

The Invisible Girl

Written by
Carole A. Parker

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Management:

Shelly Liebowitz
818/299-6297
shelly@shellyliebowitz.com

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP over --

A small, quaint Craftsman bungalow with a white picket fence. One of a row of such homes safely nestled on a bucolic, picture-perfect suburban side street. The stuff of bland.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A young GIRL (16) and BOY (16) sit on opposite ends of a big, sloppy couch watching a movie on TV. He's got a pizza on his lap. She's got a giant container of ice cream on hers.

GIRL
KILL 'em. Kill 'em ALL.

Meet BETTIE BEE. A bit on the chubby side. If it weren't for her large ears that stick out like fins, she'd be quite cute. The braces don't help. Neither does the short, pixie haircut.

BOY
(hands in front of his eyes)
Let me know when it's OVER --

Meet LONNY SCHMERZLER. 'Fat' would be a compliment. His girth threatens to overpower the couch. Bettie's best -- and only friend. He sneaks a look between pudgy fingers.

BOY (CONT'D)
Oh my GOD.

BETTIE
But this is the best PART.

She SHOVELS IN a mouthful of ice cream --

BETTIE (CONT'D)
(bubbles)
Carrie gets REVENGE.

And as she speaks, some of it DROOLS onto her chin.

ON THE TV

We see the climactic prom scene from CARRIE. Sissy Spacek is covered in BLOOD -- and is KILLING all the students that teased her with telekinetic powers.

A FIRE HOSE rises up like a snake and SHOOTS WATER at them -- causing the kids to FLY into the walls.

EXT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Hiding in the bushes is a YOUNG KID (17), aiming a smart phone at the living room window, videotaping them. Meet READY HAND, a fresh-scrubbed, good-looking jock type.

ON THE PHONE

We see ice cream drip down Bettie's chin.

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READY (O.C.)
 (whispers)
 Sweet.

INT. ANOTHER SUBURBAN HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another JOCK (17) watches the video stream on his laptop. Chugs a can of Lite Ice Draft. Meet BRAD STIFLE, captain of the football team. You know -- and hate -- the type too well.

BRAD
 This is fucking AWESOME.

His cell phone CHIRPS. He picks up. Listens.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Ready? Yeah. I'm watching it --
 (listens)
 I know. Friendbook RULES.
 (listens)
 EVERYBODY'S watching it? NICE.

INT. SUBURBAN GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Done up like some kind of Hello Kitty nightmare from hell. And who the hell has a George Michael poster anymore?

Watching the stream on her laptop is MUFFIN HEATHER (17), the most popular girl in school. Heartbreakingly beautiful. And mean as a junkyard dog. She brays into her smart-phone.

MUFFIN
 OMG. It's feeding time at the ZOO.
 (listens)
 I KNOW. *The fat leading the FAT.*
 (listens)
The White Precious? LMAO. I SO did not hear you SAY that.
 (looks at her phone)
 Got another call, BRB --

INT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bettie picks up the remote. PUNCHES the TV off. Shakes her head with wonder. Digs a big spoonful of ice cream from the container. Shovels it in. Swallows.

BETTIE
 That's my favorite movie EVER.

Lonny picks up the last slice of pizza. Folds it in half lengthwise. Puts it up to his mouth --

LONNY
 It was too scary. I like funny movies.

And INHALES it. Bettie watches him. Impressed.

BETTIE
 You could win a contest.

He BURPS. Smiles happily. Tries to get up off the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNY
Yeah, well. Anyway. I gotta split.

Lonny tries to lurch forward. No go. Bettie gets up.
Offers him a hand. He looks at it, upset.

LONNY (CONT'D)
I can do it. Hold on --

He STRUGGLES to move. Bettie sighs.

BETTIE
C'mon, Lonny. We always go through this.
It's okay. Nothing to be embarrassed
about.

Strains to get up. No go.

LONNY
Shit.

BETTIE
Lonny, C'MON.

GRABS her hand. She helps him get up.

LONNY
Thanks.

BETTIE
You can pick the movie next time, okay?

He nods. Looks at her shyly.

LONNY
Uh --

BETTIE
What's wrong?

LONNY
Nothing.
(beat)
I was wondering if --
(beat)
Uh -- nothing.

BETTIE
What?

LONNY
If you'd, uh --
(beat)
Go to, uh -- the prom with me.

BETTIE
Oh gosh, Lonny.
(off his crestfallen look)
Can I -- think about it?

PUSH IN ON Lonny's face. Deflated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONNY
Yeah, sure.
(beat)
Take your time.

INT. BETTIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Swooning teenage girl decor run riot. JUSTIN BIEBER and TWILIGHT posters. Science fair and mathlete prize-winning ribbons. Odd random stuff. A globe. Bust of Einstein.

Bettie sits at her desk in her jammies, ready for bed. She CLICKS a bookmark with her mouse, and we see on the screen --

FRIENDBOOK

A social networking site. She has a TON of posts on her personal page. And a link to a video. She CLICKS on it.

THE VIDEO

Pops up. We see hand-held footage of Bettie shoveling ice cream in her mouth in slow-motion. Eyes glued to the TV.

BETTIE'S

Mouth OPENS.

BETTIE
What the HELL?

She reads the caption below the link:

NOT ABLE TO FIND A MATE, THE HIPPO WILL FEED UNTIL IT BURSTS.

BETTIE (CONT'D)
WHAT?

Tears in her eyes, she starts reading the posts.

BETTIE (CONT'D)
Just got a call from Baskin Robbins. They said they're down to three flavors --
(beat)
Muffin Heather? That BITCH.
(reads another one)
Would you hit it? Yeah, with a two-by-four!
(gasps)
LOL! Now that's what I call super-sized.
(gasps)
Is it true you use a mattress for a tampon? LMFAO!

She SLAPS the laptop closed. Tears start pouring down her cheeks. She gets up. JUMPS into bed. Pulls the covers over her head. Starts softly SOBBING.

INT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Quaint. Homey. Stuffed with every cooking utensil imaginable.

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CONTINUED:

Standing over the stove cooking is BERNARD BEE (50's),
Bettie's father. Quintessential absent-minded professor.
Shock of white hair. Kindly eyes. A bit plump.

Right now he's softly whistling. He tastes the sauce in the
pot with a wooden spoon.

BERNARD
Mmm. Eat my shorts, Rachel Ray.

Bettie trudges into the kitchen sadly. Sits at the table.
Sighs. Bernard turns around. Sees her.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
There's my princess. Good MORNING.
(beat)
Why so glum?

Pause.

BETTIE
I'm being -- cyber-bullied.

BERNARD
Cyber-bullied?

BETTIE
I'm being bullied -- online.

BERNARD
I don't understand. How can someone bully
you on the interwebs?

BETTIE
Someone shot a video of me eating ice
cream last night and POSTED it on
Friendbook. Then everybody made COMMENTS
on it and MADE FUN OF ME.

She drops her head. Sniffles back tears.

BERNARD
Oh, dear.

He comes over. Sits down. Looks at her with love in his eyes.
Softly touches her chin. She looks up at him sadly.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Darling, they're just kids. Ignore them.
Turn the other cheek. I know it might not
seem like it now, but this too shall
pass. Believe it or not, there IS life
after high school.

BETTIE
I know --

BERNARD
Many of the greatest minds on the planet
weren't understood in their youth --
(beat)
I was beaten up every day after school,
and look how I turned out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He spreads his arms. His bathrobe falls open.
We see he's wearing hot pink boxer shorts.

BETTIE
(giggles, embarrassed)
Dad.

Bernard looks down. Horrified. Ties his robe closed.

BERNARD
Your *mother* got me those --
(beat)
I know what you need -- some *breakfast*.
Just WAIT until you taste my pasta sauce.

BETTIE
But, Dad. Nobody eats pasta for
BREAKFAST.

BERNARD
Well, darling -- we're not just *anybody*,
are we?

INT. VENISON HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

The joint is packed with STUDENTS eating, talking, laughing.
Bettie and Lonny carry their trays to an empty table. Sit.

LONNY
Cheer up, Bettie. I'm sure it'll blow
over in a day or two.

Bettie picks up her burger. Looks at it. Puts it back down.

BETTIE
Even *Brad* was in on it.

LONNY
Brad Stifle? You've still got a crush
that jerk?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
WHO'S a jerk?

Reveal Brad Stifle. Standing next to their table. With Ready
Hand. And BERT BALL (17), big, mean and dumb -- and WHIT
WIGGINS (17), tall, thin and very well-groomed.

LONNY
Uh --

Brad GRABS Bettie's burger off her plate. Takes a big bite of
it. THROWS it back down. Chews violently.

BRAD
Oh, I'm SORRY. Were you gonna EAT that?
(off her blank stare)
Loved you online last night, Dopey. I
didn't know Animal Planet had a show
about PIGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

READY
 Sure. Didn't you hear? She's the new
 spokesperson for BOAR'S HEAD. Cause she's
 got a BOAR'S HEAD.

They HIGH-FIVE.

LONNY
 C'mon, guys -- leave her alone.

Bert SLAPS Lonny on the side of the head.

LONNY (CONT'D)
 OW.

BERT
 Who gave YOU permission to speak, fat
 boy?

WHIT
 So when you two fuck, I would imagine
 Elephant Girl has to be on top, right?

BRAD
 Thanks for the visual, Whit. I'm gonna
 spew my tuna melt.

READY
 Don't worry, Brad -- Dumbo here will
 Hoover it right up.

BERT
 What's a Hoover?

WHIT
 What did I tell you about trying to
 think, Bert?

BRAD
 C'mon, guys. Let's blow this feeding
 trough. The smell of PORK is starting to
 make me sick.

They chuckle. Turn and leave, laughing to themselves. Bettie
 swallows. Looks like she's gonna cry. She starts to get up.

LONNY
 You okay?

BETTIE
 I have to go to the ladies' room --

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Well, look who we have here. It's the
 newest REALITY TV STAR.

Reveal Muffin Heather and her *popular* clique.

MUFFIN
 Have you heard? She's gonna be the new
 host of AMERICAN PIE-HOLE.

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CONTINUED: (2)

GRETCHEN VANVOORHIS (17), hot, tall, thin, Swedish and horribly blonde smiles nastily.

GRETCHEN
Are you, like sure about that? I heard she was hosting MEAL OR NO MEAL.

TILA TRAN (15), Asian, gorgeous and tiny chimes in. Eyes sparkling with malice.

TILA
BUZZ. Wrong, my Swedish meatball. Tubbo here's gonna be the star of FAT FACTOR.

RONNIE RODRIGUEZ (17), Latina spitfire, SNORTS with laughter.

RONNIE
As IF, *sista*. She's gonna be the new host of AMERICA'S GOT VOMIT.

EMERALD GREEN (16), black and feisty SNAPS her fingers.

EMERALD
You're ALL wrong -- I heard she's gonna star in THE DEADLIEST SNATCH.

MUFFIN
OhmiGOD. I so can't believe you just SAID that.

They break into INSANE LAUGHTER.
Bettie LEAPS UP out of her chair and RUNS AWAY.

PUSH IN ON Lonny's face. A tear in his eye.

INT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Clean. Antiseptic. A row of work tables. Cabinets and shelves stuffed with equipment.

At one table stands Bernard. Working amid a mass of test tubes, beakers, and electrical equipment. A WHITE RABBIT sits in a small cage. He hums softly to himself.

BERNARD
And now, the moment of truth.

He turns around. Opens a briefcase. Takes out a plastic soda bottle. Places it on the counter. Turns to a video recorder on a tripod facing the cage. Turns it on.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Testing, testing -- one, two, three --
(beat)
This is Bernard Bee, professor of science, at the University of Venison medical lab, where I am about to conduct an astounding experiment.
(dramatic pause)
I am about to make this animal DISAPPEAR, right before your eyes.

He picks up the bottle. Starts to screw it open. A fountain of SODA POP comes WHOOSHING out, drenching his hand.

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BERNARD (CONT'D)

DRAT.

Bernard puts down the bottle. SHUTS off the recorder. Goes to the sink. Rinses off his hands. Wipes them with a towel.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

You stupid old coot. You brought the
WRONG bottle --

INT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bettie comes in the side door. SLAMS it shut. Goes to the fridge. Opens it. Starts foraging for a snack. She pulls out a box of donuts. Grabs a bottle of soda.

BETTIE

Got the last one --

She goes to the table. Sits. Opens the box. SHOVES a donut in her mouth. INHALES it. Opens the soda. CHUGS it down. Her face turns GREEN. She GAGS. Looks at the bottle.

BETTIE (CONT'D)

What WAS that?
(thinks)
I thought the cap wasn't --
(closes her eyes)
Don't feel so good.

And then, right before our eyes, she slowly DISAPPEARS. All we see is her T-shirt, jeans and shoes. She shakes her head. Gets up. Walks out of the room into --

INT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Bettie goes to the sink. Turns on the water to splash her face. Looks in the mirror. Sees what's happened. Freaks out.

BETTIE (V.O.)

Oh my GOD.

She RACES out of the room into --

INT. BETTIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

RUNS over to her dresser. Looks in the mirror. Sees the same thing. She touches her face.

BETTIE (V.O.)

I'm INVISIBLE.
(beat)
It must have been one of my dad's
formulas --
(beat)
He's gonna KILL me.
(beat)
What do I do? What do I DO?

A long pause.

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

WAIT a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She KICKS OFF her shoes. Takes off her shirt. Her jeans. Now completely invisible. Chuckles a low, nasty laugh.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now I can get REVENGE.

We see footsteps in the shag carpet. They walk over to the closet. The doors open. A suitcase comes out. Slowly drifts toward the doorway -- and floats out of the room.

INT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We hear FOOTSTEPS on the linoleum. The suitcase FLIES into the room. Lands on the table. OPENS.

FOOTSTEPS go to the refrigerator. The door OPENS. Food starts FLYING OUT and landing in the suitcase. Cheese. Crackers. Potato chips. A loaf of bread. Mayo. Cold cuts. Cookies.

The suitcase CLOSES. RISES UP off the table, and heads toward the back door, which OPENS -- and it travels outside.

IN THE BACK YARD

We see the suitcase FLY through the yard, accompanied by FOOTSTEPS in the grass as Bettie RUNS.

IN A NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW

A woman looks out. Sees the bag moving across the grass.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

MRS. HENDERSON (50's), puffy, bloated, dumps her cocktail in the sink. Eyes bugged-out.

MRS. HENDERSON
I gotta make some coffee --

INT. SUBURBAN BACK YARD - DAY

Nicely manicured. Nestled against the fence in the rear is a child's fort. Looks like a mini-log cabin. The suitcase travels over to it. Stops. The door opens. It goes in.

INT. BACKYARD FORT - DAY

The suitcase opens. A CELL PHONE flies out. Floats in the air. We hear a number being PUNCHED IN.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A HIP-LOOKING MATH TEACHER (30's) stands in front of the class. Points at an algebra equation on the blackboard.

HIP-LOOKING MATH TEACHER
So if we change the variable to *four-X*,
can someone tell me what the quotient
will be?

An eager, ASS-KISSING STUDENT raises his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIP-LOOKING MATH TEACHER (CONT'D)
Yes, Donovan?

IN THE BACK OF THE CLASS

Sits Lonny. Half-asleep. Something VIBRATES in his pocket.
He fishes out his phone. Looks at it.

