

**UPPERCASE!**

~~NASHVILLE~~

1

EXT. THE NATIONS - DAY

1

A song plays... any song that calls to mind a 1950s housewife going jovially insane.

A sprawling view of Franklin, Tennessee's premiere cookie cutter neighborhood imposes - so fancy they call it a "community."

**DON'T REPEAT!**

(Rows and rows of identical houses line up behind) lawns that look like golf turf.

Escalades inhabit every driveway. Timed sprinklers sound off in perfect sync.

There's also a fucking water park.

god, best part

This is a Better Homes and Gardens freak show on fifty different steroids. There's even a built-in grocery store, so you never have to leave.

2

EXT. NATIONS GROCERY STORE - DAY

**UPPERCASE!**

Every shopper headed inside looks like they got barfed on by a J. Crew catalogue, except for ~~one~~ TEENAGE GIRL in ratty clothes, who walks swiftly through the automatic doors. We don't see her face.

space heroine?

**DON'T REPEAT!**

do we need to learn her name?

3

INT. NATIONS GROCERY STORE - DAY

~~The inside is an endless aisle mecca for rich white people with imagined allergies. (On a loudspeaker, a CHIPPER MALE VOICE announces sales on kale chips and gluten free soy sauce.)~~

WRITE DIALOGUE

(According to him, it's about to be the hottest recorded summer in history.)

Teenage girl eyes it.

~~CLOSE ON a raw steak in cellophane. It's so pink it looks fake. The girl eyeing it is the one we saw outside. She's sorely out of place in tattered jeans and a boy's stained baseball shirt. This is KATIE (15). Her eyes dart around carefully like someone who's about to shoplift.~~

Her gaze stops on a girl in similar garb sweet-talking a drooling CASHIER, distracting him. Katie nods to the girl and shoves multiple steaks in her patch-covered bag.

Mission accomplished. They hurry out swiftly. But just as the automatic doors start to close behind them, a steak falls out. BUSTED.

**UPPERCASE!**

**DON'T REPEAT!**

How I feel?

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

A RED-FACED MANAGER yells after them, but they're already gone—running like track stars and laughing hysterically.

**UPPERCASE!**

Loud music kicks on: Think "Plastic Factory" by Captain Beefheart.

*SUB LINES*

We track lightning fast with them through the parking lot. They hop a fence and dart through a tunnel that connects to the pristine neighborhood we thought we knew.

*WHO IS HERO?*

*good for you!*

TITLE CARD: THE NATIONS

4

EXT. THE NATIONS - <sup>WHOSE</sup> BACK YARD - DAY

*how many are there?*

The girls rush in with the meat loot and close the yard gate behind them. A WAIFISH GIRL with short black hair nods approvingly—drags on a cigarette while trying to light a grill incorrectly. Katie hands her a steak.

We notice ~~now~~ that there's a gang of teenagers there, all watching her. She's the alpha.

**UPPERCASE!**

*she's just lighting*

A steak SIZZLES on the grill. The waifish girl dumps Jack Daniels on it and flames rise. Everyone laughs. This is Natalie King (15).

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

*cheers*

*eyes*

*Cam she be cooler!!!*

5

EXT. THE NATIONS - JANE'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A small U-Haul parked next to a beat up station wagon sticks out like a sore thumb between two shiny Maseratis.

*15*

JANE, ~~a mousey fifteen-year-old~~ with knife-sharp eyes, struggles to lift moving boxes when she overhears Natalie's music.

*how N. enter stage?*

**UPPERCASE!**

From across the street, she can see the gang of kids ~~unseemly~~ in clouds of grill smoke. She drops the boxes. They sound like the only people in the neighborhood who are actually alive.

*no bold*

Jane's mother, CINDY (40s), grasps her daughter's fascination. Cindy is ~~deceptively meek~~, with the hardened face of circumstance.

*awk*

She stands next to a MAN dressed much better than her, with slicked back hair and a cheesy white-toothed grin. This is JEFF, Jane's step dad. And he's not helping with any of the heavy lifting.

*JANE*  
JEFF

*how he know?*

*good!*

*no*

(off the commotion)  
Mom is gone is a lot.  
(MORE)

**PROOFREAD!**

JEFF (CONT'D)

I'm surprised no one's called the cops on them yet.

JANE

(eyes on Natalie)

All those kids live there?

JEFF

No, just her.

*how he know? ←*

*where is passion + heart  
see trance yes*


Cindy pushes past Jane and Jeff, carrying more boxes than seems physically possible.

CINDY

(to Jane)

You can't be doin' shit like that in this neighborhood.

*keep to the point*

Jane's eyes ~~linger for a beat then snap back to reality, as if out of a~~ *her* *save a line* 

6 EXT. JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

6

Jane ~~stands~~ *from* in the doorway of her new bedroom. ~~The walls are cotton candy pink and covered in cheesy affirmation art-- phrases like "Sing Like No One's Listening" and "Dance Like No One's Watching" sit stretched over cheap canvas for twenty bucks at Bed, Bath, and Beyond.~~

Stuffed animals and girlish tchotchkes ~~seem~~ *god* meticulously placed off-kilter to give the room a "lived-in" vibe.

~~The look on her face tells us, Jane didn't sign off on this decorating.~~ *no way* *no way* *ed* She may not be sixteen, but she's not ten. Jeff approaches and notices her noticing.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

JEFF

I had my ~~interior~~ *good* decorator just have fun with it this weekend. Isn't it great?

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

Jane fakes a polite smile.

7 INT. JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

7

*doing what?* She looks around, more overwhelmed than unhappy.

~~CLOSE ON~~ a box labeled **Stratford Academy**.

Folded neatly inside is the dreaded private school standard: pleated skirt and ~~O~~ *?*xford shirt.

*no need*

*next to new*

Jane holds it up like it's a dirty wet rag, drops it, and plops down on her bed--glancing over at an ~~old~~ family photo. ~~In the photo, Jane sits with her mother and father, pre-divorce.~~

She looks slightly younger and significantly happier. *) good*

INT. JANE'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Cindy and Jeff argue in ~~the~~ hushed tones. ~~typical of couples who are still too polite with one another to fight.~~ Jeff makes a smoothie.

*SO?*

JEFF

I just wish you would be a little more open minded about it.

CINDY

Can we not talk about this right now?

JEFF

It's in two days.

CINDY

I don't have time to go to some psychic retreat.

*no italics*

JEFF

They're not psychics. They're ~~mystics~~ -

~~Interrupting-~~

JANE

--Hi.

*no dash*

*who squirms*

Shit. They turn nonchalantly to Jane, ~~who stands there~~ in her new school uniform ~~squirming~~ like a dog in a sweater.

CINDY

(beaming)

Oh. My. God. Honey, you look amazing.

JANE

I don't want to be late.

CINDY

Aren't you taking the bus?

JANE  
I'm not in fifth grade anymore.  
You said--

JEFF  
(sensing tension)  
--I can take her!

He hands Jane a cup of dark green sludge.

JEFF  
It's Spirulina.

**BEST WORD LAST!**

**PROOFREAD!**

Jane takes and sip as they walk to the door.

JEFF  
Good, right?

She spits (the mouthful) into a nearby trash can.

JANE  
Great.

*fool*

**UPPERCASE!**

*write it*

EXT. THE NATIONS - MORNING

On the car stereo, Jeff listens to a guided meditation. Jane stares out the window. As they drive by Natalie's house, she sees something interesting: No music, no people, no laughing. Natalie stands in the driveway, solemn.

*less car?*

Her mother, a FIERCE BUSINESS WOMAN (49) in a pencil skirt chatters away on a blue tooth. She writes Natalie a check like it's muscle memory and hands it over without ever even glancing at her. She drives off, attention still glued to the conference call, and leaves Natalie standing there-ignored.

*unclear gongyph*

*check spelling*

INT. STRATFORD ACADEMY - DAY

~~This is~~ Harvard for tweens and costs about the same.

*Why?*

Jane hurries to catch up with KRISTEN, an obnoxiously bubbly overachiever. She's a new-school-tour-guide type.

They walk and talk.

KRISTEN

I know it may be like overwhelming at first because you're like from public school or whatever no offense but if you ask me and not that you have to but if you ask me I would suggest like signing up for E.C.'s right away and just really putting yourself out there, ya know?

Jane takes it all in.

*Jane*  
E.C.'s? JANE

KRISTEN  
Extracurriculars. God, we've got some work to do.

They stop in an opulent dining hall.

INT. STRATFORD DINING HALL - DAY

**DESCRIPTION!**

KRISTEN  
I'll find you after lunch.

JANE  
How much is all this?

KRISTEN  
It's included in your tuition.

Jane's eyes light up at the sight of self-serve froyo machines and a build-your-own burrito station: finally something she can get on board with.

*how*  
are we sympathetic to her?

INT. STRATFORD DINING HALL - SEATING AREA - DAY

~~We CUT TO~~ Jane ~~sitting~~ at a big round table by herself, surrounded by a mound of plates- the first time we've seen her satisfied.

Just then- a group of POPULAR KIDS walk by. Jane makes eye contact with the HEAD JOCK, TREY (15), ~~before turning her attention back to the food.~~

F ?  
first day?

*empty plates*

*full ?*

*searing (?)*

*and turns*  
~~present~~ present fence

EXT. STRATFORD ACADEMY - LATER

② Jeff pulls up all smiles ① in the carpool line ③ and waves manically. Just as Jane starts to walk over, Kristen hands her a party invitation.

IMAGE ORDER!

KRISTEN

You can bring your public school friends if you want.

Jane marvels at the card in her hand - it looks nicer than most wedding invitations. Jeff honks.

no

INT. JANE'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cheesy New Age music plays. Jane stares at the quinoa-kale concoction on her plate and pushes it around with a fork.

JEFF

You should go!

UPPERCASE!

JANE

No.

UPPERCASE!

CINDY

How else do you expect to make new friends?

JANE

I don't need friends.

JEFF

Don't be so morose. ~~It would be good for you.~~

CINDY

He's right.

This hits a nerve in Jane. She glares at her mother.

EXT. THE NATIONS - NIGHT

Tugging awkwardly at the collar of her new uniform, Jane walks a tiny dog and waits for a voice on the other end of the phone - her dad's

dials.

collar

YSS! CHAP 59

INT. REDNECK LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TODD, a scruffy older man with a beer gut sits in front of a glowing TV screen and cracks open a non-alcoholic cold one.

Jared

**PROOFREAD!**

You can tell he was once very handsome. He checks the caller ID and answers the phone.

**PROOFREAD!**

minut! **TODD**

**PROOFREAD!**

**PROOFREAD!**

EXT. THE NATIONS - NIGHT

**PROOFREAD!**

Jane ~~is~~ walking along while the purse dog sniffs around.

**PROOFREAD!**

JANE

Hey.

TODD (O.S.)

(V.O.)

What's the verdict?

JANE

It's a Gulag.

TODD (O.S.)

Gulag's were free. It can't be that bad!

*good*

JANE

~~The food's pretty good I guess.~~  
They have a fro-yo machine.

TODD (O.S.)

Sounds newfangled.

JANE

It's better than Jeff's food.

TODD

Not to a rabbit.

*good.*

Jane laughs.

JANE

We can't make fun of Jeff. <sup>(2)</sup> I promised Mom I wouldn't disparage him as a bonding method. <sub>(1)</sub>

*needed?*

TODD (O.S.)

You mean she thinks we're ganging up on him, then?

JANE

I guess we kind of are.



INT. REDNECK LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

**UPPERCASE!**

TODD  
How is your old mom, anyhow?

EXT. THE NATIONS - NIGHT

Just as Jane goes to answer, she stops dead in her tracks.

*you*

Yell-oh?  
TODD (O.S.)

← Find Dalt writes it for you

**LESS DETAIL!**

JANE  
(staring ahead)  
I have to go.

She hangs up. ~~Just ahead~~, Natalie and her gang of friends ~~from before~~ creep around a big McMansion. A closer look shows us that they're rolling underneath half-open garages on skateboards and coming out with cases of beer. 17

how cool/ attractive can she be?

One of the girls catches Jane watching and notifies the boss. Natalie looks over at Jane and makes a "shhh" gesture with her index finger. **7 DEADLY SINS!**

**PROOFREAD!**

Terrified, Jane ~~turns~~ around and darts off, ~~pulling~~ the little dog in tow.

*toeing*

**DON'T REPEAT!**

Natalie runs after ~~her~~ and pulls her arm.

NATALIE

Hey.  
*bribes*

She ~~motions~~ for Jane to take a beer ~~a~~ bribe.

*is N VERY interesting + smart + in control ?*

JANE

I won't say anything.

NATALIE

Just take it, it's no big deal.

JANE

(definitive)  
I don't drink.

how is this wonderful?

Natalie laughs.

**UPPERCASE!**

~~Some of the boys in Natalie's group cat call after Jane in the background.~~ Natalie gives them the finger. *cat*

**LESS DETAIL!**

NATALIE  
Ignore them. They're animals.

JANE  
It's fine.

Natalie sizes up Jane's outfit. Their contrasting dress codes becomes abundantly clear ~~now that they're facing each other.~~

NATALIE  
What are you wearing?

~~Jane looks down at her uniform, mortified.~~

JANE  
~~(tripping over words)~~  
I know, it's dumb. It's my uniform.

LESS DETAIL!

is N. a lesbian?  
or bi?

Without permission, Natalie grabs ~~opposite ends of~~ Jane's plaid skirt at the top and rolls it down to make it shorter.

YSS! CHAP 54

NATALIE  
~~(still adjusting the skirt)~~  
~~I know~~ I used to go there. This trick comes in handy.

LESS DETAIL!

