

LOVELLA

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - NIGHT

We move down a row of first floor windows in the back of a brick dormitory. A partitioning strip of grass separates it from an ominous treeline. Party remnants are strewn in the grass: beer cans, a condom wrapper, cigarette butts, etc.

All dorm windows are closed, dark, motionless... until we come to the last in the row. It's set wide open. INSTRUMENTAL HORROR MUSIC emanates from within. A single sheet of paper flutters out from the blackness and dances softly in the autumn breeze.

A pale female arm shoots out from the blackness. With the twist of her wrist, the paper changes course. No longer descending to the ground as gravity would assure. It flutters upward right into her pale palm. A coincidence of wind gust?

The hand and the paper both vanish back into the blackness.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A ROWDY PARTY can be heard outside the door.

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

In the mirror's reflection: a distorted female face as most of the glass is covered in smudges, stickers and doodles of genitalia. The only facial feature clearly visible is a pair of pump 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 (perfecting a signature). A WAD OF SPIT flies onto the cursive L's. The same hand quickly smears them.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We follow a pale, slender female body in a black dress descending a narrow staircase into a living room of wild, inebriated college kids.

EXT. THE LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

A lush lawn area between two rows of townhouses. Inflatable beach balls, obnoxious noise makers and other celebratory props to commemorate the new school year.

LOVELLA LUDVIK (19) introduces herself to unsuspecting boys/groups of boys under numerous false personas. She's pale with a uniquely pretty face, socially unaware and subtly Gothic - no dark eye makeup, piercings or gaudy jewelry, only black clothing and a lingering darkness about her aura.

Various shots of Lovella's introductions...

LOVELLA
Hey, it's Anastasia--

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Jocelyn O'Reilly--

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Chanel--

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Misty, nice to meet you--

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Penelope Peppermill--

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Lemon... my parents are
fruitarians.

J.W (20), a skinny, flamboyant boy with beautiful blue eyes jumps in front of Lovella, cutting off the conversation with her latest male victims of her silly tomfoolery.

J.W
Lemon? Fucking lemon? No one's that
drunk.

LOVELLA
But aren't they? Ew, why are you
all wet?

She notices numerous damp spots on his shirt and touches them cautiously.

J.W
Oh, shit? Am I? A lot of jovial
juices being sprayed around.

J.W quickly runs his fingers through Lovella's hair, changing her middle part to a side part. She slaps his hand away.

LOVELLA
Stop.

J.W

But why-- it's so much prettier on
the side. Just once, mama. Please.

LOVELLA

No. Let me live.

J.W

(pouting)

Fine... but let me cop that room
key though?

LOVELLA

Are you... serious? That's like the
fourth time this week. Don't they
say nothing in excess?

Lovella rolls her eyes as she watches J.W clasp his hands
together in praying contritions - oh so dramatic.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Just... Febreeze when you're done.

She reluctantly pulls a keychain from her saddle bag. J.W
snatches it away before she has a chance to reconsider.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

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

J.W runs his fingers through Lovella's hair one last time
just for shits-and-giggles. Lovella stumbles backward,
blinded momentarily when she bumps into someone - HARD.

She turns around to see a tall figure, ALEJANDRO ALVAREZ
(22), a Hispanic boy with a handsome baby face and cocky
attitude. He BLOWS a neon kazoo! The boy standing beside him
is equally as tall, but Caucasian and exceedingly drunker.
This is FOREST VICKERMAN (23). If this small college had a
Greek system, these would be their leading frat boys.

FOREST

Recruitments! Your recruiting staff
has arrived. Fuck yeah! Fuck yeah!

He holds onto Alejandro's shoulder for support.

LOVELLA

Sorry.

ALEJANDRO

Nah, you're good. What's up?
Where's your kazoo? They're passin'
them out somewhere.

FOREST

Down for some flip cup? We need more girls on our team. Tryin' to turn it into strip-cup. We already got like, three white chicks from the volleyball team-- I mean, one's like, Asian, but whatever.

They pause, waiting for Lovella to respond, but she doesn't.

ALEJANDRO

I'm Alejandro by the way. This is my drunk beta-bitch suite-mate, Forest.

LOVELLA

Hi... what's flip cup?

Forest almost spits out his gulp of Bud Light.

ALEJANDRO

Ah, freshman for sure. Oh wait, you're not part of campus seminary?

FOREST

Dude, she'd be wearin' one of them head dress habit things.

LOVELLA

I'm not a freshman. I'm a sophomore.

FOREST

What? How? What the fuck were you doing all last year?

LOVELLA

Uh... enriching my inner life probably.

ALEJANDRO

What's your name?

They stare at one another for a beat. Lovella scrutinizes him, until turning to Forest to ask...

LOVELLA

Is he a pig?

ALEJANDRO

Whoa. What?

The boys look at each other, laughing in disbelief.

LOVELLA

My voice isn't that soft. What's
the consensus? Is he?

ALEJANDRO

You can out me, bro.

FOREST

Not sure how to answer that.

LOVELLA

Ah, so the fifth hath been pled.

FOREST

(to Alejandro)

Who is this?

ALEJANDRO

(ignoring Forest)

You smell nice.

LOVELLA

I'm sure it's just our pheromones.

Lovella pulls her flask from her saddle bag, takes a shot.

FOREST

Yo, she's got a fucking flask!

Forest shakes Alejandro's shoulder roughly like a moron
before running off screaming nonsense.

LOVELLA

So, what's your body count?
Andreas, you said?

ALEJANDRO

Mi nombre es Alejandro, not
Andreas. Alright, bonita?

LOVELLA

What is it? Fifteen, twenty? I have
a bad feeling it's double digits.

ALEJANDRO

What? I'm not going to tell-- it's
not-- why don't you tell me yours
first then?

Lovella makes a zero with her hand, shoves it in his face.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Ah, that makes sense.

LOVELLA

Your turn.

ALEJANDRO
Mine's not zero.

LOVELLA
Then what is it? I just told you mine.

ALEJANDRO
Jesus fucking-- look. I'm not just trying to fuck you, okay?

She giggles, takes another shot before extending her flask to him - a peace offering. He reciprocates, drinks.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
You're strangely adorable.

LOVELLA
I dig how far apart my eyes are.

ALEJANDRO
Can I get your number?

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

LOVELLA
How old are you?

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

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

LOVELLA
You're not a townie, are you?

ALEJANDRO
What? No. I'm a senior. And I should be more skeptical of you. I still don't even know your name.

She finally takes his phone and types in her number.

LOVELLA
... It's Lovella.

ALEJANDRO
Are you sure it is? You paused.

LOVELLA
Yeah, I'm sure.

ALEJANDRO
(fucking around)
Just want to make sure you're sure.
Because if you're sure then I can
rest assure. Sure?

LOVELLA
Yeah, I'm Lovella. I'm nineteen.
Five foot eight-ish. I haven't
weighed myself in years and I've
never taken a mineral bath myself.
We didn't have a bathtub growing
up.

Alejandro hides his laughter at her naive interpretation of
"bath salts." He grabs his phone, leans into her face.

ALEJANDRO
Well then Lovella... this is where
I disappear.

He gives her a wink and, true to his word, disappears into
the crowd. Lovella watches him go. Takes another shot from
her flask.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER

Lovella walks alone up a brick path lit by antique street
lights. This New England university is centuries old.

AMBULANCE LIGHTS flash up the main street. Lovella stops
walking as she watches it turn into the campus and pass her
by, WHALING ITS SIREN! The ambulance turns into a row of
townhouses. Lovella crosses the street, watching intently.

EXT. THE TOWNHOUSES - CONTINUOUS

Lovella has followed the ambulance to a townhouses parking
lot. Some bystanders crowd outside. TWO EMT's hop out of the
back and enter into townhouse 12.

As Lovella weaves around a few bystanders, the EMT's emerge
again with a sobbing and inebriated SUNNY MCCASLIN (20) a
beautiful, perfect bodied brunette with nose rings and other
alternative punk features.

A stretcher is pulled out of the ambulance. Humiliated, Sunny
covers her face as onlookers observe her being strapped down.

SUNNY
Okay! Jesus fuck! It doesn't need
to be that fucking tight!

She rambles angrily at the EMT's. Some roommates funnel out of the townhouse 12 front door.

LOVELLA
Hey, what the hell?

TOWNHOUSE 12 ROOMMATE
She kept talking about how she wanted to join the 27 Club. She locked herself in the bathroom for two hours. There were all of these weird sounds.

LOVELLA
She always does that.

TOWNHOUSE 12 ROOMMATE
Well, whatever. It's not on my conscious anymore.

SUNNY
(sobbing)
I wasn't even going to do anything!

Sunny yells out as the ambulance doors close.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - LATER

Lovella sits on the floor outside her own dorm room, dishevelled, the alcohol high long worn off. She raises her hand and knocks on her door - LOUD!

LOVELLA
Time's up, lovers.

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

THUDS and GIGGLES. A beat before the door opens. J.W And XAVIER (22) exit, sweaty and shirtless with blood shot eyes.

J.W (CONT'D)
We'll wash these for you, momma.

He gestures to the rolled up bed sheets and blanket in hand.

XAVIER
Twice. We'll wash it twice.

The boys each blow Lovella a kiss as they scurry up the hallway.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are two twin beds, though only one student lives here. Lovella has the dorm room as a single.

She stumbles over to the main bed (the one not stripped of its sheets) and passes out.

The moonlight from the cracked window is the only source of light. There are over a hundred papers covered in Lovella's writings and Gothic artwork (some framed, some freehand) hung all over the four walls. A gust of wind sends these loose papers aflutter. It's the dark workspace for a budding artist, full of oddities, knickknacks, occult books, baby dolls and creepy antique trinkets.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - CLASSROOM - DAY

Lovella sits in the far back corner of a classroom, secluded, staring out the window, lost in a daydream. The rest of the class is participating in group work, talkative, engaged.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - VIVIENNE'S OFFICE - LATER

DR. VIVIENNE GLASER (50) a poised, fit and respectable English professor works at her desk.

Lined along wooden shelves and the office's many window sills are a plethora of vibrant potted flowers and shrubbery, accompanied by ornate gardening decorations and tin tools; it's beautiful natural display woven into the academic setting. The most prominent flower being... ORCHIDS.

The office door flings open. Lovella enters without knocking. Her saddle bag whacks the doorknob. Vivienne (somehow) isn't startled. Her eyes simply move slowly away from her computer to the awkward teenager taking a seat in front of the desk.

LOVELLA

Hi. I'm here. Sorry. Hi,
professor...

Lovella glances to the name plaque on Vivienne's desk - "Dr. Vivienne Rosalyn Glaser." Vivienne follows her eyes.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Glaser.

Vivienne finishes something on her computer before turning to lend her full attention to Lovella.

VIVIENNE

Well, first I'd like to thank you
for agreeing to meet with me.

LOVELLA

Oh, I didn't know it was an option.

Vivienne studies Lovella for a beat, gestures to her legs.

VIVIENNE

What happened to your legs?

LOVELLA

Those? Oh, I drag my feet when I
run and the brick paths on this
campus prove to be consistently
uneven so...

Vivienne just nods as she continue to study Lovella's
physicality a flowy black dress, pristine black nail polish,
bruises and scrapes covering her knees and upper thighs,
awkward posture, strange pen drawings on her chest.

VIVIENNE

I just wanted the chance to talk
with you one on one. Get to know
you a little. Your e-mail signature
is certainly the most amazingly
bizarre I've yet to come across,
but like a cat you've piqued my
curiosity. What was it again...?

Vivienne turns back to her computer, searching for something,
until...

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

"Sincerely Lovella Ludvik, eat me
or loath me. Forever dark in art,
but good in heart."

Lovella smiles and nods.

LOVELLA

I once read "eat me or loath me" on
an old bumper sticker in an
abandoned car lot.

Vivienne just nods, smirking.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Only now I see how it could be
interpreted sexually.

Vivienne represses a chuckle.

VIVIENNE

And you're adjusting well away from the freshman dorms?

LOVELLA

Uh, yeah. I guess. I mean... I lived alone last year. I live alone again this year. I always manage to weasel my way into getting a double as a single.

VIVIENNE

You do?

LOVELLA

Yeah.

VIVIENNE

Weasel in what way?

Lovella tenses. She turns and looks all around the office.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Lovella, I'm concerned because it's been almost three weeks into the semester and you haven't participated in any capacity in any class discuss--

LOVELLA

(interrupts)

Oh, I know where this is going. You're the second professor-- the fifth including last year to reach out to me about on this. I understand that it'll effect... what like, 10-15% of my overall grade? I don't remember your class syllabus exactly, but I don't need to hear all of the usual threats. I accept the penalty whatever it is.

VIVIENNE

... What exactly are you looking to get from an English degree? What do you want to achieve with it?

LOVELLA

I want to write.

VIVIENNE

You want to be a writer?

LOVELLA

No. No, I AM a writer. I write dark fiction in purple poetic prose.

Vivienne pauses, impressed by Lovella's self-assuredness.

VIVIENNE

I guess, Lovella, I'm just baffled as to why you're so reluctant to participate. You don't come across shy or incapable of articulating a thought on the fly--

LOVELLA

Oh, I'm not autistic. I've already been evaluated for that... came back negative.

VIVIENNE

Okay...

Lovella tenses - her awkwardness level permeates the room. She turns around and scans the bright plant life, successfully deflecting the conversation.

LOVELLA

It's like a greenhouse in here.

She turns back to face Vivienne.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

I have a plant. It's fake-- they're fake roses, but...

Lovella trails off. Vivienne rises from behind her desk.

VIVIENNE

Why don't you come on over?

Vivienne crosses to the largest section of her potted plants, her colorful orchids. Lovella turns, but remains seated.

LOVELLA

What-- why? I thought we were talking?

VIVIENNE

No. You're talking around me and counting the seconds until you can dash out the door so, come on. I could use a hand.

Lovella can't dispute the truth of her words. Vivienne waves Lovella on one last time. She finally rises and goes to her.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Grab the bucket from the closet for
me?

She gestures to what appears to be a coat closet. Lovella approaches and enters. Inside, bags of fertilizer are stored among other gardening equipment and a slop sink. She grabs a tin bucket.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
I've been meaning to check on her
for a few days now.

Vivienne pulls a light pink orchid down from its wooden shelf and sets it on a miniature side table. She points down at her feet - Lovella sets the bucket there.

LOVELLA
(giggles)
Her?

Vivienne removes the orchid from its snug pot punctured with breathing holes and bends down to the bucket at her feet.

VIVIENNE
Come on, down here. Join me.

