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How Phallic Do You Like Your Monsters?: An Exploration of the Feminine

Monster in Horror

Wisdom Johnson

Horror films hold up a mirror to society while exposing its underlying fears. If there is one thing that horror films have taught us, it is that monsters come in many forms, and the motives for their violence are never quite explained or justifiable to an audience. Traditionally in horror films, these fears of the unknown are personified by using what we recognize as male or masculine presenting characteristics—namely, male slashers in iconic horror films like *Halloween* (John Carpenter, US, 1978) and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (Tobe Hooper, US, 1974). These killers carry an inexplicable rage that they take out on unlucky victims (usually women) that cross their paths, in the process—as the large body of feminist film theory has argued—revealing to audiences otherwise repressed psychosexual and social power relations. In recent years, however, horror films have increasingly shifted their focus from the masculine slasher’s pursuit of the “final girl,” to an examination of the horrors of womanhood itself—that is, what it means to be a woman and navigate through a patriarchal society that wants to own, consume, and destroy.

My hybrid senior project critically revisits key feminist debates about the complex gender dynamics that the horror genre mobilizes, drawing on these debates to theorize the emergence of what I refer to as the “feminine monster” in recent horror cinema. The three films on which I focus to illustrate my theory of the feminine monster are *Teeth* (Mitchell Lichtenstein, US, 2008), *Jennifer’s Body* (Karyn Kusama, US, 2009), and *Ginger Snaps* (John Fawcett, Canada, 2000). All three of these films feature similar narratives, in that they explore what it means for a woman to be the monster of a horror film. The female protagonists in each film are in fact monstrous, and they use their sexuality in different ways as a method to get close enough to their male victims in order to destroy them. In my screenplay, *Red Hourglass*, my main character

Priscilla draws on these films' depiction of the horrors of womanhood, though it does not necessarily position woman's ability to be the violent actor as an inherently radical or agential development.

I argue that the paranormal transformations that women protagonists in these films undergo position them in ways that in a conventional horror film would lead to them being punished for stepping into their sexual identities. However, in *Teeth*, *Ginger Snaps*, and *Jennifer's Body*, they are granted autonomy of their bodies and newfound powers. This allows for them to be able to take control of their own narratives while choosing who would be the bearers of penance. Men in these films are displayed as predatory (in the context of *Teeth*), innocent (in the context of *Jennifer's Body*), and disposable (according to *Ginger Snaps*). Through the eyes of these women, we get a diverse perspective on heterosexual interactions between men and women, unlike more classic horror films framed through the lens of male "psycho" killers or a voyeuristic gaze.¹ Jennifer (*Jennifer's Body*), Ginger (*Ginger Snaps*), and Dawn (*Teeth*) reframe these dynamics as they transform from victims to villains. In what follows, I theorize these new cinematic depictions of monstrous womanhood in relation to feminist film theories of horror that examine 1) the feminine body in horror, and 2) the figure of the "final girl." These three films start to bring into question the theories that Mulvey (along with other feminist film theorists) pose when considering horror cinema, especially slasher films.

The Feminine Body in Horror

¹ For a classic feminist theorization of the audience-as-voyeur in Hollywood cinema, see Laura Mulvey, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," *Visual and Other Pleasures* (Palgrave Macmillan: London, 1989), 14-26.

As feminist film theorists have noted, the women of classic horror films act as the audience's frame for pain and fear, in that we experience true evil through their suffering. As I discuss later in my analysis, in traditional horror films the "final girl" is allowed to survive, at least until the end of the film, and is given enough autonomy to weave in between femininity and masculinity in order to conquer over the evil. However, other women inside of these cinematic worlds are often disposed of and forgotten about once their purpose has been served; they are used as a sexual object and then punished for putting herself in such a position. Linda Williams' theory of "body genres" has examined the violence experienced by the feminine body in slasher films, arguing that the films do not simply punish transgressive women, but rather offer a form of corporeal spectatorship by literally and figuratively dissecting and displaying the condition of women under patriarchy.² Both *Ginger Snaps* and *Teeth* employ the figure of the feminine monster in ways that expand on Williams' insights, as they focus on the punishment of the male victim, rather than that of sexualized woman.

Drawing on the work of Carol Clover, Williams' work examines the unique exchange of masochistic and sadistic behavior between villain and victim in horror cinema.³ According to Williams, "[horror] is the genre that seems to endlessly repeat the trauma of castration as if to 'explain,' by repetitious mastery, the originary problem of sexual difference."⁴ Williams points out that the trauma of castration emerges in these films in relation to the pubescent female body. As Sigmund Freud argued, penis envy constituted a key stage in adolescent female psychosexual

² Linda Williams, "Film Bodies: Gender, Genre, and Excess," *Film Quarterly* 44.4 (1991): 3–13.

³ Carol Clover, *Men, Women, and Chainsaws: Gender in the Modern Horror Film, Updated Edition* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2015).

⁴ Williams, "Film Bodies," 10.

development, in which young girls experience anxiety upon realization that they do not have a penis. Freud considered this a defining moment during of the pubescent stage, as it hails the transition toward a mature female sexuality and gender identity, seemingly resolving the oedipal conflicts that govern the psyche.⁵ Significantly for Williams, the sadomasochism displayed in the horror genre points out that this transition is a fraught one, and that gender roles are rarely as cemented as they first appear. The logic of repetition that structures the horror slasher film exemplifies this dynamic, as the threat of the “phallic” woman cannot be entirely solved through the single act of violence perpetrated by the killer in the film.⁶

The film *Teeth* makes literal the castration anxiety that Williams argues is inherent in all slasher horror films, however it does so in order to offer new critical understandings of women’s experiences of sexual assault and trauma. The film’s protagonist, Dawn O’Keefe (Jess Weixler) is assumed to have been cursed at birth with the mythological affliction of *vagina dentata*, or a vagina with teeth. The film draws on popular folkloric tropes, namely the man who becomes at risk of castration (thus emasculation) when engaging in sexual intercourse with a woman who has a vagina with teeth, who is regarded as the Terrible Mother. Only a man who is a hero can break the curse by destroying the teeth thus making her a woman.⁷ *Teeth* employs this timeless mythology and arranges it in a horror-like setting as a way to tackle the genre’s subtle exploration of castration anxiety. In traditional folklore, the women who have *vagina dentata* are

⁵ See Sigmund Freud, “On Narcissism: An Introduction,” vol. 14 of *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud* (London: Hogarth, 1957), 67–102; see also Jean Laplanche and Jean-Bertrand Pontalis, “Fantasy and the Origins of Sexuality,” *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis* 49 (1968): 1–18.

⁶ Williams, “Film Bodies,” 10–11.

⁷ See Felix Morgan, “Beyond ‘Teeth’: The Cultural History of Vagina Dentata,” *Outtake by Tribeca Shortlist* (blog), 20 May 2017, outtake.tribecashortlist.com/beyond-teeth-the-cultural-history-of-vagina-dentata-60e9f020d557

the antagonists. Teeth form as a result of a demon fish entering a woman's vagina and in order to be rescued, the man has to be brave enough to conquer and defeat the demon. Brad (John Hensley), Dawn's stepbrother, is the one who believes himself to be her hero in the context of this film. When they were children, both he and Dawn discovered the "demon" when Brad attempts to put a finger inside of her while they are in a kiddie pool. The result is his finger being permanently damaged. Memory of this event haunts them both as their parents tie their lives together through matrimony.

Repressing her assault, Dawn decides that she will not acknowledge the truth and dives head-on into her school's Abstinence Club. She takes her role in the club very seriously; she consistently wears outfits proclaiming her sexual status, such as shirts that read "I'm waiting". She wears a red ring around her finger as a constant symbol to keep her "gift wrapped," making a covenant with herself and the other members to wait for the right one. Meanwhile, Brad indulges in a lifestyle of debauchery and misogyny. At no point in the film is he outside of the house, which leaves room for the assumption that he doesn't work. On his bedroom walls are countless posters of scantily clad or fully nude women in a number of compromising positions. His rottweiler's (who is named Mother) cage is attached to his room and there is a hole in the house for the dog to be able to exit and enter as it pleases. He has a girlfriend, or at least a woman who engages in sexual intercourse with him—the catch is that they only engage in anal sex. There is a point in the film where he even forces a dog treat into her mouth. Dawn and Brad's relationship dynamic could be described as venomous; one brings out the worst in the other. Yet he has convinced himself that Dawn belongs to him and doesn't hesitate to act on this notion. He drives away another man that comes to the house trying to assert himself into Dawn's

life. Brad is also blunt and vulgar, telling her exactly what he wants and expects from her. The character of Brad has no regard for anyone other than Dawn and his desire for her, not even himself. His sole mission is to be the one to conquer the teeth.

Clover and Williams have argued that phallic symbolization is very prominent in horror films. The weapons killers decide to make their signatures are seemingly metaphoric and often resemble the shape of a penis. Slasher films are established with a tone that is primitive, or “pre-technological.” Weapons of choice steer clear of modernity, with killers preferring such objects as knives, axes, and pitchforks. These are weapons that require its user to be up close and personal to cause any sufficient damage. At these critical moments in traditional slasher killer, the camera frames itself as the point of view of the killer. The viewer experiences the flesh being penetrated and brutalized. We get to take on the role of psycho killer without consequences. This briefly changes the film’s intended emotional manipulation from being sympathetic of the victims to becoming aroused by the torture “we” are inflicting.⁸ However, the kill scenes featured in *Teeth* interestingly reverse this trope, instead framing the vagina as the weapon. Dawn’s understanding of her power, however, does not emerge in a straightforward fashion, as the social prohibitions on discussing women’s sexuality and her own religious beliefs keep her from knowing her own body.

For example, in their sexual education class, Dawn and her classmates receive full knowledge accompanied by detailed imagery of the male genitalia. The teacher then moves on to the female genitalia, yet the picture is completely covered by an obnoxiously large sticker and the “educator” is stuttering and can’t get the word “vagina” to come out of his mouth. When

⁸ Carol Clover, “Her Body, Himself: Gender in the Slasher Film,” *Representations* 20 (1987): 187–228; Williams, “Film Bodies,” 7–8.

asked by a fellow student why there is this cover up, Dawn sweetly decides to respond: “Girls have a natural modesty,” which is quickly disregarded by her classmates with laughs. At the start of the film, Dawn embodies all of these qualities of purity and innocence. When riding her bike from school, the music is almost angelic, the sun is shining, the tone is blissful, and she smiles the whole way home. She is sure of herself and her decisions in life. It is not until the appearance of the character Toby (Hale Appleman), who serves as her romantic interest, that her faith begins to sway. From the moment they lay eyes on each other, it is obvious that a spark has formed. Her morals remain intact and her intentions are pure to the point of naïveté. The two go on a double date with some other club members to the lake. As they approach the lake and one girl mentions the rumor of what happens in the cave nearby, extradiegetic music develops into a sinister tune. Temptation creeps into the minds of the lovers, but neither succumbs to temptation. That night, Dawn’s dreams reflect the date and she fantasizes about Toby and herself on her wedding night. As she is about to touch herself, she gets a vision of a hideous, slimy monster and it deters her. There is an underlying shame in Dawn in that she knows that there is something wrong, but without the proper education or tools, and everything around her enforcing this taboo of the vagina—she is repressing her desires as a way to avoid confronting her fear of the unknown.

In contrast to conventional horror, *Teeth* employs a desirous gaze of the male body at the same time that the narrative keeps women’s bodies shrouded in mystery. One scene that supports this claim is the shot of the boy’s dressing in the locker room. The camera is an unbiased onlooker while the boys change, their naked bodies cause no type of alarm. It is a simple pan shot with no sound effects to emphasize it. With the appearance of Toby, Dawn is faced with choosing between what her body wants and she believes her mind wants. Though she is attracted

to him, she remains adamant in wanting to wait. He, on the other hand, subtly tries different ways to convince her to change her mind. He is also a part of the abstinence club, but when asked about his status, he replies that he is “a virgin in his eye.” An encounter with Brad leads Dawn back into the arms of Toby after she decides to cut off contact. It seems as if she were turning to him as a reassurance of her own value after having Brad taint the innocence of what she had strived and set up so rigidly, and believing that Toby aligned with the lifestyle she saw for herself. The two kiss in a scene by the lake, after which she begins to open up to him a bit more and his sexual pursuits. Toby mentions how it “doesn’t feel wrong,” trying to coerce her as they both swim in the lake. She seems to agree and indulges in the pleasurable act. After a while though, she does dive into the water away from him as a way to cleanse herself and to cleanse the rising impure thoughts. Toby is increasingly aggressive with his actions until he is actually forcing himself on top of Dawn. The way he manhandles her causes her to pass out, however even this does not stop him from attempting to get what he wants. There is no other line of defense for Dawn except the one thing she has feared for so long, her vagina. What she has tried to avoid knowing finally reveals itself to be true, through no fault of her own. Toby is punished for being a weak-minded predator, and he is not the type of man who could be considered a folkloric “hero.” The audience sees image of his penis being detached from his body, a man’s greatest fear in horror settings, come to life. The music is overwhelmingly loud and urgent, applying this added tone of shock. He screams in agony and terror and disappears into the water that Dawn just used to baptise herself. She is left to face the castrated penis that she in fact conquered.

From here, Dawn is changed. Once she gets back home, she breaks down and tears her bedroom apart, ripping down posters and disposing of the stuffed animals. Her innocence has been broken. She turns back to the abstinence club for answers and comfort, she gets up on stage questioning her beliefs in front of everyone. They provide no support to her and her faith begins to waver. Her purity ring is tossed away at the scene of where her innocence was lost. Dawn takes a page from her class's textbook and holds it underwater, and the sticker comes off and reveals the mystery that is the vagina. Her curiosity brings her to a gynecologist's office. The visit seems normal enough, until the doctor becomes predatory and takes advantage of her. As he is doing the check-up, though, the medical instruments look medieval and cold in their display. The doctor butters her up by introducing himself with a welcoming demeanor, questioning her about her sexual history, and he quickly reveals unprofessional behavior. He puts a hand inside of her, without gloves. When she expresses that she is in pain, he ignores her in search of his own desire. He is punished for his violation, having all of his fingers torn off and "spit out" onto the floor, accompanied by chewing sound effects. Both he and Dawn are terrified by the ordeal, and she runs out of the shady hospital as he screams in agony, calling out "vagina dentata" after her. As this is happening, Dawn's mother, who has been sick for a long time, ends up in the hospital.

In her grief, Dawn turns to Ryan (Ashley Springer), who she regards as a friend. She turns to him for comfort and an ear for confession, but he has his own agenda. He sets up candles all over the bedroom and treats her to drinks, after giving her a pill. She leaves the bathroom, groggy and stumbling. He guides her to the bed, loosening up her inhibitions. Ryan introduces Dawn to foreplay with the help of a vibrator and nipple stimulation, all of these things open her

up and she invites him in, finally being able to enjoy sex. The following scene, we see Dawn admiring herself in the mirror. She touches her naked body with a newfound confidence, seeing herself and her sexuality in a new light. She realizes that she is in control of her “monster” and that there is nothing to fear. But, Ryan violates her trust, mentioning that he placed a bet on her virginity. Dawn, now knowing what to do, takes it upon herself to punish him. Her mother dies in the hospital and Brad’s girlfriend apologizes for the both of them. Rightfully angry and spiteful, she seeks revenge on Brad. She dolls herself up to seduce him, putting on a white dress as to embody the purity he “fell in love” with. On his television, a film on Medusa plays. Though she is the aggressor, Brad tries to establish his dominance out of fear. The lighting around Dawn makes her seem angelic as she lays on the bed. She takes back the control, and gets her revenge. Brad faces his nightmare the monster he feared but desperately wanted to dominate. Trauma and society convinces Dawn that she should be afraid of her vagina, to the point where she represses all desire. She encounters violent and dangerous men who seek to take advantage of her for their own gain. Luckily enough, she is able to overcome the pain they meant to inflict on her and come out on top, punishing them and finding her own empowerment in the process. The only defense she had to protect her was inside of herself and she learns to embrace it instead of fearing it and being ashamed. There is no male hero in this myth, only a woman becoming autonomous.

