

ABSOLUTE ANGELS

by
Genevieve Jolliffe
and
Andrew Zinnes

Revisions by
Karen Walton

Current Revisions by
Karen Walton

DRAFT
August 2, 2005
copyright 2005
WARNER BROS.

FADE IN

INT. CITY SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

School's out on a Friday. A lovely cheerleader dressed for practice, SIMONE, glides against the crowd. She exchanges pleasantries with students, teachers. She's a popular girl.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

A seventy foot-high monster with two floors of bleachers; a cathedral of athletic ambition. Massive windows show the sun sinking over a hulking city-scape. Removing a last patch of grime, WINDOW WASHERS repel on a creaking platform - leaving one pane ajar, to dry.

Simone enters.

WASHER #1

Simone. Fine girl like you, here on Friday night? All work, no play.

SIMONE

Practice makes perfect, right?

The washers exit, closing the door. Simone is alone. She starts a dazzling cheer routine - jumps, aerial cartwheels, backflips, splits - finishing with a go-team grin.

CREAK! Simone looks all around. No sign of anyone. But, the door the washers left by now stands ajar.

SIMONE

Hello?

CLATTER, high overhead. Simone scans the empty bleachers.

SIMONE

Who's there?

Her words echo back in MOCKING WHISPERS. SOMETHING *soars by*.

SIMONE

Hey! What the-?!

WHISPERS, WHOOSH - *buzzed again*.

SIMONE

(terrible recognition)
Wh-what're you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No reply. She moves for the open door. It SLAMS shut in her face. SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! Every door in the gym shuts. Their LOCKS DROP. Simone whirls, *panic* hits.

SIMONE

Please. You can't *do* this!

SMACK! SOMETHING UNSEEN smashes Simone to the floor. She finds a deep, bloody gash on her cheek. Another SLASH! sends her *skidding* across the gym.

Simone springs to her feet. She sprints - *FAST!!* - for the change rooms. WHACK! She's *slammed* into the bleachers.

Sobbing, Simone thrusts off the seats, swinging herself up and over to the next level. She's *seized mid-air* and *flung* into the score-clock -- *shattering* its glass face. Stunned.

A PALE WHITE BLUR streaks toward her. Simone spots the open window. She dives for the platform's rope - snags it! Clawing her way up, Simone vaults the platform - sticking a one-point landing on the open window's narrow ledge.

Her options - a two-story drop. Or, a fire escape! Just out of reach. Steadying herself, she strains for it. She *jolts*.

SOUNDS OF FLESH TEARING, OFF - a strike to her back. Blood trickles from her mouth, life ebbs from her eyes. Simone falls - head over heels - seventy feet - until her back meets the prongs of an iron fence. Her dead eyes fixed heavenward.

INT. CAR (MOVING)- DAY

ROLL HEAD CREDITS. A station wagon hurtles toward a city. Jammed into the back seat with packing boxes and suitcases slumps despondent ANNIE. A Goth. Black hair, black lip-gloss and piercings. She clutches her black CAT, SCABBY. Her black T-shirt announces, "MEAT STINKS".

In front, Annie's earthy single mom SALLY flirts over a newspaper with a smitten man in a Hawaiian hoola-girl shirt at the wheel - her boyfriend, STEVE. He munches a burger.

SALLY

Taurus. "This month brings changes that give you a new outlook on life!" Hey-hey! What's Annie's?

ANNIE

New environment brings slow painful death by certain local toxin-?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE

Here we go again.

SALLY

Come on, chin up. New school. New friends, Annie. A whole new life.

Steve answers Sally's prodding look; smiles at Annie.

STEVE

Yeah, Mary Sunshine. Drop the walking-dead look, you might even have some fun for a change.

Sally avoids Annie's damning glare.

SALLY

She's expressing her personality. That's not unusual at her age.

STEVE

Sally, she's a kid. We're the role models. You can't let her think she's getting anywhere looking like that. Trust me on this.

SALLY

Okay just -- ease up, a little.

Sally misses the cold look Steve sends Annie through the rear view mirror. Annie ramps the volume on her iPod - angry, ear-splitting escape.

EXT. CITY - DAY

The urban streets thrum with traffic, pedestrians - the manic buzz of big-city life floods the senses. At a news-stand, a local paper carries a small, front page item: "CHEERLEADER'S SUICIDE SADDENS SCHOOL". The wagon wheels to the curb before a walk-up apartment building. Annie looks unimpressed.

SALLY

This is it! Home sweet home!

INT. BUILDING LOBBY STAIRWELL - DAY

Sally and Steve carry suitcases up the stairs. Clutching Scabby, lagging Annie pauses on the landing, coughing. Eying the next flight of stairs, she takes a hit from an asthma inhaler.

INT. ANNIE'S NEW ROOM - DAY

Annie kicks open a squeaky door on a bare, beige room with one window and hilariously awful shag carpet. Scabby hisses.

ANNIE
Tell me about it.

INT. ANNIE'S ROOM - NEW DAY

The room is transformed. It's an ode to chronic awareness: wallpapered with posters to *Save The Rainforest! The Arctic, the Oceans, the Ozone! Stop World Hunger, Racism, War...*

Hunched before a mirror, Annie applies her Goth-girl make-up. Concealing her natural beauty in a mask of black.

Harried Sally sticks her head in, fussing with a simple suit.

SALLY
What do you think?

ANNIE
Very bank teller.

SALLY
Then I should be a hit! Your lunch money's on the counter. You've got the subway map? Apartment key? Good. *Call me* at lunch so I know you got there safe, okay?

ANNIE
Whatever.

SALLY
(a bribe)
Hey. There's a vegan chili dinner in the freezer for your dinner.

ANNIE
You hate vegan chili.

SALLY
I won't be here. Staff training goes til nine. Steve will be back by seven.

ANNIE
Perfect.

EXT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Far below the gym's windows, at the iron fence, Simone's perfect smile beams from her cheerleading portrait - the centerpiece of a candle-lit shrine. Arriving Annie notes her new CLASSMATES. A few girls cry. A few boys leave corner-store flowers. Everybody has somebody to be with. But her.

FIONA (O.S.)
So much for school spirit.

FIONA - another Goth girl - turns her gaze from the tall gym windows above, to Annie's piercings, and grins.

FIONA
Cool sterling.

ANNIE
...Likewise.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Shadowing Fiona, Annie is greeted by the cold, assessing stares of her peers -- faces pinched in judgement.

FIONA
Watch your back.

Annie follows Fiona's dark gaze to the parting crowd behind them. A STUNNINGLY ATTRACTIVE GIRL - ZOE - strides in, flanked by FOUR MORE BEAUTIES - CLEO, SHELBY, HEATHER and MONIQUE. Flawlessly fashionable, the somber girls wear black arm-bands and dab their teary eyes with tissues. They quietly accept condolences from teachers and students alike.

FIONA
Cheerleaders. The swan-dive outside? One of theirs.

ANNIE
They must feel horrible.

FIONA
Whatever.

Annie wrenches her locker door. It won't open.

FIONA
Use mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAM! Fiona gets slammed by a COUPLE OF JOCKS in matching school team jackets, who toss a football back and fourth.

ANNIE

Hey! Human *beings* crossing!

JOSH - a C for Captain on his jacket - looks them over.

JOSH

Coulda fooled me.

Fiona gives him the finger and stalks off. His pal CORY howls.

JOSH

Well that wasn't very nice.

Cory whips the ball toward Annie's head. A hand catches it. A striking lad with a football jacket - and a guitar case - shoves the ball into Josh's gut. This is REMY.

JOSH

Rem-erator! Heads up, man. This bitch bites.

REMY

I'm sure you asked for it.
(to Annie)
Sorry. Josh can be a real dick.

Remy fakes a tackle, horseplays hooting Josh off. Impressed, Annie meets Remy's shy, soulful gaze. He returns her approving smile. Both realize they should probably actually speak as - more TEAMMATES surge by, knocking Annie into Remy.

REMY

Welcome to hell.

ANNIE

Yeah. Lucky me.

Annie veers to Fiona, who has retreated to her own locker.

ANNIE

Nice crowd. For cavemen.

FIONA

Don't stick your neck out, around here. It'll just get cut. The jocks get away with murder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Annie sneaks a peek back to Remy, who is doing the same thing. He smiles. Confused, Annie pretends not to care.

FIONA

Remy's their token human. Real Mr. Sensitive-type. Team player by day. Tortured artist by night.

ANNIE

Serenading sad cheerleaders?

FIONA

He wishes. The cheerleaders can have anybody. They play with these dolts like wind-up toys. If you got it, abuse it, I guess.

ANNIE

Who's the mad scientist?

Fiona's locker door is covered in photos of a vaguely goofy-looking honey hamming in a lab coat -- DAVE.

FIONA

(in love)

Dave. Works at the morgue. We met at a crime scene. He was removing the bodies. I was sneaking pictures for my term paper on crimes of passion. Fiona. Disaster addict.

ANNIE

Annie. Weirdly impressed.

INT. HOME ROOM - DAY

A tinny version of the Star Spangled Banner plays over a BORED CLASS. The PA *PINGS*. Remy takes the vacant seat next to Annie.

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)

Good morning and condolences to Simone Mitchell's many friends. Grief counsellors are here to help all of us trying to make sense of her tragic loss. All students are reminded that there is *no* problem that cannot be solved by talking to an adult sensitized to the needs of today's teens. Suicide is a terrible choice with no winners.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Josh nudges JANEY, a quiet homely girl. He winks.

JOSH

Hey Janey. Fifty bucks says you
can stump any expert they got.

Others LAUGH. Except Remy. He's sketching... Annie - comic
book style. He's got her go-die glare down.

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)

Lunch today will be Simone's
favorite. Chopped liver. And now,
Simone's best friend, and squad
captain with a few words. Zoe?

Annie notes that Remy stops drawing; he listens intently.

ZOE (O.S.)

Hey, everybody. We'll be dedicating
our homecoming game half-time show
to Simone's memory. One dollar of
every ticket sold goes to her
favorite charity, the American Red
Cross. I hope you'll all turn out.

Remy catches Annie staring. She looks away.

ZOE (O.S.)

Oh. And, obviously... we're a girl
short. Try-outs start asap. Thanks.

PING. Girls buzz with excitement. The TEACHER stands.

TEACHER

Okay. A new student joins us today.
Welcome Annie Hyde. Annie, stand
up and tell us about yourself.

Annie stands.

ANNIE

(professionally bored)
I'm Annie. I'm from California. I'm
an Aries.

JOSH

(disguised as a sneeze)
WHOO-cares.

The BELL preempts a comeback.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REMY

I would have guessed Scorpio.

ROSA, the class tough-girl, snatches the image of Angry Annie -- and tosses it at her as she passes.

ROSA

Aw. Young lust. I could puke.

Embarrassed, Remy exits with the rest of the class. Annie regards the sketch.

ANNIE

(under her breath)

Am I really that nasty?

INT. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

At the back, Fiona inspects Remy's drawing of Annie, as Josh and Cory whisper and glance in their direction.

FIONA

Weird. I wouldn't worry about it.
Those guys only notice girls like
us until...

The boys stop cold as Zoe enters with her somber squad. Josh and Cory adopt their best gentlemanly behavior, holding out chairs. The girls return grateful smiles, greet other girls.

FIONA

Who they really want shows up.

Reclining like she's burdened with grief, Zoe puts her feet up. Cleo pops Shelby's bubble-gum bubble. Heather passes Monique a note, who shows it to Zoe - who smothers a smirk.

FIONA

Zoe's captain. Everybody loves Zoe.

Annie notes a distinctive tattoo on Zoe's - all five throats.

FIONA

Showed up freshman year, ruled all
she surveys ever since.

ANNIE

Gee. *That* must suck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zoe drops a pen. Josh and Cory race to rescue it. Cory wins, and gets a flirty smile for his trouble. Monique tries a weak smile at Fiona, who looks away.

ANNIE
Ouch. You know her?

FIONA
Monique. I thought I did. 'Til she turned to the dark side.

ANNIE
The dark side?

FIONA
"Cheering".

MR. SCHAEFFER enters. He consults a sheaf of staff memos.

MR. SCHAEFFER
(gentle, sensitively)
Shelby, Heather, Monique, Cleo, Zoe. I know your minds are on other things today. But, you're here and, well -- college-parent conferences. Your folks still haven't booked.

SHELBY
They're not back from Africa. A missionary's work is never done.

HEATHER
Inoculating tsunami orphans.

CLEO
Just got reassigned to Iraq.

Monique hesitates, breaking the barrage. Schaeffer tweaks. Monique looks to Zoe - *Help*.

MR. SCHAEFFER
Well? Are your parents also conveniently unavailable to discuss college?

ZOE
(beguiling grin)
Mr. Schaeffer. There's nothing convenient about making the world a better place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2) ZOE(cont'd)

Our families are sacrificing time with us to make a difference. We admire and support them. Here's their letters, asking that our interviews be postponed.

Schaeffer scans the handwritten letters. They're compelling.

ZOE

Their satellite phone number is at the bottom. Though reception is spotty in that part of China.

MR. SCHAEFFER

Who am I to interrupt an international literacy campaign. (MORE)
(to class, re textbook)
Chapter Nine-, *The Dawn of Modern Democracy*. Who dies, and why.

All but the cheerleaders stare back vacantly.

CLEO

Marie Antoinette. Queen of France.

Cleo makes a harsh slicing motion across her own throat.

MONIQUE

That bitch was all about the bling.

HEATHER

Girl had to go.

Annie squirms, looking unsatisfied with all this.

MR. SCHAEFFER

Our new friend seems skeptical.

Everybody looks at Annie.

ANNIE

That's the popular version. Actually, - I mean I saw this doc' once... Said, she was um, set up.

CLEO

That's not what the book says.

ZOE

No, Cleo, she's right. Marie was Austrian, an outsider. Young, inexperienced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ZOE(cont'd)

Manipulated by French courtiers, mostly *men*. Who, when they couldn't buy her or bed her, degraded her by spreading rumors that she was a spoiled brat.

MR. SCHAEFFER

You don't get the guillotine for bad press, Zoe.

ZOE

Rome fell on gossip, Mr. Schaeffer. Marie was trying to clean up a sick, unjust state. The leeches who'd lose their A-list status if she did? Cut her throat for it.

MR. SCHAEFFER

(charmed into submission)

And, you concur uh - Annie, is it?

ANNIE

We burned witches the same way.

Zoe sends a warm, curious smile. Annie sends one back.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY.

The football team charges through brutal drills; racing up and down the stands, perfecting bone-crunching tackles. Down-field, Zoe and the squad pound out a wildly gifted display of power-cheering, ripping through stunts with cheeky ease. A daunting line of HOPEFULS screech fanatic approval.

Chasing a long pass, Josh's momentum throws him into Shelby's high-kick - WHAP! Josh shoots up into the air, then drops like a rock. The horrified cheerleaders stop cold. Shelby dives to stunned Josh's aid.

SHELBY

Oh my god! Oh, Josh. I am so, so, so incredibly sorry! Are you hurt?!

JOSH

(yes, but...)

Not if you kiss it better.

GIGGLING, Shelby covers him in chaste pecks. WHISTLE! With a look, Zoe gets her squad snapped back to attention. MS. VERONA - their PE teacher - addresses the hopefuls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONA

Okay, ladies, that's our standard.
You want to cheer for Washington,
you better give us major game.

Passing on the perimeter with Fiona, Annie slows to watch.

FIONA

Tempted?

ANNIE

Please. They're hot, popular, and
totally untouchable. Who in their
right mind wants all that?

But Annie sobers -- watching Remy, who is openly staring at
the cheerleaders. The COACH smacks Remy's helmet.

COACH

What's wrong, Honey? You wanna
dance, too? GIVE ME FIVE LAPS AND
LOVE IT!

Remy jogs out to the sidelines, and starts running.

FIONA

Not even to land a butt like that?

Feigning love-struck, Annie gives Fiona a spoof of the drill
that the distant hopefuls are failing, down the field.

ANNIE

Two, four, six, eight! I can't
remember when I last ate!

Annie spins to SUDDENLY find herself confronted with Zoe,
Cleo, Shelby, Heather and Monique. They have somehow traveled
half the field - in no time. They present impressed smiles.

SHELBY

Don't stop. You've got talent.

MONIQUE

And, actually, we eat a lot.

CLEO

Can't get enough protein.

HEATHER

Cheering's very physically
demanding. You should try it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZOE

It's not just about looks, you know. It's how it makes you feel.

Annie throws her books down. She sprints into a series of flips, air-bourne splits, lands. Astounded, Remy trips.

ANNIE

Five years of gymnastics. I feel fine. Oh. Don't cave your chest on the half-pike. You'd get higher.

Threatened, Fiona nudges Annie.

FIONA

Let's hit someplace a little more lively.

ANNIE

Oh. Sure. Nice talking to you.

ZOE

'Likewise'.

Annie double-takes Zoe on the familiar phrase as Fiona urges her off. Remy notes Zoe watching Annie. Remy looks worried.

INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

A dead body is rolled out of the deep freeze. Annie cringes over the familiar tattoo on its bare neck. It's Simone.

FIONA

So much for totally untouchable.

