the forehead.

MARISSA (cont'd)

I'm still pissed at you.

Marissa walks off, down the stairs. She puts a cigarette in her mouth, walks downstairs.

INT. JAIL CELL. AFTERNOON.

Rosie is on the same bench as before. Her head is back, eyes closed. She jumps at the sound of a VOICE.

VOICE

Beaumont.

Rosie hops from her seat, approaches the cell door.

GUARD

You're out of here.

ROSIE

Oh my God, for a moment there, I  
thought-

GUARD

Do *not* approach the door until told  
to do so!

Rosie freezes in her tracks.

"BUZZ!" "KLINK, CLANK!" The guard immediately proceeds.

GUARD (cont'd)

Now you may approach the door.

Rosie rushes for the door as the guard pulls it open.

ROSIE

Totally sorry. In case you couldn't tell, this is my first-

GUARD

Well I hope you enjoyed your stay. You can pick up your personal effects and arrange transportation if need be.

INMATE

Eh, Cinderella.

As the Guard turns away, Rosie stops and turns to see Inmate and Inmate 2, arms folded menacingly.

INMATE (cont'd)

You remember that little trick we taught you, aight.

Inmate quickly flashes a half smile, revealing a razor blade clenched between her teeth.

Rosie smiles as she backs toward the cell door.

ROSIE

Sure, I'll keep in mind. I doubt I'll need it though.

INMATE 2

Well you never know. Them trife' ass stepsisters of yours sound like all different kinds of crazy.

ROSIE

I think I can handle them.

Rosie gives them a friendly wave.

ROSIE (cont'd)

*Bye.*

Rosie exits the cell. "CLANK, KLINK!"

INMATE 2

Man, I'm gonna miss her.

INMATE

Shut yo' fool ass up. She ain't nothing but trouble her damn self.

INMATE 2  
What? She's cool.

INMATE  
Aight. You go knocking on her door  
when we out of here. Then you tell  
me how cool she is.

EXT. OUTSIDE KAPPA HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Kappa House is of similar architecture to Theta House. The Letters are not as large as Theta's. There is a large crucifix under the letters.

Outside the house, Marissa in the Masked Assailant costume steps into frame and looks on.

After a pause, Masked Marissa approaches the door. She gently jiggle the nob; the door opens. She enters the house.

After several moments, she exits. She looks around and removes the mask. She then slips off the cloak and stuffs it all into the bag, which she zips up.

Marissa quickly walks down the porch steps. She looks up to see Kappa Girls 2 & 3 approach. They look up suspiciously.

KAPPA GIRL 2  
Why are you here.

Marissa takes a moment to regain composure, then looks up with a smile.

MARISSA  
Well, I was hoping to find-

KAPPA GIRL 2  
Katie?

MARISSA  
Katie?

KAPPA GIRL 2  
Yeah. You really upset her, you know.

Marissa holds back a chuckle.

KAPPA GIRL 3  
Last I check she went looking for you.

MARISSA  
Why was she looking for me?

KAPPA GIRL 2  
She felt she owed you an apology.

MARISSA  
She owed me- Did you not just say  
that she was the one who was ticked  
off?

KAPPA GIRL 3  
Not in so many words, but then  
again, we wouldn't expect you to  
understand.

Marissa starts off with sincerity.

MARISSA  
It's not that I don't understand,  
She then flashes a smug smirk as she begins to walk away.

MARISSA (cont'd)  
it's just that I don't give a shit.

Marissa holds out both arms, parting the Kappa Girls. She  
then proceeds to walk away.

MARISSA (cont'd)  
Weirdos.

The Kappa Girls look at one another, sigh, and shake their  
heads as they walk up to the house.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY. EARLY EVENING.

Lyndsie and Dustin enter the sorority house from the living  
room. They stop in the center of the room, Lyndsie faces  
Dustin. Dustin nods as she speaks.

LYNDSIE  
Ok, you wait here. I just want to  
get to the bottom of whatever it is  
that those two are up to. We're not  
here for a confrontation.