Lovella bends down to accompany Vivienne.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Her name is Glenda like Glenda the
Good Witch from the Wizard of Oz. A
beloved idol of mine when I was
young. Way, way back when
televisions had only a handful of
channels and were the width of a
microwave... if you can believe
that.

Vivienne shakes out the sphagnum moss away from the orchids roots into the bucket. Lovella picks up a few stray pieces that escape onto the floor and toss them back into the bucket.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Can you spot any dead roots? Get a
closer look.

Lovella inches closer to the orchid Vivienne dangles. There are a couple browned roots hanging onto the plant's base by a threat. She points these couple out to Vivienne.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Okay. Grab my pruners from the top
drawer and bring them over.

Vivienne gestures to the same side table. Lovella rises and
opens the top drawer to find a pair of sharp pruners.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Now, you always want to make sure
these are sterilized between
plants, okay? We can't have any
cross contamination.

Lovella nods as she kneels down again. Vivienne waits for
Lovella to take the initiative. Shaking nervously, she begins
to clip these couple of browned roots. They drop into the
bucket one by one - PLOP!

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Good job.

LOVELLA
Why do you have so many of these
kind?

VIVIENNE
Orchids? Don't you find them
beautiful?

LOVELLA
I guess so...

VIVIENNE
They're especially challenging to
keep blooming, to keep alive. A lot
of people give up on them, but what
can I say?

Lovella watches Vivienne rise - literally looking up to her.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Simple tasks are for simple minds.

Vivienne packs the light pink orchid's roots with moss again,
place it back into its breathable pot and sets it back on the
wooden shelf.

EXT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella exits the academic building and descends the brick
stairwell when she passes a couple, MARIE (19) and her beef-
head BOYFRIEND (21). She changes course and approaches them.
Marie looks immediately annoyed.

LOVELLA

Hey Marie, you look really pretty.
I like your sundress. How have you
been?

MARIE

I'm talking to my boyfriend.

LOVELLA

Oh, okay. Jeez...

MARIE

Yeah, thanks.

Lovella takes a step away, but stops.

LOVELLA

Did I do something?

MARIE

Honestly, zero effort was made over
the summer so, what's up?

LOVELLA

Well, we don't live near each
other...?

MARIE

And did you talk to Big Red last
night?

LOVELLA

You mean the tall red head you
dated last year?

MARIE

That's the thing, we never dated,
we hooked up once over spring break
and you specifically asked him if
he was the one who "dated Marie?"

LOVELLA

I don't-- I don't get it.

MARIE

Oh my-- you don't see how that
makes things a little embarrassing
for me? Just-- bye. Like, go away.
Before I blow the fuck up.

Marie turns toward her boyfriend, putting her back to
Lovella. The boyfriend rubs her shoulder to calm her down.

Lovella takes the hint... and walks away.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - EVENING

Lovella sits on a brick rail outside of an academic building as she eats her to-go box lunch alone. She occasionally looks up from studying her pocket thesaurus to people-watch the nearby picnic tables full of peers.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lovella styles her middle parted hair in the mirror. The tip of her nose nearly pressed to the glass, she admires the blackness of her deep brown eyes.

J.W enters with blood-shot eyes.

J.W
Hey, momma. Oh, shit. Don't you look cute?

LOVELLA
Thanks, I tried.

J.W
Fuck. Florescent lighting always makes me realize just how high I am. Where you headed?

J.W pees in a single stall, leaving the door wide open.

LOVELLA
Nowhere. I'm having a boy over.

J.W
Fuck outta here.

LOVELLA
I will do no such thing.

J.W
Come on. Wait, for real?

LOVELLA
Yeah. He's been texting me non-stop. I don't really know what to do about it. I think I'll just play with him for a bit.

Lovella makes a "mwahaha" evil laugh like a demented witch.

J.W
Gross. Straight and a clinger. Is he hot?

LOVELLA

He had a baby face. He's Latin... I think. I was drunk when we met.

J.W

Oh, shit. Rico Suave in the house. Well, if your little tactics don't work you can always tap me in, mama. All I have to do is shake his hand and he'll run off screaming for the Purell.

He says the latter in an extremely flamboyant voice.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella is perched on the edge of her dresser, sinking back into a rack of clothing hanging above as she writes in a journal. A knocking interrupts the soft HORROR INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC playing from the speaker.

LOVELLA

Come in.

In walks Alejandro, smirking at the sight of Lovella - the mysterious figure blending in with her hanging black wardrobe.

ALEJANDRO

Aye, look at you. What's good?

LOVELLA

Hi. We finally meet with a sobered eye.

His eyes widen as he takes in the dorm room, walking around to gaze at its many sights.

ALEJANDRO

(under breath)

Santo mierda. Mira a esta zorra.

LOVELLA

Uh, was that Spanish?

ALEJANDRO

Si, guapa.

LOVELLA

I don't know what-- what's "gaup?"

ALEJANDRO

Sorry. Mexico's the homeland,
senorita. Pueblo Nuevo.

LOVELLA

Oh. I've never known someone from
there before. You have a funny way
of walking.

ALEJANDRO

Huh? Ah, yeah. I've been told it's
orangutang like. It's the long
arms. I don't know what to do with
them.

She gestures up and down his body.

LOVELLA

You just haven't fully grown into
it yet.

ALEJANDRO

But you're lookin'.

He winks at Lovella.

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? Who's Forest?

ALEJANDRO

The one you asked if I was a
pervert the night on the lawn.

LOVELLA

Oh, him. Charmer.

ALEJANDRO

Dios nos salve.

Alejandro stops at a shelf, cringes at an antique doll baby
in an appropriate to size rocking chair.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

How do you sleep with that in here?

As he reaches out to touch it, Lovella slaps his hand away.

LOVELLA

That's my dolly, Penelope. And I
can't sleep with her anymore. Her
stitches have come undone.

ALEJANDRO

Are you fucking serious?

Alejandro laughs. Lovella doesn't. He stops laughing. She
repositions the dolly - perfect. He focuses back on the
miniature pieces of furniture beside the dolly.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

What's-- is that a mini--

LOVELLA

It's her mini piano. This whole
shelf is her play area.

Alejandro lifts the fallboard to unveil its real ivory keys.
Upon further inspection, Alejandro notices a vase of
luscious, fake roses partly painted black on the shelf below
the doll's play area. The water in the vase is clear, but
sparkles shimmers like little specs of floating diamonds.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

You could paint them with me
sometime? Do you have a steady
hand?

Lovella goes to one of her many desk drawers and pulls out a
palette of used high-end paint colors.

ALEJANDRO

(deflecting)

You should definitely come to my
next home game. Schedule hasn't
dropped yet, but I'll let you know
when it does.

Alejandro presses his hand to the wall and leans closer to
Lovella. She steps backward a step - nervous by the
flirtation.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(smirks)

What?

Suddenly, Sunny barges into the dorm room with a pack of
cigarettes, still finishing a conversation she's having with
someone in the hallway. There's a tiresome, glossed over
expression in her eyes - she's not all there.

SUNNY

Hey. Oh, hi. Hi there? Who is this?
Sorry. I didn't mean to stop all
the momentum.

LOVELLA

Hey? How are you... doing?

ALEJANDRO

Yo. It's Alejandro.

LOVELLA

(softer)

Are you okay?

Lovella looks her up and down, surprised. Sunny gives her a dismissive hand wave.

SUNNY

Never better.

(to Alejandro)

I'm Sunny. You can call me Son of
Sam. I'm just here to return a book
to the public library.

She hands a paperback book on ufology over to Lovella.

LOVELLA

(sharply under breath)

No. Stay. Please. PLEASE.

Sunny notices the fear in Lovella's eyes - catches on.

SUNNY

I mean, I could stay for a
little... if you don't mind.

LOVELLA

(re: bent book pages)

I told you not to dog-ear.

ALEJANDRO

Nah. I don't mind. Two for the
price of one is always better,
right?

Sunny and Alejandro exchange flirtatious glances.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A water bottle filled with a brown liquid is slapped down on
the desk, along with two shot glasses.

LOVELLA

The man of the hour gets magic mix.

SUNNY

Stuff's foul. RIP to my taste buds
for the next two days.

ALEJANDRO

What is it?

LOVELLA

I'm not really sure about this
batch.

Alejandro pours himself a shot, throws it back.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

I was going to give you a chaser.

ALEJANDRO

(trying to act tough)
Nah, I'm good. Fuck.

He coughs. Sunny jumps onto her bed. Lovella fake pours a
shot into the other shot glass (which is covered in designs
so you can't see the content inside). She walks to Sunny.

LOVELLA

We'll share ours. It's only fair.
Feminine body weight, you know?

SUNNY

You want to take one more with us?

Alejandro pours himself another. Lovella and Sunny giggle as
they fake drinking from the empty shot glass and fake COUGH -
putting on a convincing show!

ALEJANDRO

You two good?

LOVELLA

Yeah, yeah. You want another?

Lovella crosses back to Alejandro and pours him another. He
mumbles, "Jesus" as he throws it back.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Did you know that Sunny's this
classically trained vocalist? She
sang the anthem at Camden Yards.

Alejandro nods, not seeming to care - focused on Lovella.

SUNNY

Oh, blah. Boring. Well, Lovella's this insane athlete. She had like, all of these scouts recruiting her.

ALEJANDRO

What? No way? For what?

SUNNY

Lacrosse. Dude, have you seen her calves? She's like an undercover dyke.

Lovella looks to Sunny, slightly offended. Brushes it off.

ALEJANDRO

Ah, so I'm not the only athlete in the room. Why did you quit?

LOVELLA

(shameful)

I had some attitude problems. Got kicked out of a few tournaments. Just... displacing my anger.

ALEJANDRO

I gouged this dude's eyes once. Got sick of him trash talking. Did it in a scrum pile-up, so he couldn't tell it was me.

Lovella twirls around in her dress.

LOVELLA

(re: Sunny)

Hey, you like my dress? It's new.

ALEJANDRO

I like it.

SUNNY

Yeah. I mean, it looks like every other one you have...?

ALEJANDRO

Fits you perfectly, those curves.

SUNNY

What curves?

LOVELLA

Wait. Look, it came with these too.

Lovella dives under her bed. UNBUCKLING METAL - CLINK, CLINK. By the time she crawls back out she's putting on a pair of Gothic, lacy gloves that reach up to her elbow.

ALEJANDRO

I like those too. Very Morticia.
Can I see?

His compliments and requests go ignored again. Lovella lets Sunny feel the glove's soft fabric. They whisper amongst each other.

An interruption only coming when...

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(blurts out)

Thirty-eight.

His voice overpowers theirs. They turn and look at him.

SUNNY

Thirty-eight? Thirty-eight, what?

ALEJANDRO

That's my body count.

Sunny lets go of Lovella's glove. It SNAPS back into place against Lovella's flesh.

SUNNY

Holy shit, is fucking your part-time job?

ALEJANDRO

She's been trying to get it out of me since the lawn party. Nearly broke my nose going...

He throws up a zero with his hand just as she once did.

LOVELLA

I guess I can't discriminate against those who sexually indulge or deviate even if I'm personally against it.

ALEJANDRO

Then you're lucky you found me because my roommate Maddox has already fucked nearly ninety girls. So really... I'm a saint.

He pours himself another shot. Lovella and Sunny are stunned.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Sunny heads for the door, Lovella follows closely behind.

LOVELLA
(sharp whispers)
Two more minutes. Please.

SUNNY
Nah, fuck third-wheeling. Goodbye,
Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO
Peace.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Spoken in a low whisper after shutting her dorm room door...

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

SUNNY
What?
(annoyed)
Yeah, he wasn't staring at me.

LOVELLA
Wait-- wait. Are you alright? When
did you get released?

SUNNY
Early afternoon. My brother had to
come all the way from Stockbridge
to pick me up because my parents
are off the grid on some fishing
trip. He was NOT happy about it.

LOVELLA
You never called me back. I called
you a dozen times.

Sunny takes out a cigarette, lights it.

SUNNY
Sorry. It wasn't that big of a
deal. Some overweight nurse slid me
a Lithium. I slept in a room where
the TV was safe-guarded by plastic
casing. Good times. All's well that
ends well, right? Isn't that the
fuckin' expression?

Sunny turns to walk off.

LOVELLA

Wait, but Sun, what... what do I do
if he tries to like, touch me?

SUNNY

I don't know. You got him fucked
up. Let him. He's hotter than any
guy I've ever fucked. I got to
piss. Adios Amigos.

Sunny dashes into the bathroom, cigarette smokes trailing.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella reenters to find Alejandro patiently waiting,
smiling. By the look on his face he's probably overheard
their hushed conversation.

LOVELLA

What?

ALEJANDRO

(smirking)

Nothing. Nothing.

Lovella crosses the dorm room to her chair where she sits. He
moves closer to her, dragging his chair.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

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

LOVELLA

Uh, okay?

ALEJANDRO

Hey, your friend's kind of a bitch
to you.

LOVELLA

Oh. Well, she's going through a
lot. We met last year at
introduction week. She started
doing all of these alternative
modeling gigs this summer where
apparently there was a lot of
recreational cocaine.

ALEJANDRO

Want me to go beat her up for you?

Alejandro starts flicking her kneecap, smirking.

LOVELLA
What are you doing?

He tugs at one of her lacy gloves.

ALEJANDRO
These are nice. Very sexy.
(off her blank stare)
Look, I just really want to kiss
you right now.

Lovella pulls her hand away and HISSES under her breath.
Alejandro laughs.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
I like it when you growl at me.

LOVELLA
It was a hiss.

ALEJANDRO
I like it when you hiss at me.

Lovella tenses.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
You can hiss at me all you want.

LOVELLA
... I can walk you out now.

Alejandro rubs his chin, leans back in the chair. He catches on to Lovella's hint.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD - OUTER FOYER - 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, awkwardly gives him a hug.

LOVELLA
Good night. Maybe I'll see you
around.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, you'll be seeing me. Tomorrow
then. Same time?

Alejandro winks and makes a swift exit before Lovella has a chance to protest.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella reenters and moves to the window, peeking through the blinds to see Alejandro drunkenly miss a step as he enters his suite next door.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro walks through the blackness, following RAP MUSIC.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro stumbles to the end of the hallway...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - ALEJANDRO & MADDOX'S DORM ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

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

SILVIO

Where you been? You look like dog
shit.

Alejandro snags a cigarette, Silvio lights it for him.

ALEJANDRO

I was with the campus witch.

SILVIO

What bitch?

YUSUF

He said he was with a WITCH, dumb-
fuck.