ANNIE

The Simone. Sick. Even dead they look better than anyone.

Curious, Annie touches the tattoo. *Aaaaaaaaaa!!!!* Dead Simone *SIGHS!* Annie *SHRIEKS*, reeling clear. Fiona *HOWLS*.

DAVE (O.S.)

The last breath always gets me too.

Fiona lights up as morgue orderly DAVE wheels in a body.

FIONA

Hi *Dave*. *Dave*, Annie. Annie, *Dave*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Hey, *Dave*.

Fiona kicks Annie, hard.

DAVE

Expelling trapped gas is nothing.
The priapism? Mind-altering.

FIONA

Priapism's when a dead guy comes in
like, totally stiff. All over.

ANNIE

Ew.

DAVE

Don't ask what we do about it,
either. Hey gorgeous. Something
for your conspiracy collection.

Dave and Fiona cuddle up over a certain morgue file.

FIONA

Another one?

Dave shrugs. They lean into one another, about to kiss.

ANNIE

Another what?

Spell's broken. Dave indicates a whole stack of files.

DAVE

We've had certain murders. Every
vic' was a major creep. Like
unanimously evil. Killers, wife
beaters, pervs, crack dealers.

FIONA

Somebody's so out to get our
friendly neighborhood scumbags.

ANNIE

Really? What do the cops say?

FIONA

Pass the Krispy Kremes. They love
it. Makes their job a lot easier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE

Your cheerleader must've seen something. Surprised him. Ran.

ANNIE

Simone? But, she killed herself.

Trading a look, Dave and Fiona flip Simone's body. The sight of Simone's unseen back nearly makes Annie sick.

DAVE

If she threw herself into a windmill, maybe. Fence post through the heart. But it wouldn't surprised me if these other wounds actually killed her. Man, this guy's an animal.

FIONA

Yeah. But then, perfection can be pretty infuriating.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Heads bobbing to the thunder of angry beats, Annie and Fiona share an earphone each of Annie's iPod, and gummy bears.

ANNIE

(huffing asthma inhaler)
Ironic Simone was somehow on her own. The whole point of being a joiner is you're like, supposedly safe. You roll with a whole 'crowd'.

FIONA

Doesn't matter. It's better to be attacked on a quiet street than a busy one. Everybody assumes someone else will help you.

ANNIE

What makes you think that?

FIONA

Scientific fact. High school. Most people would rather die than do anything that makes them stand out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE
 (nods, grinning)
 So what's our problem?

FIONA
 Conforming gives me hives. You?

ANNIE
 Frustrated super-hero. This is my
 clever disguise.

Fiona LAUGHS, HARD. But Annie's sort of serious.

ANNIE
 Nobody normal cares about anything.
 Nothing that matters. I hate that.

Fiona takes a little doll Annie is fiddling with.

ANNIE
 It's a worry doll. Rub it three
 times... It's supposed to take your
 troubles away.
 (off Fiona's skeptical
 smile, laughs)
 Take it, it's not helping me any.

Fiona accepts the doll, loops it into her ear-piercings.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Math test. But Annie's watching Zoe, Monique and Shelby steadily jotting their answers - without hesitation. She snaps out of it as Zoe rises, turning in her test to the teacher. Boys openly watch her ass as she returns to her seat. Annie looks revolted by the ogling boys.

Zoe slips Annie a conspiratorial smile, rolls her eyes; unspoken is, I know! They ARE gross! Annie checks around; she must mean somebody else. But all seem oblivious; zombie-slaves to algebra. And Zoe's now reading - *Anna Karinina*.

Unnerved, Annie focusses on her blank test - no answers. She strains to cheat off of the person next to her. Can't quite see their work. Worse, Remy's giving her a weird look. Busted! Annie slumps, mortified.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY.

Class change. Annie barrels down the hall. Remy pursues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMY

Hey. Can I talk to you?

ANNIE

Okay, I know. But I wasn't - I-I
was stretching my... eyes.

Annie stares past Remy. Zoe and her squad seem to be making
a bee-line *directly for them*. Remy doesn't have to look.

REMY

(low, knowing)

It's them, isn't it. Cheerleaders.

They're already here. Upbeat, friendly grins all round.

ZOE

Hi, Annie. Hey, Remy - congrats on
your new gig. We can't wait.

They keep going, bursting into LAUGHTER. Remy watches them
go. Annie is left waiting -- apparently forgotten.

ANNIE

Don't let me hold you up.

REMY

(still eyeing Zoe)

Shh!They hear *everything*.

Remy steers Annie into a near-by closet.

INT. SCHOOL JANITORIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

ANNIE

(thrilled)

Rushing things, aren't we? I don't
usually hit the closet before a
cafeteria sandwich and some
meaningless conversation.

Remy gives her some space.

REMY

It's Zoe. She's noticed you.

ANNIE

Yikes. Major breach of clique laws.
Should we call someone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMY

You can't. It'll just get back to her. Everything gets back to her.

ANNIE

Okay, hi. *I'm* kidding, and you are?

REMY

Warning you. Just, don't be so flattered by her attention.

ANNIE

Riiight. Is this some kind of humiliate-the-new-chick crap-? Where you trick me to say something stupid about the most popular girls, then rat on me so my life can be even more miserable?

REMY

Hey, I get the attraction. The way they power-play teachers. Their perfect -- skin. The hypnotic smiles *nobody* can refuse. The impossibly high grades.

ANNIE

Yeah, only ugly girls have brains.

REMY

Nobody's born like that. Nobody gets *everything* going for them. But every girl Zoe takes on that squad, Zoe changes. Into another Zoe.

ANNIE

Clones. Interesting. See, I think they're hatched. From pods. In some teen-boy scientist's super-babe lab. To torture girls like me.

Frustrated, Remy moves to go.

REMY

Sorry. You seemed so aware.

ANNIE

I'm aware. Aware I'm not perfect enough to be seen talking to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REMY

No, you're fine like you are.
That's *why* I'm talking to you.

ANNIE

Oh. Thanks. I think.

Remy hesitates, no longer sure that she's truly cool.

REMY

Simone was a genius, very socially desirable, *impossibly* hot girl that everybody wants. Or wants to *be*. So, how come she killed herself?

Their eyes meet. Annie could mention Simone's body. Doesn't.

REMY

They know about my next gig. I just booked it. I haven't *told anybody*. My *band* doesn't know, yet.

Remy gives her a hand-inked flyer.

REMY

Come. Catch them out together, at night. See what they're really like. Just -- don't get too close.

Remy exits. Annie regards his flyer. The artwork's gorgeous.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The lunch line breaks to let Heather, Monique and Shelby in next to Annie. She notes each girl is handed a plate of *rare hamburger*. Joining them, Zoe jars Annie, who flails into Rosa. Greasy chili splatters Rosa's white shirt. Zoe's already way across the room, whispering with Cleo.

ROSA

You idiot.

ANNIE

I'm so sorry!

Rosa gets in Annie's face.

ROSA

I should rip every piece of that crap outta your face, pawn it for scrap metal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE

(lightly, from her table)

Rosa. I think it was an accident.

ROSA

Shut up! This is between me and
this freak.

Rosa shoves Annie into the waiting line. The crowd HOOTS, kids stand to see. Annie shoves Rosa back. They launch at one another. Other kids CHEER THEM ON. Except the squad, who continue to eat. Annie gets the better of Rosa, spilling her to the floor. Annie catches Zoe's gaze. Zoe's eyes seem to flash black, but in a blink -- they are normal again.

MS. VERONA

Annie Hyde, stop it, get up! Now!
Show's over, come on! Stop it!

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Annie glares. She's crushed between anxious Sally and would-be fatherly Steve. Before Schaeffer and Verona.

SCHAEFFER

We take student violence very, very
seriously at this school.

ANNIE

That's why everyone was cheering.

STEVE

(pandering, to teachers)
She can be a little high-strung.

ANNIE

(outraged, to Sally)
Why is he here?!
(to teachers)
He's not my father!

SALLY

Annie!

STEVE

(whisper, to Annie)
*I'm here to stay. So you either
stop bitching about it. Or find a
new place to live.*

Incensed, Annie bites her tongue. Fights angry tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHAEFFER

Fortunately for Annie, our cheerleaders saw the whole thing.

ANNIE

Maybe 'cause they started it.

SALLY

Annie! I'm sorry, Mr. Schaeffer...

VERONA

Zoe says it was a misunderstanding. They all vouch for Annie as...

(reading from a letter)

"A truly refreshing presence, with generally honorable intentions".

Annie snatches the letter - BEAMING as she scans...

SCHAEFFER

They've petitioned us to give Annie another chance. They feel she just needs a more positive-minded peer group.

VERONA

The squad needs a new member, so...

ANNIE

They want me?!

Sally looks concerned. Steve takes the letter, reads.

SALLY

This is -- very kind of them. But, I really don't think 'cheering' is Annie's kind of thing.

ANNIE

I'll do it!

Sally is taken aback. Steve looks pleasantly surprised.

ANNIE

It's that or leave school, right?

SCHAEFFER

Excellent decision.

VERONA

You're a very lucky girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Annie barely looks up from Zoe's *beautiful* handwriting.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY.

FIONA
(grating sarcasm)
Wow! Fate worse than death. Neat!

At their locker, Fiona piles all of Annie's belongings into her arms. Texts, extra worry dolls, piling on and on...

FIONA
(MORE)
You'll get your very own very special locker, now. Gosh, your whole life is gonna be a big special-festival.

ANNIE
It's this one season, senior year. Not a life sentence. You can come see me practice. Laugh your butt right off, my treat.

Annie's grip gives, her crap spills. Fiona helps.

FIONA
Why? So I can *watch* your gymnastic ass vaulting into oblivion? Pass.

ANNIE
It's cheerleading, Fi. Not a genetic make-over.

FIONA
You are new. After grad? You'll marry a top-college-draft-pick and make perfect babies. Shop the Gap.

ANNIE
Gee, and I really wanted to save the world and destroy all evil. Guess that's Plan B, now.

Fiona's not kidding any more.

FIONA
Crash course? You go into that first practice. And you never come out. Not like this. You're different. Better. Cuter. Smarter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA(cont'd)

You're another one of those girls that *everybody* loves. And, oops! Suddenly you don't know where my locker is any more. And, gee, all your spare time is kinda eaten up. And before you can say, Sell-Out? Neither one of us will have anything to say to each other. Because, I'll just be me. But you'll be *Them*.

ANNIE

That's really unfair. You're wrong.

FIONA

You're Monique, all over again.

Annie lets the sting wash over her, a second.

ANNIE

Are you going to see Dave tonight?
(pulls a piercing)
I want an upgrade, and you're doing it. I'll meet you at the morgue. After practice. Lip or tongue, your call. Okay?

Fiona softens. She wants to believe.

FIONA

Assuming you ever escape the squad?
Sure.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATE DAY.

Annie's shadow stretches ten feet over the deserted gym floor. Spying the girls' locker room, she lugs her battered backpack inside.

INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - LATE DAY

The most pristine place in the school. A maze of white tiled corridors, lined with newer lockers. Quiet as a tomb.

ANNIE

Hello-?

No answer. A piece of foolscap *flutters* on one locker door. It bears her name, in a familiar flourish:

"ANNIE - BACK SOON - BE READY - Z."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Annie opens the locker. A frosty bottle of Evian, a clean white towel - otherwise, spotless. Annie beams.

WHOOSH. Annie's hair *stirs* - a breeze? *Inside?* It's gone. Self-conscious, she checks around. No one. Turning to face the wall, she quickly changes into paint-streaked sweats and a mismatched L7 *Bricks Are Heavy Tee*. Nervously sniffs the armpits. Takes a pre-emptive puff on her inhaler. Turns...

To find Zoe leaning in the only way out. In practice gear.

ANNIE

(hiding her inhaler)

Zoe. Hey. And thanks. Really.
For stepping up for me, I really...

ZOE

(warm, all smile)

You're not coming out like *that*.

Annie jolts at PEALS LAUGHTER, ABOVE. Cleo, Heather, Monique and Shelby lounge *atop* the lockers, overhead.

ANNIE

Oh. Hey. Ha. You really scared me.
Were you all -- while I was-?

CLEO

Checking your deodorant? You bet!

SHELBY

You really say really a lot.

MONIQUE

(mocking Annie)

Like, really.

The LAUGHING girls *leap* to the floor. Each wears what Zoe wears. Heather grabs Annie by her Tee-shirt.

HEATHER

Okay, California - time to kiss the
Nineties g'bye. *Really*.

Someone throws a practice outfit at Annie.

ANNIE

Oh. Cool. Thanks. I-I'll change.

Awkward moment for Annie as nobody moves. She slowly turns her back on them, self-consciously changing outfits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELBY

Don't be shy, Annie. This time tomorrow, we'll know absolutely everything about you anyway.

MONIQUE

Nothing we haven't seen before. Except maybe that much eye liner.

CLEO

(redoing Annie's hair)
Bottled, *and* botched. What'd this pretty hair ever do to you?

ZOE

Got her called names in grade school. Carrot-head.
(off Annie's surprise)
Natural red-head, right? Freckles gave you away.

As Annie strains to check a mirror, Zoe steps up, *barring the view*. She flicks one of Annie's piercings.

ZOE

Bella. These should go.

ANNIE

Sorry. Badge of honor thing.

Zoe hooks her nail -- *did it just protract?! --* into Annie's nose ring, and gently tugs.

ZOE

Be a shame if it got caught. Came out the hard way. That's all.

Seeing Annie's flash of defiance, Zoe retreats.

ZOE

We both know this is about a lot more than cheering. A girl like you. Here, with us. But, Annie. What you do with it all, that's truly up to you. Try to relax. Everything's better when it's fun.

Annie checks the others - all beaming purring reassurances back. Annie melts.

ANNIE

This is *really* unreal to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They all LAUGH. Annie's does too. She's *yanked* up and off.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATE DAY

The football team are mid-drill. As Annie enters with the squad, stunned Remy takes a hurtling pass to the head.

ZOE

(eyes Remy, to Annie)

We usually start with a 5-K.

Remy's lifting his hands at her like, *What the hell-?*

ANNIE

Sure. How many laps is that?

ZOE

Laps. Where's the fun in that?

Before Annie can start, the others are off like rockets -- half-way out of the field in the blink of an eye. Annie scrambles after them. Ignoring Remy as she passes by.

EXT. CITY STREETS (VARIOUS/TRAVELING) - LATE DAY

Annie trails the squad, jogging the obstacle course of rush hour, zipping through a city headed home. WHISTLES from approving boys. Dirty looks from mousy working girls. Veering into a hopelessly jammed one-way, they fan out, racing one another between the cars. They brake only for a LITTLE OLD LADY whose shopping bag has broken. Swarm her with help, guide her safely across the street -- making traffic wait.

Then, to wheezing Annie's despair, they power on up a steep, endless-looking street.

INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Exhausted Annie limps through a thick fog. SHOWERS THUNDER, OFF. The steam clouds the mirrors. Shelby applies sunblocking skin lotion. Monique combs her wet hair. Zoe glides a nail file over her perfect manicure, and then - *over one of her teeth!*

Looking away, confused Annie flinches, grips her side -- a sudden pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONIQUE

You okay?

ANNIE

Time of the month.

MONIQUE

I used to have to stay home, it was so bad. I don't get 'em anymore.

ANNIE

What magic pill are you taking?

MONIQUE

They just stopped.

(wistful)

Of course, now I can't ever have kids. But, hey. No cramps.

ANNIE

Trade you any day. I wouldn't bring kids into this hopeless world.

ZOE

Ugh. Pessimism. Can't stand it. Never solved a thing. Oh. But, don't worry. We'll fix that.

ANNIE

Yeah, I've heard the uniform comes with a free personality transplant.

SCREECH! The showers, shutting off. Heather and Cleo enter, in towels. Annie is surrounded.

HEATHER

I used to be so fat, my family hid me. Told people I had The Plague.

CLEO

I was illiterate. Now I read and write in four languages.

SHELBY

Cystic acne. Guys called me The Elephant Girl. Girls looked away.

MONIQUE

Tried to kill myself. Twice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANNIE

Wow. Cheerleading cures everything.
Millions would die to be me, hunh.

Zoe smiles; the image of patience.

ZOE

We don't want millions. Just you.
The real Annie. The one dying to
make a difference.

Zoe twirls the glinting nail file.

ANNIE

(spooked by their stares)
I'll tell her you called.

Heather takes Annie's palm. She sprays it with athletic
anesthetic.

SHELBY

New member initiation.

MONIQUE

Kills the pain. And makes it heal
faster.

ANNIE

Makes what heal faster?

SUDDENLY, Zoe *slices the nail file over her own open palm!*

ANNIE

Wh-what're you doing?

MONIQUE

The pledge. We all took it.

SHELBY

Pacts are so old-school romantic.

HEATHER

It's a commitment. To sisterhood.

CLEO

Blood makes our hearts beat, Annie.
Until we share that, you haven't
really joined.

ANNIE

Ever heard of AIDS?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHELBY
Zoe's a virgin.

ZOE
Saving myself.

Steeling herself, shrugging Annie offers her own palm.

