

Jason gapes as Ginger heads toward him with an unlit smoke between her pointy teeth. She leaves an inch between his chest and her breasts.

GINGER
Got a light, Jace'?

Jason and his pals all fumble for lighters and five little flames appear before her smoke. She lights her smoke on Jason's, and exhaling looks him up and down. The boys flames go out, all at once.

GINGER
My sister would like one also.

Obediently, they all light up for Brigitte. Brigitte falters before the attention. At Ginger's nod, Brigitte lights up too.

TRINA (O/S)
Slut.

Ginger turns to see Trina and the Clones sizing her up.

GINGER
Excuse me?

Ginger seems to tower over the Trinas today. Trina can't match the menace. Ginger exhales smoke in Trina's face and climbs the steps into the school.

Brigitte double-takes Ginger's back. Ginger's spine is protruding sharply through her shirt. Trina leers at Brigitte.

TRINA
Better watch your back,
Fitzenstein.

Brigitte snorts and follows Ginger in.

BRIGITTE
(under her breath)
Like I'm scared.

INT ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Ginger chews her nails like a dog does when cleaning them. Brigitte and the rest of the class watch an RCMP OFFICER holding a reward poster at the front of the room.

OFFICER

We need your cooperation. If you know anything about the so-called Beast of Bailey Downs, call in. You can be anonymous.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Ha! As if they weren't already.

OFFICER (CON'T)

But your pets aren't safe until the perpetrator is caught.

Ginger sighs loudly and Brigitte prods her.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH SPORTING FIELD - DAY

The girls' gym class is prepping for lacrosse again. The Trinas square off across the half-way mark from Ginger. Mz. Sykes blows her whistle. The scrimmage begins.

Trina whips the Indian rubber ball right into Ginger's face. Ginger drops her stick and launches herself at Trina.

Play stops with the whistle, but Ginger and Trina are just going at it. Ginger's winning. Trina bites Ginger's sore arm and Ginger rakes her nails over Trina's neck. Ginger draws blood.

Mz. Sykes breaks it up by dragging Ginger off Trina. Sykes tends to Trina, who bawls.

Ginger wipes her bloody hand over her mouth.

BRIGITTE

Ginger!

Ginger's rolling the taste of Trina's blood around in her mouth.

GINGER

Mmmm.

BRIGITTE

You can't do that, That's *human* blood! ...Feel anything?

Brigitte and Ginger stare at one another. Ginger first shakes her head, but then nods. Ginger looks around and whispers

GINGER
It's sick but - I'm all like
horny.

Brigitte makes a sour face.

SYKES
Fitzgerald, bench!

GINGER
What, she started it!

Brigitte watches Ginger march to the sidelines, throwing off her gear as she goes.

SYKES
Pick that stuff up!

Ginger gives Sykes the finger without looking back. Brigitte groans.

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - DAY

Brigitte waits outside a door marked GUIDANCE.

Trina struggles by with the help of her clones. Trina sports a big ugly bandage on her neck, knees and an arm in a sling. She shoots Brigitte a Death Stare.

TRINA
Yer bitch sister's dead, freak.

BRIGITTE
(under her breath)
Fuck off.

Jason lopes up. He indicates the guidance office door.

JASON
Ginger in there again?

Brigitte ignores him.

JASON
Cool. Um. Look, Belinda...

BRIGITTE
Brigitte.

JASON
Right, right. I'd really like to
take yer sister out. Think you
could ask her for me?

Brigitte's face clouds.

JASON
Hey. I could fix you up too. I
guess.

Brigitte seethes.

JASON
Fuck. Never mind, I'll ask her
myself.
(under his breath)
Freak.

Jason takes a post on the opposite Brigitte to wait. Brigitte glares at him.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

The grossly over-weight guidance councilor, MR. WAYNE, is perched on the edge of his fake wood desk, holding their death slides (from the credit sequence) up to the fluorescent light. His arm pits are stained with sweat.

Ginger slumps in a chair before him. There is a fish bowl full of condoms on his desk. Ginger picks one out, unwrapping it, examining it as he talks.

MR. WAYNE
Look, you keep getting sent
here. We might as well be
friendly.

GINGER
I don't do friendly, Mr. Wayne.

MR. WAYNE
Hey. I know where you're coming
from. I was a kid once too.