A TEXT MESSAGE

On the screen reads IT'S BETTIE. NEED YOUR HELP ASAP. URGENT.

LONNY

Raises his hand.

HIP-LOOKING MATH TEACHER (CONT'D)
Yes, Lonny?

LONNY
May I please be excused to go to the
bathroom?

Hip-Looking nods. Lonny gets up. Goes to his desk. Grabs the
bathroom key, which is attached to A LARGE PIECE OF WOOD.

INT. BOY'S ROOM - DAY

Lonny sits in a stall. PUNCHES a number on his cell phone.

LONNY
Hello, Bettie?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BACKYARD FORT - DAY

Bettie's cell phone floats in the air.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Lonny? Thank GOD.

LONNY
What happened? I haven't seen you since
you ran out of the cafeteria. Where are
you?

BETTIE
I need your help -- I'm INVISIBLE.

LONNY
Well, everybody has self-esteem issues --

BETTIE
NO. LISTEN to me. I'm *invisible*, as in
YOU CAN'T FUCKING SEE ME.

LONNY
I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIE

I came home from school, went to the fridge to get a snack and drank something that was in a soda bottle. But it wasn't soda -- and then I DISAPPEARED.

LONNY

Holy SHIT.

BETTIE

It must have been some formula my dad was working on.

LONNY

Yeah, right --

BETTIE

I freaked out, didn't know what to do, so I ran away. He's gonna KILL me.

LONNY

Where did you go?

BETTIE

I'm in your backyard. In the fort.

LONNY

Did anybody see you?

BETTIE

What part of I'M INVISIBLE didn't you GET?

LONNY

Oh, right. Right --
(smiles, realizes)
So you're -- not wearing any clothes?

BETTIE

What do YOU think?

LONNY

Okay, sit tight. I'll come see you after school.

(beat)

I mean, I'll come visit you.

BETTIE

Can't you come NOW? I'm SCARED.

LONNY

Maybe you should eat something. That always makes ME feel better --

BETTIE

That's all I've BEEN doing. I packed a suitcase.

He looks at the phone. Thinks a moment.

LONNY

And you -- carried it through the yard?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETTIE

No, I swallowed it and barfed it back up again.

LONNY

No, no -- I just meant -- what if someone saw it?

BETTIE

Don't worry. I was careful. The only person who could have seen it was Mrs. Henderson, and she's a drunk. Nobody would believe her.

LONNY

Okay. I'll ditch my last class. I hate history anyway.

BETTIE

Thanks, Lonny. You're a real friend. The only one I've got.

LONNY

Just hang tight, Bettie. We'll figure this out together.

BETTIE

Okay, bye.

LONNY

Bye.

They both CLICK their phones shut. He sighs. Smiles dreamily.

LONNY (CONT'D)

She finally needs me --

INT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bernard walks in the door. Puts his briefcase down. Goes to the fridge. Looks for the soda bottle. Doesn't find it.

BERNARD

I shouldn't have taken it from the lab.
(sighs)
So much for 'homeland security.'

He sees the empty soda bottle on the counter. GASPS. Picks it up. Sniffs it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Bettie.

His face goes white. Goes to the phone on the wall. Picks up the receiver. Dials a number. Listens.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Yes, my daughter's missing. She's disappeared.
(listens)
Bettie. Bettie Bee.
(listens)
Bernard. Her father.
(listens)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Well, that's the tricky part. You see, she's become invisible --

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

An otherwise empty classroom is now filled with all the 'cool' kids. The blackboard reads PROM COMMITTEE. Muffin Heather and Brad Stifle lean against the teacher's desk.

MUFFIN

It's just a few days until prom, people -- and we still don't have a THEME.

BRAD

Anybody have any ideas?

DRAKE MONSTERBURG (16), small and squirrely, the class clown, smiles mischievously. Chuckles to himself.

DRAKE

I say we go full-*Animal House*. All we gotta do is get a keg and wear togas.

BERT

TOGA.

DRAKE

Or, if that's too sophomoric, how about *The War On Drugs*, and we all get REALLY wasted?

MUFFIN

I'm SO sure that would go over just GREAT with Principal Chubb, Drake.

(to the group)

C'mon, kids -- fire those synapses.

BERT

How about *The Lord Of The Rings*? We could recreate The Shire in the gym. Do the Misty Mountain Hop. Serve MEAD --

MUFFIN

Sorry, Dungeon Master. Be still, my hairy feet. What do you think we are, a bunch of Comic-Conheads? Prom is a dragon-free zone. NEXT.

Whit Wiggins raises his hand. Eager.

WHIT

What about an eighties theme? We could play all that great music from John Hughes' movies. Like the prom scene in *Pretty In Pink* --

(sings)

I touch you once, I touch you twice, I won't let go at any price --

BERT

(chortles)

Don't ask, don't SMELL, anyone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN

Shut up, Bert. That's actually not a bad idea. GLBT awareness is NOT something to sniff at.

GRETCHEN

How about like, Ingmar Bergman? We could so totally have awesome tableaux from all his great films -- *Cries and Whispers*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Wild Strawberries* --

MUFFIN

Hold your four horsemen, Pippi Longstocking. Slit your wrists much?
(beat)
C'mon, people. Anyone else?

EMERALD

How about some kind of -- horror theme?

RONNIE

Ooh, yeah. I LOVE horror movies.

READY

Maybe a zombie theme? *Twenty-eight Proms Later*.

BERT

Night of the living TUX.

MUFFIN

Ohmigod. I've GOT it. How about *Carrie*? It was on TV last night. That scene at the end where they dump pig's blood all over her?
(beat)
Now THAT'S a prom.

A pin drops. Everyone looks at each other. Excited.

TILA

So who's our Carrie?

MUFFIN

Konichiwa, Ms. Roboto. How about -- *Bettie*?

RONNIE

Ohmigod. That's *genius*.

MUFFIN

Hey. How do you think I got be *most popular*? My good looks?
(beat)
Wait a minute. Don't answer that --

EXT. LONNY'S BACKYARD - DAY

Lonny lumbers up to the fort. Knocks on the door.

LONNY

Bettie? It's me, Lonny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIE (V.O.)
Thank GOD. Get your ass in here.

He opens the door. Squeezes through into --

INT. FORT - DAY

A half-eaten sandwich floats in the air. A BITE is taken out of it. Then another. Lonny comes in. Sees it. Sits down.

LONNY
Hi, Bettie.

BETTIE (V.O.)
(mouth full)
Hey, Lonny. Am I glad to see YOU.

The sandwich DISAPPEARS. We hear a loud BURP.

LONNY
(eyes wide)
That's easy for you to say.

He watches a pack of cigarettes FLY into the air. A cigarette comes out. The pack goes back down. A book of matches FLIES up, LIGHTS the cigarette. A puff of smoke EXHALES.

LONNY (CONT'D)
Since when did you start smoking?

BETTIE (V.O.)
Since I found the pack of cigarettes you hid in here.

LONNY
Oh.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Thanks for coming.

LONNY
You really are -- invisible.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Can't hide anything from YOU.

LONNY
Sorry. It's just so -- freaky.
(beat)
How do you feel?

BETTIE (V.O.)
Fine. A little chilly. Thank god it's summer.

LONNY
Yeah.

BETTIE (V.O.)
While I was waiting for you, I've been doing some thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNY
About what ?

BETTIE (V.O.)
Getting BACK at them. Now that I'm
invisible, can you IMAGINE what I could
do to them?

LONNY
Ow, wow. Yeah.

BETTIE (V.O.)
First I'm gonna fuck with Ready. He
posted the video.
(beat)
Would you like to help?

PUSH IN ON Lonny's face. Big smile.

LONNY
Does a bear eat in the woods?

INT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - FOYER - EARLY EVENING

Bernard goes to front door. Opens it. Standing in the doorway
is a FEMALE POLICE OFFICER IN UNIFORM.

BERNARD
You got here fast. Thanks for coming.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER
Slow news day.

Meet LANE DIAMOND (20's). Very pretty. A little on the zaftig
side, with dangerous curves. Dark hair tied back in a
ponytail. Dazzling eyes, with a hint of a smirk.

BERNARD
Please come in.

LANE
(nods)
Officer Diamond, at your service.

He gestures toward the living room. They start walking.

BERNARD
You don't have a partner?

LANE
They make the rookies do the shit --
(beat)
Uh, we're a bit understaffed. Budget
cuts, you know.

Bernard sits down on the couch. Lane sits in a chair across
from him. Takes out a notebook and pen.

BERNARD
Not to worry. You should hear the salty
exchanges between scientists at our
little get-togethers -- the F-word goes
FLYING about the room like an unstable
proton.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 (off her look)
 I'm sorry. I'm a bit stressed out.
 My daughter has disappeared. Literally.

LANE
 What do you mean literally?

BERNARD
 They didn't TELL you?
 (sighs)
 Well, you see -- I've been working on a
 formula that refragments subatomic
 particles so that the atoms are cloaked
 in a sub-setted spatial plane apart from
 ours --

LANE
 In English, please?

BERNARD
 Right. Sorry.
 (beat)
 When ingested, it makes one invisible to
 the naked eye. They're still there, but
 you can't see them.

Lane stares at him. Nods her head slowly. *Okay.*

LANE
 I see.

BERNARD
 You don't believe me.

LANE
 (carefully)
 You realize this sounds a bit -- far-
 fetched.

BERNARD
 I realize how ridiculous this must sound
 to a lay person, but this is historic
 research, officer, I promise you.
 (off her look)
 I left the formula here at home rather
 than at the lab because I was afraid
 someone would steal it. Believe it or
 not, scientists can be QUITE ruthless.

LANE
 Go on --

BERNARD
 Well, I poured it into something
 innocuous -- a soda bottle, to be
 precise, and I put it in the
 refrigerator. When I went to test the
 formula on a lab animal today, I realized
 I brought the wrong bottle, and came home
 to fetch it.
 (tears in his eyes)
 And when I got here, I found the bottle,
 and it was empty. My daughter drank it by
 mistake -- and now she's GONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LANE

I see.

BERNARD

Look. I don't care if you believe me or not about the formula. That's not the point. My daughter has run away, and I need you to FIND her. She's all I've got left. After her mother died, we both -- take care of each other.

LANE

Is there any other reason she might have run away?

BERNARD

She told me this morning she was being cyber-bullied. Perhaps I wasn't -- sympathetic enough.

LANE

Do you have any idea where she could have gone?

BERNARD

I haven't a clue.

LANE

A relative perhaps?

BERNARD

I'm afraid not.

(beat)

Oh, wait. Her best friend lives right down the street. Lonny Schmerzler. Maybe he might know where she went.

Lane scribbles a note in her book. Gets up.

LANE

Thank you very much, Mr. Bee. We'll get right on it tomorrow.

BERNARD

Tomorrow? I don't understand.

LANE

I'm sorry, we can't pursue a missing persons report for twenty-four hours.

BERNARD

Oh, dear.

LANE

Cheer up. Who knows. Maybe she'll come home later tonight.

BERNARD

I highly doubt that.

LANE

Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BERNARD

Well, now that she's invisible, I'm afraid she might want to get some sort of revenge against the bullies.

LANE

(smiles)

Let's not get carried away with ourselves just yet.

PUSH IN ON Bernard's face. Raising an eyebrow.

BERNARD

My dear, you don't know *Bettie*.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A row of identical McMansions, each a different flavor. Beemers, Benzes and Bentleys dot the driveways. A Toyota Prius pulls in front of one. A blight on the landscape.

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - NIGHT

Lonny sits behind the wheel, belly pressed against it. He looks to his right, even though he can't see Bettie.

LONNY

This is it. Fifty-two-eighteen.

BETTIE (V.O.)

Thanks again for the lift, Lonny.

LONNY

No worries. Like I said, my dad's out of town. You got the glue?

BETTIE (V.O.)

Yep. Check it out --

A SMALL BAG rises up from the seat. A tube of epoxy FLIES UP into the air.

LONNY

Nice.

BETTIE (V.O.)

Got it from my dad's workbench in the garage. Takes about ten minutes to dry.

The tube goes back into the bag. A SMART PHONE then comes out. Floats in the air.

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

And then I VIDEOTAPE the jackass.

LONNY

How are you going to get him to take a crap?

A bottle of liquid laxative pops out of the bag --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIE (V.O.)
Lemon-fresh.
(beat)
Keep your shit moving.

And then goes back in.

LONNY
That's positively EVIL.
(beat)
I love it.

The passenger-side door OPENS --

BETTIE (V.O.)
Wish me luck.

LONNY
Luck. I'll be waiting.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Back in a few --

And then CLOSES.

EXT. MCMANSION - NIGHT

Beautifully lit with floodlights. All the better to show off your wealth. We hear FOOTSTEPS going up the driveway. See the small bag floating in the air along with it.

EXT. MCMANSION - REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

More FOOTSTEPS on the path up to the back door. They stop.

CLOSE ON --

The door knob. It slowly turns. CLICK.

THE DOOR

Slowly OPENS a crack.

INT. MCMANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Empty. Lights out. The door opens all the way. Then softly closes with a CLICK. The bag FLIES into the room. Soft FOOTSTEPS slap across the marble floor. Head over to --

INT. FIRST FLOOR BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bag FLOATS into the room. Approaches the toilet. The lid LIFTS OPEN. The tube of epoxy comes out of the bag. Goes to the toilet seat. Applies a ring of glue around it.

INT. MCMANSION LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A giant airbrushed room with giant furniture. Expensive. Impressive. Nothing about it says 'home.' Ready Hand is slouched on the sofa watching a ball game on TV.

His eyes go back and forth from the TV to his smart phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

READY
(at the phone)
Becky Beckworth POKED me. NICE.

His thumbs furiously text a message on the screen.

READY (CONT'D)
Poke THIS, Becky --

The bag slowly comes into the room. Then goes down low.
Heads over toward the couch, then disappears behind it.

Ready grabs his can of beer off the coffee table.
Takes a chug. Puts it back. Then gets up.

READY (CONT'D)
Gotta take a piss --

He pads out of the room. Keeping an eye on the TV.

READY (CONT'D)
(as he leaves)
C'mon BEAVERS --

The laxative bottle appears from behind the couch. FLOATS
over to the beer. The cap TWISTS off. The bottle inverts,
and POURS A STREAM OF LIQUID into the can.

The cap FLIPS back on, and the bottle FLIES back behind the
couch. Ready walks back in. Sits. Looks at the TV.

READY (CONT'D)
Aw, C'MON, coach --

He grabs the can. Takes another chug. Swallows. Looks at it.
Makes a face. We hear CHEERING. Ready looks. PUMPS a fist.

READY (CONT'D)
GO, GO, GO -- YES.

He grabs his phone. Looks at the screen.

READY (CONT'D)
Oh, shit. Pictures of Muffin's pool
party. NICE.

Ready turns his head. His eyes scrunch up.

READY (CONT'D)
Oh, shit.

He LEAPS up off the sofa. RUNS out of the room.

IN THE BATHROOM

Ready RUNS to the toilet. YANKS down his jeans. SLAMS his ass
down, just in time. We hear a VIOLENT SPRAY OF DIARRHEA.

Bettie's smart phone FLOATS into the room. Pointing at him.
A red light GOES ON. Ready doesn't see it. Eyes closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

READY (CONT'D)
Talk about a fucking SHIT.
(sniffs)
Smells like something DIED.

He tries to look between his legs to see it. Then tries to stand. Be he CAN'T. He's GLUED TO THE SEAT.