After a hug and a kiss, Lyndsie heads toward the stairs. As  
she reaches, though, Dustin's voice stops her.

DUSTIN  
Babe.

Lyndsie turns with a warm smile.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
You just be careful.

Dustin proceeds with heightened self importance. Lyndsie walks toward him.

DUSTIN (CONT)  
Desperation can make even the most unlikely of criminals more dangerous than any weapon. And I don't want anything to happen to you.

Lyndsie takes Dustin by the hands, timidly bats her eyes.

LYNDSIE  
*Dustin, that is so sweet.*

Lyndsie leans in, gives Dustin a peck on the cheek. Her tone and demeanor become stern.

LYNDSIE (CONT)  
But these are my friends we're talking about, *not* criminals.

Lyndsie turns and walks down the hall as Dustin stands by and watches. Lyndsie turns back in matter of fact fashion.

LYNDSIE  
Sociopaths, perhaps. Criminals, no.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY. EARLY EVENING.

Lyndsie and Dustin both turn and walk down the hall in opposite directions.

Lyndsie approaches Marissa's door. She prepares to knock, but instead, thrusts open the unlocked door.

INT. MARISSA'S ROOM. EVENING.

LYNDSIE  
Would you mind telling me just what the fuck you're up to?

Lyndsie looks around the room.

LYNDSIE (CONT'D)  
Missy, come on. You at least owe me-

Lyndsie peers into the open bathroom, is immediately stunned by what she sees.

INT. BATHROOM. EVENING.

Zoom in, revealing Katie's (Kappa Girl One) dead body in Marissa's bathtub. Her throat shows signs of having been violently strangled.

INT. HALL/OUTSIDE MARISSA'S ROOM. PM.

Lyndsie exits the room in a panic. As she exits, Dustin sprints up the stairs. He too is more of a panic than Lyndsie. The two speak on unison.

LYNDSIE

She's dead!

DUSTIN

She's after me!

Dustin rushes the unprepared Lyndsie, hugs her; and hides behind her. Lyndsie regains some composure, turns in a 360 degree circle, faces Dustin

DUSTIN

What? Who?

Dustin snaps his fingers as he tries to think. He points a steady finger toward the stairwell.

DUSTIN

Her!

Lyndsie Gasps in shock, she and Dustin huddle together as they back away.

Marissa walks up the stairs at a normal pace, but sharp focus.

Lyndsie backs away, points a warning finger

LYNDSIE

Back off! What on earth have you done?

MARISSA

Calm down. Calm down. Calm the fuck down. Nobody killed anybody. Nobody's going to die. It was me and-

SASCHA (O.S.)

You, guys, it's-

Sascha's panicked voice startles Marissa, who turns, inadvertently flailing the knife as she does.

MARISSA

Yeah, they know about-

Lyndsie and Dustin's faces go pale. Marissa's does after a moment.

Begins Marissa stands Sascha with a dazed look on her face.

MARISSA (cont'd)

Oh my God, Sascha?!

SASCHA

I'm Ok.

Marissa, Lyndsie, and Dustin slowly nod their heads in unison.

Pan out, revealing the knife Marissa holds is in Sascha's stomach.

Sascha takes a breath, flashes a bubbly, blood soaked smile, and giggles. Her body goes limp, dead. Marissa catches her and lowers her gently to the ground, dropping to one knee as she does.

Marissa look up at Lyndsie, who covers her mouth with one hand as Dustin holds her.

TIME LAPSE

Marissa, Lyndsie, and Dustin are talking in the upstairs seating area. Marissa's makeup is smeared from her tears. Lyndsie appears more angry than sad.

LYNDSIE

You can't deny that it makes perfect sense. I mean the past few weeks have been pretty rough on her, wouldn't you say.

MARISSA

Have you forgotten where she's been for the past three days?

LYNDSIE

And you know this how?

MARISSA

Because I was standing there as she was taken away in handcuffs, just like you were-



Lyndsie opens her mouth and gestures as though ready to make a point, Marissa cuts her off.