SILVIO

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

YUSUF

Dude, too far.

SILVIO
 (shaking his face like a
 wet dog)
 Warts are contagious, AHHHH!

Alejandro spits on the floor - the cigarette is cheap, gross.
 He crosses to Maddox, grabs a firework from his bag.

MADDOX
 Uh-huh, you ain't ready for all
 that power. Plus you're fuckin'
 late for "Operation Pop-Off."

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

Forest YELLS from outside... the words are muffled!

ALEJANDRO
 Who's outside?

Maddox rushes to the open window, down below Forest shotguns
 a Bud Light can. Around him sit a dozen black contraptions.

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

ALEJANDRO
 (slurring)
 Mor-- mormon-- martian?

Alejandro tosses his cigarette in a moldy coffee mug and
 collapses onto his bed - wasted. The boys take turns slapping
 his cheeks until they're beet red, degrading him.

EXT. THE WOODS - LATER

Lovella runs through the man-made wooded trail in her all
 black athletic wear, until something lights up the sky behind
 her - BURSTING & POPPING SOUNDS - POP, POP, POP!

Startled and almost falling over, she stops and turns around.

EXT. THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella emerges from the woods to see a BRILLIANTLY COLORFUL
 FIREWORK DISPLAY across the campus, followed by some lesser
 male voices SHOUTING OBSCENITIES.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - VIVienne'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Vivienne exchanges her good-byes with the students as they dismiss from class.

Lovella lags behind everyone, still gathering her belongings at her desk in the far corner of the classroom.

Vivienne watches her as if tempted to say something.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - VIVienne'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Vivienne unlocks her office's door and enters. Lovella follows close behind.

VIVienne

So, I'm at the nursery and I see
this drooping gem hidden underneath
a bamboo display. I just about fell
over when I saw what it was.

Vivienne crosses to her desk where she reaches down beside the chair to find a gaudy, slightly drooping, black BAT ORCHID (the kind of flower you'd find on the Adam's Family's lawn).

VIVienne (CONT'D)

This is a South American Bat
Orchid. They're an extremely
unusual novelty to come across. You
usually have to specialty order
them.

LOVELLA

Oh, it has whiskers.

VIVienne

It's called filament, but it does
give it a whiskers effect, doesn't
it?

Vivienne sneaks removing the price tag left pegged in the Bat Orchid's soil, slipping it into her trash can under her desk. She carries it over to Lovella and presents it to her.

Lovella giggles, excited by its eeriness.

LOVELLA

It's spooky like a-- like a bat
spreading its wings to take flight.

VIVIENNE
Doesn't take long to figure out how
it got it's nickname, huh?

LOVELLA
(giggles)
Yeah.

VIVIENNE
It's just as darkly mysterious as
it is beautiful and that's why it
immediately made me think of you.

Lovella blushes bright.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
But listen to me.

Lovella tries her hardest to stop smiling and nods.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
I can't nurse it back to health. I
don't have the time. I need YOU to
take care of it for me. A plant as
unique as this one needs a unique
owner who can build a rapport with
it, who can understand it.

LOVELLA
Well... well, I only have a fake
plant. I don't really know how to--

VIVIENNE
Keep it out of direct sunlight or
else it will get leaf scorch, only
water it once every seven to ten
days, but regularly mist it with
filtered water-- here, I'll write
you some instructions.

Vivienne hands the Bat Orchid over to Lovella who's appears
nervous to hold it, holding it far out in front of her.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
I'm trusting in you, okay?

Wide eyed, Lovella nods. Vivienne crosses back to her desk
where she grabs a note-pad and begins to write out the
instructions.

CLOSE ON Vivienne. She looks up from her note-taking to watch
Lovella adorably study the Bat Orchid, bringing it closer,
paying it COMPLEMENTS UNDER HER BREATH.

Vivienne smiles - mission accomplished.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM

Lovella sets her Bat Orchid on her window sill in partial sunlight and plays with its positioning until it's just right.

She retrieves a little lace afghan from a drawer, folds it in half and places it underneath the pot. She then removes the slip of paper Vivienne gifted her, sits in the desk chair closest to the window and begins to study the instructions.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - EVENING

Lovella is kneeling on her bed, trying to write on a piece of paper taped to her wall, but continually crossing whatever she's just written out, when... KNOCKING.

LOVELLA

Who is it?

ALEJANDRO (O.S.)

It's Alejandro.

Lovella stops, slinks down into her bed like a timid child. Alejandro enters without having received an invitation.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Hey there, my dark princess. See, I'm a man of my word. Some skinny white kid let me in. I told him we were study partners.

Lovella says nothing, just stares at him. After a beat... he takes a seat in one of her desk chairs.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Look, I like spending time with you.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro are seated in desk chairs. There's a considerable distance between them. Lovella's legs are tucked underneath her desk, while Alejandro leans back comfortably with his legs spread apart.

They stare at one another - an informal staring contest. Who will break the silence and speak first?

ALEJANDRO

A buddy of mine says he sometimes
sees you running late at night. I'm
not sure how safe that is.

LOVELLA

I carry a can of pepper spray in my
sport's bra.

ALEJANDRO

But why go at night?

LOVELLA

Have you tried it?

ALEJANDRO

No?

(smirks)

Shouldn't I knock it?

LOVELLA

Staying unseen is... it can be
liberating.

Another beat. Alejandro extends his hand.

ALEJANDRO

What if I held your hand?

Lovella looks at it... and stares... as if debating if his
palms are laced with poison. She gives in and holds his hand.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Have you ever kissed a boy before?

Lovella slowly shakes her head.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Not even one peck at some party?

Lovella hesitates again... finally shakes her head. Alejandro
scoffs, rubbing his mouth with his hand and smirking like the
devil.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Shit, you don't even know what
you're into.

Lovella pulls her hand away and faces forward at her desk
then turns to look out the window beside her... a view of the
woods outside swaying in the light wind. Eyes widening like a
drugged lunatic, it's like Lovella's been overcome by a
darkly cunning thought.

LOVELLA

I like you, Alejandro. I think we should play together.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, I think we should too.

Lovella leaps up from her chair and turns off her only electrically lit light source.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Uh... alright?

Lovella removes a plastic bag from a drawer, tosses it in Alejandro's lap.

LOVELLA

For the smoke detector.

She points to the smoke detector on the ceiling.

ALEJANDRO

Alright, you really go all out to set a mood, huh?

He follows orders, steps up on the chair and covers the detector with the plastic bag. Lovella goes around lighting every candle in the dorm room. Alejandro picks up a book lying face down on her desk, browses through it as he waits.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Grimorium Verum?

LOVELLA

Correct pronunciation. It's a spell-book. I'm not well practiced, but we could try one out together if you believe yourself courageous enough.

ALEJANDRO

Why the hell not? Try me.

Lovella looks at the spell-book upside down as Alejandro holds it. She flips to a marked page, skims its content.

LOVELLA

Okay. Repeat after me.

She recites the following as she goes to her mini fridge and retrieves a water bottle sitting on top.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Rain, rain, come our way, fill the
sky, soothe the land. I give you
this water from my hand.

ALEJANDRO
(trying not to laugh)
Rain, rain, come our way, fill the
sky, soothe the land.

She pours the water into her own hand and quickly sprinkles
it all over his head. He does the same over her head. SHE
SPLASHES SOME IN HIS FACE, backs away in fear of retaliation.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Oh, you're good.

Alejandro grabs her waist and pulls her in close, whispering
sweet nothings.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Now that I got you wet.

Just as he leans in...

LOVELLA
Look-- look!

Lovella points. He turns to see their LARGE SHADOWS CAST HIGH
ON THE WALLS, spilling onto the ceiling. She moves away from
Alejandro and starts twirling like a ballerina - putting on a
show with her shadow.

She pauses to point to the chair left unoccupied in the
center of the dorm room - a demand.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Sit.

Alejandro smirks, enjoying her dominance. He sits down.

Lovella extends her right arms, not towards Alejandro, but to
her side. The shadow of her arm casts on the wall behind her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
What if I held your hand?

Alejandro takes a moment to catch on. He reaches his arm out
at perfect length so his shadow's hand touches Lovella's
shadow's hand on the wall - THEIR SHADOWS HOLD HANDS.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 I can give life to your darkness,
 Alejandro.

Alejandro audibly gulps.

Lovella crosses to her desk where she pours Alejandro a shot of her magic mix. She slides the shot across the desk. He catches it and chugs it.

When Lovella happens to glance back up at Alejandro's shadow now behind him... she observes that it has GROWN MONSTROUSLY IN SIZE AND IN DEEPER IN ITS BLACKNESS - her imagination?

Alejandro eyes her with lust or immense infatuation (both)?

ALEJANDRO
 What?

He notices her stare behind him. As he rises from the chair and turns around. The shadow drops in size instantly, returning to its normal shade of lighter translucent grey.

As Alejandro stepped backwards, his wide wing span hits a shelf. A framed picture is knocked over. He catches it mid-fall just in the nick of time.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
 Got it! I got it!

Lovella rushes over in a panic.

LOVELLA
 Move! Move! That's the only
 portrait I've ever painted.

CLOSE ON the painting in Alejandro's hands. It's the scene of a forest. Cut up pieces of paper (prayer cards) are mosaic-ed together to make the forest dirt ground. Painted with water-color is the scene of a long-haired child-like figure huddled behind one of the trees, peering around the side.

ALEJANDRO
 This is supposed to be you? What,
 like playing hide n' seek?

Lovella backs away from him a few steps.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
 Wait, are those... bible verses?
 Yeah. They are. Why would you cut--
 wait, I think I know that verse.
 Yeah, that's Psalms 23.

LOVELLA

They were prayer cards... in honor of people I hated. I put them to good use. It's sort of an anti-tribute.

ALEJANDRO

I know my verses. There are like, two dozen statues of the mother of Guadeloupe in mi abuela y abuelo's casa. That shit's on sight, been watching pews full of Mexicans speaking in tongues since I was a kid-- wait, who do you hate so much you cut up their prayer cards? That's fucked.

LOVELLA

(dismissive)

The past is the past.

Alejandro pulls a necklace out from underneath his shirt collar. It's a golden pendent.

ALEJANDRO

This blacksmith - a totally sketchy dude - in Pueblo finished making these for my entire family like, three days before he disappeared.

Lovella touches the pendant, studying the detail.

LOVELLA

Is that a scythe?

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, but it means husbandry duties like farming and cultivating, not the grim reaper.

Lovella nods, impressed he knows its meaning.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

So Ludvik, right? What is that? Polish? Something European, right?

LOVELLA

Oh, I don't know.

ALEJANDRO

What do you mean you don't know?

LOVELLA

I don't know what landmass my
ancestors rowed their boats from.

ALEJANDRO

You're fucking with me.

LOVELLA

No, I'm not. I never asked or...
cared to ask.

Alejandro laughs in disbelief for a beat, until--

ALEJANDRO

No, really though family is
everything. You don't burry
yourself when you die. You should
find out.

He sets the portrait back on the shelf.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Blindfolded with a scarf, Alejandro grabs shot after shot of
magic mix off her spare desk and drinks them. Lovella directs
him in his blind state - they're finally having some fun!

LOVELLA

Close. To your left. The other
left, no-- there!

A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR makes them both jump. Lovella screams!

J.W (O.S.)

Momma, I got work at six! Keep it
down.

LOVELLA

Sorry!

ALEJANDRO

Who just called you momma?

Alejandro accidentally knocks over a shot glass - SMASH! They
both pause a beat - holding silence - hoping J.W didn't hear
this. He didn't.

Alejandro prematurely attempts to remove his blindfold, but
Lovella stops him and feeds him one more shot. Only then does
she remove the scarf from his eyes. She sits down beside him.

They giggle like school-kids, gazing into each other's eyes.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
(lost in her eyes)
I never noticed before... but your
eyes are so dark... it's like
there's no pupil...

RAIN PITTER-PATTERS AGAINST THE WINDOW! He turns to stare.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
No fucking way.

LOVELLA
Look! We did it!

Lovella grabs his hand, along with the water bottle of magic mix, and pulls him towards the window.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Lovella jumps onto the strip of grass between the dormitory and the woods and takes off running, chugging shots of her magic-mix. Alejandro promptly chases after her.

ALEJANDRO
Lovella, hey! Where are you going?

Lovella climbs on top of a picnic table and spins around, giggling and basking in the rain. Alejandro finally catches up with her. He rips the magic-mix bottle from her hands and tosses it into the brush.

LOVELLA
Look, we did it! WAH-WHOO!

ALEJANDRO
You'll get yourself sick.

He throws Lovella over his shoulders and carries her around the back of the dormitory, only letting her down once they near her dorm room window. He points to a window on the second floor.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Look, that's my dorm room. That
close to yours. Anytime you need
me, I'm that far away.

Lovella instead turns her attention towards the woods to her right as if waiting for something or someone to emerge from its darkness. A deer's eyes shine. The rustling of this animal is drowned out by the rainfall.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Lovella?

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella slips and falls, drunk, as she climbs through the window. Alejandro gently helps her to her feet.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro romantically slow dance to a CLASSICAL SONG playing from her speaker. Lovella steps on his toes and nearly falls asleep with her cheek pressed against his chest.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro carries Lovella (honeymoon style) to her main bed where he lays her down and tucks her in. She's on the verge of passing out, drenched, when he rings some of the rain water out of her hair onto the floor.

He hops into the bed and lies down next to her where he cradles her face and kisses her cheek three times.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella lies alone in bed, eyes flutter open and closed. The smoke of a recently blown out candle travels across the sliver of light beaming from the hallway as Alejandro shuts the dorm door quietly, considerately, trying not to wake her.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - CLASSROOM - DAY

Lovella sits in the far corner of another classroom. Her note paper of lecture notes is completely blank. None of her text books are open. Her leg shakes under the desk. She's staring off out the nearest window, until she bursts up from her chair and exits the classroom with her saddle bag.

This MATH PROFESSOR is startled by her departure.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Half a dozen STUDENTS work diligently to hang a banner that reads, "WELCOME PARENTS!" Lovella nearly plows a few over while rushing to the bathroom. She's immediately apologetic.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella slams the handicap stall shut, closes the toilet seat and sits. Rummaging through her saddlebag, she retrieves her journal and flask. She takes several shots of whatever alcohol the metal container harbors.

Lovella tries writing in her journal, but can't get anything down. In frustration, she throws her pen into the stall door.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CAR - EVENING

As sunset approaches, Vivienne drives down an old, withered hiking trail just a mile or so away from the campus grounds. Lovella is perched, unbuckled, in the passenger's seat with her head sticking out of the open window like an overstimulated puppy.