READY (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

BETTIE (V.O.)
(weird, deep voice)
Smile, you're on *Candid Crapper*.
(beat)
You are SO screwed NOW, asshole.

READY
(sees the camera)
What? Who is that? Who's there? What the FUCK?

BETTIE (V.O.)
This is the voice of GOD. Since you've been a BAD BOY, you've been sentenced to spend the rest of your days GLUED TO THE TOILET.
(beat)
Damn, do you REEK. And you thought your shit didn't stink.

Incensed, Ready tries to LEAP off the toilet and LUNGE at the phantom voice. But he doesn't budge, and SCREAMS with pain.

READY
You fucking ASSHOLE. You're not gonna get AWAY with this.

BETTIE (V.O.)
In your hat, turd-boy. Maybe I should call the Guinness Book Of World Records, tell them about 'the world's longest SHIT.'

Ready LOSES it, and YANKS the toilet seat off the bowl with a CRUNCH. He FLIES into the air, the seat stuck to his ass --

The camera JUMPS out of the way --
And Ready CRASHES into the wall, BANG.

READY
OW.

He gets up, crouched low, the seat restricting his movement. The phone FLIES around him in a circle.

BETTIE (V.O.)
GREAT footage. Can't WAIT to stream this on the web. Just WAIT till your friends see THIS.

READY
No, STOP -- you CAN'T DO THAT --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ready tries to spin in a circle, arms GRABBING for the phone, but it stays one step ahead of him. Then FLIES OVER to the sink. FLOATS in front of the mirror.

READY (CONT'D)
Aha. Gotcha NOW.

He LUNGES at the phone, and just as he gets near it, it FLIES straight up into the air. Ready's face SMASHES into the glass, which CRACKS and gets SPRAYED with blood.

Ready FLIES backwards, HITS the tiles. CRYING out in pain.

BETTIE (V.O.)
That's it folks, show's over. Thanks for coming. See ya NEXT TIME.

She breaks into MANIACAL LAUGHTER -- and the phone goes SAILING out the door.

INT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

Empty, except for -- Bernard. Standing at a work table. Working amid a mass of test tubes and beakers. He adjusts a tiny spigot. Red liquid starts DRIPPING into a glass vial.

He watches it. Nods. Goes over to the rabbit cage. Picks it up. Places it down in front of him on the counter.

BERNARD
Are you ready to be part of medical history, little fella?

The rabbit twitches its whiskers.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
A name. You have to have a name --
(thinks)
I shall call you Bugs, after Bugs Bunny.
(strange voice)
What's up, Doc?

He turns around. Sees the vial is full. Shuts off the spigot. Brings it over to a test tube half-filled with a yellow liquid. Pours it in. The combination turns BRIGHT ORANGE.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
And now a little glucose for taste --

Turns around, grabs another, smaller vial, and squeezes a few drops into the formula. Picks up an eyedropper and fills it up. Then goes to the video camera. Turns it on.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
(into the camera)
This is Bernard Bee, professor of science, in the Venison University medical lab, where I am about to conduct an astounding experiment.
(dramatic pause)
I am about to make this animal DISAPPEAR, right before your eyes.

He takes Bugs out of his cage. Feeds him the formula.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 (watches him lick it up)
 That's it Bugs, that's a good boy. Don't
 worry, it's not rabbit-forming -- HA.

Pats him on the head. Puts him back in. Closes the door.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 It's for your own good, my child. I don't
 want to lose you.

And, as he speaks, Bugs DISSOLVES and DISAPPEARS. Bernard
 clasps his hands with joy. Then rubs them together. Smiling.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 (into the camera)
 And as you see, Bugs has disappeared
 after ingesting the formula.
 (sings, off-key)
*One pill makes you larger, and one pill
 makes you GONE --*

He shuts off the camera. Goes to the cage. Taps on it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 Now hold tight, my boy. Just relax. We're
 just going to find out if there are any
 harmful side effects --

INT. LONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A comic book geek's wet dream come true. Walls and shelves
 filled with posters, action figures and movie stills of
 superheroes and horror movie icons of past and present.

Lonny sits at his desk in front of his computer drinking a
 can of soda. Another can floats in the air next to him. He
 puts his down. Fingers go flying across the keyboard.

LONNY
 See? It's easy. I just upload the video
 to MyTube --

ON THE MONITOR

Is the MyTube website. On it, a video appears in a small box.
 Caption reads LOSER GLUED TO TOILET SEAT FREAKS OUT.
 The mouse clicks on PLAY, and it starts up --

We see Ready stuck to the toilet lid. He RIPS it off. RUNS
 around the bathroom, the lid still stuck to his ass.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Omigod. That's GREAT.
 (beat)
 But won't people know you posted it?

LONNY
 Nah. I created a fake account connected
 to a dummy email address I never use.

LONNY'S

Fingers go FLYING on the keyboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNY (CONT'D)
 Now I send a mass-email to everyone in school with the link, and voila. Instant cyber-counterattack.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 How did you get everyone's email addresses?

LONNY
 I'd give you a dirty look, but I can't see you.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Oh. Right. *Computer genius.*

LONNY
 Word to my gigabytes.
 (sighs contentedly)
 Now we just sit back and watch the fireworks.

INT. MUFFIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Muffin lies in bed, works her tablet computer. Looks at the screen. SCREAMS.

MUFFIN
 OhmifuckingGOD. That's Ready HAND.
 (eyes grow wide)
 EW to the third power.

She GRABS her phone. Fingers a number. Listens. Then --

MUFFIN (CONT'D)
 GRETCHEN, it's me -- are you watching it?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GRETCHEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The ice princess sits at her desk, staring at her computer.

GRETCHEN
 Uh -- *yeah*. I'm like SO embarrassed, my douche had to chill. Can you say 'toilet-bowling for dollars?'

MUFFIN
 Gag me with a ball-gag. So your prom date just went bin Laden?

GRETCHEN
 Earth to Muffin -- fuck me gently with a Roto-rooter. Can you say MAJOR PR damage?

MUFFIN
 (hears something)
 Hold on. That's my other line --

GRETCHEN
 Take your time. I need to go choose a razor blade --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN
 (punches a button)
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Manly yes, but he likes it, too. You can practically smell the gym socks and empty beer cans on the page. Brad sits at his desk. Stares at his computer with a shit-eating grin.

BRAD
 Hey. It's me. You see the video?

MUFFIN
 Does Whit Wiggins ride the Hershey Highway? Fucking UNREAL. Who do you think shot it?

BRAD
 Hell if I know. We gotta find out.
 It's fucking GENIUS.
 (hears something)
 Hold on. My other line --

HEATHER
 Later, tater-tot. I need to jingle the bitches.

BRAD
 Give 'em a lick for me.
 (pushes a button)
 Yo. Sup?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brought to you by the color 'messy.' Bert and Whit sit on his bed with textbooks and a big pizza. Whit stares at his tablet computer, shaking his head. Grinning.

BERT
 (on his cell phone)
 It's Bert. You see the video?

BRAD
 Yeah. Fuckin' UNBELIEVABLE. Who knew Ready could go FULL-RETARD?

BERT
 I KNOW. Me and Whit watched it five times. Fuck-head got his ASS glued to the fucking TOILET SEAT.

BRAD
 You and Whit?

BERT
 Yeah. He's helping me with that English paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAD
You sure that's ALL he's helping you
with?

BERT
Fuck you. I bought the pizza. If I don't
pass English, I don't graduate, and NO
football scholarship.

BRAD
Just sayin' --

BERT
Go FUCK yourself. Asshole.

BRAD
Chill, bromantic comedy. Just yanking
your chain-male.
(beat)
Hey. What's that I hear in the
background? Lady Gag-Gag?

INT. EMERALD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A riot of cute in a sea of pink. Emerald, Ronnie and Tila sit
on the bed with their textbooks. Ronnie and Tila stare at a
laptop with shit-eating grins on their faces.

EMERALD
(on the phone)
TELL me about it. He was running around
like a chicken with his DICK cut off --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MUFFIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Muffin paces the room excitedly.

MUFFIN
Total lesbro. Hello?
(SNORTS)
Brad said we gotta find out who shot it.
Imagine the hijinx we could pull with
BETTIE?

EMERALD
Soil my Abercrombie's much? Let me see
what Ronnie and Tila think.

MUFFIN
What, it's United Colors of Benetton
night and I wasn't invited?

EMERALD
We're cramming for the French exam.
You're taking Spanish.

MUFFIN
Fist me with a chalupa. See you in
teenage hell.

EMERALD
Totally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUFFIN
It's been *huge*.

EMERALD
What?

MUFFIN
It's been *huge*.

EMERALD
Paris Hilton called. She wants her banality back.

MUFFIN
Eat my thong. If it weren't for me, you'd still be slinging dollar menu dreams to Rosa Parks in the hood.

Pause.

EMERALD
LOL! Long and hard. LMFAO.
(off her silence)
Hello?
(beat)
Muffin? You there?
(beat)
BFF?

MUFFIN
Uh -- BRB with you on that.

EMERALD
Muffin, PLEASE. I was out of line. I'm like, SO sorry. It's the hardest word. I'd just DIE if you fired me.

MUFFIN
Got YOU good. Sleep tight, caramel goddess of vaginal delights. See you tomorrow in the stirrups.

She hangs up. Emerald stares at her phone.

EMERALD
As IF.

INT. READY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Your typical jock's room. Posters of sports teams, athletes. Manly rock bands. And, hey - what a cool Budweiser neon sign.

Ready walks in gingerly, his ass still hurting from his trip to the emergency room. Carries an almost empty bottle of booze. Takes another swig. Trying to numb the pain.

He grabs a pillow off the bed. Puts it on the chair in front of his desk. Carefully sits down. Boots up his computer. Starts checking his email. He GASPS. Face turns white.

READY
What the FUCK?

He CLICKS onto --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MYTUBE WEBSITE

Where we see the video of him stuck to the toilet seat.

READY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh, NO.

READY

Starts reading the comments underneath.

READY (CONT'D)
Shit. *Everybody's* seen it --
(reads)
Dancing With The Turds?
(reads)
The Fart Of WAR?
(reads)
Cheekly World News?
(reads)
The Ex-Lax Factor?
(reads)
Sphincter in the grass?
(reads)
Break-wind FOUNTAIN?

He SLAPS his laptop closed. Crushed.

READY (CONT'D)
My life is RUINED --
(thinks)
I can't show my face again. I'm the
laughingstock of the whole SCHOOL.

Ready puts his head in his hands. Stifles a sob. Gets up.
Trudges over to the closet. Pulls out a bunch of ties.
Goes over to the bed. Sits. Starts tying them together.

INT. LONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lonny sits at his desk, staring at the computer screen.
Bettie's can of soda floats in the air next to him.

LONNY
Ohmigod, look at all the COMMENTS.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Over a thousand hits in FIVE MINUTES.

LONNY
So what do you want to do now?

BETTIE (V.O.)
I'm tired. I'm gonna go down to the fort
and get some sleep. Start thinking about
who I'm gonna get NEXT.

LONNY
You can stay in the house if you want to.
My dad won't be back for a few days.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNY
Yeah. You can stay in the guest room.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Wow. I don't know what to say.

LONNY
I say we should go fix ourselves a
MIDNIGHT SNACK.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Yeah.

Lonny JERKS back and forth in his chair.

LONNY
Ow, HEY.

BETTIE (V.O.)
What's the matter? Ain't no one ever gave
you a hug before?

LONNY
It just -- surprised me.

BETTIE (V.O.)
You're such a good friend, Lonny. I love
you so much.

PUSH IN ON Lonny. Eyes wide as saucers.

LONNY
I -- love you, too.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

The popular kids sit together, eating, chattering away.
Brad and Muffin sit at each end of the table, holding court.

BRAD
I don't know about the rest of you, but
I'm GNARLY disappointed that Ready didn't
show up today. I was really looking
forward to razzing the SHIT out of him.

BERT
Fucking pussy. I always thought he was a
bit of a turd-burglar.

MUFFIN
YOU'RE dating him, Gretch. Spill it.
Could Ready whip your gash into
overdrive? Or did he take you down to
limp dick city where the ass is green and
the chicks are clitty?

GRETCHEN
That's for me to know, and you to blow
out your hole. We're SO over.

RONNIE
What I wanna know is who made the video.
It wasn't one of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TILA

We gotta find out. That was WAY fierce.

WHIT

I liked the part where his face smashes into the mirror.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Well if this isn't a fine-looking group of fresh-scrubbed, suburban Caucasians. Mind if I pull up a nut-log?

Reveal Emerald. Standing before them with her tray.

DRAKE

There she is. I THOUGHT we were running low on brown sugar.

EMERALD

Why don't you go the turd's room and pleasure yourself, Monstie. After all, it's sex with the one you love.

DRAKE

Love to. Could you stand just like that another second while your visual image is burned into my masturbation catalog?

EMERALD

HEY.

She looks down.

CLOSE ON --

Her shoes. The laces UNTIE each other, then magically start tying themselves together into knots.

EMERALD'S

Eyes grow wide.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

Who's doing that?

Something YANKS on her hair. A big, long chunk on the side RIPS off. She SCREAMS.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

OW! My EXTENSIONS --

Another YANK. A chunk on the other side RIPS off.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

OW, STOP IT. Who's DOING that?

BETTIE (V.O.)

(low, weird voice)
You shouldn't have bought your hair at the MALL, bitch.

Everyone GASPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRAD
Who's THERE?

MUFFIN
What the FUCK?

Emerald's skirt gets YANKED down around her ankles.

BETTIE (V.O.)
I see London, I see France --

EMERALD
HEY. What are you DOING?

BETTIE (V.O.)
I see Emerald's boobies DANCE.

The buttons on her blouse go FLYING. It RIPS open, exposing her bra. She DROPS her tray. It hits the floor, CLANG.

EMERALD
STOP IT!

Drake nudges Bert. Winks. He smiles. Nods back.

BETTIE (V.O.)
WHOOOPS.

Emerald gets SHOVED. She HITS the floor.

EMERALD
OW.

BETTIE (V.O.)
It's a floor wax AND a desert topping.

EMERALD
Wh-who ARE you? What do you WANT?

ACROSS THE ROOM

Lonny hides behind a big trash can next to a cart with a pair of buckets on it. He SHOVES IT toward them.

THE CART

FLIES across the room. Comes to a stop in front of Emerald. One of the buckets lifts up in the air --

BETTIE (V.O.)
Here's MUD in your eye --

And dumps a load of BLACK TAR all over her. Emerald writhes around on the floor, cries out in pain. Everyone in the cafeteria stares in horror.

The other bucket FLIES UP -- and dumps a load of FEATHERS on her. They stick all over her body. She curls up into a ball and starts WAILING.

EMERALD
What are you DOING TO ME?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BETTIE (V.O.)
 It's called *revenge*, Tar-Baby. Not so
 FUNNY when it happens to YOU, huh?
 (beat)
 The rest of you WATCH OUT -- because one
 of you is NEXT.

Loud FOOTSTEPS run out of the room. The door SLAMS.

BRAD
 That voice. It was familiar.

MUFFIN
 Yeah, it sounded kinda like --

They look at each other. Realize.

BRAD MUFFIN
Bettie? *Bettie?*

INT. READY'S BEDROOM CLOSET - DAY

Ready's lifeless body hangs by the neck from a rope of ties
 tied to a pipe near the ceiling. Lane stands nearby looking
 at him. Shakes her head sadly. Pulls out her radio.

