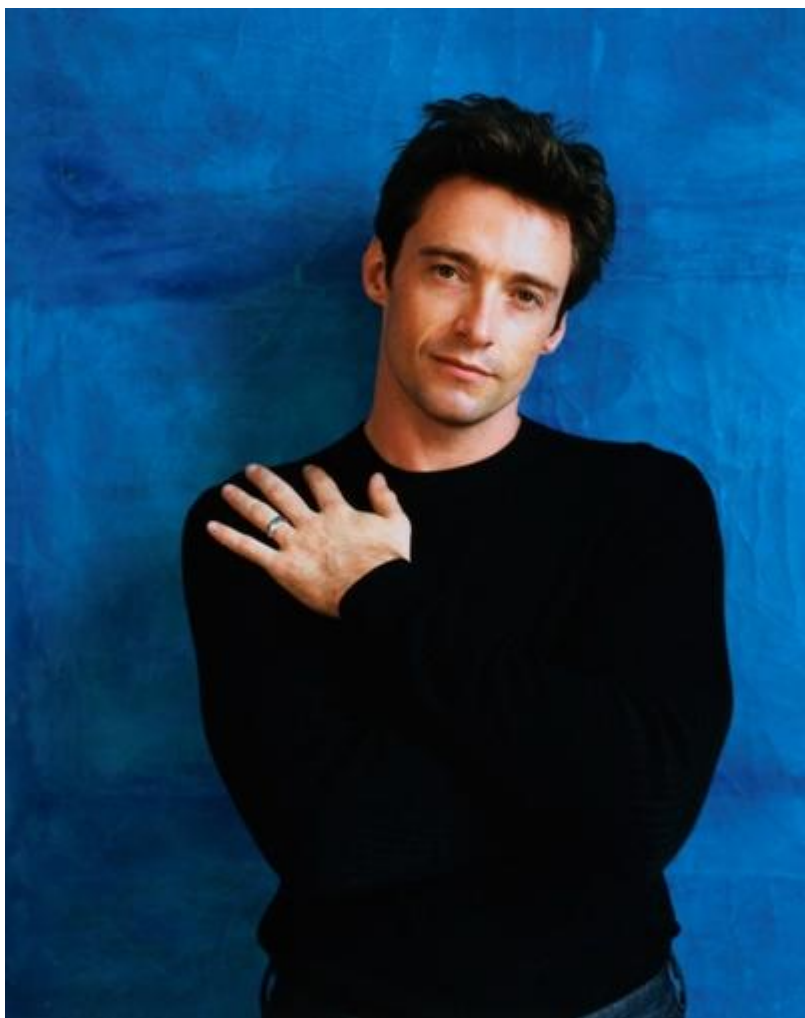


CRUSH ON YOU

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"Row, row, row your boat,  
Gently down the stream.  
Throw the boys overboard  
And listen to them scream."

Nursery Rhyme

"It's my right to be hellish  
I still get jealous"

Nick Jonas

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

A clearing in the woods. Moonlight sifts through treetops, soft and ethereal. A puffy little owl hoots.

And are those... flower petals softly falling like snow?

Is it just me, or are these woods prettier than your average woods? It's like a Victorian fairy painting on a greeting card in a New Age bookstore.

A barefoot young woman in pajamas, BRIDGET (19, looking like the girl in the fairy painting) tiptoes through the woods.

POV BEHIND A TREE: Someone, or something, watches Bridget step into the clearing, unseen...

The unseen figure slowly approaches Bridget from behind...

Stepping closer, and closer, and closer, until --

Bridget whips around, startled. She stares up at the unseen figure, still shrouded in darkness, despite the moonlight.

BRIDGET

You scared me.

The dark figure takes another step forward. Bridget steps back. The figure steps forward, she steps back. She keeps backing away until she's backed right up against a tree.

Bridget's breathing is rapid, she's trembling, transfixed, terrified, or, actually, wait a sec... turned on?

Let's go with the latter, because suddenly, Bridget and the dark figure --

MAKE OUT AGAINST THE TREE. HOT. HEAVY. FAIRYTALE SEX FOREST.

After several intense beats, Bridget pulls away. The dark figure whispers something in her ear, and she smiles.

But something isn't right.

Bridget puts her hand to her ear and immediately wishes she hadn't -- IT'S GONE, nothing more than a gaping, OPEN WOUND.

BLOOD begins to pour from her head like running water through a nightmarish faucet.

She holds her hand over the fleshy wound but it's no use, she's quickly SOAKED IN BLOOD.

Bridget lets out a glass-shattering SCREAM --

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Bridget JOLTS AWAKE in her bed, drenched in sweat. She holds her hand to her ear -- it's still perfectly intact.

She catches her breath and shakily reaches for a glass of water on her night stand. She gulps, gulps, until the glass is empty. She turns to nuzzle back to bed when she notices...

A drop of BLOOD on her pillowcase. Bridget touches the spot of blood. She flips the pillow over and goes back to sleep.

**TITLE OVER BLACK: CRUSH ON YOU**

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A windowless office with a small couch, surrounded by one, two, three TISSUE BOXES for easy access.

Pamphlets line the shelves, with stock photos and punchy fonts that say things like "Let's Talk: Speaking Up" and "From Victim to Survivor" and "Stop It Now!"

Sitting stiffly on the couch is INDI (20, tanned, tattooed, Florida trashy-pretty -- pretty in the panhandle, trashy in this office). She's one of those girls who doesn't "need" to wear makeup, but she does, lots of it, because she likes it.

As Indi waits, she adjusts her denim cutoffs, picks a wedgie.

After a rap on the door, two college ADMINISTRATORS enter the office, a man and a woman. The male administrator holds a thick file folder. They each pull up a chair across from her.

MALE ADMINISTRATOR

Hi, Indi. Thanks for dropping back in today.

INDI

Sure.

MALE ADMINISTRATOR

This will be quick, we just have a couple things for you to sign.

He slides a couple papers and a pen across the coffee table in front of Indi. She begins to read them over.

MALE ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)

Just reiterating everything we've already gone over.

Indi ignores him, her eyes glued to the page.

MALE ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)  
Just acknowledging that the Title  
IX investigation will close without  
moving forward.

Indi picks up the pen to sign, then pauses.

INDI  
So if I sign this, he's off the  
hook?

The female administrator finally chimes in --

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR  
This does not mean that you're  
acknowledging he did nothing wrong.

INDI  
Just that you can't do anything  
about it.

Indi scribbles her signature. The male administrator's phone  
RINGS and he rises from his chair.

MALE ADMINISTRATOR  
Pardon me --  
(smiles on his way out)  
Indi, you enjoy the rest of your  
summer.

Indi does not return the smile. *Later, dude.*

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR  
This might not be the outcome you  
wanted, but I hope this is closure.

After a strained beat, Indi slowly stands to go.

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)  
I know it doesn't feel like it, but  
it's -- it will be a lot easier on  
you this way.

INDI  
Uh huh.

Indi opens the door, sashaying out of the office in her  
shorty shorts, no further fucks to give.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - SAME TIME

A small campus, brick and ivy, brochure-beautiful. We glimpse  
the highlights: a soccer field, a bell tower, the dorms.

This campus is nestled in the woods, secluded by a thick forest of pines. The school looks isolated and expensive.

The quad is totally empty, except for two young women hanging around the steps of the administrative building --

SAMANTHA (20, put together and petite) keeps her eyes on the entrance. Samantha is dressed like someone who can afford to buy all her clothes from Anthropologie, because she can, and she does.

GABBY (20, spunky in athleisure) does cardio steps on the stairs. Her long dark ponytail swings back and forth, her forehead beaded with sweat. Samantha glances over to Gabby.

SAMANTHA

I can smell your B.O from here.

GABBY

I sweat when I'm anxious!

SAMANTHA

You sweat when you compulsively exercise when you're anxious.

Gabby hops off a step.

GABBY

Do you think they'll fire him?

SAMANTHA

They better. I don't wanna see that pile of shit on campus again. Even if he's just cutting our grass.

Indi pushes through the front doors of the administrative building. Takes a deep breath, and bounds down the stairs.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Hey!

GABBY

How'd it go?

Side by side, the trio of girls makes their way across the quad. They walk and talk.

INDI

Working at a women's college, you'd think the administration would care about us ladies a little more.

SAMANTHA

What did they say?

INDI

They said, "We're bullshit. Blah  
blah bullshit. Bullshit this and  
bureaucracy that, bloop bleep!"

GABBY

But what happens next?

INDI

Nothing.

Gabby and Samantha fall silent. They can't tell if Indi is  
pissed or relieved. They exchange a quick look behind her  
back. *Maybe she's both?* Samantha shrugs.

INDI (CONT'D)

Can we eat? I'd slit your throat  
for a sandwich.

GABBY

Mine or hers?

INDI

I love you both equally, don't make  
me choose.

Gabby puts her arm around Indi's shoulder.

GABBY

But you love me a little more,  
because I bought the twenty-four  
pack of Bud Light for tonight.

INDI

Oh hell yeah.  
(sniffs Gabby)  
No offense but you stink.

SAMANTHA

No offense but I told you so!

GABBY

That's what I get for working on my  
fitness!

Gabby playfully puts her armpit in Indi's face and she gently  
pushes her way. Gabby goes for Samantha next.

Indi looks up and notices a puffy OWL with deep black eyes  
perched in a tree. Weird to see in the daytime.

Samantha shrieks, ducking out of Gabby's way as Indi laughs.



EXT. QUAD - A LITTLE LATER

Indi, Gabby, and Samantha are sprawled out on a blanket, wearing bikini tops and enjoying a picnic. Indi lays into a sub sandwich, shredded lettuce falls into her cleavage.

A few girls mill about the quad here and there. It's summer, so campus is pretty dead.

Samantha reads a text on her phone, brow furrowed.

INDI  
Whatcha looking at?

SAMANTHA  
(distracted)  
Just a text from Mark.

Indi snatches the phone out of Samantha's hands. She holds it out of reach as she reads the text. Shows it to Gabby.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Give it back!

As Indi tosses the phone back to Samantha --

INDI  
Your boyfriend is way too good  
looking to be this insecure.

SAMANTHA  
(cradling her phone,  
missing the point)  
He is super good looking.

GABBY  
Is he still being a giant derp?

SAMANTHA  
Do you blame him? I just told him.

INDI  
Told him what?

Samantha and Gabby share a knowing smile...

SAMANTHA  
Mark's flipping his lid because I'm  
not going home this summer. I  
decided to stay on campus with you  
and Gabby.

INDI  
Are you for real real?

SAMANTHA  
For really real.

Indi dives across the blanket, planting a hug on Samantha.

INDI  
I love this bitch so much!

SAMANTHA  
And she loves you!

INDI  
And she's the only one with a car!

GABBY  
Now we can have the best summer  
ever. We can go wherever we want,  
just the three of us.

SAMANTHA  
This is gonna be The Lettuce Hearts  
Club summer of no boys allowed.

GABBY  
No boys need apply.

Indi sits up straight, puts her hand over her heart.

INDI  
Three hearts are better than one.

Gabby and Samantha follow Indi's lead, hands over hearts,  
their version of secret handshake.

GABBY	SAMANTHA
And a lettuce heart is never a lonely heart.	And a lettuce heart is never a lonely heart.

As Indi smiles at her ride or dies, she notices BRIDGET  
shuffling across the quad in the distance.

Noticeably, Bridget's wearing PAJAMAS -- and she looks like  
shit. Dark circles under her eyes, an inflamed breakout on  
her chin, the corners of her mouth are dry and crusted.

Gabby flips over like a rotisserie chicken, allowing the sun  
to hit her bare back. She sees Bridget and nudges Indi.

GABBY  
Am I nuts, or does Bridget look  
like she's been mainlining heroin?

INDI

Something is definitely going on...  
when we started our independent  
study in the spring, she was always  
riding me to do more research and  
shit. Now I'm the one who has to  
drag her lazy ass to the library.

Samantha turns around to take a look at Bridget.

SAMANTHA

(an affront to God)  
Is that loungewear?

INDI

Just say pajamas.

GABBY

(nudges Indi again)  
It's kinda like when you wore  
nightgowns as dresses freshman  
year, only worse.

INDI

Shut up.

Indi watches Bridget, looking so sad wearing PJs in public,  
in broad daylight. She calls out to her --

INDI (CONT'D)

Hey, Bridget! Do you wanna come sit  
with us?

Bridget looks over in a daze, as if she's suddenly remembered  
that there are other people in the world.

BRIDGET

Oh, hi. Oh, no thank you.

Bridget smiles weakly as she meanders past their blanket and  
out of earshot...

GABBY

Trainspotting, am I right?

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

The girls are cozied up in Indi's dorm room. The room itself  
is old, charming, quaint. Dark wooden floors and a bay window  
overlooking the quad. But the decor is, uh, eclectic.

Orange and purple string lights, POSTERS for classic SLASHER  
MOVIES, books stacked all over the floor.

An 80s ITALIAN HORROR MOVIE flickers on a TV, a gross-out classic. Indi is laser-focused, a Bud Light in one hand a Tastykake in the other. Gabby half-watches, Samantha cringes.

SAMANTHA

This is too disgusting for human eyes.

ON TV: A woman looks at a bleeding cut on her cheek. The cut begins THROBBING, then BURSTS OPEN in an EXPLOSION OF PUSS.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

How are you eating right now?

INDI

(mouth full)

The iron stomach of a horror whore.

SAMANTHA

Can we watch something a little more... palatable?

INDI

Big word, bitch!

GABBY

Ooh, how about the one with Ryan Phillippe and Freddie Prinze Jr.?

SAMANTHA

Cruel Intentions?

INDI

(without missing a beat)

I Know What You Did Last Summer.

GABBY

Jennifer Love Hewitt has breathtaking boobs.

SAMANTHA

They're too big for her body type.

GABBY

Can we watch JLove instead?

INDI

No way, y'all said I get to choose.

ON TV: Eyes glowing, a demon-zombie hybrid tears open a woman's neck with a set of seriously 80s acrylic nails.

GABBY

I love movies where celebrities  
fall in love. Freddie Prinze Jr.  
and Sarah Michelle Gellar are a God  
tier couple, ordained by Aphrodite  
herself.

The 80s demon-zombie foams at the mouth, an AQUAMARINE SLIME.

SAMANTHA

Ryan Phillippe is a girlfriend  
beater though.

GABBY

No he's not.

SAMANTHA

Yes he is.

GABBY

Shut up, really?

SAMANTHA

Google it. Read the internet,  
literally just read the internet.

INDI

Oy! I'm actually trying to pay  
attention to the movie, mmkay.

Gabby and Samantha cut the chit chat. All three girls watch  
the TV. As an ill-fated woman onscreen runs and screams --

GABBY

(still can't believe it)  
Never meet your sex icons.

A LITTLE LATER

Indi's room is illuminated by the soft light of the TV as the  
credits roll. Gabby is passed out on a puny air mattress on  
the floor, softly snoring.

Indi and Samantha are snuggled on Indi's bed together.

INDI

Thanks for sleeping over.

SAMANTHA

Of course! How are you feeling  
though? You seem way too chill...  
be honest with me.

INDI  
I feel dumb.

SAMANTHA  
You shouldn't.

INDI  
I thought that coming forward was  
the hard part. Like, hello, I did  
the right thing. I thought our  
school would swoop in and take it  
from there. I didn't know the hard  
part was never over...  
(shrugs)  
And now I feel dumb.

Samantha shakes her head, heated.

SAMANTHA  
I can't believe the school won't do  
more. They should protect you.

INDI  
Oh well, guess a girl's gotta  
protect herself.

SAMANTHA  
"Oh well"? While I admire your  
laissez-faire attitude, what are  
you gonna do if you run into him?

INDI  
I don't know, Sam! It's not like I  
have a guidebook on how to handle  
this horseshit.