How does N do it?

BIG MOMENT?

almost never

Natalie ~~then~~ takes off her oversized grunge flannel and ties it around Jane's waist. She stands back, satisfied with her work. The boys hoot and holler approvingly in the background.

UPPERCASE!

touch?

JANE  
Thanks.

NATALIE  
Come over this weekend.

JANE  
~~I can't.~~ I'm supposed to go to church with my dad.

NATALIE  
Then come over after church.

~~Beat.~~

JANE  
I don't know.

NATALIE  
Alright, Mary. Just think about it I guess.

Jane turns and walks away.

how  
J.  
feel?  
prisson?

how J. feel?  
7 DEADLY SINS!

room

INT. JANE'S HOME - NIGHT

Jane shuts the door behind her, hiding how amped she feels. Cindy watches her from the kitchen. She gives Jane's new outfit a disapproving stink eye.

the  
CINDY  
Where did you get that?

DON'T REPEAT!

Jane hurries to unroll her skirt and takes the flannel off.

JANE  
Mom, don't.

no

She runs upstairs. Off Cindy - a little suspicious.

INT. JANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jane shuts the door behind her, staring at the plush toy menagerie on her bed.

This has to go.

she takes

After a pause, she starts throwing them off the bed until it's free of all things girly.

LESS DETAIL!

Then, as if reevaluating herself completely - she stands at attention in front of a full-length mirror.

no

She turns to the side and the back, pulls her hair up and drops it down, etc. Dissatisfied and antsy, she strips off her uniform looks again - earnestly assessing her budding frame.

7 DEADLY SINS!

PROOFREAD!

BEST WORD LAST!

After a beat, she slips on the flannel and takes a final look. All she's wearing now is the flannel and a boyish pair of underwear. She shows a genuine smile for the first time so far. We take it that she likes this makeover.

OBVIOUS!

She lays back on her bed, reeling. Something exciting finally happened. She stares at the ceiling for a beat before pulling the flannel fabric close to her. She smells it, curious.

A spark is lit.

I did not see it, at all.

INT. STRATFORD ACADEMY - DAY

A teacher drones on about geometry à la Charlie Brown. Jane scribbles attentively in her new staple outfit - skirt freshly shortened.

adults

Go to

We need to feel her passion + excitement

Why N like J?

Why not do outside?  
Seems dumb - or, not smart

YSS! CHAP 53

LESS DETAIL!

YSS! CHAP 53

UPPERCASE!

Trey, ~~the head jock from before,~~ notices the new length.

A paper ball ~~flies and~~ hits Jane. She turns, incensed until ~~she realizes who throw it.~~ Trey looks up animatedly, pretending he didn't throw it.

Jane throws ~~a paper ball back at him.~~ He gives her a big lovable douche bag smile. *god*

EXT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

**UPPERCASE!**

*g* Loud music thumps from inside. A color-changing fountain that would put the Bellagio to shame stands in front of the biggest fucking house Jane has ever seen. ~~Her jaw drops.~~ Kristen tugs her along, misinterpreting Jane's amazement.

KRISTEN  
(self-deprecating)  
It's under construction.

**UPPERCASE!**

INT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, Boogie Nights levels of debauchery ~~take place~~ amongst a bunch of ~~rich kids~~ who aren't even old enough to drive. Kristen ~~continues to pull Jane along~~ like a rag doll.

*drags J.*  
KRISTEN  
Come on! I'll give you a tour. *SDT*

INT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An enormous kitchen boasts two ovens and three kegs.

KRISTEN  
Okay so I'm a little too buzzed to give you like a complete official tour or whatever but this is where the alcohol is so do whatever you want or get in the pool if you feel like it I have to go deal with this slut who just broke one of my dad's Faberge eggs.

*god*  
*oh my.*

And she's off ~~before Jane even has time to respond.~~

*save a line ☺*  
JANE  
~~(to herself)~~ accents?  
Holy shit.

**OBVIOUS!**

INT. KRISTEN'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Awkwardly holding a red solo cup, Jane sits by herself atop a washing machine that costs more than your car.

She looks around at Kristen's family photos. Each one appears carefully staged to show off a new exotic location.

Suddenly--

TREY (O.C.)

~~Are~~ you too cool for the party?

Jane notices Trey standing there and becomes flustered but tries to play it off.

JANE

No.

TREY

Then why are you in here?

JANE

It was quiet.

Trey sits next to her and playfully shoves her arm.

TREY

(off the flannel)

~~Weirdo~~ What's with the Kurt Cobain outfit?

**DON'T REPEAT!**

JANE

My J. Crew shirt was dirty.

He leans in closer to her. **OBVIOUS!**

TREY

Hey. This is from Hollister.

She laughs. He kisses her abruptly. She pulls back, unsure how she feels about it.

**BEST WORD LAST!**

TREY

Sorry...

She deliberates for a beat and then, in the spirit of new adventures, she kisses him back.

INT. STRATFORD ACADEMY - DINING HALL

Jane goes down the lunch line, smiling. The same group of popular kids floods in, Trey at the head.

**LESS DETAIL!**

☆ NOT ONE UNNECESSARY WORD, EVER ☆

*[Handwritten scribbles]*

YSS! CHAP 65 !!!

*How does she feel?*

Jane goes to talk to him, but he ignores her. Taken aback, Jane is left standing with her lunch tray.

A BOUNCY BLONDE runs up, ~~to him and~~ grabs hand. ~~and~~ walks away.

*Guffed,*  
Jane ~~turns~~

*good*

*FRONT HALL / LIVING ROOM*

INT. JANE'S HOME - NIGHT

Cindy and Jeff set a mess of luggage by the door while Jane sits moodily in front of the TV.

CINDY  
We'll be back around five on Sunday.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

*No*  
~~Jane doesn't~~ answer.

JEFF  
Your mother is talking to you.

JANE  
What?

CINDY  
~~Are~~ you okay?

JANE  
Yes.

JEFF  
Let's dispense with the monosyllables, please.

JANE  
(almost to herself)  
Fuck you.

*Where does she go to school?*

Cindy walks over ~~to her.~~

CINDY  
Hey. What's going on with you?

Jane turns ~~to face~~ her mother, eyes locked with hers.

JANE  
Have fun at your psychic retreat.

CINDY  
They're mystics.

*not italics*

A beat.

*fighter is better !!*

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

*cliche*

CINDY  
My phone will be off. Call you  
dad if you need something;

BEST WORD LAST!

EXT. THE NATIONS - DAY

Jane is on the phone with her dad.

) not a novel

YSS! CHAP 39

JANE  
I'll go with you next weekend,  
okay?

EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The door swings open, and Natalie looks at Jane unfazed, like she was expecting her.

NATALIE  
(smirking)  
How was church?

— did she go?

NO.  
NOT EVER  
AGAIN.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - DAY

UPPERCASE!

Music up loud; driving, 1970s southern.

The house is much nicer than Jane's on the inside but colder too. It's also swarming with teenagers the ones your parents warned you about.

We track behind Natalie, following her with Jane.

NATALIE  
(turning back to Jane)  
You have to meet everybody.

FAR  
LESS DETAIL!

UPPERCASE!

7 DEADLY SINS!

Benny knocks ~~on the door~~. The slit opens.

O.V.

Passwor--

Benny shoves <sup>in</sup> the barrel ~~through the slit~~, keeping it open.

BENNY

Open the goddamn door.

A lock UNBOLTS. The door creeps light into the ally. *ank*

Hayden <sup>throws</sup> ~~throws~~ his cigarette ~~aside~~, grabs a mason jar.

HAYDEN

Business time!

**PROOFREAD!**

INT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

YOUNG COUPLES ~~bustle~~ in the shaded, forbidden night life.  
LIVE JAZZ ~~encompass~~ all patrons.

YSS! CHAP 65

THE BARTENDERS ~~smiling, looks up~~. His face drops along with the glass in his hands. *ank*

<sup>2</sup> The MUSIC cuts, ~~abruptly~~, as Hayden and Benny stroll in. **IMAGE OPDED!**

HAYDEN

~~No, no, no. Don't stop on account of us.~~ Please. Drink, eat, dance. We just need to have a word with a mister...

**DON'T REPEAT!**

**PROOFREAD!**

Hayden pull a ~~shred of paper~~ from his pocket. ~~Glances.~~

**OBVIOUS!**

HAYDEN

Brugioni! Where can I find him?

The bartender meekly <sup>points</sup> ~~raises his hand~~. Hayden slyly smiles. *Je*

INT. BRUGIONI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A ~~small~~ desk separates Brugioni from Hayden.

Benny lurks in the ~~corner shadow~~, gun in hand.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

HAYDEN

~~Now~~ I'm assuming you know why we're here, yes?

Brugioni nods.



HAYDEN

~~So you know that it's that time of the month? And still, we have not yet received a payment from you for a substantial amount of alcohol you were loaned a couple of weeks ago.~~

Nods again.

HAYDEN

Do you have the money?

Brugioni pulls cash from a drawer. Slides it across.

<sup>S</sup> HAYDEN  
(Smiling)

Now mister Brugi--

BRUGIONI

--You can call me Raphael.

HAYDEN

~~Raphael. You know that's a beautiful name. For a guy of course. Don't get me wrong, I'm no queer, I just like the name. I'm familiar with it a bit actually. My cousin has that name. Do you know what it means?~~

*cancel?*

Raphael shakes his head.

HAYDEN

<sup>B</sup> In Biblical terms it means, God has healed. And I think this is a good way to look at your relationship with my boss, Mr. D'Ambrogio. Because until I came here, it was not looking so hot for you.

*smiles a little,*

Raphael lets a small smile break. *awk*

HAYDEN

Now I also have heard you may be getting a little low on your beverages.

The smiles disappears ~~in a heart beat.~~

Hayden slides the mason jar across the table.

**BEST WORD!**

(CONTINUED)

HAYDEN

~~This is some of our best stuff yet.~~  
Mr. D'Ambrogio guarantees your  
satisfaction. Straight from the  
mountains of the... ~~the..~~

BENNY

Appalachians.

HAYDEN

~~Yes! Appalachians.~~ Straight from  
the heart of America. ~~Made for your~~  
~~mouth, and theirs.~~

Hayden points towards the door ~~to the speakeasy.~~

Raphael considers it.

RAPHAEL

What if I don't have the money?

HAYDEN

Well... we can work something out.

It's clear Raphael doesn't want this deal again.

HAYDEN

I mean you're doing so well! ~~Look~~  
~~at this!~~

SDT

Hayden points to the stack of cash. Raphael's eyes lower.  
Hayden takes notice.

HAYDEN

Benny? ~~Do me a favor,~~

~~He hands Benny the cash.~~

~~HAYDEN~~

Count this for me, would ya? Not  
that I don't trust our associate  
here... I just like to make sure.

Raphael's heart skips a beat. Benny begins counting.

HAYDEN

~~You look a little nervous?~~ Take a  
drink, it'll calm you.

Raphael hesitates. Hayden nods towards the jar.

7 DEADLY SINS!

CONTINUED:

5.

**'OBVIOUS!**

HAYDEN

Go ahead, it won't kill you.

Raphael takes a pull, cringes.

Benny comes over, whispers to Hayden. He smiles.

Hayden stands up and begins to walk to the door.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

HAYDEN

Well it looks like our business is about finished here.

Benny lifts the shotgun to his shoulder, takes aim

RAPHAEL

No! No! Please, I have the money! I have children--

Benny FIRES. Raphael smears blood on the back wall as he slides down.

Why kill him?

1) Junk

**IMAGE ORDER!**

**INT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT**

Hayden and Benny walk out of the office. All is just as quiet as before.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

As Hayden walks past a woman with an empty glass at the bar.

HAYDEN

I think you might wanna refill that one yourself. He may be awfully

**UPPERCASE!**

**UPPERCASE!**

The bouncer stands firm in front of the door.

HAYDEN

You gonna call the police? Do it.

He doesn't budge.

HAYDEN

Let me know if you still wanna do business in the future. It's just business!

R's Under

Hayden pushes past. Benny throws fake bills from the stack. Raphael gave him.

BENNY

Don't spend it all at once.

PROOFREAD!

INT. FORD PICKUP - NIGHT

Benny drives. Hayden drifts off in the passenger seat. He eyes down the shotgun in the review. ?

Jank

BENNY

Well that's another lost one.

HAYDEN

Between us and the pigs they seem to drop like flies. bulls

BENNY

You know, I honestly thought he'd come through. (Not that he was smart or nothin'. I mean the asshole tries to slide us. But he seemed nice and all.)

HAYDEN

PROOFREAD!

He's been avoiding it for weeks.  
I'm not too surprised.

~~Silence.~~ Hayden pondering something.

HAYDEN

What's it like?

BENNY

What?

HAYDEN

Killing someone.

BENNY

You ain't never done it?

HAYDEN

Well, I shot a guy. But I don't think I killed him.

BENNY

You'd know.

HAYDEN

Well maybe he died later. ~~But~~ I mean just dead on shooting someone. Like back there.

BENNY

I recon I really don't know.

PROOFREAD!

good

~~HAYDEN  
Bullshit!~~

~~BENNY  
You think I'm hiding something?~~

HAYDEN  
~~Look, all I'm saying is we've been  
doing this for a year now and I  
seen you kill four people as of  
tonight. Hell, you could've killed  
more, I just don't know. And now  
you're telling me that you don't  
know what it feels like?~~

**DON'T REPEAT!**

~~Benny shrugs.~~

~~HAYDEN  
Fuck that shit.~~

~~BENNY  
I'm serious!~~

~~HAYDEN  
Okay well, compare it to something.~~

Benny thinks.

~~BENNY  
You ever been huntin'?~~

~~HAYDEN  
Like deer? I grew up in the city.~~

~~BENNY  
True.~~

~~Benny tries to find something else.~~

~~BENNY  
You ever have sex with a girl?~~

**DON'T REPEAT!**

~~HAYDEN  
Of course I have! What kind of  
question is that?~~

~~BENNY  
Well it's kinda like sex I guess.~~

~~HAYDEN  
Killing?~~

*fighter!*

~~BENNY~~

~~Well see, it all depends on how you look at it.~~

~~HAYDEN~~

~~I look at it as sex.~~

**PROOFREAD!**

~~BENNY~~

~~Naw, naw. You don't get it. You ever have sex that was so good it made your mind go blank?~~

~~HAYDEN~~

~~Like in a good way?~~

~~BENNY~~

~~Yeah. I'm sayin' if you were to have sex so good that everything just kinda mixed together. For a second you didn't even know what was goin' on. It just happened.~~

~~HAYDEN~~

~~Yeah sure, I guess I have.~~

~~BENNY~~

~~Well that's kinda what killin's like. At least for me. It's like your doing something and all the sudden, BAM! You don't see nothin'. You don't feel nothin'. You just done it and it's over.~~

**COLLEGE!!!!**

~~HAYDEN~~

~~So you don't really think about it?~~

~~BENNY~~

~~I recon I don't. Moment comes and you just gotta do it. But people don't kill 'cause they like it.~~

**PROOFREAD!**

~~HAYDEN~~

~~Why do they then?~~

~~BENNY~~

~~They kill for the same reason we do. Respect.~~

~~HAYDEN~~

~~I always thought it was for fear.~~

BENNY  
Same thing as far as I can tell.

Hayden laughs a little.

HAYDEN  
Sex... you know you're a sick individual.

The ~~two~~ laugh. Street lights flash by.

INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

7 DEADLY SINS!

~~The~~ lush Chicago skyline glitters below. ~~The type of~~ view only dirty money can buy. A

Velvet couches, diamond ashtrays, forged art that looks more realistic than it's true counterpart.

A massive wooden door with marble knobs. The CLICK of a key.

CELSO "Cello" D'AMBROGIO (40's) enters with power, confidence.

YSS! CHAP 58

He hangs his jacket and hat by the door and takes in the beauty.

LESS DETAIL!

He walks through the heaven he's created.

INT. PENTHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

He flips on a light, revealing the marble kitchen.

CELLO  
Bet--

He turns to see his wife, BETTY (30's), arms crossed. He freezes.

BETTY  
(Brooklyn accent)  
Where the fuck were you.

YSS! CHAP 58

She obviously younger, a trophy wife.

PROOFREAD!

CELLO  
Honey I was workin--

BETTY  
It's one in the fucking morning, where have you been?

CELLO  
Sometime I have to work that late.

BETTY  
Where you off with some call girl?

*What year  
is this?*

CELLO  
Baby I would nev--

BETTY  
~~--Don't give me that bullshit Celso  
D'Ambrogio!~~ You remember what  
happened last time.

Cello SIGHS.

CELLO  
Betty, I would never risk our  
marriage. I love you. I even got  
you something to prove it.

*OTN*

Betty perks up.

BETTY  
Got me something?

Cello reaches into his pocked, pulls out a pearl necklace.

CELLO  
It's simple but--

BETTY  
—It's beautiful!

She grabs it, not even showing any thanks.

*Cups*

The door CREAKS open, Cello sees JOEY "Bonnie" BONVIETRE  
slide through.

CELLO  
I'm glad you like it. Why don't you  
go put it on and fetch a coat. We  
can go out for a quick drive. I  
know you love the town at night.

BETTY  
Of course!

She scurries off.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

Cello looks towards Bonnie, nods toward his office.



## INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

A large, lavish, oak desk splits Cello and Bonnie. )awk

BONNIE

They say it's coming to an end.

CELLO

~~Is there~~ any legislation? actual

BONNIE

Just talk.

Cello ~~rises, he~~ looks down over the ~~Chicago~~ city. )awk

CELLO

It'll take them at least a year to draft something. Another one to get it passed.

BONNIE

So we shouldn't be worried?

CELLO

It's not our most pressing issue.

BONNIE

What about the mayor?

CELLO

What about him?

BONNIE

Word is he's got a new police force starting up. Top secret.

Bonnie looks at a sheet of paper. )?

BONNIE

Uh... Prohibition Police force is what they're calling it. Could've been a little more creative.

CELLO

Let's see if I can talk him out of that. ~~Get me a meeting.~~

Bonnie nods, rises. A KNOCK ~~on the door.~~

BETTY (O.V.)

Cello, hurry! It's getting late!

Cello takes a deep breath, bracing.

(CONTINUED)

Bonnie's hand on the nob.

**PROOFREAD!**

CELLO

Oh and Bonnie!

He glance back.

CELLO

I'm going to need you down at the boat house tomorrow. Everything's set, right?

Bonnie grins.

**EXT. PENTHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT**

The pickup comes to a stop.

**INT. FORD PICKUP - NIGHT**

*What year?*

Benny puts it in park. Hayden begins to exit.

Benny grabs him.

*First of handbrake*

BENNY

Where you going?

HAYDEN

Out if you let me!

BENNY

What about this shit?

He motions towards the uncovered mason jars.

HAYDEN

We're not gonna get arrested here.

BENNY

You know that ain't what I mean.

Hayden grabs a blanket lying in the back, throws it over the jars. A little corner is left uncovered.

HAYDEN

It's all good.

*modern dialogue*

The two exit.

## INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The two stand behind an ELEVATOR OPERATOR.

BENNY

Did you see the new Chaplin film?

HAYDEN

Nah. Not a movie fan.

BENNY

You don't like them?

HAYDEN

~~Don't get me wrong, they're fun.  
But it's a fad.~~

Benny has no idea what this means. *Why?*

HAYDEN

You know, like... it's something that won't last long

BENNY

Why not? They have good turn outs.

HAYDEN

People are into them now but they'll die down.

A DING. The operator opens the door.

## INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The two ~~exit and~~ walk towards a ~~single~~ door.

BENNY

Plus there's that whole business coming up.

HAYDEN

What business?

BENNY

In Hollywood!

HAYDEN

~~Well maybe I'm wrong, but something  
always comes along and takes over.~~  
This week it's film, next week  
it'll be amusement parks.

(CONTINUED)

HAYDEN  
That'll work.

*confusion*

BUTLER  
Right this way.

The butler shows them towards Cello's office.  
As they round a corner, two men jump out and bag the two.

*awk*

*good.*

**EXT. PENTHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT**

**PROOFREAD!**

OFFICER MATTHEW GRIFFIN lurks in an ally across the street.

POV: Griffin watches as Benny and Hayden walk inside. He takes out a note pad and scribbles down.

**YSS! CHAP 58**

The valet drives their truck to a lot out back.)

*new slug line*

Griffin follows (in the shadows.)

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Griffin crouches behind a car as the valet walks back.  
Griffin snooping between the cars, all very nice.  
He gets to the pickup, looks in the cab, nothing unusual.

**INT. FORD PICKUP - NIGHT**

The doors unlocked, he goes through the glove box, nothing.

**PROOFREAD!**

He takes a deep breath in the drivers seat, looks at the review. He sees the blanket ~~in the back.~~

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

~~He gets out and jumps in the bed. He pulls off the blanket finding the crates of mason jars in the back. Bingo.~~

*the rear view*

**BEST WORD LAST!**

FADE IN:

COLD OPEN

*needed?*  
CAMP  
EXT. ESTABLISHING - CABIN 14 - DAY *hand painted*

A small, sturdy log structure. A sign on the front says "Cool As Ice Cream in Cabin 14".

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

INT. CABIN 14 - DAY

*Plants*  
1 The cabin has rested here for a thousand years. Dust flies in  
2 the air. Everything is just as it was in 1834. Cots and bunks  
3 press against the creaky wood walls. A counselor in a WHITE  
4 COLLARED SHIRT and NAVY SHORTS unpacks a container full of  
5 books into cubbies along the wall. This is BRIDGET REEVES  
6 (20), a simple, unassuming girl who barely knows how to take  
care of herself, let alone a cabin full of prepubescents.

*can*  
In the middle of the room, a circle of preteen girls plays a slow game of cards. CHEYENNE (12), a red-cheeked girl with two mangled french braids tied in ribbons, is in the middle of a conversation with Bridget.

*hearts?*  
CHEYENNE

Why'd you have to make the sign say "ice cream" on it?

BRIDGET

(I don't know.) It rhymes with fourteen.

CHEYENNE

But... there's not ice cream.

From one of the bunks JEN (12), never to be left out of the spotlight, starts making pig sounds.

BRIDGET

Jen, stop...

(to Cheyenne)

It's a figure of speech.

Jen stops, but not before she giggles into her pillow.

CHEYENNE

It's false advertising. People are asking about it. They're asking me, "is there really ice cream in there" and "how much for a pop" and I'm telling them five dollars.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

**DON'T REPEAT!**

*done care*

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

*SDT*

**DON'T REPEAT!**

*clb*

**LESS DETAIL!**

**DON'T REPEAT!**

BRIDGET

~~You're telling them we have ice cream? Cheyenne, you can't just trick people into giving you money.~~

CHEYENNE

*From the* The sweet chime of Mrs. Belly says different, my naive counselor.

~~On the cubbies rests a fat piggy bank that smiles at the girls from its perch. Bridget sits on her bed to partake in conversation. She listens, trying not to laugh.~~

PAOLA (12), ~~a~~ hyperactive and experienced camper, gathers her winning hand.

PAOLA

Outside food isn't allowed.

CHEYENNE

That's business.

PAOLA

What's business?

CHEYENNE

It's something my dad says on the phone. It means that I did something bad, but it's less bad because I made money.

YSS! CHAP 53

The other girls nod at Cheyenne's savvy.

JEN

*admire*

My dad always says stuff about ass. (mocking him)  
We kicked ass on the last deal...  
If you hit your brother again, I'm gonna kick your ass... ~~If I had a dime.~~

*DO NOT TELL AUNTIE WHAT TO DO - but how to feel*

~~She carries on as Bridget reacts.~~

*SDT*

BRIDGET

~~Oh, okay, wow.~~ Thank you for sharing, Jen. You are a valued member of our very innocent community. I am in no way asking you to discontinue speaking about your father among your young peers.

*What is B's problem?*

When Jen doesn't stop...

*write it*

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Okay! Let's go play outside! ,

really?

The girls leap outside with great cheer.

a (?)  
1

EXT. CABIN 14 - DAY

heavy ancient

Bridget smacks her head against the cracked, ~~wooden~~ door and lets out a sigh that looks like a prayer. She looks into the camera.)

how she react / feel?  
UPPERCASE!

MATCH CUT:

ACT ONE

INT. MEETING HALL - DAY

HUNK?

Bridget, dark-clad, slumps among makeup, hair supplies, and designer handbags HIGH-PITCHED CHATTER sings. By the expression on her naked face, she wishes she could beat herself to death with one of the nearby tennis rackets.)

She wears INTELLECTUAL GLASSES and clutches a copy of *Sense & Sensibility*.

YSS! CHAP 65

why caps?

YSS! CHAP 58

A counselor (MICHELLE) busy chatting, almost sits in Bridget's lap. She apologizes without meaning it and finds another seat.

~~BRIDGET TALKING HEAD~~  
Bridget ADDRESSES

CAMERA

write dialogue

BRIDGET

Camp wasn't my idea. My mom thought it would be an "enriching social experience". So far, I've been sat on twelve and a half times and no one knows my name. Thanks, Mom.

why?  
good

BACK TO SCENE 7 DEADLY SINS!

YSS! CHAP 58

DONNA, 40s, Southern drawl, leads a counselor meeting. As per dress code, she is wearing a WHITE COLLARED SHIRT and KHAKI SHORTS. Her DESK drowns in pastels. CHEESY MOTIVATIONAL POSTERS crowd the wall behind her.

no caps

no caps

DONNA

Welcome, welcome, welcome. You've made it through the first week of camp! Snaps for you!

???

Why is B. here?

LESS DETAIL!

UPPERCASE!

Donna snaps with vigor as, under the tables, counselors play with their smartphones. Bridget reads. One of the counselors (CELIA) snaps and grins ear-to-ear.

YSS! CHAP 58

DONNA (CONT'D)

As you all should be aware, tonight is the first tribal gathering, where girls will compete in challenges and be recognized for weekly achievements.

CELIA

Yeah! Get pumped for Tribal!

Celia, a camp fanatic, offers high fives to her neighbors at the table, but after disdainful glances from them, she high fives herself with no less enthusiasm.

~~CELIA TALKING HEAD~~

*Celia talks to CAMERA.*

CELIA (CONT'D)

Tribal is a gathering in the woods that involves three main things: destruction, a large fire, and the tears of children. And the tears of adults. Everything ends in tears. Are they good tears?

*turn of*

Celia shrugs.

DONNA TALKING HEAD

DONNA

Arms have been broken, spleens ruptured. There was the time with the raccoons... No one has ever died. We pride ourselves on that.

*is each girl DISTINCT?*

*7 DEADLY SINS!*

*good*

BACK TO SCENE

Donna distributes a ~~huge~~ stack of papers to each of the counselors. ~~The pages are a rainbow of pastels.~~

DONNA (CONT'D)

(Lots of things need to happen in order for Tribal to run smoothly.) What you have here is a packet with assignments color coded by time, type, and location.

BRIDGET flips through the pages.

BRIDGET

Is this all for tonight?



DONNA  
(taken aback)  
Yes.

BRIDGET  
All...  
(flips to last page)  
... one hundred and sixty-four  
pages?

**BEST WORD LAST!**

(2) DONNA (1)  
It's ~~been~~ expanded over the years.

Donna is uncomfortable, ~~and~~ Bridget scans the pages.

BRIDGET  
How many years?

MICHELLE  
It's a historical artifact.

BRIDGET  
There's literally an entire...  
seventeen pages on how to fashion  
bloomers.

DONNA  
(I think I'm missing your point.)  
Fashioning bloomers is very  
historical.

Donna tries to move on in the conversation but... *SDT*

BRIDGET  
(You are very correct.) *But,*  
according to section "L" of the  
handbook, bloomers are no longer a  
part of the camp uniform.

*duh.* DONNA  
That's correct.

BRIDGET  
So why are they in the booklet? *bone-headedness*  
Many girls ~~in the room~~ sigh at Bridget's (inability to  
comprehend something so basic.)

DONNA  
Because they've always been in the  
booklet.

CELIA  
The booklet is sacred. *great*

BRIDGET

It's... what? It's typed on pastel-colored paper in papyrus font.

DONNA

We can't just take things out of the booklet willy-nilly. People need to be consulted, calls need to be made. This isn't Disney World, hot shot. There are rules.

BRIDGET

What does that analogy even mean?

DONNA

It means there are rules.

BRIDGET

That's ridiculous. Keeping outdated information is like using chamberpots when you have plumbing.

*her first year?*

**DON'T REPEAT!**

(The room is awkward.) Everyone lowers their eyes, ashamed.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Oh my God. No.

~~The room explodes with justifications.~~

*tone?*

DONNA

It's an option. It's an option. They sell them at the general store.

BRIDGET

Oh my God.

DONNA

No need to worry, this is precisely the reason I put you on my committee for Tribal.

BRIDGET

Wait, what?

*What is her nightmare?*

DONNA

~~(to room)~~  
To your activities!

*(to all) or cut it*

EXT. WATERFRONT - AFTERNOON

Bridget surveys the campers as they swim laps. MICHELLE (21) and ELISE (21), long and lazy like housecats, sunbathe on the dock in designer bathing suits that their fathers purchased with old money. Rachel at least wears hers with a little humility.

YSS! CHAP 59

UPPERCASE!

LESS DETAIL!

An elderly woman hollers at the swimmers like a drill sergeant. Her voice is not gentle like a grandma's but similar to a hungry lion roaring at prey. This is BEV, a former camp legend and a current camp pest, feared by campers and counselor's alike. Her bathing suit is faded and fits her body like a soggy napkin.

BEV

I've seen a limbless cat swim faster than that in a pot of boiling water.

YSS! CHAP 58

Bridget LOOKS INTO CAMERA, afraid.

ELISE TALKING HEAD

ELISE

Bev, AKA Old Bev when she isn't around. She broke basically all the records at camp her last year as a camper.

lim  
less  
leg

~~B-Roll:~~ Bev paces the docks, hands folded behind her back. She screams at young children.

UPPERCASE!

ELISE ~~(CONT'D)~~

They say she lost both her legs in the war, during which she disguised as a man -

MICHELLE (O.S.)

--Like Mulan.

ELISE

Oh my god, yeah, like Mulan. And then she got new legs -

MICHELLE (O.S.)

(gasps)  
--Like Ariel!

INT. Pump House - DAY

~~B-Roll:~~ Bev sneaks into the pump house and smokes among the life vests and canoe paddles. She enters a coughing fit.

has

ELISE  
(amazed)  
Holy shit.

BACK TO SCENE

YSS! CHAP 58

CASSIDY (12), a slight girl in oversized goggles, taps Bev's elbow.

7 DEADLY SINS!

BEV  
You call that a breaststroke?  
You're gonna GIVE me a  
breaststroke.

Bev starts laughing, but it only sends her into a coughing fit. Cassidy taps her elbow again.

CASSIDY  
'Scuse me.  
BEV  
(noticing her)  
What are you doin' outta the water?

CASSIDY  
I can't swim.

BEV  
Good Lord... MICHELLE!

What does Bridget want?

ANGLE: MICHELLE

Michelle

Upset at the interruption to her sunbathing, she gets to her feet.

MICHELLE  
'Sup.

BEV  
She can't swim.

MICHELLE  
Mhm.

Michelle waits for the rest. Bev raises her eyebrows.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
(understanding)  
Oh, no. No, no, no.

BEV  
What happened to "I could have been a professional swimmer"?

MICHELLE  
I still could, thank you.

BEV  
And you can't teach a twelve-year-old to keep her schnozz above water?

MICHELLE  
I'm not a teacher.

Bev stares at her in a way that says "What do I look like?!"

BEV  
Do it.

YSS! CHAP 59 [ Michelle, tongue in her cheek, scans the vicinity for someone else to teach Cassidy to swim. Her scheming eyes land on Bridget. ] *less*

ANGLE: BRIDGET ON LIFEGUARD NEST

Michelle approaches ~~below~~. Bridget sits on the nest like a queen, which grates on Michelle's nerves.

MICHELLE  
Hey... new... person. ) *good*

BRIDGET  
New person?

MICHELLE  
I'm Michelle Ashley Dutchman, camp counselor, communications major at Duke University, vice president of Alpha Gamma Delta Phi, three-time 50 miler at Camp Malila, and captain of every swim team that has ever had the privilege of hosting me.

Bridget, speechless.

BRIDGET  
I'm Bridget. And I don't have a middle name. *good*

~~A beat.~~

MICHELLE  
Okay. So here's the deal. I have a back injury, and I can't get in the water to teach this girl to swim. *good*

BRIDGET  
And you want me to?

MICHELLE  
That'd be great. She's in your  
cabin, too.

Bridget peers around Michelle to see Cassidy, wearing massive  
goggles that make her look like a frog.

BRIDGET  
Oh, yeah. Cassidy. I can do it.

MICHELLE  
Perfect. Thanks so much.

Michelle starts to leave as Bridget climbs down the nest.

*from (?)*

BRIDGET  
What'd you do to your back?

Michelle whips back around, caught off guard.

MICHELLE  
What? Oh, a disc... fell out.

BRIDGET  
Fell out? How'd that happen?

MICHELLE  
It was during a... political  
demonstration?

BRIDGET  
For what?

MICHELLE  
Politics.

BRIDGET  
Right.

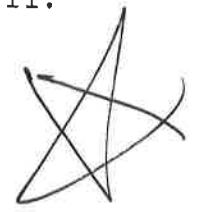
MICHELLE  
I'm picketing, and next thing I  
know it gets out of hand and BAM.  
My spinal disc is just there on the  
New York City sidewalk.

*a lot of  
chit  
chat*

BRIDGET  
New York City... Jesus.

*no  
conflict*

*TH*



MICHELLE

It was traumatic, but it gets better every day... Good luck with the swimming thing.

Michelle returns to sunbathing. Bridget watches her go.

BRIDGET TALKING HEAD

BRIDGET

Upon meeting Michelle Ashley Dutchman, my first thoughts were mixed, but for some reason the word that I kept coming back to again and again was bitch.

*What is her problem, girl, disire? & do we know it yet?*

*SUNGLIMTS*

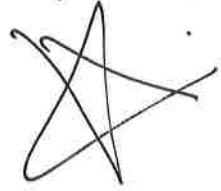
~~B-Roll~~: Michelle laughing and lying on her stomach tanning with Elise.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

But I'll hush. With acting skills like that, I might see her one day fondling a tiny golden man on national television.

*SUNG*

~~B-Roll~~: Bridget takes Cassidy's hand and leads her into the water.



INT. COSTUME HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bridget enters the shed-like building. ~~It is like an episode of Hoarders: Closet Edition, an explosion of sequins, leather, and fabric.~~ Donna peers over a rack that bends with clothes.

*sequins*

DONNA

Hey, look who it is!

Bridget waves in a quick, nervous motion. Donna emerges from the forest of clothes racks.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Okay so these are the camp costumes that we use for events. I'm just going through them now to find things to use for tribal.

*point to this scene?*

BRIDGET

Okay, so I just start wherever?

*her goal in scene?*

DONNA

Yep, have at it. You're looking for an Indian Chief outfit.

Donna lifts things to see them better, admires them, and then hangs them back up while Bridget pretends to do the same.

Bridget pulls out a flashy sequined leotard, size XXL.

BRIDGET

There's so many... interesting things. Just so many. So interesting.

DONNA

It's incredible isn't it? Some of these things have belonged to camp since it started. There's believed to be a jacket in here made from the skin of the first buffalo hunted in this territory.

Bridget wipes her hands on her pants and begins handling the clothes like diapers. For the umpteenth time, she wonders why she is here.

DONNA TALKING HEAD

SMA?

YSS! CHAP 59

~~B-Roll~~ Donna, regal in her costume complete with a feather headdress and faux leather robes. The braves beat ~~on~~ a bongo and shake a tambourine, bored.

DONNA (CONT'D)

For Tribal, I dress up as Chief Waccamaw and elect two girls to be my braves. Then we dance around a fire and sing songs.

UPPERCASE!

~~B-Roll~~ Donna and the braves dance like bizarre ostriches trying to peck themselves to death.

DONNA (CONT'D)

There has been controversy about the tradition in the past, but I've found that if I ignore complaints it usually resolves the issue.

Conflict?

BACK TO SCENE

DONNA (CONT'D)

(to Bridget)

You know the fire and the games and the propensity for violence are big parts of the Tribal Gathering, but the costume... the costume just makes it special.



Bridget, mid-way through a half-hearted costume examination, gazes at Donna, unsure what to say. Donna gazes back at Bridget, and puts her arm around Bridget's shoulder, just a little too tight.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
I asked you to help me for a reason... uh...?

BRIDGET  
Bridget.

DONNA  
Right. It's important for new counselors to develop a grasp on our traditions here at Malila. Plus, let's be honest, how cool is this?

Donna holds up her Chief costume and beams ~~with pride.~~

DONNA (CONT'D)  
This costume has been worn at every tribal gathering held at Camp Malila since the 1834. It's a sacred artifact...

*awk* Donna notices that the costume has holes in it. Her breath is stolen. Bridget takes a small step backwards in case of explosion.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
My God. Do you realize what this means, Arnette?

BRIDGET  
Are you referring to me as Arnette?

DONNA  
Do you realize the implications of this?

With a sausage ~~link~~ finger, Donna stabs a gaping hole in the fabric.

*B reacts?*

BRIDGET  
No. No, I don't.

Donna presses a hand on Bridget's shoulder and looks straight in her eyes.

DONNA  
He's back.

*how is she the central character?*

*is there conflict? tension?*

*see Pales + Red Bee pilot*

*???*

BRIDGET

Oh my God.

DONNA

Do you know who I mean?

BRIDGET

No.

Donna pulls Bridget into the more secretive corner. They huddle. Before speaking, Donna assumes a belly crawl position and searches under the racks for something.

From the floor, she looks up at Bridget.

DONNA

We call him Steve. Storehouse Steve.

She motions for Bridget to follow. Bridget does, on foot, while Donna pulls herself under racks on her forearms. Donna pants and grunts.

BRIDGET

Why are you on the ground?

DONNA

Shh! He's been around for the last ten years, eating all the costumes. He's a vicious son of a bitch.

Donna clears another rack. She flips loose clothes about, prepared for Steve's appearance.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Really ruthless.

BRIDGET

And Steve is a...?

DONNA

A mouse!

In her excitement, Donna RATTLES the rack she is under. The structure protests, and the sound causes a small creature to scurry from the opposite corner of the room. It's Steve.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Dammit, Steve.

Donna scrambles to her feet and dives in Steve's direction.

BRIDGET

Oh. Oh, wow.

*less get  
to point*

*its cute but  
goes on too long*

*What is going  
on?  
- a bit  
back and forth  
but no forward  
motion  
to stay*

STRAIGHT A, TOTAL B

"Pilot"

TEASER

7 DEADLY SINS!

FADE IN:

INT. CAROL'S DORM - DAY

CAROL stands on her side of the room, holding a physics textbook. ANNE stands on the other. They are both sophomores at Thornemont College.

Carol is a seemingly shy honors student who swears under her breath. Anne was the valedictorian of her high school class of twenty. From the clashing decorations, it's clear that the room is actually two separate spaces, not a single shared one.

Class

CAROL

What?

ANNE

Look, I'm just not comfortable with having him in the room.

Carol puts the textbook down on her desk.

CAROL

Why?

ANNE

I just don't think it's appropriate to have a guy over...

CAROL

Your boyfriend has been over here twice this week. Besides, he's gay.

ANNE

Yeah, but I'm just not comfortable with a stranger being in our room.

CAROL

Well then meet him if you want.

ANNE

Ew, no.

CAROL

Excuse me?

unshared

BEST WORD LAST!

thumps  
slaps

convicted? yes!

YSS! CHAP 53

be combative? or a little aggressive.

read this 5 times... never got it

SO confusing.

If you meet him, he won't be a stranger.

(maybe cut)

ANNE  
Look, can't you just like go  
somewhere else?

CAROL  
Why?

ANNE  
Why not?

CAROL  
Tell me why I can't have a friend  
over to study in my room?

ANNE  
Because he's a fag, ok? (And who ] so, I hate ho.  
knows how many STDs he has.)  
(beat)  
I don't want him in our room.

~~Carol stands in stunned silence.~~

CAROL (stunned)  
Excuse me?

give a line ☺

ANNE  
He's not allowed.

CAROL  
Fine.

Anne sighs in relief.

CAROL  
Your boyfriend can't come over  
anymore.

ANNE  
WHAT?!!

CAROL  
I don't want him in our room.

ANNE  
Look, I have a right to my opinion  
about what those people do with  
their lives.

CAROL  
--And I have a right to MINE, and my  
opinion is that you can take your  
opinion and...  
(pantomiming fisting)  
(MORE)

**F**  
**SPELL CHECK**

CAROL (CONT'D)  
...shove it all the way up your ass!  
Just! Like! "The gays!"

ANNE  
You bitch!!

CAROL (V.O.)  
~~That's~~ my roommate. Anne. ~~This~~ <sup>Not</sup>  
~~isn't~~ our first fight. She's been  
in private schools all her life,  
~~and college is no exception.~~  
Unfortunately for her, "those  
people" also go here.

*kill your eyes popping out*

EXT. THORNEMONT QUAD- DAY

*cb6*

The Southern sunshine beams down on the campus. STUDENTS mill about, some run to class. Other sit on blankets, reading ~~in~~ the sun.

*chické*

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

CAROL (V.O.)  
~~The school is~~ Thornemont College...

A BIBLE STUDY CIRCLE cross references Gospel verses.

*write dialogue*

CAROL (V.O.)  
A safe place to send your special snowflakes before they have to interact with the great unwashed.

*great*

A FRESHMAN GUITARIST lazily STRUMS, HUMMING to herself.

CAROL (V.O.)  
It's also the same place where slime balls screw each other over for a chance to make it in the entertainment industry.

*her name*

A FRESHMAN BOY approaches ~~the~~ Freshman Guitarist.

FRESHMAN BOY  
Hey, you've got a beautiful voice.

FRESHMAN GUITARIST  
Um, thanks, but I don't really--

FRESHMAN BOY  
--You know, if you're looking for a manager, hit me up.

He hands her his card.

FRESHMAN GUITARIST  
Oh wow... thanks.

FRESHMAN BOY  
We can talk about it over coffee.

He winks at her, her face freezes. (As he leaves, she puts the guitar down, uncomfortable.)

CAROL (V.O.)  
Sometimes they're just looking to screw you.

*of course...*

INT. THORNEMONT CAF - DAY

*CAF' ?*

STUDENTS ~~wait~~ in the buffet line.

CAROL (V.O.)  
The food sucks.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

A SOPHOMORE scoops up ~~some~~ glop, deciding whether ~~or not~~ to eat it. The Sophomore puts it back, opting for cereal instead.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

INT. THORNEMONT CLINIC - DAY

*What are they doing?*

STUDENTS sit in the waiting room.

*Mo'art Sweet*

*trick*

*fidget*

CAROL (V.O.)  
The clinic is useless.

**BEST WORD LAST!**

② A SNIFFLING STUDENT blows his nose, waking out of an exam room with a NURSE, ①

**PROOFREAD!**

**UPPERCASE!**

NURSE  
Get some rest, and take some cough drops.

*was drunk at five*

SNIFFLING STUDENT  
But I have a fever...

*wreck road*  
*cbb*

EXT. THORNEMONT BOOKSTORE - DAY

The store is crowded with PARENTS and STUDENTS.

CAROL (V.O.)  
The bookstore is probably a crime racket.

*point?*

A SHOPLIFTING STUDENT slips a large textbook under her hoodie.

CAROL (V.O.)  
Even if the students' hands aren't  
clean.

EXT. THORNEMONT SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY

A TOUR GUIDE escorts his GROUP ~~around campus.~~

CAROL (V.O.)  
Still... That's college for you...

**OBVIOUS!**

*What happens?  
a gag?*

INT. CAROL'S DORM - DAY

Carol and Anne are in the middle of a stand off.

CAROL (V.O.)  
...Shitty roommates and all.

ANNE  
You total bitch!

Carol begins laughing.

CAROL  
~~Oh!~~ Of course! I'm a bitch! Of  
fucking course!

ANNE  
Fuck you!

CAROL  
~~Oh,~~ sorry, Anne, but I'm not into  
girls!

*grossed out* *CAPS*  
Anne screams, pushes past Carol, almost knocking her over as  
she storms out of the room. She SLAMS the door behind her.

CAROL  
Whoops.

END OF TEASER

FADE OUT.

**DON'T REPEAT!**

**DON'T REPEAT!**

*good*

*Cool*

*trips?*

*click*

*Why say  
this?*

*you told us where  
we are.*

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

# UPPERCASE!

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WICKMAN ACADEMIC BUILDING → DAY

*classroom?*

~~A group of FRAT BOYS~~ goof off at ~~one~~ of the tables. A LONER STUDENT types at her laptop. Carol sits at a table with three other sophomores.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

They are BRANDON (a perpetual hedonist), JUNE (an epicurean lacking direction), and NATALIE (an introvert longing for validation).

*save a line ☺*

BRANDON

You said what?

CAROL (V.O.)

That's Brandon. One of my closest friends. He can be a bit shallow, but he's a decent person. *cbb*

(beat)

~~Also~~, he's the gay friend that Anne apparently hates. Obviously.

CAROL

~~Oh yeah~~. And the hand gesture too

Brandon cracks up ~~laughing~~. **DON'T REPEAT!**

CAROL

Maybe not the best choice of words.

BRANDON

No. Definitely the best choice of words. *good*

JUNE

So have you talked to her since?

CAROL (V.O.)

*that's* June. She's an extrovert who has trouble opening up to people. At least that's how she sees herself.

*need 5 times: m'n talked since june*

CAROL

~~No~~ She's been avoiding me. I've been avoiding her. *print*

NATALIE

You talked to the RA, yet?

*anne?*

*avoid starter words - most of the time.*

X



CAROL (V.O.)

Natalie's an introvert. She hates confrontation. Won't even honk her horn in traffic.

(beat)

I slam on mine

*the fuck with*

CAROL

Not yet.

BRANDON

I still can't believe you said that...

CAROL

~~Oh I did.~~ Made everything three thousand times worse, but I said it.

**DON'T REPEAT!**

JUNE

Well, I mean, things weren't exactly great before this... (Maybe it's a good thing...) Maybe you can move out.

CAROL

God I hope so.

*oh cbb*

NATALIE

This definitely wasn't the first time. ResLife should understand.

Carol laughs <sup>and is</sup> glancing at her phone.

CAROL

Oh shit!

She springs up, <sup>s</sup> grabbing her things, <sup>u</sup> and shoving them into her bag. *Flies.*

CAROL

I gotta go. Later.

*save a line ☺*

**EXT. SYNERGISM MEDIA - DAY 7 DEADLY SINS!**

A luxury coupe is parked out front next to two ~~economy~~ sedans. One ~~is~~ badly in need of a car wash.

*Kias.*

*bath.*

*be specific*

**OBVIOUS!**

*X*

INT. SYNERGISM MEDIA - DAY

Monique ~~sits working~~ at her desk, typing away at her laptop. She glances ~~up~~ at the clock, and catches sigh of her coworker, DOUG. ~~His~~ earphone cords ~~are~~ wrapped around his head, eyes closed, ~~bopping his head~~, ~~and~~ tapping his fingers to music.

CAROL

Doug.

He's in musical bliss.

CAROL

Doug! . . .

~~Still oblivious . . .~~

CAROL

Doug!

~~He~~ still ~~doesn't~~ respond. Carol taps the table.

CAROL

DOUG!

He <sup>pops</sup> takes <sup>out</sup> off his earbuds.

DOUG

What?

CAROL

~~Do you mind? I'm trying to work, and the tapping is kinda distracting.~~

**DON'T REPEAT!**

DOUG

~~Oh, sure. No problem.~~

He ~~unwraps his headphones~~ . . . ~~Then~~ unplugs them. HIP HOP floods the office.

CAROL

DOUG!!!

*Who cares?*

Carol ~~reaches over~~ and turns off the music.

DOUG

WHAT THE HECK?

CAROL

I just wanted you to stop tapping your fingers.

**UPPERCASE!**

**PROOFREAD!**

**YSS! CHAP 53**

**DEADLY SINS!**

*at m office?*

?

OK

**YSS! CHAP 53**

DOUG

Oh.

MARGARET enters ~~the office~~. <sup>I</sup> The internship supervisor, she believes more in Vitamin C than vaccines.

MARGARET

Everything alright in here? **7 DEADLY SINS!**

DOUG

Yeah, just a mix up.

MARGARET

~~Alright~~. What are you guys working on?

DOUG

~~Oh, well~~ I was tracking down information on the producers you wanted.

MARGARET

And you?

CAROL

Same thing. I've been entering it on the spreadsheet.

DOUG

Oh really? I've been working on a PDF. Which ones do you have?

CAROL

I've got the first half of the list.

DOUG

Perfect. I was working backwards.

MARGARET

Look, I'd rather have this in ~~altogether~~ in a spreadsheet in one place. Carol, could you enter what he's done onto the sheet?

**? PROOFREAD!**

CAROL

Sure. Can you take a look at the format, and make sure it's what you want?

MARGARET

Of course. Doug, if you could get this list into a separate spreadsheet.

*Conflict?  
oh shit  
oh*

*him?  
point?*

She hands him a flash drive.

MARGARET  
It's in a <sup>W</sup>ord doc, should be called "Industry Contacts" or something like that.

DOUG  
Uh... Sure...

MARGARET  
Alright, thanks. I'm going by the vending machines, want anything?

DOUG  
Nah.

CAROL  
I'm fine, thanks.

Margaret grabs her purse and leaves.

DOUG  
Hey, ah, hey Carol.

CAROL  
What?

DOUG  
How did you format the producer spreadsheet?

CAROL  
It's on the shared drive.

DOUG  
Oh. Right.

They work in silence for a few moments.

DOUG  
Hey Carol.

CAROL  
Yeah?

DOUG  
Which is the shared drive?

Carol gets up, goes over to his computer, points at the ~~screen~~ **OBVIOUS!**

CAROL  
There.

**LESS DETAIL!**

**LESS DETAIL!**

**BEST WORD LAST!**

*Give a  
time* ☺

DOUG  
Oh ok, thanks.

She takes a seat.

DOUG  
Oh, one more thing...

CAROL  
What?

DOUG  
No, wait. Found it.

Carol gets back to work.

DOUG  
Actually...

~~Carol looks up at Doug, daggers flying out of her eyes.~~

DOUG  
Never mind.

INT. SYNERGISM MEDIA NIGHT

OBVIOUS!

~~Carol packs up her laptop for the day. Doug types rapidly at his. Margaret packs up her things.~~

MARGARET  
Well thanks. See you guys on Thursday.

Doug still works.

What are her things like?

MARGARET  
Doug?

DOUG  
Hm?

MARGARET  
I need to lock up.

DOUG  
Oh, right.

He shoves his laptop and things into his backpack. The three leave and Margaret locks the door.

outdoors..

EXT.

LESS DETAIL!

OBVIOUS!

DON'T REPEAT!

be clever →

beavers away.

good

## EXT. SYNERGISM MEDIA - NIGHT

Carol climbs into her dirty car. Margaret gets into the sedan next to hers. Doug climbs into the luxury coupe.

## INT. CAROL'S DORM - NIGHT

Carol ~~gets~~<sup>opens</sup> her laptop out of her bag. She begins ~~works~~<sup>#</sup> on an essay, ~~but~~ stops. There's already a word document open with a name and phone number. She opens the spreadsheet for work to put it in, but the sheet is empty.

CAROL

*knicks,* What?

She looks through the ~~other~~ folders on the shared drive. Half ~~of them~~ are empty.

CAROL

Oh hell.*db*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CAROL'S DORM - DAY

Carol types frantically ~~at her laptop~~. She digs through her back

**PROOFREAD!**

CAROL

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck... FUCK!A key CLICKS ~~in the lock~~. Anne strolls in.

ANNE

Oh, there you are.

CAROL

Yeah, great to see you too Anne.  
Can we do the bitchy roommate thing  
later?

*Good*

65

The RESIDENT DIRECTOR ~~walks in behind Anne. She's an older woman,~~ prim and proper. From the expression on her face, she's not a fan of swearing. ~~Carol stands to greet her.~~

CAROL

Sorry about that. Been a long week.  
I'm Carol.

Carol holds out her hand.

**LESS DETAIL!**

RESIDENT DIRECTOR

Hello.

The Resident Director doesn't shake it.

RESIDENT DIRECTOR

I've been talking to Anne about  
your difficulties.

CAROL

Ah yeah... ~~I think that~~ both Anne  
and I would be happy with to switch  
dorms if that's possible.

RESIDENT DIRECTOR

Without trying to work past your  
differences?

CAROL

~~Um...~~ Well, we've been having  
issues for awhile now.

*a while*

RESIDENT DIRECTOR  
I've been talking to Anne and she's amenable to trying to resolve your differences.

CAROL  
Is she?

ANNE  
Yeah.

CAROL  
Alright.  
(beat)  
Where's my physics book?

ANNE  
What?  
*cbt*

CAROL  
~~My physics book~~ I left it on my desk. ~~I can't find it.~~ I know it was here this morning.

RESIDENT DIRECTOR  
That's a very serious accusation. Perhaps we should all sit down and talk about this.

CAROL  
Where is it?

ANNE  
Why would I take your stupid textbook? Not everything is about you.

CAROL  
That book is worth THREE HUNDRED FUCKING DOLLARS, Anne! Where. Is. It?

ANNE  
You are such a jerk, Carol. **BEST WORD LAST!**

CAROL  
Yeah well, I don't fucking steal. *good*

RESIDENT DIRECTOR  
Carol! Anne! *How she feel?*  
(beat)  
Such language and behavior is unbecoming of young ladies. Take a seat.



"There's more beauty in truth, even if it is dreadful beauty."

-John Steinbeck, "East of Eden".

FADE IN:

*one scene here*

1

INT. LAUREN HOME UPPER FLOOR - MORNING

A closed door.

UPPERCASE!

Superimpose: "Mokena, Illinois: 2009"

Door BURSTS open, revealing an excited ANTHONY Lauren (12) who runs down a photograph-framed hallway to another room. A bright-eyed kid, always ready to play.

He KNOCKS loudly.

ANTHONY

Mark!

A GRUNT ~~from~~ inside. *SS*

Anthony opens the door, ~~to~~ bound<sup>s</sup> inside.

2

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - *DAY*

Dark room, curtains pulled closed. Photos of musicians during live shows line the walls. A small statue ~~sits~~ on the dresser, an older brother grasping a younger brother by the shoulders and looking down at him protectively.

Next to the statue, a picture frame inscribed with "Brothers" displays a photo of a younger-looking Anthony with two other boys ~~(to be described)~~.

Anthony finds his older brother, MARK Lauren (18) under the covers, struggling to wake up.

Anthony throws the curtains open and leaps onto the bed.

ANTHONY

You promised!

Another GRUNT ~~from~~ Mark.

ANTHONY

One hour outside, then one hour for piano, you promised!

UPPERCASE!

YSS! CHAP SS

DON'T  
DON'T REPEAT

YSS! CHAP SS

*implied*

# OBVIOUS!

~~Suddenly~~, Mark ~~throws off the covers and~~ leaps out of bed, scooping Anthony up. He already has cold-weather clothes on.

Anthony lets ~~out a~~ SHRIEK<sup>s</sup> of laughter. *YSS! CHAP 65*  
*with*

MARK  
~~(checking watch)~~  
I'm surprised you actually waited until nine.

ANTHONY  
I tried really hard.

MARK  
~~(laughing)~~  
Get your coat on, let's go!

Anthony runs out of the room.

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

*better cut point*

*we know this a room*

3 INT. LAUREN HOME KITCHEN

A quaint suburban home **REPCASE!**

RICHARD and MARY Lauren (both 50s) sit at the kitchen table, eating breakfast.

*who cares?*

Anthony comes flying into the room, grabbing his coat from a hook. *flies*

*meaning?*

Mary can't help but smile.

**DON'T REPEAT!**

**YSS! CHAP 65**

RICHARD  
Whoa, whoa, slow down there.

Mark enters with a big smile and grabs his coat.

MARK  
① No time! Break's almost over and  
③ I'm taking Alicia to a nice lunch  
② in a while.

Mary playfully hits Richard's arm.

MARY  
Let them have their brother time, dear. Anthony has another play-date later on.

ANTHONY  
Nobody calls it that, Mom. We're playing hockey at the rink behind Jason's!

*Really????*

RICHARD  
(smiling)  
Go on, then.

Mark leans over and gives his mom a kiss (on the cheek.) The ~~two~~ boys exit.

Richard and Mary watch ~~their sons~~ <sup>obvious</sup> through the window as Mark sprints through the snow ~~and flings himself into a pile of snow,~~ followed closely by Anthony, who uses Mark's footprints as a path.

Richard ~~reaches over and~~ <sup>\*</sup> grasps Mary's hand.

MARY  
He's been so strong for Anthony this year.

RICHARD  
That's what older brother's are for.

Who is here?

COLLEGE!!!!

YSS! CHAP 65 →

YSS! CHAP 53

LESS DETAILS!

4

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

DON'T REPEAT!

4

~~Fancier than a fast food joint, but not by as much as the owner would like to believe.)~~ A poor man's expensive date.

Mark ~~sits~~ at a small table with Alicia (18), ~~a~~ beautiful brunette with kind eyes.

ALICIA  
Look at us, eating out like adults.

MARK  
(smiling)  
Thank God I have a girlfriend who'll let this count.

ALICIA  
Has everybody been holding up ok?

MARK  
~~I think so.~~ Sometimes, a year feels like an eternity ago, sometimes it feels like it's still happening now. But we're getting by.

ALICIA  
It's still so surreal.

Amical?

7 DEADLY SINS!

YSS! CHAP 58

better

okay

DON'T REPEAT!

\* you would not say "while breathing in and out..."

MARK

I haven't stopped feeling like the middle child, even with Junior gone. I'm not sure I ever will.

Alicia takes Mark's hand.

ALICIA

You made a great younger brother, but you make an even better older one, even if you don't notice it.

*this is your beat*

Mark squeezes ~~her~~ hand.

~~Beat.~~

ALICIA

Have you and Jake written any more songs recently?

*no.*

MARK

We've been busy with family, but he's always got something new to show me.

*at?*

ALICIA

~~(smiling)~~

Just one more semester until Nashville.

(Mark can't help but smile.)

MARK

Just the three of us and enough stupidity to make the leap.

ALICIA

Enough talent too, on your end.

MARK

I've just fooled you with my charm.

A WAITER arrives with the check.

ALICIA

Shut up and pay for my dinner then, Prince Charming.

Mark and Alicia, headed back. Winter's early darkness ~~has fallen~~

*past tense*

Shield MARK  
love horse meat

ALICIA  
I can't wait to tell your mom about that place, she'd love it.

MARK  
(chuckling)  
She'd love horse meat based on a recommendation from you.

BEST WORD LAST!

The laughter halts as the car turns the corner to reveal police lights in the street outside Mark's neighbor's home.

ALICIA  
Oh no, I hope that doesn't have anything to do with that older couple.

Mark stares at the lights, unresponsive.

7 DEADLY SINS!

6 EXT. LAUREN HOME - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS stand outside, talking quietly.

LESS DETAIL!

Mark parks his car quickly, jumps out, and runs inside, straight past the officers. Alicia trails behind him.

7 INT. LAUREN HOME LIVING ROOM

OBVIOUS!

Richard stands slumped, wearing an expression of broken confusion... A GRIM OFFICER speaks towards him, but he doesn't seem to notice.

Mark BURSTS in the door and comes to a halt, staring at the officer, then his dad, then through them, into nothing.

Alicia arrives right after him.

MARK  
Where are Mom and Anthony?

RICHARD  
(voice breaking)  
Your mother went with the ambulance. I stayed to wait for you...

MARK  
Where is he?

RICHARD  
He wasn't wearing his new helmet, I bought him a brand new helmet...

Why say this?

totally threw me

Which?

a line worth leaving or not? not. stay with story.

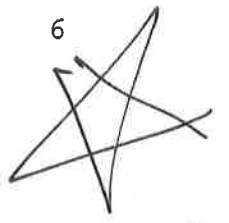
wrote dialogue

meh.

"What happened?"

YSS! CHAP 53

USE EVERY LINK TO HELP YOU!



GRIM OFFICER  
I'm so sorry, son, your brother  
didn't make it.

MARK  
Didn't...

GRIM OFFICER  
Please sit down, lets --

**COLLEGE!!!!**

Mark doesn't wait for him to finish. He careens backwards for a moment, knocking a lamp over with a CRASH before running, out of control, up the stairs.

**INT. MARK'S BEDROOM**

Mark rushes into the room in a frenzy, SLAMMING the door and locking it behind him. He looks around in disbelief, lost.

His eyes lock onto the statue of the older brother protectively holding the younger, and he grabs it before sliding to the floor against a wall as CHOKED SOBS force their way out of his body.

The lock RATTLES as Alicia tries to reach him.

ALICIA  
(sobbing)  
Mark! Don't be alone, please don't  
be alone.

Mark dry heaves as his vision blurs...

Darkness. Long darkness.

Finally, the sound of footsteps CRUNCHING in fresh snow rises, and we...

**LESS DETAIL!  
LESS DETAIL!**

CUT TO:

~~DREAM  
FLASHBACK~~

**9 EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON**

Winter.

POV: Feet carefully step into gaps in the snow- freshly trodden into existence by another pair walking just ahead.

Superimpose: "QUIET HOME"

Then: "Inspired by true events."

Two brothers, headed home.

JUNIOR (21) walks in front. Tall, athletic, and confident.

MARK (17) follows, not quite as tall, not quite as athletic, not quite as confident.

YSS! CHAP 58

JUNIOR

Just a few days till your birthday, huh?

MARK

Two. It's on Saturday.

JUNIOR

Heading home?

MARK

Yeah, every year.

Silence for a few steps.

JUNIOR

Must feel strange.

MARK

Why?

JUNIOR

I'm sure you've already thought about it.

MARK

Thought about what?

Junior stops walking.

JUNIOR

Anthony was twelve. I never turned twenty-two. In two days, you'll be the oldest brother.

MARK

That doesn't make any sense, I'm turning eighteen.

Junior stops.

JUNIOR

Take another look, little bro.

Mark looks down, confused.

He no longer looks 17. He's taller, stronger, and has facial hair.

He looks up, surprised to find himself alone.

10 INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MORNING 10

Mark, now 21, wakes from his dream, startled.

Superimpose: "Madison, Wisconsin: 2013" ?

He reads a note on the bedside table:

"You looked so cute that I couldn't wake you up. Happy early birthday, see you tonight! :) Love, Steph"

He gets up.

11 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN CAMPUS - DAY 11

Spring time in Madison. Flowers bloom and homeless folks whistle, grateful for sunshine.

Mark, dressed in nice clothes, enters an office building.

12 INT. OFFICE 12

A well-dressed OFFICE BOSS sits behind a large desk. A model bridge stretches across the surface. Behind the boss, a sign reads: "Madison Engineering Company".

Mark sits in a chair, facing the desk.

OFFICE BOSS

Well, Mark, your academic credits are exemplary, and you've been an enormous help here over the last few months.

MARK

Thank you, sir.

OFFICE BOSS

You'll be graduating this May, is that right?

MARK

Yes, sir.

*Chit  
Chit*



OFFICE BOSS

(smiling)

No need to be so formal. We'd love for you to feel comfortable here, especially since I'm offering you an official position when you graduate.

Mark's eyes widen.

OFFICE BOSS

No need to feign modesty, son. You deserve it.

MARK

I guess I hardly realized how quickly the time went by.

OFFICE BOSS

Don't expect that to change. Anyhow, I know that there are probably some conversations that you'll need to have before jumping into anything. I'd love to hear your response within a week if that sounds ok to you.

*point?*

MARK

Absolutely, sir. Thank you.

The office boss smiles warmly.

OFFICE BOSS

It's an important time for you, son. Enjoy it. Don't rush yourself. I'll be looking forward to hearing from you in a week.

13

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN CAMPUS

13

Mark exits the building and walks down the sidewalk, slightly dazed. Two sisters walking ahead of him, deep in conversation. The OLDER SISTER stares at her phone as she walks. The YOUNGER SISTER follows close behind her.

*point?*

YOUNGER SISTER

It's called "State Street Treats".

OLDER SISTER

I know, hold on a minute. I can't get any reception here.

*W*

Older sister keeps walking, too fixated on her phone to notice "State Street Treats" on her right. Younger sister keeps following, watching her sister too closely to look around. ?

Mark cell RINGS. He answers.

MARK

Dad, hi! ---Yeah, in the morning. I'll be there around two. ---I know, hey, hold on a second, I've got something to tell you.

Mark's carefree tone isn't quite matched by his face.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

14

Big, boring place.

Mark approaches and sees a GUY playing guitar with his back turned near the gate. That upside-down bowl of a haircut looks really familiar to Mark...

He's closer, and now in disbelief...

MARK

Jake?!

The guy stops playing, faces Mark. This is JAKE. He's confident and almost always smiling, with a magnetic personality.

JAKE

How does martyrdom taste four years down the road?

Mark stares. Jake stares. Mark stares. Jake smiles.

15

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MINUTES LATER.

15

Festive place. Photos, lights, the works. Mark and Jake sit at a small table. Jake doesn't seem to notice the size, he leans on it, writing on a napkin.

JAKE

What was that I said to you right before we came over here? Something about the bitter taste of martyrdom or something? That was bad-ass.

*Point to scene?*

*YSS! CHAP 58*

*YSS! CHAP 59*

MARK

Lyrics?

Jake winks, finishes writing, and takes a deep breath.

JAKE

I know you think you're being noble, but listen, man. It isn't too late.

MARK

What, to go through with our college-years plans? I can't say I agree.

JAKE

No dude, fuck the college-years plans. I did my best at those solo. Now it's the life plans, man.

*get to point later*

MARK

Much too late, in that case.

JAKE

Listen, after working my ass off for four years, I've got three weeks of recording dates booked in Nashville in a month, plenty of studio musician buddies, and a third of an album written. This is the album, man.

*lms*

MARK

Didn't you already do a couple?

JAKE

Alright, make me admit it. I needed you. I wrote with you my whole life till these past few years. I need you back for this one. Forget this shit and come live the dream.

Mark stares.

JAKE

(singing)

I neeeeeed you back. Turn back the clockkkkk.

MARK

I have to get to dinner with my girlfriend. It was nice seeing you.

Mark abruptly gets up and walks away.

*Why so abrupt?*

JAKE  
Jeff has my new number!

Mark stops for a moment, nods, and walks out.

16 INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

16

The small kitchen table looks a lot nicer dressed up. Mark sits with his girlfriend, STEPHANIE (22). She's needle-sharp and self-sufficient. Natural red hair, straightened.

Remnants of birthday cake color their plates.

*Why crucial?*

STEPHANIE  
Mark! Congratulations! My boyfriend, the engineer.

Mark tries on a smile that doesn't quite fit.

MARK  
Thanks, Steph. I've got a week to get back to him.

STEPHANIE  
What is it?

Not much gets by her.

MARK  
It's not like I wasn't expecting the offer. I just didn't know what it would feel like when it really happened.

STEPHANIE  
You don't want the job, do you?

MARK  
It isn't like that--

STEPHANIE  
—It is like that.

Beat.

MARK  
Not fully.

She raises her eyebrows. He breaks.

MARK  
Who's ever sure?

STEPHANIE  
Have you talked to your parents?

MARK  
I told my Dad about it. I didn't  
get out much else, though. He was  
pretty excited.

STEPHANIE  
I'm glad for him.

Stephanie moves her chair closer to Mark and takes his hand.

STEPHANIE  
But I want you to feel excited by  
your job more than I want him to.

MARK  
It isn't just about me.

Beat.

MARK  
Hey, don't worry, it just hasn't  
hit me yet. In a few days, the  
excitement'll kick in.

STEPHANIE  
Just remember that it's your  
choice, nobody else's.

**LESS DETAIL!** She leans in and kisses Mark's cheek softly. Mark puts his  
arm around her and leans his head against hers.

MARK  
(softly)  
I know. I love you.

STEPHANIE  
Just use that week, ok?

MARK  
(smiling)  
You got it.

17

*DREAM*  
↑

EXT. LAUREN HOME - AFTERNOON

17

~~Mark dreams...~~

Winter.

Mark stands in the snow-covered yard of his home facing the  
front door, a snowy trail of footprints left behind him.

*a LOT  
of  
chit  
chat -  
what to cut?*

Suddenly, he hears a CRUNCH of snow and turns to see Anthony standing several yards behind him, wearing a puffy winter jacket.

~~Hey, Mark.~~ ANTHONY

Anthony walks past Mark and sits on the front steps.

~~Hey, buddy.~~ MARK

ANTHONY  
You're coming home for your birthday, right?

MARK  
That's right.

ANTHONY  
Are you going to take that job?

~~How did you find out about that, ya little sneak?~~ MARK

Anthony shrugs.

~~Are you going to take it?~~ ANTHONY

~~Beat.~~ Mark nods.

~~I guess so, yeah.~~ MARK

ANTHONY  
Cool. Will it be fun?

MARK  
Definitely.

~~Anthony smiles.~~

ANTHONY  
Let's go play the piano!

~~Mark frowns.~~

MARK  
Later, buddy. Our hands are too cold.

Anthony shrugs and runs inside the house. Mark begins to take a step to follow him as we...

CUT TO:

*one space here*

18

~~INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MORNING~~

18

~~Mark wakes as Stephanie shakes him lightly.~~

~~STEPHANIE~~

~~Up and at em'! I want to see you off before I head home.~~

19

EXT. PARKING LOT - AN HOUR LATER.

19

Mark and Stephanie stand outside Mark's car.

STEPHANIE

I'll be able to make it there for the last few days of break.

MARK

(smiling)

I'll find some way to manage till then.

STEPHANIE

I'm just a phone call away.

They kiss.

20

INT. MARK'S CAR - MIDDAY.

20

Mark passes signs for Chicago. The car phone RINGS. Mark accepts the call and immediately speaks.

MARK

About another hour.

Richard's voice comes through the speaker.

RICHARD

A hello would be nice.

MARK

Hey, Dad-oh.

RICHARD  
(sarcastically)  
Hello, son. How long until you'll  
arrive?

MARK  
About another hour.

Richard chuckles.

RICHARD  
~~Good to know.~~ Drive safe, your mom  
and I will see you soon.

21

**PROOFREAD!**

21



PROOFREAD!

1

INT. SOUTHMOUNT HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - AFTERNOON

7 DEADLY SINS!

Rows and rows of old computers in a room that's practically empty say for one person. MICHAELA, an unassuming beauty, sits at a computer staring at her keyboard.

YSS! CHAP

YSS! CHAP

59

In front of her, a BLANK WORD DOCUMENT. Her fingers lie above the keys, knowing what words to write but not having the will to write them.

no caps

?

She sets her hands down and looks out the window. The sun hangs just above the SOUTHMOUNT CHARGERS STADIUM: the pride and jewel of this small Virginia town. She closes the computer, collects her things, then leaves.

LESS DETAIL!

better not point

2

EXT. SOUTHMOUNT HIGH SCHOOL - COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

2

SOUTHMOUNT HIGH SCHOOL, where the only good thing about this place is its foundation and football team, whereas everything else can take a hike. She passes by JOCKS who are, always, horsing around. Her eyes lock with their leader, DEREK, Hitler's perfect child if he ever had one.

gaul

clike

~~She doesn't notice the other group.~~ SDT

WAM! She body slams into SAM, if Coraline were older and a bitch.

awk

age

SAM

Ow! You fucking slut!

MICHAELA

I'm sorry Sam, I didn't see you--

SAM

(feeling her forehead)

--Aghh, God, what the hell?

Her POSSE helps Sam onto her feet. Michaela tries to get up but is pushed by another girl.

POSSE GIRL

UPPERCASE!

SAM (CONT'D)

fun of it

Watch where you're fucking going!

So write it!

They walk away except for one. This is RACHEL, SOME CHARACTER DESCRIPTION, she looks as if she's going to help Michaela but walks away.

LESS DETAIL!

MICHAELA

Fuck you too.

gaul

She gets up, brushes herself off, and heads for the parking lot.

Save a line ☺

bustling?

3 EXT. SOUTHMOUNT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - AFTERNOON 3

A once popular coal mining town. Dilapidated businesses litter the downtown area. The middle-class doesn't exist anymore, at least here it doesn't. Instead, it's a fragile alliance between rich and poor. *dust*

Michaela is one of the rich, but she's not like them.

type?

4 EXT. SOUTHMOUNT - MICHAELA'S HOME - AFTERNOON 4

Michaela pulls into a beautiful, brown and green house. *house* ~~She exits the car and walks inside.~~

LESS DETAIL!

5 INT. MICHAELA'S HOME - FOYER - AFTERNOON 5

It's a chic home, with family portraits and other memorabilia hanging off the walls. She takes her shoes off.

MICHAELA

Hello?

photo or oil? not needed

No answer. Big surprise. ~~She heads upstairs.~~

BEST WORD LAST!

ank

6 sweet!

INT. MICHAELA'S HOME - MICHAELA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 6

She tosses her shit on the bed. The room is covered in sports mementos, none of which resonate with Southmount. She has everything from baseball to boxing but her shrine is dedicated to football. *that's Southmount*

un dear

pro

Texans to Seahawks, 49ers to Patriots, she has it all. A LAPTOP rests in the center of it. She ~~sits down and~~ opens it to a blank word document.

Nothing. She looks around her room, trying to come up with something. Her eye catches her closet. She walks over to it.

~~She sets an OLD CORKBOARD on the bed and brushes dust off.~~

LESS DETAIL!

MICHAELA

Shit...

The corkboard is covered in pictures of two girls: Michaela and Rachel. ~~The top reads~~ BEST FRIENDS FOREVER.

*she* It's her and Rachel at camp, first day of school, family vacations. ~~She picks up~~ one photo in particular: Rachel and Michaela wearing Southmount jerseys, cheering on the game. She crumples it up and tosses it in a garbage can before walking downstairs.

YSS! CHAP 52

better cut point

7

INT. MICHAELA'S HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

7

~~There's a note on the counter. It reads:~~ "Michaela, Dad and I are working late and won't be back till tomorrow. Sorry Hun, Love MOM".

She goes straight for the fridge, grabs a pre-made snack of carrots, apples, and nuts, and takes a seat at the kitchen table. It's quiet say for the hum of the A/C.

Her PHONE rings.

MICHAELA

Jack?

JACK (V.O.)

~~Hey!~~ What the hell happened today, you just left.

MICHAELA

~~I know, I'm sorry.~~ I couldn't think of anything so I decided to go home.

JACK (V.O.)

~~Oh good,~~ would you mind letting me in?

Michaela, shocked, heads for the door.

JACK, a sweet kid with boyish looks, stands in her kitchen. Michaela continues to eat.

JACK

~~So~~ do you want to talk?

MICHAELA

About?

JACK

What happened today! You ran into #2 of the bitch brigade.

MICHAELA

Shit, does--

JACK

~~--Yeah~~ everyone knows. ~~It's a small town, Michaela.~~

MICHAELA

It wasn't that big of a deal! And I apologized!

86 most starter words

Save COLLEGE!!!!

goal - you don't say "she answers the phone"

words = pound two?

JACK  
That's not what I heard...

Eye roll.

MICHAELA  
Big fucking surprise.

JACK  
They say that you pushed her over  
because you were jealous.

MICHAELA  
~~Jealous~~ of what?

JACK  
That she's dating Derek.

MICHAELA  
...God! Why are people so stupid!?

JACK  
~~Mick, people are gonna believe what  
they want to believe. They also  
said that you have super-human  
strength, so you have that going  
for you, which is nice...~~

Michaela is not amused.

JACK (CONT'D)  
How's your paper?

5.jr.  
MICHAELA  
It's... going, I guess.

JACK  
You haven't started it.

MICHAELA  
I can't think of anything!

JACK  
Don't think, just write!

MICHAELA  
Every time I do, I just... zone out  
or something.

Jack sits ~~down~~ next to her.

JACK  
What's your topic?

She slides over.

MICHAELA  
It's about the football season.

JACK  
Oh yes, a Southmount staple. *cbb*

MICHAELA  
And I really want to give it to those homo-erotic/phobic assholes who think that they own this town!

*loss of*

JACK  
I mean...

MICHAELA  
Yeah, yeah, I know.

Both are ~~lost~~ for words.

JACK  
~~I'm sure~~ you'll think of something. It's all there, you just have to draw it out.

He ~~gets up and~~ collects his things.

JACK (CONT'D) *turn of*  
I guess write it out... because you're a writer...

MICHAELA  
I get it, but that's not why I'm pissed.

Jack is puzzled.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)  
Rachel just stood there ~~after~~ Sam berated me!

JACK  
Why?

MICHAELA  
How the hell should I know? (She didn't bother to help me up, she just... I don't know.) *we know this*

JACK  
Bitches be crazy.

**DON'T REPEAT!**

Michaela gives him the look.

~~JACK (CONT'D)~~

~~Sorry... hey, you want to do something?~~

MICHAELA

~~No, I gotta work on this paper.~~  
Thanks for coming over bud.

JACK

Anytime. You're the only person I know who'll work on homework on a Friday night.

*e* (He smiles. Leaves. ~~Michaela heads back upstairs.~~) *je*

8 INT. ~~MICHAELA'S HOME~~ - MICHAELA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 8

She sits down and starts typing.

*W* ~~SOME~~ TIME PASSES.

Her trash can is filled to the brim. She rubs her eyes and looks at the clock.

MICHAELA

Shit, ~~it's~~ midnight...

Her stomach growls. Sighs. She gets up and heads downstairs.

9 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 9

Sam, battered, beaten and bruised, rushes through the trees. She's stumbles.

SAM

Can't... can't let them find me...  
can't... please, please.

A branch *snaps*. Sam perks up, waits, then runs like hell.

**UPPERCASE!**

10 INT. MICHAELA'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 10

Michaela makes her way to the fridge. Opens it and looks around.

11 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 11

*Male feet sound*  
~~Another pair of feet, male. They try to best to avoid every loud thing in the woods.~~

*get  
her  
law  
partner*

Sam still runs like a bat out of hell.

12 INT. MICHAELA'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 12

Michaela goes to the pantry and decides to eat a box of Cheez-its.

13 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 13

Sam rushes through the forest, mumbles to herself when she comes to--

14 EXT. MICHAELA'S HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT 14

--The edge of Michaela's backyard. Michaela can be seen through the kitchen window. Sam is relieved.

SAM

H--!!

A hand covers her mouth and she's dragged back into darkness. **LESS DETAIL!**

15 INT. MICHAELA'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 15

Michaela perks up. She shrugs, it's nothing. When--

--A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

16 INT. MICHAELA'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT 16

She slowly makes her way to the door. Before she reaches it--

MICHAELA

--Hello?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Mick!? It's Rachel!!

Michaela opens the front door. Rachel looks worried. She tries to step inside. Michaela stops her.

MICHAELA

One more step and I'll call the police.

RACHEL

Please, PLEASE Mick, I need your help. I can't find Sam and--

MICHAELA

Mom?

YSS! CHAP 58

MICHAELA'S MOTHER, rocking the 40 is the new 30 look, holds one finger ~~up~~. ~~She's~~ on the phone. *up*

MOM

Ok... ok, I'll call you later. Bye.

She hangs up.

MOM (CONT'D)

Hi sweetie, how was your night?

MICHAELA

Fine, when did you get home?

MOM

Late last night, here sit.

Michaela sits ~~down~~ on the couch.

MOM (CONT'D)

Ok... I just got off the phone with Rachel's mother--

MICHAELA

--I want nothing to do with her!

MOM

I know, I know. That's not what this is about. It appears your classmate Sam was found dead this morning.

MICHAELA

...what?

MOM

Oh, it's awful isn't it? Just awful, she seemed like such a sweet girl.

Michaela can't believe it. Mom gives her a hug.

MOM (CONT'D)

Who could ever do such a thing?

MICHAELA

How's Rachel?

BEST WORD LAST!



MOM

Oh... she's fine. A bit shaken up.  
Apparently, she hasn't come out of  
her room all day.

Michaela starts to get up.

MICHAELA

I... I need some air.

MOM

Oh, ok.

Michaela goes to the foyer, puts on a coat then leaves.

EXT. SOUTHMOUNT BACKROADS - MORNING

**DON'T REPEAT!**

*speeds (?)*  
Michaela drives along small colonial roads. She pulls over to  
the side of the road, gets out and pukes.

p. 10-15 ?

FADE IN:

[ One space here

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT ?

7 deadly sins

LESS DETAIL!

awk  
7a

We see an old farmhouse barely balancing on the line of rundown shit-shacks surrounded by wispy strands of yellowing grass and the gutted remains of a vintage, rust bucket of a Chevy truck. The air is thick with grey muck.

DON'T REPEAT!

A train HORN can be heard in the distance.

ELLIE (V.O.)

Welcome to my life.

Gravel CRUNCHES as ELLIE walks into frame, via the dusty gravel driveway.)

Ellie is 20, all-American <sup>ok</sup> girl kind of pretty, but she hides it behind unkempt hair and a baggy flannel. what?

ELLIE (V.O.)

A world with all the potential to be something great, yet held back by the unforgiving laws of reality.

Ellie stops to study her <sup>studies</sup> environment. The atmosphere is <sup>bleak</sup> bleak and average, however, her eyes relay that she sees something more.

ELLIE (V.O.)

Why can't real life be more like the movies?

~~She lifts her hands to create a rectangle frame over her right eye.~~

UPPERCASE!

We track Ellie's hands as she moves her frame <sup>up</sup> over the house. The scenery magically changes.

The farmhouse takes on an endearing other-timeliness.

The grass grows lush, healthy, and striking green.

The truck morphs into a sturdy, emerald green, striking example of a 1950s Chevy pickup.

PROOFREAD!

DON'T REPEAT!

~~The~~ thick clouds disassemble, revealing a cotton-candy twilight.

ELLIE (V.O.)

(whispering to herself as though conducting an orchestra) <sup>ok</sup>

One final touch... Bring down the horn, and up with...

7 DEADLY SINS!

Crickets CHIRP musically, <sup>perfectly</sup> accompanying the scenery.

Ellie ~~stands back~~, admiring her vision.

LESS DETAIL!

DEADLY SINS!

font size v. font light.

7 DEADLY SINS!

ELLIE (V.O.)  
There. A much more pleasant  
establishing shot.

She takes a deep breath, ~~looks down~~, and walks inside.

As she closes the front door, the images snap back to ~~the~~  
dull reality.

UPPERCASE!

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

KITCHEN

UPPERCASE!

The interior is cramped but cozy. The kind of place that  
would be heated by a wood stove.

Ellie walks inside still appearing to be studying her  
surroundings. She walks down the narrow hallway into the  
kitchen.

is  
-A?

ELLIE (V.O.)  
So, this is going to be confusing.  
Pay close attention, I'll try to  
explain everything as quickly and  
clearly as I can...

Something large and fluffy darts by, forcing Ellie to move  
aside.

ELLIE  
'Scuse me, Marilyn!

DAN (O.S.)  
She's off to find her boyfriend.

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ellie looks up to see DAN (73) stepping into the doorway  
from the back door. Using his back to keep it propped open,  
he blows cigarette smoke outside.

UPPERCASE!

Reality freezes, (allowing Allie to fully analyze Dan to her  
audience.)

JDT

ELLIE (V.O.)  
Okay, so this immediately throws  
people off.

images of what?

Descriptive images fill the screen. YSS! CHAP 59

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Dan stands, staring in the mirror, grooming himself.

7 DEADLY SINS!

duhh!

ELLIE (V.O.)  
His deep forehead wrinkles, wispy  
white strands of hair that he  
(MORE)

ELLIE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
INSISTS on meticulously combing  
over that poor, shiny bald head of  
his every morning with a can of  
Consort for Men, and beer belly  
that only grows so glorious with  
age, would portray that he is my  
grandfather, right?

an/c

INT. DARK LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan is lit by the light of a FOX news broadcast, with a  
poster of Clint Eastwood staring powerfully behind him.

?  
What was  
not reality?  
?

ELLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Well, this is Dan, my quickly  
approaching 74 year-old dad. He's  
the kind of guy that idolizes Clint  
Eastwood and only watches FOX news.  
In short, he loves guns, a good  
one-liner, is moderately racist,  
and believes Obama is the  
Anti-Christ.

turn off

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

UPPERCASE!

~~Reality sets back in~~ as a chunky blonde cat brushes ~~by~~  
~~Dan's leg.~~

Dan.

DAN

She is big, blonde, and beautiful,  
what wouldn't the tom cats of the  
town like?

Ellie gives a half-hearted chuckle. She looks at Dan; he's  
focused on his cigarette--clearly his vice.

ELLIE  
(skeptical)

I thought your cigarettes  
"magically" disappeared this  
morning?

DAN

Apparently, your mom uses the same  
hiding place she used to hide your  
sister's, go figure.

good

~~crosses~~

Ellie shrugs, and ~~walks over~~ to the fridge. This is an  
on-going family battle with no end in sight.

YSS! CHAP 59

DAN

Everyone's coming over for dinner  
tonight, you know? Your mother  
figured we should have one last big  
hoopla all together before you

(MORE)

DAN (cont'd)  
leave us for bigger and better  
things... Her words, not mine.

**LESS DETAIL!**

Ellie, ~~holding the fridge door ajar~~, stiffens at the  
thought. She grabs a cylindrical jar of olives ~~out from the~~  
~~side.~~

ELLIE  
And how much is she spending on  
this dinner?

DAN  
(sighing)  
I'll put it this way, if the store  
was giving away whole roast  
chickens, she'd buy the lobster.

ELLIE  
(feeling guilty)  
I'm sorry... I told her not to make  
an ordeal out of it.

DAN  
This is your mother we're talking  
about...

Dan takes one last, long drag on his cigarette before  
tossing it in a rusty old coffee tin behind the door.

DAN  
(motioning outside)  
Better head over to the cottage and  
see what you can do to help.

Behind Dan; a small, stone cottage ~~can be seen~~ with smoke  
flowing from the chimney.

Ellie takes a deep breath and sighs ~~heavily~~ before popping  
a large olive ~~her mouth~~, holding it ~~there~~ like a chipmunk.

ELLIE (V.O.)  
(muffled)  
Prepare yourselves...

*not 2 spaces ↓*

INT. COTTAGE X - X HALLWAY † - X NIGHT

Ellie opens the door ~~to the cottage~~. Whereas the main house  
was ~~cluttered with pet hair and used dishes~~, the cottage is  
pristine. ~~However, it's void of blank space.~~ Every nook and  
cranny is filled with an antique of sorts.

CINDY (O.S.)  
(as though weary of a  
stranger)

Hello?

**PROOFREAD!**

*Wary?*

**7 DEADLY SINS!**

**PROOFREAD!**

*roll*

YSS! CHAP 58

YSS! CHAP 105!!!

CINDY (56) peaks from behind a bathroom doorway at the end of the hall. She's wearing two towels; one wrapped around her torso and the other around her head.

Again, reality pauses **UPPERCASE!** or FREEZE FRAMED.

ELLIE (V.O.)

Alrighty, how do I best describe my mother...

*When does it even pause?*

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

**PROOFREAD!**

A bookshelf is filled with old, antique books, vintage figurines, and pictures documenting Cindy's life.

A much younger version of Cindy stands gleaming at the camera, next to a slightly thinner and thicker-haired Dan.

ELLIE (V.O.)

This fine spectacle is my mom. The "perfect housewife, with the well-to-do older husband." Might as well be the Ivana Trump of the county. She's nearly twenty years younger than my dad, but as you can see by her vast antique collection, she's always been drawn to older things. Why is she in this tiny, stone cottage you ask?

?

*gnul.*

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A CASHIER hands back Cindy's credit card. He turns his computer screen toward her, and Cindy stares in horror at the ominous, bold red letters which read, "DECLINED."

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

Well, right around the time my dad lost his job during the recession and the incessant string of financial arguments ensued...

**OBVIOUS!**

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

*cb*

Cindy lays in bed awake with a crazy look in her eye. Dan SNORES heavily next to her.

She holds a pillow over her head, unsure whether to place it over her own face or Dan's face or her own.

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

...He apparently developed a horrendous snoring problem, which prompted my mom to move to the only spare bedroom available. The one in

(MORE)

**BEST WORD LAST!**

words

ELLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
our cottage, a total of 10 feet  
away. Now to be fair, my dad has  
always been a bit of an obnoxious  
snorer, but it just simply didn't  
seem to be an issue until he was  
unable to support her frivolous  
lifestyle anymore, that's when she  
decided she couldn't stand to sleep  
in the same bed as him...  
Depressing? You betcha.

*Jewel*

INT. COTTAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Reality sets back in. Ellie is slightly more jarred this  
time.

UPPERCASE!

ELLIE  
Mom, it's just me.

Ellie walks up to the doorway to the bathroom.

YSS! CHAP 65

INT. COTTAGE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cindy stands leaning over the sink to get as close to the  
mirror as possible.

She tweezes a stray whisker protruding from her chin.

YSS! CHAP 65

7 DEADLY SINS!

CINDY  
Oh good! Honey, I need you to get  
some things ready for tonight okay?

7 DEADLY SINS!

Cindy doesn't even flinch as she yanks the stray hair from  
her face. She turns to Ellie.

7 DEADLY SINS!

IMAGE 000001

CINDY  
I'm sure your father has left the  
house an absolute mess, so I need  
you to vacuum and mop quick, put  
away the dishes in the sink, and  
feed the animals, okay?

ELLIE  
It's just Shannon and Mary coming  
over right?

rhyme

CINDY  
And they're bringing the boys and  
the kids! I won't have people  
coming into the house in the state  
it's in!

ELLIE  
Right, I understand.

7 DEADLY SINS!

Ellie turns to head back over to the main house.

*Chin done  
your  
turn...*

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ellie vacuums around the furniture swiftly without looking, she's done this a million times before.

She returns to Swiffer Wet Jet after her tracks.

ELLIE (V.O.)

When I asked why life couldn't be more like a movie, Cinderella wasn't quite the first film I would have had in mind to emulate...

A light flickers then blows with a POP above Ellie's head.

She pauses and examines the new, dark and somber feel of the room.

She slightly rolls her thumb and pointer finger together as though adjusting a dial.

The light in the room changes subtly growing to a warm, inviting glow.

ELLIE (V.O.)

Much better.

*where conflict?*

She walks into the other room, the light fading as she goes.

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ellie is at the sink up to her elbows in soapy suds.

She looks forward and sees herself in the reflection of a window.

The frame gives the appearance of a cage.

She frowns slightly when the doorbell RINGS.

A BEAT.

MARY (O.S.)

There she is, Miss World Traveler to be...

*No sense of what E. wants*

MARY (24) waddles inside. Her pregnant belly nearly fully ripe. She's everything your typical idea of a pregnant mom isn't. Covered in tattoos and piercings, she looks a like a former Hot Topic model.

Ellie wipes a small soap bubble off her forehead with the side of her arm. She looks at Mary.

Reality pauses.

*K.F. is late for  
no story  
all is junk  
set up*



ELLIE (V.O.)

Oh Mary... My infamous older sister. Same name as the world's most famous virgin, and yet my sister couldn't have sprinted further away from her name *saki* biblical roots.

FLASHBACK

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large, wooden bunk bed fills the room. The top half is decorated by glow-in-the-dark stars and planets.

The bottom <sup>bunk</sup>bed is hidden by a massive, Bob Marley sheet draped over the side. The glow of a blacklight shines around the edges.

ELLIE (V.O.)

When we were growing up, I shared a room with Mary... It was definitely a learning experience. Like oh, pain management techniques?

YOUNG MARY's hand sneaks out from under the sheet, signaling a YOUNG ELLIE (9) to climb down from the top bunk.

Ellie looks frightened but hops down and moves the sheet, revealing Mary and ROUGHIAN GIRL. *?????*

ELLIE (V.O.)

*ROUGHIAN ?*

...There was the time I was instructed to sit there and pinch this random girl's arm as hard as I could to try and distract her from the pain of my sister jamming a thick, three point seven millimeter safety pin through her belly button.

The curtain falls back down as a SCREECH is heard.

Ellie's head darts from behind the curtain and hangs over the side of the bed, gagging.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Ellie stands waiting patiently by the carpool lane.

Mary walks in front of Ellie surrounded by sleazy teenagers, wearing baggy, black clothing with chains that serve no logical purpose, smoking cigarettes and using curse words in sporadic bursts.

*LESS DETAIL!*

MARY

Damn lame!

*UPPERCASE!*

*YSS! CHAP 5!*

**PROOFREAD!**

WEIRDO 1  
That's just... Shit!

WEIRDO 2  
Dumb bitch-ass!

ELLIE (V.O.)  
Essentially, Mary was the poster girl for the angsty, problem teenager...

*When story starts -*

*this is a cast of characters with no*

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

**YSS! CHAP** 58

Reality continues as MAX (26), Mary's boyfriend shuffles in behind her carrying their 3 year-old DAMIEN, a diaper bag, and a casserole dish.

*drive - start problems*

Cindy rushes in from the dining room to sweep Damien out of Max's arms.

CINDY  
Here's my little munchkin!

*next folks at*

She begins streaming together a jumbled, eccentric mix of "ooh's" "ahh's" to gain his attention.

Cindy looks up to Mary.

CINDY  
Do I not even get a hello from you?

*same time*

Mary quickly fakes a smile.

MARY  
Of course, Mom! Hi! Is dinner ready? Max has to get to open at work early tomorrow so we can't stay long.

Cindy starts to protest - the doorbell RINGS again.

INT. ELLIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A mass of 4 people file into the narrow hallway, stampeding towards the kitchen.

She looks at the incoming horde with wide eyes. A symphony of CRYING, ARGUING, and LAUGHTER creates an overwhelming commotion.

Cindy pokes her head out of the kitchen and jumps in front of the mass.

CINDY  
Hola chickas! Dinner is served!

*italics - foreign language*