MARISSA (cont'd)  
 And don't give me the whole  
 (Mocking )  
 well we saw her taken away, but do  
 we know for fact that she's-  
 (Normal tone)  
 Just stop. I can assure you that  
 she would have let us know of  
 otherwise.

Dustin suddenly looks up, pipes in.

DUSTIN  
 Yeah, and what about you.

MARISSA  
 (Threatening)  
 Sorry?

Dustin gets to his feet, hands on his hips.

DUSTIN  
 What about you? Aren't you the one  
 who was sworn to clear Rosie's  
 name? And at all costs?

LYNDSIE  
 Dustin, stop.

DUSTIN  
 No. Do we just take your word that  
 your fictitious killer is as  
 fictitious as you say?

Marissa springs to her feet, gets in Dustin's face.

MARISSA  
 Ok, you want to play amateur *dick*,  
 lest we forget that you were the  
 one condemning your so called  
 friend. Then he turns up dead, and  
 you can't praise him enough.

DUSTIN  
 Oh, fuck you, you little-

In the background, the intruder emerges from Luanne's room  
 in full costume, knife in hand.

Lyndsie springs between the two, spreads her arms, keeping them apart, with Dustin backing toward the guard rail, Marissa standing her ground.

The Intruder quickly darts back into Luanne's room. Dustin catches a quick glimpse of the intruder, points off at her.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

Hey!

Lyndsie and Marissa turn sharply and hostilely.

LYNDSIE/MARISSA

WHAT?!

Caught off guard, Dustin stumbles back and over the railing, landing with a thud. Lyndsie and Marissa look at one another in horror.

Together, they slowly approach the guard rail,, look over and down. Marissa backs away in fear. Lyndsie covers her mouth in disbelief, turns away. Her eyes suddenly widen.

Luanne slowly exits her room, now in her yoga gear. She gently covers her mouth with one hand.

LUANNE

Oh my.

Marissa turns swiftly with a gasp. Luanne slowly holds up her hands as she approaches passively.

Lyndsie backs away in fear. She points an unsteady finger at Luanne.

LYNDSIE

It was all you, wasn't it? But why?

LUANNE

Does it really matter at this point?

Lyndsie takes a deep breath, slowly shakes her head.

Luanne in turn shakes her head with a kindly smile.

LUANNE (cont'd)

No.

TIME LAPSE

INT. SORORITY HOUSE LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Fade in; Luanne acts as a Voice Over, revealing what she has done up until this point.

Luanne enters Marcus' room. Marcus is visibly distraught. Luanne attempts to cheer him up. She gives him a shoulder rub. She pulls out a martini mixer, pours him a drink and leaves the room.

LUANNE (V.O.)

I paid Mr. Marcus Wiley a little visit. If for no other reason than to combat my own personal demons, I took it upon myself to ensure that he did not get away with what he had done to that poor, sweet girl. He seemed a bit high strung, So I fixed him a little drink to help take the edge off. Permanently.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY. DAY.

Luanne holds back her emotion as she listens to the recording on Rosie's phone.

LUANNE (V.O.) (CONT)

But then when I discovered that poor, sweet boy was in fact innocent of any wrong doing, and that... girl was just another conniving little wretch like the rest of them; well then I found myself confronted by a whole new hoard of hellions.

INT. ALANA'S ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

Holding her head as through in a daze, Alana answers her door and smiles. Luanne stands at the doorway with a friendly smile, a glass of wine in her hand. Alana invites her in.

Luanne walks to the bed, setting her wine glass down on a desk. She sits down on the bed and pats the seat next to her. Alana sits down.

TIME LAPSE

Luanne has her arm around Alana as Alana confides in a remorseful, confessional manner.

LUANNE (CONT'D)

So I did the only thing a proper southern lady could do. I decided to have a little girl to girl talk with her. She told me everything. Seemed legitimately remorseful. over what she had done.

Luanne gets to her feet, speaks sternly as Alana nods her head and listens intently.

LUANNE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

My intention was to give her the tongue lashing of a lifetime, nothing more.

