

Southern Belle

By

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EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Afternoon. The sun struggles to break through.

A Honda zips down the desolate road.

INT. HONDA - MOVING - DAY

Messy, cramped. An early-2000s pop SONG plays on the radio.

VIVIEN TRACY, 33, elegant yet headstrong, sits behind the wheel. Her husband JAMIE, 28, scrawny introvert, slouches over in the passenger's seat.

Vivien's cell phone lies in the cupholder. A flamboyant flyer hangs out of her purse: Welcome back, Class of 2006!

Gazing out the window, Vivien admires all of the local farmland.

VIVIEN

It's gorgeous.

Jamie glances at the fields, unimpressed.

JAMIE

Looks the same.

Vivien grabs her phone and checks the GPS. Ten miles from their destination.

JAMIE

You know you don't have to do this.

Vivien looks at him, a little confused.

VIVIEN

What do you mean?

Jamie shifts in his seat.

JAMIE

Coming here. It's not your reunion.

She rests her hand on his leg.

VIVIEN

Babe, I want to.

JAMIE

Naw, I'm serious. Let's just go to Florida or something. Fuck all this.

VIVIEN

Jamie.

JAMIE

What? It's a better idea, don't you think?

VIVIEN

What would we tell everybody?  
Sarah, Casey.

JAMIE

Invite them to go with us! It'll be like Daytona.

VIVIEN

No, it's too late.

JAMIE

Seriously, you'd pick Whigham over Daytona?

VIVIEN

Not when you put it like that.

JAMIE

I'm telling you, you're gonna be bored as fuck. This town's nothing.

VIVIEN

It's where you grew up!

JAMIE

Sadly.

Like an excited tourist, Vivien points toward a herd of cattle grazing in a wide field.

VIVIEN

Look at it! It's so pastoral.

JAMIE

"Pastoral?"

VIVIEN

Peaceful.

Grinning, Jamie points her toward a dilapidated shack.

JAMIE

Yeah, that's some "pastoral" shit right there.

Vivien gives him a soft punch.

VIVIEN

Jerk.

JAMIE

Look, it's a waste, I'm telling you.

VIVIEN

No, it's not.

JAMIE

Trust me.

VIVIEN

You're not even giving it a chance.

JAMIE

Why would I?

VIVIEN

Well. I think it'll be good for us.

Jamie groans as she squeezes his arm.

VIVIEN

It's a change of pace, something different.

JAMIE

Yeah. A change of pace, alright.

VIVIEN

Besides, I'm a little curious.

JAMIE

About what?

VIVIEN

Maybe I want to know more about my mysterious husband.

JAMIE

I'm right here.

VIVIEN

Like your past past. Like what you were like in high school.

JAMIE

God, who'd wanna know that?

VIVIEN

I do!

JAMIE

That shit should stay buried.

VIVIEN

Oh my God. Whatever.

JAMIE

I don't wanna remember. Not like all these other losers that'll be roaming the place.

VIVIEN

Well, let me find out.

JAMIE

There's nothing to know.

VIVIEN

The only time I ever heard anything was from your mom.

JAMIE

Stick with that version.

Vivien wraps her arm around Jamie.

VIVIEN

This is going to be fun. It'll be like solving a mystery.

JAMIE

Yikes.

VIVIEN

The enigmatic Jamie Tracy.

JAMIE

"Enigmatic?"

VIVIEN

Strange, elusive. Like a riddle.

JAMIE

You make me sound like a magician.

VIVIEN

And you sound like you've got something to hide.

A flamboyant DJ chats over a TRACK's final seconds.

DJ (V.O.)  
That one's going out to Marion  
who's in town for the reunion this  
weekend.

VIVIEN  
Like another wife.

JAMIE  
Damn, you got me.

Vivien laughs.

VIVIEN  
Keep those skeletons in the closet.

DJ (V.O.)  
Here's another hot one for you,  
class of two-thousand-and-six.  
Straight out of the MySpace vaults.

Another annoying mid-aughts SONG comes on.

Vivien smiles, recognizing the catchy tune instantly.

VIVIEN  
Oh my God!

She turns up the radio. Jamie groans.

JAMIE  
Back from the dead.

VIVIEN  
I love it!

Jamie watches her groove to the beat, amused.

JAMIE  
This is gonna be a long trip.

VIVIEN  
Whatever. You know you like it.

JAMIE  
Lies.

Belting the awful lyrics, Vivien grabs Jamie's hand,  
serenading him.

Jamie fakes a cringe.

JAMIE

Aw, boy.

Vivien smiles and hits his shoulder.

VIVIEN

Come on, sing it with me.

JAMIE

Naw, I can't compete with that.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Vivien's Honda cruises past a thick forest.

Like a morbid statue, Louise stands near a cluster of dying trees, watching the car drive out of sight.

EXT. CASEY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Trimmed hedges surround a large country home. Decorated walkway. Brick mailbox. Picture perfect.

A squad car and flawless sports car sit out front.

Vivien's Honda parks further away.

Vivien opens the door and steps out.

SARAH THORNTON, 28, beleaguered former beauty queen, rushes up.

SARAH

Hey, you made it!

She greets Vivien with a hug.

VIVIEN

I know. It's been forever.

SARAH

Too long, girl.

Holding Vivien's purse, Jamie exits the Honda.

CASEY, 28, washed-up alpha dog, Sarah's husband, walks toward him, a mischievous smirk on his face. He wears his police uniform with pride.

CASEY  
Nice purse, "Janie."

SARAH  
Really, Casey?

Jamie plays it off. He hands the purse back to Vivien.

JAMIE  
Thanks, man.

Vivien gives him the keys.

CASEY  
It's about time you came outta the closet.

Jamie and Casey exchange a bromantic handshake.

Sarah looks over at Vivien.

SARAH  
How'd you train him to do that?

VIVIEN  
A lot of practice.

CASEY  
Looks like you made him your little bitch to me.

JAMIE  
Come on, now.

CASEY  
Just saying.

SARAH  
All that psychology.

CASEY  
That's her forte, right?

Vivien notices the impressive house.

VIVIEN  
Wow.

Jamie leads Casey to the trunk. Casey flashes Vivien a smug grin.

CASEY  
You like it?

VIVIEN  
It's nice.

SARAH  
(to Casey)  
Don't take too much credit for it.

She leans in toward Vivien.

SARAH  
His dad forked over the down  
payment.

Jamie opens the trunk.

CASEY  
Hey, it wasn't that much!

Sarah rolls her eyes, prompting a chuckle from Vivien.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A flat screen plays a muted slasher MOVIE.

An auxiliary cord connects Casey's phone to a gigantic  
speaker, blasting mid-2000s rock TUNES.

Longnecks and empty cans populate the long coffee table. A  
small trash bin sits next to the table.

Vivien and Jamie occupy a couch, Sarah on the other.

VIVIEN  
I've been planning it for awhile.

SARAH  
That's awesome!

VIVIEN  
Yeah, we'll see.

SARAH  
You should totally do it. That'd be  
great.

VIVIEN  
I know. It's been my dream.

JAMIE  
Hey, I'm banking on it too.

Sarah laughs as Vivien hits him.

JAMIE  
I've gotten used to the luxuries of  
being a doctor's husband.

SARAH  
Your sugar mama.

VIVIEN  
Gross.

CASEY (O.S.)  
Sugar mama?

Wearing a sloppy bathrobe, Casey enters.

SARAH  
It's about time.

CASEY  
(to Jamie)  
I always knew you'd make a good  
housewife.

Vivien rubs Jamie's leg.

VIVIEN  
The cub to my cougar.

Casey plops down next to Sarah.

JAMIE  
Thanks, "sugar mama."

SARAH  
Aww.

CASEY  
Surprise, surprise.

Casey tosses a Ziploc bag to the table. Marijuana city.

Jamie grabs it, excited.

JAMIE  
Holy shit!

SARAH  
Where the Hell'd you get that?

VIVIEN  
Wow.

CASEY  
Perks of the job. Relax.

Sarah punches his chest.

CASEY  
Ow! Damn, Sarah.

SARAH  
Boy, are you crazy? You can't be  
doing shit like that!

Casey pulls out the coffee table's drawer. An exquisite  
glass pipe lurks inside.

CASEY  
So what? Who cares?

SARAH  
I do!

VIVIEN  
Yeah, not the smartest idea.

CASEY  
Y'all, no one's gonna miss it,  
alright. This shit was gathering  
dust.

JAMIE  
Good point.

Casey packs the bowl.

CASEY  
You think I'd be dumb enough to get  
caught?

SARAH  
Uh, yeah.

JAMIE  
I mean there's nothing wrong with  
it.

CASEY  
There. You see.

JAMIE  
Just as long as you share.

Casey offers his fist.

CASEY  
My man!

Jamie completes the fistbump.

SARAH  
Idiots.

CASEY  
Baby, I was super careful, I  
promise.

He puts the pipe to his lips.

SARAH  
That don't mean shit.

CASEY  
No one's wanting it, no one's gonna  
miss it.

Lifting a lighter, he ignites the cannabis.

CASEY  
So we're gonna enjoy it.

SARAH  
Ugh.

He inhales. Coughs like a first-timer.

JAMIE  
Reunion pot. Nice.

Casey holds it toward Sarah. With reluctance, she obliges.

CASEY  
Exactly. Janie gets it.

JAMIE  
It's Jamie, man.

Sarah hits it. A violent cough.

VIVIEN  
So is that like a high school  
thing?

JAMIE  
What?

VIVIEN  
"Janie?"

Like a bully, Casey chuckles with glee.

CASEY  
Oh shit.

JAMIE  
No, it's just some stupid shit he  
came up with.

CASEY  
Fits like a glove.

JAMIE  
Hey, fuck you, man.

CASEY  
Yo, you brought it on yourself,  
bro.

Sarah hands the pipe to Vivien.

Trying to be polite, Vivien declines.

SARAH  
What? Really?

JAMIE  
That doesn't mean it has to follow  
me for fifteen years.

