

FADE IN

1 EXT. A FOUR-LANE HIGHWAY EXIT RAMP - DAY

A distant cityscape shimmers on the horizon. Off the exit, October colours warm a sprawling modern suburb.

2 EXT. SUBURB OF BAILEY DOWNS/VARIOUS - DAY

Modest homes ring clean cul du sacs. There's an impressive shopping mall. An expansive county greenhouse. Playgrounds. A well-cared-for high school. A pretty stretch of open field cutting neatly between two residential areas, with a fleet of electrical towers humming reassuringly.

3 EXT. A CUL DU SAC - DAY

The towers can be seen between the houses near-by. NEIGHBORS work on carefully-tended lawns. KIDS play street hockey.

4 EXT. A BUNGALOW BACKYARD - DAY

A MOTHER rakes leaves. Next to an aluminum-sided dog house, her TODDLER toils in her sandbox, filling a pail with sand. The mother turns her back to bag the leaves.

The toddler drops her spade in favor of using her hands. Her eyes widen. She smiles. Claps her hands together. They're coated with dark, wet sand. She brings her hands to her cheeks - excited - and leaves bloody smears.

MOTHER

Okay! Who's ready for bubbly-baths?

Her child turns to her, bloody. The mother screams. She snatches her up, prying from her grip a severed paw. The toddler has uncovered the torn and gutted remains of a dog.

MOTHER

B-b-b-b-a-axter?

The mother creeps to the dog house. Its far side is torn with bloody claw marks. Screaming, the mother runs with her toddler out to the front yard.

5 EXT. FITZGERALD HOUSE - DAY

Across the street, the mother screams.

MOTHER

IT GOT OUR DOG!

5 CONTINUED:

An attached garage door opens. A morose little waif in black peers out. BRIGITTE FITZGERALD is barely fifteen. She has an extension cord over her shoulder, and a gas can. Her eyes are veiled by long, protective bangs.

MOTHER
IT GOT BAXTER!

A self-righteous COUPLE next door pat their dog, NORMAN.

WOMAN NEXT DOOR
Well they said don't leave the pets out.

MAN NEXT DOOR
Few bricks shy, I guess.

Appalled by them, Brigitte fumbles her way into her garage. She slams the door.

6 INT. FITZGERALD HOUSE GARAGE ENTRY-WAY - DAY

The entry-way offers access to a bright, spotless kitchen, and a stairwell to the basement. Brigitte takes the stairs.

7 INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT - DAY

Brigitte crosses the half-finished basement - a home improvement project long abandoned. A women-in-prison movie plays on an old TV between the wooden frames of would-be walls. She heads for the only door, at the far end.

8 INT. FITZGERALD GIRLS' BASEMENT BEDROOM - DAY

A knife is gently tested against a wrist. It breaks the skin. Baxter's owner's wails drift in.

The curtains are drawn, candles burn. The walls are coated in Polaroids of the Fitzgerald sisters - always together, in varying expressions of misery or disgust. There is an attached full-bath. Brigitte enters.

BRIGITTE
Baxter's fertilizer... People care more about their pets than each other.Why can't they just catch that thing? How hard can it be in a place full of dead ends?

Henna-headed GINGER FITZGERALD (almost 16) shrugs, watches a thin line of blood bead up on her own wrist. Ginger's the inspiration for Brigitte's 'look'. But Ginger's got breasts.

GINGER

Fuck, wrists are for girls. I'm slitting my throat. You should definitely hang.

Brigitte surveys the collection of potentially lethal household items covering their twin single beds: the gas can, pain killers, corrosive cleaners, a power saw.

BRIGITTE

I don't know, Ginge'. Maybe even your final moment's a bad cliché around here.

GINGER

Not ours, Bee. Ours'll rock.

BRIGITTE

But what's the point?

GINGER

Bee. We live in a well-lit black hole. We're surrounded by morons. Trying to make this meaningful's a total waste of time. Go for the show.

BRIGITTE

You don't think our deaths should be a little more than cheap entertainment-?

GINGER

Why?

Ginger slips a noose made of Christmas lights around Brigitte's neck.

GINGER

This is your best idea ever. So what's up your butt?

BRIGITTE

It's the idea of everybody staring at me lying there. What if they just - laugh?

GINGER

They'll be in awe. Suicide's the ultimate "Fuck You". We'll be like, Conscious Objectors to living with "nice"!

BRIGITTE

(smiling)

Conscientious objectors.

GINGER

It's so us. It's so the pact.

BRIGITTE

Yeah, see you can just do this, I'm...

GINGER

We swore we'd go together, one way or another.

BRIGITTE

When we were eight.

GINGER

So?

Ginger sticks a badly scarred palm in Brigitte's face.

GINGER

'Out by sixteen, or dead in this scene.
'Together forever... Together forever...'

Brigitte gratefully presses her own scarred palm to Ginger's.

BRIGITTE

'United against life as we know it-?'

GINGER

Us dead'll be the shit, Bee. Trust me.

9 EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - DAY

Ginger is dead; impaled on their white picket fence. Blood trickles from her mortal wound.

Brigitte ponders her sister's corpse from atop an aging playhouse. Beyond, the suburb repeats itself as far as the eye can see.

BRIGITTE

Too much blood.

The wind stirs Ginger's skirt.

BRIGITTE

And I can see your gaunch.

Ginger gives her The Finger.

GINGER

Just do it.

Brigitte raises a 35mm stills camera to her eye.

10 ROLL HEAD CREDITS AS:

A slide show. Brigitte's images of Ginger are very artful.

Snap! Ginger, speared on a white picket fence.

Snap! Brigitte, drowned in a plastic wading pool.

Snap! Ginger, squashed under the tires of a mini van.

Snap! Brigitte, tastefully laid out in the deep freezer.

Snap! Ginger, crushed under the garage door.

Snap! Brigitte, hung with a noose of Christmas lights.

Snap! Ginger, her entrails tangled in a lawn mower.

11 INT. HIGH SCHOOL ART CLASS - DAY

The screen flashes white.

A CLASS of typical fifteen year-olds applauds. All the boys hoot. Brigitte looks shocked. Ginger winks at her. Scrawny, eczema-plagued MR. WAYNE leers.

MR. WAYNE

Oh you Fitzgerald girls! Ever the provocateurs!

Brigitte looks creeped out. She hides behind her hair.

MR. WAYNE

(to class)

Comments? Questions?

Good-looking slacker JASON McCARDY (15) raises a finger.

JASON

Can we see the ones of Ginger again?

The boys all hoot and carry on. Ginger fights a self-satisfied smile. Brigitte walks out.

MR. WAYNE

All right, settle. "Life in Bailey Downs", who's next?

12 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Brigitte takes a Polaroid of herself. Ginger enters.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

GINGER

Stop that, this is not a Wall of Shame moment, like, at all.

BRIGITTE

I wasn't trying for smut.

GINGER

It wasn't. They're pigs. Grab an ego.

BRIGITTE

People make me sick.

GINGER

'Cept me. Right? I rule.

Pause. Brigitte nods. Ginger chuffs her on the arm.

