

SONYA  
You're wearing that?

CHLOE  
Yes.

SONYA  
Tonight?

CHLOE  
Yes.

SONYA  
It doesn't go with your dress.

CHLOE  
I don't care. It's good luck.

SONYA  
You're not going to take it off?  
Not even in the name of fashion?

CHLOE  
No.

SONYA  
How has it made you lucky?

CHLOE  
I'm the only freshman on our  
Varsity tennis team. That's lucky.

Chloe closes her eyes while Sonya applies eye shadow on her.

SONYA  
That's skill, not luck. But,  
speaking of luck. Is Topher going  
to get lucky tonight?

CHLOE  
No.

SONYA  
Sure about that?

CHLOE  
Positive.

SONYA

You're the only freshman coming.  
We're seniors. I'm telling you.  
He expects something.

CHLOE

Because I'm a freshman?

SONYA

No, because you're female. And you  
have big boobs, so you're supposed  
to be a slut. And according to  
every male fantasy, we're supposed  
to be having a pillow fight right  
now.

(beat)

In our underwear.

CHLOE

You're scaring me.

SONYA

If you're scared now, just wait  
till we're in the limo with Topher.  
He's going to be all over you.

CHLOE

Then I'm not coming.

SONYA

Don't worry about it. I'll take  
care of you. Just make sure he  
doesn't get you alone.

CHLOE

Okay. Thanks...Will you do the  
mascara too?

SONYA

Sure.

(beat)

So, I read that in Hollywood,  
actresses are taking flu shots to  
help them lose weight.

Chloe opens her eyes and looks at her.

CHLOE

Don't people get flu shots so that  
they don't get sick?

SONYA

I'm not done, close'em.

Sonya dabs mascara expertly across Chloe's lashes.

SONYA

Stomach flu shots. They puke for like five days straight. And they pay like five hundred dollars a shot.

CHLOE

So, they're buying Bulimia?

SONYA

You can get anything you want in Hollywood.

Chloe opens her eyes again and looks at Sonya through painted lashes, she cocks her head to the side - is she serious?

CHLOE

Well, Topher is not getting lucky tonight. I hope he isn't planning anything stupid.

END

INT. HOME GYM - SAME

TOPHER, 17, pumps iron, watching himself in the mirror. This is his gym and where he spends most of his waking hours. His body is his life.

TOPHER

I'm taking Chloe to Homecoming.  
I'm going to get me some Freshman  
boot-tay.

There are weights everywhere. A mirror aligns one wall. Three TUXEDOS hang from a workout bar.

RICKY, 18, works out next to him. He takes both his body and his mind seriously. He takes EVERYTHING seriously.

RICKY

No, I'm taking Chloe to Homecoming.

SNAIL, 18, sits on a work out bench flipping through a magazine. He could care less about working out. He's naturally slim, but prefers yoga to weight lifting.

INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

57. Sonya remains on the floor, the Squatter's arm around her. Ella and Chloe are horrified to watch as Sonya's yellow dress turns crimson red with blood. Chloe gasps.

RICKY

Sonya.

SONYA

What?

TOPHER

We don't know who this is.

CHLOE

Sonya, your dress.

SONYA

So he's?

SNAIL

Dead.

Sonya SCREAMS. She jumps up, splattered with the squatter's blood.

SONYA

I hate you guys! I hate you!

Ricky reaches down and checks the squatter's pulse.

RICKY

He's not dead.

TOPHER

Did Derrick do this?

RICKY

I don't know, Man.

ELLA

What? What's going on?

RICKY

We asked Derrick to plant some scares here. Make some noise outside. I don't know if this is a friend of his or what?

SONYA

Derrick the dealer, Derrick? Are you insane?

RICKY

You're scared, right? It worked.

CHLOE

You guys are such jerks.

SNAIL

If Derrick did this, he's good. This looks like real blood.

TOPHER

Dude, maybe this guy's on crack or something. Heroin, I don't know.

SONYA

Was this part of your plan? Look at me? My photos will be ruined! I can't go to the dance like this. Take me home. NOW!

RICKY

We should go. Let's go back to the dance. Call for an ambulance? Get this guy some help or something.

SONYA

Let's start with 911, Genius.

They scurry to the front door, stepping all over each other. A cluster of heels and shiny, black shoes.

TOPHER

Move it.

SONYA

Topher, if you grab my butt one more time!

TOPHER

Your butt hit my hand!

Only Snail moves at a relaxed pace. Trailing behind. Unaffected.

SNAIL

Good night, Ghost.

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EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Topher circles the dirt driveway. He kicks the ground. The others watch from the porch.

SONYA  
This isn't funny.

TOPHER  
No one's laughing, Sonya.

ELLA  
Guys, I have to get back to the dance. If my dad comes...

TOPHER  
Ella, do you see the limo? Do you see it?

CHLOE  
Don't yell at her.

RICKY  
Okay. Think. Did anyone hear the car drive away? Maybe he just rolled down the hill a bit.

SONYA  
Maybe he fell asleep.

TOPHER  
He freakin left us.

RICKY  
I'll check down the hill. Maybe he parked where it's level. Snail, stay with the girls. Topher, come with me.

SONYA  
We're so not tipping him.

END  
TOPHER  
Tipping him? We're not paying him. And I'm kicking his ass.

Ricky and Topher hurry ahead. Snail and the girls watch them disappear down the hill. Sonya pulls at Snail's arm.