LOVELLA

Here, stop!

Vivienne slows the car gradually. Before she has a chance to officially put it in park, Lovella hops out.

The car door DINGS alerting the prematurely open door.

EXT. OFF CAMPUS HIKING TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Vivienne turns off her car and gets out, rounding the back and pausing to stare at Lovella who stands off the path at the edge of the treeline.

VIVIENNE

You said it was ON the trail.

LOVELLA

Well, it's close-- it's like-- just a little further eastward-- thirty yards or so... I think.

Lovella's gestures toward the treeline. Vivienne gives her a stern glare.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Please. No one ever want to come with me... out here.

Vivienne sighs, opens the back of her car and rummages through an old crater box filled with car supplies like windshield fluid and bungee cords, but buried under the bottles are a pair of beat-up sneakers along with other survival mode garments.

She sits on the bumper and removes her pristine high heeled boots, replacing them with the beat-up sneakers.

VIVIENNE

Can we agree that all lies are bad
moving forward, even the white
ones?

Lovella nods shyly. Vivienne shuts the back door behind her.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Show me the way.

EXT. THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Vivienne follows Lovella through the thickets of tree branches and fallen logs until - just seconds prior to reaching their obscure destination - Lovella grabs Vivienne's hand and pulls her along faster.

LOVELLA

(under breath)

Found you.

They come across forgotten relics of the past: a few cemetery stones, broken, names corroded by mold. Miniature black iron gates surround each individual grave. A huge angel statue (it appears out of place as if plucked from a more modern cemetery and transported here). A circular stone table is situated in the exact center of this bizarre scene. Connected to its stone base are four stone chairs.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

I've had really bad writer's block
lately so, I've ended up running
deeper into the woods... deeper
than usual.

Vivienne stops walking, takes a look around. Lovella runs up ahead like a five-year old to the playground.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Isn't it magical? It's like a wonky
time-warp where mourners reconvene
for a tea party or-- or where human
blood is spilled for sacrifice!
Either or!

Lovella plops down on top of the stone table.

Vivienne presses her finger to her lips and whispers "shh."
Lovella quiets and follows her pointing finger, turning to look behind her.

Two glowing eyes shine through a sparse bush. Once this deer realizes its hiding place has been compromised, it takes off running.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Wow. Good eye.

VIVIENNE
When you're a child of abuse
situational awareness becomes a
matter of course.

This admission goes right over Lovella's head. Vivienne approaches one of the guarded gravestones, intrigued.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
You've been having writer's block?

LOVELLA
Yeah. It's REALLY bad.
(sighs)
I think it's because I'm in love.

Vivienne just about loses her balance while still kneeling before the grave. She holds back her laughter.

VIVIENNE
What did you just say?

LOVELLA
I spent all last night with this
guy - I don't want to say his name -
but I think we fell in love because
when I woke up this morning I
started to cry. Is that normal?

VIVIENNE
Uh, I hadn't the faintest idea you
were even dating, Lovella--

LOVELLA
(interrupts)
-- and I have the searing, burning
sensation in my chest. I can't get
it to go away.

VIVIENNE
Are you sure it's not from all of
the binge drinking?

Lovella looks up at Vivienne - hurt - wanting to be taken seriously. Vivienne sees she's made an error. She rises to her feet and approaches Lovella.

LOVELLA

I can't stop thinking about him.
It's really thrown a wrench in my
productivity. For the first time,
it's like my reality has usurped my
fantasy so, now I can't help but
neglect it.

VIVIENNE

So... take a break from
productivity and go be 19 for a
weekend.

LOVELLA

But my life's work is more
important than making memories.
Successful people bargain with the
future, I read that in a philosophy
book recently.

VIVIENNE

Okay. Firstly, whatever story
you're currently writing is a story
you're writing. NOT your life's
work.

Lovella blushes - called out for her melodramatics.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Secondly, your inner world...

She gestures all around at the surrounding forgotten relics.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

... isn't going anywhere and unless
you develop Alzheimer's or get
lobotomized, nothing and no one
will ever be able to take it away
from you, which is something to
cherish because very few people can
flourish in their solitude like you
can. However, you NEED to set aside
your resistance to live life a
little. I promise you making a few
memories - even just a FEW - won't
set you back in your creative
pursuits. It will likely inspire
them for the better.

LOVELLA

But like, how can you be sure it
will?

VIVIENNE

I'm fairly certain it will. I'm too old to be wrong more times than I'm right.

LOVELLA

Okay.

VIVIENNE

And keep me posted on how it all unfolds with your... John Doe. I want to know. I want to HEAR the memories made.

LOVELLA

Okay. I will.

Lovella pauses.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

(nervous)

... Would you ever want to have a tea party with me?

VIVIENNE

Where? Here?

Lovella nods. Vivienne inhales and breath and holds it, looking all around her at the bizarre landscape one more time.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

I'll think about it.

Lovella gets overly excited about this ambiguous answer, leaping off the stone table and hugging Vivienne.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

And stop running this far out in the dead of night. The thought alone worries me sick.

LOVELLA

(not letting go of Vivienne)

I pack pepper spray in my sports bra.

INT. CONCERT HALL - LATER

AN ACAPELLA CONCERT - Sunny is in the front row and is currently performing a solo. Lovella sits in the audience videotaping the performance on a camcorder.

INT. CONCERT HALL - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Lovella wanders around until she spots Sunny standing outside of the fitting room with some of her friends, including Marie, MAXIME (21) and JODIE (20).

Once Lovella approaches and gives Sunny a bear hug, the friends back-pedal into the fitting room.

LOVELLA

You did so well!

SUNNY

Fuck, I was so pitchy. Thanks. Can you send the footage to my mom? Do you still have her e-mail?

LOVELLA

I'm pretty sure. I accidentally taped through intermission.

SUNNY

Oh my God, did you see those cheap ass bleachers shaking? Fuck. This. Budget. Cut.

LOVELLA

No, I didn't notice.

Lovella pulls a bright pink pill box out of her saddle bag.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Before I forget, you left this in my bathroom.

SUNNY

Oh shit, yeah I forgot to throw it out after I flushed the pills. You can toss it.

LOVELLA

Why would you... do that? There's still pills in here.

Lovella shakes the box, opens it to find there are four or five pills left.

SUNNY

Because fuck those meds. They fuck with my skin more than my birth-control. And if I take them then my birth control won't work, so...

LOVELLA

But did you run that by your doctor?

SUNNY

Hey, I have to head over to this after-party. Can I grab a shot off you?

Lovella pauses a beat to process whether she should keep pressing the subject. She doesn't. She retrieves the flask from her saddlebag and hands it over to Sunny.

Lovella, working up the nerve to ask...

LOVELLA

Can I come?

Sunny takes a half a shot before nearly spitting it out - never answering Lovella's question.

SUNNY

Ugh, is this Whiskey. I can't with Whiskey. Every time I even smell it, it reminds me of Dylan. How he used to go down on me with Whiskey breath and give my pussy goosebumps.

Sunny fans her eyes as if about to cry or just overpowered by the smell of Whiskey. She takes off for the dressing room.

LOVELLA

Hey, wait. I uh, I had a question.

Sunny is half-way through the dressing room's beaded curtain when she turns back to Lovella.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Have you ever slow danced with a boy before? Is that a good sign? Is that normal to do?

SUNNY

Yeah, that's good. How wouldn't it be?

Some laughing voices inside the dressing room entice Sunny to depart. She disappears inside. Lovella waits a beat, thinking Sunny might come back - she doesn't.

Lovella turns and heads towards the front stage, tossing the bright pink pill box in a trash can on her way out.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella uses a drained perfume bottle to spray mists of filtered water on her Bat Orchid. After, she grabs a nearby rag and dampens it with this same spray bottle, using it to gently polish the Bat Orchid's leaves.

SHE MUMBLES AN UNINTELLIGIBLE LULLABY throughout this process.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella puts some finishing touches on an elaborate black decorative heart drawing with the names "Alejandro & Lovella" written inside.

She tears it out of her journal and hangs it on her wall, admiring it with a blushing smile. After a moment, she tosses a backpack over her shoulder and exits her dorm room.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - LATER

Clenching the straps of her backpack tightly, Lovella stares wide-eyed up at Alejandro's second floor suite.

The shades are open, NEON LIGHTS shine through the windows, MUFFLED RAP MUSIC PLAYS. A NEON BUDWEISER SIGN FLASHES.

Lovella bolts back into her suite.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - J.W & RICK'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella barges in to find J.W playing a violent video game, while RICK (22), his aloof roommate, lies on the bed reading.

LOVELLA
Can I talk to you?

J.W
Uh, sure, momma. Let me press pause-
- and they shot me in the mouth.
Fuck.

LOVELLA
Do you know anything about TQ 60?

J.W
Yeah, rugby house? Right next door?
A bunch of smug fuck boys. What
about em'?

LOVELLA

What-- what's a fuck boy?

Rick GRUNTS before rolling over in his bed, annoyed.

J.W

Seriously? A fuck boy is a douche-bag, a manipulative prick and a horn-dog all rolled into one. Some more harmless than others, but they're pretty much the worst form of modern man.

LOVELLA

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

J.W

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

LOVELLA

What? Really? Why?

J.W

I don't know. Usually a lot of curfew disruptions because they're loud as fuck. Like, last night they shot off illegal fireworks.

LOVELLA

That was them?

J.W

Yeah.

LOVELLA

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 close to the door, his knee shakes nervously. Silvio lies across a couch, watching TV, while Yusuf does homework at the table.

Lovella knocks on the door only ONCE before letting herself in (not quite as impolite as usual). Alejandro jumps up.

ALEJANDRO
Hey. Yeah. Come on in.

LOVELLA
(awkward)
Hi or... hola.

She waves innocently. Alejandro gestures for her to follow.

ALEJANDRO
Follow me. This way.

Alejandro automatically takes off up the hallway. Lovella hurries to catch up with him. She waves innocently again as she passes the suite-mates. They ignore her.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro leads Lovella down the hallway.

ALEJANDRO
Right back here.

Forest exits a room and passes them, munching on a bag of Cheetos. He gives Lovella a cool "whatsup" head nod.

As they pass the bathroom, Lovella sees that four chairs are positioned around the double sink which is covered in dirty plates and bowls.

LOVELLA
Are those chairs in the bathroom?

ALEJANDRO
Yeah, we eat in there sometimes.

LOVELLA
Ew. Gross.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - ALEJANDRO & MADDOX'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro closes the door behind them.

LOVELLA
Awe. It's your little room. Am I allowed to open any drawers?

ALEJANDRO

Uh, I'd rather you didn't?

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

LOVELLA

(re: family picture)

Your sister's pretty. I mean... or it could be your cousin. You look alike.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah. Her name's Camilla. She just turned eighteen. It's like, every big brother's worst nightmare.

Lovella notices three holes in the wall, goes to them and pokes her finger inside.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Ah, don't look at that.

She proceeds to lift an NFL poster next to the holes, which has intentionally covered up more holes... seven in total.

LOVELLA

Are these all from you?

ALEJANDRO

Not all of them. But uh, ya. I get a little too fucked up some times.

He makes a punching gesture, Lovella nervously laughs. To divert the conversation, she heads for his bed.

LOVELLA

Your little bed.

Lovella fluffs one of his pillows and accidentally knocks an E-cigarette hidden underneath on the floor. Maddox barges in and grabs his Mac laptop off his desk.

MADDOX

(calling out)

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

Maddox looks up to see Lovella, eyes her. Alejandro tenses.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

What's up?

LOVELLA
Just fluffing this pillow.

MADDOX
How 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.
That's the-- uh, the wrong one.

An awkward beat. Alejandro isn't showing much affection or interest.

LOVELLA
Are you okay?

ALEJANDRO
Yeah, yeah. We're headed to Church
Point, right?

Alejandro throws his backpack over his shoulder. She nods. As they head for the door, Lovella grabs his hand. He holds onto it for a split second before letting go.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Maybe later.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The tension continues as they walk along the guardrail.

Alejandro doesn't make eye contact with Lovella. Instead, he frequently glances behind him looking for oncoming cars. He pushes Lovella to the inside.

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

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH GRAVEYARD - MOMENTS LATER

They pass the unlit Episcopal Church. Alejandro looks around at the landscape as if a little frightened of being here at night.

EXT. CHURCH POINT - MOMENTS LATER

They set up camp underneath 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 you said you liked the ribbon ones.

He laughs. It's a Pabst.

ALEJANDRO
Thank you. Let's drink it together.

They sit on the concrete platform of the crucifix. He's unable to unscrew the cap. He spends the next half of a minute trying different techniques - his teeth, a nearby oyster - CUSSING ENSUES!

LOVELLA
Uh, can I change the song?

Alejandro grunts "yes" through the exertions of strength, preoccupied. Lovella picks up his phone to change the RAP SONG playing in the background.

ALEJANDRO
Tight mother fucker.

He's finally able to unscrew the cap, sits back down.

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

Lovella - unimpressed - keeps scrolling through his phone. Just as he takes a sip of his beer, she leaps to her feet, throws his phone - HARD - into the sand!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Hey? What the hell?

She doesn't answer, begins packing up her belongings. He grabs his phone from the sand and wipes it clean.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Why would you throw my phone?

He tries touching her arm, she slaps it away.

LOVELLA
Fuck off.

ALEJANDRO
What? Why? What happened?

She shoves him once he tries touching her arm again.

LOVELLA
I said fuck off!

ALEJANDRO
No! What? I've been looking forward to this all day! I don't understand.

LOVELLA
HAVE YOU STOLEN THE WITCH'S VIRGINITY YET!?

He freezes, unable to answer. Embarrassed, he goes red.

ALEJANDRO
You went through my-- wait, I never responded when he asked that.

LOVELLA
My fucking hero. Burn in hell.

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

LOVELLA
Sue me!

She knocks his phone out of his hands again. As he bends down to pick it up again, she tries rushing by him. He grabs her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Fuck you and fuck whoever this piece of shit named Silvio is.

ALEJANDRO

No, please. Please! I was looking forward to this all day. I just think you're really unique.

LOVELLA

But you didn't say unique, did you? You said freak. FREAK! You called me a witch! You said, "update, the witch is back and maybe she'll let me cum in her caldron." You said you were quote: "going for the freaks now n' days." FUCK YOU!

She shoves him again - even harder.

ALEJANDRO

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

LOVELLA

Then get on your fucking knees and start begging.