ZOE
You have to make it happen, Annie.
You have to want this more than
life, - as you've known it.

Annie takes the file, and coolly slices it over her own palm.
Zoe clenches her cut hand to Annie's hand.

ZOE
(very pleased)
Let's all grab a bite. Celebrate.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Vintage kitsch, a throw-back to apple pie Americana. Over her flawlessly bandaged hand, Annie seems off -- disoriented. As if she's having trouble seeing straight. DONNA - a fading ode to blue collar class - slings five blue burgers to the cheerleaders, and a single salad to Annie.

DONNA
Here you go, ladies. The usual,
plus one vegan delight for the new
blood. You should eat meat. Iron.
Anemia is very unattractive.

Annie blinks, sways - *head rush*. The others share mischievous grins.

ZOE
We're working on her, Donna.

To Annie, the *sodas are fizzing wildly*.

DONNA
Aw. What a great buncha eggs.
(to staring Annie)
You're runnin' with real angels.

Donna exits. Cleo snaps a newspaper open. Presto - the sodas stop. The girls dig into their raw burgers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEO

(re newspaper)

Another home invasion. Beat some woman black and blue for twenty dollars and a portable stereo.

SHELBY

(distant, distorted)

Was it this bad in... Where are you from again?

ANNIE

Um. San Francisco.

CLEO

I lived there, before the big one.

Cleo looks blurred. Annie blinks. Cleo's back to normal.

ANNIE

'89. That was biblical.

CLEO

No. THE big one. 1906.

ANNIE

...Wh-what?

Shelby hits the table-top juke box. *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* sounds like it's coming from the bottom of a well. The whole world seems to be streaking by. But the girls are stationery.

ANNIE

Sorry, what, you're from where?

HEATHER

Everywhere. No where. Lost track.

Zoe leans in close to Annie.

ZOE

We like to travel. How about you?

Monique takes Annie's bandaged hand.

MONIQUE

You okay in there?

SNAP. The world is normal again.

ANNIE

Just need to eat... Something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Annie tries her salad. She spits it out. *Disgusting*. The others LAUGH. Annie eyes the way the girls devour their burgers. The way their mouths savor the juicy goodness, their smiles of abject satisfaction.

Desperate, Annie tries more salad. SUDDENLY, Annie's *being sick*. Mortified, she reels away toward the bathroom.

ZOE

Wait.

Vomiting, Annie stops. Zoe offers her hair clip.

ZOE

To keep your hair back.

INT. TOILET - NIGHT

Annie reels out of a stall, WHEEZING. Takes a hit from her inhaler - no affect. At the sink, she splashes cold water on her face. No mirror. Finds her bandage is bled-through. Unwinds it. Her wound's a rancid, bubbling infection.

Annie's grabbed, whipped around. Rosa.

ROSA

Uh-oh. Meat, you're mine.

ANNIE

Rosa. No, please, I-I'm sick...

ROSA

You're *dead*, Cream Cheese. They kicked me out over your sad ass.

Rosa shoves Annie into a wall. Her flying fist is *caught mid-strike*. Zoe tosses Rosa to Monique and Heather, who drop her.

ZOE

You touch her, you touch us. You want to touch us, Rosa?

ROSA

(enthralled)

I-I-I don't guess so.

Shelby holds the door open. Rosa scampers out, fast. The girls help weak Annie up. She swoons, leans on them, hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE
 (fixing her up, doubtful)
 We're going out. Want to come?

ANNIE
 (righting herself)
 I promised a friend I'd hang...

ZOE
 Loyalty. I like that. Don't stay
 out too late. Catch your death.

The squad steps aside, allowing Annie to exit.

EXT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

THUNDER, RAIN. Dave locks up for the night. He hugs disappointed Fiona, who takes in the deserted street.

DAVE
 Fi, she's two hours late. I can't
 stay. I'll miss the last train.

FIONA
 There's a bus in two minutes. I
 swear I'll be on it. You go. Go.

Dave doesn't like the idea, but Fiona kisses him - *bye-bye*. He reluctantly runs off. Fiona heads for the bus stop.

WHOOSH! Lightening splits the darkness -- she seems alone. She moves on. WHOOSH! A trash can bounces into her path. Spooked, she crosses the street. WHAM! A paper vending machine *tumbles toward her*. *WHISPERS rise*.

Freaked, Fiona runs to meet an approaching bus. *SOMETHING - a pale blur, two, three - streak for her*. *Gaining*. Fiona leaps into the bus just in time; the doors close. She peers back out as the bus leaves. Nobody there.

Down the street, weak Annie stumbles to the morgue. Tries the doors. Locked. She slumps, *really unwell...*

INT. ANNIE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The elevator grinds open. Annie enters, soaked. *WHISPERS, OFF*. She trips over her own feet. The hall *revolves, spinning*. Shaken Annie fumbles for her keys as *the hall seems to protract into an endless void*. She unlocks the door. Dives inside.

INT. ANNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dropping into bed, Annie WHEEZES, teeth chattering under piles of blankets. SUDDENLY, her breath stops - her body seizes - convulsions. Short, harsh, limbs twisting out of control...Harder, faster, until she arrests - frozen anquish, a strangled cry, eyes rolling to whites... She comes to rest. An eerie stillness falls.

INT. ANNIE'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The RADIO cracks on. Ghastly pale, Annie has not moved. Scabby - and the sun's rays - creep to her lifeless face.

A bandaged hand SLAMS the radio - cracking it silent. Scabby HISSES, runs. Annie's eyes roll back into place. She sits up. Notes her bandage. Peels it off. *No wound. Not even a scar.*

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

SALLY

What's to practice til one A.M.?

Shielding her eyes against the sunlight, Annie shuffles through the apartment, bathroom bound. Sally dogs her heels.

ANNIE

I had a ton of stuff to learn. To catch up. It's no cakewalk, they're really good. practice makes perfect, right?

Annie shuts the bathroom door between them.

SALLY

Right. I've just never seen you really get involved in... anything.

STEVE

(smacking her butt)

Hey. What're you, jealous?

INT. ANNIE'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Under a steaming shower, Annie scrubs her racoon-eyes clean. She spies a bottle of Sally's hair conditioner - fingers her brittle, uncared-for hair. Globbs some on. Rinsing all smooth and shiny, she catches a nail in a piercing - *ouch!*

Furious, Annie removes the piercing. She wipes the steam from the mirror. Removes the rest of her piercings. Checks her unfettered face. Not bad. Brushes her teeth.

Stooping to spit, Annie *misses that her reflection is shimmering, fluctuating unsteadily in the mirror.*

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

In shades, collar up, hunched against a chill -- Annie slinks into the arriving throng like she's amazingly hungover. *Every noise, every voice, every random brush with humanity is mercilessly AMPLIFIED.* Stripped of make-up and metal, her beauty is softer, more fragile. Arriving Remy takes note.

She squints furtively at Josh and Corey, who are hoisting a big banner - HOMECOMING BLOOD DRIVE - over the gym windows, anchoring its big, metal post frames into place.

High above her, Annie sees Cory's grip slip. High above *him*, one of the big metal tubes rockets free of the ropes -- a massive javelin, hurtling down. Headed straight for plain Janey from homeroom. Tying her shoe, near Annie.

Everything slows. Annie dives to oblivious Janey, catching the tube inches before impact!

Beat. Nobody moves. Then, a DEAFENING ROAR; real time returns. Everybody's talking, looking -- *at Annie.*

JANEY

You just saved my life.

ANNIE

Fluke.

Rattled Annie hands the tube off to the first hands that reach for it, and leaves -- anxious to get out of the limelight. Love-struck Remy in turn hands the tube to Josh.

Head down, in shades, Annie joins the morning jam to enter the building. Around her, the crowd's chatter FLARES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMY

That was pretty spectacular.

Annie startles. Remy's close proximity eclipses all SOUND.

REMY

Some catch. The pipe. Outside?

ANNIE

It's called adrenaline.

REMY

Okay. Rough night at 'practice'?

Remy lifts her shades. Squinting, she grabs them back.

ANNIE

Why? Do I look eerily intelligent?

REMY

(a compliment)

You look weird.

ANNIE

Yeah? Don't get too close. I'll bust out my spooky hypnotic smile.

To Annie's surprise, Remy forgets to laugh -- he seems quite pleasantly lost in her smile. The crowd shifts, splits -- separating them. Fiona, plowing through, avoiding Annie.

ANNIE

Fiona. Fiona!

Annie presses after her. Forgetting Remy completely. *His thrall breaks.* He looks around, suddenly self-conscious. Shaken.

INT. ENGLISH CLASS - DAY.

SCRAAAAAAPE! The TEACHER'S chalk on the blackboard. In shades, Annie cringes over her open copy of *Frankenstein*. She passes a note. It is thrown back, unopened. By Fiona.

ANNIE

What, that's it? One screw up, and I can't even pass you a note?

THUMP-THUMP-THUMP...Annie sobers. It's seething Fiona's heart, *pounding.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stunned, Annie fixates on *Fiona's pale throat, her pulse throbbing, her veins visibly swelling to violet rivers, PUMPING IN TIME WITH HER HEART!*

ENGLISH TEACHER

Annie. Take off your sunglasses.
You're not in California anymore.

Annie removes her shades. *The light is blinding.* She leans into shadow, shielding her eyes. Unnerved.

ANNIE

(to Fiona, desperate)
I'm sorry, okay. I tried but...

FIONA

(mock girlie-girl)
"practice ran super late. It was so intense. Then, I cut myself shaving, AND broke a nail. I was in Manicure Emergency half the night!"

With a screw-you shrug, Fiona returns to her work. Annie's eyes flash black. THE BELL RINGS at *head-splitting volume.* Annie bolts. Fiona stubbornly stays put.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

Class change. To Annie, the slightest NOISE DEAFENS: someone CRACKS GUM, it's like a cannon blast. Quarrelling lovers seem to SCREAM at each other, but they're whispering - two hundred feet away! RRR-ROAR!...THE DIN pitches to *unbearable!*

Desperate for relief, Annie plunges into the empty gym.

INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY.

THE NOISE CONTINUES, following Annie in, though there's not a soul in sight. Closing her eyes, she covers her ears. *Suddenly, the NOISES END.* Sweet, complete SILENCE. Opening her eyes, Annie jumps! Out of no where, Shelby, Heather, Monique and Cleo wait before her -- dressed for practice.

MONIQUE

You okay, Annie?

ANNIE

(faking cool)
Yeah. Just havin' a day, you know.

Smiling Shelby produces a beautifully wrapped gift-box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELBY

Present!

HEATHER

Our special survival kit.

CLEO

Everything you need to keep that
killer smile going two-four seven.

Flattered, Annie opens the box.

ANNIE

Gee. Sunblock. SPF 45.

HEATHER

Coppertone's been protecting us
since 1945. *No sun is good sun.*

SHELBY

(re contact case)

UVB-blocking contact lenses. Can't
wear shades on the field.

Annie lifts a Washington Heights' team sport bottle.

CLEO

Our secret weapon. All natural.
Everything a body needs to stay
fresh, focussed. And fierce.

Annie drinks. Frowns. Pulls the bottle away.

ANNIE

Oh my god. ...You-?
(the others tense)
Are way to good to me.

They LAUGH, and Annie - feeling much better - LAUGHS, too.

ANNIE

Hey. Where's Zoe?

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - DAY.

The door opens on Annie being ushered onto the ramshackle
roof-top. She takes in the view of the city, which for her
vibrates with a cacophony -- life. Suddenly, she GASPS. Zoe
is doing a handstand on the crumbling edge of the building!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE

From up here, it's almost beautiful. Don't you think?

The others crack up and *dive* to join her. Using the ledge like a balance beam, they soar into cartwheels, backflips - five stories over the grounds, below. Annie *freaks*.

ANNIE

Are you out of your minds?! You're going to kill yourselves!

ZOE

Oh I don't think so. Suicide is a terrible choice. With no winners.

The others SHRIEK WITH LAUGHTER.

ZOE

Break. Annie's turn.

ANNIE

And me without my death wish.

ZOE

No guts, no glory.

Their elation's contagious. Uneasy Annie steps gingerly onto the ledge. The height is dizzying. The city's NOISE RISES.

CHEERLEADERS

C'mon, Annie! You can do this!

ZOE

This world's your playground, now.

Her vertigo subsides. The NOISE SUBSIDES. Steeling herself, terrified Annie cartwheels... *perfectly*. Stunned.

ZOE

See? Nothing to it.

Zoe handsprings into a back-flip. Annie follows suit - and tops it: throwing in an aerial tuck. Zoe looks impressed.

ANNIE

HA! THIS IS WICKED!!

Hopping with excitement, Annie loses her balance. Alarmed, she looks down -- the ground spirals, her arms windmill, she slips -- *falling over the edge!* She snares the ledge with one hand! The WIND WHISTLES around her. The grounds swirl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The others peer over the ledge, *bemused*.

ZOE
Interesting move.

ANNIE
Help me!

ZOE
Annie, Annie. If *you* can't count on
you, how can we count on you?

The cement is crumbling under Annie's grip.

ANNIE
I can't hold on! I'm gonna fall!

ZOE
(looming, in her face)
Let go. See what happens.

Annie's fingers slip! Annie falls! *WHAP!* Zoe grabs Annie's
arm, easily pulling her back onto the roof.

ANNIE
Jesus, I could have *died!*

The cheerleaders LAUGH. Annie darkens, pissed off.

ZOE
Okay. Here. I'll make it up to you.

Zoe backs onto the ledge, heels hanging off - arms raised.

ZOE
(a dare)
Go ahead. Push me. I deserve it.

ANNIE
Tempting. But I'm good, thanks.

ZOE
C'mon! Who's stopping you?! Not me.

Zoe jokingly staggers on the ledge - arms flailing.

ANNIE
Hilarious. Okay? Now quit it.

Zoe's smile fades. She leans back, *letting herself fall!*
WHAP! To Annie's amazement, she catches grinning Zoe's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ZOE
 (dangling, laughs)
 Now if you'd only do something
 about that hair.

Incredulous, Annie yanks Zoe up. They land akimbo. Sharing Annie's wild-eyed rush, Zoe LAUGHS. They all do. Even Annie.

INT. ANNIE'S BATHROOM - LATE DAY

Head smeared with gelatinous goop, eyes watering against the stench of dripping peroxide -- worried Annie squeezes the black dye out of her hair. The last of Goth Annie swirls down the drain.

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A sudsy dinner plate breaks on the floor. Stunned Sally ignores it. Uncertain Annie skulks in the threshold of the ruined bathroom -- now a silken-haired red-head.

SALLY
 It's beeyooooootiful! Oh, it's
 like getting my little girl back!!

Revolted by Sally's delight, Annie flees to her room.

ANNIE
 I have homework.

SALLY
 (reverential, to heavens)
 Homework? Thankyouthankyouthankyou!

INT. ANNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

3 AM. In bed, Annie tosses and turns. Can't sleep. She drains a sport bottle, fixating on a moonlit cup stain on her bedside table. She rubs it away.

She begins to obsessively clean every inch of her room -- *incredibly fast, in the dark. Her night vision is impeccable.* About to attack the grimy window, she throws it open, instead. *WHOOSH! The night air flares in, WHISTLING.* Outside, the lights, SOUNDS OF THE CITY'S NIGHTLIFE seem *spellbinding - draw her to lean wa-aay out. Longing.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The draught tosses a loose page up, out. *Annie snatches it - lightening fast.* It is Remy's drawing of Angry Annie. She almost lets it go. Tucks it in her biology text, instead.

Annie throws her closet door open. All black, crap clothes. Piece by piece, it all hits the trash. Rooting, Annie locates a delicate white sweater with a plunging neckline -- a gift tag still attached to it: "*Merry Christmas Annie, Love Grandma*". Annie smiles.

INT. SCHOOL - MORNING

At the entrance, the ^(MORE) sea of arriving students parts. A ripple of admiring eyes fix on a single point. Six pairs of legs strut down the cleared path. Six sets of tiny hips, six flat tummies, six perky smiles. But the swirling red mane in the flattering white sweater...

JOSH

HOO-WAAH!

Is *Annie*. Self-conscious, but unmistakably *with Zoe's squad*. To her deep satisfaction, receding Remy looks gob-smacked. To her disappointment, staring Fiona looks disgusted. The squad whisks Annie onward, all unstoppable.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

Fiona is changing books at her locker. Annie appears.

ANNIE

We need to talk.

FIONA

(looking her over)

If it was Halloween, I'd so laugh.

ANNIE

(pleasantly distracted)

Do you smell that? Something.. *hot*?

FIONA

No.

(re Annie's breasts)

Are you stuffing?!

ANNIE

It's called a *good bra*. How can you not smell it, it's so...strong...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE(cont'd)

Anyway. Let's make a firm date.
Like, Friday? Two? I'll cut class.

Monique and Heather pass by. Fiona ignores Monique's wave.

HEATHER

Annie, remember the blood drive
meeting's on Friday, at two.

Fiona gives Annie her worry doll back.

FIONA

You can suck the soul outta anybody
you want, now. Leave mine alone.

ANNIE

(happy discovery)
It's you! The smell!