LANE
 This is officer Diamond. The ten-fifty-
 six is confirmed, do you copy?
 (listens)
 White male, age seventeen. The mother
 found him. I'm going to interview her
 now.
 (listens)
 Tell me about it --

INT. LONNY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Lonny sits at the kitchen table eating a giant piece of cake.
 The refrigerator door FLIES OPEN. Food items starts coming
 out and landing on the counter. He watches. Smiling.

The packaging on a loaf of bread OPENS. A slice comes FLYING
 out. Then another. They land on a plate.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 I'm so hungry I could eat a CHEERLEADER.

A jar of mayonnaise OPENS. A drawer slides out. A knife FLIES
 UP and goes to the jar. Starts spreading mayo on the bread.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 For the first time in my life, I feel
 ALIVE.

A package of cold cuts opens up. Slices of baloney start
 FLYING UP and land on the bread. More slices keep piling on,
 until the whole package is used up.

Then a package of cheese opens. Cheddar slices FLY UP and
 land on the meat -- until the package is empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNY
That's an awfully BIG sandwich, Bettie.
You sure you can eat all that?

The other piece of bread turns over and lands on top, forming a six-inch-thick MONSTER. It floats up -- and a big BITE is taken out of it with a GROWL. Loud CHOMPING noises.

Then it starts getting DEVoured as if by some beaver-from-buzzsaw-hell. Food SPRAYS in the air like confetti as it gets CHOMPED on -- and then disappears. A loud BURP.

BETTIE (V.O.)
That sure hit the spot. Several,
actually.
(unearthly, spooky laughter)
BWAHAHAHAHA --

LONNY
Are you -- okay, Bettie?

BETTIE (V.O.)
Okay? Okay? OKAY?
(beat)
I'm just getting STARTED.

Footsteps go to the fridge. The door FLIES OPEN. A WHOLE CHICKEN comes FLYING OUT. It, too gets DEVoured in a BUZZSAW SPRAY OF LOUD CHOMPING. Meat FLIES in the air. Bettie BURPS.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Now THAT'S food for thought.
(beat)
BWAHAHAHAHA --

LONNY
Holy SHIT.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Thirsty.

Cabinet doors start FLYING OPEN AND CLOSED. Finally, at the end, we see the liquor stash. A brown bottle comes FLYING DOWN. The cap OPENS --

LONNY
Hey. That's my dad's --

BETTIE (V.O.)
Aged 25 years? NICE.

The bottle tips up, and we hear her start CHUGGING IT DOWN.
PUSH IN ON Lonny's face. Freaking out.

LONNY
Bettie. What's wrong? Are you OKAY?

INT. BETTIE'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

The door opens. Bernard walks in. Looks at the rabbit cage on his desk. It's SHAKING VIOLENTLY. He walks up to it. Staring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

Bugs. What's wrong? Are you okay?

He pulls a LARGE CARROT out of his pocket. Sticks it through the bars of the cage. It's immediately eaten in a BUZZSAW SPRAY OF VIOLENT CHOMPING. He BURPS.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Ah. You were HUNGRY.
(looks more closely)
And you need more WATER.

He opens the door to the cage. Sticks his hand in -- and gets BITTEN. YANKS his hand out.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

OW. BUGS.

We hear a SNARLING noise. Bernard SLAMS the cage door closed. Holds up his bleeding hand.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I better get this cleaned and dressed.
(at Bugs)
I'm so sorry, my little friend. I promise you we'll get to the bottom of this.

The cage starts SHAKING VIOLENTLY.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

The popular kids sit at their usual table eating lunch. Emerald's hair is now much shorter. She seems quiet. Subdued.

BRAD

What a LOSER.

MUFFIN

I know. He didn't have to get all Sylvia Plath on us.

GRETCHEN

You guys see that story on the news awhile ago about that gay dude who like jumped off a bridge?

WHIT

You mean the one where the roommate live video streamed him kissing another dude?

RONNIE

Yeah, I saw that. The roommate got suspended, and now he's going to jail --

EMERALD

Good. I'm GLAD. People who do shit like that should be PUNISHED.

MUFFIN

Speaking of which, that brings us to our next hot topic --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAD
The invisible Bettie Bee. What are we going to do about her?

WHIT
 Maybe we could -- lay some kind of trap?

TILA
 Like what? Get a giant mousetrap and put a pizza on it?

DRAKE
 Guys. You're forgetting. The PROM. CARRIE? Hello? Sissy Space-out much?

BRAD
 Shit, that's right. If we throw a bucket of pig's blood on her, we'll be able to SEE her.

MUFFIN
 Two snaps for Brad and Drake. So now we just need to figure out a way to get her to come -- and then FRY her fat ass.

RONNIE
 You guys are forgetting something.
 (off their looks)
 It's still a couple days until prom -- and I've got a funny feeling she's gonna be coming after us -- like she did Emerald.

BRAD
 Then we pair up. Watch each other's backs.

MUFFIN
 Super. Brad and me will stay together.

BRAD
 (takes her hand, kisses it)
 But of course.

GRETCHEN
 And I'll stick with Emerald.

Emerald Nods.

RONNIE
 And I'll hang with Tila.

Tila smiles. Gives a thumbs-up.

BERT
 So what about me, Whit and Drake?

DRAKE
 No worries. You two lovebirds can chill with each other. I'll be fine by myself.

BRAD
 You sure about that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Drake pulls out a VINTAGE HANDGUN. Places it on the table.

DRAKE
Ask yourself, punk -- do you feel LUCKY?

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

A shitty, overstuffed room. File cabinets. Rows of cardboard boxes stuffed with paperwork. A desk covered in file folders. Pictures of dead cops and plaques line the walls.

Sitting behind his desk is police chief WINN SACKLER (60's), poster boy for the Big And Tall Store. Beer belly strains against his belt. Right now he's staring at Lane Diamond --

Standing before him, hat literally in her hands.

LANE
But chief, the girl was TARRED AND FEATHERED.

WINN
School-yard shenanigans. Hijinks.

LANE
I think it's connected to the missing girl, Bettie Bee. She was cyber-bullied and then ran away from home.

WINN
(picks a report up off his desk)
And according to her father, she's *invisible*.

LANE
I know it sounds incredible, but there were a whole high school cafeteria full of witnesses. Maybe that's why none of them would come forward.

WINN
Do you realize how CRAZY this sounds, Diamond?

LANE
Yes I do, sir. But the father filed a mission persons report, and I'd like to follow up on it.
(off his stare)
Sir. Please.

WINN
Ah, what the fuck. Keep you out of trouble --

LANE
Thank you, sir. You won't be sorry.

WINN
You've been on the job, what -- a week now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANE
Yes, sir.

WINN
Don't make me regret hiring you, Diamond.

LANE
You won't, sir.
(salutes)
Thank you, sir.

She turns on her heel and walks out. He watches her go.

WINN
The things I would do to that ass --

INT. DRAKE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

A vintage Mustang convertible with the top down. The passenger door OPENS. We see an indentation in the seat. It's Bettie. The door quietly closes, CLICK.

BETTIE (V.O.)
(whispers)
The fat and the FURIOUS --

She CHUCKLES, low, evil.

ACROSS THE STREET

Lonny hides behind a row of hedges with his video camera.

IN THE GARAGE

A door in the rear OPENS. Drake walks in. Closes it behind him. Goes over the car. Gets in. SLAMS the door. Puts the keys in the ignition. Starts it.

Thinks a moment. Pulls the gun out from his waistband. Leans over, puts it in glove compartment.

DRAKE
Be just my luck to get pulled over.

He hits the garage door opener on the sun visor. It starts opening. The car starts slowly rolling out of the garage.

ACROSS THE STREET

Lonny sees the Mustang. Starts videotaping.

ON THE DRIVEWAY

The car suddenly LURCHES forward. Then violently STOPS.

IN THE CAR

Drake looks around. Spooked.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Three GUESSES.
 (beat)
 Wanna go for a RIDE?

She STOMPS on the gas, and the car ROARS out onto the street.

ON THE STREET

The Mustang's wheels SQUEAL on the pavement as it makes a HARD TURN onto the street.

IN THE CAR

Drake watches the wheel turn all by itself. SCREAMS. The phantom PUNCHES the gas again. The car starts SPEEDING.

DRAKE
 Who's THERE? What are you DOING?

BETTIE (V.O.)
 (low, feral)
 Leave the driving to US.

DRAKE
 B-bettie? Is that YOU?

BETTIE (V.O.)
 It sure as hell ain't DALE EARNHARDT.
 (beat)
 BWAHAHAHAHA --

ON THE STREET

Lonny videotapes the car going down the street. It veers to the side, and starts SMASHING into a row of mailboxes -- BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG.

IN THE CAR

Drake WRESTLES with the wheel, trying to pull it back onto the road. With each BANG he SCREAMS.

DRAKE
 STOP, STOP -- you're fucking up my CAR.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 WHOOO, Talladega BITES --

ON THE STREET

The car suddenly SWERVES AROUND IN A CIRCLE, goes into a FISHTAIL, tires SCREECHING.

IN THE CAR

Drake gets THROWN into the driver's side door, BANG. SCREAMS. The car SCREECHES to a halt.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Wow, that was FUN. Wanna go AGAIN?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRAKE
Wh-what do you WANT?

BETTIE (V.O.)
Not sure yet. Maybe a POUND OF FLESH?
Your HEAD ON A STICK?

DRAKE
I'm SORRY we teased you, Bettie.

BETTIE (V.O.)
An *apology*? How quaint. BUZZZZZZ. WRONG
ANSWER. Not GOOD ENOUGH.

Drake gets WHACKED in the head.

DRAKE
OW.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Do you KNOW what it feels like to get
FUCKED with? It feels like SHIT.
(growls)
So now I'm gonna fuck with YOU.

DRAKE
I SAID I was sorry, you fat BITCH.

BETTIE
WHAT did you call me?

She PUNCHES him in the stomach.

DRAKE
OW.

He LUNGES for the glove compartment. Opens it. GRABS the gun.

BETTIE
Oooh. He's gotta GUN.

LONNY

Hears the commotion. RACES over to the car, still filming.

IN THE CAR

Drake and Bettie struggle for control of the pistol. It WAVES
in the air, FLYING AROUND WILDLY, back and forth.

DRAKE
STOP IT, GIMME THAT, LET GO.

The gun FIRES -- BANG.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Whoops.

Drake looks down at his shirt. A red blossom starts forming
on his chest. Starts growing bigger.

DRAKE
You fucking SHOT ME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BETTIE (V.O.)
 (sings)
*Shot through the heart, and you're to
 blame, you give bullies a BAD NAME.*
 (beat)
 BWAHAHAHAHA --

His head slumps over. Lights out. Lonny appears in his window. Shuts off the camera. Eyes wide as saucers.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*There's my intrepid cameraman. You get
 all that?*

LONNY
 (nods)
 Is he -- dead?

BETTIE (V.O.)
 As a doornail.
 (beat)
 I always wondered about that expression.
 What THE FUCK is a 'doornail?'

LONNY
 (staring at the body)
 I -- I -- don't know.

The passenger side door OPENS. We hear footsteps on the pavement. Something SLAPS Lonny's shoulder. Rubs it.

BETTIE (V.O.)
*C'mon, tons of fun -- let's go back to
 your joint and chow down. I'm fucking
 STARVING. GRRR.*

Lonny reacts to Bettie's touch. Swallows down his fear, his panic. Tries to regain his composure.

LONNY
 Yeah, okay. Okay.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Don't look so spooked, Lonny. He was a
 piece of shit that DESERVED to die.
 (beat)
 They ALL do.

EXT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A stately, old performance hall on campus. Overcome with beautiful vines. A sign on the wall reads FLEMING PERKINS TONIGHT. A stream of STUDENTS and PROFESSORS walk in.

Bernard comes into view. Looks at the sign. Goes in.

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Packed to the gills. FLEMING PERKINS (60's) sits in his wheelchair bathed in warm lighting. Gnarled, hunched-over. Limbs at odd angles. Eyes burning with intelligence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLEMING

Einstein's General Theory of Relativity offers the possibility that we could create and maintain wormholes -- little tubes that connect different regions of space-time. If so, we might be able to use them for rapid travel around the galaxy -- or even travel back in time.

(beat)

Of course, we haven't seen anyone from the future yet -- or have we?

A smattering of chuckling from the audience.

BERNARD

Looks at his watch. Sighs.

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - BACKSTAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Fleming sits in his chair speaking with a trio of DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING SCIENTIFIC TYPES (60's).

WHITE-HAIRED SCIENTIFIC TYPE

Quite intellectually stimulating, Mr. Perkins.

FLEMING

Please. Call me Fleming. All Nobel Prize laureates do.

PLUMP SCIENTIFIC TYPE

I must say you frightened me with your comments on space exploration. Do you really think things are that dire?

FLEMING

You should be frightened. Look at what happened in Japan. And that was an *accident*.

Bernard joins the group. Looks at Stephen eagerly.

BERNARD

Great talk, Mr. Perkins. I was wondering if I could ask you a question in private?

FLEMING

Why the need for secrecy?

BERNARD

Top secret research.

(beat)

And a young girl's life is in danger.

Scientific Types raise their eyebrows. Nod. Shuffle away.

FLEMING

A most effective way of clearing the room. I'll have to remember that one.

BERNARD

I wasn't joshing, Mr. Perkins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLEMING
Fleming.

BERNARD
Fleming.
(clears throat)
I have developed a serum that refragments subatomic particles so that the atoms are cloaked in a sub-setted spatial plane apart from ours --

FLEMING
Which would make someone invisible.

BERNARD
Exactly. I've spent over twenty years working on it --

FLEMING
And I would assume that the young girl that has taken the serum is someone you're close to, like a daughter, perhaps?

BERNARD
Indeed.

FLEMING
And I would further assume that you're asking me for help?

BERNARD
I know you're a busy man, but she's disappeared and I'm worried sick that --

FLEMING
Say no more. Take me to your lab. We have *nubile, young flesh* to rescue.
(shouts)
She blinded me with SCIENCE.

BERNARD
Excuse me?

FLEMING
Sorry. New medication.
(mumbles)
YOU try sitting in a wheelchair forty years --

INT. LONNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lonny and Bettie sit on his couch in front of a giant spread of food on the coffee table. TV is on with the sound down. A large bucket of chicken floats in the air next to Lonny.

BETTIE (V.O.)
That was fucking INCREDIBLE.

A breast FLIES UP out of the tub. CHEWING SOUNDS as it gets DEVoured. The bone FLIPS UP in the air behind the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (BURPS)
 Did you see the look on his FACE? He was
 scared SHITLESS.

Lonny picks up a giant chocolate bar off the table. Eats half
 of it in one bite. Gulps it down. Looks nervous.

LONNY
 Yeah, but --

BETTIE (V.O.)
 But what?

LONNY
 You SHOT him.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 It was self-defense.

A DRUMSTICK comes FLYING UP. It, too gets DEVoured. Then the
 BONE gets eaten with a CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH.

LONNY
 But he's -- dead.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Damn straight. And it felt GOOD. I can't
 wait to kill ANOTHER ONE OF THEM.

LONNY
What?

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Yeah. And you're gonna be right there
 with me, making a video of it. I want
 EVERYONE to know not to FUCK with me.
 (low, feral)
 They have to PAY.