SAMANTHA  
I know what I'm gonna do if I run  
into him --  
(stifles a yawn)  
Impale him in the Adam's apple.

INDI  
So specific it's scary.

Samantha struggles to keep her eyes open, fading fast, but  
she chuckles to herself.

SAMANTHA  
Just trying to make you proud, my  
little horror whore.

Indi strokes Samantha's hair as she closes her eyes.

INDI  
Honestly, I don't know what the  
fuck I'm gonna do...  
(long beat)  
The one thing I do know is I can't  
do it without you guys.

SAMANTHA  
Three hearts are better than one...

INDI  
And a lettuce heart is never a  
lonely heart...  
(looks down)  
Sam?

Samantha is sound asleep. Indi tucks the blanket around her,  
then slowly sits up in bed, careful not to wake her.

She mutes the TV and FaceTimes her sister, saved as THE CUTE  
ONE in her contacts. Her phone rings for a couple beats  
before DAKOTA (18, adorable in her Hooters uniform) answers.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Indiana!

Indi adjusts the volume on her phone, lowering it.

INDI  
(hushed voice)  
Hi, baby! I'm glad you're awake.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
I just got off work.

Indi's iPhone screen jostles up and down as Dakota walks  
around, revealing random glimpses of the room they used to  
share back in Florida.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
That old man who always comes in  
and only orders a Caesar salad  
tipped me fifty dollars tonight.

INDI  
Did you have to show him a tit?

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Nuh-uh, you're gross.

INDI  
Did you show him the bigger one?

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Just you wait, once I get my boob  
job they really will be perfect.

INDI  
Dakota, you're perfect already.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Okay, miss motivational meme.  
(shrugs)  
I think boob jobs are empowering  
when you pay for it with your own  
money.

INDI  
I think Gloria Steinem said the  
same thing.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Don't know her.

Dakota props up her phone and starts removing her makeup.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)(CONT'D)  
You should be saying, "Thank you,  
old man. Order more Caesar salads,  
old man." Tips like that are paying  
for my flight to come visit!

INDI  
I can't wait.  
(somber beat)  
I'm dying to see you.

Dakota stops what she's doing. The mood shifts.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Why don't you just leave that piece  
of shit school and come home?

INDI  
Because I love this piece of shit  
school -- and I hate home.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
So do I...

INDI  
And that's why we're getting you so  
the fuck out of Florida one day.

A loud BANG is heard on the phone, followed by --



INDI AND DAKOTA'S MOM (O.S.)  
Oww, goddamnit! Dakota! Help me  
make this fucking frozen pizza!

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Shit, I gotta go.

INDI  
Is she drunk?

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Is autoerotic asphyxiation sexy?

INDI  
(laughing)  
Dakota!

INDI AND DAKOTA'S MOM (O.S.)  
Dakota!

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Text me tomorrow.  
(air kiss)  
Love you, bye!

INDI  
Love you more --

Dakota hangs up, disappearing from Indi's iPhone.

Indi sits in the dark and stares at the TV. The credits have rolled, replaced by ambient wallpaper.

After a sullen beat, she nuzzles up beside Samantha, leaving the TV on, bathing the room in soft blue light as she sleeps.

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

Barefoot and in her pajamas, Indi wanders across the quad.

The campus is eerie. The campus is quiet.

Indi lies down on the grass in the middle of the quad and starts making snow angels, minus the snow. Lawn angels.

POV INDI: She waves her hand across the sky and a glorious SHOOTING STAR with a RAINBOW TAIL appears in its wake. You won't find that shooting star in any astronomy textbooks.

Indi is LUCID DREAMING. She smiles up at the sky, content with her creation.

Suddenly, a DARK, SHADOWY FIGURE appears over Indi.

Startled, she stands and looks around --

But nobody's there. She shakes off the heebie-jeebies and carries on with her dream.

EXT. EDGE OF CAMPUS - NIGHT

Indi skips around the edge of campus, on the threshold of the woods. Late night mist floats on the horizon.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees a dark figure coming right toward her...

Spooked, Indi starts to run away, only to be met with a powerful flashlight FLOODING HER IN LIGHT. She panics and tries to bolt, but the figure holding the flashlight --

GRABS HER in his arms. Indi kicks and screams and --

The dark figure lets her go, like he's spooked by her.

Indi jerks away, falling to the ground.

DARK FIGURE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I didn't mean  
to frighten you!  
(then, slowly)  
I'm not gonna hurt you.

As Indi gets up, half ready to run, the dark figure lowers his flashlight. She gets her first good look at him...

Homeboy is handsome. He is the man of your actual dreams. For me, he is Hugh Jackman digitally de-aged à la The Irishman.

For you, dear reader, he is *whatever* dreamboat floats your boat. Indi blushes like a babydoll.

INDI

I thought you were turning this  
into a nightmare.

The dark figure cracks a smile. He is very fucking hot.

DARK FIGURE

Wouldn't dream of it.  
(extends a manly hand)  
My name is Cal.

Indi accepts Cal's hand, her own delicate hand encased in his firm handshake. Their hands start to GLOW, E.T. style.

CAL  
What are you doing out here alone  
at night, sweetheart?

INDI  
Whatever I want.

CAL  
What's your name?

INDI  
Indiana.

CAL  
Nice to meet you, sweetheart.

INDI  
Quit calling me sweetheart.

CAL  
Why?

INDI  
It's offensive?

CAL  
I'm sorry, Indiana. You just look  
sweeter than stolen honey.

Cal smiles again. If he's winning Indi over, she's not ready  
to show it yet. She keeps walking. He tags along.

CAL (CONT'D)  
You from around here?

INDI  
I go to school here.

CAL  
I live in there.

Cal points at the darks woods surrounding campus. Indi puts  
her hands on her hips, flirtatiously combative.

INDI  
You don't live anywhere. You're  
just a dream character.

CAL  
What's a dream character?

INDI  
A character. In my dreams. And  
sometimes they're sexy, like you.

CAL  
Thanks, but I'm real.

INDI  
If you say so, sexy.  
(stops walking)  
Check this out.

Indi stares down Cal, holding her ground, something to prove.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Go away.

CAL  
You go away.

INDI  
This is my dream.

CAL  
How do you know it's not my dream?

INDI  
I'll show you.

Indi raises her hand and smacks Cal upside the head.

CAL  
Ouch!

INDI  
Shit. My hand was supposed to go  
through your head. Like Casper.

Indi stares at Cal, perplexed. Cal stares back. Indi breaks first. She keeps walking, he follows.

CAL  
What are you doing right now?

INDI  
I'm lucid dreaming and you're  
crashing the party.

Cal grabs Indi by the arm and pulls her to a stop.

CAL  
We can take this party elsewhere.

Cal grips her arm, pulls her close. He looks into her eyes, cups her face in his hands. He strokes his thumb across her mouth. Indi opens her lips and he slides his thumb between them. He traces her bottom lip with his thumb and...

GOES IN FOR THE KISS --

INT. INDI'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Nestled beside Samantha in bed, Indi begins smiling in her sleep. Her eyes flutter beneath closed lids.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - BACK TO DREAM WORLD

Indi and Cal are now passionately MAKING OUT, rolling around in the grass like they're on the beach in From Here to Eternity. Cal slips a hand into Indi's cotton shorts.

She lets out a perfect little moan.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Indi shifts slightly in bed, in the throes of one very wet dream. Samantha wakes up, readjusts beside her.

Gabby lets out an especially LOUD SNORE. Samantha puts the pillow over her head in frustration.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - BACK TO DREAM WORLD

Flush with anticipation, Indi lies in the grass beneath Cal.

CAL  
Be mine forever.

INDI  
What?

Cal pulls down her shorts, they're about to start banging --

INDI (CONT'D)  
Wait.

Cal does. Indi pulls up her shorts. She shimmies out from under Cal. He looks confused.

CAL  
What's wrong?

INDI  
I'm not trying to do -- this --  
right now.

CAL  
Not even in your wildest dreams?

INDI

Not even.

Cal stares at Indi, like he can't believe his ears. Suddenly self-conscious, she pulls her knees to her chest.

Cal abruptly stands and walks away. Indi calls after him --

INDI (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

But Cal doesn't respond as he disappears through the trees.

INDI (CONT'D)

Okay bye!

The sound of an ALARM begins to ECHO across campus, like it's coming from high in the sky.

Indi shields her ears and looks up --

INT. INDI'S ROOM - MORNING

Indi WAKES in bed. The alarm continues to sound, only now it emanates from her phone. She reaches across Samantha, waking her up as she silences the alarm.

Indi traces her bottom lip with her thumb...

Samantha stretches, cranky. She throws her pillow at Gabby, who's still snoring. Gabby stirs on the air mattress, slowly sits up, nice and relaxed.

GABBY

Good morning!

SAMANTHA

You snore like a six hundred pound man on My 600-lb Life.

GABBY

My what?

INDI

(cracks her neck)

I need coffee.

EXT. QUAD DAY - DAY

Harsh afternoon sunlight drenches campus. Eyes obscured by three pairs of dark sunglasses, the girls cross the quad.

INDI

I had the weirdest goddamn dream  
last night...

SAMANTHA

Nobody likes hearing about other  
people's dreams unless they're sex  
dreams.

INDI

It kinda was?

SAMANTHA

Unless it's a sex dream about the  
other person. Did you sex dream  
about me?

INDI

You wish.

GABBY

I slept like a baby.

SAMANTHA

Nobody asked you, stega-snoreus.

GABBY

And nobody made you drink a billion  
Bud Lights.

SAMANTHA

And nobody made you --

Suddenly, an OWL SWOOPS PAST the girls, trapping a field  
mouse in its talons. The girls SHRIEK and SCATTER.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Oh my god, eww!

GABBY

Nope, nope, nope!

The owl brings its catch into a nearby tree and begins to  
tear the mouse apart. Indi watches the owl, watches it eat.

INDI

I'll catch you guys later. I need  
to meet Bridget in the library.

GABBY

Adios.

(watching the owl)  
Lo siento, Stuart Little.

SAMANTHA

Jeez, Gabs, don't look at it!

Samantha pulls Gabby in the opposite direction.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Indi and Bridget sit with a stack of books at a reading table in the library. Bridget looks like she smells, and Indi looks like she's pretending not to notice.

INDI

I just finished Norse Gods and  
Giants and added my thoughts to our  
notes. Did you finish D'Aulaires'  
Book of Greek Myths yet?  
(no response)  
Bridget?

Indi stares at Bridget -- Bridget picks at her cuticles.

BRIDGET

(eyes down)  
I'm almost done.

INDI

You go, girl.

Indi sorts through their stack of books.

INDI (CONT'D)

Can you grab the book on Icelandic  
Sorcery? I can add that one to...  
my to do list, and you can keep  
going with the Greek Myths.

Bridget vaguely nods and zombie shuffles away, off to fetch the book. Indi pantomimes shooting herself in the head.

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Bridget has not returned. Indi types on her computer, but she stops when she hears a faint VOICE.

INDI (CONT'D)

Bridget?

Indi looks up and looks around, but there's no one in sight.

Silence.

She returns to her computer, only the sound of her fingers tapping the keyboard until she hears the VOICE again, softly muttering. She gets up to follow the sound...



INT. LIBRARY STACKS - CONTINUOUS

Indi walks down a narrow row of books, following the strange VOICE. She peeks around a corner -- the row is empty.

She moves onto the next row -- that one's empty, too.

She walks all the way down to the last row, turns the corner, and sees --

Lying on the floor, TWISTED into an INHUMAN shape, eyes tightly closed, BRIDGET MUTTERING in her sleep.

Straight up Exorcism of Emily Rose.

INDI

Bridget?!

Indi runs down the row of books to Bridget and gently shakes her awake. Bridget SNAPS OUT OF IT.

Bridget blinks up at Indi, then takes in her surroundings, confused. She wipes drool from her mouth with the back of her hand and slowly, painfully sits up.

BRIDGET

Where am I?

INDI

You're still in the library.

(beat)

Were you asleep?

Indi notices that Bridget's cheek is BRUISED.

INDI (CONT'D)

Shit, are you all right?

Bridget touches her cheek, then winces in pain. She shakily stands, shrugging off Indi's help.

BRIDGET

I'm not feeling well. Can you work without me today?

INDI

Sure... do you want me to walk you back to your dorm?

BRIDGET

No!!

(softens)

No. That's okay. I'm okay. It's okay, sweetheart. You're okay...

Bridget quickly hurries down the aisle, around the corner and out of sight.

Indi's left reeling. *Huh?!?!?!?*

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gabby and Indi are pre-gaming in Indi's room with Malibu, Diet Coke, and pizza.

Gabby eats pizza in Indi's bed. She picks all the cheese off.

Indi does her makeup in the mirror. Her eyelashes are thick with mascara. She glances over her shoulder at --

Another HORROR MOVIE flickering on TV, this time a creature feature about killer slugs.

ON TV: A "teen" couple in their mid-twenties notices their bed is surrounded by slugs, mid-boning sesh. The naked girl makes a run for it but immediately slips and falls in slugs.

Indi LAUGHS at this unsavory combo of tits and slugs.

GABBY

Why can't we just listen to music  
while we get ready, like normal  
college girls?

INDI

Because this is better.

Finished with her makeup, Indi goes for the pizza. She plops a gooey piece of cheese into her mouth.

INDI (CONT'D)

Did you know there's a special spot  
in hell for people who pick the  
cheese off their pizza?

GABBY

I don't think so, since actually  
dairy is the devil?

INDI

(mouthful of cheese)  
Thank you, Satan!

Gabby goes to Indi's bathroom. She pees with the door open, talking to Indi from the toilet.

GABBY  
How many people are gonna be at the  
bonfire?

ON TV: The boyfriend feigns an attempt at rescuing his naked  
girlfriend. Blood spurts, her eyeball hangs loose, she dies.

INDI  
(talking to the TV)  
Hero move, bad boyfriend!

GABBY  
Huh?

Sound of the TOILET FLUSHING, then Gabby washing her hands.

INDI  
All of Jen's friends -- so every  
townie between the ages of twenty  
and thirty, probably.  
(teasing)  
Why, thinking bout boys?

Gabby makes her way to Indi's vanity and browses her makeup  
collection, trying to act casual.

GABBY  
No, I'm not, and even if I was, I  
wouldn't be, because no boys  
allowed.

INDI  
Such devotion to the cause.

GABBY  
Besides, those boys don't like me  
as much as they like you.

INDI  
The townies only like me because  
they know I'm one of them.

GABBY  
You mean white?

INDI  
I mean white trash.

Gabby stares at her reflection in the mirror, twirling her  
long dark hair. Indi joins her at the vanity.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Trust me. Those boys are just  
intimidated by your gorgeous good  
looks and rocking swimmer's body  
and big fat brain and because  
you're basically a star on the flag  
of Texas.

Gabby finally cracks a smile. Indi smiles back, then checks  
her phone.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Ah shit, it's almost nine o'clock.  
Where's Samantha?

INT. DORM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Indi and Gabby approach Samantha's door. Indi KNOCKS.

INDI  
Hello? Sam?  
(knocks again)  
Anybody alive in there?

GABB  
Maybe she's not in her room.

Indi tries the doorknob -- it's unlocked.

GABBY  
Okay, invasion of privacy, psycho.  
(hushed voice)  
What if she's masturbating or  
something?

INDI  
Like right this moment?  
(Gabby shrugs)  
Her vibrator is really loud, we  
would hear it.

Indi opens Samantha's door...

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They let themselves into Samantha's room. It's dark.

INDI  
Samantha?

Indi hits the lights -- Samantha is passed out in bed. She  
slowly fusses, lazily waking.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Awww, Sam. Sleepy baby! Are you  
feeling okay?

Samantha rubs her eyes, disoriented, and sits up in bed.

SAMANTHA  
Hey, guys... I'm wrecked, I think  
it's a slow-creeping hangover.

GABBY  
Do you feel up for going out  
tonight?