Dawn embodies the traumatic fear that Williams and Clover point out as driving slasher horror, in that she has the capability to get rid of one’s “manhood.” Both theorists conclude that men (characters and viewers) mainly fear losing their “manhood”, or their penis. Through Freudian theory, men focus their masculinity into their genitalia; losing it means that they can no

longer identify with manhood, which is their greatest nightmare. Dawn is displayed as a standard Westernized beauty; white with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a slender body. She is a virgin who holds a deep fear of her own body, which seems to be the ultimate goal when considering the standard of sex education in America. Women who own their sexuality are shamed into silence, erasure, or deemed as “Jezebels” who wish to devour the “goodness” in men. Dawn’s journey teaches her and the audience that she is in control of her body and thus her destiny. There is nothing to fear about sex when it is consensual. When it is not consensual, it is rape, and the men who dare to perpetuate this violence and coercion of her body are dealt with justly. It is through a paranormal narrative that women are able to witness true justice for crimes that continually conspire to break down their spirit and humanity.

Ginger Snaps focuses on the relationship between siblings as well as young girls coming into their own adulthood. It follows a young girl, Ginger Fitzgerald (Katherine Isabelle), and her changing body through the eyes of her younger sister Bridget (Emily Perkins). The Fitzgerald sisters are considered outcasts in their school, they don’t care to fit into society’s mold of what they should be. They enjoy talking about death, staging murder scenes, and come up with a suicide pact. Ginger is the oldest by a year and clearly reigns as the alpha; of the two of them, she is the more conventionally attractive one. Bridget is quiet and moody, the smarter one (she skipped a grade) hiding in her sister’s shadow. “Normal” is a concept that the sisters seek to avoid at all costs (Bridget even makes her sister promise that she “won’t go average” on her). Both of the girls are years late in starting their menstrual cycles, which concerns their mother. However, it is just another way that the sisters differentiate themselves from their peers. They

regard Premenstrual Syndrome (PMS) as “the curse,” recalling the biblical passage describing “the Curse on Woman”:

To the woman He [God] said,
“I will greatly multiply
Your pain in childbirth,
In pain you will bring forth children;
Yet your desire will be for your husband,
And he will rule over you.”⁹

It is in this scripture that God voices punishment for women due to the sins of Eve. Eve is to blame for the original fall of man, tempting Adam to pick from the forbidden tree. It is because of this mistake that women are penalized with a painful existence starting at puberty. Ginger and Bridget have yet to experience this suffering and therefore are temporarily exempt from “growing up” and understanding what it means to be a woman in the world. Whereas the “primal” fear referenced in *Teeth* is based on the myth of Oedipus and the corresponding anxiety around castration, in *Ginger Snaps*, the myth signified by the pubescent feminine body is that of Eve’s fall from grace. Thus, the film is not only concerned with horror’s capacity to, as Williams puts it, “‘solve’ the origin of desire,” but also its capacity to interrogate the origins of humanity itself through a gendered lens.¹⁰

Unlike in *Teeth*, where the feminine monster emerges when a repressed aspect of the protagonist’s “nature” is unleashed, the feminine monster of *Ginger Snaps* is constituted in the wake of a violent attack. In the film, rumor passes through town of a monster who comes at night and leaves corpses of half-eaten animals. The sisters’ neighbors are affected by the supposed monsters and their classmates buzz about who could possibly be next. One night, the Fitzgerald

⁹ Genesis 3:16.

¹⁰ Williams, “Film Bodies,” 10.

sisters go for a walk after an awkward dinner with their parents. While discussing their thoughts on PMS, they happen upon a dead dog that has been torn apart. Bridget is particularly disturbed at the state of the body, which goes against how she has portrayed herself to be thus far. Ginger, on the other hand, moves in closer and studies it. Right as she mentions her philosophy of menstruation being a curse, she is attacked by something unseen in the woods. She is dragged by her feet and mauled as Bridget watches. Bridget tries to help her sister but is useless. The audience is forced to look on in horror as Ginger screams and cries out for an end to the attack. In the midst of the chaos, Bridget manages to take a picture. The monster gets tired of maiming Ginger and runs off and gets hit by a car. As it lies dead in the street, we are finally given our first look of what the monster looks like: a werewolf. After the attack, Ginger is transformed; her wounds heal instantly once she is in the safety of her home. Instead of becoming a victim to punishment in the form of “symbolic castration,” she becomes empowered by it. This may be a reward for remaining pure.¹¹ The next morning, Ginger begins to exhibit period symptoms; cramps, back pains, etc. Her body changes in other ways as well; she grows a tail, her nails along with it, and she bleeds profusely. Bridget is aware in her sister’s metamorphosis, “something is wrong, more than you being female,” but Ginger insists that there is nothing wrong. Their relationship begins to be strained as they can no longer relate to one another. Ginger’s interests shift—her sexual appetite reveals itself and her male classmates take notice. Before the attack, Ginger dressed in large clothes that hid her figure. She trades these in for mini skirts and tight fitted shirts that show off her midriff. She smokes marijuana, adds highlights to her hair, and progressively gets more temperamental.

¹¹ Williams, “Film Bodies,” 11.

In one scene, Ginger's lust becomes an urge that she cannot ignore. She takes up the offer of one of her classmates, Jason, to have sex. Inside of his car, Ginger eagerly loses her virginity. Jason tries to establish his dominance against her but Ginger overpowers him. Her movements are aggressive and Jason seems a bit fearful of her, but he goes along for the ride. In the following days, Jason starts to exhibit behavior similar to Ginger. He is irritable and developed fangs. He tries to hide his other physical changes from his classmates, Bridget is the only one who seems to notice anything is off. She confronts him and he makes it known that Ginger is the reason for his current affliction. Passed like a sexually transmitted infection, Jason is now a werewolf as well. Unlike Ginger who gains beauty and confidence, Jason's side-effects make him appear more sickly. His skin turns red, he gets acne, and his body looks beat up and sluggish. Meanwhile, Ginger's sexual lust turns to bloodlust, and she experiences her first kill (Trina, the mean girl classmate), setting a precedent. From janitor to principal, Ginger disposes of human lives with indifference. Bridget is the only one who can halt the terror her sister causes, but she doesn't have the knowledge to stop Ginger on her own. An upperclassman, Sam, is Bridget's ticket to the answers she desperately pursues. However, Sam has a reputation of pursuing virgin girls and forcing them into having sex. Knowing this and seeing how close they have gotten, Ginger does not approve of the pair. Bridget is uninterested in any romantic relationship with Sam, and simply uses him as a way to discover and find the cure for the werewolf disease, which he does help her find through a rare plant. The young men in this film are used by our protagonists for their own gain and disposed of once they are no longer useful. This offers a contrast to how women are typically used and tossed aside in cinema, specifically

horror. In *Ginger Snaps*, if the men are not outright killed off, then once they serve their purpose they do not show up on screen again. This includes the Fitzgerald's father.

The sister's mother is a present figure in this film, unlike in *Teeth* and *Jennifer's Body*. She expresses concern and love for her daughters and tries to protect them, but is not there in the moment that they need her. Instead, she does her part by covering up for whatever danger she thinks they have caused or gotten themselves into. Her outfits are consistently bright and out of date as if she is stuck in the 1980s. She keeps up a happy outward demeanour in front of her children and her husband, all of these factors give her an unrealistic, cartoonish air. She tries to make herself available and open to them if they want to have discussions about puberty, menstruation, and coming into their womanhood. Like most teenage girls, talking to their mothers about these sort of topics are unheard of. Even so, Mother Fitzgerald makes herself available to her girls when they really need her. She does not know exactly what is going on with them (even though she is tipped off by finding a detached thumb in the backyard, then later the body of Trina in the freezer) but offers what help she can. She is prepared to leave her husband behind, blow up their house, and start over in a new town. She blames herself for what is going on with her daughters, offering an apology to Bridget, but ultimately is mostly concerned with what would happen if the townspeople found out about the body count (stating, "They'll all blame me"). The concern displayed by the Fitzgerald's mother is the first instance in which an adult outwardly takes responsibility for what is happening to their children. It is no use though, as the sister's mother ultimately plays a minor role in the attempt to cure Ginger. At the end of the film, Bridget is unable to tame the monster that Ginger becomes and is forced to watch her sister fully succumb to the monstrous disease taking over her body. By the film's conclusion, the

sister that Bridget knew and loved had long disappeared. Womanhood had transformed Ginger into a monster, and Bridget, who had still not gotten her period, is left more fearful of growing up than ever before.

The Villain and The Final Girl

As Carol Clover has famously argued, the “final girl” is presented to the audience as different from everyone else in her world. The final girl’s virtuousness is a trait that keeps her hyperaware and clear-headed when it comes to surviving until the final showdown with the slasher villain. “Her avoidance of sexual activity, her watchful paranoia which allows her to be resourceful in a pinch when danger strikes, and her boyish nature” are what Clover qualifies as the final girl’s defining traits.¹² However, in the films discussed, the attributes of the “final girl”—her racialization as white, her virginal modesty, her resourcefulness—are partially or entirely taken on by the feminine monster. For instance, in *Teeth*, Dawn is a tall, slender, conventionally beautiful young white woman with blonde hair and wide blue eyes. She is the main staple of westernized ideas of purity and meant to be shielded from anything that tries to taint that. Her home life and school both play a part in maintaining the protection. However, she can only ensure her survival through her own resourcefulness, making her into an interesting hybrid of villain *and* final girl.

Jennifer’s Body delivers two female perspectives, that of the feminine monster and that of the hybrid “final girl.” The story is narrated by our Final Girl, Needy (played by Amanda Seyfried), who, unlike Clover’s characterization, is not defined by her purity or domesticity.

¹² Clover, *Men, Women, and Chainsaws*, 39.

Instead Needy has an active sex drive, is in a functioning relationship, and is more focused on her studies and friendships than any sort of maternal calling. Needy and her best friend Jennifer Check (Megan Fox) have a bond that someone outside of them may not understand. Jennifer is the stereotypical high school mean girl; a beautiful cheerleader with biting insults, while Needy is the soft-spoken girl with her face buried in a book. None of their peers understood their friendship, some speculating that there were some homosexual undertones, or “lesbi-gay” as one girl remarks. *Jennifer’s Body* starts off with Needy in the psychiatric ward retelling the events that led her to this place. The town that they live in is called Devil’s Kettle, the name setting up a specific horror tone from the very start. Jennifer first appears onscreen in her bedroom, watching a television commercial that is showing off the feminine body; “we’re talking about butt, we’re talking about legs.” Jennifer is wearing a fitting top that exposes her midriff, and Needy obsessively watches from outside of her window. Needy is the narrator of the film and thus the one who is tasked with describing her best friend Jennifer, pointing out her character traits and the “tits” that “were her trademark.” Walking through the school hallways, it is clear that she holds a lot of attention and influence over her classmates, especially the male ones. Even Needy is wrapped around her finger. The only one who isn’t caught up in her trance is Needy’s boyfriend, Chip. Early banter between Needy and Jennifer could be described as flirtatious while simultaneously attempting to compete with one another. At some point, while playing around, Jennifer slams Needy into a door quite hard, however otherwise the love between them is clear and strong.

Jennifer drags Needy to a bar where an upcoming rock band is supposed to perform, as she has the goal to hook up with the lead singer Nikolai. The bar is the first and only time that

Jennifer shows off a nervous, vulnerable side. She stutters on her words and bounces as she speaks to Nikolai, who mistakes her eagerness for innocence and assumes a virgin. Needy, who is eavesdropping, interrupts the conversation and confirms his theory, a move she thinks is protecting her friend. Nikolai takes this as an opportunity to seduce Jennifer and set off a chain of chaos in the bar. The girls hold hands and when a spell is put on Jen through Nikolai's music, she breaks the bond by letting go and a fire starts, destroying the building and killing most of the people in attendance. Nikolai casually guides Jennifer away from the scene separating her from Needy, who begs her not to go. Abandoned and in shock, she calls Chip and he asks an important question, "where is your mom?"

As with *Teeth* and *Ginger Snaps*, the parents of the main characters in *Jennifer's Body* are next to useless. They have very little screen time and are mostly used as plot devices. This relates back to the analysis of the role of parents in conventional slasher horror films, which scholar Kyle Christensen outlines in his analysis of the unique aspects of the final girl trope depicted in *The Nightmare on Elm Street* (Wes Craven, US, 1984). As Christensen notes, the psycho-killer often serves as a paternal role in slasher horror, turning our heroine from an innocent girl to a knife-wielding monster in his own image. There are exceptions to this, as seen in the final girl of *The Nightmare on Elm Street*, Nancy (Heather Langenkamp). Christensen argues that Nancy is a model for feminism, in that she denies the serial killer Freddie Krueger (Robert Englund) the satisfaction of her stooping to his level. Instead, she uses her wit and critical thinking skills to save herself. "Nancy defies stilted constructs of violent heroism by using her mind and willpower against Freddy instead of a knife, axe, or other standard phallic

weapon.”¹³ She sets up booby traps, finds ways to wake herself up, and shows no outward fear to Freddie’s threats. No one needed to come in on a white horse at the last minute to be her protector. Her autonomy remained intact as she moves and thinks quick on her feet, improvising, without having to pick up any “phallic weapon” and in turn step into the masculine identity Freddie so desperately wants for her. Nancy, demanding sovereignty of her fate, flips the script and emasculates Freddie, turning him into the victim of her well-thought out traps. He is a monster that exists in the mind, and to defeat him, a person would have to be in tune with their entire being, both physically and spiritually. According to Christensen, Nancy’s femininity, represented in her calmness, was actually the tool she needed to triumph, distinguishing her from other Final Girls. Only someone as steadfast as Nancy would be able to overpower him, other Final Girls would not have stood a chance.

In *Jennifer’s Body*, the Final Girl faces a unique obstacle, in that the very things meant to protect her—her whiteness, her femininity, her resourcefulness—is blinding her community to the reality of Jennifer’s condition. Everyone in the town is convinced that there is a serial killer on the loose, going after the young men of the town, and they automatically gender the killer as male, limiting the possibilities off the bat. It is in these moments where the audience is introduced to Needy’s mom. It is implied that her mother is battling substance abuse issues, therefore she is useless to defend her own daughter. Needy insists that her mother has nothing to worry about, that she can take care of herself, but her mom responds “you say that, but one day you’ll cry out to me and I won’t be there”.

¹³ Kyle Christensen, “The Final Girl versus Wes Craven’s ‘A Nightmare on Elm Street’: Proposing a Stronger Model of Feminism in Slasher Horror Cinema,” *Studies in Popular Culture* 34.1 (2011): 41.

After her encounter with Nikolai, Jennifer is changed to a cannibal monster. The film follows her on the hunt for food; her preferred dish being teenage boys. When she is full, she is exuberant, beautiful, and unstoppable. When she is hungry, she is depleted, “her version of ugly,” and dangerous. As everyone in town is mourning the small town massacre, Needy is the only one who notices the changes in her best friend. As they both return to school, Jennifer acts as if nothing has happened. She is indifferent to the deaths surrounding her and to news that Needy updates her on. In fact, she makes tasteless jokes and expresses her feelings toward herself. She says things like “I am a god” and hints at her newfound attraction to Chip. Meanwhile, Low Shoulder (the group who sacrificed Jennifer) are gaining stardom as the people of Devil’s Kettle still try to put back the pieces. All of this goes on as Jennifer hunts and kills her male peers. After she eats, she is rejuvenated. She compares the killing of these men to a euphoric feeling one may categorize with sex; new energy, body tingling sensations, etc. While everyone else is framed in this gloomy and dark image, Jennifer stands out by being centered and bright, dressing in pink and other bright colors. Since she has already fed on Craig, the school’s sensitive football player, it is time for her to set her sights on new prey. She settles for Colin, the school’s token “emo” kid, who listens to punk rock and enjoys Edgar Allen Poe poetry. Though her beauty is the main factor of his initial approach, she adjusts her personality and “interests” to adapt to what he likes, a tactic to draw him in even more. Jennifer manages to lure him into an abandoned neighborhood at night. At the same time, Chip and Needy are having their own date. Seeing as the two friends are somehow supernaturally connected, whatever sinister things Jennifer does, Needy is aware of everything. She and Chip begin to engage in sex at the same time Jennifer seduces Colin. While Chip penetrates Needy they are both in bliss until she gets

flashes of Jennifer's actions. She cries out in terror, which Chip mistakes for yelps of pleasure. She stops him and he smugly asks "am I too big?," completely unaware of her fear. It is through this psychological bond that the villain is able to torture the Final Girl.

