

# Violations

Written by

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"I would rather walk with a friend in the dark,  
than alone in the light."

- Helen Keller (1920)

"Hurt people, hurt people"

- Principal of Humphreys High School (1948)

**OVER BLACK**

Sounds of a quiet neighborhood. A faint lawnmower. A dog.

MAN (V.O.)  
...You can't tell?

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Give me a minute.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY**

WE CAN ONLY SEE --

The WOMAN (30s), objectively attractive, standing in the road in her athleisure. She has fun trying to recall something down memory lane.

WOMAN  
It's right there...

MAN (O.S.)  
Conestoga.

WOMAN  
Middle school? ... Yeah?

MAN (O.S.)  
Brad.

It doesn't register, but she fakes it.

WOMAN  
*Brad, of course.*

MAN (O.S.)  
Grimsby.

WOMAN  
Well, look at you.

MAN (O.S.)  
Well you too.

She giggles being nice. We continue to hold on her. It veers into uncomfortable.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...How's things?

WOMAN

Oh ya know. Married. Kids. If it's not one thing it's another.

MAN (O.S.)

You? You had kids -- You don't look it.

WOMAN

Well you certainly know how to make someone's day.

She smiles, flirtatious, but also hard to read.

Another uncomfortable moment.

MAN (O.S.)

You, uh... have it?

WOMAN

Oh yeah, of course.

We realize she's been holding onto something.

MAN (O.S.)

Thanks.

She hands over a piece of FOLDED PAPER and for the first time we get to see him. It's LIEUTENANT BRAD GRIMSBY.

Early 30s, he's tall, strong and attractive, with a badge of honor in the form of a scar above one eye. Non-threatening, even in his uniform.

WOMAN

Well how about you?

GRIMSBY

Ah nothing that exciting.

(then)

You have your license too?

WOMAN

Ya know, speaking of excitement and kids, I really should get home.

GRIMSBY

(firm)

Then... you're license.

WOMAN

Listen. That's the thing. I don't have my license. It expired and I just haven't had the time. To be transparent, I've got a few points already, nothing dangerous, but well one more thing...

He considers.

GRIMSBY

It's a slippery slope.  
(beat)  
I'm gonna have to call a tow. You better gather your stuff.

WOMAN

Please.

GRIMSBY

Ma'am.

She's getting more upset.

WOMAN

It's such a nice day.  
(desperate)  
Isn't there any way you could just... I don't know...

Her eyes well up.

He considers.

GRIMSBY

Well not usually... but seeing how we're old acquaintances.

Relieved she begins to breathe again.

WOMAN

Thank you --

He puts his hand on her face.

She can't move. Stunned. Confused.

He traces to her shirt now, the unimaginable. He lifts it out of the waistband of her leggings.

He uses his other hand to slip the registration paper down. She flinches, her breath held tight.

GRIMSBY

Don't worry.

*There's no way she's not fucking worrying right now.*

Finally, after what feels like an eternity, he lets go of it.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Just remember to take care of that  
when you can.

**INSIDE THE CAR**

She sits back, shaking. She looks in the mirror and tries to fix the makeup running down her face as her hand trembles.

Grimsby pauses at her window, takes in the wind, the trees.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

It was good to see you again.

OVER BLACK:

**SUPER: VIOLATIONS**

**INT. SUNNY ROOM - DAY**

A BEAUTIFUL FACE stares at the ceiling. She's on her back submerged in a down comforter with simple, artistic patterns. Natural light trickles down on her.

It's OLIVIA Caplan (18) with the natural look of a young Kate Middleton and the kind demeanor of a good friend.

The ceiling's divided with a skylight squarely above. We see that she's watching what feels like the same wind and trees.

Olivia smiles curiously then CHUCKLES.

EVAN (O.S.)

Shhhhh. Your parents'll hear us.

EVAN(18), has been cuddling her, but now seems concerned with the door. His attention is dragged back-

OLIVIA

Come hither.

They begin to make out like teenagers, blissfully in their own world until-

A BUMP in the hallway.

EVAN  
Shit. What was that?

They pause to see if anyone's coming. She notices the clock.  
It says 11:11.

OLIVIA  
(whispering)  
Eleven eleven!

They stare into each other's eyes, holding their breath and  
making a wish.

EVAN  
Why don't you ever say it?

OLIVIA  
What?

EVAN  
Come on.

OLIVIA  
I told you. It's bad luck to say "I  
love you".

EVAN  
Says who?

She smiles, like she's got a surprise.

OLIVIA  
I do have something to say...

### **IN THE HALLWAY**

A VOYEURISTIC POV of the bedroom door shows a wooden cutout

**O L I V I A**

The POV DRAWS IN CLOSER.

### **SUNNY ROOM**

Olivia holds up an Rx bottle.

OLIVIA  
I give you ... the pill.

EVAN  
What for?

OLIVIA  
(hitting him)  
Stupid.

EVAN  
But I thought you said --

OLIVIA  
I know I said.

He smiles uncomfortably.

EVAN  
Wait. So your parents know?

KNOCK.

OLIVIA  
Told 'em it was for acne.

EVAN  
They're gonna kill me.

Another KNOCK.

MAN (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Hello?

Evan literally FALLS off the futon bed.

OLIVIA  
Careful. We already broke it once!

Another LOUD KNOCK.

Evan's terrified. Olivia's still having fun when-

The DOOR OPENS and a TALL MAN with a large dust mask stands with a NAIL GUN in his hand. He's face-to-face with Evan.

The Man looks at Evan curiously, then peels off the mask. It's a regal MR. CAPLAN (45). He leans over to see Olivia on the bed.

MR. CAPLAN  
Upstairs bathroom's on the fritz.  
Wanted to warn you --



OLIVIA

Now?

MR. CAPLAN

Before we head out.

He eyes Evan.

EVAN

Mr. Caplan.

MR. CAPLAN

Evan.

EVAN

I'm not staying.

MR. CAPLAN

I know.

Olivia looks at him, *jeez, don't give him one of THOSE speeches.*

**INT./EXT. CAPLAN HOME - DAY**

Olivia hangs onto her boyfriend. They kiss one last time.

OLIVIA

Why can't I just snuggle with my hot boyfriend?

EVAN

What? No. They'd impale me if I ruined girls night.

OLIVIA

Is that painful?

She tries to look sinister. He CHUCKLES.

EVAN

Text good night?

OLIVIA

We're not going to bed.

He starts down the steps then calls over his shoulder.

EVAN

So I'm just the hot boyfriend?

OLIVIA

Go!

He smiles as he skips down the long driveway into the surrounding woods. Olivia drifts back in and closes the door.

From the outside, the Caplan's home is impressive. The neighbors' homes are either hedged in or far enough away to stay out of sight. The home stands isolated and eerily quiet.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Olivia's Mother MRS. CAPLAN (43), smart and cool like her daughter, sits at the breakfast island next to Olivia.

MR. CAPLAN

I like him.

Mr. Caplan, with the mask now on the top of his head, pours an electric kettle over tea.

MRS. CAPLAN

Did you have to use your nail gun?

MR. CAPLAN

No. It was for added effect. But he does stand up under pressure.

He settles at the table across from his wife. The three of them have their seats. Daily routine.

OLIVIA

What's that supposed to mean? Is this about my interviews?

MRS. CAPLAN

(to him)

You're awful.

(to her)

You can go to any school you want. You know that. I think it'd be good for you stay around here.

OLIVIA

...It's not too safe?

MRS. CAPLAN

What's wrong with safe?

Mr. Caplan lets out an EXASPERATED SIGH. They both look at him, *are you kidding?!*

MR. CAPLAN  
 No. I mean -- It's a better program  
 than half the Ivys.

MRS. CAPLAN  
 Exactly.

MR. CAPLAN  
 But I never left here. Not once.  
 High School. Same University. A  
 suit and a boss. Then a ring!

OFF Mrs. Caplan's stink face.

MR. CAPLAN (CONT'D)  
 And I regret it to this day.  
 (then)  
 I mean except the part about  
 meeting the most wonderful woman in  
 the world.

OLIVIA  
 You're so... extra.

MR. CAPLAN  
 What?

Olivia's phone CHIMES. She starts to reply as she walks away  
 for privacy.

OLIVIA  
 And you said you liked him!

She leaves her parents to smirk at each other like high  
 school sweethearts.

**INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Olivia sits on her phone. We don't see what's on the screen  
 but it's got her thinking, and we'll find out later.

The DOORBELL RINGS. She looks up stunned.

**INT. CAPLAN HOME FOYER - DAY**

Olivia's parents put on their coats. They have overnight bags  
 ready.

OLIVIA (O.S.)  
 I'll get it!

Olivia flies down the stairs.

MRS. CAPLAN  
Supposed to storm tonight.

Olivia swoops past and opens the door to ALI (18), spunky with a bodysuit that well ... shows her body.

ALI  
Hello.

She's holding a mixed bag of lewd party favors.

OLIVIA  
Little early?

MR. CAPLAN (O.S.)  
We're not buying any religion.

Mr. Caplan sneaks up behind Olivia.

ALI  
(seducing)  
Hi Mr. Caplan.

Olivia looks at her - *stop being a perv.*

She takes Ali's bags into the house and runs into her Mom who's less impressed.

MRS. CAPLAN  
*Liv.*

MR. CAPLAN  
Rather have em' have fun in here,  
than out there.

She considers arguing, but it's not worth it.

MRS. CAPLAN  
It's gonna storm-

OLIVIA  
Back-up breakers in the basement!

MR. CAPLAN  
And?

OLIVIA  
Flick right if it's night.

MRS. CAPLAN  
The Hendrickson's number's on the  
fridge.

OLIVIA  
Mom. I'll be fine!

Mrs. Caplan relents and follows her husband who's outside  
already. The door shuts leaving Ali and Olivia to each other.

ALI  
You're Dad's fucking hot.

OLIVIA  
Try world's biggest dork.

Ali drops her belongings. Olivia takes out an obscene  
cocktail straw and grimaces.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Ali and Olivia stroll through an affluent family  
neighborhood. They're completely alone.

Ali's absorbed with her phone. Olivia's in her head.

OLIVIA  
... Who are you gonna keep talking  
to?

ALI  
Huh?

OLIVIA  
At school, if we go away.

Ali hooks her arm in Olivia's. Pulls her in close.

ALI  
Don't worry. You'll be at my twenty-  
first. Vegas, of course. Wedding.  
First child. Second wedding.

OLIVIA  
Not your third?

ALI  
Kid or wedding?

They CHUCKLE.

Olivia feeling a little more comfortable, so she says what she's really been thinking about.

OLIVIA  
I invited Jessie.

An uncomfortable beat.

ALI  
Isn't she ...

OLIVIA  
Her school let out early.

Ali wants to say something, but doesn't.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
What. What is it?

ALI  
Nothing.

OLIVIA  
Common don't be a weirdo!

They stop under some trees swaying in the fall wind. Ali deliberates, but they've known each other too long ...

ALI  
It's just. You know how I say  
gossip's a corrosive evil.

OLIVIA  
(getting nervous)  
Yeah. So...?

ALI  
Well it's full rumor. But I heard  
that she got fresh with... Evan.

Olivia's chest gets heavy suddenly.

OLIVIA  
What? When?

ALI  
I don't know ... maybe a few  
summers ago.

OLIVIA  
No. He would have said something.