SAMANTHA  
Not really... would you hate my  
guts if I bailed?

INDI  
Nah, sleep it off. I'll see you  
tomorrow for Salon Sunday.  
(flashes her nails)  
Mani-pedi, baby.

Samantha smiles, nods, yawns. Gabby and Indi make their way  
to the door. As they go --

GABBY  
Feel better, lil lettuce.

INDI  
Lights on or off?

SAMANTHA  
Off please.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

A breezy, moonlit summer night. A raucous bonfire blazes on a  
campground in the Vermont woods.

A dozen young people are gathered around the fire, drinking  
and laughing. A mixture of guys and girls, these are the  
TOWNIES, not fellow students.

Indi and Gabby emerge from the treeline. JEN (22, cute and  
cheerful) jumps up to greet them. She gives Indi a big hug.

JEN  
Hi, ladies!  
(looks between them)  
Where's the rich one?

INDI  
Samantha? She's not feeling well.

JEN  
 Boooo! Primadonna! Cooler's full of  
 beers, help yourselves. You're just  
 in time, we're about to play Drink,  
 Drink, Shot. Come on over!

Jen smacks Indi on the butt and rejoins the group sitting  
 around the fire.

As Gabby and Indi grab two cans of beer from the cooler, Indi  
 spots a boy in the shadows...

For a moment, HE LOOKS LIKE CAL, and her heart stops -- but  
 as the boy steps into the light of the fire, Indi sees he's  
 just some random. She exhales.

A LITTLE LATER

Everybody's sitting around the fire playing DRINK, DRINK,  
 SHOT (Duck Duck Goose, but with drinking).

A drunk GUY walks around the circle and touches the other  
 players on the head, saying --

DRUNK GUY  
 Drink... drink... drink...  
 (taps Jen on the head)  
 Shot!

Jen jumps up and chases the drunk guy -- she touches him  
 before he reaches his seat.

Drunkie takes a shot of bottom shelf bourbon straight from  
 the bottle. Now it's Jen's turn.

Jen jogs in place, ramping up, when some GUYS approach the  
 fire. Indi sees the guys through the flames -- among them is  
 DUSTIN (22, standard white guy, attractive but unremarkable).  
 Indi freezes.

INDI  
 (under her breath)  
 Shit.

GABBY  
 What?  
 (notices Dustin)  
 Shit. Seriously, Jen?

Jen waves to the guys, still jogging in place.

DUSTIN  
Jen, we warming up for something?

JEN  
Drink, Drink, Shot! Pull up some  
chairs!

The guys sit on the opposite side of the fire from Gabby and Indi, thank god. Jen walks around the circle.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Drink... drink... drink...

A LITTLE LATER

The game is still going strong. Indi watches the glow from the flames play across Dustin's face... she gets tapped on the head and drinks her beer.

The girl circling the fire eventually taps Dustin and says --

TOWNIE GIRL  
Shot!

Dustin leaps from his chair -- he easily catches the girl and she swigs from the bottle of bourbon. Now it's his turn.

DUSTIN  
Drink... drink...

Getting closer and closer to Indi...

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Drink... drink... drink...

Until finally... he stands right behind her. Indi tenses up as Dustin puts his hand on her shoulder and says --

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Shot.

Indi takes a deep breath, then gets up to chase him -- but she barely jogs, and he easily beats her back to his seat.

Indi hears a couple of Dustin's buddies laughing. She sips a quick shot from the bottle of bourbon and returns to her seat without a word. Dustin starts another turn.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Drink... drink... drink...

As Dustin walks around the fire again, Gabby reaches over and holds Indi's hand.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - LATER

Gabby and Indi walk down their hall. Gabby stops in front of her bedroom door but Indi takes her arm.

INDI

Can you sleep over again. Please?

Gabby puts her arm around Indi's shoulder and they walk down the hall to Indi's room together.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

FULL ASS MOON. The HOOTING of an OWL. The campus is quiet and still, crowded by the dark woods.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Samantha wanders down a dark school hallway. She follows the muffled sound of DREAMY MUSIC...

INT. GYM - MOMENT LATER

The campus gym is decked out like the high school dance in Grease. Streamers, balloons, a disco ball. MOON RIVER wafts through invisible speakers.

Samantha looks around in awe. Standing in the center of the court, CAL slowly spins around to face her.

CAL

Back for more?

Cal is dressed nicely, less casual than he was in Indi's dream. He's even wearing glasses, but hot.

He extends a hand, which Samantha elegantly accepts. He spins her into a slow dance.

SAMANTHA

Oh dream maker.

CAL

You heart breaker.

SAMANTHA

I love this song. It's so pretty and classic.

CAL

Just like you.



Cal LIFTS Samantha above his head, spins and sets her back down, smooth as silk. Even better than Ryan Gosling and Emma Stone doing Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey.

Because you know Samantha is a *Dirty Dancing* girl.

A spotlight hits them, wrapping Samantha in an artful beam of light. She rests her head on Cal's chest.

Cal holds Samantha close as they sway back and forth on the dance floor. He whispers in her ear...

CAL (CONT'D)  
Can I tell you a secret?

SAMANTHA  
You can tell me anything.

The music SLOWS and WARPS, the lights shift from BLUE to RED.

CAL  
I've got a crush on you.

Cal spins out Samantha, then pulls her back in close.

CAL (CONT'D)  
You're like no girl I've ever met.  
(hypnotic)  
Be mine forever.

SAMANTHA  
I'm yours. Forever.

The music returns to normal and the lights shift back to BLUE. Cal twirls Samantha into a dip.

CAL  
Do you have a crush on me?

SAMANTHA  
I definitely do.

Cal lifts Samantha into a kiss.

EXT. GYM - DAY

Beautiful weather. Birds are chirping their birdsongs. Indi and Gabby are nursing their hangovers.

GABBY  
I hope I don't puke in the pool.

Indi unlocks her bike from a rack beside the campus gym.

INDI  
Samantha's meeting me in town, do  
Salon Sunday with us! Just pretend  
you're sick.

GABBY  
(swallows a burp)  
Not sure I need to pretend.

Gabby's considering, until her cheery TEAMMATE bristles past them on her way into the gym.

TEAMMATE  
Hey, girl! See you inside?

Gabby nods weakly. Indi laughs as she climbs on her bike.

INDI  
Welp, you snooze you lose!

Indi waves and bikes away. Gabby slowly walks into the gym.

INT. ROSIE'S NAILS - DAY

Indi walks into a cute but crummy little nail salon in town and smiles at the salon's ancient owner ROSIE (adorable old lady, blue eyeshadow, pink lips). Rosie rises to greet Indi.

ROSIE  
How's my little muffin?

INDI  
She's ready for some fucking Salon  
Sunday, Rosie!

ROSIE  
(chuckles)  
Your language, muffin. You swear  
like a sailor!

INDI  
Must be my love of the ocean.

Indi follows Rosie as she shuffles to the back of the salon, showing her to two empty massage chairs.

INDI (CONT'D)  
My friend should be here any  
minute. Mind if I wait for her?

ROSIE  
You got it, muffin. I'll save the  
seat next to yours.

Rosie winks as Indi climbs into her massage chair. She turns that shit on and settles in.

INT. ROSIE'S NAILS - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Indi gently vibrates in the massage chair, head resting on her fist. Still no Samantha.

The salon's busier now, teeming with activity. There's a few ladies waiting for their appointments upfront.

One of the manicurists approaches Indi's chair --

MANICURIST

Mind if I get going on your toes,  
sweetie pie?

INDI

Oh. Sure.

The manicurist begins to fill the basin with hot water. Indi pulls out her phone. She fires off a text to Samantha --

INDI (TEXT) (CONT'D)

Yer late for Salon Sunday! U OK?

No three dots, no responding. Waits a beat.

INDI (TEXT) (CONT'D)

Helloooooooooo? Salon? Sunday? SOUND  
FAMILIAR? BITCH? U OKAY BITCH?

Rosie shuffles over to Indi apologetically.

ROSIE

Sorry, muffin. Need the chair.

Indi scowls as an unfashionable random parks her big ass in Samantha's spot. Indi waits a beat, then CALLS Samantha.

It rings, rings, ringing, rings, goes to voicemail.

INDI

(leaving a message)

Oy! Where are you? I know you  
didn't forget what time our  
appointment is, because it's the  
same time every week. Jeez! I'm  
gonna bite your nipple off when I  
see you later.

(beat)

Hope everything's okay! Hate you,  
love you, bye!

Indi hangs up. The random in the chair beside Indi stares at her, alarmed. Indi makes a face at her -- *and what?*

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Samantha steps into her room holding a giant paper bag. She feels her phone buzz in her pocket -- VOICEMAIL FROM INDI.

Samantha stares at her phone, then turns it off, guilty. She unloads a package wrapped in plastic, opens it and unfolds --

BLACKOUT CURTAINS. Samantha puts them right over her regular curtains, crudely hanging them with a hammer and thumb tacks.

Next, she takes a WHITE NOISE MACHINE out of the bag. She sets it up, turns it on, kicks off her shoes, gets into bed.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - LATER

Indi knocks on Samantha's door. No answer. She tries the doorknob -- it's locked. She presses her ear to the door...

Hears, ever so faintly, the sound of... rain? *What da fuck?*

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Indi's snuggled up in bed, half-asleep. A black and white HORROR MOVIE plays on her TV with the volume low.

Suddenly, a big brown COCKROACH skitters across her arm. She stirs in bed, but doesn't wake up. After a beat, another bug rustles across her bare stomach.

A roach crawls around her neck and up her chin, resting on her cheek. Indi brushes the bug off her face, still asleep.

On the TV, a giant monster towers over fleeing townspeople, their screams tiny and quiet. Indi shifts in bed.

All of a sudden, a DOZEN BUGS crawl up Indi's legs, her hips, her chest. She slowly wakes up and YELPS, swatting the bugs away as fast as she can -- but they just keep coming.

The bugs are EVERYWHERE, twitching, hissing, creeping all over Indi, sticking to her fingers and palms and wrists as she tries to brush them off.

A fat roach crawls right into Indi's OPEN MOUTH. She bites down, crunching on bug, its creamy yellow mush squeezing between her lips as she tries to spit it out.

In a blind panic Indi jumps out of bed and flings herself at her light switch, but as the lights goes on --

She's back in bed, lights off. The bugs are GONE. Trembling, Indi looks down at her legs and stomach -- no bugs.

She rips the blanket off her bed -- no bugs.

Indi quickly turns on every light in her room. She scrambles to her mini fridge and pulls out a giant bottle of Diet Coke.

Cautious, Indi perches on the edge of her bed. She turns up the volume on her TV and begins chugging soda. After several gulps, she puts the bottle in her lap and stares at the TV.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - MORNING

Indi is still on the edge of her bed. The bottle of soda rests in her lap, empty. She's watching Vanderpump Rules and looks exhausted.

Her phone ALARM goes off and she jumps. She shakily grabs her phone and silences it.

INT. CAMPUS BOOKSTORE - MORNING

Indi pulls a 2 liter bottle of Diet Coke from a shelf in the little grocery section of the bookstore.

She notices Samantha browsing the medicine aisle nearby.

INDI

Samantha.

Samantha looks up at the sound of her name. She sees Indi and sets down a box of pills.

SAMANTHA

Hi. Good morning.

INDI

Are you sick?

SAMANTHA

Hmm? Oh, no. Just looking for Midol. My uterus is screaming.

Indi takes a box of Midol from the shelf and hands it over.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

They walk across the store to the cashier together.

INDI

Is that why you missed Salon Sunday yesterday?

SAMANTHA

Hmm? Oh, no, you know what? I am so sorry. You know Laura? From campus outreach? Since I'm not going home for the summer, she asked if I'd help her with this like, community kids' camp a couple towns over? We left first thing in the morning, guess the day got away from me.

INDI

I tried texting and calling you...

The CASHIER rings up Samantha's Midol.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry, I spaced.  
(changing the subject)  
Here, let me get that for you.

Samantha puts the Diet Coke on the counter. Indi nonchalantly adds a couple of candy bars. As Samantha pays the cashier --

INDI

You don't even like kids.

EXT. QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Indi and Samantha exit the bookstore. The sun outside is bright and oppressive.

INDI

So are you like, super committed?

SAMANTHA

(caught off guard)  
What do you mean, committed to who?

INDI

The kids' camp. I thought you were staying on campus so we could have free time to spend time together.

SAMANTHA

Oh, I mean, I am. And we will!  
Plenty of time, I promise.

INDI

Okay. What are you up to now? Wanna grab breakfast?

SAMANTHA

I can't right now? But I'll see you later! Because it's...

Samantha begins to cross the quad. She calls back --

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Dollar Draft Beer Night!

INDI

Dollar Draft Beer Night...

Indi watches Samantha walk across the quad in the direction of the woods. *Where is she going?*

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Indi's version of dolled up -- skimpy sundress, sandals, dark lipstick, heavy eyeshadow, flat ironed hair. She touches up her hair in the mirror, then finishes a bottle of Diet Coke.

She's about to hit the lights on her way out the door, then stops to think. She leaves the lights on.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Indi, Gabby, and Samantha ride their bikes through the town near campus, a small farming community surrounded by dense Vermont woods. It's the kind of town with one stoplight.

They ride their bikes up to a divey pizza joint, not bothering to lock them up before they head inside.

INT. A LITTLE BITE OF ITALY - CONTINUOUS

A Little Bite of Italy is the only pizza place in town, and the pizza's not that good. But it's a busy night and the bar is teeming with locals. The crowd is almost entirely male.

Every guy in the joint turns to look as Indi, Gabby, and Samantha settle into a booth.

INDI

First round's on me, ladies.

Indi smiles at her friends and walks to the end of the bar, trying to avoid the crowd.

At the other end of the bar, DUSTIN notices Indi. He crosses the bar and sidles up beside her.

DUSTIN  
Look what the cat dragged in.

Indi ignores him. He looks her up and down as he takes a swig of his beer.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Can I buy you a drink?

INDI  
No thanks, I know better than to  
booze it up around you.

DUSTIN  
Always with the smart mouth...  
(checks out her ass)  
Smart ass.

Indi finally gets the bartender's attention.

INDI  
Pitcher please, three glasses.

Dustin sips his beer, nods toward Gabby and Samantha.

DUSTIN  
You sure spic and span over there  
won't let me buy them a drink?

Indi clenches her jaw as the bartender brings over her pitcher of beer. She slaps down a five dollar bill.

INDI  
Thanks.

Indi quickly walks back to the booth -- Dustin watches her body beneath her scant cotton dress as she goes.

BACK IN THE BOOTH

Rattled, Indi unstacks three glasses and begins pouring beer.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Dustin's here.

GABBY  
Are you kidding?  
(craning her neck)  
Why does he keep showing up where  
he knows you hang out?



INDI

I don't know, to play nice? It's  
like he thinks we're still friends.

Indi glances over at Samantha -- she's not even paying  
attention. So much for impaling Dustin in the Adam's apple.

INDI (CONT'D)

(raises her pint)

Cheers to The Lettuce Hearts Club.

Samantha snaps out of it. She and Gabby raise their pints.

GABBY

Cheers.

SAMANTHA

Cheers.

INDI

Here's to us and not to them.

The girls clink glasses and drink their beers. Samantha eyes  
Indi as she sips her pint. After a measured beat --

SAMANTHA

If there's no boys allowed, then  
why did we still come out tonight?

INDI

Because we come here every Monday  
night. It's Dollar Draft Beer --

SAMANTHA

Beer Night, we know. I just think  
it's funny that we used to come  
here so you could get shitfaced and  
flirt with losers, but now it's no  
boys allowed.

Indi sets down her beer. She looks to Gabby for support, but  
Gabby averts her eyes, silently sipping.

INDI

What the fuck is your problem?

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry, you're the only one who  
can ever be in a bad mood?