Alana gets to her feet, shrugs with her hands behind her back, and innocently bats her eyes.

LUANNE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(Fondly)

But there she stood, batting those sad little puppy dog eyes of hers;

Luanne grabs Alana by the hair, picks up the wine glass shatters it on the desk. Alana watches in terror.

Luanne plunges the jagged glass into Alana's jugular, spraying Luanne with blood. Alana grabs her throat, sinks to the ground. Alana gasps, kicks, and flails on the ground as she bleeds out.

TIME LAPSE

LUANNE (CONT)

(Angrily)

And as God is my witness, something inside of me just snapped. Next thing I knew, I was shredding little witch like some down home, pulled pork.

Luanne continues slashing away at Alana's already dead body. She looks up in terror over what she has done.

TIME LAPSE

In the same setting, Luanne tearfully prays on her knees. She gets up, scowls, and kicks Alana in the ribs. She pulls out Rosie's phone, clicks the "delete" key.

LUANNE (CONT) (cont'd)  
 I can assure you that I had every  
 intention of confessing and facing  
 the music for my atrocious actions.  
 Or I at least took it into serious  
 consideration.

INT. MARISSA'S ROOM. EVENING.

Both in costume, sans masks, Marissa instructs Sascha, who  
 eagerly listens on. Both put on their black, felt masks.

Luanne stands outside the doorway, shaking her head.

LUANNE (CONT'D)  
 But seeing as one arrogant, would  
 be mastermind and her dim witted  
 lackey were all too eager to take  
 the fall for me, I couldn't very  
 well let a pair of perfectly good  
 goats go to waste;

INT. BALCONY/UPPER HALL. EARLY EVENING.

The scene fades back to the present as Luanne casually  
 finishes her story, glass of red wine in hand while Lyndsie  
 props Sascha's body against the balcony rail.

LUANNE  
*But, as expected, they got a bit  
 too cocky and way to sloppy. So I  
 admittedly became somewhat anxious.*

RETURN TO FLASHBACK

INT. SORORITY HOUSE LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Wearing the black cloak, mask atop her head Luanne enters  
 the living room with a glass of red wine to a booming  
 "KNOCK, KNOCK." She hurriedly answers the door.

LUANNE (V.O.)  
 Yet opportunity kept on knocking on  
 my door.

Luanne answers the door. On the other side is Katie, a smile  
 on her face and a Ray of light shining upon her.

She back away as Luanne answers anxiously. Luanne insists  
 that she come in, arm around her, she leads her in.

The "Ray of light" stays behind, revealing it as a security  
 lamp. Luanne shuts the door.

Katie looks around. Luanne quickly begins to strangle her with her own crucifix chain.

LUANNE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
It was like a gift from god, and just what I needed to pull it all together.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY. EARLY EVENING.

Return to the present as Luanne motions to Lyndsie, who adjusts Sascha's body, her back against the wall. Her body slumps over.

Marissa watches on from the seating area with equal parts seething and sorrow.

LUANNE (CONT'D)  
Then along came the two of you, throwing a well meaning though misguided wrench in the gears. And here we are.

LYNDSIE  
(nonchalantly)  
My bad.

LUANNE  
But as luck should have it, fate flashed me another wink and a smile in the form of a little phone call. Long story short, The answer to our problems should be walking through that door any moment now.

Marissa gets to her feet with concern.

MARISSA  
Rosie?!

LUANNE  
That's right.

Luanne turns sharply and points a threatening finger at Marissa.

LUANNE (cont'd)  
And I would advise you not to mess it up this time around. Either of you. Do I make myself perfectly clear?

Marissa plops down in her seat.

LYNDSIE  
Crystal Pepsi.

LUANNE  
Good. Lest we forget, she dug this  
grave for herself. There's no  
reason why any of us should have to  
lie in it. Any questions?

Lyndsie finishes propping Sascha's body up against the  
balcony guardrail. She gets to her feet and observes.

LYNDSIE  
So how's she look?

Sascha's body slumps over.