Ali, realizes she screwed up.

ALI  
Yeah, no totally. It's nothing.

OLIVIA  
It's nothing because it didn't  
happen.

She abruptly walks away. Ali follows her.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

The girls stand outside a suburban beer store, as AN OLD PERSON walks out of the store.

ALI  
Excuse me ... Sir?  
(notices the face)  
I mean ma'am.

That's not gonna work.

Olivia looks off into the distance.

ALI (CONT'D)  
Liv snap out of it!

OLIVIA  
What?

ALI  
Look. You two are fucking destined  
for each other. Totally in love.  
You said it yourself!  
(beat)  
You're the most amazing person on  
the planet.  
(tries again)  
A nice face and a nice ass. How  
unfair is that?!

WOOP! WOOP! A SIREN startles them.

A POLICE CRUISER stops in front of them. The window comes down. It's GRIMSBY hiding behind aviator shades.

GRIMSBY  
What are y'all doing out here?

ALI  
Just waiting for my alcoholic  
grandfather to show up. He's got  
Alzheimer's and went missing again.

GRIMSBY  
That funny to you?

ALI  
No. Mental health destroys  
families. Do you think it's funny?

Olivia tries to save this.

OLIVIA  
Something wrong?

He takes a long look around. *Fuck it, not worth it.* Starts up his engine and pulls away. He them in his rearview.

ALI  
Creepy.

OLIVIA  
You're gonna get us arrested.

ALI  
Hey. We're under eighteen.  
Nothing's permanent.

A naive, cute guy in a plaid shirt, PAUL (late 20s), comes out of the store. He BUMPS into Olivia.

PAUL  
Sorry.

He turns to leave.

OLIVIA  
Wait.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - BACK PARKING LOT - DAY**

Paul hands over a paper bag filled with four vodka bottles.

ALI  
Paul. You're amazing.

PAUL  
I was underage once.

OLIVIA  
You look fifteen.



ALI  
 (packing up the bottles)  
 You sure you don't want one?

PAUL  
 Nah. Drugs are my drug of choice.

Ali gives him a ravenous smile as they get ready to leave.

OLIVIA  
 Like what?

ALI  
 Liv!

OLIVIA  
 I'm sick of playing it safe.

He takes out some tin foil, dumps out five or six pills. Ali and Olivia watch curiously.

PAUL  
 Be careful, okay? Ya never know  
 what people'll do on this.

ALI  
 Sure thing, Dad.

PAUL  
 Let me know if you need anything  
 else.

ALI  
 Are you asking for my number?

Paul's uncomfortable, then Ali cracks a smile.

ALI (CONT'D)  
 Just fuckin' with you dude.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The two of them stroll back the way they came as the sun sets with a clouds in the sky... the calm before the storm.

**INT. UNKNOWN**

TIGHT ON A TELEVISION: Old footage from the 90s plays. A CAMERA FOLLOWS a couple POLICEMEN through a trash-filled front yard in the pitch black. They sweat buckets from humidity.

APPROACHING THE REAR DOOR.

POLICEMAN #1  
Dade county police! Open up. We  
have a warrant --

CRASH! The CAMERA TURNS TO --

A WOMAN (40s) half-dressed in a night gown climbing out of a window.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
AHHH!

PULL BACK TO:

**INT. DEN - NIGHT**

GWEN (18) an innocent and peckish girl looks like she just scared herself. Ali, engrossed in some trashy magazine only parents read, raises her head.

ALI  
(comforting)  
It's just a show.

GWEN  
A *reality* show.

The Caplan's home has been transformed. The lights are lower. AMBIENT MUSIC PLAYS in the background. The GIRLS sit on a few expensive couches, foot stools and random chairs.

Olivia is fixated, not on the show, but JESSIE (19) a funky and cool girl sitting cross legged.

JESSIE  
What would you do if they came for you?

BROOKE (18) a perfectionist with a perma-instagram look, puts down her very large drink.

BROOKE  
Wouldn't be caught dead wearing a sash like that.

ALI  
My worst nightmare is to have my vajayjay end up pixelized.

OLIVIA  
That's the worst thing?

ON THE TV: The Woman is caught trying to climb over a fence.

JESSIE  
Why's there always a fence?  
(A PIT BULL GROWLS)  
... oh.

BROOKE  
Hey. Bad decisions lead to good reruns. And besides I'm sure she deserved it.

ALI  
Easy for you to say. Your Dad would just bribe them.

GWEN  
How else do you think she got into Yale?

Brooke toasts the air with a hand covered in a treasure chest of BLING.

Olivia SIGHS about her own dilemma.

OLIVIA  
My parents are fighting over where I should go.

ON THE TV: The woman CRIES as she's dragged away.

BROOKE  
Just listen to the one with money.

JESSIE  
(standing up for Olivia)  
Her parents aren't divorced.

BROOKE  
Really? Jesus, and we're the ones who go to the same school.

Jessie doesn't know if that's funny or an insult.

ALI  
(to Brooke)  
When you actually go to school.

OLIVIA  
*Ali. Get off your phone.*

ALI  
 I'm reading something.  
 (then)  
 Okay. John Bender. Breakfast club,  
 obviously, or Jake Ryan, Sixteen  
 Candles?

The *only one* of the girls vaguely interested is GWEN.

GWEN  
 Jake's so pretty. My first, he's  
 gonna be like that. I'm a freshman.  
 He's a sophomore. Experienced but  
 not a player. We make out in his  
 literary club --

BROOKE  
 Jake's gay.

GWEN  
 It's better than ending up with a  
 cigarette in your eye.

BROOKE  
 I'd take army boots over loafers  
 any day.

ALI  
 I'd take 'em both.

They all look at her confused and mildly offended.

ALI (CONT'D)  
 Hot sex all night, crepes in the  
 morning.

GWEN  
Uh. Diseases?!

ALI  
 Ninety percent of us have  
 something. It's like modern chicken  
 pox.

GWEN  
 I was vaccinated.

Brooke CHUCKLES at her. Gwen misses the joke.

Jessie gets up to use the bathroom, Brooke catches her.

BROOKE

What about you? There must be tons  
of hot Benders in public school.

JESSIE

Oh, I dunno. I guess I'm not really  
looking for a hot bender.

Olivia tries to read her, paranoia setting in. Jessie heads  
down the hall. The rest of them go back into their own world.

Olivia spots JESSIE'S PHONE. She left it.

**INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

Olivia dodges into a room that looks like an office. She  
closes her door. Adrenaline running. She feverishly clicks  
through the phone and finds-

"EVAN" IN RECENT MESSAGES.

Confused, she hesitates and puts the phone down. But can't  
help it. She starts reading everything.

Her whole body shaking.

ALI (O.S.)

Hey. What's up?

Olivia, startles.

OLIVIA

You were right.

ALI

About what?

OLIVIA

Evan. And her.

Ali comes in close to her friend.

ALI

Liv, everyone's got a past.

OLIVIA

*It's not in the past.*

She hands her the phone. Ali reads.

ALI  
Shit.

OLIVIA  
Why? Why'd they?

ALI  
Fucking public school.

OLIVIA  
This isn't one of your dumb jokes!

Ali's hurt, tries to be supportive.

Olivia shakes her head. She's losing it, starting to tear up.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna kill him!

ALI  
How could she get him?

OLIVIA  
How? Look at her?! She's so fucking cool and shit.

ALI  
Calm down, it's okay-

OLIVIA  
Don't tell me to calm down! Okay?  
You're the one who knew.

Ali SIGHS. She can't say anything right and leaves.

Olivia reaches into her pocket.

The STASH of PILLS.

She clears a space on cabinet and dumps them out. She feels out of control, letting her pride get the worse of her...

A PLAN formulates in her mind.

#### **INT. DEN - LATER**

The girls sit around in silence holding their drinks.

#### **OUTSIDE**

An ominous and dark night.

A NEARLY NAKED GIRL DASHES UP TO THE FRONT DOOR!

Panicked and breathless, she SLAMS her hand against the door.

**IN THE DEN**

Brooke looks to Ali.

BROOKE  
You hear something?

They get up and...

**FOYER**

Ali leads the girls to the front door. A hand vigorously KNOCKS on the glass windowpane at the top of the door.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Help!

Ali puts her hand on the door. Hesitates, then opens it. It's Gwen in her unflattering, conservative underwear.

**BACK IN THE DEN**

She scrambles to cover her body with clothes.

ALI  
Whoa. Nice bottoms.

GWEN  
Screw you guys -- I almost got run over on a stupid dare!

Gwen pulls on her pants.

BROOKE  
Has a guy ever seen you naked?

Jessie, sits on the couch and stares into space. Something's not right about her.

JESSIE  
Wh-Who was it?

BROOKE  
Seriously. Are you wearing depends?

Olivia's focus is on Jessie. Her eyes burning.

OLIVIA  
 (under her breath)  
 I thought you were my friend.

JESSIE  
 (wobbling)  
 W-what do you mean?

OLIVIA  
 Why'd you fuck my boyfriend?

Jessie looks like she's been caught. Paralyzed in fear.

BROOKE  
 That's hilarious.

OLIVIA  
 Say something!

THE ROOM GOES SILENT.

They all stare at Jessie, in various states of confusion, waiting for her to speak until--

SLAM! She passes out face first in front of them.

**INT. CAPLAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Brooke's shuffling through drawers.

BROOKE  
 Found some.

She's got permanent markers in her hand.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

The girls stand around Jessie who's passed out in the middle of the garage. She's got nasty messages written on her skin -- "Hypocrite" "Your boyfriend's better than mine"

They take pictures and drink straight from the bottle of vodka.

GWEN  
 Do your parents look at your photos?

BROOKE  
 How old are you?



Ali puts her hand on Olivia.

ALI  
We done?

OLIVIA  
I just want to strangle her.

BROOKE  
Well, she wouldn't remember it, so  
maybe wait.

**INT. DEN - NIGHT**

They're back in the Den, but the vibe's totally shifted. It's dead in here. Ali holds a bottle up to see what's left.

GWEN  
I'll put on music. Something,  
upbeat.

BROOKE  
I was gonna start looking for a  
razor.  
(fake slits her throat)

Olivia lays on the couch beside Ali.

OLIVIA  
I'm an awful human being.

Ali lifts her arm and Olivia nuzzles in. The two of them, best friends, find comfort together.

ALI  
Sorry. I'm kind of pitty.

OLIVIA  
(half crying)  
Yeah you are.

The MUSIC STARTS and Brooke sways to it. Gwen watches her but then something catches her attention.

GWEN  
Is that the door?

Olivia, nearly asleep on Ali's lap, pops her eyes open.

**INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

Gwen peaks through the window to investigate.

GWEN  
It's some cute guy.

Olivia thinks, is it Evan?

So she checks for herself and promptly opens the door to PAUL with a bottle of alcohol.

OLIVIA  
How the hell'd you know where I lived?

PAUL  
I heard you ran out.

Paul gives an innocent grin.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Olivia stands across from Ali who shares the guilty grin.

OLIVIA  
You've been texting?!

GWEN  
It's girl's night.

BROOKE  
Unless you're stripping.

Paul just stands there. Ali's gotta tell him to go.

ALI  
Sorry, Paul.

PAUL  
Awww ... you're gonna ruin a young boy's dream?

OLIVIA  
You just look young.

He relents, but before leaving-

PAUL  
Let me see the girl at least.