Wincing at her own lack of tact, Annie discreetly offers a
purse-sized box of tampons.

ANNIE

(gentle, kindly)
Here. I mean, I skipped and,
obviously, you can use them.

Humiliated, Fiona bolts, forgetting to shut her locker.
Annie closes it, *denting it*. She puzzles over that.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Another test. Annie examines Remy. Yummmmmmy. His every move
distracts her. His every glance, gold. He's drawing her,
she can tell. She smiles. Fakes a discreet pose. Realizes
all eyes are on ...her. Boys', girls', *the teacher*...

Only Zoe, Heather and Monique seem oblivious; *breezing*
through their exams. Worried, Annie tenses; still needing to
cheat. She peers over the aisle, at plain Janey's paper.
She can read it perfectly. Better, grateful Janey moves it
so she can see it all! The teacher winks - *go for it*. Weird.

Saved by the BELL. In a flash, Annie blocks Remy's exit -
snatching his new drawing from his hand.

ANNIE

Whatcha got there, as if I didn't..

Annie's shocked speechless. It's her. In lugubrious
caricature. A too-short skirt with a trail of bug-eyed boys
chasing after her. Remy flees.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

Clutching the drawing, Annie storms after Remy. Seeing escape is futile, he turns on her - tries to grab it back.

REMY

I didn't mean for you to see that.

ANNIE

What? This misogynist piece of crap? Oh, don't worry.
(ripping it up, advancing)
It's in your eyes. Now I get the 'football star rock god' act. Real artists have to be original. But you're just like Josh. Big. Dumb. Muscle.

She backs Remy into a vending machine. She leans in.

ANNIE

Is that what you think of me, Remy? I put on a skirt, and suddenly I'm a slut-?

REMY

I don't know what you are.

ANNIE

Give me a dollar.

Spellbound, he does. She shoves him clear of the vending machine. Jams in the buck. Selects *beef jerky*.

REMY

Y-you're different every day.

The jerky gets stuck in the machine. Annie *reams* on it.

REMY

(astonished by her fury)
You're obviously changing, Annie...

Annie jams her hand up the machine, straining for the trapped jerky. Remy blocks other, ogling boys' view of her butt.

REMY

...In this frankly sorta scary way.
Can I help you with that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

I'm fine.

Neither sees Annie's fingernails protract, far enough to snare the jerky! Unaware, she rises triumphant -- tearing the jerky open with her teeth.

ANNIE

Low blood sugar. You were pleading?

Remy stares at the way she eats - *devours* - the jerky.

ANNIE

What? Wish this was you?

REMY

I was just wondering what happened.
What was wrong with the old Annie?

Annie feeds him the last square inch.

ANNIE

Please. She was hopeless.

REMY

That's what I liked about her.

Remy eases away from her, and exits. Annie's breathing so hard, she gets out her inhaler. But her breathing calms on its own. There's a flyer for Remy's concert up. Absently, she tosses the inhaler in the trash, scanning the details.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY.

It is overcast. Annie masters a complex drill. She's tossed soaring into the sky - *and stays there, hovering a heartbeat longer than natural!!* - before gravity calls.

SHELBY

Sun!

And, the sun comes out. The cheerleaders instantly break formation to slather on sunblock. Sensing something, Zoe suddenly shoots a wary look down the field.

Puzzling Remy is alone, way up in the bleachers. Doodling Annie as a dark angel, flying, haloed in a shaft of sunlight. He adds a thin wisp of smoke, where the sun strikes her skin.

As a strange idea hits Remy, *he sees Zoe's gaze flash black.*

EXT. ALL-AGES CLUB - NIGHT

Downtown's preeminent all-ages venue. Dressed to kill, Annie and the squad by-pass the long line. "SOLD OUT".

ANNIE

We're too late. We'll never get in.

But the BOUNCER's ogling the six gorgeous girls stalking up. With a smile from Zoe, he admits them. Annie's impressed.

INT. ALL-AGES CLUB - NIGHT

THUNDERING LIVE MUSIC, GYRATING BODIES. Dry ice, pulsating light, and SCREAMING GIRLS. The stage banner says TOXIC, but Remy fronts a BAND inspiring frenzied adulation.

Annie stalls on sight of him -- blind to the male attention she instantly attracts. Trading knowing glances, Zoe and the squad survey the mass rapture coldly. *Predatory.*

Josh and Cory approach.

JOSH

Hey, girls! Wassup?! Hyde, you're cleanin' up real nice! Yowch.

ZOE

I'm thirsty.

JOSH

On it.

The boys obediently press off to the backed-up soda vendor's line. Heather indicates an OLDER BOY eying the girls up.

HEATHER

Mind if I get this party started?

ZOE

Be discreet. It's Annie's night.

Heather, Shelby and Monique trade dark, delighted looks. They stalk to the boy. Surround him. Whisper and flirt. To Annie's amazement, they lead him off -- into the Men's. As the door closes on them, Heather's eyes go *black...*

ANNIE

Do they know him or-?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEO

They like 'em quick and easy.

Zoe marks Annie's knees buckling as Remy spots her, brightens... until he sees Zoe and Cleo.

ZOE

Tasty.

ANNIE

Yeah? Didn't think this would be your kinda crowd.

ZOE

If you like it, we like it.

Zoe and Cleo press Annie in a slow creep to the stage.

CLEO

And, we can tell you like it. Pulse racing. Heart pounding. Yep. Girl's got the fever.

ZOE

Looks hungry. Starving, in fact.

HEATHER

Hey, a girl's gotta eat.

Heather, Shelby and Monique are *suddenly back*, offering Annie an opaque plastic cup. It's too dark to see its contents.

ANNIE

What is it?

HEATHER

Malt, barley, snips, snails.

SHELBY

And puppy dog tails.

Annie downs it, it's *good*. Leaves a red drop on her lip, which Heather whisks away, licking her finger clean.

MONIQUE

I take it Remy's our lucky winner?

ANNIE

(eying her competition)
Sure, I'll just take a number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELBY

Love can be a real bitch.

CLEO

All guys want a cheerleader, Annie.

A cute girl leaps onto the stage, throws herself at Remy -- and plants a deep, wet kiss on him! *Time slows, the kiss drags on... Is he into it?!*

SHELBY

What a butthead.

Annie turns her back on the stage.

ANNIE

I-I want to dance, you wanna dance?

Annie plunges onto the fray, drawn to FLASHES -- *dancers' bared veins, arteries pumping blue and red like webs.*

On stage, Remy peels the rabid fan off, eager to escape, finish the song, relocate Annie in the crowd. But Annie dances. Bodies flare blue, red, undulating like living lava. Somebody lifts her up, up... body-surf! She floats, arms out. *Surrendering all control, her eyes flashing to black.*

A CUTE GUY rescues her from the fray, dancing her close. She's over-heating, *over-whelmed...*

CUTE GUY

You wanna get some air?

Annie checks alarmed Remy - trapped, helpless - mid-song. Then the cheerleaders - all looking impressed, *thumbs-up!*

ANNIE

Why not?

Annie lets the Cute Guy lead her out the back way. Josh and Cory arrive at Zoe's side with the sodas.

JOSH

Hey, where's Annie?

ZOE

Annie's busy. Wanna dance?

The boys beam as the girls lead them onto the floor.

EXT. ALL-AGES CLUB BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Junk, garbage, demolition dumpsters. Annie's stranger drives her up against a fence, determined to go all the way.

ANNIE

Hey, whoa -- take it easy.

CUTE GUY

Hey, we didn't come here to talk.

He claws up her shirt. Annie pulls it down.

ANNIE

Stop it!

The guy pins her, hard, forcing himself on her. Annie pushes him off into a junk heap. His forehead is cut. Seeing the blood, Annie *shudders* - *something's happening to her*. He comes back for more. Annie spins clear, snares a piece of rebar from the debris.

CUTE GUY

You wanna play like that?!

The two struggle, *SLAMMING UP* against the dumpster. Their eyes go *WIDE*. The guy looks down. His shirt's bloodied. He checks for the wound. Nothing. He looks at stunned Annie. The rebar is *sticking through her torso*.

ANNIE

Wha-what... What d-did you do?

CUTE GUY

You *asked* for that.

That turns Annie. She *SLAMS* the guy into a parked car with a sickening *CRUNCH*. His nose *bleeds*. Annie's eyes sink in, turn black. Her skin goes deathly pale. Her teeth protract into long, sharp fangs. She *POUNCES* on him, dropping him behind the dumpster, *OFF SCREEN*.

THE GUY'S SCREAMS SUDDENLY STOP!

Annie falls back into view. Writhing she *MOANS*, in ecstasy. But, the glory soon fades. She snaps-to. Sees blood. The rebar spearing her gut. *The guy's dead eyes. Staring. Accusing.* Horror hits. Annie hyperventilates, paralyzed. Loving hands take her shoulders, help her away. *Zoe's*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE

Shh-shhh. It's okay. Deep breath.

Cool as a cucumber, Zoe holds shocked Annie. Looking sorry for her, Monique pulls the rebar out of her gut. The others soar, *black-eyed blurs*, to the guy's corpse...

HEATHER

God, first-timers. Always a mess.

MONIQUE

He's a rapist, Annie. It was you, or him. He got what he deserved.

Annie's rebar wound heals over. Annie wretches.

CLEO

Few dozen more, you won't have to replace every outfit, after.

SHELBY

I told you, love can be a real bitch. All my boyfriends end up the same way.

MONIQUE

Eat more, you'll feel better.

Repulsed, Annie flings herself clear of Zoe's embrace.

ANNIE

Okay. I'd like to wake up now. It's a bad dream. And, I'm awake! Now!

ZOE

It's not a nightmare, Annie. It's your dream, come true. A whole new world. In which, you rule.

ANNIE

Not my dream, sorry, wrong number.

ZOE

Plan B, Annie. 'Save the world, destroy all evil'-?

ANNIE

I-I-I never told you that.

ZOE

Didn't have to. Another perk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELBY

You craved this. You *busted* a bad guy. You made a wrong all right.

CLEO

That fire in your belly? Suddenly feels good. Feels *right*.

ANNIE

Because I'm a freaking vampire!

ZOE

Who can take care of pricks like this.

ANNIE

I'll *fry* for this!

ZOE

We'll take care of everything. Nobody will ever know.

ANNIE

I'll know!

ZOE

What? That you lost it? Or, that you loved it. While it lasted.

Annie sobers. The real horror is, Zoe's *right*.

ANNIE

...I need to go.

ZOE

I'll walk you home.

ANNIE

Stay away from me.

Annie staggers down the alley.

ZOE

Okay. See you at school on Monday.

Was that a threat, or a promise? Annie looks back, but Zoe's out of view; there's a terrible TEARING SOUND. Zoe reappears.

ZOE

Big surprise. His heart's as cold as ice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Annie runs like hell, off.

INT. ANNIE'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

BANG-BANG-BANG! The door.

SALLY (O.C.)

Annie! Come on, it's six o'clock.
You've been out cold all day! Are
you alive in there?

Annie starts from a deep sleep.

ANNIE

No.

Annie rubs her eyes. Takes in the blood, under her nails.
She checks under her covers. *SHIT.*

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

In the shower, Annie furiously scrubs her skin raw. At the
sink, Annie wipes the steam from the mirror -- *SQUE-EAK*
SQUEAK SQUEAK! Finally, a patch clears. *Reflecting only the*
room behind her. NOT HER! Annie ducks and weaves, checks.

Annie has lost her reflection.

ANNIE

Oh, shut up.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - MORNING

Annie arrives. Visibly radiant. Yet, ill at-ease. The
halls are packed. Ahead, the cheerleaders and the football
players are in animated conversation -- *it's vamp-amplified.*

CORY

So I go out into the alley for a
whizz right, and I'm like *no way!*

JOSH

They had to use dental records to
ID the body. He was *shredded.*

CORY

Right outside the club. Dude, you
so never know what's out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH

When we couldn't find you girls, we were like, sick with worry.

ZOE

Annie wasn't feeling well. We took her home. Here she is. Safe and sound.

Reluctantly, Annie takes her cue to approach. She marks Josh's relieved look. (MORE)

SHELBY

Annie, did you hear? Some guy got *murdered* behind the club Saturday night?! *Right after we left.*

HEATHER

The news says he was known to the police. As a *rapist*.

CLEO

Josh thinks we shouldn't go around at night by ourselves *any more.*

MONIQUE

Which is ridiculous. Because, the guy's like, *dead now.* Right.

Janey overhears as she passes. She speaks to a friend.

JANEY

And good riddance. It's just one less creep on the streets, I say.

JANEY'S FRIEND

Yeah, no kidding.

Zoe shoots Annie a smug, *told-you-so* look.

INT. HOME ROOM - DAY

Next to Annie, Remy has a blank page. Pencil untouched. *PING!*

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)

(over PA)

Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCIPAL(cont'd)

Our cheerleaders would like to remind all female students using school facilities after sundown to be sure and take advantage of their Home Safe programme. Escorts to buses and subways are happily arranged upon request. Today's lunch is, meatloaf.

PING! The teacher scrawls a "Home Safe" number on the board.

REMY

(under his breath)

*They say the body at the club?
Looked like an animal got him.*

Annie ignores him.

REMY

*Ever see Cat People? Human women
mate with leopards. Scary shit.*

ANNIE

You didn't seem to mind that girl
mauling you at your concert.

REMY

(stolid, unrelenting)

*It's playing at the Retro. Wanna
check it out?*

ANNIE

Take a 'fan'. They'll do anything.

BELL. Annie soars out. Remy follows, fixating.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

'WHAT'S YOUR TYPE?': a blood info-chart at the front. The BIOLOGY TEACHER hands out blood-typing packets.

BIOLOGY TEACHER

All humans and most primates share
the same basic blood. The finite
combinations of two antigens and
two antibodies not only identify
what species you are...

Annie and Remy open their packets. Annie pricks her finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIOLOGY TEACHER
Your type tells us which group in
our species you belong to.

To Annie's alarm, her blood appears... *stops, then retracts!*
She hides her finger. Blood *glistens, mouth-watering* on
other students fingers. A SIZZLE, like a juicy steak on a
grill, *rises* all around. Annie *pales*.

BIOLOGY TEACHER
What's in your group may consume
what's in someone else's. To
illuminate the principles behind
our cheerleaders' up-coming blood
drive...

Annie tries a smile. *Drool* slips over Annie's *trembling lips*.

BIOLOGY TEACHER
We'll find out if you are designed
to eat... Or be eaten.

Blood, blood, blood all around. Annie watches Remy -- who
looks pretty wigged-out himself -- smear his blood on a
slide. Annie *swoons* as it *MAGNIFIES* to *AMAZING!* Annie's
canines protract over her lips! She covers her mouth. *Bolts*.

BIOLOGY TEACHER
That's fine. Some people just
don't have the stomach for it.

Overwhelmed himself, Remy eases out with a grateful grimace.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Annie flings herself into the deserted grounds, gulping air -
eyes wide for witnesses as her canines retract. She jolts as
Remy comes out, a heartbeat behind. Bends double.

REMY
Never took you for the squeamish
type.

Dark-eyed Annie looks him over. *Vulnerable. Weak. Niiiiiice.*

ANNIE
I'm full of surprises.
(catches herself)
Can you not be here? I'm kinda...

But he steadies himself on her arm. Draws her close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMY

Look in my eyes. If you look into someone's eyes you don't faint.

Like she can resist. She fixes his gaze in hers. *Breathless.* His nausea subsides. *Something else takes over.* Annie kisses him. He folds his arms around her as *the kiss goes on, sweet and delicious, to feverish...* Remy comes up for air. *But Annie continues, working down his neck.* Gasping with pleasure, Remy glimpses his shadow embracing...

NOTHING! ANNIE HAS NO SHADOW! JUST THEN, HER FANGS PROTRACT AS SHE TAKES HIS THROAT'S FLESH IN HER MOUTH!!

REMY

OUCH!

Remy reels back, clutching his neck. He rubs a *huge* hickey. Off his shock, Annie snaps-to -- stricken. Clamps her mouth shut. Mortified. She runs -- *FAST!!* -- away.

EXT. SCHOOL FLAGSTAFF - DAY

Perched along the American flag's pole (which juts horizontally from the top of the building), the cheerleaders and dazed Annie survey the oblivious students, far below.

ANNIE

A life without *action*. Man.

SHELBY

You know when you see a guy so cute you could just eat him up? Now you will.

ANNIE

Can't wait to break this to my mom.

SHELBY

Mine flipped. Had to kill her.

ANNIE

I thought your parents were in Africa?

SHELBY

They are. In a cemetery.

To Annie's horror, the others' expressions concur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEATHER

Rome.

CLEO

The Nile, somewhere.

ZOE

Prague.

MONIQUE

Here.

ZOE

Hey. You'll always have us.

Annie tries to appear to be reassured by that.

ANNIE

Are there others?

SHELBY

Around here? Not any more.

(off Zoe's glare)

I mean, m-most cities can only feed
one crew at a time. Discreetly.

Cleo hands Annie a folded newspaper page. "PIMPS SLAIN".

CLEO

Only so many scuzzbags per capita.

MONIQUE

Nobody misses who we go after.