Needy watches and waits for Jennifer to pick off boys one by one, with no one else realizing or believing what she has already discovered. How could a young, beautiful girl do such horrible things? Well, Jennifer, has the perfect cover: the popular belief that only men are capable of such heinous crimes. Needy eventually ends up back at home, tearful and frantic. She cries out for her mom, but as she previously predicted, she is nowhere to be found. Jennifer, having just finished her meal, appears at the house. She acts as if nothing has happened and that she does not understand anything that Needy is telling her that she saw. Jennifer plays with her hair, teasing her, and Needy demands the truth. Instead, Jennifer slowly kisses her, a kiss that seems as if it has been building up for a while. However, Needy snaps back into reality and continues to demand answers. A flashback ensues and we finally see what happened to Jennifer the night she first met Nikolai. She is tied up by the band members, pleading for her life. Nikolai stabs her multiple times, indifferent to the life he is taking, all in the name of success. Jennifer bears the male gaze and the sadistic torture on screen that Laura Mulvey says women exist in film for.¹⁴ But, she overcomes the death and torture through the loophole of not being a virgin. Virginity would have sealed her fate, instead she is reborn into a powerful, unstoppable being that wreaks havoc. Revealing herself to her best friend makes Jennifer feel even more powerful, she voices her intentions of interest in Chip again.

¹⁴ Mulvey, "Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema," 14-26.

The reveal leaves Needy desperate and isolated, and she launches into researching answers for curing and/or destroying Jennifer. The fate of everyone in Devil's Kettle is in Needy's hands. This burden causes a rift in her relationship, and she breaks up with Chip as a way to keep him safe. It is here that the catalyst for the final showdown between villain and Final Girl begins. Prom season is nearing and the school is excited, finally starting to heal from the death they were surrounded by. It has been around a month since Colin's death, which means that Jennifer will be on the prowl once more, and prom serves as the perfect feeding ground. On the day of the dance, Jennifer prepares for food, smearing makeup all over her face and lips, looking in the mirror but not fully taking in her appearance. Leading up to prom, Chip prepares to dance alone, saddened and vulnerable just as Jennifer likes her victims, whereas Needy prepares to protect her peers and annihilate Jennifer. Jennifer wears a flowing white dress to the dance, accented with black designs. White is typically a symbol for purity, though the black accents seem to suggest her purity is tainted. She wastes no time swooping in on Chip, feeding him lies about Needy and manipulating him to lure him into an abandoned bathhouse. Chip easily falters to her manipulation and they kiss. Jennifer interrupts the moment and requests that he "say I'm better than Needy." He refuses and becomes the first boy in the film to reject her advances. Needless to say, Jennifer does not take rejection well and decides to play with him. By the time that Needy shows up, Jennifer is practically ready to feed. A showdown ensues, but interestingly features a battle of words rather than physical violence. It is in this moment that Needy understands who Jennifer is and that there is no salvaging her soul, defiantly declaring "You were never a good friend." This moment offers an interesting twist on Jonathan Markovitz's claim that "to the extent that horror films encourage us to see female paranoia as a

reasonable response to a world that is hostile to women, they can offer important critiques of existing power relationships.”¹⁵ The agent of hostility in this moment, however, is a woman, thus urging the viewer to interrogate how women’s oppression is not always equal and, in fact, often participates in patriarchal power relationships. After criticizing Jennifer’s friendship, Needy grabs hold of a giant pole and penetrates Jennifer through her abdomen, piercing the area of her womb. As Clover points out, the Final Girl usually has to take on a phallic weapon, thus embracing masculinity in order to defeat the monster.¹⁶ This symbol of masculinity embraced by Needy is comically interrupted by the monstress, who retorts “you got a tampon?” Jennifer ends up escaping, while Chip breathes his last breath. The showdown continues now at Jennifer’s house, which brings us to the scene with Needy watching her from the window. More insults are tossed between the former friends, accompanied by a fight. The girls begin to float mid-air during their battle, and ultimately, Needy gains the upper-hand. She tears off Jennifer’s “BFF” necklace and officially breaks their bond. Needy is able to stab her once more and Jennifer is finally defeated. After Jennifer’s death, the film flashed back to Needy in the psych ward. She is committed as everyone believes that she is “crazy,” a term often thrown at women in the horror genre as well as in everyday life. But, she shatters this label and its institutional authority by recalling the power she gained from overcoming her toxic relationship with Jennifer. Needy ultimately breaks out of the ward and heads back to Devil’s Kettle for revenge on the band who caused it all.

¹⁵ Jonathan Markovitz, “Female Paranoia as Survival Skill: Reason or Pathology in *A Nightmare on Elm Street?*,” *Quarterly Review of Film & Video* 17.3 (2000): 211–220.

¹⁶ Clover, *Men, Women, and Chainsaws*, 39.

Jennifer's Body reimagines the dynamic between the Final Girl and the villain by letting Needy (the Final Girl) officially defeat the evil. Due to her looks and charm, Jennifer was able to incite chaos while flying under the radar of everyone in the town. She is the epitome of societal beauty, in that she is white, slender, with beautiful blue eyes and long flowing hair. Anyone who looks at her does so with the intention of fetishizing her appearance. There is no way that one would fathom a beautiful young girl being capable of such destruction, and her appearance serves as the perfect alibi. Through the power she gained, Jennifer is able to reclaim power and punish those who sought to sexualize her without her consent. Needy, after gaining her power, seeks to create chaos for those who were to actually blame for the devastation of Devil's Kettle.

Conclusion:

All three of these films feature similar narratives; they explore what it means for a woman to be the monster of a horror film. Their victims are mainly men and they use their sexuality as a way to get close enough to these men in order to destroy them. My screenplay, *Red Hourglass*, decides to include this tactic with my main character Priscilla. While Dawn, Jennifer, and Ginger are all afflicted with supernatural powers in order to wreak such havoc, Priscilla simply uses her beauty and feminine understanding of men to be able to get away with her crime. As my screenplay critically reveals, here is not much that a rich, beautiful, young white woman cannot get away with. *Teeth*, *Ginger Snaps*, and *Jennifer's Body* explore parts of this idea with the added supernatural layer as a way to make these young girls endure some sort of painful evolution before they are allowed to have the excuse to hurt others.

All three of these characters are high-school aged with contrasting social standing amongst their peers. High school is the time where most girls feel the effects of puberty the most; periods, body hair, interest in sex. High-schoolers also experience the societal obsession with the vitality of beautiful young girls. All of these films heavily rely on humor and satirical tones to drive the narrative forward. I believe that it is a tactic to hold the audience's attention by giving them an avenue to suspend disbelief while also critiquing the genre. Dawn started out afraid of her inner monster, but ends the film finding power within herself as she learns that she is in control of it and her own pleasure. Jennifer is sacrificed in order for an unknown band to gain fame. She is not ashamed of her sexuality, in fact she owns it and is aware of how to use it to get what she desires. It is because she is not a virgin that she is not simply a casualty for the band's success. Needy is the one savior that the pubescent boys of Devil's Kettle have. She has to turn on her best friend (who she is in love with) in order to protect the town and her boyfriend (and her own heterosexuality). Lastly, Ginger is cursed by an unknown monster in the woods. She finally starts her period and is brutally attacked because of it. Her symptoms are similar to typical PMS, so no one else but Bridget is aware of what is going on. She watches her sister become something that she doesn't recognize anymore while everyone around her is saying that it is completely normal. Bridget's fear of what it means to become a woman is manifested in the horrors of Ginger's transformation. She tries everything in her power to stop it from happening, but in the end it is inevitable.

Red Hourglass explores the idea of what it means to be a woman (past the age of puberty) of privilege in the modern age. I wanted to create a character who has everything one could need and desire, but still craves to own more; another person. Priscilla isn't punished for

her sexual autonomy or fearful of the power she holds within her. Instead, society around her enables her behavior because of what she looks like and what she has. She is to be feared because she knows her capabilities and barely has to hide what she is doing. Westernized societies will always try to make her out to be a victim and turn a blind eye to crimes she commits. She is a reflection of what it is like to be the standard and to know that everyone wants to either be you, sleep with you, or protect you. While the feminine monsters in *Teeth*, *Ginger Snaps*, and *Jennifer's Body* had to learn their strengths, Priscilla has been taking advantage of it for years. There is no one to get in her way, especially if it is someone of the opposite sex. She will not be forgotten or manipulated, as she has learned from the feminine monsters before her and has beaten patriarchy at its own game.

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RED HOURGLASS

by

Wisdom Johnson

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit up from the fluorescent light of a flat screen television in the corner of the room. Moans come from it, revealing that someone is enjoying a pornographic film. Snores come from the opposite side of the room. PRISCILLA sits up against the headboard with one arm hidden beneath her blanket. Beside her, a shirtless man sleeps comfortably under that same blanket.

As his snoring continues, it interrupts Priscilla's mission and she shoots him a dirty look. She turns up the volume, but to no avail.

PRISCILLA

Hey.

Snoring gets louder.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Hey!

Nothing. She grabs the pillow out from under his head quickly, then smacks him with it.

MAN

Ahh! What the fuck?!

PRISCILLA

You have to go. You know the rules.

The Man rubs sleep from out his eyes and tries his best to relearn how to function as a human.

MAN

Really? You couldn't even give me an hour?

PRISCILLA

An hour for you to get more comfortable? Here's your shirt.

He begrudgingly gets out of the bed and slips on his boxers, followed by pants, and grabs the shirt from Priscilla. He notices the TV as he puts it on over his head.

MAN

What? I wasn't enough?

PRISCILLA

You call ten minutes "enough"?

He has no response and searches the floor for his shoes in silence. The background noise from the video doesn't help with the tension and his ego. Priscilla, unfazed, stares intensely at the screen, still trying to get off.

The Man stands for a beat, awkwardly waiting for something. Priscilla has already forgotten his presence, so he starts to leave.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Make sure to hit that bottom lock
on the front door.

He scoffs and walks out. After a bit, the front door opens then slams shut. Priscilla continues to focus on the video and reaches over to the nearby dresser. She opens to top drawer and pulls out a red rabbit. She smiles at it.

EXT. CHANEL STORE - MIDDAY

Priscilla wears a mid-length black dress, with black shades (Audrey Hepburn, *Breakfast at Tiffany's* inspired). She holds two Chanel bags in one hand and her cellphone in another. An Uber pulls up on the curb in front of her. She puts her bags in first and steps into the car gracefully.

INT. UBER - LATER

She is focused on her phone. The driver is listening to soft rock. He continuously looks into the rear-view mirror, intrigued by her beauty. The car starts to slow down and the drivers behind them voice their frustrations. Without looking up, Priscilla addresses the driver.

PRISCILLA
Please refrain from killing us, I
promise I will tip generously.

DRIVER
Apologies ma'am.

The only sounds for a while are the radio stations Driver awkwardly flips through. He clears his throat and looks back at Priscilla again. She flashes her breast with a smirk on her face. Another car beeps, catching his attention at the last moment. He swerves out of the way, missing another car. He pulls the car over and checks back at her in concern.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Are you alright?! I am so sorry.

Priscilla is positioned as she was before, focused on her phone and disengaged.

PRISCILLA

Just keep your eyes on the road.

He pulls off in a silent confusion.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Priscilla sits in front of her extravagant vanity mirror. All across the desk is various lipstick tubes, perfume bottles, and makeup brushes. There isn't one item out of place.

She stares at herself intensely as she fixes her hair into the tightest, most neat ponytail. She opens a drawer and pulls out primer, foundation, and eye shadow. Her movements are meticulous and ritualistic; resulting in a flawless face. She sets everything back to their given spots and stares back at herself for a while with indifference. She smiles, stops, then smiles again. She leans in for a closer look, still smiling, studying the contours of her face.

She hops up and walks over to her walk-in closet. Her hands run across the long, tidy line of exorbitant clothing. She picks out an outfit and lays them on her bed.

Beside her bed is a speaker, she connects her phone to it and plays **Hans Zimmer** instrumentals. She drops her slip dress on the ground and heads out the room.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Priscilla files through her wine rack and pulls out a bottle of something expensive. She has a specialized red corkscrew with initials "P.R." engraved. She pours herself a glass and throws it back quickly and effortlessly before pouring another.

She gets an incoming FaceTime call from Mother Reese. Priscilla sighs and takes a swig of wine before answering.

PRISCILLA

Hello mom.

MOTHER REESE

Hello?! Priscilla?! This is your mother!

PRISCILLA

Mom, please. Stop yelling, I can hear you.

MOTHER REESE

Sorry honey. Will you be joining us at the club?

PRISCILLA

Pull the phone back a bit, I can't see your face.

MOTHER REESE

I cannot figure this thing out!

PRISCILLA

What time are you and Daddy going?

MOTHER REESE

Around 4. Would you like the car to come get you?

PRISCILLA

Why not.

MOTHER REESE

See you later then dear. Will you be bringing someone?

PRISCILLA

You always ask me this.

MOTHER REESE

Because you haven't brought anyone special around... not since --

PRISCILLA

Have you considered that no one is special?

MOTHER REESE

Don't say such things. I'm sure you'll meet someone tonight.

Mother Reese winks at her daughter. There is a loud crash in the background that breaks her attention away, followed by a yell.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)

Jesus! You're father is experimenting in the kitchen again, I've got to go. See you later love.

Priscilla sets her phone down on her marble counter-top. She stares at her wine glass and grabs the opened wine bottle instead before walking out.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON

A black car with deep tinted windows pulls up to the curb of the club's grand entrance. Priscilla's high heeled, well-groomed feet step out first.

The stern, broad shouldered men at the door open the door for her as she struts up the staircase.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

She is greeted by the rich and under dressed. They look on as she glides past, some stopping to shake hands or quickly chat. Most of the crowd is filled with older people. The few young men sprinkled around keep her in their line of sight.

An older man, still distinguished for his age, walks arm in arm with Mother Reese up to Priscilla; who is just as decked out as her daughter. They simultaneously kiss her on her cheeks.

MOTHER REESE

You've finally made it. You're two hours late.

PRISCILLA

There is no need for me to be standing around this stuffy place for hours. How are you Daddy?

DAD

Wonderful, sweetheart. How is the house? Are you sure you don't want something smaller?

PRISCILLA

I am fine. I love it there.

DAD

It's just got to be so quiet up there, by yourself.

PRISCILLA

My favorite kind of song. Don't worry about me.

DAD

Darling, that's all I do.

He kisses her on the cheek again as Mother Reese waves someone over. One of the young men saunters up to the

family, smiling and sizing Priscilla up. She is not impressed.

MOTHER REESE

This is Keith. Sutton and Freida's boy.

Keith holds his hand out to Priscilla, which she accepts. He holds it up to his lips and kisses it which makes her slightly recoil.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)

(to Dad)

Oh dear, I see the Reynolds. Let's have a chat with them.

Mother Reese winks at her daughter as she leaves. Priscilla rolls her eyes.

KEITH

Hi. I'm sorry if that was awkward.

PRISCILLA

It is quite alright, I know how my mother is.

KEITH

Persistent indeed. So she says you graduated from --

She tunes him out as she spots a man in her peripheral vision. Their eyes connect almost simultaneously, but the man tries to duck away before she can get a good look. The woman he was standing with is left standing confused as he bobs through the crowd. She follows after him, as does Priscilla.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

The man, BLAINE, leans on the wall with his back turned and his head tucked between a blonde woman's arm. The woman, HANNAH, consoles him and rubs his back.