The room gets quiet.

OLIVIA  
You told him?

ALI  
... It makes it more real doesn't  
it?

PAUL  
Then I'll go. I promise.

Olivia hesitates, then shakes her head.

OLIVIA  
After that, it's over.

They head towards the garage. Brooke snatches the alcohol from Paul when he walks by her.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

They step into the scene of the crime with Jessie in the same exact position. Still passed out.

PAUL  
(chuckling)  
Holy shit.

Olivia hesitates going into the room, upset by it all. Paul, less concerned, happily goes in to investigate.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You missed some spelling here.

Paul looks at it more closely. Ali holds out her phone to take a picture.

ALI  
Get in there.

PAUL  
Wait, is this incriminating?

ALI  
For who?

Paul slips and drops the bottle on Jessie's head! It CLANKS to the floor.

PAUL  
(to Jessie)  
Oh, Sorry!

Jessie rolls to the side but doesn't react at all.

Gwen looks surprised.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
What'd you do to her?

ALI  
Chill out. We gave her some  
(air quotes)  
"drugs are my drugs of choice."

PAUL  
How many?

Brooke SNARFS. She thinks it is hilarious.

ALI  
I -- uh --

Olivia comes deeper into the garage.

PAUL  
This isn't good.

Paul dives in and starts to check her out.

BROOKE  
Come on. We've all been there.

PAUL  
She's not breathing.

GWEN  
Oh my god.

BROOKE  
No fuckin' way.

ALI  
*He's messing with us guys.*

Olivia comes in close. She puts her face next to her mouth.  
Then pulls back in response.

OLIVIA  
Jess! Jessie! Wake up!!

She SHAKES her violently. Nothing. The entire room freaks out.

BROOKE  
What the hell?!

ALI  
Oh my god. Oh my god.

GWEN  
Do something!

OLIVIA  
Someone call 911. I don't have my  
phone.

Brooke's holding hers. She's too stunned to do anything.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Give it!

Brooke fumbles. Olivia grabs it and starts to dial --

ALI  
Wait. Olivia.

GWEN  
What?! Quick.

OLIVIA  
I am!

ALI  
We did this. OLIVIA! You realize  
what that means?

OLIVIA  
I don't care!

Ali grabs her arm with the phone.

ALI  
What about your parents? Or... you?  
You just got into Dartmouth!

GWEN  
So?!

BROOKE  
No she's right. We're fucked-

GWEN  
It was an accident.

ALI  
(Olivia)  
Look at her! Look at what we did!

They look at the humiliated body on the floor. It's awful.  
Writing all over.

Olivia paces frenetically dialing, but screwing up. She's a  
mess.

PAUL  
I know someone.

OLIVIA  
No. No.

PAUL  
He's got EMT training. He might be  
able to help. He'll know what to do  
at least.

They all stand around afraid to say anything.

ALI  
Call him.

OLIVIA  
Ali.

ALI  
What? It's our only option.

Sobbing she looks to her friends.

OLIVIA  
Gwen?

Gwen looks at her scared. She keeps her mouth shut.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The girls all sit around the breakfast table with Paul. It's  
a cold silence.

GWEN  
What were those?

PAUL  
What?

BROOKE  
(slow deliberate)  
Why'd you give them the pills, you  
rapist.

PAUL  
They practically begged me for it.

BROOKE  
I'm sure that'll hold up. Lemme  
just call my lawyer and check.

He looks like a shell of himself.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Ali's at the window.

ALI  
(surprised)  
There's a police car.

PAUL  
That's him.

**INT. FOYER - NIGHT**

Paul opens the door.

PAUL  
Thanks for coming.

Ali and Olivia are frozen like they've been caught, standing across from them is GRIMSBY.

GRIMSBY  
You all look like shit.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

Grimsby has a small bag with him. He takes out a mini mag light and an oxygen mask. He puts on plastic gloves and feels her wrist for a few seconds. The shines a light in her eyes.

GRIMSBY  
She hurt herself?

ALI  
(quiet and ashamed)  
Just... hit her head on the table.

He sticks two fingers deep into her mouth.

GRIMSBY  
You did the right thing. Contacting the authorities.

He wipes his hand on the side of her chin and SIGHS.

GWEN  
What? What is it?

GRIMSBY

Looks like she choked on her own  
vomit.

A collective GASP.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

It's not good.

GWEN

Oh my god.

He stands up slowly.

GRIMSBY

You know the parents?

ALI

Aren't you gonna use your mask?

BROOKE

Shit.

Ali pulls Grimsby by his shirt.

ALI

Why aren't you trying anything?!

(then)

Do something!

She HITS him.

GRIMSBY

Hey. Hey. HEY.

(beat)

If there *was* something, I'd done it  
already!

Frustrated, Ali lets go. Olivia slowly stands up.

OLIVIA

I know her parents.

**INT. DEN - NIGHT**

Gwen lays on her back with her head on Brooke's lap.

BROOKE

Hey kiddo.

GWEN

We're evil.



BROOKE

Look. We didn't do anything. We had no clue.

Gwen stares at the ceiling.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Olivia scrolls through numbers on her phone to find the parents. Grimsby takes off his gloves. Pours a glass of water.

Paul catches Ali's eyes, it triggers her to speak up.

ALI

You don't have to call them right away. I mean, every minute they don't know is a minute they get to have with their daughter alive.

Olivia taps her phone in concentration.

GRIMSBY

A shame. All these families destroyed.

BROOKE

You guys get off on this type of stuff?

GRIMSBY

This? No. Shittiest part of my job. Telling parents. I'd rather not at all.

Grimsby takes his gun out and puts it on the counter.

OLIVIA

We have to do this.

GRIMSBY

So let's have it.

ALI

Wait. How bad is it? For us.

GRIMSBY

Five.

BROOKE

Months? Fuck.

GRIMSBY  
 Years. Mandatory minimum. You'd see  
 every day inside of 5 years.

Olivia starts to hyperventilate.

ALI  
 (to Paul)  
 It's your fault!

Paul looks helpless.

GRIMSBY  
 It's no one's fault. It was an  
 accident.  
 (beat)  
 That's why it's only considered  
 manslaughter.

ALI  
 Only?!

GRIMSBY  
 I can go ahead and call it in. But  
 that's not gonna do anything for  
 your friend. She's gone. Nothing's  
 gonna change that.

OLIVIA  
 What then?

GRIMSBY  
 I mean ... another story is...  
 Your friend didn't make it here  
 tonight. She had an accident on her  
 way. Died quick. Painless.

The girls look at each other, this is insane.

ALI  
 Y-You'd do that?

GRIMSBY  
 I think I could do that for you.

But there's a catch. They all look sick.

**EXT. CAPLAN HOME - NIGHT**

Rain DRIZZLES down outside. THUNDER CRACKS in the distance. A  
 storm's brewing.

**INT. DEN - MINUTES LATER**

The girls are huddled up by themselves. The TV looms in the background. This time, they're the ones in the reality show.

They speak to each other in hushed voices.

GWEN  
What's he want?

ALI  
Probably just hang around and  
listen to his sob story.

BROOKE  
God.

GWEN  
You trust him?

Olivia's decidedly silent. She looks at her family pictures around the den. Ali takes a DEEP BREATH.

ALI  
Maybe he's just lonely. But he's a  
cop. What can he do?

BROOKE  
Fucking dicks in position of  
authority.

GWEN  
No, no way--

Gwen picks up her phone like she's gonna call someone.

ALI  
You wanna sleep on the floor  
tonight? Locked up?

GWEN  
They wouldn't.

BROOKE  
Shawshank Redemption.

ALI  
It's not funny.

BROOKE  
Hey! I didn't do anything.

ALI  
*Except draw on her dead body.*

The severity of it all hits Brooke for once. She crashes back in her seat, exhausted.

GWEN  
(to Olivia)  
You're being quiet.

OLIVIA  
Well.

It takes her time to answer.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I don't know.

GWEN  
What?

OLIVIA  
Yes. It's wrong... And it'll be hard to keep a secret. But, I mean... *my parents are gonna think they raised a murderer.*

GWEN  
We're not murderers.

But the girls are so sure. They look to Olivia to make the call.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Grimsby and Paul, stop talking to each other, to see the girls enter one by one.

Ali breaks the silence.

ALI  
(hesitant)  
Okay. We're... in.

GRIMSBY  
Alright. Let's have a beer then.

Paul can't look the girls in their eyes.

**INT. DEN - NIGHT**

The girls sit awkwardly on couches. Brooke and Ali have full beers in their hands. Paul sits across from them drinking a beer in silence.

Gwen looks at Olivia who just stares off blankly.

GWEN

I'm so sorry. Jessie...

Grimsby busts into the room with a DUFFLE BAG and sits down. Olivia eyes him suspicious.

He opens it and takes out a smaller black bag.

GRIMSBY

Okay. There's a few rules.

The girls are anxious.

He takes a sip from his beer and smiles.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

(to Paul)

Like a drinking game, right?

He tosses the bag to Gwen.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

First one is I get your cell phones.

THE GIRLS

What?!

GRIMSBY

You'll get 'em back first thing in the morning. I just need to make sure no one freaks out, has a change of heart.

GWEN

What if there's an emergency?

GRIMSBY

Well... there's me.

Reluctantly Gwen puts her phone in and passes the bag.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Rule number two. If anyone leaves or anyone comes in the house before morning the deal's off.

They shift uneasy.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Alright?

Grimsby gets up and puts on the stereo. DANCE MUSIC starts playing. He starts going through her parents CD collection.

Gwen turns to Olivia.

GWEN

(under her breath)

I'm scared.

Olivia doesn't know what to say.

Paul leans in towards Ali.

PAUL

Sorry. About your friend.

ALI

(re: Grimsby)

He's like cool right?

GRIMSBY (O.S.)

What is this crap?

Grimsby puts in a CD and CLASSIC ROCK starts playing.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Now that's what I'm talking about.

PAUL

Yeah. He just likes to blow off steam.

GRIMSBY

(Shouting to Brooke)

You know this one?!

He starts SINGING ALONG.

BROOKE

My parents probably would.

Gwen and Olivia sit quietly watching them.

GRIMSBY

(drunk to everyone)

Get up. Dance.

ALI  
*This is disgusting.*

Grimsby holds out his hand for Brooke.

GRIMSBY  
 Come on. I've put myself in a very  
 vulnerable position here.

Brooke SIGHS, then reluctantly stands.

BROOKE  
 (chugging a drink)  
 I'm gonna need this.

Olivia notices Grimsby takes off his police belt and stashes his gun in the back of his pants.

Paul looks at Ali. He holds out a bottle of hard liquor as a token of good will. She shakes her head no, then thinks "fuck it" and concedes to take a drink.

Grimsby spins in circles to the music.

GRIMSBY  
 Anyone smoke pot?

SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE NIGHT --

Grimsby gets progressively drunk, while Gwen and Olivia, still devastated, sit on the couch.

Grimsby smokes cigarettes with Brooke. A bottle of tequila comes out.

Ali and Paul get closer talking. Grimsby SMASHES an empty case of beer across the room.

The music and chaos crescendo.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Olivia stands by herself in the hall, contemplating her fate. A door OPENS and startles her. It's Ali coming out of the bathroom.

ALI  
 You okay?

They're alone.

OLIVIA  
This isn't right. We should call  
her family.

ALI  
For what?