ANNIE

Oh my god! This is you guys?

LIGHTENING CRACKS! THUNDER! DOWNPOUR! Jolting Annie tracks the others' unflinching stares to *the folded newspaper she's holding*. She opens it. The headlines screams, 'KIDNAPPER: YOUR LITTLE BOY DIES TONIGHT'.

ZOE

And people think we're monsters.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a barely furnished apartment, the KIDNAPPER - a creepy calm sociopath, speaks on a cell phone. He toys with a hunting knife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIDNAPPER

It's midnight. I don't have the ransom money. I'm afraid you've left me no choice.

The kidnapper hangs up. He looks to A BOY OF TEN - JESSE; who is bound and gagged on a kitchen chair, CRYING.

A TAPPING, off. The kidnapper follows it to the blinds covering the living room window. Odd. He rips them open. *Zoe, Cleo, Shelby, Heather, and Monique stand on thin air, staring back from the other side of the window.* Zoe flicks her long nails against the pane; TAP-TAP-SMASH! The glass shatters, showering the stunned kidnapper!

The front door bursts open. Scared Annie enters.

ZOE

It's about time.

The kidnapper jumps as the girls are now surround him. He whirls, holding the knife to the boy's throat.

ANNIE

(distracted by knife)

The elevator's crap.

Zoe rolls her eyes - FLASH! snares the kidnapper's knife.

MONIQUE

We can fly, Annie.

ANNIE

Oh.

ZOE

(to boy, for Annie's ears)

Don't worry, Sweet Pea.

Everything's going to be fine.

With one slice of the knife, Zoe frees the boy and shoves him clear -- to Annie. Who steels herself, nods to Zoe - *This feels right.* Annie clamps her hands over Jesse's eyes as; **THE SQUAD HITS VAMP-KILL MODE!** The kidnapper SHRIEKS!

Through Annie's extended nails, Jesse's eyes widen at the unseen horror, as SOUNDS OF THE VAMPIRE'S OFF-SCREEN ATTACK FILL THE APARTMENT.

TELEVISION 'BREAKING NEWS' BROADCAST:

At a downtown crime scene crawling with COPS, Jesse is reunited with his frantic PARENTS.

NEWS ANCHOR

An anonymous 911 call brought local police to the apartment - and body - of one Robert McNally, the man now confirmed as the lone kidnapper of ten-year old Jesse Tate. Jesse was found at the scene, unharmed.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

The news segment plays on before the lunch hour crowd.

NEWS ANCHOR

McNally was, investigators say, 'destroyed' by his assailants, who reportedly left no physical evidence behind. Without so much as a fingerprint, or a stray hair, there are no clear suspects at this hour. Jesse was bound, gagged and blindfolded at the time - unable to identify those responsible.

Seated alone, Fiona reads an autopsy text, a toe-tag her bookmark. A shadow looms. To her shock, Remy approaches her.

MOTHER (O.C.)

(over television)

Whoever you are, thank you for saving Jesse! God bless you!

REMY

Seen Annie around?

Fiona shrugs, wary. Remy takes a seat a couple of chairs away. Baffling, Fiona returns to her reading. Remy moves a chair closer. He speaks quietly, eyes peeled.

REMY

You guys are like, pretty tight, right?

Weirded-out, Fiona eyes him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA

'Tight'--? No speaky RockJock, pal.

REMY

I think she's in trouble.

FIONA

You knocked her up?!

REMY

What? God, no! This is, she's...

He stops, eying her autopsy book.

FIONA

My boyfriend works at the morgue,
All-star.

REMY

You're into science? Great. Okay,
you know shadows? What if, one
time, you maybe saw -- that you had
one. But that someone *right beside*
you um, *didn't*. There's a reason,
right? Like a factual explanation?

Bogging Fiona looks at Remy as though he has just sprouted
horns. Notes his *hickey*.

FIONA

Look, Spooky. Doing it with my ex-
friend doesn't mean you get to
suddenly acknowledge my existence
for the first time, like - ever.
Do you even know my *name*?

Seeing he looks nuts, Remy shuffles off. Comes back.

REMY

Sorry you lost a friend. Makes
sense, though. Later. *Fiona*.

Remy exits. Fiona puzzles after him. The TV shows the crime
scene. There, Jesse speaks into a station mike.

JESSE

(via television)

If you rub it three times, it takes
aalllll your troubles away.

Fiona double-takes the TV. *Jesse holds a worry doll.*

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDORS - DAY

PING! Annie flits through the packed halls with the squad, distributing flyers - "*GIVE LIFE!*" - for the blood drive. Catching people who stumble at her *fiendish* new gift for *flirtation*.

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)

(over P.A.)

Good morning and 'Give Life!'. Our cheerleaders look forward to seeing staff and students at their much-anticipated blood drive, now on in the gymnasium. Today's lunch is, franks and beans.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

A "GIVE LIFE!" banner rims a mammoth cardboard heart measuring the blood drive's success so far. Half colored-in. The cheerleaders assist NURSES in extracting students' blood.

Now *vivacious* Annie has discovered real self-control. She channels her new-found energy into a *lascivious warmth* for everyone -- even teachers.

Until she spots Remy, stalled at Sign-in. Before he can blush, she's before him -- too aware of the other cheerleaders - one by one - *picking up his presence like a bad smell*.

ANNIE

(defensive)

Thought blood makes you sick.

REMY

Think it makes us both kinda strange. Don't you?

ZOE (O.C.)

Nice hickey.

Zoe suddenly stands next to Annie.

ZOE

Who's the lucky girl?

REMY

Nobody you'd know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE

But I know everyone.
 (to Annie)
 Cleo needs you.

Staring Cleo is indeed struggling to upgrade the half-full cardboard heart. Annie reluctantly moves away - worried. Zoe backs Remy into a vacant station. Passing the vibrating bags of fresh blood being agitated, scared Remy lays down. A nurse prepares the machine. Zoe eases up his sleeve.

Going pale, Remy concentrates on Annie. Who can't look away. Zoe *wrenches* a tourniquet around his arm. He flinches.

REMY

Do you know what you're doing?

ZOE

Loads of practice.

She swabs his forearm. Flicks up a vein. Inserts the IV. Remy squirms as his blood flows. Annie tenses, *ears pricked*.

ZOE

(off machine)
 AB Negative. My favorite.

Annie watches Zoe lean over Remy.

ZOE

Know why?

Remy strains to keep track of Annie. *Room's fuzzing out*.

ZOE

It's hard to get.

Zoe cups his lolling jaw and pulls his gaze to hers.

ZOE

So hard... that, when you find a person who's giving it away. You get this -- crazy -- *urge*. To drain them. Dry.

The nurse gives Zoe an alarmed look. Annie darkens.

ZOE

(*um, duh*)
 To save other lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The nurse moves on. Remy's world begins to SPIN. He tries to get up. *Faints dead away.* Annie whips over.

ZOE

What a baby.
(eying the rising tally)
Swipe half. Box it for 720 Maple.

Zoe glides on. Annie considers helpless Remy like he's a piece of mouth-watering meat. Strokes his hair. *Mm-MM!*

ZOE

Earth to Annie.

Annie moves on. Remy opens one eye. He's faked them out. *Is Heather stabbing a straw into a blood bag? AND DRINKING IT?!*

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

720 Maple Street is an 18th century, bricked-up church. *WHOOSH, WHOOSH-WHOOSH!* SOMETHING flies down the bell tower.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A buzzing needle methodically pierces inked flesh.

ZOE (O.C.)

French. Italian. German. Russian.
Latin, obviously. Some Chinese.

ANNIE

(teeth gritted, pain)
And I barely pass English.

Annie's getting the cheerleaders' signature tattoo on her neck. Zoe does the deed. Monique, Shelby, Cleo and Heather lounge over travel guides, sipping on sports bottles.

SHELBY

What about Miami?!

The vampires' home is a candle-lit sanctuary redone in burgundies, reds and rose petals. Incense wafts over this mausoleum of teen fads from the past *four hundred years.*

CLEO

Hello? It's called, The Sunshine
State?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Why do we have to go anywhere?

ZOE

Can't be seventeen forever. And have nobody notice.

Sensing Annie's upset, Zoe snares her with a smiling, gaze. Hypnotic. Spellbinding. Annie suddenly changes topics.

ANNIE

Hey. How are we on holy ground?

HEATHER

Wives tales and TV shows. We can believe. We can worship.

ZOE

We can be absolute angels.

Zoe finishes the tatt, wiping it down.

ZOE

There. You're beautiful now.

ANNIE

(cracking her neck)

Sure. Agony becomes me.

ZOE

You should pick our next good deed. Something you're aching to fix.

ANNIE

Oh. God...I-I don't know...

ZOE

(beaming, knowing)

You have a million things you'd love to change about this world. Just pick one. Any one.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

DOWNTOWN NIGHTLIFE BLASTS BY, WHOOOOOOOOOOSH! The girls appear below a window, watching the silhouettes of a MAN physically and VERBALLY assaulting a SHRIEKING WOMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE
 (to Annie)
 You're right. Sooner or later,
 guys like this kill. Every time.

The man throws the woman from sight. He exits. Beat. He come out at street-level. The woman reappears in the window above, throws at vase at him. Nails him. From the look on his face as he heads back, we all know - she's a dead woman.

ZOE
 He's gonna do it. He's gonna kill
 her this time. Annie. We've got
 to stop him. Now.

Furious Annie hits VAMP MODE!! She catches the man. Awed Zoe keeps the others back at the SOUND OF ANNIE'S ATTACK!

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Zoe seems pleased as the others give Annie PROPS.

ZOE
 Very cool. Any other ideas?

ANNIE
 Seriously?

The others grin. Annie grabs some clippings from her bag.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

RAVERS choke a warehouse back-lot.

ANNIE (V.O.)
 On the 'Ask Lucy' page of Women's
 Day magazine...

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Zoe and the others seem confused.

ANNIE
 My Mom gets it.

The girls happily accept this. Annie continues.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

ANNIE (V.O.)
This Mom writes in about her
daughter dying at a rave.

Mass drug-induced mania rules. Annie directs the prowling
pack to a FAT, SLICK HIPSTER slipping kids pills for cash.

ANNIE (V.O.)
Bad ecstasy. Low priority for the
cops. And a heartache waiting to
happen for other Moms, right?

The cheerleaders isolate him - *flirting, cozying up...*

ANNIE (V.O.)
She wishes people could be warned.

Kissing, then FANGS! The clubbers fail to notice his demise.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Zoe notes the other girls' increasingly vocal APPROVAL.
Annie shows them an article with a picture of a pit bull.

ANNIE
This is Harvey. Harvey was bred to
die in illegal dog fights.

SHELBY
Oh, no *waaaaaaaaaay! Poor baby!!*

ZOE
Annie. We're not Animal Rescue.

The others WAIL for Harvey. Zoe seems piqued.

INT. ROW HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

TEN SWEATY MEN lay bets. Two pit bulls are unmuzzled, and
released into a ring. The men SHOUT as the dogs fight.

SUDDENLY, the dogs *stop, back away*. The confused men fall
silent. The dogs all SNARL at thin air, herding, terrified.
CREAK, from above. A light trickle of plaster dust sifts
into the ring, dead-center. The dogs WHINE, try to hide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CEILING SPLITS OPEN as Annie and the squad smash through it, and drop directly into the ring. Shelby scoops up a pup.

SHELBY

Don't be scared. I won't eat you!

VAMP MODE! Backs to one another, each girl dives at the SCREAMING MEN! The dogs cower, terrified by the off-screen mayhem.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Zoe looks revolted as Shelby tries to coax her new pup out from under his station of terror, beneath the alter.

ANNIE

And, I made a list of other ideas.

If looks could kill, Annie is missing a *death threat*.

ALL LOOK SIMULTANEOUSLY IN A SINGLE DIRECTION, EARS PRICKED.

SHELBY

Take-out's here.

Black-eyed, pissed-off Zoe tosses Annie's little project book. She *soars* out of Annie's view, to the separate vestibule's entrance. The pup *makes a run for it, too!*

ANNIE

What are we having?

Zoe *whips open* the massive door, *bricked-in facing and all*. She *kicks* the pup out. Outside, an ASIAN KID in a Dominoes Pizza uniform baffles.

ZOE

Chinese.

ZOE SNAPS TO FULL-VAMP MODE!! The pizza boy is *yanked* in. The door SLAMS! The pizza boxes hit the floor.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

On his cell, scared Remy paces over the #720 etched on the sidewalk. Near-by, a Dominoes-signed car. Idling. Empty.

INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Mystified Fiona take the phone from puzzling Dave.

FIONA

Hullo-?

REMY

It's Remy. Don't insult me, just listen. I've been watching Annie...

FIONA

(kidding, sorta)

Stalking's a *crime*, Sport-o.

REMY

I know where she is. I'm going in. I want somebody to know, someone -- who gets her. In case I don't come out. Someone who cares, you know?

FIONA

(concerned)

Are you secretly psycho?

REMY

I'll let you know in one hour. If I don't call back... Call the cops.

FIONA

Or maybe the Rubber Room Motel.

CLICK. Over the row of most recent additions to the morgue - *Annie's victims* - Fiona answers Dave's look with a shrug.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Remy discovers a rotten basement window grate that gives. Beyond is blackness, and a dense wall of cobwebs. Swallowing his gross-out, Remy wipes them aside and goes in.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Remy sparks a flashlight, illuminating walls of cob-webbed books. He pulls out a yearbook. 1985. Boston. He flips the dusty pages. *Senior year photos - cheerleaders. Zoe. Cleo. Heather. Shelby.* In 80's haircuts and legwarmers! Another book. Seattle. 1968. *The same cheerleaders*, in gogo-boots, flaps and letterman sweaters. Kansas. 1945.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The same cheerleaders. Homespun uniforms, posing on hay-bales. A loose photo falls out; yellow with age. Zoe, circa 1848!

Putting the yearbook and the picture in his backpack, Remy's light catches a stairwell. It winds upstairs.

INT. CHURCH KITCHEN - NIGHT

Remy eases in. Scores of butcher knives, oversized skillets, taurines and mason jars - *full of watches, rings, wallets*. A stained, heavily-scored butcher's block table. With two large holes in the table funneling into big buckets.

On the table, a Dominoes Pizza baseball hat.

CLINK! Remy ducks behind the table as half-asleep Shelby enters, opens an industrial-sized fridge, removing *something meaty*. Grabbing a cleaver, she WHACKS a slice! Cuts her finger. Annoyed Shelby shakes it, flicking some of her blood onto hidden Remy's face! *Before most of it slithers back into the quickly healing wound*. Munching, Shelby exits.

Sickened, Remy wipes her blood from his face with his shirt sleeve. He reluctantly eases out, following Shelby.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Terrified Remy enters to see Shelby *levitate to the rafters, swing upside down - and nestle into her place next to Annie and the squad. Who are all upside down, wrapped bat-like -- sound asleep in front of their upside down plasma television.*

Stifling an astonished cry, Remy carefully eases back out.

Zoe's eyes open. *Her head turns 180 degrees, to Remy's wake.*

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

CLATTER, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, OFF. Breathless Remy enters, watching his back. The place seems deserted. Of the Living, any way.

REMY

Hello? ...Fiona?!

Cadavers lay on slabs. Remy hears a rustle. He looks behind him. He regards the closest gurney. *Did whatever's under the sheet just MOVE? PLOP!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An arm swings loose, dangling over the edge! Remy stands stock still, staring the covered mass down. Silence. He inches closer. Reaches...

The hand closes INTO A FIST!!! Then SWISH! The sheet slips off the cadaver's feet as it's long toe-nailed digits curl up, claw-like. SCREAMING Remy wheels back, banging into more bodies. CLATTERING, above. Remy leaps to a steel door, and tears into the next room.

Which is the freezing body lock-up. A corpse lies on an open drawer's slab. An eerie GIGGLE floats in, behind Remy.

REMY

Fiona-?!

WHOOSH! Remy stumbles back, falling onto the corpse. The drawer is flung shut - *but the body's foot catches it before it can close completely!* BANG! BANG! CRUNCH! *Someone is forcing the door shut!* Remy can't move, or fight back - he's crammed against the body. The cadaver's ankle is giving way!

WHAM. DOOR SHUTS. DARKNESS. SILENCE.

SUDDENLY the drawer is *yanked open*. Freed, Remy springs -- *throwing a punch* -- dropping Dave! Fiona drops to unconscious Dave's side.

FIONA

(to Remy)

You dick, what's wrong with you?!

REMY

Annie's a vampire.

INT. MORGUE - LATER SAME NIGHT

Skeptical Fiona rifles the yearbook. His nose bandaged, Dave examines Zoe's antique photo under a magnifying glass.

FIONA

I don't know, Remy. Elaborate hoax?
I wouldn't put it put past 'em.

Deeply shaken, Remy can't take his eyes off of that corpse that moved, earlier.

DAVE

It was rigor mortis, dude. Promise.
Um - is that... blood?

Remy looks to the blood on his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMY
Shelby's snack accident.

DAVE
That's actual vampire blood?!

FIONA
Hullo-? There's no such thing.

DAVE
There might be, Fi. Gimme your
shirt, Remy. We can tell whose all
too immortal, right here!