LONNY
 Gee, I dunno, Bettie.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 I know the deal, Lonny.

LONNY
 What d-deal?

BETTIE (V.O.)
 I saw how you looked at me with those
 puppy dog eyes.
 (going in for the kill)
 When you asked me to prom?
 (off his look)
 So here's what we're gonna do.

LONNY
 Wh-what's that?

BETTIE (V.O.)
 (low, scary)
 You help me KILL them -- and I'll go to
 the prom with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

 LONNY
Really?

 BETTIE (V.O.)
REALLY.
 (beat)
So are you IN?

PUSH IN ON Lonny. Nodding. Eyes darting back and forth.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The spot where Drake's car is parked is now a CRIME SCENE. A crew of CRIME TECHS work the area. Taking pictures, gathering evidence. Doing all that CSI shit.

Drake's body bag is placed on a gurney. A PLAINCLOTHES HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (40's) lights a smoke. Watches.

 PLAINCLOTHES HOMICIDE DETECTIVE
 (shakes his head, to himself)
Just a young kid --

Meet HART KLAVAN, built like a linebacker. Now a bit soft from working the suburban beat. But still the best homicide dick in this sleepy berg. Not to mention the only one.

Lane Diamond's patrol car pulls up the curb. She gets out. Walks over to him. He eyes her appraisingly.

 HART
Officer.

 LANE
Detective.

He takes a deep drag on his smoke. Shakes his head sadly.

 HART
Kid was *seventeen*.
 (sighs)
Haven't had a shooting here in five
years.

 LANE
Any prints, physical evidence?

 HART
Nothing. Totally clean. Like it was a
professional hit or something.
 (takes a drag)
But why would someone whack a high school
kid?

 LANE
There've been a few incidents involving
the students there. I think it might be
connected.

 HART
Oh, really --
 (beat)
You've been on the beat, what -- a week
now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANE
 (bristling)
 A high school girl ran away from home after being cyber-bullied. The next day, a kid got glued to his toilet seat, a video of it got posted on the Internet, and he killed himself that evening --

HART
 But how is that --

LANE
 The *next* day a girl got tarred and feathered in the school cafeteria. *Tarred and feathered.*
 (beat)
 And now this.

HART
 And you think this is what -- some kind of revenge thing?

LANE
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 I know this is going to sound crazy, but the missing girl's father is a scientist, and he told me she drank this formula he was working on --

HART
 A *formula* --

LANE
 Which made her invisible.
 (off his stare)
 I know it sounds crazy.

HART
 Tell you what. I'm gonna grab a cup of coffee before I go back to the station and file my report. Why don't you come join me, tell me all about it.

Pause.

LANE
 You don't believe me.

HART
 Hell, no. But I could use a good laugh about now.

LANE
 Listen, *detective* -- the chief put me in charge of finding the missing girl.

HART
 You married? Got a boyfriend?

LANE
 Sorry, big fella. Not into guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HART
Feisty, aren't you?

LANE
Fuck you.

HART
You ever let a guy -- watch?

LANE
You really are an asshole, you know that?

HART
Settle down. Just busting your chops. We give all the rookies a hard time. Builds character.

(off her look)
I'm actually a big science fiction buff. Follow me in your car to the House of Donuts. I wanna hear all about it. Seriously.

LANE
Really?

HART
Yeah. Chill out. My daughter's gay. We're cool.

PUSH IN ON Lane's face. Pleasantly surprised.

LANE
Is she single?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Muffin and Brad sit on the teacher's desk in their usual places, steering the popular ship. The rest of the gang sits at their desks. Everyone looks spooked. Freaked out.

BRAD
So everyone saw the video?

RONNIE
(nods)
Made Tila and me puke technicolor rainbows of ew.

TILA
And we weren't even doing jello shots.

EMERALD
It made me gag on my own gag reflex.

GRETCHEN
Made me spew bite-sized chunks. In SAUCE.

MUFFIN
God. Disgusting much, Gretch?

GRETCHEN
I TOLD you not to call me *Gretch*, it makes me sound like a *guitar*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAD

Enough. We get it. So we have to DO something about it. NOW. Bettie Bee MUST be stopped. Or else one of us is next.

BERT

What about the cops? Aren't they on the case?

MUFFIN

Apparently NOT, my inhuman growth whore-moan. Drake Monsterburg is DEAD. Does THAT sound like they're *on the case*?

BERT

Then what are we supposed to DO?

BRAD

We're gonna do something more than just dump pig's blood on her --
(beat)
We're gonna TRAP her. Then we can turn her over to the cops.

WHIT

But how are we gonna get her to come? It would seem to me that's she's, uh -- kind of MAD at us?

MUFFIN

Not to worry, my metrosexual one. After racking my brain -- and my rack -- I've come up the solution.

BRAD

This is the part where Muffin's genius elevates her WAY above being an object of teenage lust.

MUFFIN

Oh, YOU --
(playfully punches him on the shoulder)
It's simple. We make her PROM QUEEN.
(off their looks)
I mean, what Twilight-loving virgin can resist THAT?

RONNIE

But isn't the prom queen crowned AT the prom?

MUFFIN

Details. So we change the rules. Rig the vote. Total prom domination.

BRAD

Exactly. I mean -- we're *popular*. We can get away with murder.

EXT. LONNY'S HOUSE - DAY

All is quiet at Lonny's airbrushed suburban dream home. The white picket fence gleams in the bright sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE STREET

Lane Diamond and Hart Klavan sit in his undercover vehicle, staking out The House of Girth. Sipping coffees.

LANE

The neighbors say his father's out of town. And he hasn't been in school the last couple of days. I came by yesterday a couple of times, but no one was home.

HART

Perhaps young Mr. Schmerzler is aiding and abetting our corpulent killer.

(off her look)

I'm an amateur writer. Hardboiled crime stories. Flash fiction. I've been published online in Spinetingler, Gun Muzzle Flash, A Taste Of Noir --

LANE

The layers of the onion just keep getting peeled away, huh?

HART

Some people have many facets, officer Diamond.

(announcer's voice)

There are eight million stories in the Naked City. This has been one of them.

They sip their coffee.

LANE

Do you think we have enough to get a search warrant?

HART

Probably. But if we go get one, we might miss something.

LANE

So we're stuck here for awhile.

HART

Got a problem with that?

LANE

No. I'm fine.

She stares out the window. Thinking.

HART

You really care about finding this girl, huh?

LANE

I was a fat kid. The other kids at school made my life a living hell --

(looks at him)

I know how she feels. Powerless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HART
Well, something tells me she's gotten
over THAT.

PUSH IN ON Lane's face. Worried.

LANE
Yeah. No shit.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sound of WATER RUNNING. Clouds of STEAM. We see the silhouette of a GIRL behind the rippled opaque shower stall. Softly singing some shitty top-forty hit.

Water SHUTS OFF. The door OPENS. A feminine HAND comes out. Reaches for a towel -- and out steps GRETCHEN. Two scoops of fresh-scrubbed blonde, now wrapped in white terry cloth.

She wraps her wet hair in a towel, softly humming. Pads into -

INT. GRETCHEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The haughty vixen walks over to her desk. Sits. Boots up her laptop. She works the mouse. Fingers fly across the keyboard. A CHAT WINDOW fills the screen.

IN THE WINDOW

We see Brad's leering face.

BRAD
Hey, babe. Looks like somebody ALREADY
got wet.

GRETCHEN

Leans toward the camera. Leers.

GRETCHEN
Why do you think I'm wearing a towel?
(sultry)
Are you touching yourself?

BRAD (O.C.)
Yeah. I'm stroking it for you, baby.
(beach)
C'mon. I wanna see you touch yourself.

Gretchen's hand disappears under her towel. Her eyes flash.

GRETCHEN
Mmm --

BRAD (O.C.)
C'mon, I wanna SEE IT.

GRETCHEN
Not yet.

BRAD (O.C.)
C'mon, Gretchen --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN
What would *Muffin* do if she caught you
doing this with me?

BRAD (O.C.)
FUCK *Muffin*. She's a stuck-up BITCH.

OUTSIDE HER WINDOW

Lonny stands in the dark, videotaping the proceedings. Eyes wide as saucers. Takes a cookie from his pocket. Eats it.

IN THE BEDROOM

Gretchen smiles nastily at the computer screen.

GRETCHEN
That's right. She's a stuck-up bitch who
won't PUT OUT --
(sexy)
Not like ME.

BRAD (O.C.)
That's right, baby.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(electronic)
You've got mail!

GRETCHEN
Whoops. Just got an email. Hold on a sec.

BRAD (O.C.)
Don't, wait --

She clicks the mouse. Minimizes the video chat window. Goes to her email. Checks to see who it's from.

IN THE EMAIL INBOX

We see it's from BETTIE BEE.

GRETCHEN
Looks at it. Scared. Opens it.

THE EMAIL READS

Prepare to die, bitch. See you in HELL.

GRETCHEN
Starts freaking out. She opens the video chat window again.

GRETCHEN
Brad. It's Bettie. She just sent me an
email.

BRAD (O.C.)
Shit. What did it say?

Suddenly the towel on Gretchen's head comes FLYING OFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRETCHEN
What the FUCK?

BETTIE (V.O.)
It's meat curtains for YOU.
(beat)
BWAHAHAHAHA --

ON THE COMPUTER

Brad's face fills the screen.

BRAD
What's going on? Did SHE do that?

IN THE BEDROOM

The towel wrapped around Gretchen's body FLIES OFF.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Prepare to meet your maker, WHORE.

LONNY

Continues videotaping. Riveted.

GRETCHEN

Leans into the computer.

GRETCHEN
It's HER. She's HERE. Call the POLICE.

BRAD (O.C.)
Hold ON. I'm calling nine-one-one --

BETTIE (V.O.)
I always thought you were quite the
cut-up.

A pair of scissors RISES UP out of a cup full of pencils --
and FLIES DOWN into her hand, HARPOONING IT to the desktop.

GRETCHEN
GAAAA --

IN BRAD'S BEDROOM

He talks on his cell phone with one hand, hopping around,
trying to pull up his pants with the other.

BRAD
She's being attacked --
(listens)
Yes, *right now*.
(listens)
I told you. BETTIE BEE.
(listens)
Because we were VIDEO CHATTING.
(looks at the computer)
Ohmigod, she just STABBED her with a pair
of scissors.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRAD (CONT'D)
 (listens)
 Tell them to HURRY.

IN GRETCHEN'S BEDROOM

A book comes FLYING OFF the bookshelf on her desk --

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Read any GOOD BOOKS lately?

And HITS her on the head.

GRETCHEN
 OW --
 (beat)
 STOP IT.

She GRABS the scissors, tries to pull them out --

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
 AHHH --

And YANKS them free. Blood starts GUSHING from the wound.
 She LEAPS UP off her chair. Starts JABBING at the air around
 her, trying to stab Bettie.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 You go, girl. Fight for your LIFE. Let's
 see some BLONDE AMBITION --

More books start FLYING off their shelves and start PELTING
 her in the head. The stomach. Her arms. Legs. She COLLAPSES
 in a heap on the floor. Bettie starts KICKING her.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That's for all the YEARS --
 (KICKS)
 You've all been PICKING ON ME.

GRETCHEN
 STOP, STOP.

Gretchen's body LIFTS UP off the floor. Starts heading toward
 an AQUARIUM full of tropical fish.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Wow, don't know my own strength.

GRETCHEN
 I'm SORRY, I'm SORRY --

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Too late for that, hot stuff. Time to
 SLEEP WITH THE FISHES.

And her head goes FLYING INTO THE GLASS with a CRUNCH. Water
 and fish SPRAY into the room. Broken glass SLICES HER NECK
 OPEN. She FLOPS onto the floor. Blood GUSHES down her front.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Gee, I hate to CUT this short, but I
 gotta split. Thanks for the mammaries.
 (beat)
 BWAHAHAHAHA --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Lonny turns off the camera. Eyes like saucers.

INT. UNIVERSITY LAB - NIGHT

Fleming Perkins works at a table filled with beakers and test tubes filled with bubbling liquids. He squirts an eye dropper onto a slide. Fits it on a microscope. Takes a look. Squints.

Bernard sits nearby. Tinkering with an electronic device.

FLEMING

The active ingredient is *Duocaine*. It causes the brain to malfunction. Once it gets into the cerebral cortex through the bloodstream, it starts attacking the id inhibitors.

(looks at Bernard)

How did you find out about it?

BERNARD

On the Interwebs.

FLEMING

But *Duocaine* is Schedule K. Only *the military* has it. How on earth did you get some?

BERNARD

I synthesized it myself. Took a couple of years of trial and error.

(sighs)

Now we just have to find an anti-agent.

FLEMING

(shakes his head)

But there IS no anti-agent. It was classified for that very reason. All the test subjects died within a few days. The research was then de-funded and the project buried.

BERNARD

Test subjects? Where on earth did you learn about THAT?

FLEMING

I'm afraid that, too is classified.

BERNARD

But if there's no anti-agent, Bettie will DIE.

FLEMING

There is one way to save her --

BERNARD

Which IS --

FLEMING

A complete blood transfusion. But it must be done as soon as possible, before the damage is irreversible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD

Then we haven't a moment to lose.

He holds up the I-pad looking device he was working on.

FLEMING

You suddenly have a pressing desire to listen to MUSIC?

BERNARD

No, no, no. It's a terahertz semi-conductor laser. I tagged the formula with a low-level radioactive isotope so I could track it if it was stolen. It's tuned to the light frequency fingerprint.

FLEMING

You mean to tell me you've had this all along? Why haven't you used it to FIND her?

BERNARD

I just finished making it. It took a little time to make a miniature LASER. I'm a scientist, not an electrician.

FLEMING

How long is the life of the isotope?

BERNARD

I don't know. A few days. A week, maybe.

FLEMING

Well, if I were you, I'd get my proverbial ass in gear and get this to the police, pronto.

Bernard turns white. Nods. Pulls out his cell phone. Punches a number. Listens.

BERNARD

Yes. This is professor Bernard Bee at the university. I need to speak to officer Lane Diamond, please. It's quite urgent.

(listens)

It's about my missing daughter --

(sighs)

Yes, I'll hold.

EXT. LONNY'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lonny's car pulls into the driveway.

INT. HART'S UNDERCOVER VEHICLE - NIGHT

Hart and Lane see it.

HART

That's him.

LANE

Let's go.

They get out of the car.

INT. LONNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lonny kills the engine. Looks at the empty space where Bettie is sitting next to him.

LONNY
Honey, we're home --
(sees something in the rearview
mirror)
Oh, shit. The cops. Don't MOVE.

He opens his door. Starts to get out.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

Lane and Hart walk up to Lonny. Flash their badges. His eyes grow large as saucers.

HART
Lonny Schmerzler?

LONNY
That's me. What's going on?

LANE
We're looking into the disappearance of
Bettie Bee. Have you seen her?

LONNY
Uh -- no. Sorry.

HART
Out kinda late tonight, aren't you?

LONNY
I was at the library, uh -- studying for
finals.

Lane's radio SQUAWKS.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
(electronic)
We got a one-eighty-seven at five-twenty-
two Bay Street. Young girl's throat's
been cut, do you copy?

LANE
(answers it)
Copy that. We're on our way. Over.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Copy that. Over.

LANE
(to Hart)
You think it's our invisible friend?