CASEY  
Yeah, like you've really earned  
your man card. Marrying a doctor.

VIVIEN  
(to Sarah)  
I really shouldn't.

JAMIE  
(muttering)  
Shithead.

CASEY  
(to Vivien)  
Come on, do it!

He leans in, goading her on.

CASEY  
This is the real shit. Deadass  
serious.

JAMIE  
She doesn't have to.

Casey's pressuring makes Vivien reconsider. She eyes the pipe.

CASEY  
"Everybody's doing it."

SARAH  
(annoyed)  
Casey.

Jamie looks at Vivien.

JAMIE  
If you don't want to, it's--

CASEY  
Let her make up her own mind,  
"Jamie." Goddamn.

Vivien chuckles.

Jamie glares at Casey.

Casey snatches the pipe from Sarah.

CASEY  
Here.

He leans in toward Vivien, a little flirtation in the gesture.

CASEY  
She's a big girl.

Vivien flashes him a sly smile. She grabs it.

CASEY  
Yeah, there you go!

SARAH  
Get it, girl.

Casey performs a slow clap.

CASEY  
Dr. Tracy's in the house.

VIVIEN  
Dr. Dahlgren actually.

Casey nods, a little awkward.

CASEY  
Okay.

His emotions eviscerated, Jamie looks away.

Sarah pats Vivien on the back. With excitement, she watches Vivien take a hit.

CASEY  
Whoo!

Smiling, Vivien leans forward and coughs in Jamie's lap.

CASEY  
Oh shit!

Jamie grins and rubs the back of Vivien's head.

VIVIEN  
Oh God.

She hands it to Jamie.

CASEY  
Courtesy of Whigham Public Safety.

SARAH  
Of course.

Jamie inhales. He hacks. Hands the pipe back to Casey.

CASEY  
Janie the lightweight over here.

VIVIEN  
I think that'd make anyone a  
lightweight.

CASEY

True.

Jamie leans back, still struggling.

CASEY

Jesus, Jamie. Don't die on me,  
buddy.

SARAH

You're the cop.

CASEY

I ain't performing CPR on no dude.

Casey takes a hit.

Vivien grabs a longneck off the table.

VIVIEN

Well, where's this new school at?  
The gymnasium.

Jamie glances at the television.

The slasher flick features a nighttime sequence in a rural forest.

SARAH

It's a few miles out past the old  
one. Cal Cloud Road.

CASEY

Kinda looks like a prison.

SARAH

Yeah, it's huge.

On screen, Louise stands in a clearing, her eyes staring right at Jamie.

JAMIE

(to himself)

Fuck.

VIVIEN

That's all high school is. Just one  
big cell for our dreams and  
aspirations.

SARAH

Geez, you make it sound like a  
horror movie.

Louise steps toward the screen, holding Jamie's horrified gaze.

VIVIEN

I don't know. I work with all these kids and it kills them, it really does. The education system's so weak and when you combine that with bullying, peer pressure. It just makes it tough.

Louise nears closer and closer.

CASEY

Maybe for some kids.

He nods at the uneasy Jamie.

CASEY

Like this guy.

Sarah hits Casey.

SARAH

Chill out with that.

CASEY

What? He's my best friend.

SARAH

Your only friend.

On screen, Louise holds her hands out, reaching for Jamie.

LOUISE (V.O.)

(whisper)

Jamie.

The trembling Jamie leaps off the couch.

JAMIE

No!

VIVIEN

Jamie.

Vivien tries to grab him.

Jamie backs away, avoiding her touch.

VIVIEN

What is it? What's wrong?

She stands up.

CASEY  
Yo, you alright?

They watch Jamie stagger back. Breathing heavy, he looks back at the television.

No Louise. Just another MASKED PSYCHOPATH trapped in a low-budget movie.

JAMIE  
No, she was just there.

Vivien snags Jamie's arm, startling him.

JAMIE  
Oh fuck!

VIVIEN  
Jamie, it's just me.

He pulls back.

JAMIE  
Don't fucking touch me!

Casey stands up.

CASEY  
Yo, chill out, bro.

Jamie stares at them, desperate.

JAMIE  
It was Louise!

Sarah gasps.

VIVIEN  
Louise?

Casey stops next to Jamie.

CASEY  
Do what?

JAMIE  
I just saw her!

He points at the T.V.

His friends turn to see. Masked Psychopath stalks a BLONDE BOMBSHELL.

JAMIE  
She was right there!

Casey glares at Jamie.

CASEY  
You couldn't have.

JAMIE  
I did!

CASEY  
(subtle anger)  
Louise's dead, Jamie!

JAMIE  
No, Goddammit!

Sarah staggers up, trying to diffuse the situation.

SARAH  
Jamie, he's right.

A pale hand grabs Jamie's shoulder.

He screams and whirls around.

Louise stands right behind him. Her haunting eyes.

JAMIE  
Aw, God!

LOUISE (V.O.)  
Jamie.

VIVIEN  
Babe.

Vivien pulls Jamie toward her, hugging him close.

Casey looks on, stunned into silence.

He watches Louise turn and look at him, marking him with those eyes.

VIVIEN  
(to Jamie)  
It's okay.

Louise lunges forward.

Someone grabs Casey's arm. He jumps and turns.

Sarah.

SARAH  
Casey, relax.

CASEY  
Shit.

Vivien rubs Jamie's back. Jamie looks back.

No Louise. She's gone.

SARAH  
Sheesh, what's gotten into y'all?

CASEY  
It's nothing.

Casey glides past her, heading toward the hallway.

SARAH  
Ugh. Casey.

CASEY  
Just gimme a sec.

Sarah follows after him.

SARAH  
Why?

Vivien grabs Jamie's chin, making him face her.

VIVIEN  
Jamie, what was it? What'd you see?

JAMIE  
I already told you.

VIVIEN  
They said she's dead.

JAMIE  
What? So you're saying I'm crazy?

VIVIEN  
No, not at all.

JAMIE  
She's not dead. I saw her, I swear.

VIVIEN  
Jamie. I don't know.

Vivien strokes his worried face.

VIVIEN

I'm sorry.

On screen, the woods scene continues. Masked Psychopath closes in on Blonde Bombshell. Their gloved hand raises a long knife.

BATHROOM

Bright lighting. Clean. A long mirror. A crammed magazine rack sits by the toilet.

Casey rummages through the medicine cabinet, KNOCKING over various bottles.

CASEY

Come on.

He finds what he was looking for: a small Ziploc bag. White powder.

HALLWAY

Cluttered counters. Sarah navigates through the narrow hall.

SARAH

Casey!

She bumps into a counter. A framed photo of the couple on vacation TUMBLES to the floor.

Sarah stumbles back, stepping on the glass, CRACKING it. She looks down.

SARAH

Shit.

Sarah picks up the remnants and lays them on the counter. She hears a loud SNIFF.

She looks at the bathroom door, her eyes full of fire.

SARAH

You bastard!

BATHROOM

The enraged Sarah opens the door.

Casey leans over the counter, ready to snort another white line.

SARAH  
Goddammit, Casey!

He stops and stares at her.

CASEY  
Wait.

SARAH  
No, fuck you!

He reaches toward her.

CASEY  
Let me explain.

Sarah storms out.

CASEY  
Sarah!

He charges after her.

She SLAMS the door in his face.

CASEY  
Fuck.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A cool BREEZE whips through the towering trees.

The uneasy Vivien walks amongst the high grass.

ROB (V.O.)  
(praying)  
I beg of you.

Vivien looks around, searching for Rob.

ROB (V.O.)  
I can't do this alone, Lord.

EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Desolate, no neighbors. A clean lawn. Religious ornaments decorate the yard.

Vivien emerges from the forest. She sees the log cabin.

ROB (V.O.)  
Forgive me. Please.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Decadent crucifixes hang along the walls. An antique piano rests in the corner. A cozy fireplace.

The muted T.V. plays a black-and-white film.

Vivien pushes the front door open and staggers inside. Her frantic eyes scan the room, but see no one.

VIVIEN  
Hello?

She notices a portrait of Louise hanging over the fireplace. Like a starlet, Louise poses in the shot, looking so proper and regal.

ROB (V.O.)  
Please, Lord.

Vivien journeys through the rest of the room until she steps in something sticky.

She looks down. Moist blood.

ROB (V.O.)  
Look after her in Heaven.

DINING ROOM

A gorgeous chandelier provides bright lighting. The long dinner table lines up, two chairs seated at each end.

Vivien enters, her nervous steps CREAKING on the wooden floor.

She sees ROB LEWTON, 44, bearded holy roller, sitting at the head of the table, weeping, his face turned away.

ROB  
Protect her.

Vivien approaches him.

ROB  
Protect my baby girl.

He lowers his hand, revealing a blood-stained butcher knife.

The terrified Vivien stops right next to him.

ROB  
That's all, Lord.

Vivien reaches toward him.

ROB  
Protect Louise.

Rob snatches her hand.

VIVIEN  
Oh God!

He looks up at her, his eyes full of despair.

ROB  
You've gotta believe me!

Breaking away, Vivien trips and falls to the floor.

ROB  
I didn't do it!

The dazed Vivien turns. She screams in horror.

Louise's dead eyes stare right back at her. Blood flows from her slit throat, the thick redness sliding down her body, spreading throughout her dress.

Rob stands up, shoving his chair back.

ROB  
I didn't kill my baby!

Louise leans upright. Blood DRIPS off her fatal wound, SPLASHING to the floor.

Vivien crawls back.

VIVIEN  
No!

Rob glances down at the knife. He clutches the wooden handle. Closes his eyes.

ROB  
Protect me, Lord. Give me strength.

Louise reaches toward Vivien.

Vivien stumbles to her feet and turns, just avoiding Louise's hand.

Rob YELLS and lurches forward, ensnaring Vivien in his arms.

VIVIEN

No!

ROB

The Good Lord will look after me!

Rob raises the sharp blade.

ROB

He'll look after us all!

VIVIEN

No, don't do this!