Remy takes off his shirt, hands it over. Dave treats the
stain for a scan, slips it under a high-powered microscope.

DAVE
Um. Well. We got your standard
human blood cells. Whites. Reds.
Yikes, here's something.
(...)
Shelby's got a nasty infection.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE: The blood cells dance. The white
blood cells consume the red, the plasma and then --
engorged.... Stop dead.

DAVE
Um. ...This blood just ate itself.

FIONA
Please, Shelby's beyond healthy.

Fiona shoves him aside, and looks for herself. Jolts.

DAVE
That's why they have to feed so
much! Being what they are consumes
blood as fast as they can suck it!

REMY
(to rattled Fiona)
Secretly psycho my sweet ass.

DAVE
'Cept now we gotta chop their heads
off, or stake their hearts.

Remy looks as if he has just died a little, inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FIONA

Oh, please. Yes, 'vampires' would explain how they get straight-A's, and moves that make grown men weep.

REMY

You need more? Fine. Meet me at practice, tomorrow.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Up-field from football practice, Annie pounds out an utterly AWESOME, show-stopping solo, as Shelby, Heather, Monique and Cleo rock out with abject glee. She sticks a *buzzing aerial triple back somersault* like it's just what you do.

ANNIE

That's *my* suggestion for the homecoming half-time routine.

ZOE

Very reminiscent of, oh, I don't know... Majorettes. In malls.

The others PROTEST; driving the tension sky-high.

SHELBY

We've done the same boring routine forever.

ZOE

Oh, I'm boring now?!

HEATHER

Geez, Zoe. Freak much? Lighten up.

CLEO

Don't take your four hundred years of 'frustration' out on us, okay?!

Zoe darkens. Annie steps between them, arms raised.

ANNIE

Hey, hey. Chill, okay. It was just a suggestion. No thing.

Down-field, the football team is in homecoming prep overdrive. Josh calls the plays. Remy *purposely* messes up every one. WHISTLE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSH

Dude! Are you high, or what?!

COACH

What is it, Remy? Girl trouble?
 Forget 'em. They are not your
 future! Hit the showers before I
 hit you.

Hiding a satisfied smile, Remy jogs to the sidelines. Veers under the bleachers, to meet Fiona who lurks in the shadows. Remy removes his helmet, revealing a garlic necklace and a silver cross on a chain around his neck.

FIONA

Nice, nutjob. What'll you wear
 when the werewolves come?

SHHH! Eying the distant girls, he touches his ear, *Quiet!!*

REMY

(dead-pan)
Chain-link suit.

FIONA

Can we get this over with?

Remy produces a pair of mirrored, aviator sunglasses. Fiona looks unimpressed. Remy makes them reflect the field.

REMY

See yourself? See me? Players?

FIONA

Reflections. Yeah, *they're mirrors.*

Remy shifts the glasses, to reflect down-field. *No cheerleaders.* Fiona grabs the glasses, tries herself. *Still no cheerleaders.* Fiona gapes, for once -- speechless. Remy hands her a tube of the cheerleaders' sunblock, and a sloshing sport bottle.

REMY

Sunscreen. Blood. They go through a
 lot of both. Any questions?

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Donna enters. Zoe looks bored. Annie has the others in hysterics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Donna, burgers all around! On me.

DONNA

You girls ready for the big game?

SHELBY

With Annie on board, we're gonna slay Lincoln Tech. *Puree* them.

ZOE

(deadpan)

Annie's a saint. Annie's our savior. Annie's like, our God.

A brittle silence descends. Donna takes her cue to leave.

CLEO

So who's next, Annie? SUV drivers? Twenty percent of carbon dioxide emissions are those mothers.

ANNIE

Hmm. Not heinous enough.

HEATHER

How about her?

Heather points to Janey -- who is wearing orange and lime.

ANNIE

Nah. Send her a subscription to *Vogue*, and hope for the best.

The others *snort with stifled giggles*. Janey looks over, hurt. Annie looks uncomfortable, feeling bad.

ZOE

How about all of them? Take out the whole place. The block, even.

Annie meets Zoe's bone-chilling gaze. *Warning received*.

ANNIE

I'm gonna um, - grab a paper.

Annie exits. The others swap awkward looks.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Troubled Annie plunks quarters into a newspaper vending machine. She stops - *sensing a presence*.

ANNIE
You should really stop following
me, Remy. You might see something
you wish you....

Annie turns to see Remy behind her - with Fiona.

FIONA
We need to talk. Five minutes.

A bus pulls up. Remy gets on board, holding the doors. Annie looks at their desperate faces. Then, back to the diner.

ANNIE
One minute.

She climbs on board with Fiona. The doors HISS shut.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Fiona, Remy and Annie walk past the weary passengers; glassy-eyed, barely awake. The kids sit at the back.

ANNIE
45 seconds.

FIONA
We want to try and help you.

ANNIE
(snort of amusement)
With-?

REMY
This whole daughter of Dracula
thing.

ANNIE
(a split second's alarm)
I don't know what you're talking
about.

FIONA
Annie. Nobody grows three cup sizes
overnight without surgery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Remy tries to sneak a peek. Catches Annie's eye. Looks away. Annie shifts so that his curiosity is addressed. *Puts her hand on his. Squeezes. Leans to his ear.*

ANNIE

You just don't get it. I'm making
a difference in the world.

Rattled, Remy produces the Dominoes pizza guy's hat.

REMY

By eating people?

Annie suffers a pinch of confusion. *Calmly removes her hand.*

ANNIE

If you want the rainbow, you have
to put up with the rain.

FIONA

His name was Ben Foon. Poverty
activist by day. Zoe's late-night
snack attack. Missing five days.

Annie puts an arm around shrinking Fiona; *fixes her in a hypnotic stare.*

ANNIE

(gentle, compassionate)

I know. You think you've lost two
friends, now. Like, you're not
good enough to keep anybody around.

REMY

Fiona, look away. Annie, stop.

But, Fiona cannot look away. And, Annie will not stop.

ANNIE

(glare fixed, channeling)

Always on the outside, looking in.
Part of nothing. Belonging to no
one. Piling on all that make-up,
all that attitude. Crying out for
attention. And, still nobody
cares.

FIONA

(enthralled, choking up)

Dave cares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REMY

Annie, that's *enough*.

ANNIE

(channeling Fiona)

For now. There's always someone better. Smarter. Cuter. Boyfriends come and go, but girlfriends? They're forever, Fi. I'm always going to be on your side. I'm never going to leave you standing outside a locked morgue in the middle of the night, all alone. I'm your friend, for *life*.

Remy lunges for the bus-stop chord. BING!! *Spell's broken*.

ANNIE

Time's up.

FIONA

(snaps-to, furious)

You did leave me. You can't be a friend. Not any more. Spare me your pity. I feel sorry for *you*.

Stung, Annie rises to go. Remy grabs her.

REMY

They don't care about you. One false move, and they'll do to you what they did to Simone!

WHISHT! Annie's vamp nail meets Remy's jugular.

ANNIE

Maybe I should *make* you understand.

Remy's eyes wander from the lethal weapon to the oblivious passengers. Annie notes their vacant stares. She retracts her nail as the bus stops.

ANNIE

(re other passengers,
grins)

Or, is *this* all the life you can handle?

Annie slides through the doors and exits onto the street. HISS! the bus doors shut between them. Remy is pulled away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Annie confronts the newspaper box. A small item on the front page: "BUDGET CRUNCH - CHEERLEADING PROGRAMS CUT -- BARNHAM". SCHOOL BOARD CHAIRMAN JOHN BARNHAM's photo accompanies. Annie sobers. She looks back at the diner.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annie is getting ready for a night on the town.

SALLY (O.C.)
You're growing up so fast.

Sally peers in. Cuddling Scabby, who nearly tears her eyes out fleeing *on sight of Annie*. Sally baffles, annoyed.

SALLY
Some day soon, I'll wake up and my baby girl... will be gone. Have you thought about college?

Annie hides a pang of guilt. Sally roams the room, puzzling over the *new, much more girlish/devoted-academic decor*.

ANNIE
The girls were thinking we should travel around for a while.

SALLY
(surprised)
Oh? Well. You know I support you in whatever you decide. But be careful. Don't just -- follow the herd, you know? My own example aside, -- thinking for yourself is the key to finding yourself.

Absorbing this, Annie heads for the door.

ANNIE
...Bye, Mom.

INT. SUBWAY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Up-town line. White-collar commuters cram the car. Annie scans their dead-eyed stares. The squad smile back.

ANNIE
I give up. Who's the bad guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The train makes a stop. *Barnham* steps in. Annie puzzles as the others rise, cheerfully offer the arrivals *their* seats.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Barnham ducks into a 7/11 on an uptown thru-way. Beyond its *whizzing traffic*, Zoe, concerned Annie and the squad arrive.

ZOE

Who feels like a snack?

ANNIE

You're kidding, right? So he cut cheerleading. It's our senior year. We're leaving any way. What's the -

Annie gapes as Zoe strides into the *hurtling traffic*. *Fearless. Unstoppable.* Off the brightly-lit store, the *easy* view within, Annie sends the others an incredulous look. They all avoid her gaze. They follow Zoe.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Barnham selects a tub of ice cream.

ZOE

Rocky Road. My favorite.

Barnham returns the smile of this lovely girl at his side. He heads away. *Zoe is somehow standing in front of him, now.* Over her shoulder, the Rockabilly throw-back at the till - EUGENE - gives baffling Barnham a friendly gold-tooth grin.

EUGENE

Baby kicking, again, John?

BARNHAM

(blinks, to Eugene)
Like a showgirl.

Zoe fails to move, forcing uneasy Barnham to squeeze by, barely avoiding her chest. *Strange kid.* He pays Eugene.

ZOE

I hear it's a girl, Mr. Barnham.

BARNHAM

Do I know you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE

With your looks, she *might* have made a terrific cheerleader. For Washington Heights.

(off his realization)

Thanks to Daddy, we'll never know.

BARNHAM

I'm sorry about your squad. But it wouldn't be much of a school without books, teachers, and desks, now would it. We have to cut back.

GUM SMACKS behind Barnham. He finds Monique, Heather, Shelby, Cleo...*playing up hurt-little-girl pouts*. Tense Annie hangs back. Eying bemused Eugene. *Hot girls*.

BARNHAM

Call my office. I'd be happy to explain my decision, in detail. Some other time.

Barnham moves for the door. *Zoe blocks his path, again.*

ZOE

Explain it now.

ANNIE

Zoe.

ZOE

Annie. We're protesting an *injustice*.

MR. BARNHAM

I have a very pregnant wife, waiting at home. Call. My office.

Barnham moves around her. With a look from Zoe, Shelby *SHOVES* him hard into a pyramid of *Pepsi fun-packs*. Cleo *KICKS* an ice machine. *It skids to a stop in front of the doors, blocking the way in - and out.* Heather *PUNCHES* through a wall, *YANKING OUT* electrical wiring. THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

Eugene can't decide if he's turned-on or freaked right out. Dazed Barnham clammers, disoriented. Annie gapes, stunned.

ANNIE

Zoe, why are you doing this?!

ZOE

I'm not doing anything. You are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARNHAM

Don't make me call your parents!

ZOE

You own a Ouija board?

Zoe *SUCKER-PUNCHES* him to the floor.

ZOE

(to Annie)

Finish him off.

ANNIE

What? No way. This is nuts.

(to others)

This isn't right. You know that.

HEATHER

We don't question our captain,

Annie. It's bad for morale.

SHELBY

Zoe's kept us safe for ages.

Literally. Ages.

CLEO

She knows what's best for us all.

MONIQUE

(earnest, warning)

Simone questioned Zoe, once.

ZOE

And then, we suddenly had an opening on the squad. Fortunately, a lot of girls would die to be us. So. Go ahead. Do him.

Annie steps between Barnham and the squad, *protecting him*.

ANNIE

He hasn't done anything wrong.

ZOE

I don't like his necktie.

VAMP MODE!! Zoe lunges! Annie leaps, meeting her in the air, dropping Zoe *HARD* on Eugene's counter. **VAMP MODE!!** The squad rings them, black eyes on Annie! But FLASH!! Annie's world up-ends as she is flipped to the counter, Zoe's claws pinning her by the throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ZOE

You ungrateful little bitch.

A handgun is leveled at Zoe's temple. Eugene's.

EUGENE

Don't any of you move.

(to Barnham)

John! Out the back!

Barnham *bolts*. Glancing at Barnham's progress in the security monitors, Eugene sees an *empty store*. *Himself, pointing a gun at nothing*. NONE OF THE GIRLS ARE THERE.

(MORE)
EUGENE

What the- /

As Barnham reaches the back door -- WHOOSH! Barnham's *PITCHED OFF OF HIS FEET*, and *SMASHED INTO THE DOOR, FACE-FIRST, FEET DANGLING*. *Zoe's fingernail snakes from ten feet away, its lethal tip impaling him through his back*. Zoe retracts it. Barnham falls to the floor in a heap. DEAD.

SCREAMING, Eugene OPENS FIRE. *The Slurpie machine splits, spurting; candy, magazines, soda and glass flies!* The smoke clears, but the girls still stand before him. Eugene tries to fire again! CLICK CLICK-CLICK. ...Out of ammo.

CLEO

(gasps, faux girlish)

Now look what you did.

Cleo shows *her middle finger is missing*. She makes a fist. *The missing digit grows back in* -- giving Eugene The Finger. The squad swarms, *preparing to strike*.

ANNIE

Stop! He's an innocent bystander!

Zoe seems to catch herself. Seems horrified, too. A single, mortified tear spills down Zoe's cheek. She turns to Annie.

ZOE

Oh God. Annie. You're right. What am I thinking? What are we doing?!

Then, the tear rolls right back up again. Vanishing. Zoe grins.

ZOE

I'm getting pretty bored of this holier-than-thou crap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ZOE(cont'd)

Put it down to cruelty to animals,
Annie. Call it whatever you can
live with.

Zoe snaps her fingers. *THE SQUAD POUNCES, KNOCKING EUGENE
BEHIND THE COUNTER, OUT OF VIEW. THE SOUNDS OF A FEEDING
FRENZY RISES, OFF.*

ZOE

But, you're a killer. Save the deep
thoughts for ethics class.

Fighting tears, Annie heads for the door; *shoving the ice
machine aside with one hand.*

ZOE

You walk out on us now...

Annie stops, back turned.

HEATHER

And you are so off the squad.

ZOE

And everyone in this world you care
about? Your precious Mommy. Your
freak-friends at the morgue. Your
annoying boyfriend. We're going to
slaughter. While you watch. And
then, we'll do you.

Annie is blasted with air. *WHOOOOOSH, WHOOSH!!* The full squad
appears behind her, with Zoe - **FULL KILL-MODE**. Annie turns,
KILL-MODE HERSELF!! Fangs out, ready to fight. *POLICE SIRENS,
OFF.* Approaching, fast. Zoe retreats.

ZOE

Watch your back.

Zoe and the squad *streak to pale BLURS, shooting straight at
ducking Annie, over her and through the glass doors.* Police
lights strobe in, as Annie streaks out the back door. Leaving
Barnham's body gaping wide-eyed in her wake.

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Pale, worn from not feeding, Annie checks the fridge. *Panic.*
Spots Steve before the TV. Empty beer cans. *A sport bottle.*

ANNIE

Steve! What're you doing?! That's
my last one!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drunk, Steve pulls the bottle close, out of her reach.

STEVE
You snooze you lose.

Desperate Annie tears up, struggling to control herself.

ANNIE
You can't drink that. I-it's made
for me. I have to have it, c'mon!

STEVE
Or, what? You turn back into a
toad? BAHAAHhahaha...

Annie lunges for the bottle. Steve resists, they struggle. Annie's eyes grow dark as she tries not to change. She covers her growing fangs with her hand. He catches her unaware with a shove so hard it knocks her on her butt.

STEVE
I've had about enough of your
attitude, around here.

Head down, Annie's losing it, she's changing!

Behind unaware Steve, the apartment door opens. Sally, arms full of groceries. As Steve looms over fallen Annie.

STEVE
(to Annie)
I think it's time somebody taught
you a lesson!

SALLY
Get out.

STEVE
H-hey, baby. We were just...
horsing around. You know.

SALLY
Annie?! What happened?!

Face turned, Annie flees her touch. Hiding her fangs. But to Sally, it looks like she's too hurt or upset to speak.

STEVE
She came at me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SALLY
(enraged, flying at Steve)
Get out.

STEVE
She completely lost her nut!

SALLY
YOU DON'T TOUCH *MY CHILD*! OUT!

STEVE
It's *my* place!

SALLY
GO, OR I WILL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE
HANDS, YOU BASTARD!

Over Sally's shoulder, Annie rises -- fangs fully extended. Steve's eyes grow wide. He stumbles out the door. Slams it.

Mortified Sally turns to find *normal Annie* showing nothing but total amazement.

ANNIE
Damn, Mom. Didn't know you had it
in you.

SALLY
(deeply shaken)
My horoscope said not to take any
more crap, today.