INDI

No, but --

SAMANTHA

Indi's having a hard time so we  
have to do whatever she wants?

(meanly mimicking)

"The Lettuce Hearts Club, no boys  
allowed." Give it a rest, we're not  
all as hopeless as you.

Indi goes beet red, her cheeks hot and flushed. She looks to  
Gabby, desperate for back-up.

INDI

Gabs...

GABBY

I mean, she is kinda right.

INDI

About which part?!

GABBY

Like, I always gotta be your wing  
woman and your babysitter -- but I  
can't have fun if you're not?

INDI

Where is this coming from?

(to Samantha)

Did Mark say something to you?

SAMANTHA

Who?

INDI

Mark. Your boyfriend?

SAMANTHA

Mark is... he's not my boyfriend  
anymore.

INDI

Wait. Y'all broke up?

SAMANTHA

Look, I know we made this no boys  
allowed agreement for the summer,  
but... I met someone new.

GABBY

What?

INDI

What!

SAMANTHA

It's really early, and I didn't even wanna tell you... except I really like him.

INDI

How? When? Where!

SAMANTHA

I thought you guys would be happy. You hated Mark.

INDI

I mean, sure, but that doesn't mean we want you to dump him and rebound at the speed of light!

(flummoxed)

Gabriela, anything to add?

Gabby remains silent. Samantha stands to go, sorry not sorry.

SAMANTHA

You can finish your summer of no boys allowed without me.

Indi's jaw drops as Samantha saunters out the door. A few men turn to watch her leave -- Indi sets her sights on Gabby.

INDI

Thanks for nothing, asshole.

Gabby stares back at her, unfazed. Suddenly, Indi hears the sound of a MAN LAUGHING. She wheels around --

But no one appears to be laughing. She turns back to Gabby.

INDI (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

Gabby just stares at her blankly. After a beat, Indi hears it again, the same joyless LAUGHTER. She stands to turn around.

INDI (CONT'D)

What's so fucking funny?

Several men stop their conversations to stare at her. Indi looks to Gabby -- the same blank look is on her face.

Indi hears MORE LAUGHTER. She frantically whips back and forth, trying to find the culprit.

INDI (CONT'D)

Did I tell an amaaaazing joke? Ha ha? Then what is so funny?!

Men have stopped to stare. The only sound is a game on TV.

Indi makes pleading eye contact with Gabby -- but there's nothing behind her eyes, just the same blank expression, no sympathy or solidarity to be found.

Tears gather in the corner of Indi's eyes. She notices Dustin across the room, smirking with a buddy.

Indi turns back to Gabby, and ice blossoms in her veins.

Gabby is *smiling*.

Indi snatches her purse and rushes out the door. Waiting a beat longer than she should, Gabby gets up to follow her.

Once the girls are gone, the men in the bar resume their chatter, business as usual. *Bitches be crazy.*

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - LATER

Samantha slams her door in frustration. She kicks off her shoes and plops onto her bed.

After a beat, she picks up a little box on her desk. She opens the box and pulls out a bottle of SLEEPING PILLS.

Samantha considers the bottle of pills for a beat. She twists the cap and shakes one, two, three into her hand.

Without hesitation, she swallows the pills.

Samantha turns on her trusty white noise machine and climbs into bed, fully clothed, with a smile. We drift out into...

INT. DORM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Indi trudges down the hall to her room, slams the door.

Several beats later, Gabby moseys on down the hall to her own room, across from Indi's. She pauses in her doorway --

GABBY  
Sleep tight.

And closes the door behind her.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

Back in dreamland and the stars are bright! Smiling serenely, Gabby descends the bleachers beside the soccer field.

She glides down the aluminum steps, as self-assured and graceful as a freshly crowned prom queen.

An eerie assortment of MASCOTS line the field -- a wolf, a tiger, a bear, a crocodile. All animals that could eat you.

The mascots do the spooky scary skeletons dance, and it's more unsettling than any teen on TikTok.

The dancing mascots part ways to reveal CAL standing in the center of the field -- the prom king to Gabby's queen.

He looks buffer than we've seen him, or maybe this is just the first time his beefy man muscles are ON FULL DISPLAY.

Gabby runs across the field and jumps into Cal's arm, wrapping her legs around him à la a bitch on The Bachelor.

They MAKE OUT HARDCORE.

After several beats of this erotica, Gabby comes up for air and Cal begins to bench press a bitch, easily lifting her above his head. Gabby erupts in a squeal of giggles --

GABBY

Ahhh, put me down, you're gonna drop me!

CAL

If I dropped you, I'd catch you.

And with that, Cal drops Gabby, then catches her, cradling her, gently setting her down on the grass. She gazes up into his eyes, worshipful.

GABBY

You were right. It felt good to tell her what I think for once.

CAL

Somebody had to.

GABBY

Indi's not smart enough to notice how I really feel. She's only got a couple brain cells to rub together.

CAL

She's gonna be --

Cal points his thumb and finger at Gabby's face like a gun. He winks, and shoots.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Dead from two in the head.

GABBY  
Two brain cells.

Cal and Gabby break out in laughter -- Cal's laugh sounds mean-spirited and familiar. As he stops laughing, he smiles.

CAL  
I can see right through you like a  
shard of glass, Gabby.

GABBY  
That sounds like a bad thing...

CAL  
It's not, because it means I'm the  
only one who can see who you really  
are inside. Your friends don't see  
you. I'm the only one who does. The  
only one who can.

Gabby kisses Cal hard on the mouth, and he shoves her down on the grass. Climbs on top of her, lovingly caresses her face.

CAL (CONT'D)  
You're like no girl I've ever met.  
(hypnotic)  
Be mine forever.

GABBY  
I'm yours.

CAL  
And I have a crush on you.

Cal kisses her softly, cradling her head in his hands.

CAL (CONT'D)  
No more girls' night out, okay?

GABBY  
Okay.

CAL  
Let me see that smile.

Gabby smiles, sweet but sinister.

CAL (CONT'D)  
That's my girl.

Cal gets up off the ground. He extends a hand to Gabby.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Let's get out of here.

Gabby takes Cal's hand and he helps her up. He brushes the grass off her back like a doting boyfriend.

Holding hands, Cal leads Gabby toward the dark woods...

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Indi is curled up in bed, crying. She hasn't bothered to remove her makeup and mascara runs down her cheeks in black streaks. She sniffles softly.

Another episode of Vanderpump Rules plays on her TV. Scheana is whipping Ariana into a frenzy.

ARIANA (ON TV)  
Snob ass bitch!

Indi wipes a mascara tear from her eye. She touches her wet cheek, then looks down at her hand, disconcerted --

Her fingers are WET WITH BLOOD.

Indi jumps up from bed and runs to her mirror.

She gasps --

She's crying INKY RED TEARS OF BLOOD.

Frantic, Indi runs to her bathroom and grabs a handful of toilet paper, trying to stanch the bleeding from her eyes.

The toilet paper quickly soaks with blood. Indi begins crying harder when suddenly --

She hears that same cruel, uncaring LAUGHTER.

IT'S COMING FROM RIGHT BEHIND HER.

Indi spins around to face her tormentor, but nobody's there.

The laughter has stopped. And she's alone.

She looks back to her reflection in the mirror and now the blood is gone, too. She cries plain, watery tears.

Indi tries to take a deep, calming breath -- but she soon starts GAGGING. Blood pools in the corners of her mouth.

She claws at her throat, GASPING for air. Her lips are now slick with blood.

Then, fingertips first, a man's HAND EMERGES from inside her mouth. Her teeth begin to WIGGLE LOOSE, COATED IN BLOOD.

The THUMB traces Indi's lips. The fingertips push across her tongue and slowly begin PULLING TEETH, dropping them out of her mouth like pebbles.

The hand keeps pushing out of her mouth, past her bloody lips, stifling her screams, making room for ANOTHER HAND as the rest of her TEETH FALL OUT.

Indi's shoulders heave as the hands become ARMS, forcing their way out of her mouth, reaching in opposite directions, between her mangled gums, blood gushing as --

LAUGHTER ERUPTS ALL AROUND HER. Countless male voices laughing at her expense. HIDEOUS, MOCKING LAUGHTER.

Indi's mouth stretches wider and wider, impossibly wide, as the arms keep REACHING OUT from deep inside her throat.

The corners of her mouth begin to split open, bloody, flesh ripping, and --

INT. INDI'S ROOM - DAWN

Indi wakes up standing in front of her mirror, crying, choking. She touches her lips, her teeth -- no blood.

She looks around, shell-shocked. *Was she sleepwalking?*

Outside her window, it's still dark, but with the earliest hints of dawn.

Indi runs to her mini fridge, yanks the door open. She cracks open a can of Red Bull and quickly downs it. She crunches the can and immediately reaches for another one, chugging it.

Hands shaking, Indi turns the volume on TV all the way up.

She sits on the floor -- no way she's getting too comfortable -- and waits for the sun to rise.

OUTSIDE HER WINDOW, the sun rises in fast forward, high in the sky, moving from east to west.

The day comes and goes. Indi's eyes remain glued to the TV.

LATER THAT NIGHT

It's dark outside now. Indi YAWNS as one candy-colored episode of Adventure Time ends and the next one begins.



Indi's head lolls to one side, but she snaps awake. Tries turning up the volume -- it's already as high as it will go.

CAL (O.S.)  
Aren't cartoons for children?

Indi nearly JUMPS out of her skin. CAL IS IN HER ROOM.

SHE'S DREAMING AND SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT.

INDI  
Fuck, dude! You scared me.

CAL  
It hasn't been easy, you don't scare easily.

INDI  
It... it's been you the whole time?

Cal sits beside Indi on her bed. She instinctively springs up, moving away from him.

INDI (CONT'D)  
You get off on scaring girls?

CAL  
Only the ones I don't like.

Indi closes her eyes tightly, balls up her fists.

INDI  
This is only a dream, this is only a dream, this is only a shit suck dream and you know you're dreaming.

Indi opens her eyes -- Cal is still there.

CAL  
I would've been nice to you, if only you'd let me.

INDI  
Who cares?! Just leave me alone!

Cal looks Indi up and down, lasciviously sizing her up.

CAL  
Your hair is too long. It makes you look lowbred. I don't like it.

INDI  
I'm not about to take beauty tips from a butt-hurt jerk in my dreams.

CAL  
Cut your hair.

INDI  
Suck a D.

CAL  
I said, cut your hair.

Without even realizing it, Indi's now standing in front of her mirror, the scissors from her desk in hand.

She slowly raises the scissors to her long, beautiful hair...

AND CUTS OFF A HUGE CHUNK.

Cal laughs hysterically as Indi starts hacking at her hair with the scissors, as if in a trance. When she finally stops cutting, her hair is a CHOPPED UP MESS.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Much better.  
(leans back in bed)  
Now cut off your finger.

Without hesitation, Indi puts her pointer finger between the blades of the scissors. Starts to squeeze the handles.

A loud cartoon EXPLOSION goes off on TV --

INT. INDI'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Indi WAKES UP in front of her mirror. She looks down at her BLEEDING FINGER and immediately DROPS THE SCISSORS.

That's when she notices her appearance in the mirror --

She's given herself a BUSTED, BOTCHED HAIRCUT. NOT HER HAIR!

INDI  
What the fucking fuck!!!

INT. DORM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Indi has stuffed her mangled hair into a baseball hat. She walks across the hall to Gabby's room and KNOCKS on the door.

She keeps KNOCKING, LOUDLY, until the door swings open --

GABBY  
What do you want?!

INDI

Hi, I'm -- I'm sorry to bug you, so late, but... can you sleep over?

GABBY

I can't. I have plans.

INDI

Tonight? With who?

GABBY

A boy.

INDI

What! The hell! Is going on?!

GABBY

Why, are you surprised I met a guy who actually likes me?

INDI

Kind of!

Gabby tries to shut the door in Indi's face --

INDI (CONT'D)

Wait! I didn't mean it like that.

Indi holds the door open -- Gabby's losing patience.

INDI (CONT'D)

I just meant like... you and Samantha both meet mystery guys? All of a sudden and out of nowhere? Like literally where? Don't you think it's a little weird...

GABBY

I think it's weird how much you hate boys.

INDI

I don't... hate boys. That much.

GABBY

And I don't care anymore.

Gabby pushes aside Indi's hand and closes the door.

INT./EXT. CAMPUS - MONTAGE

-Indi trudges across the quad, looking worse for the wear, rocking a brand new bob haircut.

-Indi and Bridget work at a table in the library. Indi closes her eyes, nods off... SNAPS AWAKE. She wipes some drool from her mouth, looks over at... Bridget, SLEEPING, head resting on the table. Indi rolls her eyes and keeps working.

-Indi unloads an assortment of ENERGY DRINKS on the checkout counter in the bookstore. As the cashier rings her up, Indi bites her nail, twitchy. The cashier openly stares.

-Indi watches TV in her room, energy drink in her lap. Her eyes start to flutter closed... an ALARM on her phone GOES OFF. She jumps, spilling the energy drink all over her bed.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. QUAD - MORNING

Indi drags her zombified ass across the quad, Morning of the Living Dead. She spots a girl up ahead, LAURA (21, pretty and polished). Indi calls out to her --

INDI

Hey, Laura! Wait up!

Laura stops and turns around. She grimaces at Indi's tragic appearance, practically pinches her nose shut.

LAURA

Hey... Indi.

INDI

Hey! Next time you see Samantha, can you tell that dumb bitch I really need to talk to her?

LAURA

Why would I see Samantha?

INDI

She told me you two philanthropists are doing some campus outreach dumb shit whatever.

LAURA

Okay first of all, rude. Second of all, I'm continuing my charity work but not with Samantha. Didn't she go back to San Fran for the summer?

INDI

No she -- she decided to stay on campus. She's here. She's doing poor kids' camp. With you!

Indi points wildly, looks like she's out of her goddamn mind.

LAURA  
(slowly backing away)  
I don't know what you're talking  
about, sweetheart.

INDI  
Camp! For the kids! KIDS' CAMP!  
(beat)  
Don't call me sweetheart!

Laura quickly walks away. Indi shouts at her --

INDI (CONT'D)  
It's offensive!  
(then, mumbles to herself)  
Quit calling me sweetheart. It's  
offensive...

We basically see the light bulb go off in Indi's head. *Ding!*

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Indi walks down an empty hallway, stopping to read the girl's name on each door she passes.

Finally, she reaches a door at the end of the hall. A cute little sign says: BRIDGET. She timidly knocks on the door.

INDI  
Hello? Bridget?

She knocks again, a little harder this time.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Bridget, it's Indi.

Silence. Indi looks up and down the hall. Nobody's around to see her. She turns the doorknob... the door is unlocked...

INT. BRIDGET'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Indi slips into Bridget's dark and quiet room. She can't see much, but she can sure smell it --

The room STINKS, a rancid stench. She immediately puts her hand over her nose and mouth.

Indi fumbles in the dark for a light switch on the wall, and when she finally flips the switch, she stops in shock.

Bridget's room is a WRECK.

Clothes spill from open drawers, a trash can is on its side, the walls are scuffed with strange, dirty marks.

Bridget is passed out in bed, a tangled nest of pillows and blankets. Indi tiptoes toward her, around the mess...

INDI

Bridget?

Bridget looks squalid. Her hair is greasy and matted, her lips dry and cracked. Dark and hollow circles under closed eyes. And she's even thinner than the last time Indi saw her.

INDI (CONT'D)

Bridget, uh -- are you awake?

But Bridget is fast asleep, her breathing deep and steady.

Indi looks over her shoulder at the door, considers leaving, but then steels herself, claps loudly --

INDI (CONT'D)

Bridget! Wake up, girl!

Bridget AWAKES with a PAINED GASP, sucking in air as she shoots up like the Bride of Frankenstein, scaring Indi --

INDI (CONT'D)

Shit, fuck, dick, lick!

Bridget's voice is hoarse, she struggles to speak...