He THRUSTS the knife into Vivien's stomach.

ROB

Protect us, Lord!

She screams as he JAMS the blade into her fragile flesh over and over.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Two windows showcase the manicured lawn. Casey and Sarah's portrait hangs over a trophy case. Useless awards from the far-too-distant past.

Vivien awakens from her nightmare. Breathing heavy, she checks her surroundings, making sure she's safe. No Rob, no knife, no Louise. Vivien looks over at the sleeping Jamie.

Her adrenaline dying down, she notices a collection of framed photos, all of them highlighting Casey's tenure as a high school baseball star. Some of the pics even show him with a nerdy, benchwarmer Jamie.

Vivien cracks a smile.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DAY

Morning dew drips from the trees.

Crime scene tape surrounds the scene.

A couple of police cars sit nearby. Several OFFICERS investigate.

PARAMEDICS load Chris's corpse into an ambulance.

Standing in the middle of the yard, KANE THORNTON, 55, jaded sheriff, glances over at Officer JASON EARLE, 25, smartass newbie.

Like an arrogant photographer, Jason takes pictures of the blood-stained grass, having more fun than he should.

KANE  
(in disbelief)  
Completely naked.

Not missing a beat, Jason leans in for a closer shot.

JASON  
Yes sir. Naked as a jaybird.

KANE  
Jesus Christ.

Jason faces him.

JASON  
I got the glass in the car if you  
wanna see.

Kane holds up his hand and steps away, heading for his car.

KANE  
No thanks, Jason. I think I've had  
enough.

JASON  
Suit yourself, Sheriff.

Kane opens the door. He looks off toward the dirt road, lost in thought.

Jason inspects more blood spatter. Like a grisly finger painting, the splashes of redness spread all across the unkempt lawn.

JASON  
Yes sir. I ain't ever heard of no  
man getting naked before offing  
himself.

He holds the camera steady.

Kane remains quiet, an uneasy expression on his face.

JASON  
Maybe a woman. I wouldn't mind no  
crime scene like that now.

Forcing a laugh, Jason takes another shot.

JASON  
 Maybe next time y'all can call me  
 for one of them bathtub suicides--

An engine CRANKS, interrupting Jason. He turns and watches Kane PULL AWAY.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Afternoon. Sarah, all dressed for the reunion, cleans up the coffee table. She CRUSHES a beer can.

Wearing a fresh blazer, Casey clutches a longneck and leans against the wall, watching her.

SARAH  
 I told you to quit.

CASEY  
 Yeah, well, it's called stress.  
 Maybe if you worked, you'd  
 understand.

The lackadaisical Casey takes a sip.

SARAH  
 The police officer in a hick town.  
 So stressful and important.

Sarah slings the can inside the trash bin.

GUEST ROOM

Vivien sits in front of the dresser mirror, putting on her make-up.

Straightening his suit, Jamie leans in behind her, trying to see his reflection.

Vivien glances at him, impressed.

VIVIEN  
 You look good.

JAMIE  
 You sound so convincing.

VIVIEN  
 No, I'm serious.

Jamie steps away.

JAMIE  
Yeah, yeah.

Vivien turns around.

VIVIEN  
Can I ask you something?

Jamie stops near the bed, confused.

JAMIE  
Yeah. Sure.

VIVIEN  
What you saw last night. I mean--

Jamie avoids eye contact, a little flustered.

JAMIE  
Aw, look, it was nothing, I promise  
you.

VIVIEN  
You seemed upset.

JAMIE  
Vivien.

Vivien stands and approaches him.

VIVIEN  
I could tell it was bothering you.

JAMIE  
It's not a big deal.

Vivien stops in front of him.

VIVIEN  
If it has something to do with your  
mom, we--

JAMIE  
No, fuck no.

VIVIEN  
I understand--

JAMIE  
It had nothing to do with that.

Vivien grabs his arm.

VIVIEN

I know how hard it's been, Jamie.  
She was all you had.

Jamie breaks away from her grasp.

JAMIE

Not anymore. I've moved on.

VIVIEN

Jamie.

JAMIE

Look, just what are you trying to say? You think I've got some kind've fucked-up mommy complex or something.

VIVIEN

No! Babe, people react to these things in different ways. It's part of the grieving process.

JAMIE

Awesome. The great Dr. Vivien Dahlgren heals her husband.

VIVIEN

I'm not saying it'd have to be with me, but there's nothing wrong with talking to somebody, Jamie! Society gives it such a stigma, but it's normal.

Jamie scoffs.

VIVIEN

I promise it can help if you'd just give it a chance. Whatever feelings you have, you can be at peace with them.

Trying to downplay the topic, Jamie caresses Vivien's face.

JAMIE

Vivien, I love you, and I know you're just trying to help, but I'm not one of your patients. I'm fine.

VIVIEN

Just keep it in mind, will you? Please. For me.

JAMIE  
Alright, I'll think about it. How  
about that?

Vivien wraps her arms around him.

VIVIEN  
That's all I'm asking.

They kiss. Jamie smirks.

JAMIE  
Why Dr. Dahlgren anyway? Why  
not Dr. Tracy?

Vivien laughs.

VIVIEN  
Don't tell me you're jealous?

JAMIE  
Maybe a little.

He reaches inside his suit pocket.

VIVIEN  
You're a real head case.

JAMIE  
I prefer "enigmatic."

VIVIEN  
Fair enough.

Jamie retrieves a jewelry box.

VIVIEN  
Oh. Jamie.

He opens the box.

A decadent necklace.

VIVIEN  
Oh my God!

JAMIE  
You like it?

Vivien kisses him.

VIVIEN  
Yes, it's beautiful!

Vivien grabs the box. She holds up the necklace, enamored by the beautiful jewelry.

VIVIEN  
Wow, where did you find this?

JAMIE  
Go on, put it on.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Spacious. Generic paintings cover the walls.

Casey and Jamie argue near a granddaddy clock. Casey waves the longneck around, spilling booze over his blazer.

CASEY  
(failing at whispering)  
What the fuck were you thinking  
back there?

JAMIE  
I'm sorry, I--

CASEY  
We made a promise, remember?

JAMIE  
I know, but I wasn't lying.

CASEY  
Bullshit.

Jamie leans in closer, nose-to-nose with Casey.

JAMIE  
I fucking saw her, man! She was in  
the house.

Casey goes quiet. He takes a sip, his eyes wide and restless.

Jamie notices his despondency.

JAMIE  
Fuck. You saw her too, didn't you?

Casey looks around, paranoid.

JAMIE  
You had to. I--

Casey pushes Jamie back.

CASEY  
It was the dope.

JAMIE  
No, it wasn't! It was Louise.

CASEY  
That bitch is dead, Jamie!

JAMIE  
Yeah, cause of us!

Casey slams Jamie against the wall.

CASEY  
Shut the fuck up!

JAMIE  
Casey.

Like he's wielding a dagger, Casey points the bottle at Jamie.

CASEY  
That bitch ain't ever coming back,  
you hear me?

Jamie offers a timid nod.

CASEY  
Just keep your fucking mouth shut.

LIVING ROOM

Sarah places Casey's pipe in the table drawer.

A KNOCK at the front door distracts her.

GUEST ROOM

Sitting in front of the mirror, Vivien giggles as she readjusts her necklace. Glass BREAKS.

The startled Vivien whirls around. She sees a framed photo on the dresser. A picture of Jamie and Casey in the dugout.

A large crack now runs across the frame's glass, right over the friends' faces.

Vivien stands up.

VIVIEN  
What in the world?

She grabs the photo. Traces her finger along the crack.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Casey!

KITCHEN

Empty beer cans and longnecks fill an overcrowded garbage can. Sarah throws a few more stragglers on top of the heap.

SARAH  
Somebody's here!

Another ferocious KNOCK. Groaning, Sarah goes to the door.

SARAH  
Ugh, nevermind!

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Sarah enters.

Jamie and Casey descend the stairs, both of them silent.

Sarah glances at them.

SARAH  
Y'all cleaned up nice.

Ignoring her, Casey disappears inside the kitchen.

Sarah looks at Jamie.

SARAH  
Sheesh, what's wrong with him?

Jamie doesn't answer as he stops in the hallway.

Sarah opens the door.

Kane. The sight makes Jamie bump into a counter.

SARAH  
Oh, hey, Mr. Thornton.

KANE  
My, Sarah, you look lovely.

SARAH

Thank you.

She holds the door for him as he steps inside.

SARAH

Come on in.

KANE

I sure hate busting in like this. I know y'all been busy getting ready.

Sarah shuts the door.

SARAH

No, you're fine.

Kane notices the nervous Jamie.

KANE

Hey there, son. Long time no see.

Faking a smile, Jamie sticks his hand out.

JAMIE

How are you, Sheriff?

KANE

Been better.

They shake hands. An awkward exchange.

KANE

I've got some bad news, I'm afraid.

Casey emerges from the kitchen. He TWISTS the top off of a fresh longneck.

CASEY

What's up, daddy?

Kane looks at Casey. Subtle yet intense eye contact.

KANE

Where were you this morning? I done called you five times.

Sarah glares at Casey.

SARAH

Casey.

CASEY

What? So we partied a little, I  
slept in. So what?

KANE

Goddammit, son, this is serious.

Casey cackles.

CASEY

In Whigham? What's the fucking  
emergency?

Casey clasps Jamie's shoulder, feigning a good mood. Jamie  
forces a smirk.

CASEY

I mean did the McKenzies' yard  
get TP'd again?

SARAH

(aggravated)

Casey.

Vivien walks down the stairs and stops next to Jamie.

CASEY

You catch a couple of teenagers  
fucking on Green Creek?

KANE

Son, we just found Chris Whitehead  
with a piece of glass jammed down  
his throat.

Casey stumbles back, spilling beer.

Vivien grabs Jamie's arm.

VIVIEN

Oh no.

Jamie stares at Kane, stunned by the news.

JAMIE

You sure it was him?

Kane offers a morose nod.

KANE

His mama came and ID'ed him a  
little while ago.

CASEY

What the fuck? Aren't there any suspects? Why aren't we out riding around?

KANE

It was a suicide.

SARAH

Jesus! Chris Whitehead?

KANE

The lab boys confirmed everything. Crazy son-of-a-bitch did it himself.

SARAH

That's horrible.

Kane steps toward the front door.

KANE

I hate having to tell y'all like this when y'all are all ready to celebrate, have a good time. I guess I just remembered how tight y'all all used to be.

JAMIE

God, I had no idea. I hadn't talked to him in years.

Vivien clutches Jamie's hand.

VIVIEN

It's okay.

Kane's harsh eyes lock in on Casey.

INT. CASEY'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY (LATER)

Vivien looks out the window, watching Kane, Jamie, and Casey converse on the front porch.

Sarah fixes the counter Jamie stumbled into earlier.

VIVIEN

So that's his daddy?

Vivien faces Sarah.

SARAH  
Yeah. He's nice once you get to  
know him.

Sarah steps away.

SARAH  
I better finish getting ready.

VIVIEN  
Wait, Sarah.

Sarah stops and turns.

Vivien walks up to her, a little awkward.

VIVIEN  
Are things any better?

Sarah goes silent.

VIVIEN  
I've been meaning to ask. I hope I  
don't seem nosy.

Sarah displays a weak smile.

SARAH  
No. It's part of your job, right?

VIVIEN  
I just know it's best to have  
someone to talk to.

Glancing out the window, Sarah looks at Casey.

SARAH  
He hasn't changed.

Sarah faces Vivien.

SARAH  
Just gotten worse.

VIVIEN  
Oh God. Sarah.

SARAH  
He can't even afford the phone  
payments. He's got his fucking  
daddy doing everything for him and  
pampering him.

Sarah turns away, fighting back tears.

Vivien reaches toward her.

VIVIEN

Sarah.

Sarah avoids her.

SARAH

And he takes it all out on me!

Sarah shows Vivien her arm. Brown bruises.

VIVIEN

Oh God!

SARAH

This is what he wants from me! He said it's all I'm good for! That I'm just a worthless cunt!

VIVIEN

No, you're not, Sarah! You're so much better than that!

Vivien rests her hand against Sarah's face.

VIVIEN

You can't stay with him. Not when he's like this.

Sarah backs away.

SARAH

I saw a lawyer and filed the papers and all, but I still haven't told him. I can't. I'm too scared.

VIVIEN

You have to. It's the only way.

SARAH

But where can I go? Look at me.

VIVIEN

You'll be fine.

SARAH

I got no degree! No job! He's all I've got!

VIVIEN

No, he's not!

SARAH  
I can't go anywhere.

Vivien holds Sarah's hand, a soothing touch.

VIVIEN  
You can stay with us. Until you get  
on your own.

Wiping away her tears, Sarah looks at Vivien, some hope in  
her wounded eyes.

SARAH  
Really?

VIVIEN  
Yes. We'll support you. I can help  
you find a job. We'll get you out  
of this once and for all.

SARAH  
Oh God. Thank you so much.

She hugs Vivien. Vivien rubs her back.

VIVIEN  
It's okay. You're going to be fine.

Sarah looks at Vivien.

SARAH  
I'll tell him tomorrow.

VIVIEN  
He's never going to hurt you again.

EXT. CASEY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

The evening sunlight fades away.

Jamie, Casey, and Kane argue on the porch. Sweat streams  
down the livid Kane's face. Jamie stays quiet, withdrawn.

KANE  
Son.

CASEY  
Look, I already told you, daddy! I  
don't fucking know.

KANE  
Be honest with me, Goddammit!

CASEY  
How the Hell am I supposed to know?  
I haven't talked to that asshole in  
years.

KANE  
There had to be a reason.

CASEY  
Everybody knows his stupidass was  
fried on meth. The fucker's nuts!

KANE  
Goddammit, boy, it's not just the  
suicide. It's how he was found.

CASEY  
What?

KANE  
Chris Whitehead was naked! He  
stripped himself down before doing  
this shit.

CASEY  
Well, that sounds a lot like Chris  
then.

KANE  
No, Goddammit! Don't you remember  
that girl's father?

Casey laughs and turns away.

CASEY  
Fuck me. You too?

Kane snatches Casey's shoulder, forcing Casey to face him.

KANE  
He did the same shit! We found him  
in the cell stark naked when he  
hanged himself.

Casey breaks away from Kane's grip.

CASEY  
Rob Lewton killed himself cause he  
killed that little bitch!

Jamie stares at them, an uneasy expression on his face.

JAMIE

They never found the body.

KANE

The boy's right, Casey.

Casey shoves Jamie.

CASEY

Yo, shut the fuck up, Janie! Y'all are both talking crazy! Rob did it! They found the knife. His fingerprints were all over it!

Casey raises the bottle for another sip.

KANE

I'm not so sure.

Startled, Casey lowers the longneck and glares at Kane.

CASEY

What the Hell are you talking about?

KANE

That crazy bastard couldn't have hid the body on his own!

CASEY

(a little uncertain)  
But the knife. It was a slam dunk.

KANE

He was a slam dunk scapegoat to shut the town up! I made sure of that!

CASEY

No.

Kane leans in closer.

KANE

Who do you think started the incest rumors, huh? Someone had to take the heat off of y'all's sorryasses!

Casey tosses the longneck toward the yard, HITTING a sprinkler.

CASEY

Bullshit!

KANE

I'm telling y'all, stay away from that Goddamn reunion! Something ain't right! Louise Lewton could still be out there!

Jamie faces Casey.

JAMIE

I don't know, man, maybe he's right.

Casey scoffs in disbelief.

CASEY

Are y'all crazy? Chris was a fucking loser. It was only a matter of time before he turned up dead or went to jail.

KANE

Someone out there knows what y'all did. They know the truth.

The angry Casey points at him.

CASEY

Shut the fuck up!

Kane gets in Casey's face.

KANE

You better show me some respect, boy!

CASEY

No, fuck you!

KANE

Daddy can't bail you out everytime!

Casey slaps Kane.

Kane grabs his cheek, startled by the move.

The stunned Jamie stares at Casey. Casey seizes the moment, exploiting his prowess.

CASEY

Y'all both need to get y'all's shit together! The Lewtons are fucking dead! No one's ever gonna know the truth!

Tense silence.

KANE

I sure hope you're right, son.

Kane slides on his lawman shades.

KANE

I really do.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Potholes galore. Roadkill rots on the roadside.

Casey's sports car ZOOMS past a bullet-riddled speed limit sign.

INT. CASEY'S SPORTS CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Meticulous, clean. All the signs of a devoted car owner.

Casey controls the wheel, enjoying himself. Jamie and Vivien occupy the backseat.

Sitting in the passenger's seat, Sarah leans over and checks the speedometer. Well over seventy. Make-up now conceals her dark bruises.

SARAH

Geez, will you slow down?

Casey takes out a cigarette pack.

CASEY

You sound like a granny.

Sarah knocks the pack away.

CASEY

Hey, what the fuck?

SARAH

I told you to quit.

CASEY  
You didn't say cigarettes, "dear."

VIVIEN  
Y'all.

Sarah groans and turns away.

SARAH  
Such an asshole.

CASEY  
And you're a fucking bitch so that  
makes us the perfect couple, right?

Casey turns up the radio.

Vivien grabs Sarah's shoulder.

VIVIEN  
(whispering)  
Ignore him.

A mid-2000s pop song BLARES. Vivien smiles after recognizing the tune.

VIVIEN  
Oh, leave it here!

Casey pretends to change the station.

Vivien leans forward.

VIVIEN  
No, don't!

Sarah grabs Casey's hand. He chuckles, enjoying himself.

CASEY  
I'm just playing, y'all. Goddamn.

SARAH  
It's hard to tell when you're  
always being a douche.

CASEY  
Ditto.

Vivien sings along to the lyrics, trying to drown out their bickering.

The impressed Sarah listens, an audience of one.

SARAH  
Yeah! Get it, girl!

She high-fives Vivien.

Casey holds his hand in the air, pretending to be a drunk rock fan. An easy acting job for him.

Vivien turns and sees Jamie looking out the window, disappointed to not see him join in on the jovial fun.

The old high school lurks up ahead. A deep forest surrounds the crumbling, two-story building. Dirt and dying grass conquer what was once a paved driveway and parking lot.

Egg stains plaster the dilapidated brick sign: Whigham High.

Casey points at the school as they pass by.

CASEY  
Y'all remember that beauty, don't you?

Vivien and Jamie stare at it, stunned.

VIVIEN  
Is that it?

SARAH  
Yeah.

JAMIE  
Looks like shit.

SARAH  
Yeah, the new one's a lot better.

VIVIEN  
Ten years makes that much of a difference?

SARAH  
Hell yeah, girl.

Jamie watches the school disappear out of sight.

SARAH  
Just look at us.

EXT. NEW HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A full parking lot.

The large building looks exquisite and mighty, it and the neighboring school building the complete opposite of the decrepit old high school.

ATTENDEES head for the entrance. Loud MUSIC blares from inside.

INT. NEW HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Countless stands contain wine bottles and snacks. Pop music BLASTS over a sweet dance floor.

Jamie and Vivien make their way through.

Vivien notices the other attendees flashing cold glares and murmuring to themselves as the couple walk by.

DOUCHEBAG PREP and BURNOUT PROM KING converse near a trophy case.

DOUCHEBAG PREP  
(drunk whisper)  
Holy shit, is that him?

BURNOUT PROM KING  
Yeah, what the fuck's he doing  
here?

Vivien looks at Jamie. He seems nonchalant about the chilly reception as he leads her toward one of the decorated tables. Wine bottles, snack bowls.

They stop at the end of the line.

An ICY BLONDE and her LESS ATTRACTIVE FRIEND stand at the front of the table. They see Jamie, both of them reacting quick and snatching their drinks.