LUANNE  
(Casually)  
Dead.

Luanne downs the wine, places the glass on a table, on which  
the knife sits. She picks up the knife as Lyndsie focuses  
out the window.

LUANNE (CONT'D)  
Which leaves us with but a few  
minor matters which to attend.

Lyndsie rises to her feet, motions toward the window.

LYNDSIE  
And here comes one.

As Luanne and Lyndsie look out the window, Marissa subtly  
gets to her feet, pulls out her knife, keeping a close eye  
on both.

EXT. OUTSIDE SORORITY HOUSE. EVENING.

From birds eye view, a disheveled Rosie walks toward the  
sorority house, looking around as she does. She looks up  
with a calm gaze and a quiet breath as she prepares to  
enter.

INT. UPSTAIRS/BALCONY. EVENING.

Lyndsie watches on from the balcony, Luanne backs up just  
behind her.

LUANNE  
And there goes another.

MARISSA

*Lindz!*

As Marissa watches in shock, Luanne quickly grabs Lyndsie from behind, slices her clear across the throat.

As the blood streams, Lyndsie clutches her throat, gasps for air. With a single push with her foot, Luanne sends Lyndsie over the guard rail; with a thud, she lands right beside Dustin, dead.

Luanne immediately turns, only to be charged by Marissa, wielding her knife. The two struggle, each multiple stab and slashes toward the other.

As the struggle intensifies, Rosie enters the door. Her face immediately goes pale as she takes note of the carnage, and then the struggle above.

Rosie makes an instinctive move for the door, but stops herself and turns back to the struggle.

Marissa elbows Luanne in the sternum, mule kicks her and rushes to the guard rail. She drops to her knees, gripping the bars.

MARISSA (cont'd)

Rosie, please, get out-

Rosie watches helplessly as Luanne quickly stabs Marissa in the back several times.

Marissa "GROANS" and grimaces in agony, her eyes bulge open.

Frozen in her tracks, Rosie shakes her head in despair and disbelief.

Eyes agape, almost apologetic, Marissa keels over on her side.

Luanne, turns to Rosie with a skittish smile. She quickly composes herself, proceeds in dramatic fashion.

LUANNE

Oh, thank heavens, if you hadn't gotten here when you did, I would have been done for.

Rosie looks on cautiously as Luanne makes her way down the stairs. Her demeanor shifts to matter-of-fact.



LUANNE (cont'd)

Now for what it's worth, I never doubted you, not for a single minute; even as these little hell beasts were ready to condemn you for their own vile actions.

Rosie apprehensively nods her head looks back and forth between Luanne and the door behind her.

LUANNE (cont'd)

But what's important now is that you and I come up with a story and we stick to it like-

Rosie takes a deep breath as she looks up at Marissa, who stirs in pain.

ROSIE

Ok. Please. Just stop right there.

Luanne stops as Rosie holds up her hands and walks toward her.

ROSIE (cont'd)

That's fine. I'll do or say what you tell me. But please, can we get her some help?

Luanne looks up at Marissa, who slowly stirs.

LUANNE

Oh, her? Why bother? She did it to herself.

ROSIE

No, I'm not going to let her die. You can't either. Hasn't their been enough of that?

Luanne looks down remorsefully as Rosie nods her head, carefully makes her way to the staircase.

LUANNE

I do suppose that if it can be avoided, there's no sense in any further bloodshed-

Luanne gently clutches the knife in her hand. Rosie inches away and toward the staircase. Luanne quickly springs toward Rosie.

LUANNE

-maybe just a little bit more-

Rosie runs for the stairs with a "SHRIEK." Luanne gives chase. She is startled by a "BAM," as is Rosie.

The door flies open, Kyler enters in a huff. He points an vicious finger at Rosie, who scurries up the steps.

KYLER

You!

As he takes note of the carnage, Kyler's tone drops.

KYLER (cont'd)

Would you believe I always expected something along these lines to happen here?

Luanne abruptly rushes to Kyler, who reflexively backs away. Luanne returns to her dramatically woeful tone.