BRIDGET

Indi? How are, why are, you here?

(looks around)

Oh no...

Bridget starts sobbing, a keening moan. Indi panics --

INDI

What's wrong?!

BRIDGET

He's gonna --

(sob)

Be so --

(sob)

Maaaaaad!

INDI

Who's gonna be so mad?

BRIDGET  
(wailing)  
My boyyyyyyyyfriiiiiiiiiieeeeend!

INDI  
Who is your boyfriend? Does he --  
(MORE SOBS)  
Are you guys long distance?

BRIDGET  
He lives in there...

Bridget weakly lifts a finger and points out her window.

INDI  
The Humanities building?

BRIDGET  
(whispers)  
...the woods.

A look of recognition flickers across Indi's face. *The woods?*

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
I have to fall back asleep!

Bridget retreats under a pile of sheets and blankets. After a beat, Indi carefully sits on the bed.

INDI  
Bridget... no guy is worth this  
typa stress.

Bridget slowly peeks her head out from under the covers.

BRIDGET  
He's so controlling. He says he  
misses me when I'm awake.

INDI  
When you're away?

BRIDGET  
Awake...

Bridget turns over on her side, facing away from Indi.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
I know he sees other girls, but I  
just love him too much to care...  
(beat)  
He's my crush.

INDI  
Bridget, that's bullshit.

BRIDGET  
I'm so tired...

INDI  
You should be.  
(beat)  
Fuck this dude.

Bridget is silent. Indi sits, waiting, ready to listen. But after a beat, Indi hears Bridget SNORING -- she fell asleep.

Indi chews her lip, unsure of what to do. Eventually, she sighs heavily and stands to go.

Indi weaves around the mess on the floor, picking her way toward the door, hitting the lights on her way out.

EXT. QUAD - DUSK

The sun is setting and shadows abound. As Indi stalks across the quad, she hears an OWL HOOTING. She looks up at --

That same pesky owl stares at her from its perch in a tree.

INDI  
Quit eyeballing me, bitch.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Indi slams her door. She marches her ass to the bay window and pulls out her phone in a tizzy. She FaceTimes THE CUTE ONE, her sister Dakota.

INDI  
Pick up, you little brat. Pick up!

Dakota finally appears on Indi's phone screen.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Hi, seester.

INDI  
Dakota! Oh my god, thank god.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Did you cut your hair?!

INDI  
Oh. Yeah... you don't like it?



DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
It's short.

                  INDI  
I KNOW!

                  DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
You okay?  
          (beat)  
You're lookin' a little keyed up.

                  INDI  
I've been having trouble sleeping.

                  DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
You should smoke weed before bed.

                  INDI  
I really wish you could visit  
sooner. I need a friend.  
          (tears up)  
I need my sister.

                  DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Indiana...  
          (concerned beat)  
What about your friends?

                  INDI  
What about them?! I don't have  
them!

                  DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
If they're actin' shady you gotta  
talk some sense into those bitches.  
          (takes a hit)  
Sisters before misters.

                  INDI  
There are no misters! Dakota, we go  
to a women's college!

                  DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Okay! Chillax! Then what's their  
deal?

Indi hears far-off SHOUTING from somewhere outside. She looks  
out her window, strains to listen.

More SHOUTING. That's when Indi sees it --

The SILHOUETTE OF A GIRL, STANDING ON THE BELL TOWER on the  
quad. The girl on the tower stumbles close to the edge.

INDI  
Dakota, I gotta go --

Indi quickly hangs up, darting out her door.

EXT. QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

Indi runs for the bell tower. She looks up and recognizes the silhouette of the girl high above -- IT'S BRIDGET.

Bridget is shouting, arms waving, but her EYES ARE CLOSED.

BRIDGET  
I love you! I love you! I love you!

Bridget is nearly naked, in nothing but panties and socks. BE MINE FOREVER is scrawled in RED MARKER across her chest.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
I love you! I'll do anything for  
you! You're my crush and I'm yours!

Bridget teeters dangerously close to the edge. Indi stops at the foot of the bell tower, helpless, terrified.

She dials 9-1-1, puts her phone to ear, shivering, craning her neck to look up at Bridget.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (ON THE PHONE)  
9-1-1, what's your emergency?

INDI  
I'm at Bolin College, there's a  
student on the bell tower. I'm -- I  
think she's going to jump.

Up above, Bridget reaches out with open arms, as if she's expecting a hug. Eyes still closed, she's smiling.

BRIDGET  
I'll never wake up!

ON THE BELL TOWER

Bridget's toes inch over the ledge. She goes for the invisible embrace, arms outstretched --

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
This is what you wanted.

ON THE GROUND BELOW

Indi's eyes go cartoon-character wide with horror.

INDI

Hurry!

But before Indi has time to blink, Bridget stretches out one leg, stepping into the void --

Falling forward, with no one there to catch her, and --

Indi SHUTS HER EYES tightly.

We hear only the THUD on brick.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Indi rides her bike through town. She rides slowly -- she looks dead tired.

She ditches her bike in the gravel parking lot outside the pizza joint.

INT. A LITTLE BITE OF ITALY - MOMENTS LATER

The restaurant is empty, well past the lunch crowd. A few dreary locals sit and day drink at the bar.

Indi grabs an empty stool at the end of the bar. The BARTENDER sets down a coaster to greet her.

BARTENDER

Not used to seeing you here before sundown, chickadee. And where are your little girlfriends?

INDI

I'm riding solo.

BARTENDER

Alright, what're we having?

INDI

You got any Red Bull?

(off his expression)

Just a coffee please. Sugar! No cream.

The bartender goes off to fetch her coffee.

The little bell over the door JINGLES and in walks EARL (late 20s, local burnout, beanie even though it's summer). He spots Indi at the bar and joins her.

EARL

Indi, you're a sight for sore eyes.  
Looking gorgeous as always.

Indi does not look gorgeous. Indi looks like total shit. But no girl is safe from low-key harassment, not even the ones who look disgusting right now.

INT. SEDAN - A LITTLE LATER

In the driver's seat of a crummy sedan, EARL smokes the dregs of a cigarette. Indi climbs into the passenger seat and shuts the door. He stamps out his cigarette, rolls up his window.

INDI

How much did you bring?

EARL

How much do you want?

INDI

How much do you have?

Earls pops open his center console.

EARL

I've got the 20 milligram, the 30 milligram, a ton of XR.

INDI

I don't need the XR. Can I get like, thirty thirties?

EARL

Damn, sweets. You got summer school or something?

INDI

Or something.

EARL

(rummaging around)  
Your friend came to see me the other day.

INDI

My friend?

EARL

Yeah, kinda hot?  
(off Indi's blank stare)  
Not the short one, the other one. I think she's Mexican? I dunno.

INDI

Gabby?

EARL

Sure. Sold her Ambien. I was like  
knock yourself out, señorita.

Indi looks troubled by this little factoid. Earl hands her a bottle of ibuprofen. She quickly opens the cap -- the bottle is full of creamsicle orange ADDERALL.

EARL (CONT'D)

You wanna count 'em?

INDI

Dude, I can't even count higher  
than ten right now.

Indi pockets the pills. She pulls three crumpled fifty dollar bills out of her jean shorts and hands them over.

Earl gives her back one of the fifties.

EARL

Midsummer discount.

INDI

(genuinely grateful)  
Thanks, man.

Indi smiles weakly, then opens the car door. Before she can go, Earl casually puts a hand on her bare thigh.

EARL

Wanna smoke a spliff?

So much for that friendly discount. Indi doesn't turn to make eye contact with Earl.

INDI

I gotta study.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - LATER

Indi sits at her desk and crushes an orange pill on a paper plate. She cuts a line and snorts it like a pro.

EXT. BELL TOWER - LATER

Indi walks past the bell tower. A wimpy memorial has been set up near the spot where Bridget fell, a sad shrine of teddy bears and flowers wilting in the hot sun.

Indi lingers for a moment. She notices a photo of Bridget from her high school graduation -- eyes bright, cheeks rosy.

Looks nothing like the girl she was near the end.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Indi walks up to the help desk in the library. A student LIBRARY ASSISTANT working her summer job reads a magazine.

INDI  
Excuse me?

The library assistant glances up from her Us Weekly.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Hi. Do we have any like, you know --  
(floundering)  
Umm, errr, religious? Books.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT  
You wanna read a bible?

INDI  
Oh, umm, no. More like, any books --  
(embarrassed)  
About demons. And stuff. Like that.

The library assistant doesn't bat an eye. She returns to her magazine, coolly flips a page.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT  
Check the occult-slash-paranormal  
collection.

INDI  
There's a whole collection?

LIBRARY ASSISTANT  
What, you think you're the first  
girl at this school to go through a  
Wiccan phase?

Indi stares at the library assistant without blinking.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
Third floor.

INT. LIBRARY - THIRD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Indi scans the shelves, reading the spines of books in the aforementioned OCCULT/PARANORMAL section.

The book titles all contain words like ASTROLOGY, GHOSTS, MYSTICISM, WITCHCRAFT, RITUAL, DIVINATION...

DEMONOLOGY. Indi gathers as many books as she can carry.

INT. LIBRARY - READING ROOM - LATER

Sprawled out at a table in the dimly lit reading room, Indi dives into the books.

She picks up a heavy book titled THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEMONS & DEMONOLOGY. First thing's first.

She opens the book and begins flipping pages. She stops on a gruesome PAINTING, spread across two pages like a centerfold:

A handsome MAN slicing the throat of a sleeping woman. She's merely the cherry on top of a pile of DEAD WOMEN.

The painting sends a chill down Indi's spine. She turns the page, comes upon an entry for INCUBUS -- scrunches her face.

INDI  
Like the nu metal band?

She begins reading --

INDI (V.O.)  
*An incubus is a demon in male form  
who, according to myths and  
legends, lies upon sleeping women  
in order to --*

Indi looks up from the page, absorbing what she's just read.

INDI  
Bone them...

Her eyes return to the page, rapidly scanning what's next --

INDI (V.O.)  
*Salacious tales of incubi have been  
told for centuries. Some traditions  
hold that repeated sexual activity  
with an incubus may result in the  
deterioration of health, mental  
state, or even death.*

Indi swallows hard.

She pushes the encyclopedia aside and opens her laptop, navigating to a search engine. She types the word INCUBUS.

She scrolls past the results for "Incubus Rock Band" and begins clicking through a series of articles, eyes racing over haunting images -- winged demons atop sleeping women.

Indi chooses another book from the pile. She rubs her eyes and keeps going. She perks up as she reads --

INDI (V.O.)

*Kalu Kumara is a demonic eros -- a disease demon whose favorite target is beautiful girls. He attacks through dreams so pleasurable that his victims may not even know that they're being attacked --*

INDI

Or may not care.

INDI (V.O.)

*Kalu Kumara manifests to women via ecstatic, --*

INDI

Erotic dreams.

INDI (V.O.)

*His target may wish never to wake from this beautiful rapture, and therein lies the danger. He is not frightening -- unless he wishes to be -- but he drains his victim's life essence. His attacks are accompanied by malaise, wasting, anorexia -- not because she's worried about weight or appearance, but because the victim can't be bothered to eat. Her only desire is to sleep all the time --*

INDI

In hopes of once again receiving a visit.

(beat)

Shit.

Indi rubs her eyes again. The sky outside the library windows has turned to dusk, a lavender glow.

Indi starts to nod off, almost imperceptibly, but she snaps awake when she hears --

BRIDGET (O.S.)

I've got a crush on you.



She looks around the reading room, but nobody's there.

BRIDGET (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Crush on you. Crush you.

Indi stands from the table, follows the sound of the voice...

Indi wanders through the library. The bookshelves seem higher now, the aisles longer. She peeks around a corner and sees --

BRIDGET, HALF-NAKED, BLOODY, HER FACE SMASHED IN. She smiles at Indi with broken teeth and split lips.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
He's my crush.  
(spits up blood, smiles)  
He's gonna crush you.

CAL STEPS OUT from behind a bookshelf and joins Bridget. He puts his arm around her protectively, holding her tight. His white sleeve soaks with her blood. He WINKS at Indi as she --

Chokes on a scream and backs away, out of the aisle.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Over here.

Indi turns to see a MYSTERY GIRL in a pale blue dress, beckoning her to the stairwell.

MYSTERY GIRL  
Follow me!

The mystery girl darts into the stairwell and Indi quickly follows suit, leaving Cal and bloody Bridget behind.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The library only has four floors, but the stairwell looks like it stretches up forever. The mystery girl pops her head over a landing high above.

MYSTERY GIRL  
This way, follow me!

Indi runs up the stairs, follows her out a door and onto --

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DUSK

Indi steps onto the soccer field. The killer MASCOTS lie on top of one another in BLOODY AND BATTERED HEAPS.

The mystery girl stands atop a pile of their bodies, wielding a red emergency axe like the patron saint of fucking shit up.

As Indi gets her first good look at the girl, she sees that she's actually wearing a pale blue hospital gown.

MYSTERY GIRL

Sister before misters, am I right?

In awe of this mystery girl, Indi nods her head --

INT. LIBRARY - READING ROOM - NIGHT

Nodding herself awake. She sits up straight, giving herself a tiny slap on the cheek.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Find what you're looking for?

Indi jumps in her seat, startled to see the library assistant standing in the doorway. Indi nods a quick yes.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Cool beans.

(as she goes)

Library closes in twenty minutes.

Indi quickly hops on her laptop. She types BOLIN COLLEGE GIRL IN HOSPITAL into the search engine.

She clicks on the top result and sees a photo of --

THE MYSTERY GIRL. She reads the headline: BOLIN COLLEGE SENIOR STILL IN COMA AFTER TRAGIC ACCIDENT.

Indi continues to scan the article -- "another chapter in the dark history of Bolin College girls."

Indi furrows her brow, a perplexed frown. And off her look...

INT. LIBRARY - ARCHIVES - MOMENTS LATER

Indi sits at a MICROFILM READER. She flips through several BLACK AND WHITE ARTICLES until finally, she stops --

HEADLINE: STUDENT DROWNS UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

Indi reacts, reads the caption under the photo of a pretty girl: "Elizabeth Link, prior to her drowning, 1972."

She keeps flipping, finds another article --

HEADLINE: FRESHMAN GIRL RUNS CAR OFF ROAD, POLICE SUSPECT CRASH INTENTIONAL. Another photo of a pretty girl, another caption: "Annabelle Esposito, 1956."

Keeps flipping, further back in time, finds another --

HEADLINE: BOLIN GIRL FOUND HANGING IN THE WOODS, SPRING MARRED BY TRAGEDY. Photo, caption: "Daisy Dawson, 1928."

Indi gathers her stuff and hightails it out of there.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Indi approaches a nurses station in the local hospital.

INDI

What time do visiting hours begin?

The nurse looks up from some paperwork, surprised to see Indi standing there, and taken aback by the sight of her. Indi's not looking too hot.

NURSE

Six-thirty a.m.

(beat)

Are you alright?

But Indi can't be bothered to answer.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Indi takes a seat in the empty waiting room. She checks out her surroundings -- coast is clear. She does a key bump of orange powder and settles in for the long night ahead.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAWN

Indi's head lolls to the side. She almost nods off, but catches herself. She checks her phone -- 6:20.

Indi gets up to stretch her legs. She cracks her neck, wanders out of the waiting room.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Indi bends over a water fountain and begins to drink, parched, when she hears a familiar voice from down the hall --

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Clear!

Followed by the sound of cackling LAUGHTER, then --

GABBY (O.S.)

Clear!

Indi slowly walks down the hall, following the voices toward an open door. She looks through the doorway...

INSIDE A HOSPITAL ROOM

SAMANTHA AND GABBY shock each other's hearts with a DEFIBRILLATOR. They take turns.

SAMANTHA

Clear!

SHOCK, SPASM.

GABBY

Clear!

SHOCK, SPASM.