13 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS FIELD - DAY

An all-girls gym class is engaged in a vicious game of lacrosse. Gym Teacher MS.SYKES(25) - a doe-eyed, overgrown Girl Scout - cringes at every slice and hit.

14 EXT. SPORTS FIELD PERIMETER- DAY

Jason and his friends TIM, CAL and BEN watch the game.

JASON

Oooh yes, ladies. Run. Run for Daddy.

15 EXT. SPORTS FIELD SIDELINES - DAY

Looking very unhappy in her ill-fitting gym uniform, Brigitte and Ginger wait to play apart from their classmates. They sneak a smoke.

GINGER

Hey. McCardy just checked me.

Brigitte looks to Jason. He looks away.

BRIGITTE

Like you-care, right. High school. Just a mindless little breeders machine. Or so they wish.

Ginger rubs her lower back. Brigitte notes her breasts.

BRIGITTE (CON'T)

Total hormonal toilet. Rather wait it all out in our room.

(CONTINUED)

GINGER
You skipped a grade to get here.

BRIGITTE
You said I should.

GINGER
'Cause I knew you could take it.

BRIGITTE
What's with your back?

GINGER
I don't know. Hey. Search and Destroy.
Go.

BRIGITTE
I'm not in the mood.

GINGER
You're so in the mood, c'mon.

Brigitte's malevolent gaze falls upon small-ternative hipster
TRINA SINCLAIR(15).

BRIGITTE
Okay. Trina Sinclair.

GINGER
Excellent selection. Go.

A TRINA WANNA-BE eavesdrops behind them.

BRIGITTE
Trina Sinclair. D.O.A. at the hair dye
aisle, perished while seeking matching
barrettes on nothing but diet pills and
laxatives.

GINGER
Likes her shorts stuck up her ass crack.

BRIGITTE
Favorite homework excuse - 'My nail
glitter ate it'.

GINGER
Dry humps her stuffed animals.

BRIGITTE
With her full chest and pit bull, Trina
enjoys two personality surrogates.

GINGER
Your basic pleasure model.

BRIGITTE
(grasping)
Your standard - cum buckety - date-bait.

GINGER
Good one.

16 EXT. SPORTS FIELD PROPER - DAY

Sykes blasts her whistle and play stops for a line change.

SYKES
Okay, let's give the next group a chance!
The sisters take their positions. Brigitte looks terrified.

GINGER
I'll cover you.

BRIGITTE
Good.

Ginger arches her back to dig at her pain. Jason stares.
Ginger bugs her eyes at him. Jason smiles. Ginger snorts.

Brigitte sees the eavesdropper whispering in Trina's ear.
Trina scowls at Brigitte.

BRIGITTE
Uh-oh. Gin-/

Sykes blows the whistle. Play begins.

Trina blasts straight for Brigitte, her stick raised.
Brigitte dodges her, placing other players between them.

Ginger intercepts a pass, driving the ball back into the
fray, hard. Jason whoops, distracting her.

The ball falls into Brigitte's possession. Trina grins.
There's nowhere to hide; Brigitte looks to Ginger for help.

But Ginger is watching Jason.

Trina slams into Brigitte with all her might.

Brigitte reels out of bounds, trips, and falls face first
onto a dead dog. The whistle goes.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

TRINA

Whoa, bonus. Guess you're D.O.A. on a dog, Fitzface.

Brigitte slowly pulls herself to her knees. She's soaked in gore. The class squeals with disgust. Brigitte gags.

SYKES

Ew Brigitte, you better go shower.

17 EXT. SPORTS FIELD PERIMETER - DAY

Jason and company groan and guffaw.

TIM

Beast of Bailey Downs strikes again.

CAL

That's four dogs this week, severe.

JASON

That's one mother-fucker mad dog.

18 EXT. SPORTS FIELD PROPER - DAY

Ginger runs to gore-soaked Brigitte.

GINGER

You okay?

BRIGITTE

Terrific.

Brigitte trudges to the school. Ginger storms over to Trina.

GINGER

Don't touch my sister again.

TRINA

Stop me, freak.

Ginger hesitates, unsure what to do. The other girls laugh. Ginger backs off and heads after Brigitte.

19 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Brigitte enters, covered in gore. A JANITOR offers her a clean rag. Brigitte hesitates, then accepts it. Ginger enters. Brigitte dives into the changing room. Ginger looks the janitor up and down.

20 INT. GIRLS' CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Brigitte wipes herself down with the rag. Ginger enters.

GINGER
Hey that janitor was looking right down
your shirt.

BRIGITTE
Sure.

Brigitte gets her Polaroid camera out of her bag.

GINGER
Bee....

Brigitte aims the camera at herself and shoots.

GINGER
Want me to kill Trina? I'll kill her for
you, Bee.

BRIGITTE
Whatever.

GINGER
No, not whatever. This isn't whatever.

BRIGITTE
Would you torture her? Seriously?

GINGER
Anything you want.

BRIGITTE
...I'll make a list.

21 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CURB - DAY

The area teems with mating teens. Trina, Jason, Cal, and Ben
smoke in the parking lot. Trina has her pit bull, MORELY, on
a lead.

Apart from everyone, Brigitte and Ginger surreptitiously spy
on them while sharing a bucket-sized soft drink. Ginger
constantly fusses with her back. Brigitte consults a long
loose-leaf list.

BRIGITTE
Or. She has that dog. We could kidnap it,
make it look like he got eaten by this
Beast of Bailey Downs. We've got all the
blood and fake guts from the slide show.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

GINGER
That's wicked! Let's do it.

BRIGITTE
In a perfect world, maybe.

A cube-van roars in. It reads "County Regreening Programme."

22 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT AT VAN DAY

The van stops, it's engine running. Trina, Jason and friends flock to the unseen driver's window.

JASON
Hey Sam the man, word!

TRINA
Hiya Samuel.

A tanned, muscular, tattooed arm reaches out and palms Jason a small plastic bag in exchange for cash. The van lurches as it's thrown into reverse.

TRINA
Hey! My parents are out tonight. You should come over.

SAM (O/S)
No I shouldn't.

The van backs out.

JASON
Nice going Sinclair, I was going to get him to smoke up with us.

TRINA
He's spiritually remote, I saw a whole show on it, it makes him resist commitment of almost any kind.

JASON
Sure.

23 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CURB - DAY

GINGER
She screws a drug dealer. She's begging for negative attention.

From the van, faux-blond SAM(23) - a steely-eyed, sun-kissed stunner - happens to look right at Brigitte.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE

Look at him. He's like, trouble.

Sam drives off. Ginger meets Jason's gaze.

24 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - DAY

Jason hefts his bag of pot.

JASON

Bet she'd go for some green.

TRINA

You cannot be serious.

BEN

You want to do a Fitzgerald?!

JASON

Well not the little heeb, goink. The one with the rack! The red head!

TRINA

It's henna. And I swear she stuffs.

JASON

You would know.

TRINA

Oh lick me, McCardy.

25 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CURB - DAY

Brigitte and Ginger prepare to leave.

GINGER

See you'd let idiots get away with fucking you up. That's why the big Buddha made me. ...I mean, to stop them.

BRIGITTE

Oh, now you're The Avenger?