Olivia starts tearing up.

OLIVIA  
(shaking her head)  
I can't help thinking about it, her  
parents don't even know right now.

ALI  
They'll be the first to know. When  
it's reported. And they'll never  
have to see... this.

OLIVIA  
I don't know. I don't know.

Ali hugs her.

ALI  
We're okay.

They split directions and Ali heads back to the Den.

#### **INT. DEN - NIGHT**

The CD player SPINS on 00:00:00. It's finished.

BROOKE  
Fuck. I can't listen to that song  
again.

GRIMSBY  
You just don't have an appreciation  
for real instruments.

BROOKE  
I've played piano for twelve years.

Grimsby makes a drunk face and throws himself onto the couch.

#### **INT. BATHROOM**

Olivia stares at herself in the mirror. Argues in her head.  
Finally, breaks the obsessive thoughts and washes her face.



**INT. DEN**

Grimsby close talks to Brooke.

GRIMSBY  
How old are you?

Brooke stares at him like a creep.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
I could just look it up.

BROOKE  
Bet you do that on all your first  
dates.

Grimsby pulls himself up. Thinks about it.

GRIMSBY  
Let's play a game.  
(looking around)  
Where's the little one?

GWEN  
Olivia?

GRIMSBY  
Yeah.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Olivia snoops around the kitchen and sees the Hendrickson's  
number on the fridge. Across the room, she spots --

THE LAND LINE.

She thinks about her parents. *Do the right thing.*

**INT. DEN**

The conversation continues...

GRIMSBY  
Can you get her?

BROOKE  
We heard you the first time. Let a  
girl pee.

GRIMSBY  
Get your fucking friend.

It's dead silent. The girls sober right up. Olivia stands by the door. They all stare at her.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
 We couldn't start without you.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The girls sit reluctantly at the kitchen table. Grimsby stands at one end. Paul at the other.

GRIMSBY  
 I don't know Paul, I feel like something's missing at this sleepover.  
 (then)  
 Like a humiliating game where we get to know each other.

ALI  
 We already played.

GRIMSBY  
 Not by my rules.

The girls fidget. They're frustrated. Olivia looks around intentionally. It's her house, she knows where things are.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
 I pick who goes. I pick the question.  
 (beat)  
 Tell the truth, turns over.  
 (beat)  
 Lie...

We notice his police belt on the counter.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
 Well, I dare you.

BROOKE  
 (mocking)  
 Ooooooo.

GRIMSBY  
 Our first volunteer.

ALI

What's with the fucking power trip?

GRIMSBY

When you're not born with it, you have to get creative.

BROOKE

*Uh, go.* I wanna sleep.

Grimsby turns his attention to her.

GRIMSBY

Okay. Since you're all "grown the fuck up." How about... how you lost your virginity.

Brooke's uncharacteristically reserved all of a sudden.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Come on. It's an easy one.

(beat)

Why so shy?

Gwen's completely offended.

BROOKE

Fine. Dan Darcy. My first real boyfriend. I was seventeen.

GRIMSBY

Dan the man.

Paul CHUCKLES uncomfortably. Grimsby circles them.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Now you all seem like a tight group.

GWEN

Since middle school. Why?

GRIMSBY

You've probably shared every little last detail.

ALI

What's your point?

He takes his gun from the belt.

BROOKE  
Jesus Christ!

GWEN  
Stop!

GRIMSBY  
Well. I wasn't there. Is she  
telling the truth?

He GRABS Olivia's arm.

OLIVIA  
What are you doing?! Let go!

GRIMSBY  
Was it Dan?

ALI  
Get off her!

GRIMSBY  
Don't lie to me. ... I'll shoot.

Gwen SCREAMS.

BROOKE  
He's not gonna kill her.

GRIMSBY  
You're right.

He lowers his gun to her leg.

GWEN  
GOD NO!

They're all freaked out. Ali hesitates until --

ALI  
Fine! It wasn't Dan! She's lying.  
She had sex with her step brother.  
She was fourteen.

Grimsby lets go of Olivia, who rubs her arm.

BROOKE  
You bitch!

ALI  
It's true.

Grimsby tucks his gun away, having fun.

GRIMSBY  
You didn't have to say anything!

ALI  
(to Grimsby)  
You're sick.

BROOKE  
You're the one who fucks the  
managers at Applebees.

Guys! OLIVIA ALI  
(to Brooke still)  
I don't work at Applebees you  
evil bitch.

BROOKE  
Whatever.

ALI  
At least I have a job!

OLIVIA  
*Stop it.*

Gwen STORMS OFF, she can't take it.

GRIMSBY  
I've never been to a sleepover, but  
this is seriously making up for it.  
(shifting to Brooke)  
Ready?

BROOKE  
For what?

An uncomfortable pause as Brooke tries to squirm her way out  
of it.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
I admitted it. I told you what  
happened.

GRIMSBY  
But you lied first.

Brooke looks at him terrified.

**INT. KITCHEN - COOKING STATION - NIGHT**

A burner IGNITES. The girls stands far back, as Grimsby hovers over the gas stove.

GRIMSBY

We learned this in the academy.  
Hold someone's hand in a flame for  
five seconds.

(beat)

You pick the person.

(beat)

If you can't hold 'em still. You  
have to do ten seconds yourself.

BROOKE

What the fuck? I'm not playing. I'm  
not picking someone.

GRIMSBY

Less work for me. I can call it in  
right now.

GWEN

Yes. Guys.

The girls huddle together, defiant.

GRIMSBY

How old are you? Eighteen? ...  
You'll be a smoked out felon in no  
time.

ALI

You'd like that!

They shiver in silence, until it's Olivia who speaks up.

OLIVIA

After this... the game's over?

GRIMSBY

Deal.

GWEN

Don't trust him.

OLIVIA

Brooke?

Brooke thinks about it.

BROOKE

Fine.  
 (deciding)  
 Ali.

ALI  
 What the hell!

GRIMSBY  
 Now we're talking. Hold her hand.

ALI  
 Brooke?! Come on!

Grimsby pulls on medical gloves and sets the stove timer.

BROOKE  
 You heard him. It's this or...

Ali looks for her friends support, but they're all scared.  
 Ali surrenders her arm to Brooke.

ALI  
 I'm doing this for Liv.  
 (to Brooke)  
 Not you and your fucking story.

Brooke nods, *let's get this over with.*

Grimsby watches the clock, he's giddy.

GRIMSBY  
 When it gets to five.  
 (then)  
 My skin's tingling.

They both watch the clock

9... 8... 7... 6... FIVE!

BROOKE SHOVES ALI'S HAND OVER THE FLAME.

ALI  
 AH! OW! It hurts! Please!

Brooke GRIPS tighter! BUT ON "2" --

ALI RIPS HER HAND AWAY.

ALI (CONT'D)  
 OWWW! FUCK! FUCK! That hurt a lot!!

BROOKE  
What the hell?!

GRIMSBY  
Oooo. So close.

Paul has a cold wet cloth he wraps around Ali's hand.

BROOKE  
Why'd you ... why'd you pull away?

ALI  
I couldn't. I'm sorry.

Olivia pushes Paul out of the way and helps Ali.

Eyes on Brooke, terrified and desperate.

BROOKE  
You're a shitty friend.

ALI  
Sorry. Maybe call your Dad?

GRIMSBY  
Okay. Reset the clock. Let's see  
what ten seconds does.

GWEN  
What?!

OLIVIA  
NO. She'll be scarred.

Grimsby nods and raises the eyebrow of his prominent scar  
above the eye.

BROOKE  
(to Paul)  
*Please. Don't let him do this.*

PAUL  
I uh ... uh ... maybe we shouldn't.

GRIMSBY  
Rules are rules. If we didn't have  
em, we'd be leaving our friends to  
die, locked in a cold garage.

Olivia looks sick.



BROOKE

I have money! My family --

GRIMSBY

(cruel)

*I don't want your money. I want  
your hand.*

Grimsby grabs Brooke. She panics, starts to thrash. The girls look on, helpless, as the timer goes down 13, 12, 11 --

Grimsby shoves it over the flame. Brooke SCREAMS! She begins to WRENCH in agony and flails her body around. 8, 7, 6 ...

OLIVIA

STOP!

Grimsby determined, sweat on his brow. Brooke WRITHES AND MOANS like a dying dog.

GRIMSBY

(calm)

There you go ... almost there.

Olivia can't take it anymore. She BUSTS IN AND GRABS HIS ARM! Digs her fingers into him and breaks Brooke free with only a few seconds left.

Brooke drops to the floor. She can barely BREATHE. In a frenzy, Olivia and Gwen grab her arm and force it under the water.

FLESH falls off like band-aids. She MOANS in pain. They try to pull off some of the bangles on her wrist. It takes more flesh off. She SCREAMS!

Gold pieces of jewelry CLINK into the sink mixed with blood.

**INT. DEN - MINUTES LATER**

Grimsby has his bag open. He pulls out medical tape and finishes wrapping a bandage around Brooke's hand.

GRIMSBY

I am truly sorry about that. You may not want to hear this, but adversity builds character.

Brooke lays there, defeated and devastatingly silent. The girls sit around in mourning.

Grimsby handles a small baggie of white powder. He mixes it in with some saline. The girls see him take out a syringe.

ALI

What the hell is that?

GRIMSBY

You don't want her feeling this  
when the vodka wears off. Trust me.

He blindly sticks the syringe in her arm, and scrapes up the extra powder on the table to sniff it.

**EXT. CAPLAN HOUSE - NIGHT**

The police car sits outside in an otherwise dark and isolated driveway.

**INT. GARAGE**

Jessie's body lies in the garage. Still covered in writing.

**INT. KITCHEN**

The remaining three girls sit around the kitchen table. They look into the den and see Grimsby and Paul carelessly move Brooke's body onto a couch.

ALI

(under her breath)

What do we do?

Olivia shakes her head. Gwen stares at the table.

GWEN

My grandmother's birthday is  
tomorrow. I don't want to show up  
with a charred face.

ALI

He's not gonna --

(stop herself)

We just have to make it till  
morning.

OLIVIA

No, she's right.

(to Gwen)

You shouldn't be here.

Ali looks at her confused.

ALI  
You heard what he said.

OLIVIA  
I don't care.  
(to Gwen)  
Walk to the street. Find someone  
with a phone and get picked up.

Gwen looks terrified at the prospect.

GWEN  
I don't want to go out there alone.

The girls all look at each other hesitant and on edge. The  
Guys start to head back towards the kitchen.

Olivia has plan.

OLIVIA  
Go to my parents' bedroom. There's  
a deadbolt. Don't come out until  
this is over.  
(turns to Ali)  
They can't say anything if we  
didn't leave right?

Gwen waits on Ali for consensus.

ALI  
Go, go.

She scrambles off, just before the guys come back.

GRIMSBY (O.S.)  
Well, she's having the best sleep  
of her life.

Through the door, Brooke is dead to the world.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Gwen rushes down the hallway. She checks each room as she  
goes by until she peers into --

**INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM**

The master bedroom is empty and well organized. She BURSTS in and shuts the door behind her. She locks the dead bolt.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Grimsby finds a few beers in the back of the fridge.

PAUL (O.S.)  
My arms are sore.

GRIMSBY  
You think she's worth her weight in gold?

ALI  
You can't treat people like this.

GRIMSBY  
Hear that Paul? Sounds like she's not your type. Hate to break the news.