SAMANTHA

Be still my heart!

SHOCK, SPASM.

GABBY

Be mine forever!

SHOCK, SPASM. Gabby and Samantha turn to look at Indi at the same time. They speak in unison, like The Shining twins --

SAMANTHA/GABBY

He's gonna crush you.

IN A QUICK FLASH, Indi sees Gabby and Samantha BATTERED AND BROKEN, THEIR FACES SMASHED IN, THEIR BLOOD SMEARED ON THE FLOOR AND WALLS. They smile at Indi and then --

NURSE (O.S.)

Can I help you?

INT. NURSES STATION - MORNING

Indi stands at the nurses station. She stares at a very bewildered nurse. The nurse repeats herself.

NURSE

Can I help you?

INDI  
I'm here for visiting hours.

The nurse passes Indi a sign-in sheet.

NURSE  
And who are you here to see?

Indi hesitates -- she realizes she doesn't know the mystery girl's name. Stops, thinks, goes for it --

INDI  
Coma girl?

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

The nurse shows Indi to a room in the ICU.

NURSE  
She doesn't get many visitors these days. It's nice of you to stop by.

Indi smiles politely as the nurses leaves her alone in the room. She gazes down at the hospital bed.

Coma girl, aka JANE (early 30s, pale blue hospital gown) lies asleep in the bed. Or rather, in a coma. Indi takes a seat in the chair at her beside.

Jane looks older than she did in Indi's dream, and paler, but she's still recognizable.

INDI  
Hey there, Jane. I don't know if you can hear me yet...

Indi lies back in the chair, getting comfortable.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Gonna try something out, just gimme a minute.

She closes her eyes, falling asleep...

INT. WHITE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Indi opens her eyes -- she's in a white room, bright and sterile. Nicer than a hospital room, more like a hotel suite.

INDI  
Jane...?

Jane is seated on the perfectly made bed. She looks as young and vibrant as she did in the dream.

JANE

Welcome to my safety zone.

Indi gets up from the chair, tries to look into the hallway --

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh, you can't leave the room!

(beat)

It's not safe out there.

INDI

Okay.

JANE

Only in the safety zone.

Indi sits down and Jane relaxes. There's something off about her. She's got the peculiar, sedated vibe of a Stepford wife.

INDI

Jane... is the safety zone how you  
hide from Cal?

Jane's expression shifts, but she quickly recovers with another creepy smile. Her voice is shaky and careful.

JANE

Boys! Who needs them?

(shakes her head)

Can't live with them, can't live --

Jane's eyes glaze over. She loses herself for a moment.

JANE (CONT'D)

Can't live, can't live --

(stutters)

Can't leave. I can't leave my  
safety zone.

INDI

What happened with you and Cal?

JANE

(wistful sigh)

Bad breakup...

(perks up)

But it's okay! He can't find me  
here. I'll never leave, and he'll  
never find me!

INDI

How did you create a safety zone?

JANE.

I'm in a coma! Now he can't touch me.

*Yikes.* Indi leans forward, trying to get Jane to focus.

INDI

Jane -- Cal is, um, dating my best friends. Both of them.

JANE

Of course he is! Boys are dirty dogs and devil pigs and everything is their fault.

INDI

Facts. But how do I save my best friends from his bullshit?

JANE

You don't. Let me tell you an ending to this story. The only ending... boy meets best friend, and romance ensues. But there is no light at the end of this tunnel of love. Only darkness. There's your friends smearing "I love you" in their own poop on the walls. Or your friends eating a bottle of sleeping pills for breakfast, or jumping off a bridge.

INDI

Or a bell tower...

JANE

Would you like to know what makes Cal so wicked?

(Jane waits, Indi nods)

It's not only the threat of bodily harm. It's the terror of not being believed over and over and over again. You know that saying -- the prettiest trick of the devil is to make us believe he doesn't exist? It's not quite true... a devil like Cal? All he wants is attention. His prettiest trick is convincing a girl he exists... and making sure nobody believes her.

Indie lets this sink in, mind racing. She shakes her head.

INDI

My best friends are two of the greatest bitches I know. And they don't take shit from anyone, especially not piece of shit demonic boyfriends.

JANE

Cal is not your average piece of shit. He's one hell of a guy in the worst way. And your friends' bodies no longer belong to them.

Jane's expression shifts and her creeptastic smile returns.

JANE (CONT'D)

You can't save them. And if they were really your best friends... they'd want you to save yourself.

Indi rises from the chair, stands tall.

INDI

Yeah, fuck that.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Indi wakes up. Jane is back in bed, lying still, dull and listless. Indi walks up to her bedside, squeezes her hand.

INDI

I'm sorry this happened to you, Jane. And I'm sorry nobody was there for you.

(beat)

But my best friends' bodies don't belong to bad guys.

Indi tenderly drops Jane's comatose hand, then goes.

EXT. QUAD - DAY

Indi shuffles across the quad, dazed but determined. She hears HOOTING. She stops, looks up at THAT STUPID OWL --

INDI

Who, the fuck, do you think you're hooting at?!

The owl's coal-black eyes bore down on her.



As Indi glares up at this obnoxious fucking owl, DAKOTA joins her side. Dakota looks up, eyes squinting in the sun.

DAKOTA  
Isn't seeing an owl during the day  
bad luck or whatever?

Indi notices her sister beside her and immediately melts. She pulls her into a tight hug.

INDI  
You're here, you're here!  
(lets go)  
Are you really here?

DAKOTA  
Yeah bitch I'm here!  
(swag)  
Delta Basic Economy.

Indi hugs her sister again. She notices the owl staring down at them. She whispers in Dakota's ear...

INDI  
Come on, let's go inside.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Indi shepherds Dakota into her room and locks the door behind them. Dakota tries to mask her reaction to the MESS.

DAKOTA  
Laundry day?

Dakota steps over a mound of dirty clothes.

INDI  
What? Oh, yeah, sorry it's like a  
flophouse in here. I would've  
tidied up if I knew you were  
coming.

DAKOTA  
I wanted to surprise you...

INDI  
And I am so fucking glad you're  
here! You have no idea. None.

Indi kisses Dakota on the cheek, then sits down at her desk.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Make yourself comfortable.

Dakota weighs her options. She discreetly clears a spot on Indi's bed, which is covered in random shit. No way anybody's been sleeping on it lately.

At her desk, Indi crushes an Adderall.

DAKOTA  
What are you doing?

INDI  
Don't judge me.

Indi cuts a line and snorts it.

DAKOTA  
Indiana! What are you, taking the SAT later?

Indi rubs under nose, sniffing up. She turns her desk chair around to face Dakota.

INDI  
We need to talk.

DAKOTA  
(goofy smile)  
Oooh, sounds serious.

INDI  
I mean it, Dakota.

DAKOTA  
Okay! I'm all ears.

Indi drags her chair to the bed, leans in close to Dakota...

INDI  
I've been having bad dreams.

DAKOTA  
I told you -- you need to smoke weed before bed. I smoke basically every night and I never dream.

INDI  
No no no, you don't get it. Every time I fall asleep, there is... somebody there waiting for me.

DAKOTA  
(raises her eyebrows)  
Okay, Nancy in Nightmare on Elm Street.

INDI  
I'm not, fucking, around.

The intensity in Indi's voice wipes the smile right off Dakota's face. Joke's over.

DAKOTA  
Indiana... maybe you should talk to someone.

INDI  
I'm talking to you!

DAKOTA  
Someone above my pay grade.

INDI  
Why bother?! I can't run, I can't hide, I can't stay awake forever.  
(beat)  
And I can't abandon my friends.

Indi looks into her sister's eyes, trying to read her reaction, hoping for the best, waiting for the worst --

DAKOTA  
How can I help?

Indi smiles, then nods with steely determination.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

It's dark outside now. Music blasts. Indi has cleared a spot on her floor and laid out all her RESEARCH for Dakota.

INDI  
We're safe when we're awake. And I think he's only listening when we're asleep.

DAKOTA  
Sure...  
(no it doesn't)  
Makes sense.

INDI  
But Gabby and Samantha -- they want to sleep all the time. And they're wasting away right in front of me.

DAKOTA  
Can't you just... give a bitch a Red Bull?

INDI

This is serious, Dakota! Another girl on campus already died.

DAKOTA

Hold up. For real?

INDI

Her name was Bridget. She jumped from the bell tower and I couldn't help her. I saw her fall. I heard her hit the pavement.

DAKOTA

Holy shit, dude! No wonder you're having like... a mental breakdown.

INDI

I'm not having a breakdown because of what happened to Bridget! What happened to Bridget is because Cal.

DAKOTA

Cal?

Indi opens one of the books and shoves it at Dakota.

INDI

Cal. Kalu Kumara. It's so fucking on the nose I wanna puke. Blergh!

DAKOTA

Please don't puke.

Indi bites a nail as she watches Dakota read.

INDI

The exhaustion, the injuries, the weight loss, it all makes sense.

DAKOTA

(pokes her stomach)  
Maybe I should meet Cal.

INDI

Dakota!

DAKOTA

I'm kidding!  
(closes the book)  
Okay, if you say this is what's happening, then... I believe you.

INDI

Thank you.

(watery eyes)

It feels really fucking good to be  
believed.

After a beat, Indi quickly wipes a tear from her eye.

DAKOTA

So what do we do?

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - DAY

It's the middle of the day, but the room is dark behind the blackout curtains. Samantha is sound asleep. Her room is not as bad as Bridget's was, but it's getting there.

INDI (V.O.)

I need to reach them in their  
dreams, but stay away from Cal.

DAKOTA (V.O.)

And how can you do that?

INDI (V.O.)

You'll have to watch me sleep, and  
wake me up if I look... distressed.

DAKOTA (V.O.)

"Distressed"?

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Indi hides under a table in the campus dining hall. She  
whispers straight to camera --

INDI

Trust me. This fucker loves to see  
a damsel in distress.

ACROSS THE DINING HALL

Cal and Samantha enjoy a LAVISH MEAL, laid out all over their  
table like a royal banquet. Cal feeds Samantha a strawberry.

UNDER THE TABLE

Indi watches this dream PDA with contempt.

INDI (CONT'D)

Gimme a break.

She crawls on her hands and knees from under one table to the next, moving closer to Samantha and Cal.

Indi thinks she's being stealth as fuck, when suddenly --

CAL (O.S.)

Indi!

Indi freezes. She slowly peeks her head above the table to see Cal and Samantha staring right at her.

CAL (CONT'D)

Why don't you join us for dinner?

Indi stands, trying to play it cool, and strolls over to Cal and Samantha's table. She takes a seat at the opposite end.

SAMANTHA

What are you doing here? I'm on a date.

INDI

You're dreaming.

Cal rubs Samantha's shoulder, soothing her.

CAL

She's probably hungry, babe.  
(to Indi)  
Help yourself.

Indi ignores Cal, maintains her focus on Samantha.

INDI

Samantha, we need to talk.

CAL

There's plenty to eat.

INDI

I'm not hungry!

Cal motions to the spread of food on the table -- as soon as Indi breaks her focus, she sees that all the platters are now heaping with ORGANS and INTESTINES, BLOOD AND GUTS GALORE.

Indi tries to push back her chair, away from the table, but she can't move -- leather straps now hold her arms and legs in place, her chair bolted to the floor.

Cal lifts a BLEEDING, BEATING HEART from a silver platter, red and sumptuous. He brings the heart to his mouth and takes a bite. He CHEWS as BLOOD DRIPS from his chin. He offers the heart to Samantha -- she takes a HUGE BITE.

CAL  
Eat your heart out, babe.

Indi struggles against her restraints. This shit's gross.

INDI  
Samantha, listen to me!

With sudden ferocity, Cal is upon Indi. He takes a fistful of NECROTIC INTESTINES and shoves it into her mouth.

INDI (CONT'D)  
(squirming, gagging)  
Samantha --

CAL  
It's rude to talk with your mouth full, Indi.

Cal grabs a rotten, oozing liver and shoves it into Indi's mouth. She gags and chokes, blind with tears.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Order what you want but eat what your order.

INDI  
(spits out maggots)  
Fuck you, lame ass!

Cal shoves another fistful of nasty into Indi's mouth. Her chest heaves as she begins to vomit -- first just blood, then her own INTESTINES, slithering out of her mouth like snakes --

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dakota SHAKES Indi AWAKE. She spits up vomit onto her chest.

DAKOTA  
Holy crap, Indi!

Indi wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
What happened?

INDI  
Demon doing demon shit.

DAKOTA  
You almost choked on your own vomit like Jesse's goth girlfriend!

INDI  
Are you invoking the twelfth  
episode of the second season of  
Breaking Bad right now, bitch?!

DAKOTA  
She died, it happens!

INDI  
That's not the only way it happens.

Indi flies out of bed, paces back and forth like a lunatic.

INDI (CONT'D)  
It didn't work. I can't hide from  
him if he's always with them!

DAKOTA  
So how do you separate them?

INDI  
I don't know.

Indi stops pacing. She bites a nail as she thinks.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Maybe if I find them first, before  
Cal, as soon as they fall asleep...  
(gears turning)  
I can get to them before he does.

DAKOTA  
You gotta risk it for the biscuit.

INT. GABBY'S ROOM - MORNING

Gabby passed out in bed. After a few silent beats, an ALARM  
CLOCK GOES OFF from somewhere outside her room. She slowly  
stirs, sits up in bed, bleary-eyed...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gabby steps into the hallway, follows the sound of the alarm  
to a closed door down the hall...

INT. EMPTY DORM ROOM - SAME TIME

Indi and Dakota are holed up in an empty dorm room, cleared  
out for the summer. An alarm BLARES from Dakota's phone.

Suddenly, a sharp KNOCK on the door.



GABBY (O.S.)  
Excuse me, would you mind turning  
off your alarm? Some of us are  
trying to sleep in!

DAKOTA  
Oops, my bad!

Dakota stops the alarm. Indi lies back on the bare mattress  
as Dakota presses her ear to the closed door and listens...

After a beat, she hears the sound of Gabby's door SLAMMING  
down the hall.

Dakota turns to give Indi the signal, but Indi's already  
falling asleep...

INT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Gabby swims laps. The pool lights are a swirl of neon colors.

Indi comes barreling up to the side of the pool. She spots  
Gabby swimming and DIVES --

UNDERWATER

Indi swims through the neon-tinted water toward Gabby. She  
yanks on Gabby's ankle and --

ABOVE THE SURFACE

The girls both pop their heads out of the water. Gabby wheels  
around to see Indi treading water behind her.

GABBY  
What the -- how did you get here?

INDI  
Gabby, we need to talk. Now.

GABBY  
I don't wanna talk to you.

Gabby starts swimming to the pool ladder -- but Indi grabs  
her ankle again.

GABBY (CONT'D)  
Knock it off!

INDI  
(splashes Gabby)  
We don't got a lot of time, bitch!

GABBY  
(splashes Indi)  
You're the bitch!

INDI  
(splashing)  
We need to talk about Cal.  
(they stop splashing)  
That's right. I know all about your  
new mans.

GABBY  
What about him?

INDI  
Did you know he's dating you and  
Samantha?  
(beat)  
And he was dating Bridget.  
(beat)  
And... he tried to date me.

Gabby stares at Indi. They tread water in silence. Then --

GABBY  
Why is everything always such drama  
with you? You're so pathetic.

Gabby keeps swimming to the ladder, refusing to hear this.

GABBY (CONT'D)  
You're trash, Indi!

As Gabby begins to climb the ladder, a HAND reaches down to help her up -- it's CAL.

Indi stops... slowly begins to swim backward.

Cal puts his arm around Gabby. They stare down at Indi in the pool as she backs away.

Suddenly, Indi bumps into a piece of floating GARBAGE. She looks around wildly and sees that the pool is filled to the brim with FLOATING, STINKING TRASH --

Indi's swimming in a giant, wet DUMPSTER. She begins to sink in the garbage like quicksand.