GINGER

(a la 'Arnie', flexing)

Da Gingerator! Feel da powah!

Brigitte playfully shoves her away.

BRIGITTE

Don't humor me.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

GINGER
I vill crush all who dis' you!

JASON
Hey, Ginger.

Jason trots up.

GINGER
...What.

JASON
I was thinking we should get together.
Ginger looks to Brigitte, who hides under her hair.

GINGER
Well. Think again.
Ginger walks off. Brigitte follows.

JASON
(incredulous)
Bitch.

26 EXT. FITZGERALDS' CUL DU SAC/HOUSE - DAY

Brigitte and Ginger walk in uncomfortable silence. Ginger digs at the pain in her back. Brigitte snaps a Polaroid of their shadows. Ginger snags the picture as it ejects.

GINGER
Just because some gonad gets his zipper going doesn't mean I'm gonna go average on you, Bee. I'd rather be dead.

BRIGITTE
I'd rather die than be here without you.

GINGER
Well relax, you're not. You big suck.

Ginger playfully shoves Brigitte. Who wipes out. They laugh.

PAMELA FITZGERALD, their mother, turns from a conversation over the fence with the woman next door. Pamela is the image of Martha Stewart meets Sears.

PAMELA
Ginger, don't push your sister.

GINGER
God I hate my gene pool.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGITTE
Average in action.

27 INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner's on. Ginger sits opposite Brigitte, and between Pamela and HENRY - their ever-stoic, middle-management dad. Ginger rubs her sore back.

PAMELA
Why are you rubbing your back?

GINGER
It hurts?

PAMELA
Why?

GINGER
Well, pain flows up your nerve endings to the synapses in your brain...

Brigitte snorts back a laugh.

PAMELA
She's not funny. How did you hurt it?

GINGER
Being dead.

PAMELA
Does it hurt at your tail bone, or higher?
(rubbing her ovaries)
Is it tight through here?

GINGER
Maybe.

PAMELA
(rubbing her lower back)
Aches right here?

GINGER
Might.

PAMELA
Oh my god. It's cramps!

Brigitte sobers.

GINGER
Oh give it a rest for five seconds.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

HENRY

Pamela, we're eating.

PAMELA

They're more than three years late to menstruate, Henry. If she's finally having her period- /

GINGER

I'm not!

PAMELA

Don't worry honey, it's a miracle of nature!

GINGER

Maybe it's cancer of the spine.

Brigitte giggles.

PAMELA

Ginger Anne!

BRIGITTE

Or tuberculosis.

Ginger laughs.

PAMELA

(to Henry)

Look what your attitude does!

BRIGITTE

Or spondylitis.

GINGER

Spon di- what?

BRIGITTE

Fuses your vertebrae together.

GINGER

Excellent.

PAMELA

Brigitte, stop it!

GINGER

Have a fit.

PAMELA

I'm just about sick of that tone.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

GINGER
That makes two of us. Fuck.

PAMELA
All right, your room!

GINGER
Gladly.

Ginger saunters out. Brigitte rises too.

PAMELA
Brigitte, are you attached to her wrist?
Brigitte give her a dirty look and walks out.

PAMELA
(yelling after them)
Your father and I have counselling
tonight! Don't you go out of this house!
The news said there's still a wild animal
on the loose!

Pamela listens for a response. There is none. Henry takes up
a paper with the headline, "Rabid Dog Ruckus in Suburb".

HENRY
They never go out.

PAMELA
You're a big help. As usual.

28 EXT. ELECTRICAL TOWER FIELD - NIGHT

A full moon hovers over the humming towers. It's quiet and
cold. The bordering highway is deserted.

The girls are half-way across the field, heading for the
homes on the far side. Ginger carries a sloshing bag of guts
and fake blood. Brigitte has her Polaroid camera around her
neck.

BRIGITTE
We'll get caught.

GINGER
No we won't.

BRIGITTE
The dog won't even be out.

GINGER
He has to pee sometime.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE

People don't leave their dogs out alone any more.

GINGER

Then you'll just have to distract her while I nab the pooch and make with the gore.

Brigitte stops cold.

BRIGITTE

I can't distract her!

GINGER

The fuck, Bee! This was your idea! If you don't like your ideas? Stop having them.

Ginger moves on. Brigitte looks hurt. She glances around.

29 EXT. PEDWAY ON FAR SIDE OF FIELD- NIGHT

The paved pedway cuts between two homes to a brightly lit street ahead. Brigitte bounds up to Ginger's side.

BRIGITTE

Sorry.

GINGER

I've just had it with eating all their shit, okay. Whoa. Check it out!

Ginger darts to a pulpy mass. It's another dead dog. His head is missing.

GINGER

Now we can even leave a body! She'll freak!

BRIGITTE

Uh, wicked.

GINGER

Take his ass.

Choking back nausea, Brigitte reluctantly touches the dog.

BRIGITTE

Ew, he's still warm.

Ginger throws her a fed-up look.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

Hardening, Brigitte picks up her end of the dog. The skin comes free and its hind end drops to the ground.

BRIGITTE

Aw, gross!

GINGER

Shit. Leave it then. What a drag.

BRIGITTE

Yeah, well. What can you do, right?
You got some on you.

Ginger finds some blood on her thigh.

GINGER

Nice.

Ginger wipes at the blood with her hand. More appears. She lifts the hem of her skirt. Her face falls.

BRIGITTE

What?

Glancing around, Ginger slips her hand up her skirt. It comes back bloody.

GINGER

Bee. I just got the curse.

BRIGITTE

Ew.

GINGER

Thanks, you're an inspiration.

BRIGITTE

Well geez...

GINGER

Great. Now I have to go home.

BRIGITTE

Well. We can do Trina any time.

They turn back up the pedway heading for the field. Ginger moves carefully, dabbing at the blood on her leg with her skirt. Brigitte furtively eyes Ginger's crotch.

30 EXT. PEDWAY/FIELD BORDER- NIGHT

GINGER

Relax, it's not contagious.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE
(annoyed)
I know.

GINGER
...This isn't that weird. What's weird is
I can have a 'miracle of nature' and not
be old enough to drive. Right.

Brigitte tries a humouring smile.

GINGER
If I start simping around tampon
dispensers or moaning about PMS, or even
think about using anything that says
"Baby Powder Fresh" --? Shoot me, okay.

Brigitte's smile dissolves.

GINGER
That's a joke, Bee.

SOMETHING ahead in the dark yanks Ginger violently forward by
her coat hem. She barely keeps her footing.

GINGER
HEY!

Something snarls. Her coat rips as she wrenches free.

GINGER
Run!

Ginger and Brigitte bolt back into the pedway.

31 EXT. PEDWAY - NIGHT

Claws clatter down the pavement after them. Running like
hell, Ginger pulls Brigitte off into an adjacent yard.

BRIGITTE
Oh shit, oh shit...

32 EXT. BLOCK NEXT TO PEDWAY - NIGHT

Ginger and Brigitte run across a front yard next to the
pedway. Ginger pulls Brigitte into the space between this
house and the next. They flatten their backs against the
house wall.