Ali shakes her head in disgust. Grimsby joins them, slides a beer to his friend. The girls are stuck listening to him.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
I tell him to get out there and make small talk. He's just so damn shy.

(beat)  
When we met. Answering a noise complaint. He was so afraid he couldn't admit he was the one who called.

Paul, shy, just bears it, like he's heard this before.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
You've come a long way though.

OLIVIA  
Look. I don't know why you're here, but just tell us what's happening.

GRIMSBY  
I'm here because you called me.

OLIVIA  
(re: Brooke )  
She should be in the ER.

GRIMSBY  
And tell them about your little  
tortures book club?

ALI  
That was you!  
(standing up)  
Give me my phone back. I'm done.

Grimsby looms over her.

GRIMSBY  
Who do you think they'll believe?

We notices Grimsby's MEDICAL GLOVES. *Leave no prints.* Ali  
sits back down. Olivia tries to console her.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Your parents can pay for therapy.

OLIVIA  
(repeating Ali's words)  
We'll be okay.

Paul looks at them empathetic. Ali SNIFFLES.

GRIMSBY  
Paul you getting soft on me?

PAUL  
Where's the other one?

Grimsby can't believe it. He let his guard down. He hits  
himself in the face.

GRIMSBY  
Fuck!

He takes out his GUN.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
She leave?  
(then)  
Or just hiding?

He tries to read the girls, he's a cop after all.

ALI  
She left!

He shakes his head and looks around the house. He hands his  
GUN to Paul, who's uncomfortable and inexperienced.

GRIMSBY  
No she didn't.

Grimsby starts to leave but Olivia blocks him.

OLIVIA  
Leave her alone!

Paul STARTLES and trains the gun on them.

The girls are surprised.

GRIMSBY  
Make sure you don't lose them.

#### **INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Grimsby eases his way through the house. He peers at-

#### **THE DEN**

Empty bottles and cigarettes littered around. Remnants of the night. Brooke is passed out on the couch. But no Gwen.

#### **THE HALLWAY**

Continuing down, he spots the stairs and FLICKS on the lights. Meanwhile...

#### **KITCHEN**

Paul sits nervously. He TAPS the gun on his leg.

Olivia and Ali sit across from him, enduring every grueling minute. Olivia wants to do something.

Paul spots a half-full six pack of bottles.

PAUL  
Want any?

They both stare at him like *what the fuck?*

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Grimsby lurches down the hall and pushes open a door.

#### **UPSTAIRS BATHROOM**

It's empty. Some plastic sheets and a toolbox from where Olivia's Dad was working.

Next he checks-

#### **OLIVIA'S BEDROOM**

Also empty.

#### **BACK IN THE KITCHEN**

Paul takes the beer and tries to twist off the cap with one hand. Fails.

#### **HALLWAY**

Grimsby stands at the parent's bedroom door. He tries it but the deadbolt's locked. So he lightly TAPS with a finger.

#### **KITCHEN**

Paul uses both hands to try to open the bottle. It's not a twist off. Olivia watches the gun, now resting on his knee.

PAUL  
You don't have a bottle opener  
handy?

She nods to one side of the kitchen.

Paul puts his hand back on the gun and sees utensils on the wall.

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

He TAPS on the door again.

GRIMSBY  
Your friend. She needs help. I - I  
messed up.  
(beat)  
We're gonna take her to the  
hospital. They need your help.

Silence.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

Finally...

GWEN (O.S.)  
... Why don't they get me?

GRIMSBY  
They're taking her outside. Right now. You can see.  
(beat)  
Look. It's been a terrible night...

The door UNLOCKS.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
I just didn't want anyone else hurt.

GRIMSBY pushes into-

#### **PARENT'S BEDROOM**

Gwen backs up. It's formal and nice. There's a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Caplan.

GWEN  
Let's go.

GRIMSBY  
Like I said. Your friends need your help.

Gwen, seeing the look in his eyes, makes a break for it until Grimsby grabs her and COVERS HER MOUTH.

#### **KITCHEN**

There's a RUMBLE in the room above them. Olivia and Ali look to the ceiling apprehensive.

Paul shuffles with a utensil that's a corkscrew on one end, a bottle opener on the other.

OLIVIA  
We won't tell anyone. I promise.

Paul POPS the top off his beer.

ALI  
Paul. We're not fucking around.



OLIVIA  
We just want to make sure she's  
alright.

PAUL  
... That's against the rules.

OLIVIA  
*What rules?*

He stops himself from answering. Olivia and Ali even more  
anxious.

### **BEDROOM**

Gwen sits trembling on the end of the bed. Grimsby kneels  
down. He puts the hair behind her face.

GRIMSBY  
No one ever really recovers from  
prison. A ghost of your former  
self. I know.

Grimsby's clearly been in Jail, a ghost of himself.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Your friends, they'll go away for a  
long time.

GWEN  
No... please...

He holds her hair in his hand. She TREMBLES.

GRIMSBY  
Don't worry.

He grabs her arm.

GWEN  
HELP!

He bullies her to the bed her clothes make a RIPPING SOUND.

But Gwen miraculously KICKS Grimsby in the face-

GRIMSBY  
AHHH!!

And he falls to the floor.

**KITCHEN**

A LOUD NOISE shakes from above. Ali stands up and starts approaching Paul.

Olivia watches the gun intently.

ALI  
You're in deep shit.

PAUL  
We can't leave. No one can.

He says like a doomed fate.

ALI  
What?

PAUL  
She cheated on me. My wife. She  
deserved it.

OLIVIA  
(calm)  
What did he do?

PAUL  
I tried to blame him. But he made  
me see it was right.

A LARGE CRASH from above. All three of them look up. They're all fixated on the ceiling. Even Paul is curious until--

THUNK! Olivia sticks the wine opener in paul's shoulder. He SCREAMS!

In a rush, Ali reaches for the gun but it KNOCKS across the table. Olivia watches it fall to the floor on the other side of the room.

OLIVIA  
*Gwen.*

Paul WRITHES in pain as they take off out of the kitchen.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

The girls BOLT down the hallway. They peak in each room along the way. All empty. Olivia tries her parents' door. It's locked.

ALI

Shit!

Olivia reaches above the door and grasps a hidden bobby pin. She jams it in the keyhole. CLICK! They push through to --

**PARENT'S BEDROOM**

It's empty and silent except for the white noise of WATER STREAMING. It draws their attention to the half-opened bathroom door.

OLIVIA

(softly)

Gwen... ?

They notice pictures fallen and an open dresser with clothes spilling out. Olivia cautiously walks past the bed towards the STREAMING WATER.

They reach the bathroom door. Olivia slowly begins to peak her head inside to get a look when Ali GASPS.

Olivia turns to see Gwen unconscious on the floor.

ALI

Oh my god --

They rush down to check on her.

The bathroom door SWINGS OPEN and Grimsby stands there. USED SYRINGE on the floor.

OLIVIA

What did you do?!

Unaffected, he dries his face with a towel.

GRIMSBY

Sorry are these hand towels? I always make that mistake.

Olivia, in a moment of inspiration SLAMS the door to the bathroom into Grimsby's face!!

He drops to the ground.

OLIVIA

Go!

The girls seize their window of opportunity! They drag Gwen across the room and out the door-

BUT Paul stands in the way, the gun trembling by his side.

GRIMSBY (O.S.)

Go where?

They turn around to see Grimsby's sinister face with a bloody, broken nose.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

It's not even light out.

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. DEN - NIGHT**

Rain PATTERS HEAVY outside.

Brooke lays in the same position on the couch. Gwen, now also incapacitated, lies across the room.

**INT. KITCHEN**

The gun sits on the middle of the table. Grimsby and Paul sit across from Ali and Olivia like some twisted double date.

Grimsby's face is covered with dried up blood. He takes a steak knife and cuts into some homemade food.

GRIMSBY

Not hungry?

The girls look at him blankly.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Mmm hmm. This is some damn good leftovers. I usually don't like the microwave. Causes cancer and whatnot. But your mom's doing something special here. What is that Cilantro?

Paul hasn't touched his meal.

OLIVIA

You said we'd be free by morning.

GRIMSBY

I still stand by that. I'm a man of my word, aren't I?

(nothing from Paul)

Besides, I have to give you something to shoot for. Desire's part of human nature. Right Paul?

He nods this time.

But still, no one talks. Grimsby SIGHS.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Truth.

He raises his knife to his bloody face.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Are scars sexy?

The girls don't know what to say.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

On the one hand. You say no, and it's like hello-

(pointing to Olivia)

Someone just fucked up my face.

He's the only one who finds it funny.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

But you say yes ... well. Maybe we'll make you a little sexier.  
(carves into the air)

OLIVIA

Your face was already messed up.

Grimsby BURSTS OUT with a disproportionate LAUGH.

ALI

You're not gonna get away with this.

Grimsby ignores her.

ALI (CONT'D)

You can't just go around sticking your dirty fangles places-

GRIMSBY

Dirty? I'm clean. Anal retentive. You see my cruiser?

(MORE)

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Could eat off the dash.  
(chews more)  
Michelle always said that.

ALI  
Who's that? You're ex-wife?

GRIMSBY  
(looks at Paul)  
Not mine.

Paul shifts a bit in his seat, looks defensive.

OLIVIA  
What happened to her?

PAUL  
Uh -- Don't --

GRIMSBY  
Tell you what, Paul. First off. You  
said yourself it's the best thing  
that's ever happened to you.

Olivia and Ali get a sinking feeling.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
And we definitely didn't want to  
see what her hyena bastard kid  
woulda' looked like.

Olivia panicked, looks for an escape route.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Second, I'm gonna make it up to  
you.  
(looks at Ali)  
Well she's gonna make it up to you.

ALI  
You're wrong. He's not like you.

They all look at Paul. He's caught between them.

ALI (CONT'D)  
(worried now)  
Paul? Tell him he-he's insane. Say  
something.

He thinks about it then gives her a nod. She's right. He  
gently puts his hand on hers. They have a moment.

PAUL

You don't want to make him upset.

Grimsby smiles.

ALI

NOOOOO!

A CRACK OF THUNDER AND THE LIGHTS GO OFF!

TOTAL DARKNESS, no one's eyes adjusted.

GRIMSBY (O.S.)

Shit.

PAUL (O.S.)

What happened?

GRIMSBY (O.S.)

Everyone stay calm.

But Olivia doesn't hesitate. She grabs a glass and throws it at Grimsby's face - SMASH!

Ali shoves the plate of food off the table onto Paul. They hop off the stools and make a break for it.

#### **HALLWAY**

They know the house better and dash down the hallway. A few yards in they hit the front door and IT SLAMS OPEN.

#### **EXT. CAPLAN HOME**

Rain POURS down. Ali starts to take off.

OLIVIA

Wait!

She turns around.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Go for help. I can't leave them here.

ALI

I'll stay.

OLIVIA

No... Run.

Ali realizes they don't have time.

ALI

Be safe. I love you.

OLIVIA

Me too.

Ali SPLASHES down the driveway.

Olivia, instead of going back inside, ducks into the rain another way, she's on a mission.

#### **KITCHEN**

A mag light FLICKS ON. Grimsby shines it around the room and spots the open door.

#### **EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE**

Olivia slinks against house. The rain POURS HARD. A beam of light cuts through. It's from inside a window!