The sound of Priscilla's heels gives her presence away and Blaine jumps and turns to face her. Hannah stands at his side, still confused.

PRISCILLA

Hi Blaine

Blaine immediately starts to massage his wrist.

BLAINE

Priscilla

PRISCILLA
How long has it been?

He doesn't answer, instead he grabs Hannah's hand.

HANNAH
Hi. I'm Hannah.

She holds out her other hand for Priscilla to shake, revealing a diamond on her ring finger. Priscilla sees it and looks at it and Hannah in disgust. Hannah recoils and looks over at Blaine, who is staring at the ground.

BLAINE
What do you want?

PRISCILLA
I can't greet a man I spent 4
years with?

Hannah's friendly demeanor drops.

BLAINE
Nothing with you is ever that
simple and you know it.

He releases Hannah's hand and unconsciously rubs his throat.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
So, what do you want?

PRISCILLA
Don't try to make me seem like
some kind of calculating bitch in
front of your little friend here,
Blaine.

HANNAH
Fiance actually.

PRISCILLA
Ah, she speaks up for herself too.
What a catch.

BLAINE
Look, let's not do this. Not here.

PRISCILLA
Where do you prefer we go?

BLAINE

Just leave me, LEAVE US, out of whatever is going on in your world. I told you before, I want nothing to do with you.

He grabs Hannah's hand again and starts to walk past her. Priscilla grips his arm and he freezes.

PRISCILLA

But do you remember what I told you?

She leans in and whispers in his ear. His face flushes and he starts to massage his wrist again. She lingers by his ear, then kisses him on the cheek softly.

Now that she has made herself seen, she leaves the two of them to their premarital bliss.

EXT - CAFE - MORNING

Priscilla and Mother Reese sit on the cafe's patio. They have plates of extravagant breakfast foods laid out in front of them. Mother Reese picks at the food as she goes on and on about her rich lady woes.

MOTHER REESE

And she told me that they won't be able to restock until next Monday! But your father and I are going to Cabo that same day. The shoes are so popular who even knows if they will be there once we get back! It is just so frustrating.

Priscilla scrolls on her phone, barely paying attention. She takes a bite of the complimentary croissants.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me?

PRISCILLA

Yes mother. Try the internet.

MOTHER REESE

Sweetie, I cannot even figure out how to open the Google at times.

PRISCILLA

How many people do you have working for you in the house? None of them can help you?

MOTHER REESE

A woman has her pride, Priscilla.

Priscilla rolls her eyes and they both go back to eating. The waiter comes by and fills up their glasses with mimosas. A group of men walk by their table and stare Priscilla down. She can feel the eyes, but pays them no mind. Mother Reese drinks and waves at the men beaming with pride.

The group hypes up one of the men, MANNY, and he gains the confidence to walk up to their table. Priscilla is on her Facebook and types in Blaine's name.

MANNY

Good morning. How are you beautiful ladies enjoying your breakfast?

MOTHER REESE

Oh, just fine. Where are you young men on your way to?

Blaine's page doesn't come up. She pulls up another app.

MANNY

Oh, just going for a morning walk. What are your names?

The whole time, he stares intensely at Priscilla. She searches Blaine's name again. It pops up, but she isn't allowed to see anything. She closes that and opens one more. She types in his name and clicks on his page; it says that she is blocked.

MOTHER REESE

Well, you can call me Ms. Reese, and this is my daughter Priscilla.

MANNY

That is a fitting name for such a beautiful woman.

MOTHER REESE

Oh, aren't you sweet. And handsome as well, don't you think so honey?

Priscilla focuses on the blocked page, growing angrier. She digs her manicured fingers into the side of her thigh and locks her phone. Finally, she looks up at them.

PRISCILLA

Yeah. Sure.

Her nails continue to dig into her thigh to the point where she breaks skin and some blood surfaces.

MOTHER REESE

What is that you do young man?

MANNY

I'm currently doing my residency down at Saint Francis'.

Mother Reese, ecstatic, looks at her daughter.

MOTHER REESE

A doctor! Isn't that heroic! Which field?

MANNY

Ah, pediatric psychiatry, ma'am.

MOTHER REESE

And you care for children. It's like an angel was hand delivered to us. Here...

Mother Reese digs into her purse and pulls out a little pen and notepad. She writes on it and hands a piece of it to Manny.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)

That is Priscilla's number. I would love for you two to link up in a more proper setting.

Manny is happy, but unsure of what to do. He looks at Priscilla, awaiting some sort of confirmation. As does Mother Reese. She takes a long sip of her mimosa, then haphazardly breaks the silence.

PRISCILLA

I'm free tonight.

Manny is relieved.

MANNY

I will definitely call.

He walks back to his group, who slap him on the back, and continue with their walk. Mother Reese applauds in excitement.

MOTHER REESE

And here I was, going to try and convince you to see Keith again. That man was hand delivered.

(MORE)

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)

It must be fate. I can almost see
it now.

PRISCILLA

Don't you think he is a bit...
below our tax bracket.

MOTHER REESE

Oh honey, money isn't everything.
He is a handsome man with a good
career, you have your money. Try
out love.

Priscilla looks at her phone on the table and takes a
drink.

INT. BEDROOM - WEEKS LATER

Clothes are dashed across the floor. The bed rocks slowly
and a man moans with pleasure. Priscilla straddles Manny,
whose arms are tied up to the bed frame.

Though this is new to him, Manny is clearly enjoying the
experience. Priscilla on the other hand looks detached.
Manny's eyes are closed and Priscilla blankly stares at the
wall in front of her.

After a while, she looks down at him and rolls her eyes.
She takes her hands and wraps them around his neck. His
eyes shoot open, she massages his shoulders.

PRISCILLA

Relax. I'm going to try something.
Do you remember the word?

He calms down and nods. She puts her hands around his
throat again, and softly chokes him. Manny begins to get
into it and Priscilla seems a little more interested.
Slowly, she tightens her grip and the more she squeezes,
the more intensely she rides him and the wider the grin on
her face grows.

His face begins to turn red and his arms start to flail in
the restraints. His eyes fly open.

MANNY

(strained)

MEADOW! ME-MEADOW!

His arms flail harder, but Priscilla ignores it. She
squeezes and moves faster, her eyes roll back in her head.
He struggles to get out of her grasp, which makes her hold

on tighter. Manny's face starts to turn from blue to red before passing out.

She reaches her climax and finally releases him. Taking a deep breath, she gets up and walks over to her vanity. She stares at her body in the mirror and runs her hand over her chest and stomach.

Manny comes to suddenly.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Get me out! Help!

Priscilla stares at him through the mirror and plays with her hair. He begins to struggle again.

PRISCILLA
Shh, shh. Hold on.

She walks over to him, picks up a shirt from the discarded clothes on the ground, and releases one of his handcuffs.

MANNY
What the fuck Priscilla?! What the fuck was that?

He uncuffs himself and hurriedly picks up his clothes.

PRISCILLA
You never said the word.

MANNY
I-- are you insane?! Oh my god.

He quickly puts them on, Priscilla watches from the bed, amused. He trips up as he tries to put on socks and she tries to hold back a laugh.

When he is finished, he practically runs to the door.

PRISCILLA
Manny, stop.

MANNY
Fuck you!

PRISCILLA
I'm sorry. Come here. Hear me out.

Manny pauses, but keeps his hand on the doorknob.

MANNY
What?

She walks over to him and wraps her arms around his shoulders. He recoils, but doesn't push her away.

PRISCILLA

(lowered, sensual tone)

I apologize if I pushed you past your comfort zone. I just get carried away at times. I swear I didn't hear you say anything. Once I get into it, I'm... into it. I promise, it won't happen again.

Beat. She nuzzles her face into his chest, he is still reluctant.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Do you forgive me? Because the truth is...

Dramatically, she pulls away and stares off into the distance as if she were a film noir actress. Manny softens up, his interest is peaked.

She turns back to him and intensely stares.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

You're the first man I've felt this passionate about in such a long time.

He is compelled. He slowly draws her face towards him and kisses her deeply.

MANNY

I want to be the man in your life baby.

She smiles at him and drags him back to bed.

INT. BLAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blaine shoots up from his sleep, sweaty and gasping for breath. He wakes up Hannah abruptly.

HANNAH

Babe? What is it?

He looks around his room and takes a few minutes to catch his breath. Getting out of bed, he grabs the water sitting on his nightstand.

BLAINE

N-nothing. Just a bad dream.

She pats the bed, urging him to rejoin her.

HANNAH
Come. Spill.

BLAINE
(anxiously)
It's just -- her. I knew we
shouldn't have gone to the club.
She just KNOWS you know? God!

HANNAH
Whoa, whoa. Slow down.

He takes a deep breath and sits back on the bed. He rests his head in his hands.

BLAINE
I'm sorry. Seeing her again-- Agh,
I have a headache.

Hannah rubs his back. He massages his wrists.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
She just knows how to get to me.
What buttons to push. And it's not
over. It's never over with her.
Priscilla loves to remind you just
how tight her leash is.

HANNAH
Hey, stop that. It is over. You
don't have to see her ever again
if you don't want to.

BLAINE
You don't understand.

HANNAH
Of course I do. I know how exes
can be. You're in such a different
place now. We're getting married!
Don't let her ruin these important
moments.

He lays back in bed and brings her in.

BLAINE
You're right. I love you.

He kisses the top of her head but doesn't seem any more relaxed.

EXT. PRISCILLA'S BALCONY - DAY TIME

Priscilla is sitting on a lawn chair with sunglasses and an extravagant hat, sunbathing. There is a glass of wine on the ground next to her, with an iPad in her lap, playing music.

She grows bored with the relaxation and starts browsing. Soon, she checks for Blaine's pages. She is still blocked. Shaking her head, she takes sips of wine.

PRISCILLA

This won't do.

Setting the iPad to the side, she leaves the balcony, coming back with her phone. She dials and lets the phone ring while drinking. No one picks up. Calling back to back three times in a row, the results are the same. Slamming the phone down, she storms out.

INT. PRISCILLA'S HOME - SECONDS LATER

She grabs a purse and jacket set up by the door, runs into the next room emerging with a pair of heels. Quickly, stumbling to put them on, she reaches for the keys sitting on her kitchen island.

Her phone rings and there is a pause. Frustrated at not seeing the name she wants, she lets it ring, then rushes out of the door.

INT. BLAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

A knock on a closed door.

BLAINE

Come in.

ASSISTANT

Hey, uh, you've got a gift waiting for you out here. Pretty big.

Confused, he leaves his desk and goes to the doorway. A large Devil's Ivy sits on his assistant's desk.

BLAINE

Whose it --

The assistant flicks over a card. Blaine reads it, his face drops.

ASSISTANT

Everything alright?

BLAINE

What? Yeah, yeah. Fine. Uh, would you find somewhere to put it out here? I just have to make a quick phone call.

ASSISTANT

Sure thi--

The door slams behind him. He takes a deep breath and studies the card intensely. Chucking it to the side he runs over to his window and stares out of it. Pacing around the office, he anxiously runs his fingers through his hair.

Rushing to his computer, his fingers scatter across the keyboard. Writes down some notes then grabs the jacket from the back of his chair.

The note on the floor: "I'll be waiting at our spot until 2 o'clock. I miss the way you taste."

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Priscilla leans on a wall right next to the restaurant's entrance. She smokes a cigarette, her foot quickly tapping against the pavement. She looks over and her face brightens.

Blaine is standing a distance away, unwilling to get any closer. She pats on her knees urging him to come to her as if he were a puppy. Laughing at his reaction, she tosses the cigarette away.

PRISCILLA

Come on. I'll get you a medium rare.

She opens the door and enters the restaurant. Blaine waits until it closes, and weighs his options.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVEN LATER

Two empty martini glasses on one side of the table. Priscilla is sitting back in her chair, she lays the tablecloth on the table on her lap as if she was taught. Blaine clears his throat. She takes out her purse and reapplies lipstick.

BLAINE

Look, this isn't a social call. I've sat here cordially. What do you want?

PRISCILLA
 You could never just enjoy the
 moment.

Pause. She snaps for the waiter to come over, which he promptly obliges. She holds out her glass for a refill.

WAITER
 Would you like to order?

PRISCILLA
 (simultaneously with
 Blaine)
 Why yes! About time.

BLAINE
 (simultaneously with
 Priscilla)
 We're good.

He glares at her, she stares at the menu.

PRISCILLA
 I'll take ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh-
 Châteaubriand. Medium well.

WAITER
 Might I recommend medium rare? Our
 chef--

PRISCILLA
 Do I look like a woman who needs
 to be told what she wants?

Embarrassing pause. She tosses her menu at him.

WAITER
 My apologies ma'am. And for you
 sir?

Blaine shakes his head and hands him his menu.

PRISCILLA
 Oh come on. Not even a drink?
 He'll take a neat Scotch.

She snaps the waiter away.

BLAINE
 Why do you have to act like that?

PRISCILLA

How is your girl? Helena right? She's cute I guess. If you like the rustic look. You're looking much thinner, darling. Is Cowboy Barbie not feeding you?

BLAINE

Don't talk about her.

The waiter comes back to the table with drinks. Blaine focuses on Priscilla while she happily gulps down some of her martini.

PRISCILLA

(noticing his eyes)

Drink up.

BLAINE

What do you want Priscilla?

She releases a deep sigh, her demeanor loosening up a bit.

PRISCILLA

Don't you miss this? Us?

BLAINE

Nope.

PRISCILLA

(shocked)

You can't just delete me from your life Blaine. What we had was... electric. Not something you can just toss away for... lackluster missionary.

BLAINE

I am happy okay. Happier than I've ever been with you, you psychotic fuck!

PRISCILLA

(lowered tone)

Ooh. That's not very nice.

Waiter returns with her plate. It is sizzling hot.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't want one? I remember it being your favorite.

The waiter stands, awaiting further instruction.

BLAINE

God! You haven't changed at all
have you?

Priscilla waves the waiter away and sips her drink coyly.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Get it through your head... We are
DONE. I don't want anything to do
with you ever again, okay? So just
stop. Don't send things to my job.
No lunch. Nothing! It is over.

PRISCILLA

Oh Blaine. I love how take charge
you've become.

Her fingers dance over the steak knife on her plate. He
notices and watches carefully.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

But, sadly for you and Heather,
I'm not done with you.

He looks up at her then back down to her hand.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

I'm not just going to just let you
go. Let her have you? After all
the work I put in? That's absurd.

BLAINE

Y-you can't...

She grips the knife quickly, and points it a bit toward
him. He flinches. She throws her head back laughing.

PRISCILLA

Why so jumpy, love?

BLAINE

Fuck you!

His chair knocks to the ground as he gets up to leave.

PRISCILLA

(laughing)

Oooh no. Don't be like that. Fine.
I'll see you soon!

She reaches over to the abandoned plate and brings the
steak to hers.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Priscilla washes her hands and dries them. She is decked out in a full lingerie set. Her hair is down. Music plays from outside. She dances in the mirror and checks herself out. Touching her body, teasing her hair up. Muffled calls overpower the music.

She gives an annoyed look to the door.

PRISCILLA

Shut up!

The sounds stop. Priscilla admires herself once more. She puts her hair up in a ponytail and blows a kiss to herself.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Priscilla walks into the room, slowly and seductively. Manny's arms and legs are restrained to the bed. His eyes are wide and his mouth is stuffed with stockings.

PRISCILLA

You look good like that.

His incoherent response makes her giddy. Over at the side of the bed, she runs her hands over his body, he twitches. She pulls the stocking from his mouth and wipes saliva from his face.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Remember what I told you?

He nods nervously.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Tell me.

MANNY

If I feel uncomfortable at any point, snap my fingers twice.

PRISCILLA

What else?

MANNY

Stay quiet.

PRISCILLA

And...

He hesitates. She waits. Breaking the silence, she slaps him in the face.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

AND-

MANNY

And I am pathetic scum. It is an honor to be punished by you.

PRISCILLA

Much better.

Priscilla grips his wrists, he cries out. She tightens and digs her nails in.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

How's that?