Something tears past them. Motion-sensitive porch lamps go
off with alarming speed all the way down the block. Trash
cans crash in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

GINGER
Geezuz!

BRIGITTE
What was that?!

GINGER
I don't wanna know.

They edge out into the yard, moving backwards, watching the block. It's silent.

33 EXT. PEDWAY - NIGHT

Brigitte cowers behind Ginger as they back onto the pedway.

Just behind them, backyard motion-sensitive lamps begin to come on. Something is coming back up the block.

Brigitte looks to the backyards. No more lights are tripped.

GINGER
...It's gone.

BRIGITTE
...Yeah.

34 EXT. PEDWAY/FIELD BORDER - NIGHT

Brigitte moves into the field first. She nervously scans the dark field ahead. Nothing. She takes a deep breath.

Behind on the pedway, Ginger moves slower, fussing with her skirt.

GINGER
Shit, look what that fucker did to my-/

Ginger's cut cold by a roaring blur of fur, teeth and claws. SOMETHING BIG takes her down hard. Her bag of fake guts hits the pedway pavement and bursts.

BRIGITTE
GINGER!

Ginger screams. Canine claws pin her shoulders down. Jaws flash as her coat tears open, the buttons bouncing away.

BRIGITTE
LET HER GOOOOOOOO!

Ginger smashes it with her fists. Its teeth crunch into her collar bone.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

GINGER
AAAA-OOOW! HE'S BITING MEEE!

Brigitte flails at it. Massive jaws snap at her. She reels back.

Ginger twists to her stomach and tries to pull herself out from under it. It grabs her by the scruff of her neck and shakes her like a rag doll.

BRIGITTE
STOP IT!! LEAVE HER ALONE!

Lights come on in the homes flanking the pedway.

Brigitte smashes her Polaroid camera down on it, hard.

It drops Ginger with a yelp. Brigitte strikes again, hitting its drool-slicked jaws. The camera's flash goes off. The attacker chomps down on the camera, flinging it and Brigitte through the air: she lands scraping into the pavement. It hisses a froth of spittle.

Ginger sees her chance: she raises both her feet and kicks it full force in the mouth. It falls back, yelping. It is between the girls and the street.

Brigitte scrambles between Ginger and the beast. Ginger staggers to her feet, pulling Brigitte backward and around.

GINGER
GO!

The girls run like hell away - into the field.

35 EXT. THE FIELD - NIGHT

The girls are at a dead run. The thing is on their heels.

BRIGITTE
Highway!?

They make a right-angle for the highway.

36 EXT. THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Headlights speed down the road on an intersecting course.

37 INT. SPEEDING VEHICLE (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

The speedometer reads well over 100. The girls launch off the roadside, directly into the vehicle's path. Its horn blares. The brakes squeal.

38 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Headlights whirl. Crunch. Whoever's been hit bounces under the truck. With a spray of blood and guts the body spins free of the back wheels, and lands with a smack off the road. The vehicle skids, spins, and lurches to a stop.

39 EXT. HIGHWAY/ROADSIDE NIGHT

Four lanes away, Brigitte and Ginger crash into the underbrush at the roadside. They spill over one another. Ginger keeps going.

Brigitte freezes: the attacker's carcass oozes next to her. It's very dead. Its head is pulverized. It is unrecognizable.

40 INT. VAN - NIGHT

Sam sits at the wheel, trembling. A joint burns between his fingers. Checks his mirrors, glances around. Seeing no one, he guns the gas, donuts the van.

41 EXT. HIGHWAY/ROADSIDE - NIGHT

BRIGITTE

HEY WAIT!

The County Regreening Program van tears off. Brigitte looks to Ginger, up ahead. Who stumbles and falls.

42 INT. FITZGERALD HOME ENTRY-WAY - NIGHT

Brigitte flings the door open, supporting bleeding Ginger.

BRIGITTE

MUM?!

The house is still. Ginger slumps. Her arms and chest are soaked with blood.

BRIGITTE

Oh god, oh god I'll call 911!

GINGER

NO no no no unh -/

BRIGITTE

Shit shit...

43 INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brigitte helps Ginger down the steps and to the couch.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

GINGER
Uh it burns! Are - are you - okay?!

BRIGITTE
Yeah, uh uh lay down! Shit - Ginge' - uh -
uh - w-wait here!

GINGER
NO DON'T LEAVE ME!

BRIGITTE
STAY THERE!

Brigitte runs into their room.

44 INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

BRIGITTE
Oh god oh god oh god oh god.

Brigitte frantically digs out a dusty First Aid kit and grabs a towel. A terrible wheezing starts up from the bedroom.

GINGER (O/S)
WHERE -- ARE -- YOU!?

45 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM NIGHT

Ginger collapses. Brigitte runs in and helps her to a bed.

BRIGITTE
Sit up, sit up! Breathe, breathe! I gotta
open your -! I have to see it, GINGER!

Ginger moans, pushing her off. Brigitte peels off Ginger's shirt; its wetness sucks at the skin beneath it. Ginger's torso is covered in blood.

GINGER
Ah FUCK!

BRIGITTE
Sshhh- we can deal, we can deal! Hey -
don't, don't pass out! TALK TO ME!

GINGER
Th-th-the tee-eeth, went so-o d-d-deep...

Brigitte presses the towel over Ginger's arms and shoulders; averting her eyes she wipes the blood on Ginger's breasts. The towel is quickly soaked.

(CONTINUED)

Wh what was it?!

It-it looked like - a dog ?! I couldn't -
really see -/

Why. WHAT'D I DO?!

Shh shhh - I saw this thing once?! On-on
bears?! Said a-a bear'll like, come after
a chick on the rag! 'Cause of the smell.

This wasn't my fault!

I'm not saying /

I'm just h-having my period! I was out try-trying to do something for YOU - and this ha-happened! It's not my f-f-fault!

Do I stink?! Can you SMELL IT?!

No! You asked why, I'm just- /

Well it wasn't a fucking bear! There aren't any bears anywheres near here!

Shut up! Sit still! Stop it!

Brienne carefully draws her finger along the bite.

What must be

45 CONTINUED: (2)

Ginger shakes her head. Brigitte presses the scar with her finger. It is soft, but the scab tissue does not break.

BRIGITTE

Ah. Ah. Ah. Th-th-that's impossible.

Ginger touches her wounds herself. She lets a single hysterical laugh escape.

BRIGITTE

No, Ginge' this isn't right!? -- I'm calling 911.

GINGER

Bee. Bee! I'm - I'm not bleeding now!?

BRIGITTE

I don't know what that is!?

GINGER

H-hey. HEY. Spare me Pam finding out. P-please. Just. I th-think I'm okay!?

Pause. Ginger holds Brigitte's hand tight. Brigitte starts to cry.

BRIGITTE

I thought you might...

Ginger embraces Brigitte.

GINGER

I'm okay I'm okay I'm okay...

46 INT. THE HUMAN BLOOD STREAM

An ominous-looking army of virus cells invades.

MALE NARRATOR (V/O)

Preying upon normal, healthy cells, the Sexually Transmitted Disease cells gradually devour the host from within.

In time-lapse, the virus cells attack, enlarge and multiply.