They share a nervous LAUGH. Annie lets Sally hug her, tight. Annie's missed this. But smile fades. *Close call...*

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

IN THE MICROSCOPE, Shelby's *blood cells consume one another on another swatch of Remy's blood-stained shirt*. Fiona, flicks through massive medical texts, frustrated.

FIONA
There's like, four *hundred* possible
bacterial infections. Strangely
vampirism does not appear in the
national blood disease index.

Dave joins Remy, who is trying on the sunblock. He does too.

REMY
Is that jasmine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE

Vanilla. And no greasy residue.

Fiona rolls her eyes. Dave checks a slide of lotion.

DAVE

Well. If we can't fix 'em, we can fry 'em.

(off Remy's look, sorry)

Plain old extra-strength sunblock.
Clear indication of your classic
vampiric lethal allergy to UV rays.

AN APPROACHING CLATTER, OFF. All three freeze, scared. CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK... A gurney with a corpse *wheels in*...pushed by a morgue ORDERLY. Everyone looks relieved.

FIONA

Another lucky winner of the vigilante vamp award?

Dave signs for the body, scans its forms. The orderly exits.

DAVE

Leukemia. Kicked it waiting for a bone marrow transplant, poor guy.

Dave perks, an idea striking.

DAVE

Leukemia. It's just like leukemia.

(off their blank looks)

Leukaemia!! Abnormal white blood cells start killing off everything else in the blood!! Infected bone marrow, makes the killer cells mutate!! *Bacterial blood infection.*

FIONA

(translates for Remy)

There's hope.

DAVE

But there's no way to test it. Not without more vampire blood samples.

REMY

So... what? We'd just try whatever might work on them? Is that safe?

FIONA

We have to risk it, Remy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REMY

Risk what? Hurting Annie? Maybe,
killing her? No. No way.

(heading out)

Y-you do what you do. I'll talk to
Annie. I'll get your sample!

Remy exits. Fiona and Dave trade very worried looks.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Eyes closed, Remy is concentrating. A dozen drawings of
Annie scattered at his feet. *Beautiful drawings.*

REMY

C'mon, Annie.

*A breeze stirs his hair. Soft hands caress up his shoulders,
over the back of his neck.* He opens his eyes, and turns.

ZOE

We don't take collect calls. But -
- darn sweet of you to try.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

'GO WARRIORS!' Homecoming banners trim the packed halls.
Annie enters, scared to death -- no idea what to expect.
People avoid her gaze. *Something's up.*

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)

(over PA)

Proceeds from this year's
homecoming-game snack carts will go
towards our new John Barnham
Memorial Library Fund. This year's
featured treat is, corn dogs! *GO
WARRIORS!*

PING! FAMILIAR WHISPERS ricochet over the din. The squad.
Toting clipboards. Swarming cheerleader *WANNA-BE'S.*

HEATHER

We're expanding the winter squad.

CLEO

Sign up for try-outs right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELBY

You're so gorgeous. Why wouldn't we want you?

MONIQUE

Yeah, we had an unexpected opening for the homecoming show. But it's already been filled.

Annie is coldly ignored. Moving on, she scans for conspicuously absent Zoe. *WHAM!* Homely Janey blindsides her, rocketing out of Guidance. She holds a letter, in a familiar flourish.

JANEY

(past Annie, to squad)

YOU WANT ME?!!

Shelby, Heather, Monique and Cleo APPLAUD, CONGRATULATE her. Barely recovering from the collision, Annie wheels into;

VERONA

(cool, condescending)

Annie. This is from the squad.

Sporting sunglasses and a gaudy scarf around her neck, Verona offers another letter in the familiar script.

VERONA

I'm afraid you've been cut.
Something about behavior unbecoming
a Washington Heights cheerleader-?

Verona pushes past Annie, taking a pull from her own *cheerleader's sport bottle*; *CLICKING OFF* on saucy stilettos. Shocked to see they've hit a teacher, Annie backs away...

OOF! She's SHOVED from behind by GIGGLING GIRLS being chased by Josh and Corey. *Who are stylishly coiffed and ripped, muscles bulging, wild-eyed with raging testosterone.*

Each has a massive hickey on their necks.

Dread fills Annie's face. She veers toward Remy's locker. No sign of him. She whirls, scanning the mob. *SUDDENLY her hair stirs. THE SOUND OF HEAVY-BREATHING IN HER EARS. Out of no where, Remy looms right over her. Sunglasses and a fresh-scrubbed Banana Republic, All-American boy look.*

REMY

(over shades, pained)

Everybody said you'd be bad for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Remy's neck is black and blue -- plastered with hickeys!!!
He backs away, into *smiling Zoe's arms*. She draws him into a protracted *KISS!* During which Zoe eyes Annie, triumphantly.

Devastated, Annie careens through the crowd, flinging herself into the first girls' washroom she can find.

INT. GIRLS' WASHROOM - DAY

Bursting in, Annie pulls up short. Fiona is scared too; clutching a sports bottle -- whipping a steel cross from her brow-piercing, held out against Annie.

FIONA
(shaking sports bottle)
Looking for some of this?

ANNIE
(just as wary)
You tell me, Fi.

FIONA
(proudly, scoffs)
I'm still the last person in school they'd ever want. Or ever get to.

ANNIE
(rolls her eyes, relaxing)
Explains your choice of useless weapon. ...They got Remy.

FIONA
I know. He was trying to help you.

ANNIE
(overwhelmed, slumps)
I'm a monster, Fi. I'm a total freaking monster. And, I can't even kill myself.

A *RUCKUS*, outside the door. Tensing, the girls ease it open. Josh and Cory are psyching each other up.

CORY
Are we gonna kick Lincoln ass tomorrow?!

Cory SLAMS Josh in the shoulders. Josh SLAMS him back.

JOSH
Hell yeah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORY
Warriors RULE!

Cory POUNDS Josh hard on the face and a CRACK is heard as Josh's *head snaps unnaturally far back!* He pulls it back into place.

JOSH
Dude! Uncool!

Josh reciprocates; the same thing happens to Cory. They HOWL, feeling no pain. Fiona closes the door.

FIONA
The homecoming game's gonna be a bloodbath. Like, for real.

ANNIE
Zoe's out of control. I should've listened to you and Remy. Now I've got a lifetime membership to the cannibal club.

Satisfied Annie's remorse is genuine, Fiona offers the bottle. Annie hesitates, ashamed to take it.

FIONA
Don't be so hard on yourself. You just wanted to save the world.

Grateful, Annie accepts the bottle, -- drinks deeply.

FIONA
So, you're off the squad, hunh?
Did you suck?

ANNIE
Apparently not enough.

They trade a look, - permission to *giggle, hysterically*. The tension between them dissolves.

INT. MORGUE'S BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Annie lays on a gurney. Dave applies EKG contacts to her.

DAVE
Geez, you guys. I dunno about this. I mean, *no offense*. But you look human, to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE
Want proof?

DAVE
Yeah.

FLASH! Annie's eyes go black. Her face sinks, warps - UNDEAD.

ANNIE
Need more?

DAVE
Nope. I'm good.

In the blink of an eye, Annie looks normal again.

DAVE
(eyeing Annie warily)
Had my heart broken by a
cheerleader, once. Tiffany Bender.
Never did get closure.

FIONA
Those bitches.
(misses Annie's look,
strapping her down)
As a vampire, your blood has this
DNA mutation, that comes from a
bone marrow infection.

Dave rolls in a coroner's cart with a *massive* loaded syringe.

FIONA
Anti-vamp cocktail. Massive dose of
penicillin, to wipe out the
infection. Bone marrow and a
stimulant to jump start your immune
system. Should shoot you right back
to the land of the living.

ANNIE
How do you know?

DAVE
We don't. But you're the perfect
guinea pig. If we can stop the
infection, we can save you and them
and we don't have to kill anyone.

Dave *SNEEZES*. Spraying revolted Annie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANNIE

Aren't you going to sterilize --
something?

Fiona flips on the EKG. *Its flatline BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEPs.*

DAVE

Why? You're dead already.

Tense Dave accepts a syringe from Fiona's trembling hand. He takes a deep breath, and *JABS* the syringe into Annie's arm.

ANNIE

That didn't hurt.

FIONA

Dead, remember.

The cocktail slowly drains into her. Fiona takes her hand.

DAVE

Try to relax. You might feel
woozy. I mean, if you feel anything
at all.

Annie swallows hard, tries to relax. Nervous Dave eyes the heart monitor. Still flat-lined.

DAVE

(hushed, reverent)
*What if she turns into a bat, or
something? Tries to fly away?!*

ANNIE

You watch too many movies, Dave.

NOISES RISE. For Annie, SOUNDS OF THE STREETS OUTSIDE *swirl to a deafening pitch* - SIRENS, BLASTING CAR STEREOS, DISTANT CONVERSATIONS, FOOT-FALL, SUBWAYS, BUSES, TELEVISIONS...*She looks up at a bright light overhead - it begins to pale. The IV packets go from a brilliant red to a muted, muddy mauve.*

SUDDENLY, THE NOISES PLUMMET. SILENCE.

Then, *PIP!* Fiona and Dave tense, eying the heart monitor. *PIP-PIP!* Annie looks pleased as *all the colors return to normal... PIP-PIP-PIP-PIP....*

FIONA

YOU HAVE A HEARTBEAT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANNIE
I'M ALIVE?!

GLEEFUL SCREAMS. *But Annie GASPS. Clutches her SPLITTING gut. CAN'T BREATHE. ANGUISH! FLATLINE - PIP- FLATLINE.....*

FIONA
Annie? Annie, what's happening?!

DAVE
Uh-oh. What's *that*?!

A dark red stain spreads over Annie's torso. Blood. Annie shudders, vibrating, tremors give way to massive convulsions!

DAVE
She's rejecting it!

Fiona pulls frantically at the IV drip. Dave fumbles with the monitor.

FIONA
We're killing her!

Fiona *PULLS OUT* the IV. *Annie's convulsions subside.* The EKG flatline - *BEEEEEEEEEEEEEE.....*

A dread-filled pause as Annie does not move. Then, her blood retracts - like mercury - beading back into her belly. The wound oozes closed.

DAVE
Th-that c-can't be good.

Annie jerks upright! Fiona and Dave jump back, scared shitless. Annie rips the wires to the EKG machine out of their sockets. The machine *EXPLODES* in a plume of smoke. The lights cut out and emergency UV lighting comes on!!

DAVE
She's overloaded the system.

SMOKE coils from under Annie's clothes. Then it ignites into FLAMES. Annie madly pats out the fire!

FIONA
(looking up)
Shut off the lights!

DAVE
Huh?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FIONA
Shut off the ULTRA VIOLET LIGHTS!

Fiona cracks the staff First Aid closet and rips out a blanket. Throws it over Annie, smothering her flames. Dave raids a fuse box and madly flips every switch.

FINALLY, TOTAL DARKNESS DESCENDS.

Fiona sparks a lighter. Annie - recovered - looks chagrined.

DAVE
Well, that didn't work.

The regular lights flare back on.

INT. MORGUE BODY DEPOSITORY - NIGHT

Annie, Fiona and Dave sit among the bodies, dejected. Annie regards the face of Eugene, on the next slab. She wilts.

FIONA
(re Annie's stomach)
So that rapist nearly killed you.

DAVE
Good thing you were dead already.

Dave winces, having put his foot in his mouth.

FIONA
Thank god we stopped the experiment. You would have died. For real, this time.

Maudlin beat as Annie and her friends absorb this.

ANNIE
Great. I'm going to be a vampire for the rest of my life.

DAVE
(trying to be kind)
Well. Are you a night person?

Annie and Fiona give Dave a stony stare.

DAVE
What? Wouldn't that - help?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

I guess it's back to Plan B.

Fiona looks quizzically at Annie.

ANNIE

Destroy all evil.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATE DAY

Homecoming Game Day: WARRIORS-28, LEOPARDS-0. The game board ticks toward half-time. Drunk with power, Josh and Cory mutilate the defense. SCORE!! *They eye the LINCOLN CHEERLEADERS, hungrily.*

In the packed stands, the FANS GO NUTS as beaming Zoe leads the squad in a *wicked WE-KICK-ASS CHEER*. Unwell Janey struggles to keep up. Her hand bandaged.

HEATHER

(to Janey)

Will you get it together!

JANEY

(dizzy, eyes crowd)

I feel weird!

The squad shoot Zoe a damning look - *she's your fault.*

Struggling with his own appetite for destruction, Remy preps for one last play. SNAP! He *flings a bomb fifty yards* to an open receiver - SCORE!! Remy's *mobbed* by his teammates and their delirious coach - *as he fights to hide his new, protracting fangs!*

INT. MINIVAN - LATE DAY

Through the window, uniformed Annie mourns Remy; he's now everything he was before and more -- *powerful, sexy and apparently enjoying all the attention.* Fiona and Dave load and cap syringes.

DAVE

Remember. The only reason you're alive -- ish -- is because you only got a drop of this stuff. To knock off these bloodsuckers...

Annie spins on him. Dave falters, scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

I prefer the term, 'mortally challenged'.

DAVE

Oh. Sure. Sorry. Um. Make sure you shoot the whole load. Full dose.

Annie nods, clipping them inside of her skirt's waistband. Dave and Fiona don bulging backpacks.

DAVE

(scared peck for Fiona)
Be careful out there.

Annie kicks the doors OFF of the back of the van.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD STANDS - SUNSET

The game clock ticks down to half-time. Annie monitors Fiona, who is creeping along the cheerleaders' bench - replacing their sunblock lotion with identical tubes from her pack.

Annie looks above the fans, to the top of the bleachers. There, Dave uses the cover of falling darkness to fumble the replacement of a spotlight bulb with a UV bulb.... *just in time!* The sun sets. *The game lights flare on!* He crosses himself. Attempts to make the heavy lamp to point down.

Annie's vamp-vision magnifies something alarming, among the fans. *WHOOSH!* Sally jumps. Furious Annie glares.

ANNIE

Mom. What are you doing here?!

SALLY

(confused, checks field)
Oh, don't be embarrassed, honey.
All these other people get to see you do your thing, why not me?!

ANNIE

You have to go home. Now.

SALLY

No way. I have a date.

Schaeffer waves corn dogs - *hello*. Sally returns his sweet smile. Sobers before sour Annie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALLY
Shouldn't you be down there?

From the field, Zoe locks eyes with Annie. Zoe looks to Sally -- *and licks her lips.*

ANNIE
Oh, I will be.

EXT. ON THE SIDELINES - SUNSET

The half-time BUZZER BLARES. Janey abandons the final CHEER to puke. Hiding under the bench, trapped Fiona winces. The cheerleaders bravely finish, chests out - heads high. Then, run over - *seeming to comfort Janey. While each applies some of the exchanged lotion.*

CLEO
Okay, this is the absolute limit.

HEATHER
New members are so revolting.

SHELBY
I miss Annie.
(off others' looks)
At least she knew the routines.

JANEY
Ugh! I gotta go home!

ZOE
You're *fine*.

Janey faints. First Aid monitors rush to her side.

FIRST AID DUDE
(carting Janey off)
Holy crap! No pulse!

SHELBY
Great. A member short. We can't do half-time. We can't pyramid.

MONIQUE
Why even bother?

Zoe curls Monique into a constrictive, painful hug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE
(menacing)
Because we always finish what we
start.

Chastened silence. A NATIVE AMERICAN-DRUMBEAT RISES. Verona
- vamped to the max - soars in.

VERONA
Girls, that is your cue, now *move*,
move, move, move...

CLEO
I knew turning her was a bad idea.

The squad reluctantly follows beaming Zoe onto the field.

Rolling out from her hiding spot, Fiona palms a syringe. She
looks to fumbling Dave, way on-high. Tense. *C'mon!*

EXT. ON THE FIELD - NIGHT

FLASH-POTS EXPLODE! From the pyrotechnic smoke, the squad
suddenly appears in a pyramid formation! They tumble,
cracking smoke sticks, filling their dance zone with A DENSE,
BILLOWING CLOUD. They're quickly enveloped. ZOE SHOOTS OUT
IN A DIZZYING AERIAL STUNT. THE CROWD GOES WILD!!

In the stands, Sally strains to see - *where's Annie?*

High above, Dave frantically fails to guide the spotlight.
It won't cut the smoke. He misses the flying vamps. *Damn!*

INT. SMOKE LAYER - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

In here, a choking fog obscures and distorts the view. But
Zoe twinges - *sensing something...* A vision materializes in
the haze. **ANNIE. HEADING HER WAY.** Zoe vanishes.

ZOE (O.C.)
*How nice for your Mom, to have a
date for your funeral.*

SLASH! *Annie's face is clawed!* Reeling, she pulls a syringe
out of her waistband. Pops the cap. **WHOOSH!** Annie whirls.

ANNIE
(scared shitless)
What're you gonna do, Zoe? There's
twelve hundred people watching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOE (O.C.)

And not one of them stopped your
tragic accident.

WHOOSH! Annie greets leaping Zoe with a boot to the fangs, as she thrusts herself up out of the smoke; aerial cartwheel!

In the stands, Sally and Schaeffer SQUEAL with glee!