Cal slowly walks the perimeter of the pool. Indi fights her way toward a ladder, sinking, struggling to breath.

CAL  
You can take the girl out of the  
trash...

Before she even realizes what's happening, Cal has Indi by the hair -- he pulls her right out of the pool.

CAL (CONT'D)  
But you can't take the trash out of  
the girl.

Cal lets go of Indi's hair, throwing her on the concrete. She lands with a painful thud.

The wind already knocked out of her, Cal swiftly kicks Indi in the stomach. She curls on her side, whimpering.

Cal yanks Indi's head up by her hair again.

CAL (CONT'D)  
Isn't this how you like it? Rough?

Indi begins crying as Cal twists her hair tighter. He lifts her head, about to bash her skull on the concrete when --

INT. EMPTY DORM ROOM - DAY

Indi wakes up, sobbing, as Dakota pulls her into a hug.

DAKOTA  
I got you, you're safe, I got you.

Dakota holds Indi tight, stroking her hair. Indi weeps into her sister's shoulder.

INDI  
(through sobs)  
It's not working. They won't listen  
to me! He's got them!

Dakota continues to rock her sister back and forth, her sobs slowly trickling to sniffles.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Indi lies in bed, fully clothed, catatonic. Dakota watches her, worried.

DAKOTA  
I don't know what's going on, but  
you can't keep doing this.

INDI  
I told you what's going on.

DAKOTA  
You need to get some rest. You're  
losing it. And I'm tired --

INDI  
I thought you believed me?

DAKOTA  
I do! But you can't --

INDI  
I can!  
(sits up, eyes wild)  
This fucker thinks I'm basic?  
Thinks I'm scared? Uh-uh, I'm a  
motherfucking final girl and demons  
ain't shit.

Indi lies back down, determined, deranged.

INDI (CONT'D)  
You know what to do.

Dakota gives Indi a pleading look, but Indi shuts her eyes on  
Dakota's concern.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Indi wanders down the hallway of a school building. The hall  
is lined with empty classrooms. They look dark and dangerous.

She spots a DIM LIGHT glowing from a classroom at the end of  
the hall. Follows it through an open door...

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

JANE is at the front of the classroom. She's writing SAFETY  
ZONE over and over and over again on a chalkboard. Frenzied  
and maniacal, she doesn't even notice Indi standing there.

INDI  
Jane?

Jane keeps scrawling, faster and faster.

JANE  
He's gonna teach us a lesson.

INDI  
Help me, Jane. We need to stand up  
to him. We can do it together.

From somewhere in the hallway, GLASS SHATTERS. Jane stops what she's doing. She slowly sets down the chalk.

JANE

Hide.

Jane darts under the teacher's desk at the front of the classroom. Indi makes a dash for a table in the back.

UNDER THE TABLE

Indi half-sees Cal walk into the classroom. He drags the red emergency AXE behind him, scraping it against the floor.

Cal checks out Jane's handiwork on the chalkboard, sniggers.

The next thing Indi hears is Jane SCREAMING as Cal pulls her out from underneath the desk.

CAL

What's it gonna take to learn your lesson, Indi?

JANE

Please, I tried to warn her.  
Please, don't hurt me!!

Indi leaps out from under her hiding spot --

INDI

Leave her alone!

Cal smiles when he sees Indi. He drops Jane like a sack of potatoes -- she cowers down on the ground.

INDI (CONT'D)

You've made your point, you're more powerful than us. I get it!

CAL

I don't think you do.

Cal raises the axe over his head and swings it down in a crushing blow, striking Jane and SPLITTING OPEN HER CHEST.

INDI

Nooooooooo!

Jane gurgles blood as Cal reaches inside her chest and crudely rummages around. He finds what he's looking for --

JANE'S HEART, BEATING in his hand. He locks eyes with Indi.

CAL  
 Try this shit again, and I will  
crush you like the pest you are.

CAL CRUSHES JANE'S HEART IN HIS HAND, until it's just bloody pulp in his fist. Indi LURCHES AT HIM --

INDI  
 Nooooooo --

INT. INDI'S ROOM - DAWN

Indi shoots up in bed, knocking Dakota back.

INDI  
 Nooooooooooooo!

Dakota grabs Indi by the shoulders, shakes her.

DAKOTA  
 Indi, enough!  
 (shakes her again)  
 That's enough.

Indi pushes Dakota off her. Gets up and puts on her shoes.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
 Where are you going?!

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Pulling Dakota by the arm like a toddler, Indi marches up to the nurses station, startling the nurses.

INDI  
 We're here to visit Jane Russell.

The nurses exchange glances.

INDI (CONT'D)  
 It's visiting hours, right? We're here for a visit!

NURSE  
 Sweetheart, I'm so sorry...  
 (beat)  
 Jane passed away.

Indi drops Dakota's arm in shock. She shakes her head.

INDI  
 When...?

NURSE

Last night. She went peacefully in her sleep.

INDI

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!!!!

Indi turns on her heels and stampedes out the front doors of the hospital. Dakota simply stands there, flabbergasted. The nurses all stare at her, flabbergasted.

DAKOTA

I'm -- we're so sorry. Thank you, uh, for letting us know.

(bows her head)

Condolences. I mean -- you know what I mean.

Dakota gets the hell out of there.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Dakota steps out of the automatic doors and looks around.

DAKOTA

Indi?

It's a beautiful sunny day. Chirping birds, gentle breeze, and Indi nowhere to be found -- her bike is gone.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me.

Dakota's shoulders slump. Looks like she's walking back.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - BLEACHERS - LATER

Indi slouches under the bleachers, cigarette in one hand and Diet Coke in the other, looking the worst she's looked. She takes a long drag. After a beat, Dakota finds her sister.

DAKOTA

That was a real dick move, leaving without me.

INDI

Sorry.

DAKOTA

Since when do you smoke?

(beat)

Gimme some.

Indi passes it over. Dakota takes a drag, makes a face.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
Menthols? Okay, trashy.

INDI  
Don't call me that.

Dakota hands back the cigarette. They slouch in silence.

DAKOTA  
Who's Jane Russell?

INDI  
Coma girl. Or at least, she was.  
(takes one last drag)  
Now she's dead girl.

Indi stamps out the cigarette. She drinks the rest of her Diet Coke and crunches the can.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Come on, I need more caffeine.

DAKOTA  
No you don't. You need sleep. I'm worried about you!

INDI  
You should be.

Indi begins to walk across the soccer field -- Dakota follows after her.

DAKOTA  
Just take a little power nap,  
you'll feel better. Please?

INDI  
I won't feel better.

DAKOTA  
Do it for me. I'll feel better.

Indi doesn't respond. They walk in silence. Eventually --

INDI  
I took this class freshman year  
with the best professor.

DAKOTA  
Was he hot?



INDI

No, he's a dorky old man. But he's the first person who ever treated me like I'm smart. How fucked up is that?

DAKOTA

I think you're smart... you're the smartest person I know.

INDI

My professor used to say, "helplessness is an arrow in the quiver of a pretty girl."

DAKOTA

I don't get it.

INDI

It means a man will always underestimate you, because he never thinks you're as strong as you are.  
(beat)  
But what if he's right.

DAKOTA

Your professor?

INDI

No, the man. Men. What if I'm not strong?  
(slowly stops walking)  
What if I don't have what it takes to be like, the perfect final girl?  
(sinks)  
I'm just a normal girl.

DAKOTA

Trust me, you're not normal.  
(smiles)  
You're a weird little bitch, who's pretty much my hero.

Indi smiles weakly, then yawns woozily.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Please take a nap. Power nap, twenty minutes. And I'll be with you the whole time.

Indi considers. After a long beat, she finally relents --

INDI

Fine, but you better set a timer.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Curtains drawn, Indi changes into comfier clothes. Dakota packs a bowl.

DAKOTA  
Don't want dreams? Done and done.

INDI  
(shakes her head, unsure)  
I don't know if that's a good idea.

DAKOTA  
It's a great idea! You'll finally  
rest in peace.

INDI  
That's morbid.

DAKOTA  
Bad choice of words.

Dakota lights the bowl and takes a hit, warming it up for Indi. She passes it over. Indi hesitates, then takes a hit.

INDI  
(exhales smoke)  
Dreamless sleep, here I come.

Indi crawls into bed and Dakota tucks her in.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Twenty minutes, okay? I mean it.

DAKOTA  
(lifts her phone)  
Timer set.

Indi sinks into the pillow and closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

FROM THE BLACK, WE HEAR --

CAL  
(sing-songy)  
*Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my  
darrrrrr-ling Da-ko-ta.*

CLOSE ON: Indi, eyelids fluttering. The image is hazy, gauzy, the glow of a half-formed memory. The screen goes dark, then fades up again, like remembering bits of pieces of a drunken blackout, but artistically rendered.

CAL (CONT'D)  
*You are lost and gone forever.  
Dreadful sorrow, Dakota...*

Cal fades in and fades out like bad reception on an old TV.

CAL (CONT'D)  
*Ruby lips above the water,  
blowing buuuuubbles soft and fine.  
But your sister's not a swimmer...*

INT. INDI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Indi gently wakes. She sits up in bed and looks out the window -- it's dark outside.

INDI  
Dakota?

Indi yawns and stretches. She reaches down to a power cord on the floor and hits a switch, illuminating the string lights.

She sees Dakota passed out on the twin air mattress.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Oy! What happened to power napping?

Dakota's doesn't flinch. Indi pushes Dakota with her foot.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Dakota?

Indi gets up from bed and kneels beside Dakota. She tries shaking her awake -- but she won't wake up.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Dakota --

She shakes her harder, almost violently now.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Dakota!

But it's no use. Dakota is out cold.

On the brink of hysterics, Indi rests her head on Dakota's chest, ear over her heart. Listens...

Dakota's chest slowly rises and falls -- she's breathing.

Indi's breathes a sigh of relief, but her relief is quickly overshadowed by her confusion.

Indi slowly gets up. She watches Dakota steadily breathe in, breathe out, deep in her slumber.

Then a tune pops into Indi's head, urgent and instant, like remembering the words to a song you can't believe you forgot.

INDI (CONT'D)  
*You are lost and gone forever.  
 Dreadful sorrow, Dakota...*

The blood drains from Indi's face.

INDI (CONT'D)  
 Oh fuuuuck.

INT. INDI'S ROOM - LATER

Music blares. Indi has moved Dakota into her bed, flat on her back, serene as Sleeping Beauty.

Indi looks wired, sprawled out on the floor among a half dozen open books. Flipping through pages, eyes rapidly scanning. She looks like she's cramming for midterms.

If only.

INDI (V.O.)  
*Kalu Kumara is believed to be an ancient prince who plotted to steal his father's throne. When his attempt failed, he took his own life -- but was punished by returning to this world as a demon, destined to lurk in shadow, instead of being allowed to pass on. Kalu Kumara is an embittered spirit.*

INDI  
 You salty little asshole.

INDI (V.O.)  
*Once upon a time, he didn't have to invade dreams -- devotees came to him. Now he spends his days waiting in the dark, only targeting girls and women. Though this fate is his punishment, it is his victims who are truly punished.*

INDI  
 NO DOY!

Indi rips opens a bag of chocolate-covered espresso beans -- half of them go flying, but she doesn't give a fuck. She eats a heaping handful right out of her sweaty palm.

INDI (V.O.)  
*If dream attacks occur, a specially  
 trained shaman can drive Kalu  
 Kumara out and prevent his return.*

Indi grabs her laptop nearby and opens a search engine. She's typing "how to become shaman???" when her phone goes off.

It's the FaceTime ringtone -- she picks up her phone -- THE CUTE ONE WOULD LIKE TO FACETIME.

Indi immediately slams her laptop shut, silencing the music so only the RINGING phone is heard. She answers...

INDI  
 Hello?

Indi winces as she hears a roaring blast of STATIC, breaking in and out, then --

INDI (ON THE PHONE)  
 Indi?

Dakota appears on Indi's iPhone, but she looks glitchy like a hologram, or a weak distress signal.

INDI  
 Dakota! Where are you?

Eyes ablaze, Indi looks from the sleeping Dakota in bed nearby back to the grainy Dakota on her phone screen.

INDI (ON THE PHONE)  
 He brought me home, Indi.

INDI  
 Where?!

INDI (ON THE PHONE)  
 The woods. He lives in this --

The phone cuts in out and out, super staticky.

INDI (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 There's a treehouse, this  
 treehouse.

INDI  
 Get out of there! Why won't you  
 wake up?!

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
I can't... I'm in his dreams.

INDI  
What do you mean?!

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
He's asleep right now, but he could  
wake up any minute.

MORE STATIC.

INDI  
Dakota, tell me what to do!

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
You have to come get me, or I'll  
never wake up.

INDI  
I can't. I tried and I couldn't!  
He's too powerful and I'm not  
strong enough.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
You are! And you're --  
(static)  
Three times as powerful together.

INDI  
Three times...? Are you talking  
about Gabby and Samantha?

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
You have to come here, to where he  
lives. This is where he sleeps, and  
this is where he --

INDI  
Dreams.

Dakota fervently nods. She looks offscreen, fearful.

DAKOTA (ON THE PHONE)  
Oh no, he's waking up...  
(back to Indi)  
Remember, he doesn't know that you  
know he sleeps --

A ROAR OF STATIC, then Indi's phone abruptly dies.

INDI  
Dakota? Shit!

Indi throws her phone across the room. It shatters.

INDI (CONT'D)

Shit!!

Indi scampers across the floor, fumbling to retrieve her broken phone -- but it's toast.

She crawls back to her pile of books, frenetically flips pages in search of something -- she stops, reads.

INDI (V.O.)

*An embittered, evil spirit is most vulnerable in its lair, behind closed doors. Only by penetrating the demon's lair can you share its dream space. While dreaming, demons of this kind exude a life force that can be both given and taken.*

Indi stands, pacing, thinking, biting a nail. After a beat --

INDI

Gotta risk it for the biscuit.

She lies down on the air mattress, closes her eyes, and plunges through her fatigue into instant, deep sleep.

EXT. QUAD - NIGHT

Samantha wanders across the quad, dressed to the nines. The sky is dark and spangled with stars.

POV BEHIND A TREE: Someone, or something, watches Samantha cross the lawn. We hear heavy breathing, in, out, in, out...

The unseen figure rapidly approaches Samantha from behind --

AND THROWS A BURLAP SACK OVER HER HEAD.

INT. BLACKBOX THEATRE - NIGHT

The BURLAP SACK is removed to reveal GABBY. She's tied to a chair in a small, empty blackbox theatre. Looks over to see --

SAMANTHA tied up in a chair beside her.

GABBY

What are you doing in my dream?

SAMANTHA

Excuse me? This is my dream!

THE LIGHTS GO OUT -- A PROJECTOR SCREEN FLICKERS ON.

Like a retro home movie, footage of GABBY, SAMANTHA, and INDI dances across the screen. They look happy, giddy, laughing, goofing around.

They look like best friends.

After a beat, INDI steps out from the darkness, in front of the screen. The light of the projector shines on her face.

INDI  
That's The Lettuce Hearts Club.  
Look familiar?

Gabby and Samantha squirm in their chairs, but they watch the movie. Indi points to the screen --

INDI (CONT'D)  
That's my best friend Samantha, and  
that's my best friend Gabby. And  
this is who we are.

The movie continues to play. The girls watch in silence.

Onscreen, the three of them huddle together like they're posing for a selfie. As they smile, the movie ends.

Indi steps behind Gabby and Samantha's chairs. She changes the reel in the projector and a new home movie begins --

INDI (CONT'D)  
This is Cal.

CAL AND SAMANTHA ON A DATE, then --

INDI (CONT'D)  
Look familiar?

CAL AND GABBY ON A DATE. Incriminating footage. Then --

CAL AND BRIDGET.

CAL AND JANE.

Then Cal and countless other girls we don't recognize, the movies playing in rapid succession, one after the other.