(beat)

You have three seconds. Three, two--

He's down on his knees by two. Humiliated, he looks down. She puts her finger under his chin, tilting it upwards so that he can't look away from her dark gaze.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Say you want me to stay.

ALEJANDRO

... I want you to stay.

LOVELLA

Louder.

ALEJANDRO

I want you to stay!

LOVELLA

Louder!

ALEJANDRO

I WANT YOU TO FUCKING STAY, PLEASE!

Alejandro's POV: Lovella staring down at him DARKLY. God-like as the moon haloes her head. Her nostrils flair in rage.

LOVELLA

Why don't you suck my cock while you're down there too?

She backs away from him... slowly... as if enjoying observing his submissive state in its entirety. Alejandro, teary-eyed.

ALEJANDRO

I guess I deserve that one.

Lovella takes off up the beach. Alejandro scrambles to his feet.

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro runs to catch up with her.

ALEJANDRO

Lovella. Wait. God, you're fast. Hey, I'm really, really truly sorry. Okay? It was-- I wasn't thinking it through, how bad it sounded when I sent those. It sounds worst than I had-- look, I was a really shitty person my first few years of college, but it's not who I really am. Not now. I've changed. I mean, I'm changing. I've been working on myself.

LOVELLA

Tell me the shitty things you've done. Then I can assess form there. Unburden yourself.

ALEJANDRO

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

Lovella stops walking, appalled, her jaw drops. She moves away from him.

LOVELLA

I don't want to talk to you again.

ALEJANDRO

No, please.

He grabs her arm.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

You asked me. I was honest. I know. It was a really bad one. We got really fucking trashed at this graduation party. That's not an excuse. I know it's isn't, but--

LOVELLA

(looking all around her)
I think it's just best that I go.
At least for the night. I'm sorry
for asking you to perform fellatio
on me. That was-- was weird.

ALEJANDRO

No, no, no, please.

He keeps hold of her arm.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I really am trying to-- I started
seeing a therapist at the wellness
center. I see her twice a week. And
I've never told anyone that other
than my mother. I know I have some
problems.

LOVELLA

Yeah, but your problems aren't my
problems.

ALEJANDRO

I know they aren't. Just please.
Look at me, please. Let me buy you
something at the pub. Please.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

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

LOVELLA

Smells like pheromones in here.

She turns on the fan and sprays Febreeze. It blows into
Alejandro's face. He cries out in pain, covers his eyes.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Sorry.

She sits beside him and wipes a tear running down his cheek.
He's not crying, his eyes are just watering from the sting.

ALEJANDRO

You're allowed to just wear a tank-
top around me, you know.

He tugs at a sleeve of Lovella's fleece. She pauses a moment
before removing her fleece and exposing her bare shoulders
for the first time - her hair obscures her skin.

LOVELLA

Why do you sleep with so many girls?

ALEJANDRO

I-- I-- don't anymore. I used to.

LOVELLA

Why did you used to?

ALEJANDRO

... I wanted to be cool.

LOVELLA

(deadpan)

Did it work? Do you feel cool?

He bows his head for a beat.

ALEJANDRO

I did for a little bit... but not anymore. Not...

Lovella sees his vulnerability, his shame.

LOVELLA

Look, it's our first date.

ALEJANDRO

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

LOVELLA

But it is. You bought me food and a fruity little cocktail.

She retrieves the flask from her saddlebag wrapped around the back of her chair and pours some liquor into the slushy.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Here, a toast to do-overs, fuck ups, manly tears and inappropriate fellatio requests.

He laughs. They wrap their his arm around each other's so they crisscross as they take a sip of their drinks - his Pabst and her slush - at the same time. Afterward, he looks deep into her dark eyes, infatuated, and takes her hand.

As Lovella's body shifts slightly at his touch, her hair moves and Alejandro sees her left shoulder. IT'S COVERED IN SELF-HARM SCARS, dozens upon dozens.

ALEJANDRO

Whoa. Hey. Hey.

He grabs her left shoulder, moves aside more stray hairs to better examine the wounds.

LOVELLA

Oh, yeah. I call them my little pink caterpillars. See them all crawling around under there?

He fingers the scars, feeling the bumpiness, prodding.

ALEJANDRO

Why do you do this to yourself?

LOVELLA

I did for a little bit, but not anymore.

He doesn't catch onto the fact that she's quoting him.

ALEJANDRO

But why did--

LOVELLA

I wanted to be cool.

Alejandro finally catches on, laughs as he rubs her hand.

ALEJANDRO

Well, do you feel cool, Lovella?

LOVELLA

Yeah, the fucking coolest.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER

Lovella runs on the brick path late into the night wearing her jet-black athletic garb. A group of students appear up ahead, walking toward her. She moves into the grass and leaps over a fence onto the track to avoid them.

The student's heads turn, seeing a shadow darting off in their peripheral.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Carrying her to-go-box, Lovella heads up a populated brick path and ascends a brick staircase to the great room. Her hair is different. It's parted on the side, not down the middle.

STUDENT FAMILIES are everywhere; the start of family weekend.

INT. THE GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella is ladling dressing over her salad when Alejandro walks up behind her, tickling her neck. She jumps.

ALEJANDRO

Boo.

LOVELLA

Hey, how are-- awe, did you grow
stubble overnight?

She scratched his chin, Alejandro smiles. He tucks in her dress's tag.

ALEJANDRO

Your tag's out. Got it.

LOVELLA

We're finally in the daylight
together.

ALEJANDRO

We are, aren't we?

They smile at each other for a beat until Sunny runs up to Lovella and grabs her shoulders. She's incredibly high, eyes blood-shot. Alejandro backs up.

SUNNY

Say, Peter Piper picked a peck of
pickled peppers.

LOVELLA

(effortless)
Peter Piper picked a peck of
pickled peppers.

SUNNY

Now say, I'm not a fig plucker nor
a fig plucker's son, but I'll pluck
figs till the fig fucker-- plucker
comes. Shit! So close.

Sunny cackles, snorting as she rests her head against Lovella's shoulder for a beat. Lovella and Alejandro exchange 'what the fuck' looks.

SUNNY (CONT'D)

Awe, your hair looks so much better
like this.

LOVELLA
(wide-eyed)
You good, Sun?

As Sunny strokes Lovella's hair, she turns and glances back at Alejandro. She looks up and down like he's a stranger.

SUNNY
(to Alejandro)
FIG PLUCKER, what are you looking at?

Sunny runs off across the great room.

LOVELLA
She'll probably need a baby-sitter sooner than later.

Alejandro makes a winding motion with his finger near his temple.

ALEJANDRO
See you tonight, okay?

He turns and heads for the seating area. Lovella closes her to-go-box and pauses to watch where Alejandro sits.

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 beside her. As if unnerved by witnessing, Lovella rushes out of the great room.

EXT. EPISCOPAL CHURCH GRAVEYARD - LATER

Lovella sits alone on a bench overseeing the graveyard and eats lunch from her to-go-box.

EXT. THE LAWN - NIGHT

Equipped with only her saddlebag, Lovella pauses as she approaches the lawn. A chaotic view of partying, streaking and dancing college kids. Blow up volleyballs bounce around the tops of the crowd. The BURSTING of confetti!

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As J.W hosts a competitive game of ping-pong and sings songs from the soundtrack "Cabaret" with his fellow theater members, Lovella stands pressed against the wall, watching.

J.W dances over to her and gestures for her to slap his ass, trying to cheer her up. She does and half-laughs awkwardly.

EXT. THE LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella aimlessly walks around weaving between groups of partiers, sneakily drinking from her flask until she spots some of Sunny's friends.

Lovella walks up to them and tries to listen/join. Awkwardly, she squeezes her way into the circle. None of them pay her any mind. Sunny isn't present.

LOVELLA

Have you ever heard of bilocation?

The girl beside Lovella, Maxime, turns to her.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

It's said that canonized saints can perform the miracle of appearing in two places at once... sort of like a less malicious doppelganger.

MAXIME

Uh, cool.

Maxime chuckles and resumes her other conversation, which Lovella had interrupted.

LOVELLA

Do you know where Sunny is?

JODIE

She followed some guys somewhere.

Jodie points behind Lovella toward an alley leading to the parking lot behind the townhouses.

JODIE (CONT'D)

She's all butt-hurt. She saw Dylan with another girl at the hammocks.

MAXIME

Over in Salem's lot. Go check it.

JODIE

Salem's lot. Yeah, that's where she is.

MAXIME

You'll love it there.

Lovella nods and heads for the alley, not understanding that the girl's were poking fun at her.

EXT. THE TOWNHOUSES - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The lot is dimly lit by only one street lamp. A few drunkards stand around smoking joints/cigarettes/E-pens. Lovella spots Sunny with TWO TOWNIES by a beat-up soccer mom mini van.

She approaches, their flirtatious antics pause.

LOVELLA

Hey...? Who are they?

SUNNY

Uh, this is Evan and this is, uh...
Ricky I think.

Sunny laughs, both high and drunk, barely able to keep her posture straight. Her eyes are puffy, her makeup a mess.

LOVELLA

They look thirty.

TOWNIE (RICKY)

Whoa, whoa. We're twenty-six. Let's
get it right. Wrong side of twenty,
I'll give you that much.

TOWNIE (EVAN) (CONT'D)

We're headed to a party down route
8, wanna join?

LOVELLA

You're twenty-six and you're still
hanging out on college campuses?

TOWNIE (RICKY)

(fake coughs, sarcasm)
It's the bitches.

SUNNY

My fucking head is throbbing.

Sunny rubs her temples.

LOVELLA

What's the address? Can I have it?

TOWNIE (EVAN)

Don't you got it stowed in your
phone somewhere, bro?

He points to Ricky. Ricky begins searching through his phone.

TOWNIE (RICKY) (CONT'D)
Shit, what's my password?

Lovella focuses on Sunny.

SUNNY
(slurring)
They were literally dry humping on
the hammocks. Probably impregnated
each other. Him and this box dyed
blonde wearing these shit-stained
Moccasins and a dumb-ass baseball
cap to the side. Whoa, you're cool.

LOVELLA
So what's the address?

TOWNIE 1 (RICKY)
You got a walking cane for her?

SUNNY
The address is South-Central get
out from being rammed up my fucking
ass all the time parkway.

Sunny laughs at her lame joke and starts to tip over. Lovella rushes over to help. SUNNY SHOVES HER. Lovella stumbles backward, trips over a cement curb stop and falls hard on the gravel. The three of them collectively laugh at her, mostly the townies. Lovella brushes off her knees. Her hands are scraped badly and begin to bleed a little.

SUNNY (CONT'D)
Shit, sorry.

Lovella. HOLD ON - a stare of pure hatred.

LOVELLA
I hope you get gang raped so hard
you bleed out of your fucking cunt
mouth.

Lovella gets up and, holding back tears, heads for the alley she came from. As she does, a pissed Sunny yells out...

SUNNY
WHO THE FUCK SAYS THAT TO SOMEONE!?

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella walks up a brick path headed for a small wooden bridge that stretches overtop a large pond. As she makes her way across it a group of older faculty members walk in the opposing direction toward her.

Lovella panics, not having originally noticed them, but is already a few steps onto the bridge. She continues forward despite, keeping her head low when she notices one of the late night wanderers is Vivienne.

Vivienne catches sight of Lovella.

VIVIENNE

Lovella? Hey.

Vivienne stops. Lovella reluctantly stops as well, but only partially turns to face Vivienne. Vivienne waves her co-workers onward then assesses Lovella's demeanor for a beat.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Why do you look like that? Where are you headed?

LOVELLA

... Nowhere.

VIVIENNE

You're headed somewhere and there's nothing that way, but the Episcopal church, which is long closed. So what am I missing here?

LOVELLA

I'm just taking a longer route home.

In this exact moment the CHURCH BELLS GO OFF! CHIMING TEN TIMES signalling that it's ten o'clock. They both wait until the chiming stops...

Lovella hides her bright red, scraped hands behind her back - Vivienne notices this. To divert attention away, Lovella points down to the sandbar in the pond below the bridge. The words "GO SEAHAWKS" are spelled out in rocks.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Last week it said, "cure my blue-balls."

VIVIENNE

Well, it's parent's week so, we're trying harder than usual to censor the degeneracy.

Vivienne cracks a smile, Lovella cracks one too - a microscopic one.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

Are your parents visiting? I could meet them tomorrow if you'd like.

LOVELLA

Oh, no. They're boxes of ash.

Lovella pauses - deadpan.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

I have a half-sister. She helped me with filling out my FASFA, but she's a housewife and a decade older so...

Vivienne goes silent.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Once the woman who birthed me locked me in the attic for two days. I was around ten years old. I started searching through all of these storage boxes when I found this used leather journal with a stylus pen attached by a string. I sat by the window-- it was one of those circular ones at the highest peak of really old houses. That's where I wrote my very first poorly written novelette. It was about this deformed pianist and his pregnant wife who's been cursed to play continuous melodies until the child's birth or else the child would suffer from the same deformities as the father. So yeah... that's how it started...

Lovella half-laughs inappropriately then very abruptly walks off before Vivienne has a chance to respond.

VIVIENNE

(calling after)

Lovella.

Lovella stops, slowly turns back around. They're far enough apart now where each has to raise their voice in order to be heard over the wind.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
Promise me you're going home right now... back to your dorm.

LOVELLA
... I promise.

She walks off.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Lovella wipes blotches of blood off her desk, tosses the red painted napkins in the trash can. WHISTLING from in the hallway. The door's cracked.

Alejandro lets himself inside.

ALEJANDRO
Hey there, babe.

LOVELLA
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. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Alejandro sit at her desk. Just as he starts to rub her knees, she pulls her chair away. Nervous.

ALEJANDRO
Don't-- what are you-- come here.

He pulls her chair closer to him, takes her hand.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
I have to ask you something.

LOVELLA
Okay?

ALEJANDRO

Would you go to rugby formal with me?

LOVELLA

Uh, yeah. Yeah. I'd love to.

ALEJANDRO

They host it every year at this high-end country club. That means you have to wear a pretty dress and take pictures with me.

She nods, blushing.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

As soon as my coach made the announcement today I couldn't stop thinking about how I was going to ask you.

LOVELLA

Yay. 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

I parted my hair differently. Everyone prefers it that way. Everyone but me.

ALEJANDRO

If we had kids they'd be really athletic.

Lovella awkwardly nods.

LOVELLA

Selective breeding is... cool.

ALEJANDRO

I told my mom about you today.

LOVELLA

Oh. What's your mom like?

ALEJANDRO

She's tough. Head of the household.
You have to go through her to get
to me.