LUANNE

Oh, thank heavens you're here-

Luanne points up at Rosie.

LUANNE (cont'd)

She killed them all. And she's by no means near through!

From above, Rosie gawks in disbelief. Luanne flashes her a sly and subtle smirk. Rosie shakes her head with a disdainful glare.

ROSIE

Oh, you fucking suck!

Luanne stops to think.

LUANNE

Only you and I can stop this-

Luanne pauses to think, points a quizzical finger at Kyler.

KYLER

Walter.

LUANNE

Walter.

Kyler shrugs and nods.

KYLER  
I'll call the cops right away.

Kyler pulls out his cellphone.

With a wild look in her eyes, Luanne steps toward Kyler, hands up and out.

LUANNE  
No!

KYLER  
No?

LUANNE  
No. We'll be dead before you hear  
the dial tone.

CLOSE UP OF KYLER'S PHONE SCREEN REVEALS A DEAD BATTERY.

KYLER  
Dial tone? Hell's a dial tone?

Kyler stuffs his phone in his back pocket.

LUANNE  
It's- not important right now. What  
is important is that we put an end  
to this bloodshed.

KYLER  
By shedding more blood?

Luanne stops, purses her lips. She takes a deep breath.

LUANNE  
I wish there were some other way.

Kyler looks on suspiciously. He then shrugs.

KYLER  
Alright. You want to hold or stab?

From above, Rosie watches on fear and disbelief.

LUANNE  
Sorry?

KYLER  
One of us hold her, the other cut  
her up, nice and neat, like bitch  
sushi.

Kyler looks up at Rosie, who looks down in distress.

Luanne's face lights up. She snaps and points.

LUANNE

Yes!

KYLER

No!

LUANNE

No?

KYLER

No. No. If we want to make it look like we were defending ourselves from a freak a rampage, then we should probably make it sloppy.

Rosie looks down in disbelief. Kyler glares back, then winks. Rosie catches wise, feigns fear.

KYLER (cont'd)

Real sloppy.

Kyler walks toward the stair case. Luanne stands by cautiously. Kyler turns to Luanne.

KYLER (cont'd)

You coming?

Luanne begins to follow. As Kyler gets to the bottom of the stairs, he stops, motions up.

KYLER (cont'd)

Ladies first. I insist.

Luanne makes her way up the stairs, followed by Kyler.

As they reach the top, Luanne stops. She turns to Kyler.

LUANNE

I'm sorry, what did you say your name was again?

KYLER

(Snidely)

Boomer.

Luanne looks to him with a sincere smile.

LUANNE

Boomer-

Kyler looks up as Luanne's sincere smile quickly morphs to a condescending scowl.

LUANNE (cont'd)  
 I may look young, but I can assure  
 you that I was *not* born yesterday.

Luanne gives Kyler a swift kick to the groin. He doubles over, grabbing the banister. Luanne shoves him back, sending him tumbling down the stairs to the bottom, where he lays unconscious.

Rosie makes a break for her room. Luanne gives chase. She is tripped up, looks back to see Marissa weakly grabbing her foot.

Rosie reaches her door, frantically attempts to open it; it's locked.

With a scowl, Luanne kicks Marissa in the head with her free heel. Marissa releases, Luanne gives her a second kick.

Luanne grabs Marissa by the hair, holds the knife to her throat. Marissa closes her eyes and winces as Luanne prepares to cut. Luanne stops herself, looks up at Rosie with a sly smile.

LUANNE (cont'd)  
 Oh Rosie;

Rosie turns away from her door, looks back helplessly as Luanne has the barely coherent Marissa by the hair, knife to her throat.

LUANNE  
 Is your- offer still on the table.

Rosie stops for a moment. She looks down in despair, then looks up. She holds up her hands, slowly and cautiously walks back toward the complacent Luanne.

ROSIE  
 Ok. Just come up with the story,  
 I'll stick with it.

LUANNE  
 Well there's a problem with that  
 plan. You see, the thing about this  
 story is-

Rosie stops within a few feet of Luanne, who releases Marissa and begins to approach Rosie.