MALE NARRATOR (V/O)

Eventually, the disease consumes its host completely, and, finally, destroys it.

47 INT. SEX ED CLASS DAY

Brigitte looks from the film to Ginger. Ginger is sweating, rocking in her seat and holding her abdomen.

48 INT. DRUG STORE FEMININE HYGIENE AISLE- DAY

The store lights are unflattering. Ginger looks like death.

BRIGITTE

Are you sure it's just cramps?

GINGER

For your information, the words 'just'
and 'cramps' don't go together.

Brigitte grins, makes a 'gun' with her finger and thumb, and
'shoots' Ginger between the eyes. Ginger bends double.
Brigitte lowers her gun.

49 INT. DRUG STORE CHECK-OUT - DAY

At the counter, Jason and Ben are buying rolling papers.
Limping in, Ginger shoves her stuff to Brigitte.

BRIGITTE

Wow, you're really girling here.

GINGER

(grabbing her stuff back)
Right. You can't possibly understand.

Ginger slams her supplies on the counter. Jason notes them.

JASON

(confidentially)
Um, dis' me or whatever but I got three
sisters. Nothing takes the edge off like
a good toke.

GINGER

Well. Aren't you sensitive.

JASON

Whatever it takes

Ginger holds his gaze. She doesn't hear her change offered.
Brigitte nudges her. Ginger elbows her hard, in the gut.

50 EXT. STREET NEAR HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS DAY

Brigitte ponders the smashed grill of Sam's truck. She
considers Sam in the grounds, his back to her. He's astride
an idling tractor-mower. Manic Ginger yanks Brigitte away.

51 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS NEAR STREET - DAY

Sam looks like hell. He stares into space. Behind him, Jason sneaks his friends, Ginger and very reluctant Brigitte into the back of Sam's van.

52 INT. BACK OF SAM'S VAN NEAR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's dark. The kids are jammed in among plants and tools.

TIM

Quit hoggin' it, fuckeyes.

CAL

Eat me. This shit's wheelchair.

BEN

Aw, whose gob job pleasant.

Jason is writing his phone number on Ginger's arm.

JASON

Just pass it, fag.

(to Ginger)

Is it working?

Pale and sweat-soaked, stoned Ginger takes a serious toke.

GINGER

No. But now I don't care.

The boys roar. Between the shrubs, Brigitte looks worried.

GINGER

What.

BANG! The truck doors are thrown open by Sam. He's livid.

SAM

The fuck are you doing in here?!

JASON

Sam, we just needed a place to-/

SAM

Get out! Right now! Get /

Sam grabs Brigitte, who's closest.

BRIGITTE

(slapping him away)

DON'T TOUCH ME!

(CONTINUED)

GINGER

HEY!

Brigitte puts Ginger between herself and Sam.

SAM

Kid, sorry, I'm sorry /

TRINA (O/S)

Samuel? What happened to your truck!?

SAM

Ah fuck.

Trina arrives with her dog, Morley. Jason slips the rest of the joint to Ginger. She tokes. Brigitte bugs her eyes at Ginger.

SAM

I tapped a tree, I tapped a tree. Bye.

BRIGITTE

(under her breath)

Liar.

SAM

(to Brigitte)

What did you say?

TRINA

(noting Brigitte and Ginger)

What's with the freak fest?

Morley jumps in. Ginger eyes Morley. Morley eyes Ginger.

SAM

(to Brigitte)

What did you just say?

Before Ginger, Morley's hackles rise. He trembles.

BRIGITTE

Can we please go?

Morley bares his teeth at Ginger. Ginger slides to her feet.

TRINA

Yeah stick to your own species,
Fitzenstein.

GINGER

Trina stick my fist.

52 CONTINUED: (2)

The boys roar. Morley barks and springs at Ginger. Ginger lunges for the door. Sam and Trina leap in after Morley. Mayhem as all dodge Ginger, and fail to stop Morley. Ginger kicks Morley hard in the snout. He falls, stunned. Sam grabs him by the collar.

GINGER
S-sorry, I²/

TRINA
(shoving her)

Bitch!

Ginger stumbles backward. Brigitte breaks her fall.

BRIGITTE
(grabbing Ginger)
Let's go.

Ginger exits. Brigitte follows. Sam and Jason watch them go.

JASON
Shit. Way to go Sinclair.

53 INT. SCHOOL WASHROOM PROPER - DAY

Alone, Brigitte checks her watch.

BRIGITTE
Ginge'. C'mon, say something.
(silence)
I don't know if you're mad at me still,
or again, 'or you're freaked or what here.

Silence. Brigitte plops her bag on the counter. Something whirs within. She digs out the Polaroid camera. Spots something jammed in the photo dispenser. Pulls a mangled photo free. It develops: a streaky blur of silver fur, a fang, what could be an ice blue eye.

Brigitte leans back against the stall doors. And falls in.

54 INT. WASHROOM STALL DAY

Stoned Ginger shrieks as Brigitte lands on her. Ginger's shirt is open. Her only scars have sprouted a thin down of silvery hairs

BRIGITTE
Ginge'.

GINGER

That's it? Whoa?! I can't have a hairy chest Bee, that's fucked!

BRIGITTE

No. Way. This is - no. No way

GINGER

You're always so fucking helpful.

BRIGITTE

(offering the Polaroid)
This is from last night.

GINGER

Big whoop, I'm wookie girl here?!

BRIGITTE

Ginge', I don't know, okay, it's - but, like that is not a dog. Is it. Like-!

Brigitte looks meaningfully at Ginger.

GINGER

What. WHAT?!

BRIGITTE

Bitten. On a full moon. Now you're hairy?

Ginger consults the photo again. And cracks up.

BRIGITTE

I know, but think about it.

Ginger abruptly sobers.

GINGER

Thanks for taking my total FUCKING NIGHTMARE so seriously.

There's a spattering sound. They look down, in the direction of Ginger's feet. Brigitte covers her mouth and looks away.

BRIGITTE

Th-that's a lot of b blood. I-I-I'd ...I'd see the nurse o-on th-that.

GINGER

W-well, y-you're kind of a s-suck.

BRIGITTE

No, that's a lot of blood!

55 INT. SCHOOL NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Super-keen Earth-mother NURSE FERRY is very pregnant. Her swollen belly looms before Brigitte. Ginger is stoned.

FERRY
I'm sure it seems like a lot of blood,
honey - it's ~~a~~ period!

GINGER
But really, it was like, a - a...

BRIGITTE
Ceizer.

Ferry heaps a pile of hygiene samples on both girls.

FERRY
We shed less than a cup of uterine lining
a month, but when we see that red stuff
oozing out we *always* panic!

Brigitte taps her own chest and mouths "Tell her". Ginger's too stoned - she shrugs, confused.

FERRY (CONTINUED)
Now, neither of you have had a period and
you're how old?

GINGER
(explained a thousand times)
I'm almost sixteen, she just turned
fifteen. She skipped a grade.

FERRY
Uh hunh. Well. A thick, syrupy and
voluminous discharge is not uncommon. In
three to five days you'll find lighter,
bright red bleeding. That turns to a
brownish or blackish sludge, signalling
the end of the flow.