Landing, Annie's enemies fade in and out of view. SMASH! POW! WHISPERS, TAUNTING. Annie lashes out, is struck down. The syringe hits the dirt, its contents drain! Zoe stomps on it. Annie SHOVS Zoe into Shelby - who bowls out of the smoke.

Above, Dave slips off his light stand, the beam careens. It finds Shelby. Spellbound by its blinding warmth, the crowd's APPLAUSE - Shelby is as a moth to a flame...

SHELBY

Oh, wow. Awesome crowd!!

Shelby improv's a naughty flirt's solo. Unaware she's actually starting to steam. As she triumphantly flings herself into a sizzling split-leap - she spontaneously combusts into -- POOF! -- white ash!

The amazed crowd loses its mind. Fiona and Dave CHEER!

In the cloud, HORROR. One of their sisters - gone. FURY. FREE-FOR-ALL!!! The vampires HAMMER at Annie. Too many, too fast for Annie to keep up, she staggers...

Annie sinks to her knees... It's over! She's going down!!

But, the smoke begins to dissipate. Zoe stalls as her cover breaks. The UV beam catches her arm. It BURNS RED. She veers clear, SMACKING arriving Fiona to the sidelines.

Fiona hits hard. Her lip bleeds. Miss Verona offers a helping hand. **VAMP MODE!!** Fiona rabbit-kicks Verona into the beam! Verona explodes like a July 4th finale!

Zoe strokes, sniffs her own arm. Not her usual lotion. Eying Dave's light, she fires a football up, up -- Dave DUCKS -- the pigskin connects! - SHATTERING the spotlight's lens!!

On the field, the smoke clears. Fiona whirls. The vampires are gone. So is Annie. APPLAUSE, the crowd's elated.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Scared as hell, Annie steals in, syringe ready. A STRUGGLE, SCUFFLING OFF. She spots Josh and Cory trying to have their way with a resisting LINCOLN CHEERLEADER.

JOSH
(drooling, eyes dark)
Quit messing around, bitch.

LINCOLN GIRL
No! Stop it!!

CORY
(fanged, snarls)
I'm first, back off!

Unnoticed, Annie preps a second syringe. *Hides them both.*

ANNIE
(abnormally coy)
I don't think she's interested.

Josh and Cory wheel. The bruised, scared cheerleader flees.

JOSH
Annie. Well, well. Why eat out
when we can have home-cooking?

CORY
Dude, I'm dying to taste this.

ANNIE
Hope I can handle *both* of you.

Trading lewd looks, Josh and Cory advance. Closer. Closer. Closer. Annie *thrusts both arms below the boys' belts lines!*

JOSH
Dude.

CORY
Uh-uncool.

Their heads snap back unnaturally - as their lives ebb away thanks to their previously broken necks. They drop. *Dead.*

A hand falls on *buzzing* Annie's shoulder. She whirls, *pumped.*

ANNIE
Fi. You need to wait outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA

Bite me.

Annie fixates on oblivious Fiona's bloodied lip. She trembles - resisting - *but her fangs descend.*

FIONA

...Kidding.

Recovering Annie pushes on into the school. Fiona follows.

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE- NIGHT

A faulty light strobes Annie's face as she scans the silent corridors -- *tracking.* A syringe ready. Fiona follows.

FIONA

Whatever we do, we don't split up.

DRIP! A red spot appears on the floor. DRIP! They look up. Zoe, Cleo, Heather and Monique stand *upside down on the ceiling!* Zoe dribbles sports bottle blood over her lips.

ZOE

Oops. Did I get you?

FIONA

No.

ZOE

Oh. How about now?

Zoe *SOCKS* Fiona in the face; sending her *skidding down the hall in a heap.*

ZOE

That was for Shelby.

Annie *flips and stands on the ceiling. Upside down show-down.*

ZOE

And this is for you.

Annie STOPS Zoe's BACK-HAND-SLAP COLD. Aims her syringe. Beat. The girls LAUGH at the needle. Annie charges, and -- faking scared -- they SQUEAL, and flee; GIGGLING their way out of sight. Annie *streaks* down the ceiling, after them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA

Whoa. Hey! We said we wouldn't -
 (alone)
 - split up.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - NIGHT

Upside down on the ceiling, Annie burns around a corner -- to run smack into Zoe.

ZOE

Darn. I guess I'm It.

Zoe launches. Annie blasts backward along the ceiling, spinning to catch a corner in time. She misses a T-bone with Cleo and Heather by inches, then ducks a head-on with Monique! Annie Tarzans a hanging light and lets it snap back -- knocking Monique and Cleo down opposite hallways.

But Zoe and Heather avoid it, keep coming. Annie spots an approaching chute in the wall below marked, 'GARBAGE ONLY'. Heather and Zoe close in. Annie dives for the chute, and flies in. It snaps shut behind her.

Zoe and Heather slow.

ZOE

Get in.

HEATHER

Don't be disgusting. God knows what's in there.

Zoe SLICES Heather's face HARD. Blood appears on her cheek.

ZOE

Then go finish off that human pin cushion.

Zoe slips into the chute. Healing, Heather storms away.

INT. TRASH CHUTE - NIGHT

Flying Zoe chases flying Annie through the narrow chute. Annie zips into a connecting shaft, Zoe hot on her heels. Their bodies banging against the inside of the school walls.

INT. SCHOOL STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Fiona enters, chasing the BUMPING IN THE WALLS.

INT. TRASH CHUTE - NIGHT

Annie soars to a chute door, flies out. Zoe's close behind.

INT. NEW HALL WITH STAIRWELL - NIGHT

From the chute, Annie enters to see Fiona trapped between Heather soaring in from one direction, Cleo from another!

Fiona and Annie note Fiona's *sole syringe*. As Zoe soars toward the trash chute door, still open in Annie's hands!

Annie slams the chute shut. CRUNCH!

INT. TRASH CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

She spirals out of control down the chute, disappearing into the basement.

INT. SCHOOL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Annie body-slams Cleo as Fiona's SLAMMED off her feet by Heather -- into a wooden railing so hard its SPLITS! -- its spindles SNAP, SCATTERING. Fiona's syringe goes CLATTERING down the stairs. Annie's thrown down the hall

Fiona lays motionless. Heather and Cleo approach like cats.

HEATHER

What is that wretched smell?

CLEO

Dunno. Old clothes.

HEATHER

Old haircut.

WHOOSH! Annie flies between them to Fiona, snatches two spindles and IN A SINGLE TWO-ARMED THRUST, STAKES Cleo and Heather in their hearts. *The force of the vampires' lives expiring blows Heather and Cleo spiralling off like balloons losing air, disintegrating as they ricochet; their ANGUISHED SCREAMS shatter light bulbs.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

Old school.

An odd, melancholic GUITAR CHORD winds down the corridor. Beckoning. The tune... familiar. Fiona comes to.

ANNIE

Hide.

Fiona takes the fresh syringe Annie offers. Annie soars off.

INT. ANOTHER HALL - NIGHT

Annie follows the GUITAR'S KEEN. The song Remy played at the club, unplugged. She eyes the gym doors. Steels herself.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Fiona staggers in, seriously hurt. Unaware Monique crawls in over the ceiling, from the kitchen. She drops, behind Fiona. Fiona turns. POW! Monique SLAPS her into the food counter.

Fiona checks her broken hand - the new syringe is gone.

FIONA

Oh, man....

Monique comes on to finish her off! Bleeding Fiona throws plates, cups, silverware - grabs a lunch tray as a shield. Monique claws right through it. Pins her. Monique's fangs drop. Fiona closes her eyes; it's no use. She's gonna die.

FIONA

I'm sorry I was such a bitch!

Taken aback, Monique blinks. *Vampira interruptus.*

MONIQUE

Wh-what?

FIONA

I was hurt. I lost my best friend.

Monique's black eyes soften, color returning. Something occurring, some distant -- but pleasant recollection.

MONIQUE

...We used to laugh. Til we cried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA

I shouldn't have given up on you.

MONIQUE

I could get you in. Basketball season is coming. We could hang out, again. Be us. But, better.

FIONA

You really think Zoe'd go for that?

MONIQUE

Maybe it's time for Zoe to blow.

ZOE

Uh-oh. Somebody's plotting a coup.

Zoe uses a light fixture like a swing.

MONIQUE

Zoe. I-I'm just yanking her chain.

ZOE

Around my throat.

MONIQUE

We're going to need new members!

ZOE

This bit of fat and gristle? She's a waste of skin. Kill her.

Monique slowly shakes her head. No. Zoe feigns bafflement.

MONIQUE

She's my friend.

Zoe flares to **KILL MODE**.

ZOE

SHE'S FOOD!

FLASH! Zoe's got Fiona by the throat. Monique grabs Zoe by the hair, and hurls her into the rows of tables.

MONIQUE

(to Fiona)

Run!

Fiona hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MONIQUE

GO!

Wounded Fiona stumbles out as Zoe *ATTACKS* Monique. They tumble into the kitchen through swinging doors. *THUDDING, BANGING, SCREAMING* - then *WHOOSH! THUMP!*

Silence. Zoe enters, discarding a butcher's knife. The flapping doors give glimpses of the floor, inside. Monique's dead-eyed stare. Right next to her own motionless feet.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Hardened Annie enters the dimly-lit, deserted gym. No shadow to track her as she crosses the moonlit floor. The crowd outside, Remy's song a PHANTOM SOUNDTRACK. Without taking her eyes off her surrounds, she produces her second last syringe.

In his uniform, Remy sits with a sports bottle -- playing the guitar. He stops. Grins. Oozing a new confidence.

REMY

I feel totally amazing.

He rises. Annie smiles. He moves toward her, exhilarated.

REMY

And, now we're really together.
Right? I mean, we could do
anything! Take on anyone!

ANNIE

Yeah.

REMY

So, what do you say? You and me,
against the world?

ANNIE

I'd love that.

He whisks her off her feet into a warm, strong embrace. Nuzzles her.

REMY

We're going to be incredible.

She feels him shaking. She can't see Remy's fangs protract. He fights it. Losing battle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

Remy coils to STRIKE -- FLASH! Annie STABS him in the heart with her syringe. Remy convulses.

REMY

Y-you... broke my heart.

Remy falls to her feet. Still. Silent. Lifeless.

Annie falls to Remy's prone body; heartbreak crippling her. She drops to her knees, puts her head on his chest - WEEPING.

ZOE (O.C.)

This is why I never take on boys.
Unreliable. Irresponsible. Weak.

CLATTER in the rafters. TALONS on steel. Annie takes no false cues, now. She crouches - snaring her very last syringe. She rips the cap off with her fangs.

ZOE (O.S.)

But Annie uses it to her advantage.

WHOOSH! Annie ducks a blast of blurring attack. WHOOSH!

ANNIE

Thanks to you I have no choice.

FLASH! Zoe's at the far end of the floor. Silhouetted in the giant windows.

ZOE

Thanks to me, you're every little girl's dream come true. Beautiful. Popular. Powerful. You'll never age. You'll never marry the wrong man. Be saddled with screaming brats. Get fat. Get a dumb job. Die.

ANNIE

Right. I'll never really live.

FLASH! ZOE'S RIGHT IN ANNIE'S FACE, HER BREATH AN ICY BLAST.

ZOE

DID YOU BEFORE?!

Buckling with her force, Annie hesitates. Zoe strikes. Annie sails to the upper level seats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Zoe's on the railing, about to pounce again. Annie launches - mid-air collision -- knocking them both in a death-lock out into the air over the two-story drop to the floor below. They *WAIL on one another*.

They *BOUNCE* off of the window panes, Annie breaks loose. She flies backward, egging Zoe on, brandishing the syringe high over center court.

Zoe deeks, dives - unable to strike. *Has Zoe met her match?*

ANNIE

Zoe. Either I'm getting good at this... Or, you're getting old.

ZOE

Give it a couple of hundred years, *bella*, you'll be just like me.

FLASH! Zoe's on Annie's back -- holding the syringe to Annie's throat.

ZOE

Alone at the top of the food chain.

Annie strains, trapped; the lethal dose aimed at her jugular.

ZOE

Now. Explain something to me. Crosses, stakes, holy water - I get. But what the hell is this?

Annie hooks her foot around the back of Zoe's knee, and *flips-spins Zoe - grabbing the syringe as she flails. ANNIE STICKS THE SYRINGE TO PINNED ZOE'S THROAT!*

ANNIE

It's new -- all the rage.

But, nothing happens. Zoe grins.

ZOE

Obviously not going to catch on.

Zoe shoots a protracting nail towards Annie's eye.

ZOE

I want you to know that I will never forget you.

Zoe's nail droops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ZOE
Hunh. That's odd.

Zoe plummets. As she hits the floor below, *FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF WOUNDS CRACKLE AND OOZE BLACK GOO, ALL OVER HER BODY. SHE SCREAMS, HORRIFIED.*

ZOE
(mangled, to Annie)
ENJOY ETERNITY ALONE!

ANNIE
Don't be bitter, Zoe. After all,
you finally got screwed.

ZOE WITHERS, AND CAVES AWAY TO DUST. Zoe is dead.

Annie descends. Contemplates the remains. Dave helps Fiona in. The survivors trade thin, exhausted smiles. Fiona's and Dave's quickly fade. A figure rises over Annie's shoulder....Remy. Annie whirls, stunned.

ANNIE
(to Remy)
I-I-I killed you.

REMY
And I'm still in high school? Man,
the Afterlife bites.

FIONA
(realizing)
He wasn't mortally wounded as a
vampire.

DAVE
Nothing to stop him coming back
just the way he was. He's cured.

Annie approaches with caution. *Vamp senses on high.* Remy lets her examine him. Understanding. *SUDDENLY*, she throws her arms around him. Teary-eyed. He holds her close.

ANNIE
(happy for him, but..)
I wasn't so lucky.

REMY
(devastated)
..I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANNIE

So am I.

They look into one another's eyes. Can't resist. *They kiss.*
Overwhelmed, Fiona takes Dave's hand.

ANNIE

...Who's got a syringe?

Fiona holds one up.

(MORE)
FIONA

Last one. Why?

ANNIE

(gently)

Plan B, remember.

Stricken, Fiona hesitates.

REMY

What's Plan B?

ANNIE

Destroy all evil.

REMY

NO!

Remy grabs the syringe, but WHAP! Annie catches his arm.

ANNIE

I'll have to kill to survive.

Annie rivets Remy in a deep, intense gaze.

INT. SCHOOL HALLS - DAY

PING! Remy walks the halls, alone. Another day in the living crypt of Washington Heights. The walls are papered with MISSING flyers: the cheerleaders.

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)

(over P.A.)

A great start became a close call,
but our Warriors managed to pull it
out in the end - barely escaping
defeat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCIPAL(cont'd)

The police are still asking anyone with information on our missing cheerleaders, fallen football heroes or Ms. Verona's demise to please contact them directly. Try-outs for the basketball season are now on.

In a doctor's coat, Dave approaches *now-hot* Janey.

DAVE

Excuse me, Janey? It seems you missed your annual flu shot. May I?

Nodding, Janey cheerfully accepts a shot from Dave's syringe. As she walks away, Janey's false hair-color vanishes. Her perky glow recedes, and -- without her thick glasses - she walks into a wall.

PRINCIPAL (O.C.)

In honor of our beloved, missing cheerleaders, lunch today is, hamburgers. Go. Warriors.

INT. DARK HORSE COMICS OFFICE - DAY

A young publisher - DARREN - marvels over Remy's gorgeous comic-book-style drawings of a vigilante-cheerleader vampire.

DARREN

Has to kill to live. That's *bent!*
You're a major talent, Remy.

REMY

Really?

DARREN

Yeah, not too sure about our hero being a loner chick, though. Ever thought about making her a guy? Surrounding him with hot chicks?

REMY

A guy couldn't handle it.

DARREN

How about giving her a boyfriend?

REMY

Her priority is fighting evil. Not finding a date. Or fitting in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARREN

I'll need the first twelve issues
in two weeks. We'll give you an
advance of course. Say, this much?

Darren scribbles a figure that makes Remy's eyes go wide.

REMY

Uh, yeah, sure - cool.

DARREN

(engrossed in comic again)
You must have some muse.

Darren and wistful Remy admire a drawing of a cheerleader on a dark, city street, her back to them - her face hidden as she trips over empty booze bottles -- falling between a pair of ominous-looking Doc Martin'd feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The fallen CHEERLEADER - face still obscured - GROANS. Sees the boots framing her face-plant. A hand reaches down. The hand is Annie's. Gone is the 'perky, perfect' look; now *sleeked in black, strong yet strikingly beautiful - she's a strangely captivating young creature of the night*. The grateful cheerleader accepts her hand up.

CHEERLEADER

Thanks.
(kicking beer cans)
God. Somebody should really clean
this place up.

ANNIE

I'm working on it.

With a smile, Annie watches the cheerleader head safely off toward Washington Heights High. Annie applies lipstick, elongating her fang to remove the smudge she senses on her teeth.

Annie turns to confront the Gothic cityscape. As she does so, the NOISY URBAN NIGHT-SOUNDS RISE into a symphonic *DIN*. The city lights grow vivid, blowing out into streaks, eventually blurring together into one white FLASH!

FADE OUT

CONTINUED: