

Southern Belle

By

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Chris's eyes go blank. Hypnotized. He stares at Louise like he needs her approval.

LOUISE (V.O.)
I'm watching.

Louise watches Chris undress. He pulls down his boxers. He's naked, vulnerable.

Leaning over, Chris grabs the camcorder. He places it on the truck's hood.

The camcorder's red record light glows.

LOUISE (V.O.)
It's your turn, Chris.

Chris grabs a longneck off the ground. He SLAMS it against the pick-up, SMASHING it into a million pieces. His bloodied hand grips a large shard.

LOUISE (V.O.)
Do it, Chris.

Facing Louise, he gets down on his knees.

LOUISE (V.O.)
Do it for me.

Chris opens his mouth. Raises the sharp piece of glass over it.

He slowly lowers the shard, the glass disappearing down his throat, going deeper and deeper.

Louise watches him with merciless eyes.

Blood trickles down Chris's mouth as he stares at her. He gags, WHEEZING up blood.

One final shove. Like a spear, the glass protrudes out the back of Chris's neck.

He collapses to the ground. Convulses.

Blood flows around the lodged shard, running through the tall grass.

All the while, the unrelenting camera records the grisly scene.

Chris goes still, lifeless.

His body lies in the yard, all alone. Louise is gone.

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 FOOTSTEPS 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