GINGER
So - it's normal?

Ferry hands her a pocket sized feminine hygiene calendar.

FERRY
Yes! Mark the day you started, count
twenty-eight days and it comes again. The
cycle will repeat itself every month for
the next thirty years.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

Brigitte looks intensely skeptical. But Ginger rises.

GINGER
Great, well thanks.

BRIGITTE
Wh-what about hair that wasn't there
before, and-and pain, and -/

Ginger shoots her a damning look.

FERRY
All comes with the territory!

GINGER
Thanks, let's go Bee.

FERRY
Ah ah. Now on top of STD's you have to
protect against pregnancy. So play safe!

Ferry gives them each a condom. Looking like she's just been handed a turd, Brigitte lets Ginger drag her out.

56 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

Pamela is sorting dirty clothes. She finds Ginger's extremely bloody skirt. Then her extremely bloody underwear.

57 INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Henry eats. Looking happier, Ginger wolfs chicken wings,
snapping the bones in her teeth. Brigitte stares.

GINGER
(fakes growling and snorting)
Wish these were babies' legs.

Pamela sails in with a pink cake ablaze with sparklers. She sets it before Ginger. The icing reads: "For A Fine Young Lady". Ginger chokes on her chicken.

PAMELA
Congratulations, sweetheart. You know you
can ask me anything.

GINGER
(to Brigitte)
You're so dead.

BRIGITTE
I didn't!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

Ginger shoves Brigitte away. Too hard. They're both unnerved.

BRIGITTE
(indicates Ginger's arm)
You're wearing a guy's phone number.
Something is definitely wrong with you.

GINGER
Oh-ho wait! I see a monster. Yeah! It's
got these green eyes....

BRIGITTE
Oh yeah I wish I was hemorrhaging and
hairy and sucking off Jason McCurdy.

GINGER
Well you always wanted to be me.

BRIGITTE
Well this isn't you, so.

GINGER
Poor Bee. I'm growing up. And obviously
you're not.

BRIGITTE
Don't let me hold you back or anything.

GINGER
Don't worry I won't.

Ginger stalks into their room and slams the door. Brigitte
flinches as it locks.

59 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS DAY

The trees are now almost bare. The grass is dying. It's cold.

Ginger struts past Brigitte, holding Jason's hand and making
a show of what a good time she's having.

Brigitte considers the book open on her lap with pictures of
traditional werewolves. Slams it shut. Slips a flowery volume
out of her bag "Becoming a Woman: Understanding the New
You."

60 EXT. NORMAN'S BACKYARD - DAWN

There is frost. In hockey gear, a RTO waddles out with a full
dog dish bearing Norman's name. He drops the dish.

LITTLE RTO
M m MROM!?

61 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAWN

Screams outside. Under a booklet called "All About Ovulation", Brigitte starts awake. The window is open, freezing air blasting in. Ginger's bed is empty.

62 INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM DAWN

The bathroom is a mess. Wet, soiled towels are jammed around the base of the toilet. Brigitte peers in the bowl. She withdraws a dog tag. It reads 'Norman'.

63 EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - DAWN

Brigitte slowly walks along the fence shared with Norman's place. SPCA WORKERS and COPS are gathered next door. The hockey kid and his parents are hysterical.

WOMAN NEXT DOOR

It should be shot! I want it DEAD!

Murdered Norman's entrails are strewn over the yard.

64 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Ginger's trembling, long-nailed fingers lower the hood of her kangaroo jacket. Her hair is fetchingly streaked with silver.

JASON

Whoo-hoo baby, that's the bomb!

Ginger pounces on him, kissing and tugging at his clothes.

On the next car, Trina, Ben, Cal and Tim smoke and stare. Brigitte arrives, slowing as she sees Ginger, her hair.

TRINA

Hey get your slut bitch sister a leash.

BRIGITTE

Ginger. A word. ...Please?

GINGER

Is it 'sorry'?

BRIGITTE

(flashing Norman's tag)

Ah, no.

Shaking her head, Ginger looks to Jason. She withdraws a wrapped condom from his front pants pocket.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

JASON
Finally! Let's go!

Ginger slides into his car.

BRIGITTE
No! Ginger! She's- she's - ovulating!

Everyone cracks up, but Ginger, who gives Brigitte an utterly wounded look. Jason drives her off. Trina and the boys exit.

Left alone, Brigitte pulls out her camera. Aims it at herself. Beat. She slams it to the pavement. Kicks it.

65 EXT. PERIMETER OF SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

Sam hacks dead wood from trees with a chain saw. Brigitte hovers behind him. He turns on her, saw screaming. They both start. Sam cuts the motor. Brigitte nervously feigns a Gingeresque 'casual'.

BRIGITTE
Y-you've really got it in for trees.

SAM
I got it in for all kinds of things.

BRIGITTE
Like the non trees on Highway 14 ten days ago about nine o'clock? A-at night.

SAM
You're too young to be undercover, you wearing a wire?

BRIGITTE
The cops here can't catch a dog killer, you really think they'd be up to a sting? Besides, eye-witness testimony is enough to lay charges on hit and run, don't you watch TV?

SAM
Nope. Too visually unnerving. All those cuts. All that bastardizing of anthem tunes. Makes me queasy.

BRIGITTE
...I don't have a very good sense of humor.

SAM
But there's so much to laugh at.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE

Look I saw you, I saw everything.

Sam sinks to a seat. He considers her a moment.

SAM

I don't know what you junior
extortionists go after these days but...
you should know I don't sleep now. I
wonder who it was all night long.

BRIGITTE

If they were still who they were.

SAM

Yeah, where they'd be, who they'd fuck...

BRIGITTE

No I mean before they changed.

SAM

Changed from what, alive?

BRIGITTE

You mean you didn't - you didn't see.

SAM

No but I do see that I owe you my freedom
because apparently you are not a snitch.

BRIGITTE

Yeah, I guess. I-is that a pentagram?

Confused, Sam reaches for his earring.

SAM

You like it? Here. It's yours.

Brigitte warily accepts the charm. Their eyes meet.

BRIGITTE

Are you into - like, occulty stuff?

SAM

No, I just liked the design. But it's
solid silver. The ancients thought silver
purified the blood.

BRIGITTE

Like silver bullets? For lycanthropy?

(CONTINUED)

SAM
Mythic ends for mythic mammals -
reasonable unreasonables. Are you
flirting with me?

BRIGITTE
Wh-what?!

SAM
Hey if that's where this is going...

BRIGITTE
I never 'flirt'!

Brigitte stumbles and wipes out. Sam squats next to her.

SAM
You gotta tell me what you want. The
quilt's bad enough, never mind being
yanked around. That's cruel. Life's short
n' ugly enough. You know?

Brigitte nods. She takes his hand up. He holds on.

SAM
I sense you're decent. In a weird way.

BRIGITTE
Well it's not 'cause I 'like' you.

Brigitte twists free and marches off.

SAM
Fuck if I could get you a sense of humor
I would! Really! Well, whatever you do
want - seriously. Alright?' Hey?! I don't
know your name!?

