

LOVELLA

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. THOMASIN QUAD - NIGHT

We move down a row of windows in the back of a brick dormitory. A few yards away sits an ominous treeline, leading into "The Woods". All windows are closed, dark, noiseless... until we come to the last one.

Alike the rest, it's dark inside, but INSTRUMENTAL CLASSICAL MUSIC softly pours from its wide open window.

A single sheet of paper flutters out and begins dancing in the autumn breeze.

The shadow of an arm appears and snatches the paper before it has a chance to complete its decent to the ground, sucking it right back into the dark void.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A ROWDY PARTY can be heard outside the door.

A flask is raised to a pair of burgundy lips, long black fingernails wrap around the steel. Shots are taken.

In the mirror, we find a distorted face as most of the glass is covered in smudges, stickers, and doodles of male/female genitalia. The only facial feature clearly visible are the burgundy lips as lip liner is being reapplied.

CLOSE ON a hand, writing two cursive "L"'s in the top corner of the mirror with the lip liner. A large wad of SPIT flies onto the "L"'s, the same hand quickly smears them.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We follow a tall, slender FEMALE BODY as it descends a staircase into the living room and weaves through the crowd of wild, inebriated college kids.

EXT. THE LAWN - LATER

A lush lawn area between two rows of townhouses.

SHOT after SHOT of a buzzed LOVELLA LORE (19) introducing herself to boys/groups of boys, while portraying different personas. She's pale white with an uniquely pretty face. She will always be dressed in predominantly black clothing.

TWO BOYS give cool head nods...

LOVELLA  
Hey there, my name's Anastazie--

THREE BOYS, one in particular looks lost...

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
No, no, not Finny, Fanny like  
Rossetti's more voluptuous  
mistress.

LOST BOY  
Who?

ONE BOY looks on...

LOVELLA  
Wilma. It's a popular Swedish name.

FOUR BOYS drunkenly laugh at her...

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Oh, I'm Lot's Wife.

DRUNK BOY 1  
The fuck?

DRUNK BOY 2  
Are you referencing the biblical  
figure?

TWO DIFFERENT BOYS stare silently...

LOVELLA  
Lemon... my parents are  
fruitarians.

EXT. THE LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella roams, looking a little lost when J.W (19) rushes up  
behind her and grabs her waist both tickling and scaring her.

J.W  
(faking surprise)  
What!? She's on the prowl!

He rushes by her, XAVIER (20) his boyfriend trails behind  
holding his hand. Lovella's face lights up. She laughs.

EXT. THE LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella stands before ALEJANDRO ALVEREZ, a tall, rugby-playing, twenty-two year old Hispanic boy with a handsome baby face and cocky attitude. He RAMBLES on and on about himself, until a bored Lovella turns to his friend FOREST VICKERMAN (21).

LOVELLA  
Is he a pervert?

ALEJANDRO  
Whoa. What?

FOREST  
What?

The boys look at each other, laugh.

LOVELLA  
You two close?

ALEJANDRO  
Since seventh grade.

FOREST  
Roosevelt Middle, baby. Home of the fuckin'... what was it?

ALEJANDRO  
Uh, Buccaneers?

LOVELLA  
Then you should know more than anyone.

ALEJANDRO  
You can out me, bro.

FOREST  
Not sure how to answer that.

LOVELLA  
The fifth hath been pled.

FOREST  
(re: Lovella)  
Who is this?

ALEJANDRO  
(ignoring him)  
You smell nice.

LOVELLA  
Uh, the last incense I lit was Cedarwood.

FOREST  
I'm gonna bounce.

She pulls the flask out of her saddle bag, takes a shot.

FOREST (CONT'D)  
Yo, she's got a fucking flask.

Forest laughs as he shakes Alejandro's shoulder, runs off.

LOVELLA  
So, what's your body count? Andre,  
you said?

ALEJANDRO  
Mi nombre es Alejandro, not Andre.

LOVELLA  
So, what is it? Fifteen? Eighteen?

ALEJANDRO  
What? It's-- I'm not-- okay, how  
about you tell me yours?

She makes a zero with her hand, shoves it in his face, and  
makes a funny noise with her tongue (blows raspberries).

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Ah, a virgin? Alright.

LOVELLA  
So, what's yours?

ALEJANDRO  
Not zero.

LOVELLA  
Well, what is it?

ALEJANDRO  
I'm not going to tell you.

LOVELLA  
Why not? I told you mine.

ALEJANDRO  
Jesus. It's personal. Okay?

LOVELLA  
Not for a guy like you.

ALEJANDRO  
Look, I'm not just trying to fuck  
you!

She laughs at his fury and takes another shot before extending her flask. He pauses a moment before taking it.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Why haven't I seen you around?

LOVELLA  
I was on the rooftop earlier.

ALEJANDRO  
What, dancing?

LOVELLA  
No, I tried bring little miss DJ,  
but I got kicked off pretty quick.

ALEJANDRO  
Oh, yeah? Why?

LOVELLA  
I started playing the theme song  
from Psycho.

ALEJANDRO  
You're cute.

LOVELLA  
I dig how far apart my eyes are.

ALEJANDRO  
Can I have your number?

He presents her with his phone. She looks at it like it's a foreign object.

LOVELLA  
How old are you?

ALEJANDRO  
Twenty-two. I'm also six-foot-two,  
around two-hundred-ten pounds,  
tried bath salts once.

She eyes him for a moment, trying to focus through the booze.

LOVELLA  
Sure. You're not a townie, are you?

She takes his phone, types in her number.

ALEJANDRO  
Nah, I'm a senior. And now,  
Lovella...

He snatches his phone back.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
I disappear.

Alejandro takes off into the crowd. Lovella takes another shot, looking around for her next exploration.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - LATER

Lovella waits a moment before BANGING on the bedroom door.

LOVELLA  
Okay lovers. Time's up.

J.W (O.S.)  
One sec!

THUDS and GIGGLING. The door opens, J.W and Xavier exit, looking disheveled and red in the face with blood-shot eyes.

J.W (CONT'D)  
We're going to wash this for you.

He points to the rolled up blanket in his hand.

XAVIER  
Twice. We'll wash it twice.

They each blow her a kiss, fly by.

J.W  
Kisses from my grateful and gaping  
ass to yours, momma.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella stumbles over to her bed, passes out immediately.

The moonlight from the window is the only source of light.

There are eighty plus papers hung from the walls, all covered in her writings. With the window cracked open, the gusts of wind send them aflutter.

INT. DR. VERA'S OFFICE - DAY

English professor, DR. VERA GLAZIER (45), sits behind her desk, grading essays when... Lovella barges through the door without knocking, startling her.

Lovella appears sweaty, out of breath.

LOVELLA

Sorry.

She sits down, sets her saddle bag on the ground beside her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Hi. Hello professor...

She's frozen, having forgot her name. Her searching eyes soon find... her name plate, "DR. VERA GLAZIER".

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Glazier.

VERA

Doctor.

LOVELLA

Doctor. Yeah. Sorry.

Vera says nothing for a beat, only examining her.

VERA

I do want to start by thanking you  
for agreeing to meet with me.

LOVELLA

Oh, I didn't think it was optional.

VERA

... You look flustered.

LOVELLA

I uh, ran up the wrong stairwell--  
stairwells. I accidentally walked  
into a workshop. It was also room  
34, but it was in 'Good Pasture'.

(off her look)

I had a hard time finding the  
building.

VERA

There are only five academic  
buildings on the entire campus.

An embarrassed Lovella blushes.

VERA (CONT'D)

You're a sophomore, yes?

LOVELLA

Yes.

Vera reaches into her desk, pulls out a map of the campus in pamphlet form, and hands it to her.

VERA  
For you to study.

Lovella takes it, half-laughs.

VERA (CONT'D)  
So, what's going on? How are you?  
Who are you is the better question?  
We're two weeks in and you're the  
only student of mine who never  
speaks. Never appears present.  
Never participates in any fashion.  
I'm a little concerned.

LOVELLA  
You're actually like, the second  
professor to contact me about this.  
And that's just THIS semester.  
Including last year you're the...  
(counts on fingers)  
Sixth. I think?

VERA  
The sixth!?

Vera takes in this number for a moment.

VERA (CONT'D)  
And these other five, what exactly  
did they say to you?

LOVELLA  
They normally just threaten me  
about how participation is worth  
ten to fifteen percent of my grade.

She laughs, Vera doesn't.

VERA  
Do you like Shakespeare, Lovella?

LOVELLA  
I mean... as much as I worship the  
beauty of a perfect sentence, I  
don't like reading other people's  
fiction. My belief is it  
contaminates an artist's original  
thoughts.

VERA

Then why did you sign up for my class?

LOVELLA

It's required.

VERA

Then why are you an English major at all?

Lovella lets out a large sigh, nervously laughs.

LOVELLA

Whoa, is that meridian hinged? My mouth's getting dry.

Lovella gestures to the decorative antique globe in the far corner of the room. Vera looks.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I thought it may be multifunctional. You know, the ones that open... to a mini bar.

VERA

You're a minor.

Lovella nods, embarrassed yet again.

VERA (CONT'D)

I'm not getting much out of you, am I?

Vera grabs a pen, writes something down.

VERA (CONT'D)

I heard you say, "an artist's original thoughts". Are you an artist?

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

As Lovella exits the academic building, she backpedals to approach MARIE (20) and her BOYFRIEND (21).

LOVELLA

Hey Marie. I've been meaning to run into you. You look really pretty. I like your dress.

MARIE

Yeah, I'm with my boyfriend. Can you not see that?

The boyfriend whispers "babe", trying to calm her down.

LOVELLA

Oh, okay. Jeez. Sorry.

Lovella starts to walk off, until...

MARIE

(calling out)

Actually, while you're here, did you talk to Big Red last night?

LOVELLA

You mean the tall ginger you dated last year? Yeah, I saw him on the lawn and said hi.

MARIE

That's the thing, we never dated and you specifically asked him if he was the one who "dated Marie".

LOVELLA

Uh, I don't get it. Sorry.

MARIE

Oh my God. Let me put it this way, you made the night very awkward for me and my boyfriend so maybe try figuring it out and then not fucking doing it again. Thanks.

Marie turns back to her boyfriend, dismissing Lovella.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lovella styles her hair in the mirror when J.W enters, high.

J.W

Hey momma-- oh, shit. Don't you look cute.

LOVELLA

Thanks. I guess I tried.

J.W heads into one of the stalls, pees with the door open.

J.W

Where are you headed?

LOVELLA  
Nowhere. I'm having a boy over.

J.W  
Fuck off.

LOVELLA  
No, really.

J.W  
Fuck off.

LOVELLA  
I will do no such thing.

J.W  
When?

LOVELLA  
In like a half an hour or so.

J.W  
... Well, stop the fucking press.

LOVELLA  
He's been texting me nonstop. I  
can't seem to get rid of him.

J.W  
Ew. Straight and a clinger. Should  
I shake his hand and scare him  
away?

LOVELLA  
Trust me daddy, I don't need your  
help.

J.W  
I'm sure you don't.

J.W smacks her ass, exits.

LOVELLA  
You didn't wash your hands.

J.W (O.S.)  
What can I say, I'm a dirty bitch!

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Lovella sits on her dresser, sinking back into the rack of  
clothing above as she writes in her journal. KNOCKING!

LOVELLA

Come in!

In walks Alejandro, he smirks at the sight of her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Oh, that's what you look like. We finally meet with a sobered eye.

ALEJANDRO

Hey, what's up?

His eyes widen as he takes in the dorm room, walks around.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Santo mierda. Mira a esta zorra.

Lovella stares, very obviously, at his ass.

LOVELLA

Uh, what? Is that Spanish?

ALEJANDRO

Si.

LOVELLA

So, you're from...?

ALEJANDRO

My name's Alejandro.

LOVELLA

That is both a Greek and Spanish.

ALEJANDRO

Mexico's the homeland, senorita.

LOVELLA

You have a funny way of walking.

ALEJANDRO

Huh? Oh, yeah. I've been told it's orangutang like. It's the long arms.

LOVELLA

(gestures to his body)

You just haven't fully grown into it all yet.

ALEJANDRO

But you're looking.

He laughs, winks. She shrugs, not going to argue.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
You do like calling me out though,  
don't you? At least that's what  
Forest said. He was like, "dude she  
totally calls you out".

LOVELLA  
Forest?

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, the one you asked if I was a  
pervert the night we met.

LOVELLA  
Ah, him.

ALEJANDRO  
Dios nos salve.

Alejandro stops at a shelf, cringes at an antique doll baby  
sitting in a small rocking chair.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
How do you sleep with that in here?

LOVELLA  
That's my dolly.

She moves in between him and the dolly.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
And I can't sleep with her anymore.  
Her stitching's come undone.

He laughs. She looks offended, pissed. He stops laughing.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Wanna water my orchids?

He stutters as she removes a vial from her desk drawer. It's  
filled with a red liquid. The words, "WHY SO BLUE?" are  
painted on the side in blue. She hands it to him, points to  
the fake orchids in the vase on another shelf. They're  
already splattered with the red liquid (looks to be blood).

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, I'd love to.

LOVELLA  
... Just don't smell it.

She hands the vial to him, watches as he waters the orchids.

ALEJANDRO  
(flirtatious)  
So, who's my competition?

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro sit down at her desk. He opens up her laptop, bringing up the college's website.

ALEJANDRO  
Here we go. So, this is it. I  
mainly play half-scrum. This guy  
here. Watch me knock this guy the  
fuck out... ah, yeah. That was  
totally legal too. You see, I pick  
whenever I'm not in the ruck.

LOVELLA  
The cluck? Like a duck?

ALEJANDRO  
No, it's the called the ruck.

LOVELLA  
Buck?

ALEJANDRO  
Ruck with an R.

LOVELLA  
Oh, fuck.

ALEJANDRO  
... Okay, I see what you're doing.

LOVELLA  
You know, I played sports once upon  
a time.

ALEJANDRO  
Ah, yeah? You should totally come  
to my next home game.

She eyes him up and down, laughs.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Are you laughing at me?

KNOCKING! SUNNY BEARHART (20) enters. She's a stunningly  
beautiful alternative model with a nose ring. She's finishing  
a conversation she's having with someone in the hallway.

SUNNY

Aye! Oh, hi there. I'm Sunny. You can call me Son of Sam.

LOVELLA

(signs in relief)  
Oh, thank God.

ALEJANDRO

Alejandro.

They shake hands, eye each other. Both hot.

SUNNY

Sorry to stop all the momentum. I was just returning a book back to the public library.

She hands a book over to Lovella.

LOVELLA

No. Stay. Please.

SUNNY

I could stay for a little... if you don't care?

LOVELLA

You dog-eared again. I asked you not to.

SUNNY

(under breath)  
You're so annoying about that.

ALEJANDRO

Nah, I don't care. I mean, two's always better than one, right?

Lovella's too caught up in ironing out her page to notice their flirtation with each other.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two bottles are slapped down on the desk. One is a water bottle filled with a brown liquid, the other a Vodka bottle.

LOVELLA

The man of the hour gets magic mix.  
(to self)  
All of this body heat

She turns on a fan.

SUNNY

Stuff's foul. RIP, January 13th.

LOVELLA

Dear God. January 13th.

ALEJANDRO

What happened January 13th?

SUNNY

Two girls in firefighter helmets  
unconscious next to puke filled  
shower caddies.

LOVELLA

That image should tell you enough.

Sunny jumps onto Lovella's main bed. Alejandro picks up the  
magic mix, shakes it.

ALEJANDRO

So, what is it?

LOVELLA

I'm not really sure about this  
batch.

Lovella pours him a shot. His glass is clear, no graphics.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

For every one you take, Sunny and I  
will share one. It's only fair.  
Body weight, you know?

He throws one back.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Whoa, I was going to give you a  
chaser.

ALEJANDRO

(showing off, hiding  
disgust)

Fuck. Tastes like fish oil. Okay,  
your turn.

Lovella carries another shot glass over to Sunny, fakes  
pouring a shot from the Vodka bottle. This shot glass has  
graphics on it, making it impossible to tell if it's filled.

They smirk, faking groans of disgust as they "drink".

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You two good?

LOVELLA  
You do one more now.

He pours another, throws it back.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Want to hear about our supper high  
brow club?

SUNNY  
Wait, is it 'Cock's Club'?

ALEJANDRO  
Cocks, huh?

LOVELLA  
No, it's the 'Little Fucked Up  
Club'.

ALEJANDRO  
Fucked up? Like drunk?

SUNNY  
No, it means to be initiated you  
have to be a little... bizarre-o.

LOVELLA  
Like you daydream about recreating  
Operation Midnight Climax.

SUNNY  
Or you have the 'Ballad of The Hip  
Death Goddess' set as your  
ringtone.

LOVELLA  
What's your dream house, Alejandro?

ALEJANDRO  
Uh... I don't know. Why?

LOVELLA  
We ask all potential pledges, helps  
with gauging compatibility.

ALEJANDRO  
Maybe a penthouse in DC.

Crickets. Silence. Lovella and Sunny exchange looks,  
underwhelmed. Sunny even lets out a little chuckle.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
What? Well, what's yours then?

SUNNY  
Mine's like a--

ALEJANDRO  
(re: Lovella)  
No, yours.

Sunny, peeved he cut her off.

LOVELLA  
I'm not telling you.

ALEJANDRO  
What? I just told you mine.

LOVELLA  
(mimicking him)  
Jesus. It's personal, okay?

He laughs, getting it. Lovella hops off the bed, spins.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
(re: Sunny)  
Do you like my dress? It's new.

ALEJANDRO  
I like it.

Sunny and Lovella chat for a moment about the dress when...

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Thirty-eight.

His voice overpowers theirs. They stop, look at him.

SUNNY  
Thirty-eight, what?

ALEJANDRO  
That's my body count.

His eyes are locked on Lovella. She says nothing.

SUNNY  
Shit, is it your part time job?

ALEJANDRO  
She's been trying to get it out of  
me since we were back on the lawn.  
(re: Lovella)  
You nearly broke my nose going..

He throws up a severe zero with his hand just like she did.

LOVELLA

I don't discriminate against those who choose indulgence, Alejandro. I've always encouraged free love, fetishes, and deviation just so long as it doesn't involve anyone who doesn't wish to participate.

This isn't how he expected her to react.

ALEJANDRO

Well, my roommate Maddox. He just turned twenty-three and he's already fucked nearly one-hundred girls. So, really I'm a saint.

He laughs. Lovella and Sunny pause. Whoa. An awkward beat.

LOVELLA

Shots.

They all three drink, the girls faking of course. Trying to quickly change the subject...

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Did you know Sunny's this classically trained vocalist. She sang the National Anthem at Camden Yards.

SUNNY

Oh, blah. Boring.

ALEJANDRO

Sweet.

SUNNY

Well, Lovella's this insane athlete. She had like, all of thee college scouts recruiting her.

ALEJANDRO

No way. For what?

SUNNY

Lacrosse. Yeah, she's like the little cunt licking dyke of the group.

Lovella pauses, should I be offended?

ALEJANDRO

Really?

LOVELLA  
I told you I was a reformed baller.

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, but I didn't know...

He smiles at her, she looks away.

SUNNY  
Her calves are fucking sick.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sunny heads for the door, Lovella follows closely behind.

LOVELLA  
Just five more minutes.

SUNNY  
Nah, fuck third-wheeling. Bye,  
Alejandro. Nice meeting you.

ALEJANDRO  
You too.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Said in a low whisper...

LOVELLA  
Wait. He was like, really staring  
at me, wasn't he?

SUNNY  
(slightly annoyed)  
Well, he wasn't staring at me.

LOVELLA  
What do I do if he tries to touch  
me?

SUNNY  
I don't know. Let him.

LOVELLA  
Sunny?!

SUNNY  
You got him fucked up.

She disappears around the corner of the hallway.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
(with a racist accent)  
Adios, amigos!

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro waits patiently. By the look of his face he probably overheard their conversation.

ALEJANDRO  
I feel like I've met the same five-  
hundred white girls.

Lovella moves to her desk, sits. He drags his chair closer to her, drunkenly losing his balance.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
You're adorable.

LOVELLA  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
What kind of porn do you watch?

ALEJANDRO  
What?

LOVELLA  
Cum-shot, double penetration, gang-  
bang?

ALEJANDRO  
Estas loco. Fuck.  
(collecting himself)  
Uh, I like the more homemade stuff.

LOVELLA  
Right now, I'm into edge-play.

ALEJANDRO  
Edge-play?

LOVELLA  
And gay guy porn. Vintage  
preferably. Circa 1980's. I let two  
gay lovers borrow my spare bed on  
occasion.

ALEJANDRO  
Ew, are fucking kidding me? I think  
I touched that bed spread earlier.

He begins wiping his hands on his pants frantically. Chiming in, Lovella begins roughly wiping his pants and hands.

LOVELLA

Ah! Get him to the chemical shower!  
Hurry!

She dramatically screams. They both laugh. He leans closer, flicks her knee. She appears confused.

ALEJANDRO

You're really pretty.

She looks unimpressed, his flicking continues.

LOVELLA

Why are you flicking me?

ALEJANDRO

I just really want to kiss you  
right now.

As he begins to lean in, she moves away and GROWLS like a territorial dog.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Ah, come on.

She lets out a quick, even louder GROWL. He cracks up.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD - BUILDING ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro exit suite 64. A moment of silence as he looks dissatisfied with the lack of action he's received.

ALEJANDRO

Can I at least get a good night  
hug?

She nods, gives him a hug.

LOVELLA

Good night. Thanks for coming.

She lets go. As Alejandro exits...

ALEJANDRO

So, I'll see you tomorrow night  
then. Same time.

She looks surprised, having been given no time to rebuttal.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella renters, moves to the window, and peeks through the blinds.

Lovella's POV: Alejandro drunkenly misses a step as he enters his suite building next door.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro enters into blackness, following RAP MUSIC into...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro stumbles to the end of the hallway...

INT. ALEJANDRO & MADDOX'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SILVIO MANRIQUEZ (21) and YUSUF KING (22) smoke cigarettes near the door, while MADDOX WAKEFIELD (23), his equally handsome roommate, sorts through a duffle bag of explosives.

SILVIO

Where have you been? You look like  
shit.

Alejandro snags a cigarette, Silvio lights it for him.

ALEJANDRO

Hanging out with a witch.

SILVIO

A what?

YUSUF

He said he met a witch.

SILVIO

A witch, huh? You shove a  
broomstick up her ass?

YUSUF

Dude, too far.

SILVIO

Warts are contagious, you bitch!

Alejandro spits on the floor.

ALEJANDRO  
Fuck you for getting 'Lucky  
Strike'.

Alejandro crosses to Maddox, grabs a firework from the bag.

MADDOX  
Uh-huh, you ain't ready for all  
that power. Go grab a sparkler.

He slaps Alejandro on the head, rips away the firework.

ALEJANDRO  
Fuck you.

Forest yells from outside... MUFFLED WORDS...

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Who's outside?

Maddox rushes to the window, down below Forest shotguns a beer. All around him sit a dozen black contraptions.

YUSUF  
Forest. He's almost done setting up  
the mortar racks.

ALEJANDRO  
(slurring)  
Mo-- more-- Mormon...

Alejandro tosses his cigarette in a Gatorade bottle and collapses into bed.

SILVIO  
Look at this bitch, already bailed.

Silvio slaps Alejandro in the face, he's already passed out.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - SAME

Sunny approaches Lovella's dorm room door again.

SUNNY  
Aye, Lovella. I left my...

As she KNOCKS, she realizes the door is cracked open.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sunny lets herself inside. No Lovella is in sight.

She grabs her smokes off Lovella's bed where she accidentally left them, but she doesn't immediately leave. After lighting a cigarette, she begins circling the dorm room and surveying the walls. Intrigued by Lovella's writings.

The vindictive act: she touches her lit cigarette to one of the hanging papers, causing a corner to burn. SIZZLE!

J.W (O.S.)  
They're color coded.

Sunny turns to see... J.W And Xavier standing in the doorway.

J.W (CONT'D)  
Captivating, huh? Purple stripes will be about some tragic honeymoon in Shakespearean language. Teal follows the redemption of an incubus after he's been cast out of his legion. Grey will give you a hard on. I'm pretty sure they're her sex dreams.

SUNNY  
Where is she? I was just here.

XAVIER  
I wanna be a wonder-kid

J.W  
Awe. You're my wonder-kid.

Sunny FAKE COUGHS to stop their flirtatious groping.

J.W (CONT'D)  
A bitch is burning some cals, okay?

XAVIER  
Yeah, and we have permission to be in here so...

Xavier SNAPS his fingers, a "get out" gesture. She leaves.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

As Lovella jogs up a brick path, she's stopped by a STARTLING FIREWORK DISPLAY in the distance. Other students stop, stare.

INT. DR. VERA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The tiny classroom consists of only fifteen students.

Lovella sits in the back, hiding her journal under her desk as she writes. Unbeknownst to her, Vera is headed down the aisle. As she continues to lecture, she hovers over her desk.

This goes unnoticed by Lovella, until students chuckle.

Vera confiscates the journal from Lovella, heads back to the front of the classroom.

INT. DR. VERA'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Vera flips through Lovella's journal. Lovella, watching.

VERA  
The budding, the only partially  
conceived, the indecipherable  
nonsense. It's all here, isn't it?

She looks up at Lovella and closes her journal before crossing to the chalkboard. She writes "DR. VERA GLAZIER".

VERA (CONT'D)  
For you to reference if need be.

She moves back to her desk, sits on the edge.

VERA (CONT'D)  
You know, many of the greats had a  
pocket notebook habit. Can you  
guess who?

LOVELLA  
... No.

Vera laughs at her honesty.

VERA  
Do you often hide behind flowery  
language?

LOVELLA  
I never considered it hiding.

VERA  
I can tell there's a lot going on.

Vera waves her fingers over her own forehead (referencing the brain).

VERA (CONT'D)  
Are you okay? The progression  
throughout the pages... becomes  
more manic, cluttered.

Lovella smiles politely, shrugs.

VERA (CONT'D)  
So, what's your medium? Where does  
all of this funnel into?

Vera taps the top of the journal.

VERA (CONT'D)  
Poetry? Novella? Short fiction?

Lovella suddenly crosses to the chalkboard where she writes  
her full name "Lovella Lore" above Vera's.

She circles the second half of her first name.

LOVELLA  
"Ella" in Spanish, upon recent  
discovery, means her or she.

Above "ella" she writes the word "her".

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Love.

She circles "Lov", the first half of her first name.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Love. Her.

She circles her last name.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
"Lore" means mythos, legend, a body  
of knowledge retold through  
generations, usually orally.

She writes the word "story" above her last name.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Love. Her. Story.

She underlines her entire name.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Maybe I'm the medium. In the flesh.

Lovella turns to Vera only for a moment, before turning back  
to the chalkboard and circling Vera's last name.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
 And "Glazier"... you must come from  
 a long line of glass-blowers or  
 artisans of the glass making  
 variety.

She repeatedly circles her last name, thinking out loud...

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
 Transparency... reflectivity...  
 clarity...

She finally writes the word "mirror" above her last name.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
 You're my story's mirror. The only  
 one who truly sees.

Lovella moves back over to Vera's desk, admiring her work.

VERA  
 "If your everyday life seems poor,  
 don't blame it; blame yourself;  
 admit to yourself that you are not  
 enough of a poet to call forth its  
 riches; because for the creator  
 there is not poverty and no poor,  
 indifferent place." Rilke's  
 "Letters to a Young Poet". You  
 should read them sometime.

LOVELLA  
 Could I have my journal back now?

Vera hands it over.

VERA  
 You're quite the wordsmith.

LOVELLA  
 Thank you.

VERA  
 For my own reference, could tell me  
 if there's anything you DO like  
 about a classroom setting, Lovella?

LOVELLA  
 I like to be around other people.  
 Sometimes.

VERA  
 But you never interact with any of  
 them...?

LOVELLA

Maybe just knowing they're there is enough.

VERA

I don't think you realize how much you've just told me about yourself.

(beat)

Do you have friends, Lovella?

She nods.

VERA (CONT'D)

Good. That's good to hear.

LOVELLA

And you're my friend now, right?

VERA

Your friends are your equals. We are not equals.

LOVELLA

Oh.

Lovella blushes in embarrassment.

VERA

Aren't you wondering why I'm giving you so much of my attention?

LOVELLA

I wasn't until now...

Vera laughs.

VERA

I've always found myself most interested in those students who oppose the system or, more simply put, experience themselves as "different", but I don't get one of you very often. If I have a pedagogy around that, it is not to judge or evaluate them, but to support those who carve their own path, who think of an education as a means for them to achieve their own ends. This is all very exciting for me.

LOVELLA

Oh, well... I'm glad I can be of service.

VERA  
 (laughing)  
 Glad you can be of service. Okay,  
 kid. Here you go.

She grabs a rag from her desk drawer, tosses it to her.

VERA (CONT'D)  
 Go be of service and wipe down the  
 chalkboard. When you're done, help  
 me straighten out the desks.

They laugh. Lovella heads to the chalkboard, follows orders.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - LATER

Lovella enters the suite, a bunch of friends of her suite-mates sit around on beanbag chairs. She passes through shyly, until BETHANY (19), a suite-mate of hers, calls out...

BETHANY  
 Vells!

She stops upon hearing her nickname. Bethany is half focused on Lovella, half focused on 'Rue Paul's Drag Race'.

BETHANY (CONT'D)  
 Bish, don't look at me like that.  
 J.W filled me in.

LOVELLA  
 Oh, about the boy.

BETHANY  
 He's so fucking hot! I like, just  
 saw him at the grind.

LOVELLA  
 Eh, I'm not really into it.

BETHANY  
 No, you need to be. Get out of your  
 bedroom for once. That's not a  
 life.

LOVELLA  
 (unconfident)  
 ... I went out last weekend.

Suddenly distracted by the episode of 'Rue Paul's Drag Race', outbursts of CHEERING commence all around the room.

Lovella, a moment of pure insecurity. She enters the hallway.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella enters, closes the door behind her. She stays facing the door, stares down at the floor as if ashamed.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella kneels on her bed, writing on one of the pieces of paper taped high on her wall when... KNOCKING!

LOVELLA  
Who's there?

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)  
Alejandro.

Lovella fails to answer... the door opens anyway.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Hey, you going to leave me waiting  
out here?

She continues to say nothing, fiddles with her nails. He enters anyway, shuts the door behind him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Look how long your fingers are.

He crosses to her, holds up his hand.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Can I compare them?

LOVELLA  
You can sit over there.

She fails to ever look at him, points to a chair.

ALEJANDRO  
Over here?

She nods, he obeys and sits down. A beat of silence.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Look, I like spending time with  
you.

LOVELLA  
We could go out somewhere if you'd  
rather.

ALEJANDRO  
Well, what would you rather?

She looks up at him. Finally.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Lovella and Alejandro sit at her desk, separate chairs.

ALEJANDRO

Why do you like the dark so much?

LOVELLA

People are more open to suggestion  
when I get them in the dark.

ALEJANDRO

More open to do what exactly?

LOVELLA

Wait and maybe you'll find out.

She giggles. He's intrigued.

ALEJANDRO

Why do you run in the middle of the  
night?

LOVELLA

Solace.

ALEJANDRO

Are you afraid people might see you  
if you run during the day?

LOVELLA

I was an athlete all my life.  
Plenty of people have seen me run  
during the day.

ALEJANDRO

Why do you wear dark clothing?

She scoffs, getting annoyed by the interrogation.

LOVELLA

Why do you wear uh, wind breakers?

ALEJANDRO

Because it was clean.

She laughs at his simplicity. His stare makes her blush.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

What if I held your hand?

She hesitates, but eventually gives in. He rubs the top of her hand with his thumb.

LOVELLA  
(under breath)  
Mark your territory.

She pulls her hand away.

ALEJANDRO  
Have you ever kissed a boy?

LOVELLA  
No.

ALEJANDRO  
Not even one peck at some party?

LOVELLA  
Never.

ALEJANDRO  
But you study about sex?

LOVELLA  
I study about everything.

ALEJANDRO  
I don't think you even know what  
you're into.

He laughs, fingering and licking his lips.

LOVELLA  
I think I have a good idea.

Alejandro picks up a book that lies in the corner of her desk, opens to her bookmarked page.

ALEJANDRO  
Let's see. What do you have  
highlighted? "Yes, evil will always  
be with us, but the consequences of  
unchecked evil do not need to be  
tolerated. The shadow is both the  
awful thing that needs redemption  
and the suffering redeemer who can  
provide it." Whoa.

LOVELLA  
Essays on the human shadow.

ALEJANDRO  
The human shadow?

LOVELLA

The parts of your personality or  
past you've repressed. That which  
is undiscovered or yet to be  
recovered.

ALEJANDRO

Why are you reading about this?

LOVELLA

What do you see when you look in  
the mirror?

He chuckles.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Why did that question make you so  
uncomfortable?

He pauses, sets the book down.

ALEJANDRO

You know, we can sit on the bed  
together and be intimate without  
being sexual.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro hops on the main bed with Lovella. She puts two  
pillows in between them.

ALEJANDRO

Two? No way.

He tosses them both to the other end of the bed. She picks up  
another pillow, puts it between them. As soon as she looks  
away, he throws it on the floor. He laughs. She's visibly  
uncomfortable.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

What's that spot?

He points to a pinkish/white stain on the blanket.

LOVELLA

I fell asleep with gum in my mouth.

ALEJANDRO

Sure you did.

Lovella, not at all impressed with his immaturity. She sighs.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON Lovella's organized notes (occult subjects), pages turning.

ALEJANDRO  
Scratch my head for me?

Alejandro's head lies on a pillow on Lovella's lap. A big black binder rests on his chest ('THE MORBIDITY BIBLE'). He browses through it, reading to himself.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Grimorium...?

LOVELLA  
Grimorium Verum. It's black magic.  
We could try to make it rain  
together.

He keeps browsing, until...

ALEJANDRO  
The law of contagion holds that two  
things which have interacted or  
were once part of a single entity,  
retain their connection and can  
exert influence over one another  
even when physically apart.

He accidentally makes a tear in the page.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

In a panic, he jolts upright and grabs her tape dispenser off her desk. He attentively tapes the page back together.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry.

He smooths out the page and gives it a kiss before lying back down on her lap.

LOVELLA  
Redeem yourself. Say something in  
Spanish.

ALEJANDRO  
Te ves hermosa desde cualquier  
ángulo.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Blindfolded with a scarf, Alejandro grabs shot after shot off her desk and chugs.

LOVELLA  
(directing him)  
To your left! Other left!

He knocks one shot glass over onto the floor... KNOCKING!

J.W (O.S.)  
Momma, I have work at six!

LOVELLA  
Sorry!

ALEJANDRO  
Who just called you momma?

Alejandro removes his blindfold, but Lovella throws her hands over his eyes, feeds him two more shots.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Fuck, I want to do something evil  
right now.

Lovella moans, pulls her hands away. She sits down beside him, takes a shot herself. The game finally over.

LOVELLA  
What's your evil?

He falls silent. She wipes his wet mouth with the scarf.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
You might be a shadow archetype of  
mine. The whore who uses people, is  
carnally minded. Cums everywhere.  
Feels nothing.

ALEJANDRO  
Maybe you're some kind of shadow  
archetype of mine too.

LOVELLA  
Why can't you be ten years older?

ALEJANDRO  
I can only be three.

LOVELLA  
That's not an age difference.

ALEJANDRO  
... Have you ever had a boyfriend?

LOVELLA  
Don't ask questions you already  
know the answers to.

Lovella goes to pour another shot, but the Vodka is empty.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Wait here.

She exits...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella goes to the mini fridge, grab another Vodka bottle,  
and paces around the dark room, chugging shot after shot.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella reenters with a new Vodka bottle, sits back down.

Through the window, it has begun raining outside.

ALEJANDRO  
(re: Vodka)  
Okay, I think we're good for the  
evening.

He pulls the Vodka bottle away from her.

LOVELLA  
I want to make my life into a  
living art piece.

ALEJANDRO  
... What?

Lovella opens a drawer, pulls out three printed screenplays.

LOVELLA  
I write what I call 'visual art' or  
'live action art'.

ALEJANDRO  
What are these?

LOVELLA  
I just told you.

He gestures to one, she nods. He begins flipping through.

ALEJANDRO

I can't believe you wrote all of this. How many pages is--

LOVELLA

Each is about one-hundred-twenty. And I have nine so... oh, I can't do quick math.

ALEJANDRO

'Till Dusk Do We Honeymoon'? What a cool title.

He continues to flip, eyes darting from her back to the pages.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You, you're like... the school's hidden gem.

LOVELLA

(softly)

I was thinking bigger.

ALEJANDRO

Can I tell people about this?

LOVELLA

No, I'll poison you.

He laughs, she doesn't.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Here, this is my special folder.

She removes an orange folder from the same drawer.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

It holds my sketches of every scene and character I've ever created.

She presents him with a sketch of a young woman who's been stitched back together, limbs mangled. She sits outside of a log cabin. A black cat in the window.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

This is 'Innominatam', sometimes called 'Innomina' for short. She was found murdered and mutilated on the crossroads inside of a Pennsylvanian forest.

He takes the sketch, examines.

ALEJANDRO  
Wow, can I have one?

As Lovella looks to accommodate his wish, Alejandro grabs a stack of sketches from her folder... eerie forests, castles on hilltops, cottages surrounded by drooling wolves, gondolas on the open sea.

Lovella finally hands him a sketch of a glamorous older woman in a fur coat, smoking out of a beatnik.

LOVELLA  
You can have 'Winifred'. She's the madam of a corrupt massage parlor.

Alejandro takes out his wallet, slides the sketch inside.

ALEJANDRO  
I'm going to keep this right here.

LOVELLA  
Do you have a business card?

ALEJANDRO  
A business card?

LOVELLA  
Yeah, for your career? I'll put it in my wallet.

He pauses, almost embarrassed. He shakes his head, "nah".

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Oh.  
(beat, change the subject)  
You know, sometimes I have mental breakdowns where I flail around on the floor, panting and sucking my thumb like an infant.

ALEJANDRO  
What? Why? When?

LOVELLA  
Oh, when I have writer's block. Sometimes I even punish myself by pouring hot wax on my hands.

ALEJANDRO  
Your poor pretty hands.

He takes her hand, examines it to find burns. He rubs them. She pulls her hand away, reaches for the Vodka. He stops her.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
No, no, no. You've had enough.

LOVELLA  
No, I haven't.

THUNDER, flashes of lightening.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
I told you my real name when I met you.

ALEJANDRO  
What does that mean?

LOVELLA  
I'm not sure.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Lovella and Alejandro play fight over the Vodka bottle. Once she looks to be losing, she grabs his chin and says...

LOVELLA  
Alejandro The Great, the big,  
strong gladiator who sends all the  
women on the sidelines swooning...

He's turned on by how close she is to kissing her, until... his distraction allows her reach down and snatch the Vodka bottle from his grasp.

ALEJANDRO  
You son of a...

Laughing hysterically, she jumps out of the window.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Wait. Lovella!

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Lovella runs around the building, drinking from the Vodka bottle. She stops once she reaches a picnic table that sits about twenty yards away from her window. Alejandro chases.

ALEJANDRO  
Hey! Lovella! What are you doing?

She jumps on top of the picnic table, spins.

LOVELLA  
Keep calling for me. Don't stop.

He grabs her, throwing her over his shoulder. He rips the Vodka bottle from her hand, throws it into the brush.

ALEJANDRO  
It's pouring. You'll get sick.

LOVELLA  
My wet canvas.

She slaps his back.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Can your other girls make you immortal?

ALEJANDRO  
I don't have other girls.

He carries her back towards her window, puts her down.

LOVELLA  
Spin me in the rain.

He takes her hand and spins her. She falls into his chest.

ALEJANDRO  
Look, that's my bedroom. This close to yours. Any time you need me, I'm that far away.

LOVELLA  
It's like you're locked away in a tower.

He finishes guiding her back to her window, helps her inside.

ALEJANDRO  
Here, lift your leg.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella slips, falls. Alejandro helps her back up.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro slow dance. He's smooth, while she stumbles and steps on his feet, apologizing over and over.

LOVELLA  
Spin me one more time.

He does, they laugh.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Lovella and Alejandro sleep next to each other, cuddling.

He rises slowly, trying not to wake her. He bends down to kiss her on the lips. She turns her head.

ALEJANDRO  
Not yet?

She shakes her head, half asleep.

LOVELLA  
Wait. Don't leave.

ALEJANDRO  
I don't want to, but I have  
workouts in the morning.

He hops off the bed, caresses her hairline. She's already fallen back to sleep.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Good night, cutie.

Alejandro exits.

INT. VERA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Lovella, legs shaking a mile a minute. She's obviously mentally distracted. She abruptly leaves with her saddle bag.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Students work diligently to hang a banner, 'WELCOME PARENTS!'

In a rush, Lovella nearly runs a few over. She's apologetic.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella enters, goes into the handicap stall. She takes her flask and journal from her saddle bag, writes furiously as she takes shots.

INT. DR. VERA'S CLASSROOM - LATER

Lovella writes in her journal, frequently looks out window.

Lovella's POV: A row of trees block view of the waterfront.

When finished, she hands her journal over to Vera.

VERA  
(from her journal)  
'Art the trees in their bulk  
hampering thy view? Happily I'll  
axe the throats of all trunks for  
my love.'

LOVELLA  
Sorry. It's so short.

VERA  
Don't be. It's off the cuff.

She grabs a box of mints from a drawer, tosses her one.

LOVELLA  
Uh, thanks?

VERA  
I can smell the liquor on your  
breath.

Vera then tosses her the whole box.

VERA (CONT'D)  
For the road.

LOVELLA  
You going to snitch on me?

VERA  
If I tear out the page, can I keep  
it?

Lovella pauses a moment, nods. Vera tears out the page.

VERA (CONT'D)  
Sign it for me?

Lovella blushes and laughs. Signs it and hands it back.

VERA (CONT'D)  
Happily you'll destroy the  
landscape if it means your lover  
has a better view of whatever's  
beyond. This is lovely, Lovella.

Lovella blushes even more.

VERA (CONT'D)  
I'm assuming your lover would be a  
'he', yes? I never want to jump to  
any conclusions.

LOVELLA  
Theoretically speaking.

VERA  
This is very romantic.

LOVELLA  
I can be romantic.

VERA  
I didn't say you couldn't. It's  
just quite the tonal shift from  
your usual.  
(mocking her)  
Theoretically speaking.

Lovella laughs, still as bright as a tomato.

VERA (CONT'D)  
I've raised two teenage girls. I  
know that look anywhere.  
(beat)  
You sent his head spinning yet?

LOVELLA  
... His alien head?

VERA  
What? Alien head?

LOVELLA  
Yeah, he's an alien. He's missing  
joints in his hands and everything.  
He can even change base metals.

Vera's cracking up.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
What? Didn't you see the mother-  
ship land in Thomasin Quad?

Vera hands her back the journal.

VERA  
Curtail the intensity. Try.

She puts up her hands, gesturing 'proceed with caution'.

VERA (CONT'D)  
That's my only worry about you,  
okay?

LOVELLA  
Okay.

INT. CONCERT HALL - LATER

An ACAPELLA CONCERT, Sunny is in the front row and has two solos. Her voice is mediocre, nothing show-stopping. Lovella sits in the crowd, videotaping the performance.

INT. CONCERT HALL - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Lovella wanders until... she spots Sunny standing outside the fitting room with JODIE (21), MAXIME (21), and Marie.

As they see Lovella approaching, the girls move away from Sunny and back-pedal into the fitting room.

Lovella smothers Sunny in a bear hug.

LOVELLA  
You did so well!

SUNNY  
Ugh, did you see those cheap as  
risers shaking?

LOVELLA  
I taped the whole thing, accidentally  
got intermission.

SUNNY  
Cool. Can you send it to my mom?

LOVELLA  
Sure. You were so good! And oh,  
before I forget, there's that...

Lovella hands Sunny some folded pieces of paper, followed by a pink pill box.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
And you left your pill box in my  
bathroom again.

SUNNY  
Oh, just toss it.

She refuses the pink pill box.

LOVELLA

Isn't your birth control in here?

SUNNY

No, it's just for my anti's. But  
I'm trying to like, manage my moods  
naturally from now on.

LOVELLA

Have you run that by your doctor?

Sunny has already opened, begun to read the pieces of paper.

SUNNY

Loneliness from the perspective of  
a lighthouse keeper? A brief  
encounter with the soul of a sailor  
lost at sea?

LOVELLA

I know how you've been having  
trouble thinking of song ideas  
lately so, I wrote some down for  
you. They're organized  
thematically. You're obviously in  
the nautical section.

SUNNY

I don't have trouble.

LOVELLA

You don't-- wait, what?

SUNNY

You said I've 'been having trouble  
thinking of song ideas'.

LOVELLA

Yeah, that's what you told me...?

SUNNY

Well, whatever. I just need to  
focus. I wrote them eventually. And  
not everyone has the luxury of so  
much free time like you.

LOVELLA

We have the same course load...?

SUNNY

Yeah, you're a fucking English  
major. It's not like it's the same  
thing. I have to head to an after  
party. Can I grab a shot off you?

Lovella pauses a moment before giving Sunny her flask.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
Gotta pre-game this bitch.

LOVELLA  
Can I come?

SUNNY  
It's sort of like invite only. I  
would of had to like, tell them you  
were coming in advance.

LOVELLA  
What, it's so exclusive you can't  
have a plus one?

Sunny begins sobbing as she sniffs the flask.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

SUNNY  
It just reminds me of Charlie and  
I, you know? How he used to like,  
go down on me with Whiskey breath  
and give my pussy goosebumps.

Lovella, wide eyed as this psychotic break unfolds. Suddenly  
stable, Sunny hands back over the flask and pieces of paper.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
You're a doll.

She walks off, heading for the fitting room.

LOVELLA  
Hello?

SUNNY  
What? Yeah, another time for sure!

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella dances around in high heels, holding a binder and  
using it as a hard surface as she draws on a piece of paper.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella tapes the piece of paper on her wall. On it, a giant  
heart with the names 'Alejandro & Lovella' written inside in  
cursive. She admires it.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - LATER

Clenching the straps of her backpack tightly, Lovella stares up at Alejandro's suite. The shades are open, neon lights shine through the window.

Lovella bolts back into her suite.

INT. J.W & BETHANY'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella barges in to find J.W playing a violent video game.

LOVELLA  
Can I talk to you?

J.W  
Sure. Let me press pause-- and they  
shot me in the mouth. Fuck.

LOVELLA  
Do you know anything about TQ 60?

J.W  
You mean rugby house? Next door?

LOVELLA  
I didn't know it had a name.

J.W  
Yeah, a bunch of smug fuck-boys.  
What about em'?

LOVELLA  
What's a fuck-boy?

J.W  
Oh, honey.

LOVELLA  
Just tell me.

J.W  
A fuck-boy is a douche-bag, a  
manipulative prick, and a horn-god  
all in one. Some more harmless than  
others, but they're pretty much the  
worst form of modern man at the  
present moment.

LOVELLA  
Well, are they all fuck-boys? They  
can't all be fuck-boys.

J.W

I mean, I don't know them all personally. It's just their reputation precedes them. Public safety is pretty much there every weekend.

LOVELLA

For what?

J.W

I don't know. Like, a few days ago they shot off illegal fireworks.

LOVELLA

That was them? Oh. Well, that's not that bad.

J.W

Sure, but give them the rest of the year.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro sits in a chair close to the door. Yusuf lies across a couch, watching TV, while Forest does homework at the table.

Lovella enters without knocking, startling everyone.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, yeah. Come on in.

LOVELLA

Hi... or hola.

She waves innocently. Alejandro goes to her, gestures for her to follow him.

ALEJANDRO

Follow me. This way.

Lovella does as she's told. She glances over at the suite-mates, waves at them. They fail to acknowledge her.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro leads Lovella down the hallway.

ALEJANDRO

Right back here.

Yusuf passes them as he eats from a bag of Cheetos, gives her a cool head nod. She smiles.

They pass a bathroom. Inside are chairs, dirty plates cover the sinks.

LOVELLA  
Are those chairs in the bathroom?

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, we like to eat in there  
sometimes.

LOVELLA  
Gross.

INT. ALEJANDRO & MADDOX'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro closes the door behind her.

LOVELLA  
Your little dorm room. Am I allowed  
to open drawers?

ALEJANDRO  
Uh, I'd rather you didn't.

Lovella wanders around his side of the room. Family pictures, lighters, sports memorabilia, posters of half naked models.

LOVELLA  
(re: picture)  
Your sister's beautiful. I mean,  
I'm guessing this isn't your  
cousin?

ALEJANDRO  
She just turned eighteen. It's  
every big brother's worst  
nightmare.

Lovella notices three holes in the wall, touches them.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
There are more in the common room.

She lifts a poster next to the holds as she notices a path leading behind it. Seven holds are covered by the poster.

LOVELLA  
Are these all from you?

ALEJANDRO

I get a little fucked up sometimes.

He makes a punching gesture.

LOVELLA

Alcohol only enhances a preexisting emotion.

(off his confused look)

What makes you so angry?

He laughs uncomfortably, not responding.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Your little bed.

She runs her hand along the comforter, fluffs his pillows when... Maddox barges inside, grabs his laptop off his desk.

MADDOX

(calling out)

No, the fucking odd ones. The answers are in the back!

Maddox notices Lovella. Alejandro is tense.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

What's up?

LOVELLA

Just fluffing this pillow.

MADDOX

Fun.

Maddox laughs condescendingly, eyes Alejandro before exiting.

Lovella moves to the dorm room's only window.

LOVELLA

Is this the window you were pointing to last night?

ALEJANDRO

No. Actually, I got it wrong.

He throws his backpack over his shoulder.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

So, you ready?

LOVELLA

Yeah. Church Point, right?

He nods. As they head for the door, she grabs his hand. He holds it for a split second before letting go.

ALEJANDRO  
Uh, maybe later.

EXT. CAMPUS ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

As they walk along the guardrail, Alejandro frequently glances behind him, looking for oncoming cars. He pushes Lovella to the inside. She's too distracted HUMMING and twirling to notice the kind gesture.

ALEJANDRO  
Be careful. I've heard a lot about cars not seeing joggers or bikers this time of night. Plow right into em'.

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

They pass the Episcopal Church.

LOVELLA  
So, what do you think about death?

ALEJANDRO  
I try not to think about it.

LOVELLA  
Are you more afraid of the process of dying of the actual state of nonexistence?

He's baffled, doesn't answer.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
I masturbated in that church once.

ALEJANDRO  
Watch the rocks when-- what!?

LOVELLA  
I hid under the organ.

EXT. CHURCH POINT - MOMENTS LATER

They set up camp under a white wooden crucifix.

LOVELLA  
I got this for you.

She pulls a beer from her backpack.

ALEJANDRO  
My very own beer?

LOVELLA  
I remember how you said you liked  
the ribbon one.

He laughs, they sit down on the platform.

ALEJANDRO  
Pabst. Thank you.

He tries to unscrew the cap, but can't. He spends the next half minute trying different techniques, using his teeth, an oyster, hitting it against the platform. Cusses quietly.

LOVELLA  
I'll change the song.

Lovella picks up his phone, changes the RAP SONG playing.

ALEJANDRO  
Tight mother fucker.

He finally unscrews the cap, sits back down.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
One thing you should know about me  
is when I put my mind to something  
I always get what I want.

She looks unimpressed, thrown even. Continues scrolling through his phone. He sits his beer.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Nice and cold.

She suddenly springs up off the platform, throws his phone on the ground, and begins packing her belongings.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Hey? What are you doing?

She doesn't answer, continues packing. He grabs his phone, it's cracked. He jumps up.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Hey. Lovella. What's going on?

He tries to touch her hand, she slaps it away.

LOVELLA

Fuck off.

She tries walking off, he grabs her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Fuck off!

She shoves him.

ALEJANDRO

No! Why? I've been looking forward to this all day!

LOVELLA

I said fuck OFF!

ALEJANDRO

I don't understand what's happening! Lovella!

LOVELLA

(piercing)

HAVE YOU STOLEN THE WITCH'S VIRGINITY YET!?

He freezes, unable to answer.

ALEJANDRO

You went through my texts?

She lets out a hysterical LAUGH, tries to get around him.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Wait, I never responded when he asked! I never texted him back!

LOVELLA

My fucking hero.

ALEJANDRO

Hey, you shouldn't have been going through my texts to begin with.

LOVELLA

SUE ME!

She knock his phone out of his hands. As he bends down to pick it up, she nearly gets by him. He grabs her again. She BITES HIS ARM. He YELLS OUT in pain.

ALEJANDRO

Would you please just listen to me?!

(MORE)

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I'm not just trying to fuck you and take your virginity! That's why I never responded!

LOVELLA

You didn't have to, dick-head. The fact that you have a piece of shit friend like that says enough about you. Fuck you and fuck whoever the fuck Silvio is.

ALEJANDRO

No, please! Please!

LOVELLA

I'm going to scream!

ALEJANDRO

Please don't scream! I just-- I think you're really unique!

LOVELLA

But you didn't say that, did you? You said freak... FREAK!

ALEJANDRO

Look, I don't just want a blowjob!

LOVELLA

Oh my God! Who says that to a girl!

ALEJANDRO

Wait, no! That came out wrong!

LOVELLA

You called me a witch! You said, quote: "Update, the witch is back" and quote: "Maybe she'll let me cum in her caldron". You said you were, quote: "Going for the freaks now n' days". Fuck off, fuck off, FUCK OFF, YOU BULLY!

She shoves him again.

ALEJANDRO

No, please. I'm begging! I'm begging you, Lovella!

She stops fighting him.

LOVELLA

.... Then fall to your fucking knees and begin begging.

He freezes.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
You have three second. One, two--

He's already down by two.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Say you want me to stay.

ALEJANDRO  
I want you to stay.

LOVELLA  
Louder.

ALEJANDRO  
I want you to stay!

LOVELLA  
I said louder!

ALEJANDRO  
I want you to stay! I want-- what's  
happening right now?!

LOVELLA  
LOUDER!

ALEJANDRO  
I WANT YOU TO FUCKING STAY! PLEASE!

She backpedals, in awe of his volume. He stares down at the ground in humiliation.

LOVELLA  
Oh, I could get used to it up here.

He looks up at her, she's hovering over him like a God.

She SPITS on the ground next to him, walks by, and makes her way towards the graveyard, leaving him behind.

The sound of LOUD GROANS and MUFFLED PROFANITIES stops her. She turns to see Alejandro throwing his beer against a large rock. It explodes. He falls to his knees.

A beat of watching him suffer, until... Lovella WHISTLES. Alejandro takes his head out of his hands, looks her way.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Grab your shit and follow me!

He scrambles to his feet, grabs his backpack, chases after.

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro sprints to catch up with Lovella.

ALEJANDRO

Lovella! God, you're fast. Hey, I'm so sorry. I was a really terrible person my first two years of college, but it's not who I really am. Not now. I swear. I've changed.

LOVELLA

Bullshit.

ALEJANDRO

I mean, I'm changing. I'm working on myself.

LOVELLA

Tell me how you've been a terrible person.

She gasps, pulls on his arm as he steps on a grave. He moves.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Forswear your ungauged step!

ALEJANDRO

Oh, sorry. Like, tell you something terrible I've done?

LOVELLA

Yes, unburden yourself.

ALEJANDRO

Well, back in may I, uh... I slept with my best friend's girlfriend.

Lovella stops walking, appalled, jaw-dropped.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I know. I know how it sounds. We got really fucked up at this graduation party-- that's not an excuse. I know isn't it, but--

LOVELLA

Your dick needs a shock collar.