She ducks. Then peeks in to see them searching the house.

#### **INT. HALLWAY**

Grimsby and Paul head down the hall, shining the mag light into rooms along the way.

#### **EXT. BACK OF HOUSE**

Olivia, soaking wet, makes it to the back door. She bends down and turns over a rock. It's fake. She slides it open to find a key.

#### **INT. FOYER**

Grimsby shines the light into the yard and down the driveway. He turns around and lights up Paul's face.

GRIMSBY

I'll track 'em.

He hands Paul the MAG LIGHT.



GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Make sure no one else runs.

**INT. BACK OFFICE**

Olivia creeps her way through the room. She sees a land line. Picks it up. Nothings. It's dead. *Shit the power.*

**HALLWAY**

She peers down the hall and slowly makes her way to the kitchen. Nobody's there.

Olivia spots the entrance to the Den and is about to go in until a beam of light cuts across the room. She HOLDS HER BREATH and retreats.

The light continues to explore and moves across the room.

PAUL (O.S.)  
(scared)  
Hey. Watch out...

Paul shuts off his light. Olivia tries to see him, but it's too dark.

She feels her way around. The floor CREAKS and the flashlight turns on again!

It hits just above her.

She closes her eyes. She's trapped. Doesn't know what to do. Then her eyes pop open.

**EXT. BOTTOM OF DRIVEWAY**

Ali arrives at a road, out of breath. She looks in both directions. Pitch black. She picks one way and runs for it.

**FRONT OF HOUSE**

The RAIN PATTERS down with nothing around. Then from out of the darkness... the tail lights of the CRUISER turn on.

**THE ROAD**

Ali slows to a jog. She's PANTING. Suddenly, A shaft of light peaks over the horizon. Car lights come towards her in the distance.

She waves her hands frantically.

ALI  
Help! Help!

**INT. KITCHEN**

Paul cautiously peers under the table. THUNDER BOOMS OUTSIDE. Then something RATTLES upstairs. He looks up.

**EXT. ROAD**

The headlights close in on Ali. It's a FAMILY CAR here to save her! She cracks a smile between her tears.

ALI  
Over here! Over here!

She waits in the middle of the road. When she notices...

FLASHING LIGHTS reflecting off the ground. *Where are they coming from?*

A rhythmic ENGINE SOUND starts to run louder until --

ZOOOOOOOM!

The CRUISER flies past her towards the family car.

ALI (CONT'D)  
No! Nooo!

**INT. HALLWAY**

Olivia navigates to a door. She opens it to pitch blackness inside.

**THE ROOM**

There's nothing to light the way. Olivia guides herself along the wall.

**HALLWAY**

Paul rushes down the hallway. He sees a door partially open.

**INSIDE THE ROOM**

Paul BURSTS OPEN the door. He shines his flashlight around. It's a bedroom. She's not there.

The window's open and blinds are SLAMMING against each other from the storm. *It must have been the NOISE.*

**EXT. ROAD**

Lights flash in the distance. Ali watches the cars ease to a stop. The CRUISER parks across to block the oncoming vehicle.

**INT. ROOM**

All is dark. Olivia BREATHES HEAVY.

OLIVIA  
Come on. COME ON.

Then MECHANICAL SOUNDS. FLICK. FLICK. FLICK.

*Flick right if it's night.*

**BATHROOM**

ZAP the lights go on.

**DEN**

ZAP the lights go on. The CD player WHIRS UP.

**UPSTAIRS ROOM**

Paul SLAMS shut the window. ZAP. The lights go on. He looks around confused and anxious. He's in Olivia's bedroom.

He promptly turns off the mag light and hurries to the door.

**BASEMENT**

The lights go on. The BACKUP GENERATOR HUMS. Olivia rushes out of the basement.

**EXT. ROAD**

Grimsby stands a few feet from the cruiser. He's joined by AN OLD MAN huddled under a rain jacket.

GRIMSBY

Sorry. Got some debris on the road.  
Hasn't cleared yet.

Ali watches from far away.

ALI

No. No. No!

But Grimsby and The Old Man are too far to hear her.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Olivia bursts out from the basement rushes down the hall.

A beat.

Paul descends the stairs into the same hallway.

**INT. CRUISER**

Grimsby barrels down the road towards Ali. In the distance, he sees her run off the road into the woods.

**INT. KITCHEN**

Olivia goes for the land line and IT'S BEEN RIPPED OUT OF THE WALL. Panicked she makes the quick decision to head to-

**THE DEN**

Olivia finds her unconscious friends. She shakes them.

OLIVIA

Wake up. Wake up!

They don't respond, so she puts her hands under Gwen's arms and tries to drag her.

PAUL (O.S.)

Don't...

OLIVIA

It's over. She already went for help.

Paul holds his mag light firmly. He looks over his shoulder at the door, open to the outside.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Can you just... help... you still have a chance...

She struggles lifting Brooke. Paul slowly walks towards her.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

PAUL

We should ask him first.

He bends down to help her but hesitates.

OLIVIA

We're supposed to wait for him.

Paul grabs Brooke underneath the arms and they start to drag her when --

Olivia spots something behind him. It's Ali. She's drenched but glad to see her.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

(tentative)

Ali?

Ali's demeanor shifts.

ALI

Sorry.

OLIVIA

No. No.

Grimsby pulls himself through the door. Equally drenched. His clothes a mess. The rain's opened the scabs on his nose.

GRIMSBY

What the hell are you doing Paul?

Ali runs over and hugs Olivia.

PAUL  
I, uh, well --

GRIMSBY  
Take her upstairs.

OLIVIA  
What?!

ALI  
No!

Grimsby has his gun and looks not afraid to use it.

GRIMSBY  
We gotta split 'em up so they don't  
try something else. We're almost  
there. Don't go losing your shit.  
(aiming his weapon)  
NOW.

**INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM ROOM - NIGHT**

Ali's got her back against the wall. Paul sits on the bed, staring at the wall. They're alone.

ALI  
Paul, please. I know you're a good  
person.  
(beat)  
Paul?

**INT. KITCHEN**

Grimsby taps his gun on the chair in front of Olivia. He stares deep into her eyes.

GRIMSBY  
I knew you were different... When I  
saw you two. Standing outside  
there.

Disgusted, she tries to shake it off.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
If I was younger, I'd be trouble.  
You'd break every one of your  
parents rules.

OLIVIA

Well you're old and forgettable. So good thing I don't have that problem.

GRIMSBY

... We never got to play a game together.

She looks at the floor feeling sick. Blood DRIPS onto the table from his face. They both see it.

His WALKIE CHIRPS.

WALKIE (O.S.)

There's a 504 stopped out on Waterloo.

He holds out his finger to keep Olivia quiet and presses his walkie.

GRIMSBY

All taken care of. Thanks for keeping watch.

WALKIE (O.S.)

Can you fire it in from your vehicle. Lots of noise on the wire tonight. The storm and all.

He SIGHS.

GRIMSBY

Copy.

Grimsby turns back to Olivia and grips his weapon.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

In case you get courageous.

(then)

I'll make sure none of your friends made it here. Real tragedy.

## BEDROOM

Ali, now right in front of Paul, her eyes welled up.

PAUL

Don't cry.

ALI

Let's just get out of here.

Paul looks like that innocent cute guy from the liquor store, what feels like ages ago now. He's actually hurt.

PAUL  
I thought you liked me?

She gulps and has to fake it.

ALI  
I do... But he isn't right.  
(then)  
He--He's gonna put us in jail ...  
or worse.

### KITCHEN

Olivia sits, antsy. Thinking of what to do until a CHIME goes off. IT'S A MESSAGE. She looks up at the clock.

The time is 11:11.

She springs up and starts checking drawers. Nothing. Nothing. Then the knife drawer. She grabs a butcher knife.

CHIME! This time her eyes catch GRIMSBY'S LITTLE BLACK BAG stuffed into a cabinet.

### BEDROOM

Paul moves in closer. She's on the verge of major tears.

ALI  
He's not your friend.

PAUL  
Like you know about friends.

*Something's there, we just don't know what yet...*

ALI  
...But he took your wife.

Paul draws back.

PAUL  
He didn't kill...

ALI  
H-he didn't?



PAUL  
 No of course not.  
 (long beat)  
 I did.

*NO FUCKING WAY.*

She tries to make a break for it and they entangle-

### **KITCHEN**

Olivia finds her phone in the bag. Sure enough, she reads the message from EVAN -

**11:11 I love you.**

She puts the knife down and starts to type back. Sweat runs down her arm onto her trembling fingers.

### **BEDROOM**

Paul wrestles with Ali. He's got her wrists in his grip.

PAUL  
 (struggling)  
 I'm not trying to hurt you.

Ali, overpowered, WHIMPERS as she desperately tries to pull away. Paul let's go with his right hand to grab something.

Seeing the opportunity, ALI SMACKS HIM IN THE FACE WITH HER FREE HAND.

Paul counters by SLAMMING her wrist against the bedpost.

ALI  
 Owwww!

He brings his other hand back to reveal a ZIP TIE. Paul uses his body weight against her. Keeps her down. And wraps the tie around her thin wrist and the bed post.

ZZZZWWWIP!

### **KITCHEN**

Olivia frantically messages until -- PING! It's sent. She breathes out a sigh of relief.

GRIMSBY (O.S.)  
Kids and their fucking phones.

OLIVIA  
I -- I didn't call anyone.

Grimsby moves in the door.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
My b-boyfriend. He would have  
thought it was suspicious. We  
always text --

He snatches the phone out of her hand. She stands there  
terrified.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I--I didn't say anything.

CHIME. He looks down and reads the message. In a moment of  
anger, he SMASHES the cell phone on the kitchen floor.

GRIMSBY  
Everyone breaks the fucking rules.

He raises his palm with all his might and swings at her but --  
OLIVIA STABS THE KNIFE INTO HIS HAND!!

Grimsby's shocked as he stares at the knife pierced through.

Not missing a beat, Olivia SLAMS THE ELECTRIC KETTLE against  
his face and takes off in the other direction.

#### **BEDROOM**

Ali FLAILS in bed with Paul's weight on top of her. She's  
still got one hand free, and squirms to kick him.

ALI  
Let me go!

Paul uses his hand to unwrap tin foil with a handful of  
pills. THE PILLS THAT TOOK JESSIE.

#### **THE DEN**

Olivia passes by and spots the girls on the couch. They're  
still dead weight. *Fuck, she keeps running.*

Grimsby SCREAMS in the kitchen.

**BEDROOM**

Paul shoves the pills into Ali's mouth and covers it. She squirms and WHIMPERS. It's horrific.

PAUL  
Come on. Come on.

**KITCHEN**

Grimsby slowly pulls the knife out of his hand.

GRIMSBY  
ARRRRRGH!

Blood SPRAYS all over the counter.

**BEDROOM**

Ali flails her free hand around on the night stand. KNOCKS into things. She tries to grab something, anything.

Paul bears down even more.

Ali grips a framed picture of Mr. and Mrs. Caplan and -- SMASHES IT ON PAUL'S FACE. Glass SHATTERS everywhere! He shuts his eyes to keep from going blind!

**FOYER**

Olivia opens the door to a heavy rainstorm. It's worse than before. She's about to bolt out when --

ALI (O.S.)  
Help!!! PLEASE!!! SOMEONE!!

Olivia hesitates, run to freedom or save her friend, she can't do both.