66 EXT. NEW DEVELOPMENT SITE - DUSK

Jason's car is parked before an unfinished home.

67 INT. JASON'S CAR AT NEW DEVELOPMENT SITE - DUSK

Ginger drives an enthusiastic third base make-out with Jason.
Her stomach growls. He pulls back.

JASON
Hey take it easy, we got all night.

Ginger continues. He holds her back.

67 CONTINUED:

GINGER

Sorry, you just taste - really good....

JASON

Just lie back and relax.

GINGER

You lie back and relax.

JASON

Hey - who's the guy here?

Beat. Ginger pounces on him, shoves him flat on his back.

JASON

What the -/

She tears his shirt apart and cinches his arms with it, rendering them useless.

JASON

Wait - don't!

She leaps on top of him. He struggles but she's stronger.

JASON

OW! Stop stop!

She pushes his chin up so he can't see her. Her top rides up over her back: the moonlight catches soft translucent silver hairs just dusting her slightly jutting spine.

GINGER

Who's the *guy* here? Who's the guy?!
You're hilarious, Caveboy.

Ginger slams Jason's wrists still. The condom he's palming goes flying.

68 INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner's on. Brigitte's plate sits untouched. She fingers Sam's charm. She glares at Ginger's empty chair. The back door slams. Someone runs downstairs. Brigitte leaps up.

PAMELA

(catching Brigitte's arm)
Boyfriends come and go. But sisters are forever. She needs to share. Your turn's coming too. One day.

Brigitte extricates herself and exits.

69 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Retching from the bathroom. Brigitte nudges the door open. Inside, vomiting Ginger is stripped to her bra and panties. Her jutting spine ends in a small nub at its base - an inch-long, pink tail. Ginger covers it with her long-nailed hand.

GINGER

Get out!

Ginger has blood at the corners of her mouth. Brigitte slams the door shut.

70 INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rushing, Brigitte turns on the TV. Fixes a glass of Alka Seltzer. Sets it down. Arranges herself casually on the sofa. Ginger enters, now in a robe. Brigitte feigns being absorbed in the TV show.

BRIGITTE

(indicating the drink)

The stuff I take at exams. It helps.

Suspicious, Ginger sniffs it. She drinks it down.

BRIGITTE

Not going bulimic I hope.

GINGER

...Just something I ate.

Brigitte nods, watching the TV. Beat. Ginger lights a smoke.

GINGER (cont'd)

I lost it tonight.

Brigitte stares at the TV, poker-faced.

BRIGITTE

...How was it

GINGER

Over rated. Too much pushing and shoving.

Ginger offers her smoke. Brigitte takes it.

BRIGITTE

If he hurt you you should tell.

GINGER

Don't worry, I hurt him back.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE

...Good.

Ginger laughs. Their eyes meet. Beat.

GINGER

I miss you, Bee.

★

BRIGITTE

Me too, I'm shit. You're always there for me and I'm a worthless piece of shit.

GINGER

...I'm not a monster.

BRIGITTE

...I know you're not.

Brigitte offers her scarred palm. Ginger presses hers to it.

BRIGITTE

I got you something wicked.

GINGER

Wicked's good.

71 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte passes an enormous darning needle through a flame. She wears plastic gloves.

BRIGITTE

So losing your virginity out of ten.

GINGER

Negative two.

Ginger lies on her bed, tweezing downy hairs from her scars. Her stomach is a svelte hollow between sharp hip bones, her ribs show. A thin line of hair trickles from her navel to her crotch.

GINGER (CONTINUED)

It's cold, like. Drooling. Fingering. Go. Pain. Blood. - Regret.

BRIGITTE

Romantic.

GINGER

Yeah, don't believe the hype. The best part's wanting it. But then it isn't it.

(CONTINUED)

Brigitte straddles Ginger, dousing a cotton ball in rubbing alcohol. Ginger inspects her face as Brigitte eyes her body.

BRIGITTE
Yeah but look at you, you're so hot.
Maybe it was just - with him.

GINGER
A guy's just not what a girl really
needs.

Brigitte swabs the navel with the cotton ball.

BRIGITTE
So what do you need?

GINGER
Where'd you get this charm?

BRIGITTE
I found it. What do you need, c'mon.

GINGER
...This.

Ginger places the charm between her teeth, grabs the bed.

BRIGITTE
C'mon. This can't be it.

Brigitte pinches up the rim of Ginger's navel.

BRIGITTE
It's going to hurt, how can this be it?

Brigitte levels the needle at the rim of skin.

GINGER
I meant us.

Beat. Brigitte presses the needle in. Ginger arches her back.

GINGER
AAAArrrrrgghh!

The needle gets half-way through. Then sticks. Brigitte wiggles it and pushes harder. Blood appears.

BRIGITTE
Shit it's stuck!

Ginger's nails tear the mattress filling out.

71. CONTINUED: (2)

GINGER
Fu-uck! Hurry!

Brigitte yanks the needle: it finally moves. Brigitte takes the charm from Ginger's clenched jaws - a second row of teeth is just coming through her gums - like a shark's.

GINGER
Finish it!

Brigitte sets the charm once, twice - it catches on the third try - on the end of the needle. She loops it through, pulling the needle clear. Brigitte falls back, panicked. Ginger sits up, wiping copious spittle from her lips.

BRIGITTE
..H-how do you feel?

GINGER
Fucking ALIVE. Now you need something.

72. EXT. HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

Two booted feet kick the double doors open.

73. INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Dozens of heads turn. Ginger's navel is bared. Brigitte's hair is slung back in saucy braids, her outfit as revealing as Ginger's. Ginger prowls through the student body like a hot knife through butter. Brigitte fumbles to follow suit. They are greeted with a verbal wave of male approval.

GINGER
Suckers.

Brigitte notes Mr. Wayne eyeing her. She trips.

74. EXT. SPORTS FIELD PERIMETER - DAY

Ginger and Brigitte parade by dressed for lacrosse. Tim, Ben and Cal hoot. Bruised, scratched and fat-lipped Jason trails.

JASON
Ginger! Ginger! C'mon, slow down!

Brigitte turns on Jason.

BRIGITTE
Clue. Look up 'Uroglodyte'.

Brigitte pulls Ginger on. Jason stops cold.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

CAL
Whoa McCardy. What happened to you?

TIM
Get your period or something?

Jason looks down. There's a small red stain on his fly.

JASON
Shit, it must be ink fuck.

Jason heads off, shielding his crotch.

75 EXT. FIELD SIDELINES - DAY

GINGER
A simple make-over and she walks the walk, talks the talk, she kills! You were amazing-/

A sharp whistle sounds. Sam is at the fence, beckoning. Trina lights up, waves. Sam waves her off and waves at the Fitzgeralds.

GINGER
Geezuz, even grown men. You perv'!

Ginger gives Sam the finger. Brigitte pulls her hand down.

SAM
Brigitte Fitzgerald!

Both Ginger and Trina are dumbstruck.

BRIGITTE
I'll - he's just - I'll be r-right back.

76 EXT. SCHOOL FENCE - DAY

Brigitte cautiously heads over. Everybody's gawking. They speak through the fence

SAM
It's been days. "Bee".