LUANNE (cont'd)  
 you die at the end-

Luanne springs toward Rosie who falls to the ground, backward, in her attempt to back away.

Luanne drops to one knee, knife ready to plunge into Rosie's chest. Rosie quickly pulls a razor blade from her mouth. Luanne stops in confusion.

LUANNE (cont'd)  
The hell is that?

ROSIE  
Creative control!

Rosie slashes the unprepared Luanne back and forth several times across the throat.

Luanne gasps for air as she grabs her throat as streams of blood begin to flow through several small gashes.

Rosie watches on with equal parts caution and remorse as Luanne "GURGLES," her eyes roll back in her head and she keels back, dead.

After a moment, Rosie carefully sidesteps Luanne's body. She drops to her knees beside Marissa. She grabs her hand with a gentle squeeze.

ROSIE (cont'd)  
Hey.

Marissa's eyes slowly flutter open.

MARISSA  
As long as your assuming creative control, can I *not* die in your arms?

Marissa looks up with a weak smile. Rosie smiles back, which quickly fades upon the realization that Marissa's gaze is a lifeless one.

Rosie gives Marissa a jostle.

ROSIE  
Marissa?

Rosie cradles Marissa's body, palms her eyes closed. Rosie begins to weep openly, is interrupted by a sudden jolt, she looks up, eyes pop open.

Behind her stands Kyler, his hand planted on her shoulder. He gives it a pat.

KYLER

Try not to confused with a shoulder  
to cry on, but when they come  
calling, I've got your back. Can I  
trust that you'll do the same?

Rosie nods her head solemnly.

KYLER (cont'd)

Good.

Kyler turns and begins to walk away. Rosie takes a deep  
breath and looks down.

ROSIE

This was all my fault, wasn't it?

Kyler stops, looks on and furrows his brow.

KYLER

Not really. But if you want to  
believe that being a bitch makes  
you accountable for a bunch of  
seemingly rational adults resorting  
to over the top criminal insanity,  
then who am I to tell you what to  
think?

Kyler immediately walks off and down the stairs. Rosie looks  
up thoughtfully as the scene fades into a voiced over  
sequence of shots

Sascha; always smiling

1. Walking to the party, pouting with folded arms.
2. Enjoying herself and those around her at the party.
3. The Living Room, "get the door."

LYNDSIE

1. Walking to the party.
2. At the party, on the couch with Dustin.
3. Defending herself as Rosie hits her with the throw  
pillow.

ROSIE (V.O.)

So yeah, that's what happened. That  
was the last I saw of Kyler. And  
good riddance. Packed up that night

and crawled back to the redneck hole he came from. Probably driving a truck or something involving banging things together. I had a lot of funerals that week, each complete with dirty looks from anyone's who recognized me. It's been three years now, and I'm still waiting for some dick head to pop out with a video camera telling me I've been pranked, or whatever. We did put our sleepy little college on the map though. So I guess there's that. Folks come for miles to see Theta house. They tell me it's a regular zoo around Halloween. I haven't been back myself. I really don't get out much. I'm not some freaky shut in or anything. But if there's one thing I took from all of this, it's that there is such a thing as bad attention. Did I get what I deserved? It depends on how you look at it. I didn't get shot, or stabbed, or fried. No. I got to watch as my three best friends; my three only friends

As Rosie fights off the tears, her pitch becomes progressively heightened.

Marissa's S.O.S. closes out the V.O./film

1. Her first appearance, outside the party.
2. Laughing in the living room.
3. Pulling Rosie onto the swing seat.

ROSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 were hauled off in the back of a truck so they can be filed away in the drawers of some great, big ice box-

She stops To cry, sniffles, then recovers. She progressively begins to tear up again, finally bursting into tears as the voice over ends.

ROSIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Sorry. I'm Ok. I miss them a lot, but I'm ok. I am-



(Tearful, scarcely audible)  
Ok, no, I'm not; I'm not OK. I'm  
really not; I'm not...

BLACK