**BEDROOM**

Paul picks a small pieces of glass out of his face, while keeping his weight on her with the other.

**KITCHEN**

Grimsby's gun lies on the table. The counter's a bloody mess. He ties a cloth towel around his hand and GRIPS it in pain.

**BEDROOM**

Ali flounders like the life is being suffocated out of her.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Stop!

Paul freezes but doesn't let go.

PAUL

*Stay back.*

Olivia feels like Ali's life is in her hands.

OLIVIA

This wasn't part of the deal. He said. There's rules.

PAUL

But she...

OLIVIA

Let her go.

He looks down at Ali and finally starts to release his might. Ali struggles to BREATHE and COUGHS up a mix of pills and mucous.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Get back.

PAUL

Alright. Alright.

He raises his hands in surrender. Ali slumps WHEEZING.

Paul catches his own breath, then turns to Olivia.

PAUL (CONT'D)

She set you up.

OLIVIA

What?

IN AN INSTANT --

Ali SLASHES a piece of broken glass across the side of Paul's head!!

His eyes lock on Olivia as blood SPURTS like a sprinkler! He grabs his neck and DROPS to the floor!

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Jesus.

ALI

He -- he was trying to kill me.

Olivia's frozen.

ALI (CONT'D)

He killed his own wife. He told me!

She deliberates.

ALI (CONT'D)

*Come on, Liv. It's me.*

OLIVIA

We gotta get out of here.

She races over and tries to break the zip tie. First with her fingers. Then bites into the plastic.

Ali stares at Paul as blood PULSES out from under his hand.

SNAP! Olivia's got it. Ali hugs Olivia spontaneously.

ALI

Liv...

It's Grimsby, soaked in his own blood. They tense up, about to fight their way out.

But AN AWFUL GURGLING draws his attention from them.

GRIMSBY

Paul?

Paul's white as a ghost. In a pool of blood. Lethargic.

PAUL

I -- I think I should go to the hospital.

Blood SPITS out of his mouth when he talks.

OLIVIA  
He's gonna die if you don't call  
someone.

GRIMSBY  
And who's fault is that?

Grimsby bends down in the pool of blood.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Easy buddy.

He takes Paul's hand away and checks the wound underneath.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Fuck. Give me the sheet. From the  
bed. NOW.

Olivia and Ali strip the sheet off the bed. He rolls it up  
and presses it against Paul's wound.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Get the hell back.

Visibly upset, Grimsby whispers in Paul's ear.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
You're strong. Hang in there. Okay?  
(to the girls)  
You really fucked this up.

He turns to Paul who stares back with sorrowed eyes.

PAUL  
(faint)  
I-I'm sorry.

GRIMSBY  
(gently)  
It's okay. It's okay.

PAUL  
I screwed up.

GRIMSBY  
No. No. You were great.

Paul manages to crack a smile.

PAUL  
I was. I was great wasn't I --

BLAM!

Half of Paul's face EXPLODES OFF!!

The girls cover their heads. Grimsby's got the gun pushed against the sheet. That's what he needed it for. To muffle the shot.

They all look devastated, covered in various degrees of carnage.

Grimsby shakes his head, he didn't want to do that.

GRIMSBY

He never had a chance.

SERIES OF SHOTS as Grimsby directs them to clean up the scene.

Ali runs water into a bucket. Olivia grabs random products below the sink. Towels drench the floor.

The girls wrap Paul in blankets. They all lift Paul's body. Grimsby on one end, the girls on the other.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

**EXT. CAPLAN HOME - NIGHT**

Grimsby stands outside next to his cruiser. The trunk's wide open. Inside sits Paul's carpeted body. And what looks like ANOTHER BODY, if we're clever enough to catch it.

He SLAMS the trunk.

He notices the neighbors about a hundred yards off. He squints. The lights are still off so he lights a cigarette.

**INT. BASEMENT**

Ali, worse for wear, sits on the floor. She watches Olivia sift through the shelves in the basement.

It's uncomfortably silent.

ALI

What are you doing?

OLIVIA

Looking for something to maim him.

ALI  
He's a cop.

OLIVIA  
So?

ALI  
He knows what he's doing. *We don't.*

Olivia picks up a screwdriver.

OLIVIA  
Speak for yourself. My Dad taught me a few things. He was actually around.

She throws the screwdriver down in favor of a tire iron.

ALI  
Liv? ... what is it?

OLIVIA  
Nothing.

ALI  
What?

Olivia heads around a metal storage locker.

OLIVIA  
Seriously. What happened to make you such a nasty person?

ALI  
Stop it. What are you doing?

Finally Olivia faces her.

OLIVIA  
What did he mean?

ALI  
(defensive)  
Nothing. He's a psychopath.

OLIVIA  
*She set you up?*

ALI  
He-he doesn't know what he's talking about.



OLIVIA  
I should have known. *Just out of  
the blue?*

ALI  
What?

OLIVIA  
(recounting)  
You hear about Evan? He cheated on  
you.

ALI  
(stumbling)  
It -- I -- uh --

OLIVIA  
What exactly did you hear?

Ali begins to defend herself, but gives up. She looks awful  
and starts tear up.

ALI  
You're my best friend. I'm s-so  
sorry.

Olivia shakes her head, she can't believe it.

ALI (CONT'D)  
I try to be more like you. A better  
person.  
(beat)  
But the way you talked about her.  
It was like ... we didn't even  
matter.

OLIVIA  
What did you do?

ALI  
Nothing.

Ali starts to sob. She can barely answer. Olivia gets right  
up in her face.

OLIVIA  
I read it. On her phone.

ALI  
I m-made it up.

OLIVIA  
Made what up?

ALI  
 All of it... I pretended to be some  
 guy named Evan. Started texting  
 her. It was a joke --

Olivia GASPS, devastated.

ALI (CONT'D)  
 (hysterical)  
 I'm sorry.

OLIVIA  
Our friend is dead.  
 (then)  
 And so are we probably.

Ali SOBS.

**EXT. CAPLAN HOME**

Grimsby extinguishes his cigarette. He taps the hood of his  
 cruiser. Thinks about what to do.

**INT. BASEMENT**

The door swings open. It's silent. He peers downstairs and  
 doesn't see anyone.

He descends and turns the corner to see Ali sitting on one  
 end of the room. Olivia stands as far away as she can.

GRIMSBY  
 Alright. Ready? I need both of you.

They stand still. He turns around then --

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
 And leave the crow bar.

**INT. KITCHEN**

They're back at the kitchen table. Grimsby drinks a coffee.  
 He takes a sip.

GRIMSBY  
 Organic?

OLIVIA  
You're gonna pay for this.

GRIMSBY

When your boyfriend shows up?

She's caught off guard.

OLIVIA

You better not --

GRIMSBY

Well, that's up to you.

He grabs Ali.

ALI

No.

GRIMSBY

It's not what you think. A few more hours and this'll be over.

Ali looks at Olivia, still ashamed.

Grimsby SLIDES a cell phone across the table to Olivia.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Let him know everything's alright.

(beat)

Or I've got room in my trunk.

She takes the phone.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Make it convincing.

She trembles, hesitating. She looks at Ali who looks back at her equally confused and unsure what to do.

Grimsby grabs the butcher knife and holds it to Ali.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

See. I said I'd need both of you.

**INT. EVAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

In the darkness, a cell phone LIGHTS UP and VIBRATES.

EVAN

Uuuhhhhhh.

Evan rolls over. It VIBRATES again. He realizes what it is finally, and looks at the caller.

Confused, he answers the phone.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Ali?

Intercut conversation.

OLIVIA  
It's me.

EVAN  
Hey. You okay? Where's your phone?

OLIVIA  
Yeah. Everything's fine.  
(beat)  
That's why I'm calling. My phone  
died.

Evan notices the text message pop up **"please help. Someone broke in."**

EVAN  
What's going on?

OLIVIA  
We were just joking around. Then I  
thought, that's stupid, I didn't  
want you to get freaked out.

EVAN  
...You sure?

OLIVIA  
(looking at Grimsby)  
Yeah. Don't worry.

EVAN  
Still having fun without me?

OLIVIA  
Trying to.

EVAN  
Yeah?

OLIVIA  
Go back to bed.

Evan pauses. Contemplates.

EVAN  
 (being funny)  
 Okay. I'd say goodnight, but you're probably not sleeping.

OLIVIA  
 Nope.

They hang on for a minute smiling. Grimsby motions for her to hang up. Just before she does --

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 I love you.

Grimsby SNATCHES the phone and hangs up.

Evan stares at the phone hanging on those words "I love you."

GRIMSBY  
 That was good.

Olivia slumps, feeling jarred from it all.

ALI  
 There. You done?

GRIMSBY  
 Depends.... Was she telling the truth?

Olivia shocked, stares at Ali fearfully. Ali stares back remorsefully. Then smiles through her tears.

OLIVIA  
Ali --

ALI  
 Yes.

GRIMSBY  
 ...Good.

HE SINKS THE BUTCHER'S KNIFE INTO ALI'S SIDE!!

OLIVIA  
 Nooooo!

EVERYTHING SLOWS.

Ali falls to the ground holding her side, a sea of BLOOD instantly surrounding her.

Olivia tries to help her but --

Grimsby KNOCKS her with the butt of the knife. She HITS HER HEAD on the counter on the way to the floor.

FADE OUT:

THUNDER ROLLS IN THE DISTANCE....

FADE IN:

**INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM - LATER**

It's the same SKYLIGHT as the opening scene, but this time we see the night stars with the slight glow of dawn cresting.

Olivia slowly wakes on top of her down comforter. She struggles to move. Can only wiggle a bit.

We follow the rest of her body down the bed. Her hands are tied behind her back. She tries to kick her feet and realizes they're tied as well.

She notices the window cracked open.

OLIVIA  
HELP!

**EXT. CAPLAN HOUSE**

The entire house is dark except for the faint light coming from her bedroom window.

OLIVIA (O.S.)  
(faded)  
Someone!! Please!!

But her voice is muffled and distant. The neighbors' homes, too far away, are still asleep.

**INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM**

Grimsby walks in with his hands full. Rubbing alcohol. Bleach. Gloves. It's a grim display.

OLIVIA  
No!  
(to the window)  
Helllp!

He pulls a gag over her mouth and tightens it. She GRUMBLES and watches him SHUT the window.

GRIMSBY

This is between us.

He picks up a bottle of chemicals. Olivia WHIMPERS under her gag. He sits on the bed. The frame CREAKS from his weight.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

This isn't for you. I really can't afford another mark.

He pours the alcohol over the wound on his hand. It BURNS.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Popular kids. Always think it's about you.

He squeezes some crazy glue on the wound.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Got everything you ever wanted. And still, life's unfair.

He finishes wrapping a fresh dressing on his hand. She tries to SCREAM but it just comes out MUFFLED.

Grimsby notices.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

You gonna act like your friend bleeding out on the hardwood?

She shakes her head, desperate. But he gets up. She SQUIRMS and SQUEALS.

He reconsiders and flicks off the gag. Olivia BREATHES HARD catching her breath.

OLIVIA

Water.

(beat)

Over there.

He looks across the room to find a jar on the shelf.

When he gets up, she tries to pull her leg loose. The bed CREAKS, but she's not going anywhere.

Grimsby holds out the cup. She leans forward and Grimsby carefully pours water in her mouth.