BRIGITTE
I'm in a class here.

SAM
I'm in limbo until I know I've squared with you. Unless of course you're full of shit.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGITTE

A-are you on drugs like, right now?

SAM

You didn't squeal. Yet you came to me for something - like maybe to check what I might've seen? Like maybe you were as involved as me. Hunh? Hunh!?

The whistle blows for line change.

BRIGITTE

Amusing. Yet inaccurate. I didn't kill anybody. I'll get back on what I want.

SAM

You're driving me crazy you know!

77 EXT. SCHOOL SPORTS FIELD PROPER - DAY

Everyone heard that. Brigitte takes her position.

GINGER

The fuck's that about?

TRINA

So sluts run in the family, *quel* shocker.

The whistle goes. Play begins. Brigitte slams into Trina with all her might. Trina easily knocks her down. Ginger shoves Trina back, hard. Trina dives at Ginger's legs, knocking her down. Ginger rolls to her feet. Ginger's knee joint is snapped backward, like a dog's.

BRIGITTE

So silver purifies shit.

The whistle goes. Play stops. Everyone gasps. Sykes gags.

SYKES

Ew gross - it's dislocated eeeew...

Ginger shifts her weight, snapping it back again with a drooling grin. The moans crescendo to a freaked-out cheer.

BRIGITTE

Ginger, no!

Ginger leaps on Trina, knocking her down. Sykes is oblivious, retching. Ginger jams her fist into Trina's face, drawing blood on first strike. The crowd goes wild. Trina doubles up, but Ginger jams her knee repeatedly at Trina's crotch. The cheering peters out.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGITTE
STOP IT! GINGER STOP!

Brigitte stops Ginger in mid-blow. Trina lies bawling in the fetal position. Ginger sucks the blood off her fingers.

BRIGITTE
Ginger?! *

GINGER
(giggling)
You fuckin' started it!

Brigitte jolts. Trina coughs up blood. Mr. Wayne runs up.

WAYNE
Ginger. My office. Right away.

78 INT. BOYS' CAN DAY

Jason limps to a urinal. He unzips. Shrugs off some uncertainty. And pees. Blood fills the basin. He screams.

79 INT. HALL OUTSIDE WAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brigitte looks up from where she waits at Wayne's closed door. Sweat-soaked Jason walks out of the bathroom, covering himself and doubled up in pain.

JASON
What are you looking at?!

Brigitte takes in his bloody pants, his wild eyes.

JASON
My pen exploded okay?! My red pen!

There's a crash behind Mr. Wayne's office door.

80 INT. MR. WAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brigitte bursts in. The office is plastered with terrible water colours. Ginger is throwing a tantrum.

MR. WAYNE
This is a private session!

BRIGITTE
On what?!

GINGER
Jerkwad's getting me suspended!

80 CONTINUED:

BRIGITTE
Sit down, Ginger.

Taken a-back, Ginger does. Brigitte takes a seat too.

MR. WAYNE
We have a Zero Tolerance for Violence
Policy, which means your sister will be
punished, your parents informed. A temper
like this is inexcusable, barring
substantial extenuating circumstances.

GINGER
Yeah? Fu- /

BRIGITTE
What exactly do you mean by extenuating
circumstances?

MR. WAYNE
Something that may make me alter my
advice to the principal on the matter.

BRIGITTE
...Do you have kids Mr. Wayne?

MR. WAYNE
Two.

BRIGITTE
What do you tell them to do when they
encounter a sexual predator?

MR. WAYNE
What?

BRIGITTE
The thing is I know my sister. And she
doesn't respond well to negative
reinforcement. At all. So, you drop the
suspension idea? And we'll forget you
tried to have a "private session" with
her.

Wayne looks incredulous. As does Ginger.

81 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

The girls come in from school. Ginger's blissed.

(CONTINUED)

GINGER
You RULE! You were the complete shit -
the BOMB! Get your camera out, this
moment is totally art worthy.

BRIGITTE
Great. So stop lying to me. I do know.

GINGER
No. You don't.

BRIGITTE
You really think I'm that stupid?

GINGER
No. You cannot be in this.

BRIGITTE
You'd be in it for me.

GINGER
(hysterical laughter)
I'd be in it for you 'cause you'd go
girl, panic, let it fuck you up!

BRIGITTE
And you aren't. You gave it to Jason. You
had unprotected sex, Ginger, that's
fucked up!

Beat. Ginger fumbles with the 35mm camera, shaken.

GINGER
Well shit happens, right. Shit you can't
be in on. I'm doing you a favor.
(lifting camera)
Now smile and say cunnilingus.

Flash! Furious, Brigitte gives Ginger the finger.

82 INT. COUNTY GREENHOUSE - DAY

Native war drums deafen. The greenhouse features a garden-
pool/fountain at its centre. Sam lays in the crucifix
position, in a long, dense bed of seedlings, being misted by
nozzles from above. He has a large knife between his teeth.

Brigitte enters. Sam opens his eyes, spots her, and bolts up
- cutting his mouth and hands with the knife.

SAM
GODDAMN !!!

(CONTINUED)

BRIGITTE
I-I can come back-/

SAM
NO!

BRIGITTE
I know what you can do for me, so, you
know - just - a-all I want is this.

Brigitte edges close enough to show her hand. Sam grabs it.
She gasps. ACONITUM LYCOTONUM is written over her scar.

SAM
Oh I don't think so.

BRIGITTE
What, it's a plant isn't it?

SAM
Wolfsbane? Yeah. It's an herb.

BRIGITTE
Don't you have it?

SAM
Yeah, right next to the hemlock.

BRIGITTE
It's poison?! I thought it was a cure!

SAM
It'll cure you all right - of living.

Brigitte fights tears, and fails.

SAM
Wait, uh. Ranunculi're like hell and
opportunities. They come in many forms.

Sam pulls a heavy reference book out of a near by tree.

SAM
Okay, see? Same family as wolfsbane.
Uh... Monkshood's a cousin. Still toxic,
but as in all things, dosage is
everything.

He shows her a picture of the plant: long, thin stalks with
tiny purple flowers.

BRIGITTE
Do you have this?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

SAM

It's a seasonal. It's all over the place
in spring, but right now - forget it.

BRIGITTE

FUCK!

SAM

Oh geezuz I'll grow it for you, you can't
send me up on this bull shit.

BRIGITTE

...I have to show you something.

83 EXT. HIGHWAY ROADSIDE - DAY

Flies buzz. Sam and Brigitte consider something unseen but
smelly on the ground before them.

SAM

What *is* that?

BRIGITTE

What you hit.

SAM

That's not a fucking person. I didn't
kill somebody. You little -/

BRIGITTE

I tried to tell you, you blew it off!
Lycanthropes - phht

SAM

Lycan -/

(he laughs)

You think that's a - yeah, okay, hey send
me a postcard from the nut farm.

Sam walks back to his parked van near-by.

BRIGITTE

You asshole.

SAM

I'm an asshole?!

BRIGITTE

You dress different, act different, talk
different but you're just as myopic as
everybody else. There can't possibly be
more to the world than meets your
cowardly world view. Nah, you live your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)