EXT. CAMPUS ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro continues to chase Lovella.

ALEJANDRO

Look, I know I'm not half as interesting as you.

LOVELLA

What? I find you very interesting.

ALEJANDRO

And I know I'll probably never have a passion as great as yours.

LOVELLA

Well, what are your dreams? You never told me when I asked about your career.

ALEJANDRO

I guess I don't really know what I want to do or be yet.

LOVELLA

What do you mean you don't know? You're twenty-two years old?

ALEJANDRO

My major's economics, but...

LOVELLA

Was that daddy's major?

ALEJANDRO

Yes.

LOVELLA

Oh, how I enjoy your predictability.

ALEJANDRO

Lovella, please. I really am trying to get better. I've been working on myself. I started seeing a therapist at the wellness center twice a week and I really think it has been helping. I've never told anyone that. Only my mother knows.

She stops walking, he does to. A beat of thinking and pacing on her part. He's fighting off tears.

LOVELLA  
You can cry. It's okay.

He shakes his head, eyes drying up within seconds.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
(deadpan)  
I have been bullied my entire life.  
And I have a feeling you never  
have.

Alejandro, ridden with guilt, stares at the ground.

ALEJANDRO  
Please don't leave.

LOVELLA  
... Go to the pub and buy me  
something to eat. Then you can come  
back to my place.

ALEJANDRO  
I'll get a slushy too.

He rubs her arm, relieved, takes off for the pub.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Alejandro sets a basket of nachos down on her desk, Lovella's  
already drinking the slushy.

LOVELLA  
Smells like pheromones in here.

She sprays Febreeze. The fan blows it into Alejandro's face.

ALEJANDRO  
Ah, my eyes.

LOVELLA  
Good. Let it burn, baby. Burn.

ALEJANDRO  
You're right. I deserve it.

She sits down, begins eating the nachos.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
You're allowed to just wear a tank-  
top around me, you know?

He touches her oversized jacket, her arms always covered.

LOVELLA

Why do you sleep with so many girls?

ALEJANDRO

I don't anymore. I used to.

LOVELLA

Why did you use to?

ALEJANDRO

... I wanted to be cool.

LOVELLA

Did it work? Do you feel cool?

ALEJANDRO

No.

Lovella takes another bite of nachos.

LOVELLA

Look, it's our first date.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, please. Please don't let this be our first date.

LOVELLA

But it is. You bought me food...

She grabs her slushy, shakes it.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

A drink.

ALEJANDRO

All I wanted was to watch you dance around in one of your little black dresses tonight.

LOVELLA

I do like my little black dresses.

They smile at one another. He takes her hand.

ALEJANDRO

When you left... it was like... my stomach... it...

He looks at her for the first time like he's madly in love. She looks uncomfortable with his staring. She rises, removes her jacket, and takes her journal out of her saddle bag.

She sits back down. As she jots something down in her journal, Alejandro notices her arm. There are self harm marks covering her entire left shoulder. He touches them.

She doesn't look up from her journal when she says...

LOVELLA

I call them my 'Little Pink Caterpillars'.

ALEJANDRO

Your 'Little Pink Caterpillars'?

LOVELLA

Yeah, see them all crawling around under there.

She giggles oddly, he begins to rub them.

ALEJANDRO

Is this for like, when pouring hot wax on your hands isn't enough?

She stops writing, looks to him for a moment before flipping through her journal furiously. She passes it to him, points.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

For me?

LOVELLA

Just that one sentence.

ALEJANDRO

(from journal)

'Cuts that keepeth pale death penned, but contingent upon depth weakens its bars'.

He lowers the journal, looking baffled.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

It sounds beautiful, but...

LOVELLA

Drops of blood, they're impure, yes?

He half-shrugs, half-nods.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

And thence... mine impurities art recycled for impure use, becoming friction's friend as couples dance the dance of pleasure.

She runs her finger up the bridge of his nose.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
It's a playful allusion to  
lubricant. I thought you'd  
appreciate it.

ALEJANDRO  
(catching on, laughing)  
Friction's friend, uh?

LOVELLA  
See, it's not always punishment.  
Sometimes my cuts are poetry.

ALEJANDRO  
... Why so many though?

LOVELLA  
I wanted to be cool.

ALEJANDRO  
(laughs)  
Well, do you feel cool?

LOVELLA  
Yeah, the fucking coolest.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella hops on her bed, Alejandro attempts to join her.

LOVELLA  
Don't get ahead of yourself.

She shoves him off, he nearly falls over.

ALEJANDRO  
Whoa, you're strong.

LOVELLA  
You can sit where the gay lovers  
consummated.

He doesn't move from standing in front of her, smiles.

ALEJANDRO  
So, am I'm still in the dog house?

LOVELLA  
Nah. You're in the fucking kennel.

He laughs, tackles her to the bed, and tickles her before he rests his head on her stomach. She rubs his cheek, SMACKS IT.

ALEJANDRO  
That didn't hurt.

LOVELLA  
I can make it.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Carrying her to-go-box, Lovella heads up a staircase.

INT. GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella gets in the check-in line, immediately sees Alejandro walking around inside.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro stands at the burger station. Lovella approaches him from behind, tickles the back of his neck. He jumps.

LOVELLA  
Boo.

ALEJANDRO  
Hey, how are you?

LOVELLA  
You grew stubble overnight.

ALEJANDRO  
Oh, did I?

She rubs his chin. They gaze into each others eyes.

LOVELLA  
We're finally in the daylight.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella finishes boxing her food at the salad bar when Alejandro approaches.

ALEJANDRO  
Your tag's sticking out.

He tucks the tag back into her dress, rubs her spine.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
I'll see you later, okay?

Lovella nods, watches him go.

The table he fast approaches is filled with his IMMEDIATE FAMILY; MOTHER (50), FATHER (55), and SISTER (18). He kisses his mother on the cheek before sitting down next to her.

Lovella catches herself staring at them for far too long. She closes her to-go-box and hurries out of the great room.

INT. DR. VERA'S OFFICE - LATER

Vera faces her windows, watching the families outside pass by when... Lovella barges in without knocking.

VERA  
You never knock, do you?

Lovella pauses a moment before exiting the office (time for a retry). She KNOCKS on the office door, but still lets herself inside without getting the okay from Vera.

VERA (CONT'D)  
You're not quite there yet.

Vera finally turns to face her, grabs her coat off a rack.

VERA (CONT'D)  
Let's go for a walk.

LOVELLA  
Oh, great. I was wondering when we were going to change scenery for your inspirational monologue.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella, who swirls around like a ballerina, and Vera are on a small wooden bridge. Across the pond is a perfect view of the students and their families migrating through the campus.

There's a small sandbar inside the pond below where the words 'GO SEAHAWKS' are spelled out with stones.

LOVELLA  
Last week it said, 'CURE MY BLUEBALLS'.

VERA  
Well, you know, parent's weekend.

LOVELLA  
So... it's being guarded around the  
clock?

VERA  
Pretty much.

They laugh.

LOVELLA  
(re: bridge)  
I didn't even know this was here.

VERA  
Step out of your bubble.

CHURCH BELLS CHIME SIX TIMES.

LOVELLA  
(to self)  
And so, the evening bell rang and  
the tone turned a little more  
sinister.

VERA  
What was that?

LOVELLA  
Just speaking on a premonition.

She leans over the railing next to Vera, people watching with  
her for a beat before Vera pulls an envelope from her pocket.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Is this what you wanted to give me?

VERA  
Yeah, I could tell you were getting  
impatient.

She opens it SQUEALING with glee, revealing a bedazzled  
magnet that reads, 'STAY WEIRD: The St. Mary's Way'.

LOVELLA  
Why are you giving me the school's  
motto in magnet form?

VERA  
Because even though you don't  
identify well with teams or clubs  
or groupings of ANY kind, this  
school is a good one for you.  
(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)

Its size allows a focus on the individual, but you have to be willing to open yourself up more.

LOVELLA

I feel like this is all just a ploy to get me to raise my hand more in class.

VERA

I'm trying here.

They laugh.

VERA (CONT'D)

How about this... I'm reading all of these essays by people with PhDs from Brown and Cornell lecturing on how no one has a true identity anymore. And then you come in here out of butt-fuck nowhere and blow all of their bullshit away. They're saying how we need to find our ancestral roots again or get back in touch with nature, but you... you're not doing any of that.

LOVELLA

(re: magnet)

I'll put it on my mini fridge.

Vera smiles, feeling like she's made progress with her.

VERA

And anyway, are your parents visiting?

Lovella, suddenly serious, sullen.

LOVELLA

No, they're boxes of ash.

Vera's taken aback. She had no idea.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

I have a half-sister, but she's a housewife and a decade older so...

VERA

I'm so sorry, Lovella.

LOVELLA

(shrugs)

What are you going to do?

(MORE)

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

(beat)

My mother once locked me in the attic for three days. I started searching through all of the storage boxes for canned food when I found this note-pad with a stylus pen attached. I sat by the attic's only window, it was like, one foot by one foot, and uh... that was the first day I ever wrote fictional prose. I was nine, I think.

Vera doesn't know how to respond to this.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Blessing in disguise.

Lovella shrugs, begins to spin around like a ballerina again, seeming unfazed by anything she just said.

INT. MAXIME'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mindless mingling and binge drinking college girls: Sunny, Marie, Maxime, a half a dozen others, and lastly... Lovella.

Lovella is the only one no one is talking to. She's awkward.

A couple enters, it's Jodie and ROSS (19). Everyone reacts to them enthusiastically. When they can't find seating, Maxime approaches Lovella.

MAXIME

Can you move?

LOVELLA

Uh, sure.

Lovella scoots over.

MAXIME

No, like get up.

LOVELLA

Why?

MAXIME

We're trying to make room.

LOVELLA

Why am I the one who has to move?

As Maxime walks away, rolling her eyes...

MAXIME  
(under breath)  
Cause literally no one knows who  
you are.

A stepping stool is soon located, given to the couple as seating. Maxime sits on Ross's lap.

In an attempt to chime into the conversation...

LOVELLA  
How long have you been together?

The couple ignores her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
(a little louder)  
Hey, how long have...

She's ignored again. Lovella gives up, crosses to the cooler of booze, and pours herself a mixed drink. She spots Sunny, goes to her, taps her shoulder. She's in the middle of another conversation.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Hey, why is Maxime so mean?

SUNNY  
Dude, hold the fuck on. I'm in the  
middle of something.

She turns away from Lovella.

LOVELLA  
I just asked a question.

Annoyed again, Sunny turns back to Lovella.

SUNNY  
Just don't talk to her. She already  
thinks you're ignorant.  
(under breath)  
Jesus fuck, take a hint much?

As if she's finally snapped, Lovella grabs Sunny by the neck and pins her against the nearest wall. SHE SPITS IN HER FACE.

SUNNY (CONT'D)  
Ew! Oh my fucking God!

Lovella lets go of her neck, is immediately VERBALLY ATTACKED as Sunny begins to cry. She pauses a moment in awe of what she's done. She grabs her saddle bag, beelines for the door.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

A competitive game of ping-pong is played while THEATER MEMBERS (one of which is J.W) sing along to the soundtrack of 'Cabaret'. J.W dances like a stripper.

Lovella leans against a staircase, drinking from her flask. J.W dances over to her and gestures for her to slap his ass, trying to cheer her up. She does, half-laughs.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Lovella makes her way through the crowd, out the back door.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Lovella walks off the patio.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS

Lovella makes her way up the sidewalk.

Lovella's POV: A BOY WITH DARK HAIR, about the same size as Alejandro, walks, holding a girl's hand.

Lovella follows them, spying. Once the boy and girl turn down a sidewalk that leads to 'The Lawn', we see that it's not Alejandro, but merely a look-alike. She EXHALES in relief.

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Lovella walks up the empty dock.

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Lovella writes in her journal when... her phone VIBRATES. Her face lights up. She packs up her things, runs off the dock.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Lovella wipes blotches of blood off her desk, tosses the bloody napkins into the trash can. WHISTLING as Alejandro lets himself into the bedroom.

ALEJANDRO

Hey there.

LOVELLA

Hey, you didn't have to come. You could have stayed out with your friends.

ALEJANDRO

I didn't want to. Everyone's boring.

LOVELLA

I could have told you that.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro sit at her desk. As he begins rubbing her knees, she pulls her chair away.

ALEJANDRO

Come here, silly.

He pulls her chair closer, takes her hand.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I have to ask you something. Will you go to rugby formal with me?

LOVELLA

What's that?

ALEJANDRO

It's this dance that's thrown for the team every year. It's held off campus at this dope banquet hall.

LOVELLA

Okay. Yeah. I'd love to.

ALEJANDRO

That means you have to wear a pretty dress and take pictures with me.

LOVELLA

Okay!

ALEJANDRO

As soon as my coach made the announcement today I couldn't stop thinking about how I was going to ask you. Wait, no-- I want to ask you again in a more creative way.

LOVELLA

Okay. The answer's already yes,  
but... it can be like the prom I  
never went to.

ALEJANDRO

You never went to your prom?

She shakes her head, he brushes her hair behind her ears.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You looked really pretty in the  
great room today.

LOVELLA

So did you and your chubby cheeks.

ALEJANDRO

I know. I can't get rid of them no  
matter how much I work out.

LOVELLA

Well, I have baby fat on my stomach  
that I can't get rid of no matter  
how many miles I run so...

ALEJANDRO

If we had kids they'd be really  
athletic.

LOVELLA

Oh! I've always wanted to have one  
boy and name him 'Knight' with a K.  
So, that when he's in his crib I  
could tickle him and go, 'oh, my  
little knight in shining armor.'

Alejandro looks endeared, though not in love with the idea.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Think about it. Because you're a  
prince and I'm a princess and he's  
been granted the honorable title of  
kighthood, and ultimately life, by  
his monarchs.

ALEJANDRO

We have time. We have time.

LOVELLA

And then we could put him in  
fencing class!

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, we'll talk about it later.

She nods, he takes her hand again. Her hair falls off her shoulder, revealing her fresh cuts.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
I'm going to help you change the world through your art, okay?

LOVELLA  
Oh, is this like, a proposal?

He only stares, toughing her face. She grows uncomfortable, begins laughing under her breath.

ALEJANDRO  
Why did you cut yourself?

He finally notices her cuts, touches them. She doesn't answer, slightly embarrassed.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Cut me.

For a moment she just laughs.

LOVELLA  
... What?

He rolls up his sleeve, slaps his shoulder.

ALEJANDRO  
Right here. Cut me.

LOVELLA  
No?

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, come on.

LOVELLA  
Stop being weird.

He grabs scissors off her desk, tries handing them to her.

ALEJANDRO  
Cut me.

LOVELLA  
No, stop.

ALEJANDRO  
Yes, come on. Do it.

LOVELLA  
I don't use scissors.

She throws the scissors under her bed. HE GRABS HER FACE.

ALEJANDRO  
(whispers)  
Cut me. I want you to fucking cut  
me.

An intense beat of staring. She rises, paces around. The song  
"THE WIZARD OF GORE" by Al Ferox comes on over her speakers.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
What's there to contemplate about?

She stops pacing.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
All you ever do is keep me waiting.

LOVELLA  
Alright, handsome. Have it your  
way.

She races to her bed, grabs the scissors from underneath.

He begins to roll up his sleeve again.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
No, take off your fucking shirt.

He removes his shirt.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Stay still.

She grabs his head, steadies it against her chest.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
You sure about this?

She licks his ear.

ALEJANDRO  
Oh, fuck. Demonios si, amour.

With the scissors, she quickly RIPS FOUR CUTS IN ALEJANDRO'S  
LEFT SHOULDER, each about five inches in length. BLOOD POURS  
DOWN HIS ARM AND ONTO THE FLOOR.

She scoops up his blood, slaps him across the face. She  
continues to smear the blood all over his neck and chest  
before smearing it on herself.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
That was so fucking hot.

He jumps, she backs away from him.

LOVELLA  
Did you like that?

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, I fucking liked that.

She slaps him across the face. He grabs the scissors from her, throws them across the room.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Kiss me.

She slaps him across the face.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Do it again.

She does.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Fucking kiss me.

She backs up into her dresser, moves her clothes that hang above so they cover her face.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Lovella, come here.

He parts the clothing.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Please, kiss me.

LOVELLA  
No.

ALEJANDRO  
Why?

LOVELLA  
Because... I can't kiss someone  
unless they're my boyfriend. I  
would need the commitment.

ALEJANDRO  
Then I'm your boyfriend.

LOVELLA

You're just saying that so I'll  
kiss you.

ALEJANDRO

No, I want to be with you.

LOVELLA

Say it again.

ALEJANDRO

I'm your boyfriend. I'm your  
boyfriend. I'm your boyfriend! Now  
come here and fucking kiss me!  
Please! Please!

She jumps onto her tip-toes and pecks him on the lips.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

That doesn't count.

She slaps him across the face three times. He grabs her by  
the arms, pins her against the wall.

LOVELLA

You've been with thirty-eight  
women.

ALEJANDRO

Thirty-five. I lied.

LOVELLA

Big difference, you fucking whore.

She shoves him, he bumps into the shelf with her dolly. It  
falls out of its rocking chair. He catches it, puts it back.  
Lovella shoves him into the chair, slaps him across the face.

ALEJANDRO

Do it again.

She's frozen.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Do it again! FUCKING HIT ME!

As if possessed, Lovella relentlessly beats Alejandro. He  
sits still and takes the beating, until the pain's too much.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Okay. Enough. That's enough! Stop!

She doesn't let up. All of her pent up rage is being released  
in this precise moment in time.

Alejandro falls out of the chair, trying to get away from her. She beats him while he's down. He gets to his feet, pins her against the wall again.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Calm down!

She knees him in his penis. HE CRIES OUT, holding his crotch.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You do not hit me there!

She shoves him onto her bed. As she continues to hit him, he curls up in the fetal position. She's now crying.

LOVELLA

I fucking hate you!

He breaks free, grabs her by the neck, and pins her to the wall again. This time harshly. Her head bounces, but this finally stops her.

ALEJANDRO

I'll never touch you like this again, but you need to stop hitting me now.

LOVELLA

Cut me. Please.

ALEJANDRO

No.

LOVELLA

I want to bleed with you.

ALEJANDRO

(to self)

Jesus, did I piss myself?

He gently lets go of her neck before examining his jeans to see if there's a urine stain. She cries harder.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Why are you crying?

She shoves his hand away when he goes to touch her.

LOVELLA

You've been with so many girls.  
It's so fucking gross. What if you  
have AIDS?!

ALEJANDRO  
I don't have AIDS, Lovella.

LOVELLA  
Over thirty! I can even list thirty  
guys I'd even want to see naked!

He grabs her face. Again.

ALEJANDRO  
Maybe my version of finding the one  
was weeding through thirty-five  
girls who didn't mean anything to  
me to get to you!

His blood drips into her lap, creating a puddle.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
I just want to impress you!

LOVELLA  
You're way too young.

ALEJANDRO  
Please kiss me.

LOVELLA  
I think about you all the time. I  
hate it.

ALEJANDRO  
I think about you all the time too.

LOVELLA  
Really?

ALEJANDRO  
Yes. Except when I'm at rugby. Then  
I think about getting beat up.

LOVELLA  
What?

ALEJANDRO  
Please kiss me.

LOVELLA  
No.

ALEJANDRO  
Lovella!

LOVELLA  
I don't know how!

He crawls onto the bed, takes control, and kisses her. Blood quickly covers both of their mouths. Within seconds...

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you moaning?

He begins to moan.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
You whore.

She bites his neck. HE YELLS OUT. They fall off the bed. He picks her up, puts her back on top.

ALEJANDRO  
Where have you been all my life?

The passion grows and grows until Alejandro begins to have a problem in the erectile area.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Ah, God.

He pulls himself away, covers his crotch. She pulls him back in violently. He MOANINGLY gives in.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Yeah, you like that neck stuff?

He begins biting and licking her neck, until he pulls himself away again... covering his crotch.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Stop. Stop.

A beat of heavy breathing. Lovella catches on. He's getting a little too aroused. She scoops a rolling drop of blood off Alejandro's cheek, licks her finger. They both laugh.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

As Alejandro sleeps next to her, Lovella sits upright with her journal open in her lap. She writes, 'MARK YOUR TERRITORY' in cursive underneath the date 'September 9th' before lying back down next to him.

We PULL BACK to reveal the room's destruction... chairs flipped over, blood splatters the floor, clothes off their hangers, objects have fallen off shelves, the speaker skips.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

A shirtless Alejandro sits on Lovella's bed.

ALEJANDRO  
Nurse. Nurse!

Lovella enters with wet paper towels.

LOVELLA  
Shh, people are still sleeping.  
(to self)  
How doesn't my R.A have a damn  
first aid kit?

She rushes over to him, begins to wipe away his blood.

ALEJANDRO  
Tell me, do they make me look  
tough?

LOVELLA  
Very.

They laugh, he kisses her on the cheek.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
Your mother's going to hate me.  
She's going to be like, who cut my  
baby boy? I'll fucking kill her.

ALEJANDRO  
I'll take care of her.

LOVELLA  
Oh, you will?

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, I'll tell her... ya sabes,  
madre, realmente me he metido en  
algunas cosas raras estos días. Y  
parece que vas a tener que  
acostumbrarse.

LOVELLA  
Stop. What did you say? Tell me.

ALEJANDRO  
I said you're my freaky stuff and  
she better get used to it.

He pulls her close, kisses her all over. She laughs.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro puts on his shirt, heads for the door.

ALEJANDRO  
You think cold water would sting  
less or...?  
(flinching from pain)  
Fuck, we're not doing this again.

LOVELLA  
It's cool. I have a back-up.

Lovella grabs a vial of her blood sitting on her shelf.

ALEJANDRO  
I'll call you after practice.

LOVELLA  
Okay, good luck.

He has one foot out the door when he rushes back inside to smother her with more kisses.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - BATHROOM - LATER

Alejandro attempts to take a shower, but every time his cuts are pounded with the pressurized water, he jumps back out.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The sink is covered in blood and bloody tissues.

Wrapped in a towel, Alejandro wipes the dried blood off his body (what he was unable to rinse off in the shower).

Wiping the sleep out of his eyes, Silvio enters. Alejandro freezes. They're both at a loss for words.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A shirtless Alejandro is surrounded by his suite-mates.

ALEJANDRO  
We were-- I don't know-- we were  
drunk. I don't really remember.

FOREST  
What the fuck do you mean you don't  
'really remember'?

MADDOX

What did you drink? Everclear?

YUSUF

Who even is she?

ALEJANDRO

She's-- Forest met her.

FOREST

It's the fucking witch.

MADDOX

Look how deep they are! BRO!

YUSUF

Do you think you need stitches?

Silvio enters the room with baby powder.

SILVIO

All we have is baby powder?

ALEJANDRO

What the fuck am I supposed to do with baby powder?

SILVIO

Doesn't it like, dry shit out?

MADDOX

I literally can't fucking wrap my head around this. Why would she just cut you like that?

YUSUF

Four times! Four!

ALEJANDRO

I don't-- I don't fucking know! Stop asking me the same shit over and over again!

Silvio approaches with the baby powder. Alejandro slaps it out of his hand. It explodes everywhere.

SILVIO

Smart, ass hole. You can clean that up.

FOREST

How big was the knife?

ALEJANDRO

It was scissors.

SILVIO

Oh, so now you remember the weapon  
of choice all of a sudden?

MADDOX

Those are from a pair of fucking  
scissors?!

ALEJANDRO

Yeah. I, uh-- we were just playing  
around. I didn't think she would  
actually do it.

YUSUF

Just 'playing around'?

FOREST

Even your face is bruised. It's  
fucking swollen.

SILVIO

Did this bitch punch you?

YUSUF

Can everyone just take a breath?  
He's obviously okay. If he needs  
stitches, we'll get him to the  
hospital.

MADDOX

Take a breath!? Yusuf, she  
mutilated his shoulder!

ALEJANDRO

She didn't mutilate it.

MADDOX

Do you have fucking eyes!

FOREST

I mean, shit, I hope you at least  
got a good fuck out of her.

They all chime in at the same time, commenting on how she was  
the virgin, overwhelming Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

All fall silent for a beat, until Maddox scoffs.

MADDOX

Fucking crazy. That bitch is  
fucking insane. A bitch did that to  
me I'd fucking kill her.

Maddox walks away, cursing under his breath.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - BATHROOM - LATER

Alejandro sits on the closed toilet seat, wrapping his arm in  
a white bandage when there's a KNOCK at the door.

ALEJANDRO

I'll be out in a minute.

YUSUF

It's Yusuf. I just want to talk.

Yusuf enters, closes the door behind him.

ALEJANDRO

We really need to get that lock  
fixed.

YUSUF

How's the pain? You think it's  
infected?

ALEJANDRO

No, it's fine. It looks worse than  
it feels.

YUSUF

Yo Alejandro, I know the guys are  
busting your balls but, I just felt  
like I needed to come to you  
personally and tell you that love  
and affection should never ever  
involve violence of any kind. I  
assume it was somewhat consensual  
as you're... the size you are, but  
whoever this girl is... whatever  
her intentions were... this is not  
okay. And I'll leave it at that.

Yusuf exits, Alejandro's stress is written all over his face.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - DAY

The SEAHAWKS scrimmage against one another. Alejandro's team  
wears 'shirt', the other team 'skins'.

It's not long before Alejandro is hit on his left shoulder one too many times. Blood begins to seep through his sleeve.

The COACH (45) stands on the sidelines. As the scrimmage continues, he keeps an eye on Alejandro. Concerned.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Alejandro packs his gym bag.

RUGBY COACH (O.S.)  
Alvarez.

He turns to see the coach standing in his office's threshold, gesturing for him to 'come here'.

INT. RUGBY COACH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro pokes his head through the threshold.

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, coach?

RUGBY COACH  
Come in. Sit down for a minute.

Alejandro enters, sits down in a chair.

RUGBY COACH (CONT'D)  
How are you? How you doing? Your senior year, son. Congrats. You made it.

ALEJANDRO  
I'm doing well, yeah. Ready for the season.

RUGBY COACH  
Now, that's what I like to hear.

A moment of awkward laughter.

RUGBY COACH (CONT'D)  
How do you think you played today?

ALEJANDRO  
Good.

RUGBY COACH  
That was one hell of a penalty kick you had. Keep dropping those.

ALEJANDRO

Will do.

RUGBY COACH

... I noticed after a couple of scrums you started favoring your right shoulder. It wasn't until later that I saw the blood dripping down your left. That was a hell of a lot of blood.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah. Just, uh... a cleat. Somebody must have stepped on it.

RUGBY COACH

More like stomped on it.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, got me pretty good.

RUGBY COACH

A cleat, huh?

Alejandro nods. The rugby coach takes a beat before leaning forward in his chair.

RUGBY COACH (CONT'D)

Let me take a look.

Sheer panic on Alejandro's face.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER

With her to-go-box, Lovella heads up the brick path. A few rugby players exit the library. They stop, stare at her as she walks by. She sees this.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella ascends the staircase to the great room. Sunny, Jodie, and Maxime descend at the same time.

LOVELLA

(coy)

Hey.

They fly by her without saying a word. Sunny hangs back.

SUNNY

(sarcastic)

So, how was the rest of your night?

LOVELLA

Good? I finally had my first kiss.

SUNNY

About time, right? Did you get him fucked up again?

LOVELLA

No, but he asked to his formal.

SUNNY

What formal? Rugby formal? That's like four months away.

LOVELLA

Oh, I didn't know when it was.

SUNNY

Well, congratulations. This must be exciting for you. He's so attractive. I didn't think someone that attractive would be into that.

Lovella, exhales in furry.

LOVELLA

Wow, maybe you should go dumpster diving for your fucking Zoloft.

Maxime comes back up the staircase, deliberately steps in front of Lovella, cutting her off and ignoring her existence.

Sunny and her only chat for a few seconds before they both head back down the steps. As they pass by Lovella, Maxime SPITS in her face (a loogie). Lovella slips, momentarily blinded, and falls, hitting her mouth on the railing.

SUNNY

(in passing)

Just try not to fuck him next time, you might end up killing him.

Lovella cups her mouth, blood immediately seeps through her fingers. She stays down a moment, until rising MATADOR LIKE. Calm. Not wiping the blood from her mouth. Bad ass as hell.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Lovella makes a cup of coffee, she looks over her shoulder to see people staring at her (probably because of both the rumors and the blood). They quickly look away.

INT. DR. VERA'S OFFICE - LATER

The office's window is open. It's a beautiful day. Students eat on picnic tables. Their VOICES carry in the wind.

Lovella sits, picking at her to-go-box with a plastic fork as Vera grades some papers. Lovella fidgets in her chair, throwing off Vera's concentration.

VERA  
Have you been drinking?

LOVELLA  
No.

VERA  
Not even a little?

LOVELLA  
I only drink when I'm in a good mood.

VERA  
I'm forty-four years old and I've literally never heard anyone say that in my entire life.

Lovella shrugs.

VERA (CONT'D)  
Why aren't you in a good mood?

She only shrugs again.

VERA (CONT'D)  
Is it something to do with that alien who's mother ship docked in Thomasin Quad?

Lovella cracks a smile.

VERA (CONT'D)  
Ah, she smiles. So, it's nothing to do with him. Did something happen at lunch?

LOVELLA  
No.

VERA  
No? Then why did you want to eat in here with me?

LOVELLA

It was crowded in the great room.  
There weren't any open tables.

VERA

If I didn't know you any better,  
Lovella, I'd say you were lying to  
me.

She shrugs again. Vera turns back to her work.

VERA (CONT'D)

You better quit it with those  
shoulders.

An UPROAR OF FEMALE VOICES AND LAUGHTER. As if triggered,  
Lovella rushes to the window and SLAMS it shut. Silence. As  
Lovella heads back to her chair, Vera grabs her hand and  
gives a reassuring look. A beautiful moment of understanding.

VERA (CONT'D)

You're fine. You're going to be  
fine.

LOVELLA

Let's not make haste with any  
conclusions, doctor.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - NIGHT

Alejandro sits on a stump in the treeline of 'The Woods',  
smoking a fag.

Roughhousing can be heard from inside his suite. Silvio pops  
his head out of a window, BANGS his fists against the glass.

SILVIO

Come on bitch! Let-go!

INT. THE PUB - LATER

All of the suite-mates enter the small town bar, immediately  
greeting other rugby players with high-five and 'bro' hugs.

INT. THE PUB - LATER

Silvio and Maddox with TWO SLUTTY GIRLS.

SILVIO

Yeah, Frostburg's a fucking joke. A  
huge mud pit really.

SLUTTY GIRL 1  
Isn't that like, in the mountains?

Maddox touches slutty girl 2's butt. She turns, smacks him.

SLUTTY GIRL 2  
Like, literally though?

MADDOX  
What, there was a loose string? I  
got it for you.

INT. THE PUB - LATER

Alejandro and Yusuf take shots out of girl's breasts.

INT. THE PUB - LATER

The suite-mates play a game of darts, while simultaneously  
balancing beer filled red solo cups on their heads.

INT. THE PUB - LATER

The suite-mates taunt Alejandro about his cuts.

FOREST  
Show em' off.

SILVIO  
Have they scabbed over yet?

MADDOX  
Yeah. Come on, roll that puppy up.

Maddox tries to forcefully roll up Alejandro's sleeve.

ALEJANDRO  
Stop. Maddox. Seriously.

He finally gives in and lets Maddox roll up his sleeve. GASPS  
from surrounding bystanders. Maddox slaps the cuts. Alejandro  
YELLS OUT, spills his shot all over himself.

INT. THE PUB - LATER

The dance floor, the suite-mates grind on girls.

Alejandro stands at the bar. A HOT GIRL tries dragging him  
out onto the dance floor. She compromises, starts grinding on  
him where he stands. He lets her, begins touching her body.

INT. THE PUB - LATER

Alejandro and Silvio stand in the back hallway, both plastered, but somehow still drinking a beer.

Alejandro turns around, faces the wall, and begins to pee.

SILVIO

Go for it.

Onlookers react, cuss at him. As Alejandro zips up his pants, a BAR WORKER approaches from behind and grabs his shoulder.

BAR WORKER

You fucking idiot.

Something in Alejandro snaps. He PUNCHES the bar worker square in his jaw. They brawl, until Silvio breaks it up.

BAR WORKER (CONT'D)

FUCK YOU, YOU SPIC!

And with that racist remark, Silvio takes Alejandro's defense and begins wailing on the bar worker himself. As others intervene, Alejandro slips out the back door...

EXT. THE PUB - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro spits up some blood and lights himself a fag. He smokes as he listens to the PANDEMONIUM ensue inside.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

With her back to the door, Lovella lies in bed wearing the same clothing as the night before. Her eyes are blood-shot and puffy, cheeks blotchy.

KNOCKING... in walks Alejandro. His expression is tiresome, body language slouched. He wears a baseball cap.

ALEJANDRO

Hey.

Lovella rolls over, sits up. Alejandro sits down in a chair.

LOVELLA

You look tired.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, I had practice all day. I'm really sore.

LOVELLA  
You can come sit with me.

ALEJANDRO  
Uh, I'm good right here.

LOVELLA  
... You never called me.

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, about that. Listen Lovella, I know you're an once in a lifetime girl, but I can't commit. Not right now.

He waits for a response, receives none.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
It's just, I have rugby, my senior project. My schedule's packed. I don't have time for a girlfriend too. I know I told you I wanted to help you with your art and-- I'm an asshole. I know.

LOVELLA  
(baffled)  
... What?

ALEJANDRO  
You wouldn't understand, but playoffs require a lot of focus.

He fixes his baseball cap to cover his face even more.

LOVELLA  
Playoffs? What do playoffs have to--

ALEJANDRO  
What if I want to talk to other girls?

LOVELLA  
Other girls?

ALEJANDRO  
Yeah, I mean... I don't want to only be able to talk to you.

Lovella, her heart just broke.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
I don't want to keep leading you on.

She begins to cry.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on. Please don't cry.

LOVELLA  
I'll cry if I need to.

She cries another moment before ripping off his baseball cap.

ALEJANDRO  
Hey, what are you--

LOVELLA  
Why won't you look at me?

He lifts his head, finally making eye contact with her.

ALEJANDRO  
What? Say something.

She stares at him, his eyes move back to the floor.

LOVELLA  
Look at me.

ALEJANDRO  
I've had two other relationships  
where I didn't have sex.

LOVELLA  
... No you haven't

He falls silent.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)  
You said I was the 'one'...?

ALEJANDRO  
I say a lot of shit when I'm drunk.

LOVELLA  
You weren't drunk.

ALEJANDRO  
I was buzzed.

LOVELLA  
Why did you want me to cut you?

ALEJANDRO  
I don't know.

LOVELLA

You wanted to bleed for me. You wanted to prove your devotion through a blood sacrifice.

ALEJANDRO

Oh my God, Lovella! I don't want this. I don't want commitment. It's my fucking senior year. I'm trying to break it to you gently, but for fuck sake. Why can't you just look at it like a fun few days and now you can move on and go find your fucking thirty year old?

LOVELLA

(scoffs)

That's really all you could last?

And with that, an offended Alejandro rises from the chair.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Hey.

He goes to reach for his baseball cap she set on the bed, but she snatches it before he has a chance.

ALEJANDRO

Stop, give it to me.

LOVELLA

Cry.

ALEJANDRO

I'm not messing around.

LOVELLA

Cry.

ALEJANDRO

Fucking give it to me!

LOVELLA

Cry!

He finally cries, nothing major... only some tears. She tosses the baseball cap on the ground in front of him. Humiliated, he bends down and picks it up.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Pussy.

ALEJANDRO  
See you around.  
(under breath)  
Bitch.

He shuts the door behind him, she quickly grabs a glass decoration from her shelf, rushes into...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella HEAVES the glass decoration across the room. It SMASHES against the wall beside the suite's front door at the precise moment Alejandro is exiting.

He turns to her, pissed.

ALEJANDRO  
Are you fucking kidding me?!

HE SLAMS THE FRONT DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

INSTRUMENTAL CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS.

Sprawled out on her desk, Lovella's face is buried in her arms. She sobs uncontrollably, wheezing and hyperventilating.

INT. LOVELLA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella rips the paper with the decorative heart containing the names "Alejandro & Lovella" off the wall.

She goes to the wide open window, angrily tosses it outside.

LOVELLA  
Shit.

A split second later, she changes her mind.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

The shadow of an arm appears and snatches the paper before it has a chance to finish its fall, sucking it right back into the dark void.

INT. LOVELLA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella cuts out a swatch of Alejandro's blood from her pillowcase. She proceeds to cut the piece of paper with the decorative heart in half horizontally. She tapes it back up onto the wall, but hanging off the bottom half where Lovella's name once was, is the bloody pillowcase swatch.

INT. LOVELLA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella grabs a typewriter case from under her bed. Inside is a BEAUTIFUL BLACK GOWN and crumpled up pieces of paper.

INT. LOVELLA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella puts on her black gown and high heels. In her makeup mirror, she reapplies her red lip liner with a shaking hand.

INT. LOVELLA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella dances around her room, twirling like a princess.

When the current song comes to an end, she reaches behind her dresser, grabs her lacrosse stick, and climbs out her window.

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Lovella sprints deep into 'The Woods', not following any of the man-made trails. Once out of breath, she stops and begins hitting trees with her lacrosse stick until it snaps in half.

She falls to her knees, lets out a bloodcurdling SCREAM, and passes out. Unconscious, she lays in the autumn leaves,

OVER BLACK:

The sound of a phone being picked up... male laughter.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Hello? Uh... who is this?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You fucking whore, you fucking bitch. I'll shove my cock down your throat until you puke you fucking--

The sound of a phone hanging up. The sound of a phone being picked up.

ANOTHER MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Is this Lovella? Can you say your  
name for us, cunt?

PROFANITIES YELLED IN THE BACKGROUND.

LOVELLA (V.O.)  
Stop calling me or I'll report you.

ANOTHER MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Come on, say it for us so we can  
scream it while we're jerking off  
thinking of fucking you in that  
tight little--

The sound of a phone hanging up. The sound of a phone being  
picked up.

LOVELLA (V.O.)  
Stop hiding behind no caller ID!

ANOTHER MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Put this ten inch cock in your  
mouth, bitch! I'll force it down. I  
cum all over cunts like you all  
fucking day.

"IT'S THE WITCH BITCH" is chanted in the background.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)  
(shouted from background)  
PUT THIS DICK IN ONE OF YOUR  
MOVIES, BITCH!

LOVELLA (V.O.)  
Alejandro?

ANOTHER MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
I know where you live you fucking  
cunt--

The sound of a phone hanging up.

FADE IN:

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella sits up in her bed, clenching her comforter.

The window, closed, blinds down. FISTS BEAT AGAINST THE  
GLASS. MALE VOICES whisper, 'Lovella'.

Once the knocking/voices end, Lovella climbs out of bed, crosses to the window, and opens it. She peaks her head outside to see Alejandro, Forest, and Maddox walking away.

LOVELLA

Leave me alone, you fucking pigs.

MADDOX

What did you just say?

Maddox leads the pack. He goes to her, grabs her arm. Now that they're closer, we can see they're all drunk.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

Yeah. Talk now, bitch.

LOVELLA

What are you going to do, pull me out of the window?

Lovella tries to break free of his grasp. When she fails, she BITES his arm. He YELLS OUT!

FOREST

I think the witch wants to come outside.

MADDOX

I think you're right, Forest.

Maddox pulls her right out of the window with little effort.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Maddox muffles Lovella's SCREAMS with his hand. As Maddox and Forest spew profanities at her, Alejandro stays silent.

MADDOX

You know what? Alejandro looks like he needs a blowy.

They begin to shove her face near Alejandro's crotch. Alejandro does not stand up for her or fight them off. Laughing, Forest SLAPS HER ASS, tries pulling up her dress.

Lovella manages to fight them off, kicking and punching, mainly aiming for their private parts.

She jumps back inside her window.

The three boys standby, laughing at her misery.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella quickly searches through her drawers, hands shaking. She doesn't seem to find what she wants. She exits...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella BREAKS THE MIRROR with her bare elbow. She grabs the largest shard of glass, rushes out...

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With her shard of glass, she leaps back out the window...

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Lovella looks around... no sign of the boys anywhere. Her eyes are wide, dilated, jet-black.

In the background, deep in 'The Woods' we hear kids TALKING AND LAUGHING, their phone lights shining through the trees.

Lovella drops to her knees, rocks back and forth like an infant, never letting go of her shard of glass. She clenches it so tightly, her hand begins to bleed.

TWO COLLEGE KIDS coming from another direction see Lovella.

COLLEGE KID 1

Hey? You good?

Lovella pauses before turning to look at them. Her twitching face so disturbing the two college kids back away, flee.

Lovella rises, jumps back into her dorm room window, and SLAMS IT SHUT.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The suite-mates have awakened. Bethany and J.W's VOICES can be heard in the hallway.

They suddenly appear in Lovella's doorway, stunned at the sight of her blood drenched arm. Before they could enter, Lovella slams the door shut and locks it.

They CALL OUT to her from the hallway, bang on the door.

Lovella slowly sits down in a chair, silent, numb from shock.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Vera enters the building, heads up the hallway. It's empty, lights turned off. It's hours before classes begin.

She turns a corner, freezes upon the sight of... Lovella, sitting on the floor in front of her locked office. She's still in her pajamas, scratched up, and a little bloody.

VERA

Lovella? Why are you... how long  
have you been here?

She moves closer to her, Lovella has yet to look up at her.

VERA (CONT'D)

Why are you bloody? What happened?

Vera sets down her bags, crouches down beside her.

LOVELLA

(quivering)

I just really want to kill a few  
people right now. Slit their  
throats and force their mothers to  
watch them bleed out.

After a beat of taking this in, Vera rises.

VERA

I truly can't even fathom that kind  
of thought process, Lovella.