HART
(nods)
Looks like someone's developed a taste
for blood.
(to Lonny)
Thanks for your help. We'll let you know
if we have any more questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONNY
Okay, sure.

They head off to their car.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Holy SHIT was that a close call.

LONNY
Almost shit my pants.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Feels good, doesn't it? C'mon, let's go
in, post the video, and then EAT. I'm
fucking STARVING.
(off his stare)
C'mon Tele-Tubby, MOVE IT.

LONNY
But aren't you concerned they know it's
YOU?

BETTIE (V.O.)
So WHAT? If they can't SEE ME, they can't
CATCH ME --
(beat)
BWAHAHAHAHA --

INT. GRETCHEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

POLICE CRIME SCENE TECHS swarm the room gathering evidence.
Lane and Hart examine Gretchen's body, her head still stuck
on the edge of the aquarium. Blood everywhere.

HART
Her MO seems to have escalated --

LANE
From pranks into premeditated murder.

HART
I'll call forensics again. They MUST be
able to trace who posted those videos.

LANE
What's taking them so long?

HART
The user ID is anonymous, and it's
connected to a dormant email address.

Lane's cell phone RINGS. She fishes it out. Answers it.

LANE
This is officer Diamond.
(listens)
Mr. Bee.
(listens)
A laser? Really? We'll be right there.
(listens)
No, thank YOU.

She CLICKS the phone shut. Smiles at Hart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HART
What's up?

LANE
He just made some kind of laser device that we can use to find her. Something in the formula can be tracked.

HART
Now we're talking. Where is he?

LANE
Over at the university.

HART
Then let's go get some *higher learning*.

INT. LONNY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lonny sits on the couch working his laptop. We see an indentation on the cushion next to him. On the coffee table is a HUGE selection of food. Enough to feed a large family.

There's a small mountain of miniature frozen hamburgers. One of them FLIES UP in the air. We hear a GULP, and it disappears. Then another. And another. And another --

LONNY
Did you even nuke those?

BETTIE (V.O.)
I like 'em FROZEN. Cooking is for LOSERS.

Lonny sighs. Fingers FLY across the keyboard. We hear a BEEP.

LONNY
Okay. Video is UP.
(nasty chuckle)
Just wait till they get a load of THAT.

A whole turkey lifts up from its plate. It DISINTEGRATES in a BUZZSAW of flying food and bones. Then, a loud BURP.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Finger-fucking GOOD.

LONNY
This is like that movie *Heathers*.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Never saw it.

LONNY
Oh, it's great. Christian Slater and Winona Ryder play these lovers who kill the popular kids. You'd LOVE it.

A gallon container of ice cream LIFTS UP. A LOUD SUCKING SOUND as it gets wolfed down. It gets tossed to the side. We now see Bettie's face, covered with ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIE
 Ahh. Neapolitan DYNOMITE.
 (BURPS)
 Vote for PEDRO. BWAHAHAHAHA --

LONNY
 Hey. I can SEE you.

BETTIE
 What?

LONNY
 Your face. It's covered with ice cream.
 I can see you.

BETTIE
 What do you want, a MEDAL?

LONNY
 I just meant it's great to see you.

BETTIE
 WHY?

LONNY
 Because you're the most beautiful girl
 I've ever seen.

BETTIE
 What's THAT supposed to mean? You trying
 to get IN MY PANTS?

The front door OPENS. In walks FRANK SCHMERZLER (50's),
 Lonny's dad. Even BIGGER than Lonny. Carrying a suitcase.
 He sees Lonny. Lonny JUMPS UP. Hides Bettie with his girth.

LONNY
 Dad. You're home early --

FRANK
 (sees the mess)
 What the hell is going on here? There's
 food all over the LIVING ROOM.

LONNY
 Sorry, dad. I can explain. I had a few
 friends over --

FRANK
 That's no EXCUSE. I want you to clean
 this mess up RIGHT NOW, and then go RIGHT
 TO BED, you HEAR me?

LONNY
 Okay. I'm sorry, dad --

FRANK
 I thought I'd surprise you by coming home
 early, but now I can see I can't TRUST
 you to take care of our HOME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETTIE (V.O.)
 (low)
 Stop talking to my friend like that, you
 fat fucking ASSHOLE.

FRANK
 Who's there?

Bettie's ice cream face floats in front him. He turns white.
 Grabs his chest. Horrified.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Wh-what the HELL?

BETTIE
 I'm the evil offspring of BEN AND JERRY,
 and I COMMAND YOU to apologize to my
 FRIEND.

LONNY
 Bettie, don't. My dad's got a heart
 condition --

FRANK
 I don't -- understand --

BETTIE
 Oh, he DOES, does he?

She starts dancing around the room, rapping in a scary voice.
 Her ice cream face moving from side to side.

BETTIE (CONT'D)
*Humpty Dumpty sat on a cock, Humpty
 Dumpty came in a sock -- all the king's
 whores and all the king's friends,
 couldn't make Humpty shoot his load
 again.*
 (beat)
 BWAHAHAHA!

Franks GASPS.

LONNY
 Bettie, STOP IT.

FRANK
 (starts staggering)
 My heart --

BETTIE
 (gets in close)
*Mary had a little lamb, her father shot
 it dead -- now it goes to school with
 her, between two hunks of bread.*

FRANK
 AHHH, AHHH --

BETTIE
*Little Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet, legs
 opened wide -- along came a spider,
 looked up inside her, and said 'can I go
 for a ride?'*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BETTIE (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 BWAHAHAHA --

FRANK
 GAAA --

Frank's face turns RED. He GRABS his chest. Starts MOANING.
 COLLAPSES to the floor, THWUMP.

LONNY
 DAD.

He races to help. Checks his pulse. Nothing. He looks up at
 Bettie, in complete shock.

LONNY (CONT'D)
 You -- killed him.

BETTIE
 What's the big deal?
 (nasty smile)
 Leaves more food for US.

LONNY
 But he's my FATHER. What are we gonna do
 NOW?

BETTIE
 I dunno. Maybe saute him with a little
 garlic and onions?
 (off his look)
 BWAHAHAHAHA --

LONNY
 That's not FUNNY. You just killed MY
 FATHER.

BETTIE
 So what are you gonna DO ABOUT IT?

LONNY
 I'm gonna call THE POLICE.

BETTIE
 Oh, no YOU'RE NOT --

Lonny pulls out his cell phone. Starts punching a number.

LONNY
 Oh, yes I AM.
 (listens)
 Hello, nine-one-one?

He looks down. Feels Bettie's hand on his crotch. DROPS the
 phone. Her ice cream face smiles nastily.

BETTIE
 May I have this POLE dance?

LONNY
 Bettie. What are you --

BETTIE
 Whaddaya say we go upstairs -- have a
 little FUN?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BETTIE (CONT'D)

(beat)
BWAHAHAHAHA --

INT. UNIVERSITY LAB - NIGHT

Hart and Lane stand next to Bernard and Fleming.
Lane holds the laser-tracker in her palm.

LANE

So I just point and aim it?

BERNARD

Indeed. It tracks a low-level radioactive isotope in the formula.

HART

Pretty fancy stuff.

BERNARD

Please, you must hurry. We need to find her right away. We don't have much time.

HART

Why do you say that?

FLEMING

We've just discovered that the formula slowly makes the person who took it go insane -- and then KILLS them.

Suddenly the rabbit cage starts BANGING behind them.

LANE

What's THAT?

BERNARD

Bugs. A rabbit I gave the formula to. He's become QUITE unstable, very agitated -- and his appetite has gone out of control.

(beat)

Which would explain my poor daughter's behavior. I assure you she normally wouldn't harm a fly.

The BANGING gets LOUDER.

HART

What's happening now?

BERNARD

He does this when he wants to eat. He'll bang his head on the cage until he's exhausted and then passes out.

LANE

Then why don't you feed him?

BERNARD

Because today he's already eaten what a normal animal would in a week. I simply can't. His stomach would explode.

(beat)

Please. You must hurry. Time is of the essence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 If we don't give her a blood transfusion
 within the next twenty-four hours, she'll
 die.

The banging stops. They all look. Bernard goes to the cage.
 Puts on a heavy glove. Slowly, carefully opens a small door.
 Puts his hand in. Feels around.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 Oh, dear.

HART
 What's wrong?

PUSH IN ON Bernard's face. Freaked out.

BERNARD
 He's -- dead.

INT. LONNY'S FATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lonny lies in bed with a big smile on his face smoking a
 cigarette. Next to him is a giant Cosco-sized box of cookies.
 One by one, they FLY UP out of the box and disappear.

LONNY
 That was -- incredible.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 You came in like two seconds.

LONNY
 It was my first time.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Gee, you think so?

He frowns. Stares off into space. Thinking. Then remembers.

LONNY
 My father --

BETTIE (V.O.)
 (ominous)
 Ah, yes. We have to figure out *how to*
dispose of him.

LONNY
 What do you mean?

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Well, we can't just let him rot on the
 living room floor like a beached whale --
 (beat)
 BWAHAHAHA --

INT. HART'S UNDERCOVER VEHICLE - MOVING - NIGHT

Hart drives down the street. Lane points the laser-tracker
 out her window. Looks at the LCD display.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HART
So I decided to string together several short stories I've written about the same private eye, and realized I had the start of a NOVEL --

Lane stares the device. Shakes her head.

HART (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm boring you. When I start talking about my writing, I tend to get carried away.

LANE
No, no -- it's okay.
(sighs)
It's just -- this is like trying to find a beer at an AA meeting.

HART
Tell you what. In the morning we'll get the addresses of all her classmates and go by their houses. Sound good?

LANE
That narrows it down a bit -- to only a few hundred places.

He stops at an intersection. Lane looks at the street sign.

LANE (CONT'D)
Hey. Wait a minute.

HART
What?

LANE
We're right near her best friend's house, Lonny Schmerzler.

HART
Yeah?

LANE
Well, we didn't really get to question him. We got called over to that crime scene --
(beat)
And is it just me, or didn't he seem a little -- off?
(off his look)
And isn't kind of a coincidence that he was just getting home right after the murder?

HART
You have a hunch? A feeling in your gut?

LANE
(carefully)
Yeah --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HART
That's the mark of a good cop, officer
Diamond. There might be hope for you yet.

LANE
You mean?

HART
(turns the wheel)
Let's go pay him a little visit.

LANE
Isn't it kind of late?

HART
Element of surprise, officer Diamond.
(beat)
Element of surprise.

INT. LONNY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank's body lies on the floor. Arms up in the air at a forty-five degree angle. Lonny stares. About to lose it.

BETTIE (V.O.)
C'mon. You take the legs --

LONNY
I -- can't.
(beat)
That's my DAD.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Not ANYMORE he's not. Right now he's a
dead, bloated mass of flesh that pretty
soon is going to start stinking to high
heaven.

LONNY
I know, but -- but --

BETTIE (V.O.)
But WHAT? You want somebody to FIND him?

LONNY
No, of course not. It's just --

The doorbell RINGS. He WHIPS his head toward the front door.

LONNY (CONT'D)
Who could that be at THIS hour?

Lonny's dad's arms DROP. We hear Bettie's footsteps go to the front door. Then silence. The footsteps come back to Lonny.

BETTIE (V.O.)
It's the fucking COPS. I TOLD you we
needed to MOVE him.

LONNY
What are we gonna do NOW?

The doorbell RINGS again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTIE (V.O.)
I don't know about you, but I'm getting
the hell OUTTA here.

LONNY
But you can't just -- leave.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Just WATCH me.
(giggles)
Oh, yeah -- that's right. You CAN'T.
(beat)
See you in the FUNNY PAPERS.

We see her footsteps in the carpet RACE back toward the
kitchen. Then hear them SLAP on the linoleum. A door SLAMS.

The doorbell RINGS again.

LONNY
Shit.

OUTSIDE

Hart and Lane look at each other.

HART
I heard voices.

LANE
So did I.

Hart BANGS on the door with his fist.

HART
Lonny Schmerzler. This is THE POLICE.
OPEN THE DOOR. NOW.

The door opens. Lonny appears. White as a ghost.

LONNY
Please. You gotta help me. I didn't do
it.

LANE
Do what?

LONNY
It's -- my father. H-he -- had a heart
attack.

LANE
We know Bettie's here, Lonny.

HART
Please stand aside, son.

Lonny nods. Turns around. Leads them into the house.

INT. LONNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hart, Lane and Lonny stand near the body. Staring at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HART
Do you know what caused it?

LONNY
He saw Bettie, and --

HART
Wait. How could he see her?

LONNY
She was eating ice cream and got it all over her face.

LANE
(looks at the scanner)
SHIT. The reading stopped. She's GONE.

HART
Where did she go, Lonny?

LONNY
I don't know. She saw it was you at the door -- and she, she ran away.

HART
Do you realize how much trouble you're in, young man?

LONNY
Yes, sir.

LANE
Let's go sit on the couch. I want to hear the whole story, from the beginning.

He sits. Looks like he's about to cry. Lane sits down next to him. Takes out her notebook. Gives him a hopeful smile. Hart takes out his cell phone. Moves away. Dials a number.

LANE (CONT'D)
So --

LONNY
(sighs)
I was in class a couple days ago, and I got a text message from Bettie saying she needed my help --

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

The usual crap. Check cashing joint. Convenience store. Liquor emporium. Fast food restaurants. An electronic store with a wall of TV's in the window. We hear footsteps --

BETTIE (V.O.)
Hungry. Need to EAT.

The footsteps stop in front of the TV display.

ON TV

Is a commercial for American Burger. A group of wildly grinning kids, like outta some demented GLEE from hell sing and dance while holding hamburgers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG-CHESTED BLONDE CHEERLEADER
So when you want a tasty treat --

GAP-TOOTHED RETARDED KID IN WHEELCHAIR
*And you're stomach's craving American
 meat --*

BLACK ATHLETIC TYPE
*Then get your butt to the place that
 can't be beat --*

HOT ASIAN SMART CHICK WEARING GLASSES
*Because American Burger is the place to
 eat --*

SMILING LATIN GUY DRESSED LIKE A VALET
That makes you dance with HAPPY FEET.

Smiling Latin Guy breaks out into a big tap-dance number.
 The other kids start chowing down and cheering him on.

EXT. AMERICAN BURGER RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Footsteps CLOMP-CLOMP up to the door.

BETTIE (V.O.)
 I'm gonna have me a bunch of burgers,
 some fries, a few shakes --

The door OPENS -- and the footsteps CLOMP in.

AT THE COUNTER

The place is dead. A couple of PIMPLY-FACED KIDS hover over a
 smart-phone. Point and squeal.

ACNE-SCARRED NERDY GUY
 And here's a shot of her sticking her ass
 out the limo MOON-ROOF --

MOUTH-BREATHING FAT CHICK
 My GOD. It's bigger than it is on TV --

BETTIE (V.O.)
 Can I get a dozen Freedom Burgers, six
 orders of Homeland Fries and four
 chocolate Liberty Shakes?

ACNE-SCARRED NERDY GUY
 (spooked)
 Who's there --

MOUTH-BREATHING FAT CHICK
 What was that?

BETTIE (V.O.)
 I SAID -- I WANT A DOZEN FREEDOM BURGERS,
 SIX ORDERS OF HOMELAND FRIES AND FOUR
 FUCKING CHOCOLATE LIBERTY SHAKES. NOW.

ACNE-SCARRED NERDY GUY
 What the fuck? Is this a joke? Is that
 you, Reggie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bettie GRABS Acne-Scarred by the shirt collar.
Starts SHAKING HIM violently.

BETTIE (V.O.)
LISTEN, retard. I WANT MY FOOD, NOW.

ACNE-SCARRED NERDY GUY
HEY. Wh-what's going ON?

Mouth-Breather starts freaking out. She SCREAMS and RUNS to
the back of the store. We hear a door SLAM.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Are you gonna get my FOOD, or do I have
to get it MYSELF?

ACNE-SCARRED NERDY GUY
I -- don't -- who --
(GASPS)
Who's there?

Bettie THROWS him across the room. He HITS the window with a
CRACK. Falls to the floor in a heap, THWUMP. We hear Bettie
JUMP over the counter. A YOUNG COUPLE on a date come in.

They saunter up to the counter.

BLAND-LOOKING DORKY GUY
I'm gonna have some cheese-rinds --

VACANT-FACED PONYTAILED DRONE
Ooh, I love those. Let's see --
(reads the menu)
And I'm gonna get some, uh -- fat-sticks.

BLAND-LOOKING DORKY GUY
Mmm. Me, too. I wanna try their new
dipping sauce -- *egg cream*.
(looks around)
Hey. Is anybody here? We'd like to order.

AT THE BACK GRILL

Bettie now wears an apron. We see a bunch of burgers on the
grill. One by one, they get flipped, then tossed onto buns.

AT THE COUNTER

Bland-Looking and Vacant-Faced look around. Puzzled.

VACANT-FACED PONYTAILED DRONE
Hello. We're WAITING --

IN THE BACK

A row of MILKSHAKES get poured. Lids get POPPED on them.

AT THE COUNTER

Bland and Vacant look at each other. VERY annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAND-LOOKING DORKY GUY
This is ridiculous. C'mon -- let's go
over to Captain Roger's Fish and Chunks.

Just as they turn to go, a GIANT BAG OF FOOD hovers in the
air above Bettie's apron, then FLIES over the counter --
and heads toward the door, along with Bettie's FOOTSTEPS.

Bland and Vacant stare. Open-mouthed.

BETTIE (V.O.)
What's the matter? Cat got your gut? Why
do you think they call it FAST FOOD?
(beat)
BWAHAHAHAHA -- !

The door OPENS, and the apron, bag and the footsteps leave.

ON THE SIDEWALK OUTSIDE

Bettie's apron CLOMPS down the pavement with the bag FLYING
through the air. A burger POPS OUT and disappears.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So when you want a tasty treat --
(a bag of fries FLIES OUT, then
gets eaten)
And you're stomach's craving American
meat --
(a milkshake FLIES UP)
Then get your butt to the place that
can't be beat --
(gets SUCKED DOWN)
Because American Burger is the place to
eat --
(BURPS)
That makes you dance with HAPPY FEET.

The apron does a little jig, and the footsteps CLOMP-CLOMP
like the commercial. She breaks out into INSANE LAUGHTER.

Then stops.

ANGLE ON --

THE ELECTRONIC STORE

The wall of TV's show a familiar face. It's Muffin. Being
interviewed by the local TV news in front of the school.

MUFFIN
Well, Dirk -- the prom committee decided
to shake things up a bit this year -- so
we're going to announce who the prom king
and queen are -- *right now.*
(beat)
Omigod, I'm so excited I could totally
hurl my McFlurry.

DIRK JOE (30's), local reporter extraordinaire holds a mike
in front of her. Smarmy smile. Cheap suit. Decent rug.

DIRK
That's quite the visual image, Muffin --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MUFFIN
LOL.

Pause.

DIRK
So?

MUFFIN
So --

DIRK
The prom king and queen?

MUFFIN
Oh. Right. Sorry.
(stares in the camera with big eyes)
I've never been on TV before. Can I use this for my sizzle reel?

DIRK
I don't see why not.

MUFFIN
Super. Okay.
(nods excitedly)
The prom king and queen for Venison High's 'Night to Dismember' are --
(dramatic pause)
Brad Stifle and Bettie Bee.

BETTIE'S APRON AND BAG OF FOOD

Stand in front of the window full of TV's. In shock.

BETTIE (V.O.)
I'm *prom queen*?
(beat)
They must really think I'm STUPID.
Like I wouldn't realize it's a TRAP?

She ROARS with laughter.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll show THEM --

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The prom committee sits around the room. Brad and Muffin stand at the head of the class, arguing. Red-faced.

BRAD
I TOLD you, we were working on a HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENT.

MUFFIN
Bull-SHIT. You were ANTHONY WEINERING her.

BRAD
Jesus Christ on a hotdog nailed to a stick, Muffin. She's DEAD. Could you just CHILL with the accusations?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRAD (CONT'D)
 You're the only fox for me.
 (sings)
*The Foxy fox on the run, you scream and
 everybody comes --*

MUFFIN
 That's NOT going to work this time, retro-
 boy. We'll talk about this LATER.

An uncomfortable silence in the room.

EMERALD
 You were really great on TV, Muffin.

TILA
 Yeah, maybe now you can get a deal for
 your reality show.

RONNIE
The Unreal Cheerleaders of Venison High.

BERT
 Hell, yeah. I'd Tivo the hell outta that
 sucker.

WHIT
 Will there be the requisite amount of
 gratuitous tits and ass?

MUFFIN
 Calm down, horny goat-weeds. The show
 isn't just a display of female flesh --
 it's also a scathing expose of the
 deadening ennui of upper-middle-class
 suburbia.

BRAD
 Alright, alright -- enough about your
 goddamn TV SHOW. We have to get our
 glutes in gear and start setting up.
 Status reports?

EMERALD
 (looks at Tila and Ronnie)
 We got all the decorations. We just need
 everyone's help putting them up.

MUFFIN
 Solid.

BRAD
 (to Bert)
 How are the refreshments coming along?

BERT
 The teachers are handling the punch and
 cookies --

He pulls a gallon of cheap vodka out of his knapsack.

BERT (CONT'D)
 And I've got the spike that refreshes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUFFIN

Nice. What's your liver damage?
 (to Whit)
 You got that band you told us about,
 right?

WHIT

Uh, no -- sorry. Skull Bong broke up.

BRAD

But they were the best death-metal band
 in TOWN.

MUFFIN

Not to mention the only one --

WHIT

Not to worry. I got another band.
 (dramatic flourish)
A Flock Of Haircuts.

BRAD

Ohmigod. Not that cheesy eighties synth-
 pop band --

WHIT

Sorry. Best I could do on short notice.

MUFFIN

I'm sure they'll wake us up before they
 go-go.
 (CLAP-CLAPS her hands)
 Okay, people. Let's get TO WORK. Looks
 like we're gonna have to pull an all-
 nighter if we're gonna rock the prom.

BRAD

A Night To Dismember -- Bettie Bee.

PUSH IN ON Muffin's face. Bugging her eyes out.

MUFFIN

(imitates Sissy Spacek)
It was bad, Momma.
 (beat)
 They LAUGHED at me --

EXT. VENISON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Your typical establishing shot of a picture-perfect suburban
 hospital. SQUIRRELS play in the manicured grounds. A friendly-
 looking NURSE pushes a SMILING PATIENT in a wheel chair.

INT. VENISON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Quiet at this hour. A PLUMP NURSE works at her station.
 Bernard, Fleming Perkins and a PUFFY, CHERUBIC DOCTOR stand
 nearby chatting. Puffy, Cherubic nods his head thoughtfully.

PUFFY, CHERUBIC DOCTOR

We'll cooperate in any way we can.
 (smiles at Fleming)
 I'm a big fan, Mr. Perkins.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUFFY, CHERUBIC DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I greatly enjoyed your book *A Lengthy History Of Science*.

BERNARD
Her blood type is O-Negative. Do you have enough for a complete transfusion?

PUFFY, CHERUBIC DOCTOR
I think so. I'll have to check. If not, we can call the nearby hospitals.

FLEMING
We're also going to need complete privacy. If word of this gets leaked to the media --

PUFFY, CHERUBIC DOCTOR
Of course, of course. You have my word. What time should we expect her arrival?

BERNARD
Well, that's the tricky part --

His cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
This is Bernard Bee.
(listens)
You DID?
(listens)
Oh, DEAR.
(listens)
At a fast food restaurant? I see.
(listens)
PROM QUEEN?
(listens)
I see. Thank you for the update.
(listens)
I'm at the hospital, making preparations for her blood transfusion.
(listens)
It's the only way we can save her.
(listens)
Okay. Thank you. Goodbye.

He hangs up. Looks at Stephen and Puffy.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
That was the police. They have good news and bad news.

FLEMING
What's the bad news?

BERNARD
They found Bettie -- but she escaped.

PUFFY, CHERUBIC DOCTOR
And the good news?

PUSH IN ON Bernard's face. Eyes bright with emotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNARD
 She was elected *prom queen*.
 (beat)
 God help us all.

INT. VENISON POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Pale-puke walls. The usual shitty, out-of-date institutional
 ambiance. A UNIFORMED OFFICER leads Lonny into a cell. Closes
 the barred door. Locks it. Nods. Shuffles away.

Lane and Hart stand nearby, watching. See how freaked out he
 is. Hart walks up to the bars.

HART
 You did real good, Lonny. Just keep your
 head up. It's going to be okay.

LONNY
 How long will I have to stay here?

HART
 Your uncle will be here in the morning.
 Then he'll post bail and you'll be
 released.

Lonny nods. Looks like he's about to cry.

LANE
 Don't be scared. It's just one night.

LONNY
 Okay. Thanks.

HART
 Can we get you anything to eat?

PUSH IN ON Lonny's face. Starving. Relieved.

LONNY
 Could you get me some -- American Burger?

EXT. VENISON POLICE HEADQUARTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Hart walks over to his car. Presses the auto-lock with a
 THWIP. He opens the door. Starts to get in.

LANE (V.O.)
 You were really great with Lonny.

Reveal LANE. Standing nearby. Fidgeting awkwardly.

HART
 (turns, sees her, smiles)
 Thanks --
 (sighs)
 Hopefully this'll scare the shit out of
 him, get his act together.
 (off her look)
 What's wrong? You okay?

LANE
 I -- owe you an apology.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HART
What for?

LANE
I lied when I said I was gay.
(off his look)
I say that to keep men away. After years
of being abused by guys, I don't trust
them.
(beat)
I mean, I'm bi -- but I DO date guys.

HART
Are you hitting on me?

LANE
Hell, no.

He narrows his eyes. Lips curl into a hint of a smile.

HART
Why don't we go grab a cup of coffee.
Talk about the prom.

LANE
You mean --

HART
Relax. Strictly business. So don't be
expecting a corsage or anything --

EXT. VENISON HIGH GYM - NIGHT

Prom Night. We see a big banner on the side of the gym that reads A NIGHT TO DISMEMBER in big, glittery lettering.

A line of LIMOS is parked in front. Eager, excited GUYS IN TUXES and GIRLS IN GOWNS spill out onto the sidewalk. Walking in pairs toward the entrance.

INT. VENISON HIGH GYM - NIGHT

The joint's been decorated within an inch of it's life in some over-the-top party explosion. Scores of glittering silver stars hang down from the rafters.

A big DISCO BALL spins around and around, sending shards of bright light flying around the room.

On the stage is A Flock Of Haircuts, a group of slightly older kids dressed in exaggerated eighties drag.

Right now they're doing a decent cover of Oingo Boingo's DEAD MAN'S PARTY. The LEAD SINGER (late 20's) waves his arms like a banshee. Acting out some imaginary music video.

The joint is packed. Kids are dancing, having fun. They finish the song. Everyone CLAPS. The HOT CHICK KEYBOARD PLAYER (late 20's) leans into the mike.

HOT CHICK KEYBOARD PLAYER
HEY. Anybody wanna do some DREAMING?
(beat)
Dreaming is free --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start playing the Blondie song. The crowd ERUPTS, starts dancing their asses off.

UP IN THE RAFTERS

Brad and Emerald look inside a bucket sitting on a beam tied to a rope leading down to the stage.

EMERALD
It's what they use in the movies.
I couldn't get pig's blood.
(off his look)
Venison doesn't HAVE a slaughterhouse --

BRAD
It'll work. Nobody will be able to tell the difference.

He points at a net piled up next to the bucket.

BRAD (CONT'D)
What about the net?

EMERALD
It comes down at the same time.

BRAD
Perfect. Gonna catch us some *invisible bitch*.
(eyes her)
So, listen. Muffin's still mad at me.
What are you doing afterwards?

EMERALD
In your dreams, jock-strap. You'll never know MY splendor.

OUTSIDE BEHIND THE GYM

Bert and Whit smoke a joint. Both of them dateless.

BERT
(passes it)
This is good shit. Hydro?

WHIT
(takes it)
Nah. From the ground. Much better. More full-bodied. Cleaner high. Lasts longer.

BERT
(nods)
Gimme a shotgun?

WHIT
Sure --

He puts the joint in his mouth backwards. Leans in close. Blows a stream of smoke into Bert's mouth. He sucks it in. They lock eyes. Whit takes the joint out. Kisses him.

Bert starts COUGHING. Whit pulls away. Freaked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WHIT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, man. Just fucking with ya.

BERT
(low, throaty)
Come here --

He leans in. Starts kissing *him*.

IN A DARK CORNER

Stand Lane and Hart, looking out of place in formal wear.
Lane takes a sip of punch. Smiles

HART
They spike it?

LANE
A little bit.

Hart pulls a flask out of his pocket. Pours some in her cup.

HART
Now it's a lotta bit.

ONSTAGE

A Flock of Haircuts plays Alison Moyet's INVISIBLE.

HOT CHICK KEYBOARD PLAYER
(sings)
*Invisible, you treat me like I'm
invisible --*

NEAR THE PUNCH TABLE

Tila and Ronnie sip from plastic cups. Ronnie makes a face.

RONNIE
I can barely TASTE it. How am I supposed
to get fuck-faced?

TILA
It's vodka, Little Miss Fun-Time --
you're not supposed to taste it. And it's
shit-faced.

RONNIE
You've never seen ME get drunk.

Emerald walks up to them.

EMERALD
Hey there, girlies. I can't find Muffin.
Will you tell her we're all set?

They smile. Nod.

TILA
Dirty deeds, done skirt cheap.

RONNIE
Let there be wood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMERALD
This little piggy's gonna ride the
crimson tsunami right into our clutches.

TILA
(raises her cup)
It's a slutty job, but someone's gotta
screw it.

RONNIE
(raises hers)
The few. The proud. The shaved.

Emerald grabs a cup of punch. Raises it.

EMERALD
To protect and swerve.

And they DOWN THEM.

EMERALD (CONT'D)
See you at the apocalypse --

Then heads off to her position.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Bernard and Fleming stand near an ambulance. Bernard fingers
a number on his cell phone. Listens.

BERNARD
Officer Diamond? It's professor Bee.
We're here outside --
(listens)
Okay, thanks.
(hangs up, to Fleming)
They're inside watching for her.

FLEMING
(nods)
Let the games begin.

They both gaze wistfully at the gym, listening to the music.

BERNARD
Didn't go to my prom --

He looks at Fleming inquisitively. Raises an eyebrow.

FLEMING
You're kidding, right? In this fucking
wheelchair?

NEAR THE PUNCH BOWL

Muffin walks over to Tila and Ronnie.

MUFFIN
Greetings, fun-bags. What say ye?