MANNY

Aghh... Good.

She mounts him and lets her hair loose. Gently, a hand wraps around his neck. The other caresses his face. She stares at him for a while and he looks at her confused.

Abruptly, she moves her head toward his, which makes him jump and slam their heads together.

PRISCILLA

Ah! What the fuck!

MANNY

I'm sorry! I just - You scared -

She shoves the stocking into his mouth forcefully.

PRISCILLA

Shut up.

She grabs his neck again and squeezes. His coughs are muffled. His arms flail just a bit. Her anger subsides the more he struggles. He snaps once.

Her face closes in on his, slowly this time. When they are eye-to-eye...

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Turn your head.

He turns his head to the side and she examines it. She licks from his neck to the top of his ear.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Mmm. You taste so much like him.

She leans back with her eyes closed and head faced to the ceiling. Her arms rest on his chest.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Tell me you love me.

Manny looks wide eyed at her, unable to answer. She takes the sock out of his mouth.

MANNY
I... Uhh... I...

Her face drops.

PRISCILLA
Say it.

MANNY
It's just... we only been - I
can't say it if I don't feel it P.
I mean, I've enjoyed our time
together. All of this freaky shit
I didn't even know I was into.
But, it's been a short while. Not
saying I won't, I just... can't
say it right now.

She reflects on this answer, but doesn't like it. Her mouth tightens. Shoving the socks back into his mouth, she gets off the bed.

PRISCILLA
Hmm. You men are all the fucking
same.

MANNY
Huh?

PRISCILLA
You lie for your own gain, but
can't lie when it means something.
It could be so simple.

MANNY
I'm sorry but--

PRISCILLA
Shut up!

She walks over to the other side of the bedroom, taking out a cheap unopened bottle of wine from her dresser. She grabs a corkscrew from up top. Once she opens it, she drinks straight from the bottle. Walking back over to Manny, she pours some on to his chest.

Manny loudly mumbles through the gag in protest.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
 You're not a fucking doctor.

There is hesitation and then realization in his facial expression. Priscilla paces.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
 I looked you up as soon as we decided to go out. You're a liar. Trying to what? Fuck your way into wealth? Yet, I gave you so many opportunities to confess.

She takes another swig, walks around the bed. Stopping in front of him, she looks back and forth between the bottle and the corkscrew. Her finger runs across the sharp end.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
 I am so so so tired. Of lies. Betrayal. Deceit. How could you marry her?

She takes the socks out of his mouth once more. He spits a bit and clears his throat.

MANNY
 I'm sorry that I lied. But, I didn't think a beautiful girl like you would want to be with me if she really knew me. Especially with your mother around... If we're going to have this talk, can you at least untie me.

PRISCILLA
 I just don't see what is is about her. I am so much more sophisticated, beautiful, and knowledgeable. What is it about her?

MANNY
 Who?

PRISCILLA
 That-- That bottle blonde bitch.

MANNY
 What are you talking about?

She grips the sides of her head. The corkscrew pricks her finger and she reacts. She watches a small drop of blood appear on the tip of her finger. Squeezing it, more blood comes out, which she smears on his face.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Ahh! What the -- stop!

Priscilla smiles, but obliges.

PRISCILLA
You are pathetic. Nothing before I
met you, and you'll be nothing
after.

MANNY
Crazy bitch! Untie me!

PRISCILLA
Nah.

Leaning down, she digs her elbow into his abdomen. He
flinches and cries out.

MANNY
You're insane.

PRISCILLA
There are just three little words
I want to hear. You can keep the
rest.

MANNY
Fuck you.

PRISCILLA
Shame.

Slowly, she brings up the corkscrew in between his eyes.
His eyes widen and she loves it. She rubs the tip across
his eyebrows.

MANNY
(whispering)
Don't.

She moves the screw, tracing it down his earlobe to his
neck. She places her lips to his forehead, eyes closed.

PRISCILLA
(softly)
I'll never let her have you.

Their eyes connect for a minute. Manny breathes heavily,
trying to convince her with everything but words. Breaking
contact, her focus is on the headboard.

The corkscrew suspends in the air then quickly jabs into
his neck. Blood spurts out from the wound. He coughs,

making it splatter even more. She hesitates for a minute, in awe.

He tries to move his hands to save himself, to no avail. In the midst of the struggle, Priscilla excitedly sticks it into the other side of his neck. Then drags it across the width of his throat.

Manny cries out in agony. A smirk starts to spread across her face. She traces her fingers around the blood that drips down and examines it. She sits on top of him, steady, as he bucks like a wild bull.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Shh... shh.

Priscilla covers his mouth with one hand and plugs his nose with the other. She waits until he tires out completely, then lets out a deep breath of her own. She gets up from the bed, Manny is completely passed out. The corkscrew remains tight in her grasp. Staring from it to the body, a light begins to ignite inside of her.

Once more, she drives the corkscrew down toward him, aiming for his head this time. Just as the screw is about to reach him --

INT. MALL - MIDDAY

Blaine walks with Hannah, hand in hand through store after store. He holds the majority of shopping bags, as she chatters away. Every once in a while he glances at her and smiles to himself.

Something catches his eye and he turns toward the Chanel store. His eyes linger for a while and his stride slows.

HANNAH

You alright, babe?

BLAINE

Huh? Oh, yeah. Sorry.

They continue to walk, but he keeps a side eye on the store.

INT. MALL - LATER

Hannah has gotten more bags and they lay on the ground by their feet, while she and Blaine are on a bench.

HANNAH

Hungry?

BLAINE

Starving.

HANNAH

You want food food? Or a snack? We could pick up a pizza or something on our way home.

BLAINE

Hmm... I'm feeling some frozen yogurt right now. We'll get pizza and wings and catch up on Thrones.

HANNAH

A man after my own heart.

They kiss.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Go ahead. I'll watch our stuff. I want --

BLAINE

Strawberry with whipped cream, rainbow sprinkles, marshmallow sauce, and cheesecake bites.

She beams. He winks.

HANNAH

I love you so much.

BLAINE

Back at you beautiful.

He walks in the opposite direction, Hannah watches him walk away for a bit.

The shoppers pass by like a blur. He has tunnel vision directed toward the yogurt place. His eyes dart back and forth between sections and his phone, casually.

A set of footsteps approach and stand out amongst all of the other noise.

The heels get increasingly louder until it catches Blaine's attention. As he looks up, a woman bumps hard into his shoulder.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Ah! I'm sorry.

The woman keeps walking, her face shielded by huge sunglasses and sun hat. She wears a floor length black

dress with a deep slit on the side. Her red strappy stilettos were the cause of the commotion.

He stares at her back while she walks. Squinting, then recognizing.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Priscilla?

He hesitates, checks his surroundings, then looks back to check again. The woman is gone.

Confused, he frantically looks all around him while standing in one spot. Onlookers are a bit skeptical of him as they walk by. He receives a text.

HANNAH: Can you grab me a seltzer? I think they have them in the Nordstrom Cafe.

Still shaken up, he heads to the yogurt place.

EXT. PRISCILLA'S BALCONY - DAY

Priscilla lays out on her lawn chair with a book turned over on an unfinished page and a melting margarita to her side.

Mother Reese rushes in, dressed to the nines. She slips off her white gloves and claps her hands together.

MOTHER REESE
 What are you doing darling?
 Lounging around like this! The
 party starts in an hour.

Lazily, Priscilla removes her sunglasses and glares at her mother.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)
 Don't you dare look at me like
 that. I sent you several reminders
 to be ready at this time.

PRISCILLA
 Ugh. But why do I have to be
 there? I go to every party. What
 is different about this one?

MOTHER REESE
 It is the fact that you go to all
 of them that you must come to this
 one too.

(MORE)

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)
 How will it look if you come to
 the measly social parties but not
 to the one your own parents throw
 for 27 years of wedded bliss.

PRISCILLA
 Blech.

Mother Reese ushers her out of the chair, with slight protest from her daughter. But she wins, as mothers always do.

Begrudgingly, Priscilla gets up, kicking over the margarita onto her mother's shoes. They simultaneously gasp.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
 I'm so sorry, Mom!

Her eyes close and she takes a few deep breaths to compose herself.

MOTHER REESE
 It is alright, dear. This is why
 one always buys two pairs.

PRISCILLA
 I'll have these ones cleaned and
 brought back to you.

She bends down to tend to her mother's feet. Mother Reese kicks her foot back.

MOTHER REESE
 Priscilla! Don't worry about it.
 Go get dressed. Now!

Priscilla hops to her feet and heads into the house. Mother Reese kicks off the shoes and plops herself down in the lawn chair in a huff.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)
 (yelling into the house)
 And make me one of those while
 you're in there, will you? It's
 scorching out here!

She holds her hand up to block the sun from her eyes, and fans her face with the gloves.

EXT. BALCONY - A LITTLE LATER

Priscilla comes out in a form fitting red dress that flatters every part of her. Her hair is tied up, with a few

loose strands brushing her face. Her makeup is in full force. She holds a glass of frozen margarita out to her mother.

PRISCILLA
Ready to go?

MOTHER REESE
Is that what you're wearing?

PRISCILLA
What's wrong with it?

She scrutinizes all of her while sipping from her glass.

MOTHER REESE
Well, nothing if you like it. This is good, what's in it?

PRISCILLA
(dryly)
I added some mango schnapps and coconut flavoring.

MOTHER REESE
Mmm.

She throws the drink back and Priscilla is unfazed. She hands the newly empty glass back to her daughter and holds her head.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)
Ahh! Fuck's sake!

PRISCILLA
I don't know why you thought that would be a good idea.

MOTHER REESE
Be quiet! I like my alcohol quick. You shouldn't have made it so cold. Trying to kill your own mother.

She gathers her purse and slips her gloves on. Priscilla rolls her eyes. Mother Reese replaced her heels with an expensive pair of house slippers. Priscilla picks up the ruined pair.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)
And darling, would it kill you to put on some pearls or a fur? If you're gonna have your breasts out, at least give the eye something classy to turn to.

With that, she walks out. Her daughter follows close behind, clearly annoyed.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Priscilla sits at a table by herself. There is a pitcher of beer but one cup. The setting isn't one she would ever be seen in. A baseball game plays on mute with classic rock accompanying it.

Men filter in and out, all taking an extra long look at her as they pass. She acts as if she doesn't know or care about their stares. Meticulously, she refills her glass, making sure to show off the sparkling jewelry on her wrist.

A small group of men in suits walk in the bar chatting amongst themselves. Before even finding a table, one after the other notices Priscilla. They give each other smirks and pick one with the best view.

As they settle in, one of them is prompted to order from the bar. The winner gets up and struts around like a peacock, trying to catch her eye. The men laugh and cheer him on.

She is unimpressed, minding her own business. The men giddily whisper to one another, trying to convince someone to say something. The same man comes back with his own pitcher in one hand and a martini in the other, the bartender comes behind with mugs for the men.

In one quick movement, he slips the martini onto her table, the pitcher to his, and rounds back to sit in front of her.

MAN IN SUIT

Hello.

Priscilla looks at the new drink and back at the man who holds his hand out. She doesn't accept either.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

Cold one, aren't you? That's for you.

PRISCILLA

What makes you think I would drink this?

MAN IN SUIT

You're way too pretty for the shitty beer this place has. Pretty girls needs a drink to match.

PRISCILLA

Cute. But I don't take drinks from strangers. You could be some sort of freak.

MAN IN SUIT

My name is --

The door to the bar opens again, Blaine and another man walk in, holding an entertaining conversation. The men already seated call out to them. Blaine locks eyes on Priscilla almost automatically.

She gives him a slight wave, while he rushes over.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

Hey! Buddy, glad you could make it out.

They shake hands. Blaine maintains focus on her.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

Be back in a second, gorgeous. Let me set ol' Blaine here up. First round is on me.

The old lovers remain in an eye locked battle, with rapid communication passing through them.

PRISCILLA

He can have this one. I'll get my own.

MAN IN SUIT

Nonsense, that's for you beautiful.

PRISCILLA

I insist. It looks like Blaine is going to need something a little stiffer than beer.

An awkward moment passes between the three of them.

MAN IN SUIT

You guys... know each other?

PRISCILLA

Something like that

BLAINE

(at the same time)

No

Man in suit is confused but backs off.

MAN IN SUIT

I'll uh, catch up with you in a few Blaine.

When he walks away, he holds up his thumbs and nods in approval. He proceeds to gesture obscenely before turning to laugh with the other men.

PRISCILLA

Have a seat.

BLAINE

What are you doing here?

PRISCILLA

Having a drink. Or 3. You really told that man that you didn't know me. How rude.

BLAINE

Are you following me?

PRISCILLA

Don't be ridiculous, this is a popular bar.

BLAINE

This is nowhere you would ever be. God, are you insane?

PRISCILLA

You don't know me anymore. I come to places like this all the time.

BLAINE

We come here on Wednesdays almost every week.

PRISCILLA

Is that right? Life is funny.

Blaine grows angry, clenching his fists.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

You're not gonna make me finish this pint by myself. Come on, sit down.

BLAINE

(a little too loudly)

I am not playing around! Leave me the fuck alone!

Some of his coworkers look over. Man In Suit does as well.

Priscilla smiles, with gritted teeth.

PRISCILLA
Calm your tone. You're
embarrassing yourself.

MAN IN SUIT
Everything alright?

BLAINE
(frustrated)
Fine.

He stomps over to the group and pours himself a beer.

MAN IN SUIT
Sorry about my friend over there.
Did he say something to bother
you?

PRISCILLA
Oh, no. He's an old friend of
mine. We ended on bad terms. Just
doesn't get that I want to drink
alone.

He helps himself to the seat again.

MAN IN SUIT
Well, a lady that looks like you
should never have to.

PRISCILLA
Look. I am... flattered. But, I'm
just not buying what it is that
you're selling alright?

MAN IN SUIT
Hey, hey. I can catch a hint. But
this won't be the last time we run
into each other gorgeous. I'll be
counting on that.

He gets up from the table, digs in his jacket pocket and
hands her a few bills.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)
Beer on me. I insist.

He winks. She groans, gathers her things and leaves.

INT. BLAINE AND HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blaine and Hannah lay down on their couch, legs tangled together. The television plays a movie that neither one is interested in. Hannah absentmindedly runs her fingers through his hair as they both focus on their phones.

HANNAH

What do you think of Hydrangeas?

Long pause as he deeply stares at his screen. She lightly hits his shoulder.

BLAINE

Huh?

HANNAH

Hydrangeas. Centerpiece. What do you think?

BLAINE

Babe, you know I know nothing about botany.

HANNAH

Here.

She shows him a picture. He nods in approval.

BLAINE

Pretty. Like you.

She blushes and quickly hides her face behind her phone.

HANNAH

You're so corny. Do you know when you'll be free to look at the locations?

BLAINE

How many are we down to now?

HANNAH

Four.

BLAINE

Hmm, what about Saturday?

HANNAH

You sure you have the time?

BLAINE

Of course. I'll always make you a priority.

He leans over and kisses her on the forehead. At the same time, his phone rings. He jumps up from the couch quickly.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Sorry! Gotta take this.

He rushes out of the room, whispering on the phone. Hannah watches after him, confused. She turns the volume down on the movie, but isn't able to hear anything. Eventually, she turns it back up and distractedly watches.

Blaine comes back into the room, plopping down and grabbing her legs to place on him.

HANNAH
Who was that?

BLAINE
Oh, I got a new client.

HANNAH
What are they doing calling so late?

BLAINE
I know, these guys never understand boundaries. After I get him settled, I'll get him straight.

His phone rings again. Hannah tries to get him to hand her the phone, he hangs up on them.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Unknown number.

He turns his phone off, and tosses it to the side of the side.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
What part are we at? I can't remember.

HANNAH
We haven't been paying attention at all. Wanna start it over?

BLAINE
Let's just watch something else.

She picks up the remote and points to the TV.

EXT.POOLSIDE - DAY

Priscilla sits on a lawn chair at her country club's pool. She wears shades and holds up a magazine to block the sun from hitting her. It is semi-full due to the beautiful weather. Young and old men alike admire her from a respective distance.

She scrolls on her phone, opening up a dating app. Every man that she comes across receives a like, she matches with most.

After a while a man comes into the pool area, running and diving right in. The water splashes all over her, which she clearly is not happy about. When he rises out of the water, a few of the other patrons scold him. He realizes his mistake and swims over to the edge near her.

CODY

I am so sorry.

She grabs the towel at the end of the chair and delicately dries off her legs.

CODY (CONT'D)

The water looked too good to pass up.

PRISCILLA

If that's a legitimate excuse to act like a buffoon.

CODY

Hey, can't blame me for enjoying the water on such a beautiful day.

Silence passes between them. Priscilla folds up the towel and lays it back down at her feet.

PRISCILLA

I get it. I guess I can forgive you, I look better when wet regardless.

CODY

Agreed.

He lifts himself out of the pool and grabs the same towel to dry himself off.

PRISCILLA

That's mine, sir.

CODY

Possessive, are we?

He dries off his hair for a bit, then tosses the towel to the side, air drying the rest. He occupies the seat next to her.

CODY (CONT'D)

I'm Cody.

PRISCILLA

I don't remember asking.

CODY

Ouch.

PRISCILLA

Priscilla.

CODY

Beautiful. Fitting.

He holds a hand out for her to shake. She hesitantly obliges. He holds her hand up to his lips and kisses it.

CODY (CONT'D)

Pleased to make your acquaintance.

PRISCILLA

...Likewise.

They settle into their respective seats, hyper-aware of the others presence.

CODY

So... how often are you here?

PRISCILLA

Why do you ask?

CODY

I obviously have to fit you into my schedule now.

PRISCILLA

Oh, so you plan on stalking me now?

CODY

I wouldn't say it exactly like that.

PRISCILLA

Good. You don't even know me.

CODY

But I'd like to.

Priscilla slightly blushes, but quickly catches herself and tightens up her demeanor. A kid runs in between them, yelling loudly, knocking into Priscilla's chair and her magazine falls to the ground.

CODY (CONT'D)
Hey! Watch it!

PRISCILLA
Fucking kids.

They both lean over to grab the magazines, their hands touch. The perfect meet-cute. He looks up at her with desire.

CODY
Would it be alright if I, uh,
called you sometime?

Priscilla swiftly takes the magazine back and leaves her chair. She walks away, but turns around once more.

PRISCILLA
Tell you what, if I run into you
again... I'll think about it.

He watches her as she struts away.

INT. SKETCHY BAR - NIGHT

Priscilla waits in a bar that is way below her pay grade. She sits at the bar with empty chairs on either side of her. It is pretty empty with obnoxiously loud music. The bartender quietly keeps her company, staring at her chest and cleaning off his equipment.

She casually sips a canned beer through a straw, swinging her legs a little, as a bored child would. She slightly winces at the taste of the cheap beer, due to an extensive palate.

She wears a fitted, but comfy v-neck top, with high waist pants and stilettos. The most "normal" she has appeared yet.

Leaning over the bar, she yells something to the bartender, but it is drowned out by the music. She has to repeat herself a few times before he moves to turn down the music.

PRISCILLA
Thank you!

She returns to her drink, scoping out the scene. The only other bodies in attendance were older, working class men

who had come right after a shift. Sweat stains under their armpits showing through off-white shirts, overalls with dirt brown knees, worn down Timberland boots. Some regard her with fucked up smiles and ragged hairlines. Her lip stiffens up at the sight of them.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Hey, garçon! Get me a mai-tai!

BARTENDER

Sorry sweetheart, ran out of the curaçao a while ago.

PRISCILLA

Fine. A margarita will do.

BARTENDER

My specialty.

The door opens, a few young men walk in, college age. One holds a skateboard with ripped up sneakers and hair blocking his vision. The others were shaved to the scalp in similar outfits. They were rowdy and a bit boisterous. They grab a table, the bartender lays down her drink then immediately serves them a pitcher of beer.

Priscilla watches them closely, it isn't until the drinks are poured out that one of them notices her. They slap the others arms for attention. Hyped up on unnecessary testosterone, they cannot control their excitement.

She sips from her new drink and smiles at them. She rewards them with a wave before turning back around to the bar.

PRISCILLA

(to herself)

Five... four... three... two...

SKATEBOARD BOY

H-hi.

She slowly swivels around to face him, he backs up nervously.

PRISCILLA

Hello.

SKATEBOARD BOY

Can I - get you a drink.

She raises hers up.

PRISCILLA

Handled.

SKATEBOARD BOY
Right... right. You mind if I -

He motions to the chair, she shrugs, and he hurriedly sits next to her.

SKATEBOARD BOY (CONT'D)
I'm, uh, my name is -

His friends whoop at the table as one chugs his drink.

SKATEBOARD BOY (CONT'D)
Ignore them. They're idiots.

PRISCILLA
Done

SKATEBOARD BOY
So, uh, what brings you here?

PRISCILLA
Would you believe me if I said the
ambiance?

SKATEBOARD BOY
Funny. But what would a pretty
girl like about being around a
bunch of sweaty dudes halfway in
the dark? Sure is brave.

PRISCILLA
I'm a big girl, I can take care of
myself.

SKATEBOARD BOY
Oh, for sure. Women empowerment
and all that. I dig it.

She stares at him for a minute. He nervously adjusts his hair, trying to keep it out of his eyes. She sets her drink down and calmly grabs his shirt collar to pull him in.

PRISCILLA
(whispering in his ear)
You wanna get out of here?

SKATEBOARD BOY
(excitedly)
Absolutely.

She throws cash onto the bar, a \$50 bill.

PRISCILLA
Want a drink before we go?

SKATEBOARD BOY
Yes! Let's do shots.

PRISCILLA
I like the way that you think.
Garcon! Four shots of gin!

SKATEBOARD BOY
You're not playing around

Bartender lays out the glasses and pours the gin to the top. Priscilla grabs one and throws it back easily.

PRISCILLA
The night's just getting started.

EXT. BAKERY - DAY

Priscilla cuts open a flaky chocolate croissant out of the box of various sweets she and Mother Reese have laying on their table.

PRISCILLA
Mmm. I just love the smell of these.

MOTHER REESE
Yes dear. Be mindful of how many you are eating.

PRISCILLA
Mother, even if I was fat, I would be the sexiest fat woman to ever exist.

MOTHER REESE
Priscilla please.

She rolls her eyes and peels back parts of the croissant, examining and savoring each bite.

PRISCILLA
MMMMMMMMMMM... Sooooooood
goooooooood.

MOTHER REESE
Why are you so difficult?

PRISCILLA
(mouthful of food)
Better question is, why would you buy a box full of shit you don't want either of us to eat.

MOTHER REESE

We are supporting a new thriving business in the neighborhood.

PRISCILLA

Sure, sure. So you don't want this orange scone?

Priscilla reaches in the box, pulling out the scone. Mother Reese and her have a stare off as Priscilla slowly brings it to her mouth. Mother Reese loses and snatches it out of her hand.

MOTHER REESE

(laughing)

Give me that. Pain in the ass.

Beat.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)

So, what did you get up to last night? I heard you got in pretty late, or should I say early?

PRISCILLA

Heard from who?! Ugh, never mind. I just hung out at one of the girls' and we did a night out. Hit a few new clubs. Nothing special.

MOTHER REESE

Uh-huh. How's that Manny? Haven't heard his name in a while.

PRISCILLA

Oh, him? Could have sworn I told you we stopped seeing each other a few weeks ago.

MOTHER REESE

No, Priscilla! He was a doctor.

PRISCILLA

Calm down. He was lying mother.

MOTHER REESE

Lying? The nerve! Who does that?! And to someone's mother.

PRISCILLA

A man. Give them an inch, they'll lie and say they never got it.

MOTHER REESE

I will toast to that.

They raise their sweets and take bites together.

MOTHER REESE (CONT'D)

You're lucky to have a mother as wise as I am. I'm sure you've gotten that from one of my handbooks.

PRISCILLA

Sure, Iliana.

MOTHER REESE

What did I tell you about that?

She swats Priscilla with the napkin on her lap. At the same time, Hannah walks by the bakery, sans Blaine. Hannah is distracted by her phone conversation and power walks to her next destination.

HANNAH

Okay! Okay! I am down the block, I swear. Stall for a few more minutes please. And save me some champagne.

Priscilla is visibly irked in her seat, but her mother doesn't notice the shift. She throws her croissant onto the table and rushes up.

PRISCILLA

Be right back. These things go right through you this early.

MOTHER REESE

Ugh. Keep that to yourself young lady.

Priscilla rushes into the store, then out of the door just outside of her mother's line of sight. She follows Hannah, making sure to keep a good distance between them.

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - LATER

Hannah, her mother, and a few friends gather around to collect arms full of dresses. They laugh and take sips out of champagne flutes while heading to the dressing room.

Priscilla sticks to the front of the shop, trying to remain incognito while glaring at Hannah's party. An employee watches her curiously.

She absentmindedly flips through the dresses on the rack, peeking behind them to get a good view.

BRIDAL EMPLOYEE

Can I help you with anything,
ma'am?

PRISCILLA

(quietly)

Oh, no. Not at all. Just browsing.

BRIDAL EMPLOYEE

Okay. Let me just say that I would
love to see you in a mermaid
style. You're shape is fantastic.
I'm sure the groom would agree
too.

An exclamation comes from Hannah and her guests. They
simultaneously gasp, shriek, and tear up.

BRIDAL EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Seems like they've got a winner.
Excuse me.

Hannah walks out of the dressing room in a ballgown dress
that made her look beautiful. Priscilla's breath hitches,
tightly grabbing the nearest dress. She is fuming while
trying to remain unseen.

HANNAH

Mom... I love it. I love it so
much.

They hug and cry in each others arms. The rest of them
applaud in approval while the bridal employee comes out
with a veil to place over her head.

Priscilla's phone rings. She quickly drops the dress that
clings in her hands to the ground and rushes out of the
store. Mother Reese calls, but she lets it go to voicemail.

She makes a beeline back to the bakery after getting down
one block.

CODY

Hey! I found you.

She turns around and Cody is standing in the doorway of a
pub. Her demeanor completely shifts, she is genuinely
surprised and interested in his presence.

PRISCILLA

You did.

CODY

So, thinking about giving me that
number?

Entertained, she paces in a small semi circle around him.

PRISCILLA
You clean up very well.

Feeling himself, he straightens up a non-existent tie and dusts off the front of his button up.

CODY
Well, we both know I don't need to compliment you.

PRISCILLA
It wouldn't hurt. How did you find me anyway? You following me now?

CODY
I'd never admit that to you if I was. But actually, I was just meeting with some old friends. This would kind of be our go to. Would you like to join us?

On cue, Mother Reese calls back.

PRISCILLA
I would take you up on it, but I kind of abandoned my mother at a bakery.

CODY
Uh?

PRISCILLA
Long story.

She answers the call but mutes it.

MOTHER REESE
(through the phone)
Where the fuck did you go?! You better have a good explanation for this young lady! Hello? HELLO?

PRISCILLA
Give me your phone.

CODY
Shouldn't you...

PRISCILLA
Want my number or not?

He quickly hands her his phone and she puts her number in. She hands it back and when he reaches for it, she pulls away teasingly. Then hands it back.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Don't call after 9.

CODY
Bedtime?

PRISCILLA
Something like that.

She turns away and finally answers her mom, walking down the block.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Sorry. Sorry! No, I haven't been kidnapped. I was just- calm down! Listen, listen!

Cody laughs, she looks back and waves him off. He waves goodbye.

MONTAGE - PRISCILLA AND CODY GET CLOSER, PRISCILLA KILLS

A) Park - Priscilla meets Cody, he holds two ice cream cones.

B) Priscilla's Bedroom - She lays on top of a lifeless body, covered in blood, stroking the hair.

C) Restaurant - Both are dressed up and laughing over expensive dishes. Priscilla feeds him off of her plate.

D) Priscilla's Living Room - She dances around the floor, wine bottle in hand, using it as a microphone. A body sits up on the plastic covered couch. Blood pools from its throat onto the floor.

E) City - They walk around hand in hand. Priscilla holds a latte. Cody points to the city bikes and tries to convince her to take a ride. She rigidly refuses.

F) Various moments of Priscilla stabbing men. Blood spatter on her face. Pleased smile plastered to her.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. CODY'S CAR - SUNSET

Cody leans against his car with Priscilla in his arms, both facing the setting sun.

CODY
This is... perfect.

PRISCILLA
I'd have to agree.

CODY
Hey, Reese?

She turns to him.

CODY (CONT'D)
I like this. Us. We should do this for real.

PRISCILLA
It's only been a few weeks, Cody. Why rush?

CODY
I wouldn't call it rushing.

PRISCILLA
I haven't even been to your place, you haven't been to mine.

CODY
You wanna see my place? We can head there right now.

PRISCILLA
That's not my point. Things are going great, yeah. But I think we should go slow. You know I just got out of something serious. It's still raw.

CODY
Oh...

PRISCILLA
Don't be like that. There is so much time for us. So many secrets to uncover about each other.

CODY
(hesitantly)
Secrets?

PRISCILLA

You know, which side of the bed you prefer and what movies you secretly watched 20 times that would have your film critic card revoked.

He smiles and holds her again.

CODY

That sounds nice.

PRISCILLA

Besides, you've been really been helping me get over the past. You and therapy. I think you're really good for me.

CODY

How cheesy.

She slaps him playfully and he laughs.

CODY (CONT'D)

I think you're good for me too Reese. And you can tell me any of your secrets. I'm not going anywhere.

PRISCILLA

Promise?

Holds out her pinky finger, he laughs again

CODY

Promise.

They bring their fingers together and just like that, are bound together.

INT. BEDROOM - ANY TIME

Priscilla sits at her vanity. Her hair is down around her shoulders and there is barely any makeup on her face. She searches for something in the drawers, a slight smile remaining on her face.

She pulls out a picture: her as a young girl. Young Priscilla stands next to her parents in a pink ballgown, an unexpressive look, but still breathtakingly pretty. Her eyes in the picture are scratched out. She sticks the picture in a crevice of the mirror and stares.

Then looking back at herself, she tries to recreate her hairstyle from the picture; high pigtails. The look is successful. Still smiling, Priscilla pokes at the sides of her lips and pulls at the apples of her cheeks. Genuinely wondering how this is possible.

She looks back at her bed for a long minute. After, she moves over to it. Sitting down on the obviously expensive bedspread, her hand runs tenderly over it. Eventually, she spreads herself across it, basking in the memories that they hold. Inhale, exhale. She sits up and reaches for the remote at the far end of the bed.

Looking down, there is just the slightest blood stain on a royal blue carpet. Her smile starts to falter. Quickly gathering it up, her closet door flies open revealing a whole other full sized room, full of nothing but clothes and a corner of cardboard boxes. She chucks the carpet into one of the open boxes.

Heading back to bed, she checks behind her shoulder and swiftly closes the closet behind her. She spreads out once more, pointing the remote out in no specific direction. It turns on, *Sweeney Todd* plays. Depp and Rickman sing "Pretty Women". Priscilla lays on her back, staring at the ceiling, mouthing along.

A text notification comes to her phone. An unsaved number: Outside!

INT. ASSOCIATE OF CODY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cody stands around looking awkward, holding a drink in his hand and lazy conversation with his peers. Music plays loud enough where conversation is a bit muffled and members have to get in close to hear. He constantly checks his watch and his cellphone. He scans the party and the people in attendance.

Eventually, he moves around and fills his cup up. A hand reaches and grabs him by the shoulder. This startles him and he almost drops his fresh drink.

BLAINE

Oh! I'm sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

CODY

No, no. You're fine. I've just been a little jumpy lately.

BLAINE

Heh. Look who you're talking to. Wanna head outside?

EXT. ASSOCIATE OF CODY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cody and Blaine sit on a well lit terrace. Cody quietly sips his drink, while Blaine struggles to light a cigarette.

BLAINE

Fuck!

CODY

Here, man.

Cody takes the lighter and helps him out.

BLAINE

Haven't had one of these in a few years. All this wedding stress, and well, you know. Its easy to fall back into shitty habits.

CODY

I get it.

BLAINE

Hannah doesn't know.

CODY

Secret's safe with me.

BLAINE

So... how is it going?

Beat

CODY

Honestly, I haven't gotten anything.

BLAINE

(irritated)

Nothing?! It's been weeks! I know I'm being watched. I can feel it! Where is my money going!?

CODY

(calmly)

Take a breath. These things usually take time. I swear, I've been doing the best that I can. Even developed a repertoire with her.

BLAINE

She knows you?! Oh shit. Oh shit. Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Blaine gets up and begins to pace, trying not to choke on the cigarette. Cody stands up and steadies Blaine.

CODY

Think about it, bud. If she knows me, the easier it is for me to be around and get to know things I need to know. Alright? I've been doing this a long time. Gotta trust me.

Blaine takes a deep breath before sitting down again.

BLAINE

I'm sorry. I'm just so fucked up man.

CODY

She really did a number on you.

Instinctively, he rubs his neck

BLAINE

Don't even know the half of it.

CODY

Well, I'll come to you with any more updates. Matter of fact -

He pulls out an old school burner phone from his pocket

CODY (CONT'D)

I'll text anything I find to you alright?

BLAINE

Thanks.

Blaine rubs his wrist slowly, letting the cigarette go out.

CODY

I think she's starting to grow fond of me.

BLAINE

Be careful. Just know, whenever you think you're in control, she's usually eight steps ahead. Waiting at the finish line to laugh in your face.

Cody rolls his eyes

CODY

I hear you

BLAINE

It's easy to fall into the web,
man. Keep yourself from being too
entangled. I'll be waiting for
updates.

Blaine heads back inside of the house. Cody watches him go, taking out a cigarette of his own. He shakes his head as he lights it. Takes a pull and leans back in the chair as he breathes out.

EXT. PRISCILLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

POV from behind bushes. High heels click on the walkway followed by shuffling feet. Priscilla stumbles while holding the arm of a hunched over man. They both struggle to get to the front door, giggling and bumping into each other on the way.

Finally making it, she digs through her purse looking for keys. He leans on the doorframe, tucking his face into his arm, still unseen.

She opens the door and grabs his arm, leading him inside. Before closing the door behind them, she searches the yard. She looks in the direction of the bushes quickly, making the POV move back in response. Not noticing, she closes the door.

Pause.

Cody slowly crouches toward the living room window. The blinds are open just enough to peek through. Priscilla dances around in front of her visitor, holding an empty wine glass. She lays it down on the table, bending over seductively in front of him. He drunkenly reaches out to touch her but she leans out of his grasp. She pours a drink and takes a sip. She offers him some but he rejects it.

She straddles him while drinking, Cody's hand instinctively grips the window pane tightly. His breathe hitches as he watches her put her lips on the man.

She aggressively grips his head and pulls it backwards, keeping her lips attached to his. Abruptly, she pulls away and hops up.

She leaves the living room and stays out of Cody's line of vision for a while. Meanwhile, the man on the couch tries to straighten himself up but decides to lay down instead.

Priscilla comes back hiding something behind her back. Her mouth moves and she waits in anticipation. The man struggles to sit back up. She dips down to the ground, out

of sight. Cody tries to position himself in a way where he can see, but the couch blocks him. When she pops back up she motions for him to come over to her.

He tries but fails a few times, shaking his head in defeat. Annoyed, she stomps over to him and grabs his arm. She steadies him when he is finally standing up. She motions for him to wait with a finger and leaves the room once again.

Cody ducks down, sitting on the ground with mixed emotions. He lets his face rest in his hands.

CODY

The fuck am I doing?

He lets out a deep breath and stares into the bushes he emerged from. He pulls out a small flask from somewhere in his jacket. He throws his head back taking in all of what's left and follows it with another deep breath.

His stillness is ruined by a thunderous wail. Cody quickly resumes his place at the window. Priscilla, dressed in black lace lingerie stands over an empty couch with a knife in hand.

CODY (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

He stumbles backwards and almost trips. He leans back into the window and watches Priscilla as she crouches down behind the couch. Her arms come up, holding the knife, and she drives it down a three times.

She finally stands up with blood spatter all over her chest and face. Her smile brightens up the room as her chest heaves trying to calm down from the excitement. She throws the knife down behind the couch and slowly wipes her face. It is as if she is applying the blood like foundation. She starts to walk toward the front door, alerting Cody to think of an exit strategy.

INT. PRISCILLA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Priscilla stands in front of the mirror touching her chest and face but never looking away from the reflection. A cough interrupts her quality time.

She walks back to the body, curled up on a tarp sheet. She reaches down to touch it, but at the last second catches herself. Instead she sits down on the couch, not taking her eyes off it.

Outside, a car honks its horn loudly, snapping her out of her daze. She grabs the television remote and watches the local news.

INT. CODY'S CAR - LATER

Cody sits parked in a gas station lot. His hands are gripped to the steering wheel as he stares out the front window. He takes a deep breath and looks into the rear-view mirror.

CODY
Alright, okay... Alright.

He takes another breath.

CODY (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that

He starts to get anxious, searching his surroundings and digging around the car. Finding his phone on the floor of the passengers side, he reaches over and accidentally turns on the radio. He jumps back but is restricted by the seat belt he forgot to remove.

He tears it off and dives for the phone once more. He scrolls through his recently called list and stops on Blaine's name. As he is about to call, a picture of Priscilla pops up; she's calling him. He yells out, almost dropping the phone, but collects himself quickly before answering.

CODY (CONT'D)
(deeper than usual)
Hello?

PRISCILLA
Hey, you okay?

CODY
(still deep)
Yeah, why wouldn't I be?

PRISCILLA
You sound sick.

He clears his throat in response.

CODY
(stuttering)
No, no. I'm fine. Sorry, it's been a long day.

PRISCILLA
Wanna come over and make it a
longer night?

CODY
Uhh... you sure it's not too late?

PRISCILLA
Huh? When am I ever not sure?

CODY
Right. Duh.

PRISCILLA
Duh. Come over in like an hour and
a half. I'll even make dinner.

CODY
Dinner? What's the occasion?

PRISCILLA
I just... I really appreciate you
and like where this is going. I
think I finally got everything I
needed to handle from the past out
of my system. And I was thinking
we could talk about the future.

CODY
Really?

PRISCILLA
Really. Ew, this got too sappy too
quick. Fuck off. Bye.

She hangs up on him. The worry on his face disappears and he stares longingly at his phone with a goofy grin. He looks back in the mirror and is reminded of what worried him before.

He straightens up his hair, puts his seat belt back on and starts the car.

CODY
Fuck it.

He drives off.

INT. BLAINE AND HANNAH'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Hannah speed walks into the room, moisturizing her arms and excitedly jumps on Blaine.

BLAINE
Hey!

HANNAH
Aren't you excited!?

BLAINE
More like tired.

She slaps his arm.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Yes babe, I'm very excited.

HANNAH
Just two more weeks til I'm a
wife.

BLAINE
MY wife.

She giggles and Blaine pulls her in closer.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
I'm so glad I found you. You're
perfect and everything I've ever -

Hannah hovers his mouth with her hand

HANNAH
Save it for the shower.

BLAINE
(through her hand)
Smells good.

HANNAH
You like it? Someone left it in
this really nice gift basket on my
desk this morning.

He straightens up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What?

BLAINE
Who was it?

HANNAH
Dunno. They left a card that had a
smiley face and a heart. Honestly,
I think the new guy might have a
crush on me. Jealous?

Blaine gets up off the couch

BLAINE

Where is it? Did you bring it home?

HANNAH

In the bedroom... what's the matter?

He darts into the bedroom and brings it back out. He pulls everything out and inspects it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Oh my god. I've never seen you act this jealous before. It's just an innocent gift.

BLAINE

(curtly)

I'M NOT ... jealous. Sorry. I-

HANNAH

Wow. I don't know what your problem is, but I'll let you handle it on your own.

She puts on a jacket by the front door and slips on shoes. Blaine follows after her.

BLAINE

Look, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I have just been really stressed and freaked out and I think that someone has been watching us and -

HANNAH

What? Someone might have put cyanide in my lotion?

BLAINE

I mean you would have to ingest cyan- besides the point... I'm just trying to be the protector I'm meant to be

HANNAH

What exactly are you protecting me from?! I don't see any threats around.

BLAINE

I... God. Would you just sit and let me explain.

HANNAH

Fine. But if you don't start making sense in one minute, I'm going out.

She plops down on the couch, pouting. Blaine slightly smiles because she looks so innocent.

He sits down next to her and tries to grab her hands but she pulls away.

BLAINE

You remember Priscilla?

HANNAH

Oh you mean your ridiculously gorgeous ex-girlfriend? No, I forgot all about her.

BLAINE

Seriously. I think... no, I know she's been following us.

HANNAH

Why would she do that?

BLAINE

Well, when we were together... things used to go really far. Too far. And I tried to stop it before we got too deep, but she wouldn't let me-

HANNAH

Clocks ticking. 30 seconds.

BLAINE

We, well she, used to be into some fucked up shit. She would bind me to the bed for hours and just leave. No water or food all day. Other times she would choke me until I passed out. It's like she got off on torturing me in all the ways she could think of. That scar on my back? One night she decided to sharpen her "favorite knife" and test it out.

HANNAH

Oh my god.

BLAINE

I couldn't get away from her. She was everywhere and she owned me because I convinced myself I was in love. How pathetic is that.

HANNAH

Why didn't you ever tell me this?

BLAINE

How could I? I didn't even want to think about it or her. It's been 4 years. I thought it was over. But ever since the party at the club she's been... contacting me.

Hannah is taken aback

HANNAH

Is that who you've been sneaking into the room and talking to?

BLAINE

No! No. I hired someone to take care of her.

HANNAH

(hesitantly)

Take care?

BLAINE

Please! I don't mean it like that Hannah. I just know a guy who knew a guy who used to be a detective and now works on his own. I've been trying to like, collect evidence, to get her to stay away. I got a restraining order a few years ago, but it expired. I know I can't be the only person she's treated like this but, what guy is gonna admit to it? I need evidence, proof. But even with all that I'm just constantly thinking, who will believe me?

He defeatedly falls back on the couch. Hannah immediately lifts his head up, puts her arm around him and plays with his hair.

HANNAH

Hey, I believe you. I do. I am so sorry that happened to you.

BLAINE

I just spent so much time thinking
I was crazy for staying and
feeling so invisible cuz no one
even noticed there was something
wrong. I finally take this chance
now and I still have no faith
it'll carry out.

HANNAH

We'll get you the justice you
deserve.

BLAINE

How?

HANNAH

Now that I know she's watching, I
can watch better. I'm on your team
babe, you don't have to carry the
burden alone anymore.

She hugs him and grips tightly.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I love you, I want to spend the
rest of my life with you, and I
want to protect you too. Tell me
what we can do.

BLAINE

Priscilla is rich. And
manipulative. And beautiful.

Hannah nods in annoyed agreement.

HANNAH

(sarcastically)

Options aplenty. So, do you think
she really sent me this basket?

BLAINE

I wouldn't put it past her. She
swears that she is going to win me
back, but I have her blocked
everywhere. The only way she can
contact me is either through you
or following me around. I will
say, I've never known her to give
out gifts for the hell of it.

HANNAH

Damn, I really liked that lotion.

Blaine laughs hard, this is the freest he has felt in a while. He embraces Hannah again, this time he grips tightly.

BLAINE

Why don't we just get married today?

HANNAH

Because we've got 70 people who have RSVP'd to see me be even more stunning than I already am in two weeks. And dinner... Dinner! I almost forgot.

BLAINE

Oh right. What time are we meeting everyone?

HANNAH

Are you sure you're up for this? I wouldn't mind calling it off for now until you're feeling more up for it.

BLAINE

The fact that you even care enough to ask is why I have to go. I'm not gonna let her ruin anything else for me. Especially something as amazing as this. Go get dressed.

Excitedly, she hops out of the room. Blaine watches her leave with a content aura around him. His eyes meet the contents of the basket which he was digging through. He focuses in on one item in particular that would almost be impossible to notice, if it wasn't so familiar.

He stands up and grabs the item; a black bottle of Green Irish Tweed cologne. On the back, a small piece of paper is attached;

Congratulations, and thank you for my next one.

Confused and scared, he crumples up the paper and throws it, along with the cologne in the trash.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cody walks through the nearly empty lot, digging in his pocket for keys. His footsteps echo all the way to his car. As he gets closer, his pace slows.

On the trunk sits a pair of cross-legged high heels. A lighter sparks and Priscilla takes a drag from a cigarette. She finally acknowledges Cody, digs inside the top of her dress, and pulls another one from a pack.

She lights it for him as they stare at each other; one with nervous confusion and the other with allure.

CODY

So...

PRISCILLA

So...

CODY

What is this?

PRISCILLA

I can't visit my man at work?

CODY

I've been calling you for days.

She ashes her cigarette on the car.

PRISCILLA

I've been busy. Thinking actually.

He wipes the ash off as she hops down. Walking around to his other side, the click of her heels define the tension in the air. Cody follows her movements.

CODY

About?

She traces a finger from his navel to his chin. He continues to smoke.

PRISCILLA

It's just that... something dawned on me while I was home.

CODY

And what is that?

PRISCILLA

Well, first, I realized that I never told you where I was going Thursday night?

CODY

When you were at Raisa's? I saw that picture of you guys.

PRISCILLA

Right. Right. But I could have sworn I saw this same vehicle across from Chateau later on. I couldn't be sure so I didn't think about it again.

CODY

That doesn't make sense. You know I was with Steve and Russell that night at --

She brings a finger to his lips, brushing the cigarette out of his mouth. It slightly burns his forearm and he jumps back.

PRISCILLA

Shh... I wasn't finished. Anyway, as I sobered up, I couldn't shake the thought of it being you. I remembered Yvette complaining to me about a car she's never seen parked outside of her door a few days before we met.

CODY

I don't know what you're getting at, P.

PRISCILLA

(through gritted teeth)
I wasn't done.

He holds up his arms as a surrender.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

You went out for a cigarette, I thought. But, it was a half an hour before I saw you again.

CODY

I apologize babe. I told you, I ran into some old buddies and lost track of time.

Beat. Cody leans against his car.

PRISCILLA

Then, there is the cherry to top it off. Green Irish Tweed. God, I'm so good.

CODY

Huh?

She moves in closer, rubbing his arm, smiling.

PRISCILLA

A scent I could pick out in a line up. I bought that for Blaine's graduation; it's been his favorite ever since.

She suddenly grips his arm tightly. He tries to break contact, but she pulls him in and kisses his cheek.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

How much have you seen, Detective?

Cody checks his surroundings, unlocks the car, and grabs Priscilla by her arm. He shoves her into the passenger side as she tries to fight him off.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

He slams the driver door behind him. They sit in silence.

CODY

Is it my turn?

Priscilla pouts.

PRISCILLA

Does he miss me?

CODY

What is it with that guy? What do you love about him so much?

PRISCILLA

It's so much more than love. That word is such a pathetic excuse.

CODY

Well, it's the one thing keeping you from rotting in a cell.

PRISCILLA

Ew. Really? You come up with that yourself?

CODY

You... fucking asshole.

Beat.

CODY (CONT'D)

I have to ask.

BOTH

Why?

CODY

Yes. Give me something so I can understand it. Tell me those guys hit you, tell me it was self defense. Anything.

PRISCILLA

Please!

She stares at him with disbelief. Then catches herself in the rear-view mirror.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

You genuinely believe that this is a damsel in distress situation. If you consider a corkscrew between the eyes self defense.

CODY

Is this all a joke to you?

She gets comfortable in the seat, rolling the window down and having her feet stick out of it.

PRISCILLA

Very much so. Because like I said, I am good.

She grabs his cheeks with her hand and squeezes. He jerks away from her grasp and she cackles.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

And now that we're being open with each other, I think the most annoying part is cleaning. But, I'm guessing consistent bloody sheets isn't in the housekeeper's contract.

CODY

What makes you so certain that I won't turn you in now?

PRISCILLA

You wouldn't have the time to cuff me before I slit your throat open. Besides... I know what you really want. You call it love, but I think you just want to be my slave, don't you?

He stares at himself in the driver's mirror, and sighs, conflicted. He reaches for his waistband, attempting to reach for a firearm.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Don't threaten me with a good
time.

He stops. Then slaps the steering wheel, slightly startling and arousing Priscilla.

CODY
Shit!

PRISCILLA
Aww. My poor, conflicted baby.

She leans over and plays with his hair.

CODY
Don't do that.

PRISCILLA
I know what will make you feel
better.

She reaches over and grabs at his crotch aggressively. He stares out at the empty wall in front of him as she unzips.

EXT. STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Blaine and his friends gather outside of the steakhouse waiting for more members of their party to join. They have cigars in hand and continually give him congratulatory pats on the shoulder.

BEST MAN
Alright fellas, we rented out this
place for the evening, so anything
goes tonight.

They cheer in response. Best Man holds his arms out, demanding silence.

BEST MAN (CONT'D)
That being said, let's try to keep
it PG-13. We want to keep Blaine
as pure as possible for his new
bride. Now, let's get in there and
celebrate!

THE MEN
WOO!!!!

INT. STEAKHOUSE - LATER

The men are all deep into party mode. Beer pitchers and bottles of scotch sit on tables half empty. Along with dirty plates of half eaten steak and ashed cigars. They all sit, stand, or lay in various forms of disarray. Blaine and a few others have managed to hold their own. Best Man, drunkenly, pops out of his chair.

BEST MAN

Alright! Gather around everyone!
As much as you can. We've got some
entertainment on the way. So pull
yourselves together and get your
wallets ready.

An inebriated group cheer ripples through the restaurant.

BLAINE

(to Best Man)
What's going on?

BEST MAN

Don't even stress about it. Here.

He hands him another cigar.

BLAINE

What do you have planned? Who is
coming? I told you

BLAINE & BEST MAN

"No strippers"

BEST MAN

Yeah, yeah, yeah. But I would not
be doing my duties right if I
listened to the groom, would I?
This isn't just for you. Don't be
selfish.

BLAINE

It is literally a party to
celebrate me.

BEST MAN

No. It is a gathering, a mourning,
of another single man falling
victim to conformity.

BLAINE

Don't you mean --

BLAINE & BEST MAN

"Love"

BEST MAN

No. You're a fallen soldier in the war against single men.

BLAINE

What are you even --

His phone rings at the same time there is a knock on the front door.

BEST MAN

Yes! It's time!

Blaine answers his phone

BLAINE

Hello

The voice on the other side of the phone causes his face to drop.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Where are you? Are you sure?

BEST MAN

Hey! Get off the phone, Blaine. Enjoy what's in front of you.

A few women strut into the restaurant, each one wearing costume specific lingerie; a firefighter, a french maid, and a "native". The men finally perk up and begin to circle around them.

Blaine scrambles to collect his coat.

BLAINE

I've gotta go.

BEST MAN

Go?! What the fuck are you talking about?

BLAINE

I just got a call that I can't ignore.

BEST MAN

Bullshit. You can't bail once it starts getting good.

BLAINE

I really ... I have to go.

Blaine starts to move towards the door but the other men along with Best Man block him from leaving. Best Man grabs

him by the shoulders and pulls him to a seat in the middle of the room.

BEST MAN

Not until you get one dance!

He tries to struggle against his peers to no avail. Seated in the chair, the french maid approaches him and begins to dance slowly. She unties her apron, spins it around and throws it into the crowd of men. She straddles Blaine and begins to give him a lap dance. The men cheer them on while Blaine is clearly uncomfortable and anxious for it to be over. She wraps her arms around him and leans over to whisper in his ear.

FRENCH MAID

P. says she can't wait to see you
on your big night.

Blaine immediately leans back and slightly pushes her off of him. She smiles back at him and flashes cash from her bra.

He rushes out of his seat and grabs his coat once again. He dodges his friends as they try to grab and block him. He is successful in reaching the exit.

BLAINE

I'm sorry guys, I just have to
handle something. Enjoy the night,
can't wait to see you in the
morning.

He runs off. Best Man stares after as he leaves, confused.

BEST MAN

(to himself)

Never seen him move like that.

One of the women takes off her top, distracting him and everyone else from the runaway groom. They yell, pound drinks on tables, and throw out money.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - LATER

Blaine is alone, waiting outside of his car, foot tapping on the concrete. A car pulls up slowly but parks out of his eyesight. Someone opens up the drivers side and steps out.

Cody steps up to Blaine cautiously. Blaine perks up and moves toward him.

BLAINE
So, what did you find out? Is she
alright?

Cody hesitates for a moment, looking down at the ground. He
pulls out a cigarette.

CODY
I, uh, actually came to tell you
that I have to quit.

BLAINE
Quit?!

CODY
I haven't been able to find
anything on her. I'm wasting my
time, and you're wasting your
money.

BLAINE
But... what you said...

CODY
I had to make sure you would be
here.

BLAINE
For what?!

Cody stares at his shoes while smoking.

CODY
Look, I'm sorry but... I love her.

Blaine looks at him in disbelief. He begins to soften just
a bit, recognizing himself in this man.

BLAINE
It isn't love. I know that much.

CODY
Even if it isn't for her, I'm in
too deep.

BLAINE
If anyone understands, it's me.
She sinks her claws in and refuses
to let go.

CODY
No. It's not like that, she wants
me on her team.

BLAINE
Until she doesn't.

Cody takes in these words.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Look, if you need help, a way
out... I'll do whatever I can. It
took me years but now I can
finally say that I'm happy. I know
what real love is. Priscilla knows
nothing but pain and deceit. I
know I don't know you that well
but, no one deserves that.

CODY
She's different now.

BLAINE
Really? You and I both know what
she is capable of.

CODY
(softly)
You don't even know the half.

BLAINE
What?

CODY
I just don't get it. Why she is so
obsessed with you when all you
want to do is be rid of her?

BLAINE
She wants to torture me. She wants
to punish me for having the
audacity to move on. If I would
have stayed, she would have killed
me okay? And I'm not exaggerating.

CODY
(dreamily)
To be killed by her is a
pleasurable escapade.

Blaine looks at him in slight disgust and backs up from him slightly.

BLAINE
Is that your own?

Cody thinks about it, dragging the cigarette from his mouth, flicking it to the ground and stomping on it.

CODY
Probably from an old Gothic.

BLAINE
You mentioned Hannah on the
phone... Is she safe?

CODY
She's fine. Like I said I needed a
way to get you down here.

Cody looks beyond Blaine and gives a quick nod. Blaine turns around but is knocked out by a shovel over the head. Priscilla lets it drop from her hands, breathing heavy. The duo look on to his unconscious body next to the shovel.

PRISCILLA
(through breaths)
Good boy.

INT. CHURCH - DAY OF WEDDING

The church bells ring, indicating it is noontime. People frantically move around the lobby attending to various pre-ceremony chores. Bouquets are shuffled around. Bridesmaids hurry to tie their hair up and apply lip gloss. Parents and other guests take pictures of the magnificent architecture.

INT. SACRISTY - CONTINUOUS

Hannah is fully dressed in a beautiful wedding gown and veil. Her party buzzes in and out of the room simultaneously helping her and trying to fix themselves up. Her cellphone rings.

BRIDESMAID
It's Blaine!

Hannah rushes over to the phone and answers it.

HANNAH
Babe? Where the hell are you?!

BLAINE
(strained)
Ha-aa, I-

HANNAH
Hello?! Blaine?!

PRISCILLA

I'm sorry Barbie, my boyfriend
can't come to the phone right now.
He just wanted to let you know
that he won't be able to come to
your little party today.

Hannah is shocked into silence

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

We have something special between
us. It is... spiritual.

HANNAH

You're fucking insane.

PRISCILLA

Merci

HANNAH

Where is he? What did you do to
him?

PRISCILLA

That is none of your concern now
sweetie. He is my burden to bare.
But, I am a gracious lover, and I
will let you say whatever last
things you need to say to him.
Here baby.

Blaine's muffled cries are heard through the receiver.

HANNAH

Blaine?! Oh my god! I'm gonna find
you okay?! Can you hear me? Tell
me where you are, tell me what you
see!

BLAINE

No... stay away.

HANNAH

We're a team, remember? I would
never leave you. I love you so
much, okay? I'm coming, so you
have to give me something!

BLAINE

Goose ... Hill... Black...
Creek...

The phone hangs up

HANNAH
Hello?! Hello?! Baby!

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - LATER

Blaine is in a bare room with nothing but wooden walls and floors. He sits in a chair with his arms and legs rope-tied to it. His mouth is stuffed and his eyes are wide open in fear. Every so often, he tries to get out of his restraints. Outside of the room, high heels click closer and closer.

The door opens and Blaine stiffens up. Priscilla steps into the room with bright red stilettos, a floor length sheer robe, and a matching lingerie set. She slowly walks around him, making sure he notices her whole attire. She leans over his shoulders and tries to kiss his cheek, he leans out of the way.

She angrily grips his chin and forces a kiss on his lips.

PRISCILLA
How are you feeling babe? I hope you like your accommodations. God, I've missed this. Us. And I know you have too.

She traces her fingers across his chest and his eyes nervously follow.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
I almost was over you, you know. But then I found out how much you really cared. You sent me a pet to remind me of our love. I never forgot about Rocko either.

She pulls down the very top of her bottoms, revealing a small tattoo of a cartoon-esque dog.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
We were so happy that day, do you remember?

Priscilla waits for an answer but Blaine gives her nothing. His facial expression is a mix of contempt and fear. She finally removes the stuffing out of his mouth.

He coughs and spits while Priscilla digs in a bag by the door. She approaches him with a water bottle. Lifting his head back, she waterfalls it into his mouth.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Drink up. Enjoy.

He accepts the water but starts to cough it up after a minute, she stops.

BLAINE

Why... why can't you just leave me alone?

PRISCILLA

I swear we've had this conversation. You are mine, there is no moving forward unless I say so. I let you get away, wanted you to experience how it felt to be away from me. I wanted you to realize that was your everything. But instead, you tried to replace me.

BLAINE

(coughing)

I... I love her.

PRISCILLA

You love me.

BLAINE

You're sick, and I hate you from the depths of my soul. Everyday I wish I had never met you. I pray that you are just a nightmare that I'll eventually wake up from. But you just won't-

PRISCILLA

(shouting)

You. Love. Me! Now tell me!

BLAINE

(calmly)

No.

She grows progressively angrier and kicks over his chair. Blaine cries out in pain and Priscilla is satisfied. She leans over him and turns him onto his back. She softly slaps his face. She sits on the floor, cross-legged beside him. Stroking his hair, she lets out a deep sigh.

PRISCILLA

This has been such a long road. It all has led to this moment. You don't even know what I've done to keep this love strong. If only you could see it, you would understand.

(MORE)

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

All I need from you is to hear you say it again. It's all I ask.

Blaine is quiet but growing weary of the game. He lets out a sigh as well and relaxes in his restraints.

BLAINE

After, will you let me go?

PRISCILLA

Are you going to go back to that bitch?

BLAINE

You wouldn't let me if I tried.

PRISCILLA

See, you still know me so well.

She props him upright once again, goes to the bag by the door and takes out a cellphone. She messes with his hair until it is in a style she likes and does the same to her own. Pushing their cheeks together, she pouts her lips beautifully and sticks the phone out in front of them.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Pose for me baby.

He reluctantly attempts to put on a smile but it comes out as a grimace, she takes the picture anyway.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Come on, you could do so much better.

She sits on his lap and angles the phone from the other side.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Give me Blue Steel.

She laughs at her own joke and kisses his cheek, snapping another picture. Blaine studies her face

BLAINE

(softly)

Priscilla... I'm sorry. I do love you and you'll always be a part of me.

For the first time, Priscilla softens up. Her hands move to loosen his restraints.

PRISCILLA

Thank you.

Blaine hesitates, unsure of what will come next and making sure not to let his guard down. In the distance, outside of the room, a car pulls up and parks nearby. It frantically honks. She walks back to the door and opens it.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

I'm giving you a choice now. I asked my pet to send your Bride the address, you'll make the decision here and now. Whatever you want to do, I won't stop you.

The phone receives a text which she quickly responds to.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. She's safe and sound.

BLAINE

Why should I trust you?

PRISCILLA

I got what I wanted, *mon amour*. I just wanted to hear the words, I want you to follow through with your actions of free will.

Blaine slowly approaches the door, peaking out of it and coming back inside quickly. He tests the waters by putting a foot out, Priscilla doesn't react. He takes a few deep breaths, amping himself up. He prepares to take a running start out of the room. Once he reaches the doorframe, he stops completely. He grabs the bag from the corner and throws it at her, all of its contents fly out.

A loud clank covers the room; a bloody knife is on the ground right between the two of them. Priscilla, still recovering from the sneak attack looks at the knife then at Blaine. He repeats the same action. They both move toward it.

Blaine quickly kicks it out of her grasp and moves behind the weapon. She grabs hold of his leg and deters him from kicking it out of the room. He shakes off her grasp and dives for it but misses.

The phone rings, distracting both of them for a millisecond. Priscilla snaps out of it first and gains the upper hand, grabbing the knife. Blaine is on the ground and Priscilla rises up above him. He holds his hand up awaiting for her to strike.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
Now why would you go and do that?

BLAINE
Please...

PRISCILLA
I'm getting bored with this now.
Thanks for the slight workout, but
you know how cranky I get when I'm
bored.

She moves in closer, bringing the knife nearer and nearer to Blaine. His only defense is his own hands. She kneels down and directs the knife at his knees, and digs it in. He yells out and blood seeps through.

He throws a punch without looking and it connects to her face. She recoils into a corner, her face quickly starts to turn blue.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)
You fucker!

She jumps at him and he moves out of the way.

CODY
Hey!

Both of them turn toward the door. Priscilla in animalistic rage, Blaine in terror. Cody catches his breath while pointing a gun between both of them.

Priscilla gains confidence and stands up, she struts toward him. Cody keeps the gun directed on her as she licks her lips and twists her hair around. She attempts to take it from his hand and he points it in her face even more.

PRISCILLA
Oh! Ha ha. Puppy's got his balls
back.

CODY
This isn't right, Priscilla. You
need to get help and I want to do
that for you.

She yawns. Turning her back to him, she talks to Blaine.

PRISCILLA
Tell him not to bore me even more,
babe.

Blaine is tending to his knee and slightly crying.

CODY

I will support you, we can get you assistance, no jail time. We can run away together, start over some place new and get you therapy.

She yawns again. She tries again to get the gun and Cody stiffens his stance.

PRISCILLA

What did I tell you before?
Threatening me only turns me on even more.

Priscilla calmly moves around to his other side and slowly puts her hand on his arm. The other hand moves toward her bra, she pulls it to the side and runs her fingers over her nipple. She takes the other hand off of his arm and brings it to her bottom. Placing it inside of her underwear she closes her eyes and moans softly.

Cody is distracted and lowers his grip on it slightly. In a swift movement, while still moaning, she takes the hand from her breast to the back of her waistband where the knife is concealed.

In an almost invisible motion, she glides the knife across his throat. Cody drops the gun immediately and drops to his knees, gargling and grabbing his throat.

Priscilla drops down and pulls his chin up so he is looking in her eyes.

Blaine helplessly watches and eyes the forgotten gun. He looks around the room, wanting to find something to assist in his escape.

As the life drains from Cody, Priscilla kisses him on the lips; hard and lingering. She wipes blood from his neck onto her lips. She inhales deeply and fixes her attention back on Blaine, who hobbles over to the chair he was tied to.

She smirks and walks to the door. Blaine gets a steady hold of the chair and brings it in the air as his line of defense. Priscilla closes the door, sealing both of their fates into that small room. The wooden door indifferently stares at the camera, not revealing any secrets behind its walls.

END