Indi steps in front of the projector screen to face Gabby and Samantha, obscuring their view. Puts her hand over her heart.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Three hearts are better than one.



GABBY  
And a lettuce heart is never  
a lonely heart.

SAMANTHA  
And a lettuce heart is never  
a lonely heart.

INDI  
Because lettuce hearts will always  
have each other. Because we don't  
let guys come between us and we  
don't let shithheads have their cake  
and eat it too.

Gabby and Samantha shift in their chairs uncomfortably -- but they're paying attention to Indi.

GABBY  
I've never understood that  
expression.

SAMANTHA  
It means you can't eat a cake and  
then continue to have that same  
cake so you can eat more later.

GABBY  
Oh. Yeah.

INDI  
Time's up, Cal.

Indi switches off the projector. The theatre is dark for a beat, until she hits the LIGHTS.

Indi begins untying Gabby and Samantha as their eyes adjust to the brightness. Once they're freed, they slowly stand.

SAMANTHA  
Now what?

They stand still, looking at one another, silent... until Indi pulls Gabby and Samatha into an **AWKWARD THREE-WAY HUG**.

They resist at first -- then give in, bashful, apologetic.

GABBY  
I'm sorry!

SAMANTHA  
No I'm sorry! I'm such a bitch!

GABBY  
So am I!

INDI  
That's right.

The girls separate. Indi takes each of them by the hand.

INDI (CONT'D)  
We're bad bitches from hell and  
nobody can fuck with us.  
(beat)  
Not actual hell.

GABBY  
No, no.

SAMANTHA  
I mean, of course not.

INDI  
Listen -- Cal's got my sister.

Samantha and Gabby's expressions sink.

EXT. QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

The girls cross the quad as Indi fills them in.

INDI  
Here's what's up -- our dream world  
is Cal's real world. But Dakota  
told me that Cal sleeps, too. And  
if you can sleep...

SAMANTHA  
You can dream.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The girls have reached the soccer field. They're quickly approaching the threshold of the woods.

INDI  
He isn't expecting this. Cal thinks  
girls are sweet and passive and in  
constant peril.

SAMANTHA  
Damsels in distress.

GABBY  
Well... let's show him how passive  
aggressive we can be.

Indi pulls them to a stop at the treeline. She joins hands with Gabby and Samantha and closes her eyes, bows her head.

INDI  
Dear Lord, grant us the girl power  
to crush this prick.

And with that, our trio of heroes disappears into the woods.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

We're back to the woods of the very beginning, the fairy painting, awfully pretty for such a total fucking nightmare.

Indi leads the way. She's lucid dreamed herself a flashlight.

As the girls make their way through the dark and dense terrain, they start to notice OWLS in the trees.

At first, just a couple. Then a couple more. Then there are dozens, following them with their watchful, GLOWING EYES.

SAMANTHA

Indi...

INDI

Just ignore them.

(shouts up at the trees)

Y'all dumbass demonic bad news birds!

Gabby sticks close to Indi's side.

GABBY

They're giving me the living creeps.

INDI

Imagine they're the Hooters owl.

Gabby shuts her eyes tightly, then reopens them --

And just like that, the trees are now filled with stuffed animals that look just like THE HOOTERS LOGO. Gabby smiles.

GABBY

All gurgle and no guts.

INDI

Now that you know you're dreaming, you can make shit happen. It doesn't work on Cal, but...

(motions to the owls)

Looks like it took care of his little friends.

SAMANTHA

(half-joking)

Can we dream ourselves up some deadly weapons?

EXT. DEEPER IN THE WOODS - A LITTLE LATER

HELL YEAH THEY CAN! NOW OUR GIRLS GOT BAMF WEAPONS --

Samantha carries a PICK AXE --

Gabby holds a MACHETE --

Indi has a BOW AND ARROWS like Katniss freaking Everdeen, fuck yeah.

They traipse through the woods, eyes trained forward, until eventually they spot a SOFT LIGHT peeking through the trees in the distance...

EXT. TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The girls stand at the foot of an enormous BUR OAK TREE. In the tree is a closed door. Light warmly glows through glass windows in the tree's trunk.

INDI

When Dakota said Cal lives in a treehouse, I didn't think she meant like a fucking Keebler elf.

GABBY

This is where Cal lives?

SAMANTHA

Cal never brought us home.

INDI

Let's go...

The girls quietly fan out around the tree like a SWAT team.

BELOW A WINDOW

Indi crouches down. She carefully peers inside...

POV INDI: CAL is asleep in a twisty, tangled NEST BED. He tightly spoons DAKOTA, his captive little spoon.

Indi signals for Gabby and Samantha. They join her beneath the window. Peek above the windowsill, quiet as mice...

INT. TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Inside, the treehouse warmly glows. It looks cozy and fantastical -- like Fantastic Mr. Fox could live here.

Too bad somebody else lives here.

The treehouse is silent except for the crackle of burning wood in a fireplace. We hear another sound, the door slowly CREAKING open...

One after the other, the girls slip inside. Indi carefully closes the door behind them. They collectively hold their breath, waiting to see if Cal wakes up -- he doesn't.

After the girls exhale a sigh of relief, they take in their surroundings, awestruck.

Wooden shelves are built into the walls of the hollow trunk, floor to ceiling. The shelves are lined with KNIK KNAKS and TRINKETS, belongings that clearly hold sentimental value.

As Indi examines the shelves -- the jewelry, the ceramics, the photos, the seashells -- it dawns on her...

INDI

These are souvenirs.

Gabby and Samantha exchange a frightened glance while Indi shifts her focus to --

THE NEST BED

She walks right up to the foot of the bed, a giant bird's nest, where Cal spoons her sleeping sister.

Indi watches them sleep, peaceful as a happy couple... she tiptoes to Gabby and Samantha. They huddle up, whispering.

GABBY

Why don't we kill him in his sleep?

SAMANTHA

Can't I just --  
(raises her pick axe)  
Butterfly pin his ass?

INDI

Although that would be metal as fuck, I'm not sure that would work. And we can't risk waking him up.

SAMANTHA

So what can we do?

INDI

Rude boy wants to enter our dreams without asking? Let's enter his.

Gabby and Samantha share another worried look -- they can't muster Indi's certainty.

GABBY

But Cal will have the home court advantage.

INDI

Just stick to our plan.

After a long beat, they each nod in affirmation. Indi smiles.

INDI (CONT'D)

Lettuce Hearts Club on three.

The girls silently count to three together, then whisper --

INDI/SAMANTHA/GABBY

Lettuce Hearts Club!

They break.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The most beautiful fucking garden you've ever seen. Flowers for days, sunshine for years.

Cal and Dakota sit at a little table on a GAZEBO, a pitcher of lemonade between them. Cal raises a frosted glass.

CAL

Cheers to my new favorite girl.

Dakota raises her glass. Sugary sweet smile.

DAKOTA

Cheers to my new man.

They CLINK glasses, they sip lemonade. As Cal gazes out over the garden, soaking in the view, Dakota's SMILE DROPS. She pantomimes barfing.

As Cal looks back in Dakota's direction, HER SMILE RETURNS.

INDI (O.S.)

Hey, Kalu!

Cal and Dakota whip their heads around to see our trio of HEROES, THE LETTUCE HEARTS CLUB, standing in the garden, brandishing their weapons.

Dakota lights up -- Cal drops his glass of lemonade.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Ah shit, I'm sorry. Or do you  
prefer Cal?

Cal jumps up from his chair, knocking over the table.

CAL  
What do you think you're doing?

INDI  
Becoming your worst nightmare.

Cal swiftly grabs Dakota, holds her by the neck --

CAL  
Didn't I tell you to cut this shit  
out?

INDI  
Let her go!

Cal throws Dakota off the gazebo and she crumples to the  
ground like a rag doll.

CAL  
Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt  
my darling Dakota...

Cal descends from the gazebo with a wicked smile.

CAL (CONT'D)  
I need to save her for later.

Cal prowls toward them... Gabby and Samantha shrink further  
behind Indi with each menacing step...

They're wavering, weapons quivering. Indi stands tall for as  
long as she can, until finally --

INDI  
Go!

The girls scatter. Cal licks his lips like a cartoon wolf...

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Gabby flees through a maze of towering rose bushes. She stops  
around a corner to catch her breath. Listens closely...

After a long beat, she JUMPS OUT from behind the corner and  
SWINGS HER MACHETE AT CAL -- he JUMPS BACK as the machete  
grazes his stomach, nearly slicing him wide open.

CAL

Nothing says "I love you" like several dozen roses. And I do love you, Gabby. Don't be like this.

GABBY

Your corny ass better shut up.

Gabby tries again, but Cal nimbly ducks out of the way --

And starts laughing. But Gabby's not backing down. She swings the machete again, and again, and --

Cal ducks each blow as Gabby hacks up the rose bushes. She raises the machete above her head and as she brings it down --

Cal grabs her wrist, twisting it, BREAKING IT. Gabby CRIES OUT in pain as her machete drops to the ground.

Cal yanks Gabby by her long ponytail and drags her through the maze of red roses.

EXT. TRANQUILITY POND - MOMENTS LATER

Cal pulls Gabby out of the rose garden by her hair as she valiantly tries to resist, and fails.

He drags her to a tranquility pond and HOLDS HER HEAD UNDERWATER -- Gabby thrashes and splashes -- but Cal is too strong -- he doesn't budge, until --

A PICK AXE COMES DOWN ON HIS SHOULDER, EMBEDDING DEEP IN HIS SKIN. He reflexively releases his grip on Gabby and she BURSTS UP for air.

With an anguished grunt, Cal slowly pulls the bloodied pick axe out of his shoulder and turns to see -- SAMANTHA.

CAL

What's wrong with you girls? I love you, and all I want in return is to be worshipped. Is that so wrong?

SAMANTHA

Ummmmmm, yeah.

Cal lunges at Samantha -- and she KNEES HIM IN THE BALLS with the force of a thousand self defense classes.

Cal clutches his groin in agony. Not even demons are immune to a dick punch. It's a direct hit!

Samantha pushes past Cal and helps Gabby up from the pond --



But Cal HAMMERS GABBY'S HEAD with the butt of the pick axe.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Gabby!

As Samantha moves to help her fallen friend, she gets a butt of an axe to the head next.

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Cal drags Gabby and Samantha through the dirt behind him. He calls out, taunting --

CAL

Oh Indiaaaaaanaaaa!

He looks around the garden. The only sound is chirping birds.

CAL (CONT'D)

What's a matter? Too scared to save your gal pals?

Indi steps out from behind a hedge, arms raised in surrender.

INDI

Don't hurt them. You can have me.

CAL

I can have all of you.

INDI

I'm sure you could, but it's not like the good old days.

Indi walks toward Cal slowly, hands where he can see them...

INDI (CONT'D)

I bet women used to throw themselves at you.

(beat)

Now you have to fuck chicks in their sleep.

Cal drops Samantha and Gabby. They lie motionless behind him.

CAL

Shut your mouth or I'll --

INDI

What? Fuck it?

(snickers)

While I'm sleeping?

Cal clenches his fists, he shoots daggers at Indi -- but she flashes her bitchiest power-bitch smile.

INDI (CONT'D)  
Demon or not, you're just a loser  
with low self esteem who wants  
girls to like you.

Suddenly, Indi RISES OFF THE GROUND. Cal raises a clenched fist and she DANGLES in the air helplessly.

CAL  
And you're just a stupid fucking  
slut who deserves every bad thing  
that's ever happened to her.

Cal squeezes his fist tighter and Indi CRIES OUT IN PAIN.

CAL (CONT'D)  
You think I can't simply crush your  
heart in your chest? Think again.  
(smiles)  
Ooh wait, that's right. You're not  
the sharpest tool in the shed.

Indi kicks her feet, suspended in air, struggling to breath, but she still manages to eke out --

INDI  
Neither are you, dipshit.

Cal's expression barely has time to change when GABBY AND SAMANTHA POUNCE ON HIM --

They each hold back an arm as Indi falls to the ground and LANDS ON HER FEET --

Cal struggles against Gabby and Samantha's grips, but the two of them are stronger than he could've imagined.

Cal locks eyes with Indi as --

SHE RAISES HER BOW AND ARROW, AIMING DIRECTLY AT HIM.

INDI (CONT'D)  
(LOVING THIS SHIT)  
You give love a bad name.

THE ARROW GOES FLYING AND SHOOTS CAL RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART.

Cal lets rip a PIERCING SHRIEK and with a WHOOSH OF WIND --

INT. TREEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Indi, Samantha, Gabby, and Dakota BURTS AWAKE in the treehouse. Dakota pushes Cal off of her --

HIS HOWLS STILL ECHOING AS --

INT. INDI'S ROOM - MORNING

Indi and Dakota BURST AWAKE in the safety of Indi's room.

Sunlight shines through the window, a heavenly glow.

As they realize where they are, Indi springs up from the air mattress and runs to her door. She flings it open to find --

GABBY and SAMANTHA standing in her doorway, smiling. Indi pulls her best friends inside the room, VICTORIOUS --

INDI  
Girl power for the win!

SAMANTHA  
Girls rule, boys drool!

GABBY  
Demons drool!

DAKOTA  
Sleep tight, sucker!

INDI  
Boy, BYE!

The girls embrace in one big cuddle puddle, girl power ftw.

EXT. CAMPUS GATES - DAY

Dakota walks with Indi through the front gates of the campus, rolling her suitcase behind her. A Lyft idles on the street.

DAKOTA  
Do you remember that joke you used  
to tell me when we were young?

INDI  
Refresh my memory.

Dakota smiles and waves at the Lyft driver, then motions for "one minute." He gives a friendly nod. She tees up her joke --

DAKOTA

There are three boys on the playground. A genie comes down and says, "I want to grant each of you a wish." The first boy says, "I want to be ten times smarter than I am." The genie says, "Poof! You're ten times smarter than you were." The second boy says, "I want to be a hundred times smarter than I am." The genie says, "Poof! You're a hundred times smarter." The third boy says, "I want to be a thousand times smarter than I am." And the genie goes...

INDI

Poof! You're a girl.

The sisters break into peals of LAUGHTER.

DAKOTA

Never have I ever gotten that joke more than I do now.

(giggles)

Girls go to college to get more knowledge.

INDI

I love you, smartypants.

Indi hugs Dakota, squeezing her tightly for several beats before finally letting go.

The driver pops open the trunk and Dakota lifts her suitcase inside. She slams the trunk, smiles at Indi.

DAKOTA

See you in my dreams.

INDI

I hope not.

Dakota climbs into the back seat. She waves through the window as the Lyft drives away.

Indi waves back, keeps waving until the car is out of sight.

EXT. QUAD - MOMENTS LATER

The quad is teeming with girls, students arriving back on campus for the start of the school year.

Girls are gathered in clusters, having picnics on blankets, reading in the grass, catching up with their friends after a summer apart.

Gabby and Samantha hang around the stone steps of the administrative building. Gabby uses the stairs to do box jumps while Samantha keeps her eyes peeled --

She spots Indi crossing the quad.

Samantha slaps Gabby on the butt and they head off together, crossing the lawn to meet Indi.

INDI

Hi, cuties!

GABBY

Aww, I'm gonna miss Dakota. Do you think she'll apply here next year?

INDI

I think she'd rather do court mandated community service than go to a school without boys.

GABBY

That's fair.

SAMANTHA

Ooh! They have "welcome back, bitches" cupcakes in the dining hall right now.

INDI

Ooh! I would slit your throat for a cupcake right now.

SAMANTHA

Mine or hers?

INDI

Mmmmm --

(pretends to think)

Neither! Let's go get some!

The Lettuce Hearts Club makes their way across the quad among all the other girls, BFFs once more.

Indi looks up and notices a puffy OWL with deep black eyes perched in a tree...

SHE FLIPS THE BIRD.

CUT TO BLACK.