A beat. They both stare deeply into each others eyes as if
wanting to express something/share their feelings, but can't.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

When I let go of your hand... it's
like, in the pit of my stomach,
uh... I don't know what I'm saying.
I've had a few beers. Sorry.

Alejandro's having trouble articulating his emotions. He
shakes his head - bashful - then takes her face in his hands,
cradling it gently. Her long hair falls off her shoulders,
revealing the FRESH CUT MARKS ON HER SHOULDER.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Hey, did you cut yourself?

She shrugs, turns so her cut up shoulder is away from him.

LOVELLA

No, I fell into a thorny rose bush.

For a moment Lovella tries to laugh off the embarrassment.

ALEJANDRO

Cut me.

LOVELLA

... What?

Alejandro rolls up his sleeve, slaps his shoulder. Deadpan.

ALEJANDRO

Right here. I want you to cut me.

LOVELLA

... No?

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, come on.

He slaps his shoulder again.

LOVELLA

Stop being weird.

ALEJANDRO

I'm not fucking around, Lovella. I
want you to cut me.

LOVELLA

I'm not going to cut you. What the hell?

He grabs a pair of sharp scissors from a jar of writing, scrapbooking material on her desk, tries handing it to her.

ALEJANDRO

Use this. It's sharp enough. I don't care.

LOVELLA

Stop. You're freaking me out.

She grabs the scissors from him, tosses them across the room.

ALEJANDRO

Cut me! I want you to fucking cut me!

Alejandro quickly grabs Lovella's face and shakes it. An intense beat of staring. Lovella gets teary eyed. He leans in to try to kiss her, but - scared - she leaps from the chair and dashes across the room to retrieve the pair of scissors.

LOVELLA

Alright stud, have it your way.

As Alejandro begins to roll up his left sleeve again Lovella approaches him with the scissors and barks her order.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

No, take your fucking shirt off.

He rips off his shirt.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Stay still.

She grabs his head and presses it against her stomach.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, fuck me. Demonios si, amour.

With the scissors, Lovella quickly RIPS FOUR CUTS INTO ALEJANDRO'S LEFT SHOULDER, each over five inches in length. BLOOD POURS DOWN HIS ARM AND ONTO THE FLOOR. These are bigger than either of them had anticipated.

Lovella scoops up a puddle of his blood in her palm and SMACKS HIM ACROSS THE FACE WITH IT! She proceeds to smear Alejandro's blood on her own chest and even lick her fingers.

For a moment THEY'RE BOTH FROZEN in shock - there's no turning back time now. Alejandro's eyes dart between watching the blood coat his entire left arm to Lovella who stands stock-still still holding the scissors.

HOLD the silence, until...

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Fuck, that was so hot.

Alejandro jumps up. She backs away from him. He shakes his arm like a wagging wet dog's tail sending drops of blood fly all over the tile floor.

LOVELLA

Yeah? You liked that?

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, I fucking like that.

SHE SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE! He grabs the scissors from her hands and throws them across the room.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Kiss me.

She SLAPS him across the face again.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Do it again.

She SLAPS him across the face again - HARDER.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fucking kiss me.

Lovella backs up into her hanging wardrobe and sits on top of her dresser. Alejandro parts the hanging clothing that she tries hiding inside.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Please, kiss me.

LOVELLA

No. I can't.

ALEJANDRO

Why not?

LOVELLA

(stuttering like hell)

I-- I would need commitment. I just-- I-- I can't kiss someone unless they're committed to me.

ALEJANDRO
Then I'm your boyfriend.

LOVELLA
No. No, you're just saying that to
kiss me. You can't just say that.

ALEJANDRO
No, I want to be with you. Please.
I'm not just saying that.

LOVELLA
Say it again.

ALEJANDRO
I'm your boyfriend. I'm your
boyfriend! Now, kiss me. PLEASE!

Lovella jumps up onto her tip-toes and pecks his lips.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
That doesn't count.

She SLAPS him across the face THREE TIMES in a row. He
retaliated and grabs her arms, pinning her against the wall.

LOVELLA
You've been with thirty-eight
women.

ALEJANDRO
Thirty-four. I lied.

LOVELLA
Big difference, fucking whore.

Lovella shoves him several times until he succumbs to falling
into the chair where she SLAPS him across the face yet again.
This time just once - HARD!

ALEJANDRO
Do it again.

Lovella looks slightly above Alejandro's head to see his
ENLARGED, DEEPLY DARKENED SHADOW CAST HIGH ON THE WALL!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
I fucking said to do it again.

With wild, mad-man eyes, Lovella listens and shifts her gaze
away from Alejandro's growing shadow. As if a switch has been
flipped, she unleashes a pent up rage and lashes out -
SLAPPING THE EVER LOVING SHIT out of Alejandro.

CLOSE ON:

The Bat Orchid set on the window sill. It's dark petals and green stem/leaves are splattered with red as Alejandro's blood flies through the air - Alejandro ended up painting her flowers after all!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Okay! Enough! I said enough! Stop!

Alejandro falls out of the chair, crawling to get away from Lovella. She continues to beat him while he's down, punching him in his side and once in the face.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Stop! Stop it! Lovella!

He finally grabs hold of her and pins her against the wall restraining her arms again.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Calm the fuck down!

Lovella knees him HARD in his penis. HE CRIES OUT, holding his tender crotch with both hands as he backs away.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

(coughing)

You do not hit me there!

Lovella shoves Alejandro onto the bed where she continues to hit him as he curls up into the fetal position. He then grabs her by the neck, pinning her to the wall again. Papers rip off the wall. Her elbow jams into the back of the tall desks shelf, knocking items over - CRASHING NOISES!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

I'll never touch you like this again, but fucking stop hitting me.

LOVELLA

Cut me, please.

ALEJANDRO

No.

LOVELLA

I want to bleed with you.

Lovella bursts into tears. Alejandro looks down at his pants.

ALEJANDRO

(to self)

Jesus Christ, did I piss myself?

(MORE)

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
(to Lovella)
What's wrong? Hey, hey.

She shoves his arms away, scratching him with her long nails across his bare chest.

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. Look at
me, please.

He grabs her face.

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

His blood drips into her lap, forming a tiny puddle.

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

LOVELLA
I think about you all the time.

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
Just please kiss me already.

LOVELLA
I-- I-- I don't know how.

Alejandro crawls on top of Lovella, finally taking control and kissing her! Blood quickly coats both of their mouths as their make-out session revs up.

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

He begins to moan louder. SHE BITES HIS NECK. He yells out.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
Bite me. Tear into my skin.

They roll off the bed before he can fulfil her wish. He catches her before she falls and props her back onto the bed.

ALEJANDRO
Oh, fuck yeah. Where have you been
all my fucking life?

As the passion grows and the use of tongue is introduced, Lovella moans. This begins forging a problem in the erectile area for Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Ah, shit.

Alejandro tries pulling himself away, but she pulls him back into her body - LUSTFUL.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Oh, no. Stop, stop, stop.

He pulls away again, covering his rock hard crotch. A beat of heavy breathing as they stare at one another - the high of their combined lust has made them animalistic. Lovella licks her bloody fingers clean - yummy!

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

There's only moonlight and one flickering, dying candle left.

Alejandro and Lovella cuddle in bed lying in each other's arms, both sound asleep.

We PULL BACK to reveal the room's destruction: chairs are flipped over, blood is splattered all over the floor and walls, clothes are torn off their hangers, objects have fallen off the desks and shelves, the speaker skips (broken on the floor).

The window has been left cracked open. A gust of wind comes and blows out the last weak flame... blackness.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - BATHROOM - DAY

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

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 (whatever he was unable to rinse off in the shower).

Wiping the sleep from his eyes, Silvio enters to take his morning piss. The doorknob's broken. He sees Alejandro, the blood, the cuts. They both freeze - at a loss for words.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Tucked tightly in her bed, Lovella awakens. Yawning, she looks beside her to see Alejandro's gone.

The room has been tidied, most everything that's been knocked over has been put back in its designated place. The only thing that hasn't yet been cleaned are the blood splatters.

Lovella sits up and looks down at her hands to see Alejandro's dried blood still coating her palms and chest. What she can't see is the dried blood on her mouth and neck.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - SAME

A still shirtless Alejandro wearing only a towel is surrounded by his suite-mates.

FOREST

Dude, she's crazy!

ALEJANDRO

We were-- I don't know-- we were
shit-faced. I don't really
remember.

MADDOX

What the fuck do you mean you don't
really remember? You two chugging
fuckin' Everclear?

YUSUF

Who even is she?

FOREST
It's the fucking witch.

MADDOX
Look how big they are, bro! BRO!

YUSUF
Do you need stitches?

ALEJANDRO
No, chill. They stopped bleeding
like, hours ago. They're just raw.

Silvio enters the room with baby powder.

SILVIO
All we have is baby powder.

ALEJANDRO
What the fuck am I supposed to do
with that?

SILVIO
I don't know. Doesn't it like, dry
shit out?

YUSUF
Dude, they're so deep though. Like,
what even was the motive here? Were
you fighting or--

ALEJANDRO
I don't fucking know! I don't
remember! Stop asking me the same
shit over and over!

Silvio approaches with hand full of baby powder. Alejandro
slaps it out of his hand. The bottle explodes everywhere.

SILVIO
You get to clean that up, fuck-
face.

FOREST
How big was the knife?

ALEJANDRO
It was... it was scissors.

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

YUSUF

A pair of fucking scissors did that!?

MADDOX

You cutting out little fucking gingerbread men together? Having a night full of craft making, you pussy-bitch?

ALEJANDRO

Fuck you.

FOREST

Dude, his face is even fucked up. It's bruised. Look at his cheek.

MADDOX

Did the bitch punch you? You let a bitch punch you?

YUSUF

Can everyone calm the fuck down? He's obviously okay. If he needs stitches we'll take him to the fucking hospital.

ALEJANDRO

I don't need fucking stitches!

They all chime in at once overwhelming Alejandro!

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Everyone falls silent, until Maddox scoffs, laughs evilly.

MADDOX

Fucking crazy. That bitch is fucking insane. A bitch fucked me up like that I'd fucking kill her.

Maddox walks away, cursing under his breath.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - BATHROOM - LATER

Alejandro sits shirtless on the closed toilet seat, contemplating gloomily when there's a KNOCK at the door.

ALEJANDRO

Give me a minute.

SILVIO
It's Silvio.

ALEJANDRO
I know the fucking sound of your
voice. Just give me a minute.

Silvio enters anyway.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)
Really need to get that lock fixed.

SILVIO
How's the pain?

ALEJANDRO
Looks worse than it feels--

SILVIO
PSYCH! Like I give a fuck, kink-
bitch.

Silvio grabs a bong off the bathroom sink and laughs as he
departs. Alejandro BANGS his fist against the shower door in
frustration.

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - LATER

Practice time --- THE SEAHAWKS RUGBY TEAM scrimmage against
one another. Alejandro's team wears shirts/pinnies. As the
hits and harsh physical contact continue, Alejandro's left
shoulder gets pummeled one too many times.

BLOOD BEGINS TO SEEP THROUGH HIS LEFT SLEEVE!

The COACH (45) stands on the sidelines. As the scrimmage
continues, he keeps an eye on Alejandro noticing his efforts
to wipe away the blood escaping his sleeve with pained facial
expressions.

The two make awkward eye contact - Alejandro knows he's being
watched exclusively.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATER

With her to-go-box, Lovella heads up a brick pathway when a
few rugby players exit the library. They stop and stare at
her as she walks by. She notices this and stares back.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella ascends the staircase to the great room. As she does Sunny and two other girl, Marie and Maxime, descend. Sunny looks dishevelled, sleep-deprived, depressed.

LOVELLA
(coy)
Hey.

The two friends fly right by her. Sunny lags behind.

SUNNY
(sarcastic)
So, how was the rest of your night?

Lovella shrugs and mumbles "fine."

SUNNY (CONT'D)
I heard some shit went down. You
get him all fucked up again?

LOVELLA
No.

SUNNY
Some rugby guys said you made him
role-play some sadomasochism shit.

LOVELLA
I mean, the rugby guys are very
well known for fact checking their
sources.

SUNNY
Well, congratulations. This should
be exciting for you. I didn't think
someone attractive would be into
what you're into.

It takes a moment for Lovella to comprehend Sunny's passive insult toward her looks. Her stare of pure hatred manifests again. She ascends the steps and bumps into Sunny's shoulder on purpose.

LOVELLA
Go fish your Zoloft out of the
garbage.

Good riddance - Lovella's done with her.

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella tries pouring herself an iced tea at the beverage bar, but her hand shakes too rapidly. She spills.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - VIVIENNE'S OFFICE - LATER

Lovella zones off, darkly staring out the window. The sound is MUFFLED.

Her name is called out (O.S), "Lovella, Lovella."

Vivienne rushes into view.

THE MUFFLED SOUNDS STOP & sound is restored.

VIVIENNE

Lovella.

Vivienne grabs a tin watering can from Lovella.

Lovella looks down to see she's practically drowned the current plant she's watered. Water spills over the side of the pot and onto the floor, forming a small puddle around her feet. Lovella backs up, not apologizing, not even blinking.

The two stare at one another as if they're able to read each other's nonverbal expressions fluently. Vivienne's intensity is much softer. It's as if any quick move on her part could result in Lovella's retreat.

THEN - THE PARTIALLY OPEN WINDOW ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OFFICE FALLS, SLAMMING SHUT.

Only Vivienne jumps. When she turns back to look at Lovella, she's already one foot out the door - gone.

THE DOOR CLICKS SHUT behind her.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - NIGHT

Alejandro sits on a tree stump in the treeline of the woods behind Thomasin Quad, smoking a cigarette.

ROUGHHOUSING from inside his second floor suite. Silvio pops his head out of a window, BANGS his fist against the glass!

SILVIO

Come on, bitch! Let-go!

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - LATER

All of the suite-mates enter into the small pub, immediately greeting other rugby players with high-fives and bro-hugs.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - LATER

Silvio and Maddox flirting with TWO SLUTTY GIRLS. Drunk. Maddox touches slutty girl 2's ass. She smacks him.

SLUTTY GIRL 2
Like, literally though.

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

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro and Yusuf take Vodka shots, one after the other. Girls all around them, watching and cheering them on.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - MOMENTS LATER

The suite-mates play a game of darts, while simultaneously balancing beer filled red solo cups on their heads. Forest loses balance and spills the cup!

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - LATER

The suite-mates taunt Alejandro about his cut.

FOREST
Show em' off. Show those puppies.

SILVIO
They started scabbing over yet?