LOVELLA

Lucky you.

VERA

And I think you're far too  
intelligent to act on impulse.

LOVELLA

You'd be surprised.

VERA

But whatever justice can be done  
legally... you better believe I'm  
here for you.

(low, stern)

Who are these mother fuckers?

Lovella smirks, loving her new found intensity.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Bodies in black suits moving through metal detectors.

Briefcases and bags go through baggage check/scanners.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Lovella sits alone at a table. Vera sits in a pew, front row.

Alejandro, Maddox, Forest, Yusuf, and Silvio make their grand entrance with THREE LAWYERS. They're all dressed in their best black suits, well shaved, and ready to go.

Lovella looks to Vera who makes a motion to 'stay calm'.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The boys and their lawyers all sit in the same pew, waiting.

FEMALE JUDGE

First up is Lore versus Wakefield.

Maddox and his lawyer are guided by a POLICE OFFICER to an opposing table.

FEMALE JUDGE (CONT'D)

Ms. Lore, approach the bench.

Lovella rises with a manila folder, goes to the bench.

POLICE OFFICER

Raise your right hand. Do you solemnly swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

LOVELLA

I do.

She sits.

FEMALE JUDGE

Ms. Lore, please inform the court as to why you've filed this peace order against Maddox Wakefield?

LOVELLA

Sure, Mr. Wakefield sexually assaulted me outside of my dorm room on the night of September 21st at around two am, attempting to gang rape me with the help of Alejandro Alvarez and Forest Vickerman, the other two defendants I've brought to your courtroom today. I also suspect Mr. Wakefield of being one of the assailants who sexually harassed me over a series of six blocked phone calls. He has ruined my sense of safety on my own college campus and for this reasons I seek legal protection.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Maddox is on the stand being questioned by his lawyer.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Mr. Wakefield, have you ever spoken to Ms. Lore over the phone?

MADDOX

No.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Have you ever been in the same room as someone speaking to Ms. Lore over the phone?

MADDOX

No.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Have you ever spoken to Ms. Lore in person? Ever exchanges a simple hello? Maybe been in the same room together?

MADDOX

No.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Mr. Wakefield, has Ms. Lore ever heard the sound of your voice before today?

MADDOX

No.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Then it must be pretty impossible for her to have distinctly heard your voice on the other end of those blocked phone calls if this is her first time ever hearing it, wouldn't you agree?

MADDOX

Yes, I would.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Maddox's lawyer questions Silvio.

SILVIO

Around one am. I stayed until closed. I had a paper to finish.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

At what approximate time did you arrive back at your suite from the library?

SILVIO

One-fifteen at the latest.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

And how did the suite look?

SILVIO

It was dead. Everyone was asleep.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Everyone?

SILVIO

Yeah, it was a weeknight.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

But how can you be so sure Mr. Manriquez? Had you individually tucked each of them in yourself?

SILVIO

No, but it's kind of hard not to glance into the bedrooms and see bodies in beds when you walk down the hallway.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Is there any chance the three defendants could have left the suite say, later in the night?

SILVIO

Not a chance.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

Not a chance? And why is that?

SILVIO

The fridge opens, I wake up. A toilet flushes, I wake up. I'm a light sleeper. I would have heard them. And I especially would have heard Forest Vickerman as he sleeps six feet from me.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Yusuf is questioned by Forest's lawyer.

FOREST'S LAWYER

How credible do you find the plaintiff?

YUSUF

I've never formally met the her.

FOREST'S LAWYER

But you know of her, yes?

YUSUF

Yes. She and Alejandro briefly dated. I know of her through him.

FOREST'S LAWYER

And based off what you know of her, how would you define her character?

Yusuf takes a beat, looks over to Lovella. Guiltful...

YUSUF

From what I know OF her... I believe her to be a deeply disturbed person.

A pause on his part. The room takes this in.

YUSUF (CONT'D)

And I was asleep by ten, ten-thirty pm the night of September 21st.

(MORE)

YUSUF (CONT'D)

No one else was accounted for in the suite at that time, except me. I don't know when my suite-mates returned and I can't account for anyone leaving during the night. I can only account for myself. And I did no such thing.

FOREST'S LAWYER

And the blocked phone calls? Do you know anything about them?

YUSUF

I do not. To be honest, the claim's pretty juvenile.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Forest is being questioned by his lawyer.

FOREST

I myself have seen first hand that she carries a flask around in her purse.

FOREST'S LAWYER

And how often did Alejandro witness her drinking?

FOREST

Every time they were together.

FOREST'S LAWYER

How long were they together?

FOREST

September 6th to the 9th.

FOREST'S LAWYER

Did Alejandro ever drink with her?

FOREST

Alejandro told me she once tied him up and forced him to take shots. Other than that, he told me about how she would get physical with him whenever he tried to confiscate the bottles of alcohol from her.

Lovella looks over to Alejandro who quickly looks away, embarrassed of being caught staring.

FOREST'S LAWYER  
Physical? You mean to tell me that  
she would actually hit him?

FOREST  
(nodding)  
Her alcoholism's pretty severe.

FOREST'S LAWYER  
Where exactly did she hit him, Mr.  
Vickerman?

FOREST  
(scoffs)  
Where didn't she?

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Silvio's being questioned by Forest's lawyer.

FOREST'S LAWYER  
Mr. Manriquez, you informed me  
earlier that 'The Woods' behind  
your suite are a popular place  
where social gatherings are held.

SILVIO  
Yes, every night there are bonfires  
and cookouts. Especially this time  
of year.

FOREST'S LAWYER  
Then isn't it a little suspicious  
that no one witnessed this  
incredibly vile act? Not one  
person, not one passerby heard Ms.  
Lore's screaming or saw her get  
pulled out of her dorm room window?

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Maddox is on the stand, questioned by his lawyer.

MADDOX  
It was probably a persistent  
telemarketer. I get 'No Caller ID'  
on my phone a few times every year.  
This is ridiculous, your honor.

MADDOX'S LAWYER  
Mr. Wakefield, are you guilty of  
these crimes?

MADDOX

No.

MADDOX'S LAWYER

You never laid hands on Ms. Lore in a sexually assaultive manner?

MADDOX

I have too much respect for myself than to associate, let alone make sexual advancements towards a person like her.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Alejandro and his lawyer, SHARP WHISPERING as they argue.

FEMALE JUDGE

Ma'am, will your client be taking the stand or not?

Alejandro's lawyer rises.

ALEJANDRO'S LAWYER

Your honor my client has informed me that he and Ms. Lore did not engage in a sexual relationship, therefore she has no grounds for a protective order.

LOVELLA

Excuse me, but I was informed by the county clerk that a sexual relationship is not exclusive to only penal intercourse. Mr. Alvarez and I were involved in other intimate acts that I would deem sexual in nature.

The female judge takes a beat before rising.

FEMALE JUDGE

I'm not fully aware of this and will need to do research. The court will take a twenty minute recess.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The female judge reenters, everyone rises.

FEMALE JUDGE

You may be seated.

Everyone sits.

FEMALE JUDGE (CONT'D)

I have read nothing that states penal intercourse is needed to acquire a protective order. If the relationship was in any way non-platonic, there are grounds. With that being said, based on the evidence I have heard here today, I am unable to grant the temporaries for either peace order or the protective order. But I do want to take a moment to tell Ms. Lore that I'm very much impressed with how you've conducted yourself in my courtroom today. If you find any further evidence, I do encourage you to reopen the cases. Dismissed.

The boys and their lawyers rise, Lovella stays seated.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The boys and their lawyers are gathered together, chatting.

Lovella walks out of the courtroom, Vera following behind.

FOREST'S LAWYER

Nice effort.

Alejandro discreetly stares at her as she exits the building.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vera practically has to run to stay up to pace with Lovella.

VERA

Lovella. Hey. Stop. I said stop!

She stops.

VERA (CONT'D)

Do you know what every single person inside of that courtroom was thinking?

(beat)

You fucked with the wrong marine.

Lovella, emotionless.

VERA (CONT'D)

You think you lost? You didn't.  
Their mommies and daddies had to  
buy them lawyers. How much is that  
hourly fee? They'll have to go  
through another hearing just to get  
this wiped from their records.  
You've scared them shitless.

Lovella, emotionless.

VERA (CONT'D)

I have a twin sister and something  
very similar happened to her when  
we were teenagers. Do you want to  
know what my mother told her?

(beat)

She told her not to make a fuss  
over nothing before grounding her  
for being involved with boys at  
such a young age in the first  
place.

Lovella, finally showing some emotion.

VERA (CONT'D)

And if she were here with me right  
now, she would too be telling you  
that you have not lost.

LOVELLA

Maybe I should act on impulse next  
time. Not homicide... just some  
light, light torture.

Lovella heads for the parking lot.

Vera sighs, feeling like she has not made the break through  
she had hoped to make. She too heads for the parking lot.

INT. VERA'S CAR - LATER

The dead silence of the car ride is broken by Lovella's  
sudden emotional breakdown. Vera pulls the car over.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Vera gets out of the car, circles to the passenger side,  
opens the door, and holds Lovella as she cries.

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICE - LATER

Vera speaks to a WOMAN IN A PANTSUIT up the hallway, while Lovella waits by the front desk. She takes a free candy from a bowl and notices its reflective surface. A black streak of mascara runs down her cheek, she rubs it off.

Vera approaches her.

VERA

Are you sure you don't want them to escort you to and from class? They said they have no problem doing it.

LOVELLA

No, that would draw way too much attention.

VERA

Okay. Well, they've put a case in for transferring dorms after the fall deadline, but it will take a couple weeks to process.

LOVELLA

That's okay. Thanks Vera.

VERA

You're welcome, honey. Let's get out of here. Are you hungry?

LOVELLA

Maybe a little.

Vera wraps her arm around her before they head out the door.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - EVENING

Lovella shuts the door behind her.

She begins unpack her belongings from the bag she brought to court. She stops... looks over at her window.

She double checks that it's locked. It is. She takes a moment to watch the beautiful sunset over 'The Woods'.

A moment of longing and forboding.

She grabs a match from inside of her drawer, lights the pillow swatch of Alejandro's blood hanging on the wall on fire. Watches it burn.

INT. DR. VERA'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Class has been dismissed. Lovella packs up her belongings and heads out the door along with her peers.

VERA  
I'll see you tomorrow, kiddo. And  
don't be late next time.

Lovella smiles, waves goodbye, and exits. One of her peers compliments her black dress. She thanks them.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella walks, scanning the crowd of people around her. No Alejandro or his rugby bros in sight.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER

Lovella eats her lunch alone on a picnic table.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - EVENING

Lovella reaches her quad door and scans her key, but before entering, she glances over at Alejandro's suite next door. No movement inside, windows dark, blinds down.

INT. LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

In deep concentration, Lovella writes at her desk. KNOCKING!

LOVELLA  
Come in.

J.W enters.

J.W  
Hey, Lovella. P.S is asking for  
you. He's waiting outside.

LOVELLA  
P.S? Why?

J.W  
I don't know momma, but he's asking  
for you.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella exits to find a PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER, holding a large envelope.

LOVELLA  
Can I help you?

P.S OFFICER  
Ms. Lore.

Saying nothing else, he hands her the large envelope. Leaves.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella enters, opens the envelope, and pulls out a stack of stapled papers. As she begins reading, her face turns white.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

THREE MALE TITLE NINE INVESTIGATORS in suits.

The men sit on one side of a conference table, Lovella on the other. She's turned away from them, staring DARKLY at a wall.

INVESTIGATOR 1  
I will now read his statement from  
the initial report.

He takes a piece of paper out of a folder, begins...

INVESTIGATOR 1 (CONT'D)  
I went over to Lovella Lore's  
suite in Thomasin Quad 64 on the  
evening of September 9th after she  
had repeatedly begged me to  
throughout the night. Once there,  
she locked me inside and forced me  
to drink shots of Vodka until I was  
inebriated and no longer had any  
control of what was happening  
around me. That's when she  
violently beat me, mainly striking  
me in the face, then held me down  
and cut my left shoulder four  
times. Each cut spanning over five  
inches in length. She then  
proceeded to smear my blood all  
over her face and talk to herself  
crazily. Fearing for my life, I  
fled the scene as fast as my aching  
body would allow.

(MORE)

## INVESTIGATOR 1 (CONT'D)

When I got back to my suite in Thomasin Quad 60, my suite-mates immediately threw me into the shower and helped me clean the cuts. Once the bleeding subsided, they bandaged my shoulder and helped me into bed. I broke things off with Ms. Lore the following morning, telling her I had to focus on school and rugby. She was absolutely hysterical, threatening to kill herself if I left. I was the first boy to ever pay her any attention. I should have known she would get obsessive. I've been hearing around that she's been telling people we were in love with each other. Sorry to say, but I have never and will never be in love with Ms. Lore. It looks like she may be living in one of her fantasies. We were only together four days. I barely even know her, but what I do know is that she's a sadistic predator who needs to be closely monitored around the clock. She has somehow single-handedly managed to affect my social life, athletic career, and academic stature. I have been both physically and emotionally traumatized by this premeditated act of violence as I am now scarred for life. For the safety of me and everyone else on campus, I ask for her immediate dismissal.

He sets the piece of paper down, another investigator reaches for a thick manila folder.

## INVESTIGATOR 2

Here are your copies of the witness's depositions. So far four students have come forward in support of Mr. Alvarez's accusations.

He pushes the thick manila folder towards Lovella.

## INVESTIGATOR 3

We ask that you review them at your own volition.

Very calmly, Lovella rises and HEAVES the thick manila folder into the wall. Papers flying everywhere. She sits back down.

The investigators share looks, continue on--

INVESTIGATOR 3 (CONT'D)

As this is an impartial investigation, Title Nine is required to give both parties the opportunity to defend their side of the story.

INVESTIGATOR 1

You do have the right to rebuke any claims in Mr. Alvarez's statement that you do not agree with or that you believe needs modification.

All three title nine investigators look up, pens ready.

INVESTIGATOR 2

So please, take your time and we're ready when you are.

Lovella smiles to herself, LOOKS UP AND INTO THE CAMERA.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END