ICY BLONDE  
Let's go.

They scurry off.

Vivien grabs Jamie's hand. They exchange uneasy looks.

JAMIE  
I told you this was a bad idea.

VIVIEN  
Don't say that.

Jamie recognizes the guy waiting in front of them. AL PECK, 27, conformist nerd.

JAMIE  
Al?

Al bites his lip. He turns around, forcing a shit-eating grin.

AL  
Hey. Jamie. I thought that was you.

Jamie holds his hand out.

JAMIE  
How've you been, man?

Al completes the weak exchange, eager to pull back.

AL  
I've been doing alright.

Jamie acknowledges Vivien.

JAMIE  
This is my wife Vivien.

Al nods at her.

AL  
It's nice to meet you.

VIVIEN  
Oh, it's nice to meet you too.

JAMIE  
This whole reunion stuff.

AL  
Yeah, tripping you out too, huh?

JAMIE  
Yeah.

VIVIEN  
So were y'all pals in high school?

JAMIE  
Yeah, I guess you could say that.

AL  
 (cold tone)  
 We were.

VIVIEN  
 Oh.

Al faces Jamie.

AL  
 It's a real shame about Chris, huh?

JAMIE  
 Yeah. Yeah, it is.

VIVIEN  
 I didn't know him, but it sounded  
 terrible--

AL  
 I guess he'd been going down that  
 wrong path for awhile.

Like an aggressive detective, Al looks right into Jamie's eyes.

AL  
 Like a lot of us.

Across the room, SCRAWNY FEMALE waves Al over.

Jamie and Vivien notice her waves becoming more desperate.

AL  
 Excuse me.

He walks toward Scrawny Female, leaving Jamie and Vivien as the lone attendees at the table.

JAMIE  
 Dickhead.

VIVIEN  
 Yeah.

The angry Jamie snatches a bottle. He pours two cups of wine.

Vivien sees Al and Scrawny Female watching them.

VIVIEN  
 What a jerk.

JAMIE

I guess he's just being honest.

Vivien grabs Jamie's arm. He jumps, spilling some of the wine.

VIVIEN

Forget about him, babe. You're better than that.

JAMIE

I guess.

Vivien loosens her grip. Jamie hands her a drink.

VIVIEN

Now I see why you never come back.

Jamie reveals a nervous smile.

JAMIE

I told you.

SARAH

Hey, there they are!

Sarah and Casey approach the couple.

RUDY GABLE, 28, chubby drunkard, stumbles behind them. All of them hold drinks.

VIVIEN

(to Rudy)

Oh, hello.

RUDY

What's going on?

JAMIE

Holy shit, Rudy!

RUDY

Yeah, dude.

Rudy and Jamie exchange a bromantic handshake.

CASEY

We found him near the stage. Drunk bastard.

RUDY

Like always.

JAMIE  
(to Rudy)  
This is my wife Vivien.

RUDY  
Hey, nice catch, man.

Vivien smiles, pleased to meet someone friendly.

VIVIEN  
Thanks.

JAMIE  
Yeah, I got lucky.

Casey glances around, taking note of all his unwelcoming peers.

CASEY  
So y'all wanna get a table or something?

SARAH  
Uh, yes, please.

Casey lifts a bottle off the table.

SARAH  
Casey!

The laughing Rudy points at Casey.

RUDY  
Still the same ol' Thornton!

SARAH  
Still an asshole.

Casey strong-arms her toward the back, leading the others.

CASEY  
Come on.

The CROWD disperses around them, giving them a little too much space.

Vivien grabs Jamie's hand, showing her support.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - NIGHT

Darkness conquers the scene. A cool breeze SWAYS the crime scene tape.

A squad car sits near the yard. Kane leans against the door on the driver's side. He takes a swig from a longneck, alleviating his nerves.

He gazes toward the lot. Sees the spot where Chris killed himself. The dry blood.

Kane shakes his head. One final sip empties the bottle.

He chucks the longneck into a deep ditch.

INT. NEW HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The friends have the corner all to themselves. A few empty wine bottles stand on top of their table.

Sarah flips through a 2006 yearbook, checking out their senior portraits.

Vivien looks on, her curiosity piqued.

Rudy downs his cup before leaning back. He belches.

CASEY

Puss.

Rudy points at Casey's half-filled cup.

RUDY

Not like you're doing much better.

CASEY

Hey, I'm working on it, bitch.

Sarah traces her finger over her model-level photo.

SARAH

God, we looked so good.

CASEY

I know. What happened to you?

SARAH

Fuck you.

Vivien sees Jamie's photo. Handsome yet gawky.

She looks over at Jamie, meeting his eyes.

JAMIE  
Impressive, huh?

She wraps her arm around him.

VIVIEN  
Not bad at all.

SARAH  
Yeah, I picked the wrong one.  
Typical.

RUDY  
Ouch.

With braggadocio, Casey points toward his photo: a seventeen-year-old who knows he's good-looking, invincible, and makes sure everyone knows it. An asshole.

CASEY  
Hey, nine out of ten women would  
make the same mistake.

Casey downs his drink.

RUDY  
And the other one out of ten?

CASEY  
Hideous and blind.

SARAH  
Mama was right. Total mistake.

VIVIEN  
Moms usually are.

Sarah turns the page. Senior Superlatives.

RUDY  
Oh fuck!

SARAH  
What?

Knocking over a glass, the horrified Rudy covers up his Class Clown photo.

RUDY  
Don't look!

JAMIE  
Come on, it's not that bad.

Casey pushes Rudy's hand away.

CASEY  
Yeah, loosen up.

Casey glances at the embarrassing photo. He chuckles with delight.

CASEY  
Oh shit! Goddamn.

Sarah flashes him a death stare.

RUDY  
Thanks, Thornton.

CASEY  
You should sue the school over that.

RUDY  
I think they made me look fatter on purpose.

Sarah flips through the pages.

SARAH  
Well, at least you got one.

RUDY  
Yeah. Too bad I couldn't have one of the cooler ones.

CASEY  
Yeah, I should've won Best Looking.

SARAH  
Most Annoying.

Sarah lands on the sophomore pictures. Louise's photo lurks in the corner. Innocent and pretty. Big eyes.

Noticing it instantly, Rudy points at the image.

RUDY  
Shit, that was her last one, wasn't it?

SARAH  
Yeah. Louise Lewton.

The quiet Casey turns away.

VIVIEN  
So what happened to her exactly?

Jamie stares at the picture. Louise's eyes pierce right through his soul.

RUDY  
That's the thing. No one really knows.

Casey glares at him.

CASEY  
Dude, don't play that paranormal bullshit with me.

SARAH  
Casey.

RUDY  
I'm just saying.

CASEY  
Her father did it. The son-of-a-bitch's where he belongs now.

VIVIEN  
Jail?

Casey leans in toward Vivien.

CASEY  
Hell.

RUDY  
(to Vivien)  
Well, anyway, he killed himself right before the trial. They found him hanging. Completely naked.

CASEY  
Like I said, the fucking perv got what he deserved.

RUDY  
But they never found her body. She--

CASEY  
Give it up, Rudy.

VIVIEN  
Wait, they never found her?

RUDY  
No! That's the weird part.

Vivien stares at Rudy, fascinated.

VIVIEN  
So where'd she go? What's the theory?

CASEY  
Fuck the theories.

RUDY  
I don't know.

Rudy points at Casey.

RUDY  
His dad oversaw the whole thing.

Casey SHUTS the yearbook. Sarah groans.

SARAH  
I was just looking at it!

Jamie turns away, uneasy.

Casey holds up his hands, the booze elevating him to elite asshole status.

CASEY  
Alright, enough's enough.

SARAH  
Casey.

CASEY  
Who wants another drink?

Rudy raises his empty cup.

RUDY  
I do!

Casey grabs Jamie's shoulder.

CASEY  
Come on, "Janie."

JAMIE  
Jamie, man. How many times I gotta  
say it?

He follows Casey and Rudy to the wine/snacks table.

CASEY  
Don't get your panties in a wad.

Vivien flashes Sarah a sly smile.

EXT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Tall grass, rampant weeds. The abandoned cabin still  
remains, a shell of its former self.

Shattered windows. Torn crime scene tape surrounds the  
busted-open doorway.

Kane's squad car parks near the porch. He steps out. An  
empty twelve-pack rests on the floorboard.

Raising his flashlight, he makes his way toward the home.

INT. LOUISE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crooked crucifixes line up along the walls, some of them  
lying on the floor. The lonely piano, its keys long broken,  
stands near the busted T.V.

Obscene carvings and spray-painted graffiti decorate the  
walls, phrases like KILLER, SICK FUCK, and BURN IN HELL.  
Empty longnecks pile up in the decrepit fireplace.

Kane enters.

He aims his flashlight through the rest of the room,  
illuminating cobwebs, dusty candles, and religious statues.

The beam hits the portrait of Louise. Her picture's  
beautiful eyes stare right at Kane.

Kane catches a chill. He notices a bedroom door in a narrow  
hallway.

The piano KEYS play on their own, startling him.

KANE

Shit!

The MUSIC stops. Kane turns and looks back at the portrait. He trembles, terrified.

The picture now features a decomposing Louise. Blood flows from her eyes, dripping all down her face.

KANE

No.

LOUISE (V.O.)

(praying)

Father in Heaven.

Kane whirls around, breathing heavy.

LOUISE (V.O.)

If tomorrow doesn't come, I want  
you to know how much I love you.

Kane retrieves his gun.

LOUISE (V.O.)

You have guided my steps today.

His trigger finger shaking, Kane steps toward the bedroom door.

LOUISE'S BEDROOM

Antique furniture. Cobwebs dangle from the ceiling. Spiders scurry across the peeling wallpaper.

A canopy bed sits in the center of the room. Torn curtains encircle the large bed, disguising whatever lurks inside.

Chris's camcorder rests on top of a monstrous dresser, its lens pointed right at the bed.

LOUISE (V.O.)

And brought me home safely to my  
family.

Kane walks inside, clinging to his flashlight and pistol.

LOUISE (V.O.)

You sing over me daily.

Kane traces Louise's voice to the bed.



INT. NEW HIGH SCHOOL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Filthy. Dim lighting. Jamie checks his disheveled reflection.

STALL

Vile graffiti covers the wooden walls.

Casey sits on the closed toilet, preparing a line of coke on the metal toilet paper holder. He snorts the drug and leans back.

CASEY

Whoo!

BATHROOM

Casey shoves the stall door open.

The startled Jamie turns around. Casey waves him over.

CASEY

Yo, you gotta try this shit!

Jamie steps toward the bathroom door.

JAMIE

Naw, man, I'm good.

Casey approaches Jamie, his footsteps loud and ominous.

CASEY

Come on, you're pussing out again, Janie.

JAMIE

I said I didn't want any.

Jamie grabs the door handle. Casey snatches his wrist.

JAMIE

What the fuck, man?

CASEY

What's gotten into you lately? We used to do this shit all the time!

Jamie pushes him back.

JAMIE

I can't risk that, man!

Casey cackles.

CASEY  
Risk what?

JAMIE  
I'm not throwing everything away  
over that shit! It ain't worth it.

Jamie turns. Casey grabs him by the shoulders.

JAMIE  
Fuck!

STALL

Casey throws Jamie against the seat.

Jamie stares at another line, the white powder calling his name.

Casey blocks the doorway, taunting him.

CASEY  
Come on, Janie!

Casey slaps Jamie upside the head.

CASEY  
Don't tell me you're a scared  
little bitch again.

Helpless, Jamie turns and faces Casey.

JAMIE  
I can't.

Casey hits him again, even more force this time.

JAMIE  
Aw, fuck!

CASEY  
Don't puss out on me, Jamie! Be a  
fucking man!

Jamie leans in toward the drug.

CASEY  
Yeah!

Jamie grabs the straw. Raises it over the powder.

CASEY  
There you go, buddy!

Casey watches Jamie snort the coke.

CASEY  
Whoo! Now we're talking!

Jamie collapses against the stall.

Casey performs a facetious slow-clap.

CASEY  
Jamie Tracy finally grew some  
balls, ladies and gentlemen.

He pats the shaken Jamie on the back.

CASEY  
Yo, you alright?

Jamie gives him a timid nod.

CASEY  
Alright.

Casey pushes Jamie to the side.

CASEY  
My turn.

INT. NEW HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Vivien and Sarah wait at the table. Sarah looks toward the  
bathrooms, growing restless.

SARAH  
Sheesh, what's taking them so long?

She takes a sip from her cup.

Vivien turns to see.

VIVIEN  
I don't know.

Vivien stops and looks on, startled.

She sees Al and Scrawny Woman hanging by the bathrooms.

Sarah watches former CLASSMATES laugh and enjoy themselves  
on the dance floor.

SARAH

Ugh, he never wants to do anything.  
Just gets high and bitch.

Al and Vivien make eye contact, Al's harsh eyes glaring right at her.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Casey's sports car ZOOMS down the ruptured pavement.

INT. CASEY'S SPORTS CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Casey controls the wheel. Sarah glares at him from the passenger's seat.

SARAH

You couldn't do one song?

CASEY

Who cares? It's not like we're missing anything.

In the back, Vivien looks over at Jamie.

He faces her, forcing a smile.

SARAH

The dance-off's the funnest part.

CASEY

I'm too fucked-up for that.

SARAH

Yeah, no shit.

VIVIEN

(to Jamie)

I'm sorry.

JAMIE

It's okay.

He looks out the window, concealing his emotions.

They near the old high school.

SARAH

(to Casey)

I bet we still would've won it too.

Casey turns up the RADIO, eager to overpower Sarah's complaining.

CASEY  
Probably embarrass ourselves.

SARAH  
Yeah, well, you took care of that  
on your own.

Casey looks back out the windshield.

Headlights illuminate Louise standing in the middle of the highway, a wild breeze whipping through her hair.

Casey stares at her, stunned.

Jamie sees her.

JAMIE  
Aw, fuck!

VIVIEN  
Jamie.

Jamie leans forward, snagging Casey's shoulder.

JAMIE  
Look out!

Casey swerves the wheel, just avoiding Louise.

EXT. OLD HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Cavernous, ominous woods encompass the property. Like a haunted castle, the abandoned school stands tall.

Casey's sports car careens down the driveway.

INT. CASEY'S SPORTS CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

The stoic Casey cuts off the headlights. He snatches the keys out of the ignition.

SARAH  
Casey!

Casey's blank eyes stare toward the school.

Sarah reaches for him.

SARAH  
What the Hell are you doing?

Casey avoids her hand. He opens the door.

VIVIEN  
Is he okay?

JAMIE  
Hey, Casey.

Sarah grabs Casey's shoulder.

SARAH  
Look at me, asshole!

He sends her back with a harsh shove.

SARAH  
Ow! Casey!

Casey steps out.

JAMIE  
What the fuck?

The friends watch Casey SLAM the door.

SARAH  
Stupidass.

Sarah opens the glove compartment and grabs a flashlight.

Casey lumbers off toward a shattered classroom window.

EXT. OLD HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The eerie building awaits, its double door entrance resembling a barricade hiding sinister secrets.

Sarah hops out the sports car. She points her flashlight toward the window.

No one's there. Casey is gone.

SARAH  
Casey!

Vivien and Jamie exit the vehicle.

Sarah rushes toward the window, stepping over countless beer cans.

SARAH  
You better not be playing!

INT. OLD HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Boxes, filing cabinets, and crumbling student desks. A broken teacher desk sits in front of a busted whiteboard.

Like Halloween decorations, ridiculous spiderwebs trickle down the windows and roof. Large holes cover the battered walls, revealing countless RODENTS and BUGS.

Jamie, Vivien, and Sarah journey through.

SARAH  
Casey!

VIVIEN  
You think he's trying to scare us?

SARAH  
He's a sick dumbass, so yeah,  
probably.

Jamie doesn't say a word. He steps in a pile of dry vomit.

SARAH  
Casey!

They near the open doorway.

VIVIEN  
It was like it wasn't even him. He  
acted so weird.

MAIN HALLWAY

No windows. Rusty lockers and tall classroom doors align on both sides. Smashed beer bottles and smudged cigarettes litter the cracked floor tile.

Sarah shines the flashlight around, illuminating the desolate scene. They're all alone.

SARAH  
Casey!

JAMIE  
Maybe we should go.

SARAH

No! We need to find him.

Vivien notices a black-haired porcelain doll lying on the ground.

VIVIEN

What in the world?

She picks up the doll.

SARAH

What?

Vivien examines its cryptic appearance: gouged out eyes, ripped hair, dirt-smearred face.

The others stare at it, disturbed by its appearance.

SARAH

Creepy.

VIVIEN

Yeah.

Loud FOOTSTEPS echo down the hall.

The startled Vivien drops the doll.

VIVIEN

Oh God!

The porcelain doll SMASHES against the brutal tile.

Sarah rushes forward.

SARAH

Casey!

Vivien follows after her.

VIVIEN

Sarah!

The classroom door CREAKS.

Jamie turns around, just in time to see the door SLAM shut.

JAMIE

Shit!

Jamie grabs the handle. Locked. He SLAMS his fist against the wooden surface.

JAMIE  
Goddammit!

VIVIEN (O.S.)  
Jamie!

Further down the hall, more FOOTSTEPS echo toward Vivien and Sarah. They scan the area. All the doors are closed.

VIVIEN  
Where are they?

The frantic Sarah shines her light all over the place.

SARAH  
I don't see anything.

The noises stop. Dead silence.

SARAH  
Shit.

Loud BANGS RATTLE the lockers.

VIVIEN  
Oh God!

Sarah points her light at the lockers.

Some of the metal doors still SWING back-and-forth, but no one's around.

Jamie stops next to Vivien and Sarah.

JAMIE  
The door's locked!

SARAH  
What?

Vivien runs toward one of the closed doors.

JAMIE  
We're fucking trapped!

Vivien turns the locked doorknob.

VIVIEN  
Are you kidding me?

LOUISE (V.O.)  
(praying)  
Lord, bless daddy and keep him  
safe.

The terrified Jamie searches for Louise.

JAMIE  
Aw, God!

Vivien and Sarah look at him, confused.

VIVIEN  
Jamie, what's wrong?

LOUISE (V.O.)  
Lift your countenance upon him and  
give him peace.

Jamie covers his ears.

JAMIE  
Fucking stop!

Vivien grabs his arm.

VIVIEN  
Jamie.

Jamie confronts Vivien.

JAMIE  
It's Louise!

LOUISE (V.O.)  
(whisper)  
Jamie.

JAMIE  
You don't hear her?

VIVIEN  
No. Jamie, it can't be.

JAMIE  
It's her!

Sarah hears loud CREAKING.

SARAH  
Oh shit!

She aims her flashlight down the hall and sees a narrow door  
SLAM shut.

Sarah yanks Vivien's wrist.

SARAH

Come on!

OFFICE

Cramped. A large desk occupies the center of the room. Photographs and newspaper clippings lie on top of it.

Nails and tacks pin snipped headlines and pictures to the walls.

Sarah lets go of the doorknob, letting the door creep open.

SARAH

Casey?

The group walk inside, Sarah illuminating the office with her flashlight. Casey isn't there.

VIVIEN

Shit, where is he?

Sarah notices the pinned headlines. She stares at one, horrified.

The bold font: Louise Lewton Declared Dead. The Search For Her Body Continues.

Underneath it rests a small black-and-white photo of Louise. Her sophomore picture.

SARAH

Y'all, come here.

VIVIEN

What is it?

Her and Jamie see the clipping.

JAMIE

(scared)

Louise.

Sarah moves the light toward the other clippings. All of them detail the same report. Louise's death. The disappearance of her body.

A stack of photos and articles SLIDE off the desk, scaring the friends.

VIVIEN

Oh God!

Sarah leads Vivien to the spot.

Jamie looks at the wall, staring at a photo of Louise. The picture shows her standing beneath a large tree. Her dress looks brand new, not torn and ragged.

Sarah grabs a clipping off the desk.

The headline: Rob Lewton Found Dead. Suicide By Hanging.

Sarah covers her mouth, horrified.

Vivien stares at Rob's photo. His scruffy beard and wild eyes.

VIVIEN

Casey wouldn't do this, would he?

SARAH

I don't know.

The trembling Sarah drops the article.

SARAH

I don't think so.

Jamie sees another picture of Louise. In the shot, an eight-year-old Louise holds a puppy.

SARAH

He wouldn't just leave us like this. He'd at least show up and laugh at us.

Vivien rummages through the other articles. She glances at different photos of Rob with Louise.

VIVIEN

All these pictures and articles. He couldn't have.

Jamie looks back at the outdoor picture.

Louise now stands a few feet away from the tree, closer toward the camera. A harsh glare replaces her neutral expression.

Jamie stumbles back.

JAMIE

Fuck!

The startled Vivien and Sarah turn and look at him.

VIVIEN

Jamie.

Jamie faces them.

JAMIE

It's Louise! It's her. She's doing this.

SARAH

She's dead!

JAMIE

I don't know, but she's here! She's been following us this whole time!

VIVIEN

Babe, she couldn't have.

The disturbed Jamie turns. He look at the tree picture again. His eyes go wide in fear.

Louise is gone.

JAMIE

Aw, God!

VIVIEN

Jamie.

A cold hand snags Jamie's shoulder.

He whirls around.

Louise.

Jamie stares into her haunting eyes. She leans in closer.

The worried Vivien and Sarah look on. They only see Jamie.

SARAH

What's he doing?

The photographs and articles FLY off the desk.

VIVIEN

Shit!

Vivien and Sarah panic. They rush toward Jamie.

Nails and tacks POP out, releasing the headlines and pictures.

Vivien pushes Jamie out of the room, helping him evade Louise.

VIVIEN

Go!

He turns and glimpses back. Louise is no longer there.

The desk SLIDES across the room.

The outdoor picture now lies on the floor. Louise is back in it, standing closer toward the camera, a vivid slice running across her neck.

MAIN HALLWAY

Jamie, Sarah, and Vivien leave the office, Vivien SLAMMING the door behind them.

SARAH

What the Hell happened back there?

VIVIEN

I don't know.

Sarah staggers around, desperate.

SARAH

Goddammit, Casey!

Vivien looks at the quiet Jamie.

VIVIEN

Jamie, what is this?

JAMIE

I already told you.

VIVIEN

They said she's dead!

JAMIE

She's alive!

The weary Sarah leans against a locker.

VIVIEN

Jamie, it's--

From further down the hall, rapid FOOTSTEPS charge toward them.

VIVIEN

Oh God!

Sarah stands up. She points her flashlight that way, looking for the culprit.

SARAH

Casey!

A door SWINGS open on its own.

Sarah jumps back.

SARAH

Shit!

The flashlight cuts out.

SARAH

Oh God! No!

Sarah hits the back of her flashlight. No use.

Vivien rushes toward the door. Jamie grabs her arm.

JAMIE

Vivien, don't!

VIVIEN

Jamie, let go!

She breaks away.

The FOOSTEPS sound louder, closer.

LIBRARY

A torn carpet spreads across the floor. Crammed bookshelves gather dust. Old computers sit on top of wooden counters.

Vivien steps inside, Jamie and Sarah following in behind her.

VIVIEN

Casey!

They stop near the front counter.

JAMIE

Y'all, let's get the fuck outta here! We can come back--

SARAH  
Shut the fuck up, Jamie!

The door SHUTS behind them. Jamie turns around.

JAMIE  
Fuck this!

He grabs Vivien's arm.

JAMIE  
Let's go!

Vivien pulls away.

VIVIEN  
Wait.

Sarah points across the room.

SARAH  
There he is!

Sitting on the couch, Casey looks straight ahead, turned away from them.

A long table stands in front of him. Chris's camcorder rests on top of a sofa sitting across from the couch Casey occupies. The camera's red light glows, its lens pointed right at Casey.

SARAH  
Casey!

Casey continues ignoring them.

VIVIEN  
What's he doing?

Sarah charges toward him.

SARAH  
Stop it, Casey!

Vivien follows her.

The hesitant Jamie waits behind.

JAMIE  
Something's not right.

Sarah stops near the couch. She jumps back, startled. Drops her flashlight.

The nude Casey sits on the sofa. He looks on at the camcorder, his eyes blank.

SARAH  
Jesus! Casey!

Vivien stops next to her.

VIVIEN  
Oh God!

Sarah grabs Casey's arm.

SARAH  
What the Hell are you doing?

He doesn't move, refusing to face her.

Jamie snatches the locked door handle. No way out.

JAMIE  
Fuck!

Sarah shakes Casey.

SARAH  
Casey, look at me!

Casey shoves her to the floor.

VIVIEN  
Sarah!

The helpless Sarah looks on as Casey stands up.

Vivien leans down next to Sarah, holding her close.

Jamie watches Casey FLIP the table upside-down. Three metal legs jut out.

JAMIE  
Shit.

Jamie runs toward him.

JAMIE  
Casey!

Casey turns around, confronting the group.

Jamie comes to a stop a few feet away from him.

SARAH

Casey. It's me.

Casey falls back onto one of the table legs. The metal slides up his ass, SPLATTERING blood over his naked body. He remains quiet, despondent. No sense of panic.

VIVIEN

Oh God!

Covering her mouth, Sarah turns away, horrified.

Like a javelin, the metal leg protrudes through his crotch. Casey grabs at it, his eyes lacking emotion.

The camcorder records Casey convulsing. Blood and saliva pour out of his mouth.

JAMIE

God.

Jamie watches him go still.

SARAH

Casey.

The camcorder turns off by itself.

Jamie faces Vivien and Sarah.

JAMIE

I told y'all.

VIVIEN

Jamie, no.

JAMIE

It's Louise!

VIVIEN

Stop this!

JAMIE

I'm not crazy, Goddammit!

LOUISE (V.O.)

Jamie.

JAMIE

Did y'all hear that?

The confused Vivien helps Sarah stand up.

VIVIEN  
Hear what?

Terrified, Jamie searches for Louise.

JAMIE  
Where is she?

VIVIEN  
Jamie, she's not here.

A computer CUTS on.

JAMIE  
Shit!

He stumbles toward it.

A video plays on the screen.

VIVIEN  
What is that?

Jamie stops in front of the monitor. He recognizes the footage. The abandoned lot.

JAMIE  
No!

Vivien and Sarah crowd around him.

VIVIEN  
Jamie.

He pushes them back.

JAMIE  
Don't look!

VIVIEN  
What are you doing?

JAMIE  
She's fucking lying!

LOUISE (V.O.)  
Jamie.

Jamie turns and glares, trying to find Louise.

JAMIE  
(to Louise)  
Goddammit, leave me alone!

The video shows Chris's truck. TEENAGE JAMIE and TEENAGE CASEY hang out.

Sarah recognizes them in the clip.

SARAH  
Casey.

JAMIE  
(to Louise)  
You fucking bitch!

Jamie throws the computer down, SMASHING the screen.

SARAH  
Jamie!

He confronts them.

JAMIE  
She's trying to tear us apart!  
Don't you see? She's lying!

LOUISE (V.O.)  
Jamie.

Jamie glances up at the ceiling.

JAMIE  
Leave me alone!

SARAH  
You're crazy!

VIVIEN  
Jamie. Babe.

Different screens all turn on. The same video. The abandoned lot.

Sarah points Vivien toward the monitors.

SARAH  
Look!

Jamie faces the computers, horrified.

JAMIE  
No! You can't do this to me.

Vivien and Sarah stop in front of the closest monitor, their curiosity overpowering them.

Jamie leans against a wall. He turns away, defeated.

ON SCREEN - ABANDONED LOT - NIGHT

Ten years ago. The same yard where Chris killed himself.

Teenage Chris's truck sits parked in the middle of the lot.

Longnecks and cans litter the ground. Crushed joints and cigarettes scatter across the truck's hood.

Standing a few feet away, Teenage Jamie, 18, watches Teenage Casey, 18, drag Louise to the ground.

Teenage Casey cackles while groping Louise like a savage. She struggles, unable to break free.

TEENAGE CHRIS, 18, stands further away, recording the act with his camcorder.

Cigarette ashes and beer stains cover the boys' graduation gowns.

LOUISE

No! Let me go!

TEENAGE CASEY

Shush, baby.

Teenage Chris chuckles behind the camera.

TEENAGE CHRIS

Is this one for you?

TEENAGE CASEY

No, tonight we've got a graduation gift for a special someone.

Teenage Chris points the camera at Teenage Jamie.

TEENAGE CHRIS

And we have a winner!

TEENAGE JAMIE

Who? Me?

LOUISE

(to Teenage Casey)

You fucking creep!

Teenage Casey slaps her.

TEENAGE CASEY

Shut up, bitch!

TEENAGE JAMIE

Naw, man, I can't.

TEENAGE CASEY

Yo, you can't be a virgin forever,  
bro.

TEENAGE CHRIS

It's time to pop that cherry,  
Janie.

Louise faces Teenage Jamie, desperate.

LOUISE

Jamie, don't! Please!

Teenage Jamie doesn't move, unsure what to do.

LOUISE

Help me!

Teenage Casey tears Louise's dress, revealing her breasts.  
He grins and looks over at Teenage Chris.

TEENAGE CASEY

You getting a close-up?

Teenage Chris zooms in on Louise's chest.

TEENAGE CHRIS

Got it!

LOUISE

Let me go!

Teenage Casey glares at Teenage Jamie.

TEENAGE CASEY

Yo, hurry the fuck up!

TEENAGE CHRIS

Yeah, don't puss out, Janie!

TEENAGE CASEY

Fucking Janie!

Louise cries.

LOUISE

Jamie, please! Don't do this!

Teenage Jamie stares at her, his eyes blank.

LOUISE  
You're better than them!

TEENAGE CASEY  
Come on, Jamie! Don't you wanna  
lose it, buddy?

Teenage Casey reaches under Louise's dress. She cringes at his rough touch.

LOUISE  
No!

TEENAGE CASEY  
Aren't you tired of always striking  
out? Think about it, Jamie.

Teenage Casey retrieves Louise's thong.

TEENAGE CASEY  
You don't wanna be a virgin  
forever, do you? Being that scared  
little bitch like you've always  
been. Aren't you tired of that,  
Jamie?

Like a celebration, Teenage Casey tosses Louise's thong off to the side.

TEENAGE CASEY  
We got her all ready for you,  
buddy.

TEENAGE CHRIS  
Get some, Jamie!

LOUISE  
No, Jamie! Please!

TEENAGE CASEY  
Now all you gotta do's just be a  
fucking man, Jamie.

TEENAGE CHRIS  
Yeah, show that bitch who's boss!

LOUISE  
Jamie, no!

Teenage Jamie UNZIPS his pants.

TEENAGE CASEY

There you go, Jamie! Now that's  
what I'm talking about!

Teenage Jamie leans over Louise. She stares at him,  
helpless.

LOUISE

No, please.

TEENAGE JAMIE

All this time, you just wanted  
them.

TEENAGE CASEY

Yeah, Jamie!

LOUISE

Jamie.

Teenage Jamie covers Louise's mouth, suppressing her  
desperate pleas.

TEENAGE JAMIE

Now you want me to help you?

TEENAGE CHRIS

Get that bitch!

The excited Teenage Casey watches Teenage Jamie climb on top  
of Louise.

TEENAGE CASEY

It's showtime!

TEENAGE CHRIS

Hell yeah!

Louise closes her eyes and turns away.

The eager Teenage Casey and Teenage Chris gear up to watch  
the "show."

Teenage Jamie thrusts against Louise, over and over. Louise  
cringes, the pain unbearable.

Teenage Chris steps forward for a close-up.

Like a demented teammate, Teenage Casey pats Teenage Jamie  
on the back, offering support.

## TEENAGE CASEY

You got this, Jamie! You're the  
fucking man, bro!

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. OLD HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - NIGHT

The footage keeps rolling. Teenage Jamie collapses on top of  
the petrified Louise, breathing heavy.

Horrified, Vivien and Sarah turn to Jamie.

VIVIEN

(disgusted)

You sick fuck.

She charges toward Jamie.

VIVIEN

What the Hell's wrong with you?

Jamie faces her, ashamed. Tears well up in his eyes.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

Vivien hits Jamie in the face, knocking him back against the  
wall.

VIVIEN

How could y'all fucking do that?

JAMIE

I'm sorry. Vivien--

VIVIEN

You sick bastard!

SARAH

Both of y'all hid this from us.

JAMIE

They made me! I couldn't tell  
anyone!

SARAH

That doesn't make it right,  
asshole!

JAMIE

She tried going to the Sheriff,  
but the fucker. He covered it up.

Bitter tears stream down Vivien's face.

JAMIE

He didn't do a Goddamn thing.  
Covered it all up for Casey.

Vivien snatches her necklace off.

VIVIEN

You bastard!

She hurls the necklace at Jamie, hitting him in the head.

VIVIEN

You sick fuck!

Jamie turns and looks away.

JAMIE

(ashamed)

I don't even know if her dad did  
it. Sheriff smeared him for us,  
made sure they got him. Kept that  
whole Goddamn family quiet forever.

SARAH

Y'all are fucking sick! All of  
y'all!

Jamie confronts them, tears sliding down his cheeks.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

SARAH

She didn't have a chance.

JAMIE

I know, Goddammit! I know!

The monitors cut away from the rape footage. A new clip  
appears: Louise in her living room.

Vivien notices the change.

VIVIEN

Oh God!

They all watch the footage.

JAMIE

Louise.

Louise stares at the camera, her eyes looking right at Jamie. Her pale hand raises the butcher knife.

Tears flowing from her eyes, Vivien covers her mouth.

VIVIEN

No.

Without hesitation, Louise slides the blade over her jugular. Blood SPURTS out, hitting the lens.

Vivien looks away.

VIVIEN

Oh God!

All the while, Jamie watches the graphic clip, haunted by the video.

JAMIE

We did it. We caused her to die.

Sarah hits his shoulder, enraged.

SARAH

Goddamn you!

Jamie backs away.

A surveillance video plays on the monitors: A naked Rob in his cell. Shedding tears, he stands up on the cot. Fastens the noose around his neck.

Sarah watches, mortified.

JAMIE

No. This can't be happening!

Rob hops off the bed, the noose SNAPPING his neck instantly. His nude corpse SWAYS back-and-forth.

SARAH

Jesus.

Sarah stumbles toward Vivien. Vivien holds her, both of them keeping their distance from Jamie.

Various suicide clips now play at a rapid rate. Chris. Kane. Casey. Louise's "victims."

SARAH  
It's all cause of y'all!

Jamie bumps into the counter. He touches the surface, cutting his hand.

Sarah lunges toward him, barely restrained by Vivien.

SARAH  
Fucking pigs!

VIVIEN  
Sarah.

Jamie looks down at the counter.

Louise's butcher knife.

Jamie grabs the wooden handle. Blood drips from the sharp blade.

JAMIE  
No.

Vivien and Sarah stare at the knife, the weapon making them uneasy.

VIVIEN  
Jamie.

Jamie turns and faces them.

VIVIEN  
Don't do this.

Jamie looks back at the monitor. The suicide video loop.

JAMIE  
I'm sorry.

Heavy books TUMBLE off the shelves, startling Sarah.

SARAH  
Oh fuck!

LOUISE (V.O.)  
Jamie.

Jamie glances around the library, trying to find Louise.

JAMIE  
Louise!

The unnerved Vivien watches him stumble around.

LOUISE (V.O.)

Jamie.

SARAH

He's flipped out! He's fucking  
psycho!

VIVIEN

They all have.

Louise repeats Jamie's name, creating an eerie chant.

Jamie stops and checks a computer screen.

The monitor now shows footage from the library: Jamie  
staring at the screen.

JAMIE

Aw, fuck!

Vivien and Sarah notice the live video.

VIVIEN

What the Hell?

His eyes glued to the screen, Jamie watches Louise emerge  
from the corner shadows, gliding toward him.

JAMIE

Aw, God!

Jamie whirls around.

Louise waits behind him. Her unwavering glare holds his  
gaze. She looks glorious.

JAMIE

Louise.

Jamie backs away, Louise following him step-for-step.

Vivien and Sarah glance at a monitor.

They watch Jamie sit on the sofa across from Casey's corpse.  
Neither of them see Louise.

Sarah's flashlight cuts on, illuminating Jamie like a morbid  
spotlight.

The camcorder switches on by itself, turning on its own to  
point right at Jamie.

Louise approaches him, her movements so effortless.

Panicking, he looks up at her. Nowhere to run.

JAMIE  
You bitch!

Jamie swings the knife and slices Louise's chest, cutting through her dress. A stream of black blood oozes out.

JAMIE  
Aw, God!

Louise stands still, her glare even more ominous.

JAMIE  
Why? Why are you doing this?

He slams his fist against the sofa.

JAMIE  
You didn't have to kill yourself!

The angry Jamie turns away.

JAMIE  
Goddammit, we don't deserve to die!

A baby's CRIES erupt.

JAMIE  
Aw, God!

Jamie looks for the infant.

JAMIE  
What the fuck was that?

The unsettling CRIES grow louder and louder.

JAMIE  
What the fuck?

Louise's abdomen THROBS.

Jamie jumps back. He stares at it, mortified.

JAMIE  
No! No, Louise.

He looks up at Louise, his eyes pleading.

JAMIE  
I'm sorry! Goddammit, I'm sorry!

Tears stream down his face.

JAMIE  
I did murder you.

The hidden presence in Louise's abdomen PULSATES again and again, each THROB more intense than the last.

Louise reaches toward Jamie.

JAMIE  
Our child.

Giving him a slight nod, Louise grabs the back of Jamie's head, drawing him in closer toward her abdomen.

Jamie looks up at Louise, greeted by her harsh glare. His eyes go blank. Emotionless.

The baby's monstrous WHINES become shriller as Louise's abdomen rots and falls apart.

A gruesome FETUS BURSTS out of her stomach.

The gory organism drips vivid goo. It reaches out with tiny claw-like hands, its underdeveloped eyes targeting Jamie.

Bellowing murky CRIES, the fetus's claws latch onto Jamie, digging in deep through his tender flesh.

Razor-sharp teeth emerge from the baby's disjointed mouth.

The flashlight beam showcases the baby's fangs sinking into Jamie's neck.

Blood SPLATTERS over the walls and floor. A vicious feast.

Louise watches the attack, a gratified expression on her face.

The camcorder films away, positioned at a perfect angle.

Vivien and Sarah stare at Jamie, both of them disgusted by the sight.

They don't see Louise or the baby. Instead, they only see the naked Jamie holding Louise's butcher knife. Multiple stab wounds cover his crotch, his penis severed. A rough self-castration. Blood everywhere.

The library door CREAKS open.

The dying Jamie holds his hand out toward Vivien.

JAMIE  
Vivien.

Sarah grabs Vivien's arm.

SARAH  
Come on.

JAMIE  
(weak)  
No!

Spurning him, Vivien turns away.

JAMIE  
Please...

The weakened Jamie lowers his hand.

Together, Vivien and Sarah exit the library, leaving the massacre behind.

Leaning down, Jamie shuts his eyes. Blood DRIPS from his lifeless body.

Flowing blood oozes toward the dying flashlight. The redness collides with the flickering beam before the light finally cuts out. Darkness suffocates the scene.

FADE OUT.

THE END