MADDOX
Roll them up. For real, bro. Don't be shy.

Maddox tries forcing Alejandro's sleeve up.

ALEJANDRO
Stop. Maddox. Fuck off.

He finally gives in and lets Maddox roll up his sleeve. GASPS from surrounding bystanders (mostly girls). Maddox SLAPS the cuts. Alejandro screams in genuine pain, grabs his shoulder.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB - LATER

The dance floor. The suite-mates grind on girls, all supremely wasted at this point.

Alejandro stands at the bar. A hot girl tries dragging him onto the dance floor. He's reluctant, but eventually compromises and lets her grind on him where he stands.

INT. THE COLLEGE PUB

Alejandro and Silvio stand in the back hallway. Silvio's somehow still drinking a beer. Alejandro turns around to face the wall and begins to piss.

SILVIO
Go for it, bro.

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

BAR WORKER
Get the fuck out of here or I'll
call the--

Something in Alejandro snaps. HE PUNCHES THE BAR WORKER IN THE JAW. They brawl briefly before Silvio breaks it up.

BAR WORKER (CONT'D)
Fuck you, you fucking spic!

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

EXT. THE COLLEGE PUB - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro spits up a decent amount of blood, coughs and lights himself a cigarette as he listens, unreactive, to the escalating PANDEMONIUM inside.

He slides down the door, slowly, until he's sitting on the gravel - defeated by the night and all that's on his mind.

Alejandro wipes away the blood from his mouth with the back of his hand.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Lovella sits in her chair and stares out the open window.

The leaves of her Bat Orchid shivers in the breeze (any cold draft of air is unhealthy for it). Alejandro's dried blood still clings to its petals and leaves, yet to be wiped clean.

There's an open journal in her lap that's mostly blank. Any words that had been written have been scribbled out rather violently, breaking through several pages underneath.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Lovella is sitting at her desk, brushing her doll baby's hair with an adorable doll sized hair brush when a shadow moves into her open doorway. KNOCKING. It's Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO

Hey.

Lovella doesn't turn to look at him, keeps brushing her doll.

LOVELLA

... Hi.

He shuts the door behind him and sits in the opposing chair, wearing a baseball cap and using it to cover his eyes. She turns to him finally.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

You look tired.

ALEJANDRO

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

LOVELLA

... You never returned any of my calls.

Alejandro looks down, moves his hat to further hide his eyes.

ALEJANDRO

I know. I'm sorry. I've been busy.

LOVELLA

You're not that busy. No one's that busy.

ALEJANDRO

Look, Lovella... I know that you're a once in a lifetime girl, but I just-- I can't commit. I can't.

LOVELLA

Why not?

ALEJANDRO

I don't know. I just thought about it more and... and I have rugby and our playoff's require a metric fuck ton of focus. I have my senior project. I'm overloading on twenty credits.

Lovella pauses a moment to think

LOVELLA

Well... you had all of that before?

ALEJANDRO

What if I want to talk to other girls?

Lovella falls quiet.

LOVELLA

... Okay? Well, you could reverse it and say what if I want to talk to other guys?

ALEJANDRO

Lovella, be real. I'm the first guy that ever asked for your number.

LOVELLA

That's only cause I'm not easy...

Lovella starts fiddling with her thumbs, defensive.

ALEJANDRO

And we're-- we're not going to be able to stop being this intense.

LOVELLA

Yes we could. We could just go for a walk.

ALEJANDRO

Yeah, remember when we tried that?

LOVELLA

Well, if you weren't such a dick-head and didn't trash me over text then it could have gone well.

ALEJANDRO

I just don't want to lead you on.

LOVELLA

You don't want to. Lead. Me. On?
You told me you were my boyfriend,
asshole!

ALEJANDRO

I know what I said. I shouldn't
have said it.

Lovella begins to cry quietly to herself, hiding her face
behind her hands.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

Please. Please don't cry.

LOVELLA

I'll cry if I want to. It's my
room.

She continues for a beat. Alejandro looks away. Unbearable.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

I think you're just scared and
ready to run back to what you know
best, which is whoring around.

ALEJANDRO

Stop calling me a fucking whore.
It's getting old.

LOVELLA

What, are we just not going to talk
to each other again? Why do you
keep covering your eyes?

He continues to look down.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Why can't you look at me? Just look
at me.

ALEJANDRO

Stop bossing me around! You're not
the boss of me.

LOVELLA

I'm just trying to prove a point!
You can't even look at me!

He refuses, adjusting his cap every few seconds.

LOVELLA (CONT'D)

Why did you want me to cut you?

He looks up, dead into her eyes.

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

LOVELLA
No, you haven't, you whore.

ALEJANDRO
Stop being a bitch.

LOVELLA
Why did you want me to cut you?

His frustration rises. He jumps out of the chair as if to make a break for it. Lovella jumps up with him. She grabs his baseball off his head and hides it behind her back.

ALEJANDRO
Give it back. I'm not fucking
around.

LOVELLA
Why did you want me to cut you?

ALEJANDRO
I don't remember! I was too fucked
up, okay?!

LOVELLA
You were not. You weren't drunk.
What a pathetic cop out.

ALEJANDRO
Yes, I was.

LOVELLA
Then look me in the eyes and tell
me you were drunk.

Alejandro gets closer to her face, stares into her eyes.

ALEJANDRO
I was drunk, okay?

They stare darkly at one another, until Lovella tosses his baseball cap on the floor at his feet.

LOVELLA
Coward.

Alejandro bends down and picks up his baseball cap. As he makes a beeline for the door...

ALEJANDRO

Bitch.

Lovella overhears this and grabs a tea cup off her desk.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lovella heaves the tea cup at his backside. It misses and hits the hallway wall - CRASH! Alejandro turns back and scowls at her.

Lovella slithers back into her dorm room and GRUNTS as she SLAMS the dorm room door closed so hard that some items on her nearby shelves topple over.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

INSTRUMENTAL HORROR MUSIC PLAYS FROM HER SPEAKERS.

Lovella cries at her desk in complete darkness, head buried in her arms.

After a beat, she rises from the chair and rips the giant heart drawing encompassing, "Alejandro & Lovella" off the wall and tosses it out the window.

She quickly regrets this decision...

LOVELLA

Shit.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - SAME

The shadow of Lovella's arm appears reaching across the sill. As the paper falls to the earth, her fingers beckon it backwards against the wind. It miraculously finds its way back into Lovella's hand.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella cuts a swatch of Alejandro's blood out from her pillow case and tapes it up on her wall over her name, "Lovella." Now it's just Alejandro's name and a giant swatch of his dried blood inside the heart.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella takes repeated shots from her flask. In her handheld mirror, Lovella re-coats her lips in a red lip liner with shaking hands and drenching wet eyes.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella grabs a typewriter case from under her bed. Inside is a BEAUTIFUL BLACK GOWN surrounded by papers of her writings.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella slips into her black gown and matching black lacy gloves, grabs her lacrosse stick from underneath her bed and leaps out her dorm room window!

EXT. THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella sprints, leaping over fallen tree trunks with the smooth agility of a feline animal (even in a dress) all the way to the forgotten cemetery relics she showed Vivienne.

Furiously, she HITS THE SURROUNDING TREES WITH HER LACROSSE STICK, until it snaps in half. She jumps onto the stone table and BELTS OUT A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM before lying down and curling up in the fetal position. She drifts off to sleep.

CLOSE ON the profile of her sleeping face--

THE SOUND OF RINGING, A PHONE BEING PICKED UP - MALE LAUGHTER

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Hello?

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Uh, who's this? What's your name
you fucking cunt-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 PICKING UP AGAIN.

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Is this Lovella? Say your name for us, bitch-- what's your bra size-- do you drink your own period blood-- fucking whore-- even though you're kind of ugly I'd still fuck that flat ass though.

PROFANITIES IN THE BACKGROUND.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Stop calling me! I'll report you!

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Sure, bitch. Sure.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Take yourself off No Caller ID.

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Come on, say your name for us so we can moan it while we're jerking off thinking of fucking you in that tight little--

THE SOUND OF A PHONE HANGING UP, PICKING UP AGAIN.

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

Put this ten inch cock down your throat, bitch! I cum all over cunts like you all fucking day, bitch.

ALEJANDRO (V.O.)

Write about this dick, bitch.

LOVELLA (V.O.)

Alejandro?

MALE VOICES (V.O.)

I know where you live you fucking--

THE SOUND OF A PHONE HANGING UP.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - EVENING

J.W stands in front of Lovella's door, hesitant to start KNOCKING.

J.W

Vells? You okay? Lovella?

He KNOCKS some more. When there's still no response, he gets down on his hands and knees and peeks under the door - all he can see is the pitch black.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - SAME

Lovella lies in bed, not asleep, but trying to fall asleep. Underneath her door slides a small, folded slip of paper.

Once she sees the shadows out in the hallway disappear, she gets out of bed and tiptoes to the door.

She picks up the sheet. It reads: "I MISS YOU, MOMMA!"

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - LATER

Later into the night, Lovella's fast asleep.

Her phone RINGS beside her pillow. She's startled awake. As soon as she looks at her phone, she heaves it across the room - simultaneously letting out a GRUNT - and leaps out of bed.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella exits her dorm room (still in her nightgown) and crosses to a picnic table out in front of the quad. She jumps atop it and glares up at Alejandro's suite (rugby suite). The neon lights inside are on, though no music plays. Silence.

The blinds of one window are pulled aside in one window just enough to see the shadow of a head peaking.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - SAME

A rugby guy's POV: Through the slits in the blinds, Lovella stares EVILLY with her head tilted - I she sees you.

THE BLINDS CLOSE.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Lovella bursts out the bathroom and waltzes up the hallway, stone faced. There's a new carelessness and confidence in her body language, in her strut. She carries her handy flask and takes repeated shots of alcohol right out in the open --- people, including a teacher, stare.

She cracks her neck - LOUD.

The students coming toward her move out of her way as if she were a celebrity... or something a little more nefarious.

Sunny is one of these students who pass her by. She gives Lovella a passively dirty look.

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICE - EVENING

Lovella and Vivienne wait at the front desk. Lovella sighs.

Vivienne reaches into her pocket and pulls out a tin of mints.

VIVIENNE
(whispers)
I can smell it on your breath.

She hands Lovella a mint. She quickly pops it in her mouth.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - SAME

Students migrate out of their evening classes and up the weaving brick pathways.

Forest walks with his huge headphones blaring music, barely aware of what's going on around him when he happens to glance up into the window of a building he's passing - the public safety office.

He slows...

Forest's POV: Through the large bay windows is a perfect view of the security office's front desk where Lovella and Vivienne speak to an officer.

INT. PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICE - SAME

Vivienne speaks on Lovella's behalf.

PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER
Ma'am, it's not that I don't
believe her, but if the phone
records say "No Caller ID" I can't
just take her word that it's who
she thinks it is.

Lovella turns, looks behind her (likely feeling watched). Out the bay window, students migrate - no recognizable faces.

VIVIENNE

Could we at least give you their names to keep on file in case it persists?

PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER

Of course, we'll do a write-up.

(to Lovella)

And if you need an officer to escort you to and from classes or anything we're happy to do so. That's what we're here for.

LOVELLA

Oh, no. No way. That would draw way too much attention.

The officer slaps the desk lightly.

PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER

Okay. Let me grab the paperwork.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - EVENING

As Lovella enters the quad and turns up the brick pathway toward her building, she spots Forest and Maddox standing at the picnic table.

They stop talking and turn, staring at her.

Lovella's pace quickens.

MADDOX (O.S.)

Aye!

As she scans her student ID, Maddox barks sardonically at her. She scurries into her building.

THE MALES CHUCKLE (O.S.).

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Lovella sits at her desk coloring in a page of a Halloween coloring book by candlelight. When she can't decide between two purple colored pencils, she refers to her Bat Orchid.

WHISPERING TO IT ABOUT THE PROS & CONS...

LOVELLA

Yeah, I think I like English Violent better too.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - SAME

Alejandro, Maddox and Forest all stumble drunkenly toward the back of the Thomasin Quad dormitories. They're fucking around, shoving and slapping each other, sharing inside-jokes and reminiscing over the night's shenanigans.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

The trio eventually come across Lovella's window while taking a short cut home. Alejandro foolishly points this out.

FOREST

Shit, call her again. Call her.

Maddox takes out his phone and rings up Lovella's number, putting it on speaker as it rings - no answer. They get closer to her window.

Maddox BANGS HIS FISTS against the glass! There's no answer.

MADDOX

DING-DONG, is the witch home?

They all laugh, though Alejandro appears ready to end the ordeal, looking around to see if anyone else can see them.

And then... the window shoots open.

LOVELLA

Say it to my fucking face.

Maddox is momentarily shocked.

MADDOX

Ah, there she is.

LOVELLA

What do you want? WHAT!?

MADDOX

Mixing potions to fix your flat ass in there?

And with that, Lovella SPITS IN MADDOX'S face!

Maddox, fuming, spits on the ground in disgust, slapping his face to wipe away Lovella's saliva.

Spewing an ARRAY OF DEGRADING CURSE WORDS, Maddox charges the window again and grabs Lovella by her arms, dragging her outside.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - SAME

As Lovella is dragged outside, one of her frantic, flailing legs kicks her Bat Orchid, knocking it off the sill.

The pot SHATTERS on the floor.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Alejandro backs up, keeping his distance as he watches Maddox pull up her nightgown. Soon Forest joins in. They both slap her ass "jokingly" while speaking to her like a prostitute.

They forcibly keep her down at waist-height as they start "jokingly" simulating her giving each of them oral sex (moving her head back and forth).

Lovella CRIES OUT, kicking and throwing as hard of punches as she can, mainly aiming for their private parts.

The two continue to laugh at her. Alejandro is frozen, paralyzed by the quick escalation.

ALEJANDRO

What the fuck you guys?

Maddox and Forest let up, laughing their asses off.

Crying like a baby, Lovella struggles to climb back inside the window.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella slips in the spilled soil, partially stomping on the Bat Orchid as she goes to search through her drawers.

When she doesn't seem to find what she wants, she exits into...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lovella storms into...

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella doesn't bother turning on a light. She grabs a metal soap dispenser and HEAVES IT INTO THE MIRROR. The shards SHOWER the double sinks. She grabs the largest one.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lovella darts back into her dorm room...

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Lovella leaps out the window with her shard of glass. She looks around frantically, but there's no sign of the three boys anywhere.

Lovella drops the shard of glass. She's been holding onto it so tightly her hand bleeds from superficial cuts.

RANDOM COLLEGE KID

Hey, you alright?