GRIMSBY

A glass of water for every shot of alcohol, it'll prevent a hangover.

OLIVIA

Let's finish the game.

Grimsby puts down the jar, surprised.

GRIMSBY

The game?

OLIVIA

Truth? Or dare?

GRIMSBY

I think I know enough.

OLIVIA

It's your turn.

Grimsby grimaces tired of it all.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

*The scar.*

That gets his attention. *Most people don't ever mention it.* He stands up, *fuck it*, and wanders around her room.

GRIMSBY

I was twelve. Good kid. Mostly. Good looking. When I started to notice half the school made me feel a certain way. Well, I was out of luck. I mean had smear of dirt poor, I smell on criminals today. Me and my friends could look at magazines. Talked a lot. But we were full of shit. Hopeless.

Notices her clothes strewn about.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Only I had a way in. An older sister who felt bad for me. Probably 'cause Dad preferred to take out his bad days on me.

(then)

Well, at her swim practice, she let me sneak into the locker room.

(MORE)



GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

See, those swim caps made everyone, well you couldn't tell whose was who, especially how pretty I was. So I sat. And watched.

(then)

Two weeks went by. It was the best thing that's ever happen to me and would ever happen to me.

He finds one of her notebooks and flips through it indiscriminately.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Pretty sure my sister got uncomfortable - how serious I was taking my new hobby, because,

(then)

They called school assembly one day. *Someone's been sneaking into the wrong locker room. Posing as a girl. Should respect each other's privacy. Parents have been notified and some other P.C. Bullshit. Coverin' their ass.*

Grimsby sits back on a desk chair. He gets emotional.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

I was still just a kid... But when my Dad hit me... He was hitting another man.

(then)

I didn't know eyes could bleed.

The scar above his eye.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

Black eye went away, eventually. But everyone knew. *I was the sissy they were talking about.*

(beat)

They'd leave dresses and bras. Everywhere. On my locker. In my desk. The bus. Birthdays. When I still had friends.

Eyes welled up. He takes a big BREATH. Olivia watches him. She doesn't know what to say.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)

... Or just some unwilling hooker got me with her nails.

Olivia fearful for her safety again. Grimbsy comes over and zips open his bag again.

OLIVIA  
Look. You can leave. *This was all my fault.* I started it.

He pauses.

GRIMSBY  
Funny thing is. You didn't even check her pulse.

Olivia in disbelief.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
Haven't had CPR in school yet?

OLIVIA  
W-what?

He climbs onto the bed to check his knots, like a boy scout in training.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
No... stop...

GRIMSBY  
And now, you'll all be gone.

He gets on with his second knee and hovers over her sadistically. The bed CREAKS again.

Suddenly --

THE FEET OF THE BED GIVE OUT (HER AND EVAN'S ESCAPADES)  
SMASHING them to the ground!!

Grimbsy face plants!

Olivia starts pulling and tugging at her ropes.

GRIMSBY (CONT'D)  
(grumbling)  
What do you think you're doing?

OLIVIA  
Fuck you.

In a fit of anger, he grabs Olivia's face with his hand, but she BITES DOWN ON HIS BANDAGES!!

GRIMSBY

AHHHHHH!

Olivia sees her feet are broken loose. She STOMPS down on Grimsby's head sending him to the ground!

She manages to roll off the bed, hands still tied, but she's free!

The doors open, so she flies out to --

#### UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

OLIVIA SLIPS and SMASHES onto the floor. She fidgets, tries to get loose, but can't.

*Shit, shit, there's no time.*

So she pulls herself into a tight ball and reaches her hands around her feet. She GROANS through the pain but --

IT WORKS!

Grimsby make's it to the bedroom door. The scar on his eye is bleeding worse than ever. He looks monstrous.

She spots her way out, but Grimsby's between her and the stairs! Desperate, she retreats backwards into --

#### UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Olivia BURSTS into the room and SLAMS the door shut. She locks the door, even with her hands tied.

He SLAMS against the other side and makes an ATROCIOUS GROWL. The doorknob RATTLES.

#### EXT. CAPLAN HOUSE

Outside, it's turned into a calm and peaceful dawn.

Evan stands by the front door. He hears something faint inside. He looks up curiously.

He approaches the front door and KNOCKS.

Nothing.

**INT. BATHROOM**

Olivia huddles in a ball, farthest from the door. Terrified. She CHEWS at the tie around her hands.

GRIMSBY (O.S.)  
Open the door!

He BANGS against it, but it holds... for now.

**EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE**

Evan makes his way around the side. He looks in the window but can't see anything.

He spots the garage.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Grimsby BANGS on the door.

GRIMSBY  
Ah fuck!

He forgot his hand was injured. Frustrated he retreats.

**INT. BATHROOM**

Olivia gathers her breath and starts feverishly hunting around the bathroom. Opens a few drawers.

She finds an electric toothbrush and holds it up like a weapon. She sees herself in the mirror and realizes how ridiculous it is.

**EXT. CAPLAN GARAGE**

A keypad opens. Evan PUNCHES in a code. The garage door opens and he looks inside.

**INT. BATHROOM**

She keeps looking through the cabinet. She finds some pills as a last resort.

OLIVIA  
(under her breath)  
You're not taking me.

She stuffs them in her pocket. She spots the OPEN SHOWER CURTAIN.

#### **INT. GARAGE**

Evan stands over Jessie's body covered in drawings. He's mostly confused, not grasping the extent of it all.

#### **INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM**

Grimsby desperately throws things aside in the mess.

GRIMSBY

Fuuuuck!

Finally he finds his gun, it was under the broken bed. He checks the cartridge, CLICK!

#### **HALLWAY**

Grimsby marches down the hallway and SHOOTS AT THE BATHROOM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! OFF EXPLODES THE DOOR HANDLE!!

#### **DOWNSTAIRS**

Evan STARTLES from the SHOTS. He sees the bloodbath in the kitchen, panic sets in.

EVAN

Olivia!

He looks up to see where they're coming from --

#### **BATHROOM**

Grimsby PUSHES through the broken door. He quickly eyes the room and sees -- the window's open. He rushes towards it.

No sign of Olivia outside.

#### **KITCHEN**

Evan kneels down to Ali's body, now pale and bled out. He gets on his phone.

EVAN

Hello. Hello? We need help. Th --  
there's ton of blood.

### BATHROOM

Grimsby looks around frustrated until, until he sees --

THE CLOSED SHOWER CURTAIN.

Without hesitation he SHOOTS!! BLAM! BLAM!

A beat.

HE RIPS OPEN the curtain and THE TUB'S EMPTY.

A closet door quietly CREAKS. He turns around to -- THUNK,  
THUNK, THUNK!

A NAIL GUN SHOOTS INTO HIS FACE!! His cheek is RIDDLED. He  
raises his arm to block his forehead. THUNK! THUNK! It plows  
his arm! His ear!

He teeters and finally SLIPS and FALLS backwards into the  
bathtub, SMASHING his head.

THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! Olivia drives nails down into the  
tub. GURGLES from below.

She's covered in specs of blood, trembling when --

EVAN (O.S.)

Liv?

She drops the nail gun.

### UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Olivia pulls herself out of the bathroom. Evan climbs the  
stairs, he hesitates, stunned at the sight.

EVAN

Oh my god ... What happened?

Olivia starts to cry.

OLIVIA

We did something bad.

EVAN

It's okay -- it's okay.

A look of empathy. They close in on each other at the top of the stairs.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
I love you Liv.

**BLAM!**

EVERYTHING SLOWS.

It's Evan's who's SHOT in the shoulder and propelled against the wall. He TUMBLES down the stairs.

Olivia SCREAMS!

She turns to see where it came from-

Grimsby, a bloody mess, gun aimed her way.

SHE SCRAMBLES TO THE STAIRS. BLAM! The post on the handrail EXPLODES! So she throws herself and TUMBLES downstairs.

Grimsby notices his trigger hand has two nails driven in deep. He bites the head of the nail and pulls one out.

GRIMSBY  
ARRRHHH!!

**DOWNSTAIRS**

Olivia, flattened out, opens her eyes to see EVAN. He's pulled himself under the stairs. Too weak to move.

They lock in a sentimental stare until --

EVAN  
Go. Go.

**UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Grimsby GROWLS in pain as he pulls the second nail from his hand.

**STAIRS**

Grimsby creeps his way down. Evan holds his breath as he watches feet land at the bottom of the stairs.

**HALLWAY**

Grimsby moves down the hallway. Blood dripping. Gun raised. Poised.

**FOYER**

He gets to the door. It's open. The sun is coming up. He shuts it and turns back around.

**KITCHEN**

Grimsby points his gun around the kitchen. Looks under the table.

NO ONE'S THERE.

**DEN**

Grimsby CREEKS into the room. It's quiet with no movement. He nudges Brooke on the couch to see if she's still passed out.

JESSIE (O.S.)

W-who are you?

He turns around to see JESSIE, still covered in writing, standing at the door.

Grimsby, face all fucked up, GRUMBLES spitting out blood. He can't really speak anymore.

GRIMSBY

You're up early.

The two of them have a moment staring at each other, all part of the same series of events until-

THUNK! One of Grimsby's syringes sticks out of his neck. Olivia PLUNGES it in.

He GASPS spitting out blood, choking as he DROPS to the floor.

Olivia, teared up, can't believe it's Jessie. The two hug each other and SOB.

OLIVIA

I'm so -- sorry. I'm sorry.



**EXT. CAPLAN HOME - MORNING**

Ambulance and police cars abound. Police and EMTs flood the house. A stretcher carries Evan with an oxygen mask. Olivia walks with him holding his hand.

**INT. DEN**

EMTs are with girls on the couch. Brooke has an IV hooked up and Gwen is getting her vitals checked.

On the floor we're left with the image of a massive pool of blood and stained carpet where Grimsby was lying.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY**

It's sunny outside again. A COLLECTION OF PEOPLE sit in chairs surrounding a grave site.

It's ALI'S PICTURE beside the casket.

Gwen, Brooke and Jessie sit together. Evan is off to one side. Mrs. Caplan's arm is around Olivia, who sits squarely between her parents. The MINISTER wraps up and nods her way.

MINISTER

...life is partly what we make it,  
and partly what it is made by the  
friends we choose.

(then)

And I believe one of Alison's  
closest friends has come to share  
with us.

Olivia holds a piece of paper in her hands. She hesitates, but her Dad gives her an encouraging nod, so she walks up to the podium.

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER**

The CROWD is dispersed. Olivia walks with her parents to the car.

MAN

Olivia?

She turns around to see a DETECTIVE with another OFFICER. She looks back at her parents.

MR. CAPLAN  
She's had a bit of a rough day.

OLIVIA  
It's okay.

**EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

Olivia stands with the Detective and Officer next to a police cruiser.

DETECTIVE  
You said his name was Brad Grimsby?

OLIVIA  
Yeah. That's what he said. Why?

OFFICER  
Well it's just -- We don't know of a Grimsby on the force.

OLIVIA  
What?  
(beat)  
So... who?

The Detective and Officer look at each other, not knowing how to put it.

DETECTIVE  
We only identified one of the perpetrators at the scene.  
(beat)  
Paul Nelson.

OLIVIA  
What?

**GRAVEYARD**

A TALL MAN with his back to us watches Olivia and the Police. He lights a cigarette. His hand in bandages.

THE END