TILA
I'll tumble for ya.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RONNIE

Do you really want to squirt me?

MUFFIN

In a sec --

(beat)

I just saw Emerald. She fixed the net so it would catch Bettie AND Brad.

TILA

Relax my sphincter and pass me the lube. That's brilliant.

RONNIE

The Energizer cluster-fuck just keeps goin' and goin' --

MUFFIN

That's why you love me so much.

RONNIE

We'd do ANYTHING for you Muffin, you know that.

MUFFIN

Was that ever in doubt?

(sips her drink)

So now that Brad's out of the picture, what do you love-dolls think about getting down at a cheap motel and playing a little Spin The Nipple Clamp?

TILA

Ohmigod, I thought you'd NEVER ask.

RONNIE

You mean *an Oreo party*? Hot damn. Creamy blonde center, here we come.

MUFFIN

(shrugs)

Well, prom IS supposed to be the most special night of your life.

TILA

I'll drink to THAT.

RONNIE

Honey, you'd drink to a car wash opening.

MUFFIN

(raises her glass)

To my sisters in the Saphic arts.

They smile. Toast. CLINK cups. Take a sip.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

I wonder if the band knows any Melissa Etheridge --

ON THE STAGE

A Flock Of Haircuts finishes playing. Lead Singer bows. Grabs the mike. Smiles at the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LEAD SINGER

Thank you, thank you -- thank you very much.

(beat)

And now here's one of my personal faves -- from GENESIS.

The band breaks into INVISIBLE TOUCH. Most of the kids shake their heads in disgust. Leave the dance floor, leaving a smattering of nerds and geeks dancing ecstatically.

AT THE FRONT ENTRANCE

It's deserted. Everyone has arrived. We see a big METAL PIPE being JAMMED across the door handles, locking everyone in. Then hear FOOTSTEPS walking away.

BEHIND THE GYM

Bert's got Whit propped up against the brick wall. They're going at it hot and heavy. Hands all over each other. All of a sudden Bert feels someone pat him on the shoulder.

BETTIE (V.O.)

(low, spooky)
May I cut in?

Bert WHIPS his head around. Looks. Doesn't see anyone.

BERT

Who's THERE?

BETTIE (V.O.)

I love the smell of testosterone in the morning.

WHIT

Oh, shit. It's BETTIE.

BERT

Bettie. Listen, we're really sorry.

WHIT

Please don't hurt us.

Suddenly Bert gets LIFTED UP IN THE AIR --

BERT

HEY. What are you DOING?

BETTIE (V.O.)

Wanna LIFT?

And THROWN into a nearby EMPTY DUMPSTER. He lands inside, BANG.

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

Two POINTS.

Whit puts his hands in front of him, pleading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

WHIT
Bettie, PLEASE. You can't HURT ME, I'm
GAY. If you hurt me, it's a HATE CRIME.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Oh, YEAH? And what was FUCKING WITH ME?
A *FAT CRIME*?

WHIT
What? No, WAIT. Please. Let's TALK about
this. We're the same, really --

BETTIE (V.O.)
We're not the SAME. You could hide what
YOU are -- but I couldn't. You're no
BETTER than me. In fact, you're WORSE,
you fucking PHONY.

Whit gets LIFTED IN THE AIR --

WHIT
Omigod, NO --

And THROWN into the dumpster, BANG. We hear footsteps walk
over -- and the lid SLAMS down. BANG.

BETTIE (V.O.)
Whoops. Looks like someone forgot to take
out THE WHITE TRASH.
(beat)
BWAHAHAHAHA --

The back door OPENS.

BETTIE (CONT'D)
Sin never DIES.

And then closes behind her.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - STAGE - NIGHT

The band finishes playing. Muffin comes into view stage
right. Goes to a microphone on a stand. Leans into it.

MUFFIN
Hey there, hep-cats and devil-dogs.
Everybody having a GOOD TIME?

The crowd ROARS its approval.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)
Now's the moment you've all been waiting
for. It's time to crown the King and
Queen of the PROM --

More APPLAUSE.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)
First I'd like to present to you, our
KING -- *Brad Stifle.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHOOPS of applause and excitement as Brad appears from the other side and takes his place center-stage. He's wearing a crown. And a big smile. He waves at the crowd. Nods.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Now as I'm sure you all know, some of us were a little mean to our fellow classmate Bettie Bee -- so as a way to make it up to her, we decided to crown her PROM QUEEN.

Hushed MURMURING from the crowd.

HART AND LANE

Watch Muffin with interest. Sip their drinks.

HART

I don't have a good feeling about this.

LANE

Yeah. They're up to something.

MUFFIN

Smiles brightly at the crowd.

MUFFIN

Aw, c'mon now. Don't be like that. Bettie's a nice girl. And we all know she's probably feeling a little lost now, being invisible and all --

BACKSTAGE

Emerald holds the rope connected to the bucket and the net.

MUFFIN

Takes a giant bouquet of flowers from someone backstage. Starts walking over to where Brad is.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

So, Bettie -- would you please come up and accept your bouquet and crown -- and be our PROM QUEEN?

Silence. Everybody looks at the stage expectantly. Muffin peers around, looking in vain for something she can't see.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Bettie. Don't be shy.

Suddenly Muffin DROPS the bouquet. GRABS the sides of her neck. Face turns RED. Starts GAGGING.

MUFFIN (CONT'D)

GAAA --

BETTIE (V.O.)

You think I'd just walk right into your TRAP? Well, the joke's on YOU.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Muffin's head WHIPS to the side. Her neck SNAPS. She FALLS to the stage, THWUNK, a ruined Barbie doll. People start SCREAMING. Brad stares, in shock. Unable to move.

BETTIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Whoops, don't know my own STRENGTH.

BACKSTAGE

Emerald stares, speechless. Then snaps out of it. YANKS on the rope, spilling the bucket of fake blood onto --

BETTIE

DRENCHING her -- making her visible. The crowd GASPS.

A DORKY KID

Points. Scared shitless.

DORKY KID
It's BETTIE --

BETTIE

GRABS Brad, PULLS him to the side, CRACKS his neck, then THROWS him down where she was standing, THWUMP. The net FLIES down on him. Then YANKS him up into the air.

BETTIE
Hey, LOOK. It's the CATCH OF THE DAY.
(beat)
BWAHAHAHAHA --

A girl SCREAMS.

PRINCIPAL CHUBB

Stares in utter horror.

PRINCIPAL CHUBB
What do you think you're DOING?

HART AND LANE

Start RUNNING toward the stage, guns drawn.

BETTIE

Sees them. RUNS backstage. RACES over to the FIREHOSE. Opens the glass case. GRABS it. Pulls it out. Turns on the water. A stream starts GUSHING OUT. She RUNS back onstage --

Just in time to SPRAY Hart and Lane, who FLY BACK off the stage and HIT the floor.

THE CROWD

In the gym SCREAMS and RUNS for the exit. But it's LOCKED. They start POUNDING on the door.

STRANGE-LOOKING GUY
Open up, OPEN UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BUSTY YOUNG CHICK
PLEASE. Somebody let us OUT OF HERE.

BETTIE

JUMPS off the stage and starts SPRAYING everybody with a TORRENT OF WATER. KIDS and TEACHERS going FLYING into tables, chairs, the walls, SCREAMING.

OUTSIDE BY THE AMBULANCE

Bernard and Fleming are deep in conversation.

BERNARD
That may be true, but subatomic particles
can also be --
(hears something)
You hear that? Sounds like -- screaming.

IN THE GYM

Principal Chubb crawls onto the stage. Grabs the live microphone. Ducks behind some decorations.

PRINCIPAL CHUBB (O.C.)
(electronic)
Bettie, PLEASE -- stop this MADNESS.

BETTIE

Sees where he is. Turns, smiles. Nasty. Aims the hose at him.

BETTIE
You did NOTHING to help me. NOTHING.

And SPRAYS HIM with a TORRENT OF WATER. A blue spark CRACKLES, and his body JERKS like a puppet as he's ZAPPED WITH ELECTRICITY and gets ELECTROCUTED.

Another spark BURSTS INTO FLAMES -- and fire starts SHOOTING UP the paper streamers toward the rafters above.

OUTSIDE BY THE AMBULANCE

Bernard and Fleming look at the gym with complete horror, see the fire in the windows.

BERNARD
My god, man -- the prom is on FIRE.

He starts RUNNING toward the entrance. Fleming follows after him in his electric wheelchair, trying to keep up.

IN THE GYM

It's complete PANDEMONIUM. A small group of KIDS cower by the blocked exit as the fire RAGES through the gym, engulfing STUDENTS and TEACHERS who SCREAM as they BURST INTO FLAMES.

THE CORD HOLDING THE DISCO BALL

CATCHES FIRE. *Shoots down* to the ball. SNAPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

It PLUMMETS -- SMASHING a kid on the head. Then starts BOUNCING into the crowd, BASHING kids like bowling pins.

EMERALD

RUNS through the gym, looking for an escape.

EMERALD
Ohmigod, ohmigod --

A FLAMING BEAM

Up above BREAKS OFF. Starts HURTLING down from the rafters, CRUSHING her. Killing her instantly. BANG.

TILA AND RONNIE

Stand in a dark corner. Hugging each other for dear life. Trapped behind a WALL OF FIRE.

TILA
We're GONNA DIE.

RONNIE
(strokes her hair)
At least we're together.

Tila pulls away. Looks in Ronnie's eyes. Searching.

TILA
Our love was epic, huh?

RONNIE
Gone With The Wind, baby.

They KISS. Just as they get ENGULFED BY FIRE.

THE WINDOWS

Start SHATTERING. BANG. BANG. BANG. Kids RUN over to them to try and climb out, but they're TOO HIGH.

THE ROOM

Starts filling with ACRID, BLACK SMOKE.

BALLOONS

Start POP-POP-POP-POPPING.

A BIG JOCK

Holds a fire extinguisher. Aiming the pathetic stream of water in front of him in a useless display of bravado.

A GROUP OF KIDS

Hold the base of a smoldering table top. Try to use it as a battering ram against the door -- BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

But it won't budge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BETTIE

RUNS back up to the stage. Looks at the carnage. Smiles with evil delight. RACES to the back entrance, RUNS out the door --

BEHIND THE GYM

With superhuman strength, Bettie pulls the dumpster in front of the back door, blocking it.

ON THE STAGE

Lane and Hart get to the back door. Try to open it.

HART
It's BLOCKED.

LANE
SHIT.

They turn around. Look at the stage. The fire surrounding it. Lane sees something. Points.

LANE (CONT'D)
Look. A TRAP DOOR --

They race over to it. Open it. Climb down below.

IN THE BASEMENT

Lane and Hart go down a ladder. Look around in the darkness. Search for the exit. Just then --

A BANK OF ELECTRICAL SWITCHES

Start FIZZLING SPARKS. HUMMING. Curls of SMOKE coming out.

LANE AND HART

See it.

LANE (CONT'D)
Ohmigod.

HART
We gotta get OUTTA HERE.

A WATER HEATER IN THE CORNER

Starts RUMBLING. The gage turns bright red to VERY HOT.

LANE AND HART

Follow the wall with their hands, moving quickly in the opposite direction.

THE GAS METER

Start SHAKING VIOLENTLY. Gas starts HISSING out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HART

Searches through the haze, his eyes now getting adjusted to the darkness. Then he sees it.

HART (CONT'D)
The DOOR --

He GRABS the knob. SHAKES IT. But it won't budge. LOCKED. Lane pulls out her service revolver.

LANE
Stand back.

Hart moves to the side. Lane SHOOTs the lock, BANG. The door FLIES OPEN.

HART
Can't call you a rookie anymore.

She nods, grimly -- and they RUSH up the steps.

IN FRONT AT THE ENTRANCE

Bernard tries to pry the pipe off the door, but it won't budge. Fleming looks off in the distance. Sees something.

FLEMING
Here comes the cavalry.

We hear the SHRIEKS and WAILS of POLICE and FIRE TRUCK SIRENS in the distance. Bernard BANGS on the doors with his fists.

BERNARD
BETTIE. What have you DONE?

BETTIE (O.C.)
It's called REVENGE, dad.

Reveal BETTIE. Standing off in the shadows. Soot from the fire now mixed with the blood stains. A ghostly spectre.

BERNARD
THERE you are. You're OKAY.

Bernard and Fleming come over to her.

BETTIE
OKAY? Seeing as how I just got even with the ENTIRE SCHOOL, I'd say I was doing fucking GREAT.

BERNARD
We've found a cure, Bettie. We can reverse what happened to you with a blood transfusion. We have an ambulance ready to take you to the hospital.

She weaves a little bit. Unsteady on her feet.

BETTIE
A *blood transfusion*? Are you fucking KIDDING me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

A FIRE TRUCK ROARS into the parking lot. FIREMEN start JUMPING off the truck, pulling out hoses. A pair of them RUN to the door. Start trying to pry the bar off.

BERNARD
No, it can WORK. But we don't have much TIME.

BETTIE
I don't WANT to go back to the way I was. I like how I am NOW.

BERNARD
Bettie, LISTEN to me. We have to HURRY. Otherwise you're going to DIE --

BETTIE
(quiet, urgent)
Don't you understand? There's nothing to live for. The world is an awful, nasty place. People judge you by what you look like, how much you weigh, how many friends you have --
(beat)
And I've had enough.
(beat)
I'm done.

EXT. VENISON HIGH GYM - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A pair of FIREFIGHTERS work crowbars on the iron bar across the door. Straining. PULLING. It FLIES OFF --

The door FLIES OPEN --

Just as the building EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL, sending STUDENTS, TEACHERS and FIREFIGHTERS FLYING INTO THE AIR. Everyone turns and looks. Horrified.

A trio of SQUAD CARS roar into the lot behind them. COPS JUMP OUT of their vehicles, run up to them. Guns drawn. Lane and Hart join them. Also with guns drawn.

HART
You're under arrest, Bettie. Don't move, or we'll shoot.

LANE
It'll go much easier on you if you cooperate, okay?

Smoke starts coming off Bettie's body. She looks at her hand.

BETTIE
What's -- going on?

FLEMING
(to Bernard)
It's too late. The Duocaine is starting the decomposition.

BERNARD
I'm so sorry, Bettie. I shouldn't have left the formula where you could find it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The smoke starts getting thicker. Darker.

BETTIE
 It's okay. I got to do something most
 people only dream about.
 (beat)
 Funny thing. I was filled with all this
 rage. And now I feel --
 (beat)
 Nothing.

She DROPS to her knees. Exhausted. Spent. Looks up at him.

BETTIE (CONT'D)
 I had power, Dad. Power I didn't think I
 had.

BERNARD
 (eyes tearing up)
 B-bettie --

BETTIE
 Love you, too.

And she BURSTS INTO A CLOUD OF DUST -- which FLIES in the
 air, then gently falls to the ground.

Silence.

Everyone stares, open-mouthed. The cops holster their
 weapons. Lane turns to Hart.

LANE
 Let's give him a moment.

Hart nods. Motions to the cops to move away. They leave.

BERNARD

Stares at the pile of dust.

BERNARD
 I wish I could've -- helped her.

FLEMING
 My god, man. Don't you see you DID?

BERNARD
 I don't -- understand.

FLEMING
 You gave her the greatest gift of all.

BERNARD
 What's that?

FLEMING
 The gift of *kicking ass*.

FADE TO BLACK