As the concerned STRANGER approaches, Lovella avoids confrontation and hurriedly leaps back into her dorm room. THE WINDOW SLAMS SHUT!

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 60 - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro, Maddox and Forest enter the dark apartment.

As soon as the door's closed and locked, Alejandro shoves Maddox. He goes flying over the coffee table cluttered in junk.

ALEJANDRO

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!?

Forest backs up.

Maddox stays down, having landed hard on his shoulder.

ALEJANDRO (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!

Alejandro yells into the void rather than at either of his guilty suitemates specifically.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Vivienne enters the building and heads for her office with her morning cup over overpriced coffee and tote in hand.

She freezes upon turning a corner to see... a person lying on the floor outside her office further up the hallway.

VIVIENNE

Hello?

Vivienne gets closer, discovering it's Lovella lying motionless like road-kill. She's still wearing her nightgown, but it's smeared with dirt. Dried blood coats her hands, her hair's a mess and her kneecaps are busted.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)
(under breath)
Oh my God.

Vivienne sets down her tote. Lovella tilts her head up to look at her - pure anger.

CUT TO:

INT. RUGBY BOY'S DORM ROOMS - DAY

CLOSE UPS of ironed black and navy blue suits, ties being tied and dress shoes being slipped into - all of the preparations for a big day ahead.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Lovella and Vivienne walk to Vivienne's car, neither talk - game faces on. Both of them wear perfectly tailored matching black pant-suits. Lovella carries a manila folder.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As Vivienne drives, Lovella reads through the paperwork in her manila folder, rehearsing lines quietly to herself.

Soon, they turn into the entrance of the courthouse.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella and Vivienne enter, proceed through the security check where their bags and bodies are scanned through multiple metal detectors.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

The courtroom is full with others (eighty-plus) awaiting their own hearings.

INT. COURTHOUSE - SAME

MALE BODIES in black suits move through the metal detectors.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hold on Lovella's reaction... Alejandro, Maddox, Forest, Yusuf and Silvio make their grand entrance with THREE LAWYERS, all dressed to the nines in quality black suites.

Lovella looks to Vivienne who motions for her to "stay calm."

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

All of the boys and their lawyers sit in the same pew.

The FEMALE JUDGE (60) is already seated, reading over some of the documents for the next case.

JUDGE

Ludvik versus Wakefield.

Maddox and his lawyer are guided by a police officer to an opposing table.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Ms. Ludvik, approach the bench.

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

COURT ROOM 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 down.

JUDGE

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

LOVELLA

Mr. Wakefield sexually assaulted me outside of my dorm room on the night of September 16th at around two a.m.

(MORE)

LOVELLA (CONT'D)
with the help of the two other
defendants I've brought to your
courtroom, Alejandro Alvarez and
Forest Vickerman. I also suspect
Mr. Wakefield of being one of the
men who persists in sexually
harassing me over a series of
blocked phone calls over the past
week and a half.

JUDGE
What was said over the phone calls?

LOVELLA
It's all written on the report.
It's rather explicit.

JUDGE
I'd like to hear if from you.

Lovella takes a moment, preparing herself to say the
profanities out loud. CUT OUT just as her mouth opens--

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

INTERCUT --- between Maddox, Forest, Silvio and Forest all on
the stand answering questions from their lawyers.

MADDOX
It amazes me how Miss Ludkik claims
to have distinctly heard my voice
on the other end of those "phone-
calls" when I've never spoken a
word to her in my life. Frankly, I
didn't even know she existed until
the day I was served.

FOREST
I've never met her before.

YUSUF
No, I've never met Miss Ludvik.

SILVIO
I've never met her.

FOREST
I was up all night studying in the
chem-lab the night of September
16th. I'm a dedicated student. I
never party on weekdays.

YUSUF

Well, for one, Alejandro told me that she self-harms all over her body, is an alcoholic, talks to dolls, is involved in the occult, so there may be some psychosis, some stunted emotional development. Not that I'm a physiologist. It is my minor though.

FOREST

I have in my possession written statements from my two lab partners confirming where I was.

SILVIO

It's what my lawyer informed me is called, "a case of the scorned lover."

YUSUF

It was probably a persistent telemarketer. I get "No Caller ID" on my phone a few times every year.

MADDOX

It doesn't surprise me that she would concoct a story like this for attention. She's a very sick individual. I apologize for wasting your time today, your honor.

Lovella's face - hatred.

CLOSE ON Lovella's nails under her desk, digging into the wood and one even breaking.

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alejandro and his lawyer whisper sharply in each other's ears, arguing.

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 Miss Ludvik did not engage in a sexual relationship, therefore there are 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 penal intercourse. Mr. Alvarez and I were involved in other intimate acts that I would deem sexual in nature.

The judge takes a beat before rising from her chair.

JUDGE

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

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The female judge reenters and everyone rises.

JUDGE

You may be seated.

Everyone sits.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I have read nothing that states penal intercourse is needed to acquire a protective order. If the relationship is in any way non-platonic, there are grounds. With that being said, based on the lack of evidence I've heard, I'm unable to grant the protective order. If you find further evidence, I do encourage you, Miss Ludvik, to reopen the case. The same goes for the other two peace orders as well.

The boys and their lawyers all rise, elated, while Lovella stays seated.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The boys and their lawyers are gathered together, chit-chatting with ease as the hard work is over, even appearing almost as a boy's club.

Lovella walks out of the courtroom, gunning for the exit. Vivienne has been waiting for her by the doors, but Lovella rushes right past her.

Alejandro discreetly watches her go. HOLD ON --- his face, a mix of pleasure watching her in defeat, slowly falling into a guilty shame as he looks down.

Maddox's lawyer grabs Alejandro's shoulder, pulling him in for a big hand, manly shake. They rejoice.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's started to drizzle outside.

Lovella storms off, headed for Vivienne's car. Vivienne is trying to catch up, calling out her name!

VIVIENNE

It's not even unlocked and I'm not going to unlock it until you stop.

Lovella stops in the middle of the road.

LOVELLA

Thank you for chauffeuring me around free of charge, for buying me this outfit at the Black and White Market, for supporting me like you have-- it's already more than anyone has ever done for me. But I don't want to talk right now, Vivienne. I don't want an uplifting speech. I don't want a bullshit bulletin of silver linings. I don't want you to tell me that the true victory lies in something that it doesn't. You've always been very direct with me, so I want to return the favor. What I want is for neither of us saying a fucking word to each other.

Vivienne stares at Lovella for a beat, watching her fight off her overwhelming anger... until finally nods, agreeing to Lovella's terms.

She points her keys at the car, BEEP - unlocked. Vivienne rounds to the driver's side and gets in. Lovella stays back, composing herself and her emotions for a beat before rounding to the passenger side and getting in.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

A silent car ride as the rain has picked up.

Lovella sits in the backseat on the drive home. Just as she leans her head against the window, trying to resist quietly crying, Vivienne turns up the radio.

The song "EVERYDAY" by Buddy Holly inappropriately and creepily plays on a high volume.

Lovella lifts her head and peers up front at Vivienne - her despair awkwardly unmatched by the upbeat tune.

INT. VIVIENNE'S CAR - LATER

Vivienne pulls up to Thomasin Quad.

As soon as the vehicle stops, Lovella bolts out the backseat and speed walks up the pathway with her head hanging, avoiding making eye contact with other passing students.

Vivienne watches her go.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella enters.

J.W and Xavier sit on the couch, lazily cuddling, but as soon as they see Lovella, they untwine and sit upright.

J.W
Hey, how did it go?

Lovella just looks at the two of them with paranoia.

J.W (CONT'D)
That good, huh?

She doesn't get out a word, makes a bee-line to her dorm room. J.W jumps up from the couch.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

J.W catches up with Lovella and grabs her arm.

J.W
Hey, Lovella. Wait. Wait!

She turns to him.

J.W (CONT'D)
I'll let you shut yourself away
because-- because I know that how
you deal with things, but can...
can I grab you a to-go-box?
Something, please?
(beat)
It's mozzarella sticks Monday.

J.W cracks a smile, beaming with his love for mozzarella.

Lovella slowly nods, truly endeared by the gesture.

J.W (CONT'D)
Yes. Okay. Awesome. I'll be back
under twenty, mamma. Time me.

J.W eagerly backpedals up the hallway.

(O.S) J.W and Xavier scrambling out the door.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

INSTRUMENTAL HORROR MUSIC PLAYS FROM HER SPEAKERS. It skips every ten seconds or so from having been knocked over during her and Alejandro's lover's quarrel.

Lovella sits in a chair, wearing her black gown and matching black lacy gloves.

She pieces the broken planting pot back together with the help of a hot glue gun. The Bat Orchid is temporarily placed inside of a plastic red solo cup.

A partially eaten to-go box lies open, yet barely eaten, on her desk - mozzarella sticks included.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella sets the newly pieced together flower pot back on the window sill - it doesn't fall apart. She carefully lifts the Bat Orchid out from the red solo cup and places it back into its proper home - again, it doesn't fall apart.

She lets out a SIGH OF RELIEF as she admires it.

INT. THE GREAT ROOM - DAY

The rugby boys all sit at a table, Alejandro at the very end. He stares off out the windows as it starts to drizzle outside, zoned out from the "engaging" conversation.

RUGBY BOYS

(interrupting each other)

No, no, he can't say he took that many shots-- say we saw him take five then-- dude, what if they ask for us to take polygraphs or some shit-- this isn't the fucking bureau, idiot.

CLOSE ON Alejandro's face - little emotion, hard to read.

INT. VIVIANNE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Vivienne welcomes her students to their afternoon class. But as the pupils entering dwindle she notices Lovella's seat in the far corner stays vacant.

INT. ACADEMIC BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vivienne exits her classroom and looks up and down the hallway in hopes of seeing a particular student running late... but no student comes.

She looks down at her silver watch and after another moment, reenters her classroom, shutting the door behind her - the show must go on.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - LOVELLA'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Lovella writes frantically at her cluttered desk, possessed with inspiration, and perfectly willing to act out of character and miss class.

A distant BUZZ interrupts her. With her door set wide open, the sound comes from further out in the hallway.

Her all consuming creative process suddenly stunted. She rolls her eyes in annoyance. She rises.

EXT. THOMASIN QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Lovella exits the building's front door to find a public safety officer waiting, holding a large envelope.

LOVELLA
Hello? Can I help you?

PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER
Are you Miss Ludvik?

LOVELLA
I am.

Saying nothing else, he hands over the envelope.

PUBLIC SAFETY OFFICER
Miss Ludvik, you've been served.

And with that, the officer walks away.

INT. THOMASIN QUAD 64 - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lovella enters and opens the envelope to pull out a stack of stapled papers. She reads to herself... when her face drops.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Two title nine officers sit on one side of a table while Lovella sits alone on the other.

INVESTIGATOR 1
I will now read his statement from
the initial report.

He takes a piece of paper out of the folder, begins...

INVESTIGATOR 1 (CONT'D)
On the night of September 7th in
Thomasin Quad 64, Lovella Ludvik
forced me to take shots of Vodka
against my will before proceeding
to violently beat me, mainly
striking me in the face and
genitals, holding me down and
cutting my left shoulder four times
with a serrated knife. Thank God, I
was able to fight her off and
escape through the first floor
window.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

A QUICK SHOT/FLASH of autumn leaves on the wooded floor rustling beautifully, dancing in the breeze.

The sound of frantic FOOTSTEPS nearby (off-camera).

CUT BACK TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

INVESTIGATOR 1

I have since tried cutting off all contact with Miss Ludvik, but she has been persistent in harassing and stalking me, threatening my life and the lives of my family members. I was the first boy to ever pay her any attention. I should have known someone as mentally ill as she is would get obsessive.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

QUICK SHOT/FLASH: HEAVY BREATHING. The condensation from this breath is visible in the cold night air. The side of Lovella's face comes into view, her hair bouncing against her back. The trees whiz by.

CUT BACK TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

INVESTIGATOR 1

Mrs. Ludvik is a sadistic predator who needs to be closely monitored by mental health professionals around the clock. I have been both physically and emotionally traumatized by this premeditated act of violence as I'm now scarred for life. For the safety of me and everyone else on campus, I ask for Miss Ludvik's immediate dismissal. I hope in time she's able to get the psychological help she so desperately needs.

Investigator 2 reaches for a 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. We ask that you review them at your own volition.

Investigator 2 pushes the folder towards Lovella. She promptly pushes it off the table. Papers fly everywhere. The investigators continue on, ignoring her poor behavior.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

QUICK SHOT/FLASH of Lovella's arms swinging, black fabric from her dress flailing by her ankles. She's running barefoot.

CUT BACK TO:

CONFERENCE ROOM

INVESTIGATOR 2

Also submitted into evidence are...

Investigator 2 is interrupted by a knocking at the conference room door. He sees an administrator through the door's small window, waves for them to come on inside.

The door opens. An administrator has escorted Vivienne to the conference room.

ADMINISTRATOR

This is Dr. Vivienne--

VIVIENNE

Vivienne Glaser. I'm Lovella's support counsel. I apologize for being late. I was given the wrong time.

She looks to Lovella (likely the cause of her tardiness) who's yet to acknowledge Vivienne's even present; spaced out is an understatement.

VIVIENNE (CONT'D)

May I sit in?

INVESTIGATOR 2

Uh, yes. Yes, sure.

Vivienne mouths "thank you" and enters. She rounds the conference table, stopping a moment to step around the papers strewn on the floor, and sits beside Lovella.

Investigator 2 sits and all resumes...

INVESTIGATOR 2 (CONT'D)

As I was saying, also submitted into evidence are four photos of Mr. Alvarez's left shoulder shot at all different angles and dated, capturing the healing process.

Investigator 1 holds up the four photographs one at a time before sliding them over to Vivienne who's given the opportunity to examine them up close herself.

CLOSE ON Vivienne's hand patting Lovella's knee - I'm here.

INVESTIGATOR 1

As this is an impartial investigation, Title Nine is required to give both parties the opportunity to defend their side of...

The investigator's words muffle, soon muting all together. Investigator 1's lips still move, but nothing is heard. We're now in Lovella's dissociative thoughts.

CLOSE ON her eyes fluttering open and closed as if drowsy.

CUT TO:

THE WOODS

FULL VIEW of...

Lovella running barefoot in a black gown through the woods, not necessarily frantic out of fear of what's chasing behind, but as if frantic in looking forward to the destination up ahead. Here, she's FREE FROM THE BURDENS OF REALITY.

We lose sight of her as she disappears into the black belly of the deep woods.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END