GINGER
Really? So was I. Weird.

Ginger fakes an eye-lash batting smile. She winds the condom over her erect fingers.

MR. WAYNE
Okay, you aren't a kid. You're a
young adult. With some issues.
Let's explore them.

Ginger rubs the condom's lubricant between her two free fingers, intrigued by the texture.

MR. WAYNE
Hey. I'm reaching out here.
Your plays for attention are a
cry for help, aren't they?

GINGER
Uh, no.

MR. WAYNE
Is it a problem at home? With
your parents?

GINGER
They think I'm cute.

Mr. Wayne sighs.

MR. WAYNE
Maybe I ought to split you and
your sister up.

GINGER
Aw, c'mon Mr. Wa-wayne. Divide
an' conquer? That's so old.

MR. WAYNE
Hey. You're antisocial,
antagonistic, and now violent.
The point of high school is you
learn to develop a place for
yourselves in society.../

GINGER
'Long as you like it.

MR. WAYNE
As long as you're at this school
young lady, I better like it.

Ginger gives him a cold, dead stare.

MR. WAYNE
Consider this your final
warning. I see you outta line
again, and we're talking
expulsion. And don't look at me
like that, missy.

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - DAY

Ginger slams the Guidance office door on her way out.

GINGER
Fuckin' guidance my ass.

She pounds her fist into a locker and makes a dent. Brigitte cringes. Ginger admires the damage.

JASON
Holy...

Ginger notices Jason and visibly brightens.

GINGER
Hey.

JASON
Hey. Whatcha doin' now?

GINGER
Nothin' special.

JASON
Wanna go for a ride?

GINGER
Sure. C'mon Bee.

Jason and Brigitte's faces darken simultaneously.

BRIGITTE
Ginger, we should get home.

GINGER
No we shouldn't.

Brigitte drags Ginger aside. Ginger notes Brigitte's hand squeezing her arm with a dangerous look.

BRIGITTE
Twenty minutes ago you coulda killed somebody. Is this really a good time to start dating? I don't think so.

Ginger shakes Brigitte's hand off.

GINGER
Well, I do.

BRIGITTE
Why?

GINGER
Why?! Look, grow up a little an'
maybe you'll get it ...

BRIGITTE
What.

GINGER
Forget it, I'm goin'. I'll draw
ya a picture later, 'kay?

Ginger takes Jason's hand and pulls him off to the exit.
Jason gives Brigitte SUCH a smug look over his shoulder.

Brigitte stands alone in the hall, gaping after them.

EXT BAILEY HIGH - LATE DAY

BRIGITTE (V/O)
When Henry renovated the
basement, to build our room? I
was like ten an' in the way an'
shit. Well, he rammed me with
this beam, right in my stomach.
Accidentally.

Brigitte wanders over the emptying school lot. She looks
small and alone. She looks disoriented.

BRIGITTE (CON'T-V/O)
But all the air came outta my
lungs at once an' I kept tryin'
to breathe but I couldn't. I
forgot all about that. Till like
right now.

Brigitte consults the hygiene calendar. Ginger's ending the
third week of checked-off days. A special note on today's
date asks DO YOU HAVE PMS?

EXT. HILL CREST - DUSK

Jason's van is parked on a rise that offers an impressive
overview of Bailey Downs. Crickets sing. The moon is rising.

INT. THE VAN - DUSK

Ginger and Jason sit in the front seat of his van. They're making out. Ginger is enjoying herself. Ginger bites his lip. Ginger draws blood.

JASON

Ouch! Whoa. Can't believe you never had a boyfriend...

Ginger licks his blood from her own lips and freezes dead cold. Jason dives back at her for more. Ginger looks both aroused and unnerved by her arousal. Ginger's stomach growls. Ginger pushes Jason off of her.

GINGER

I have to go. It's getting late.

JASON

It's only six o'clock.

Jason presses himself on her again. Ginger shoves him off, hard.

GINGER

I-have-to-go.

JASON

Oh. Now you get all moody on me?

GINGER

Hey. You got no idea.

EXT. HILLCREST - DUSK

Ginger slams the van door and rushes away from the van.

JASON (O/S)

Chicks, yer all the same!

Ginger stops in her tracks. She shakes her head and continues away.

JASON (O/S)

Cock tease!

EXT. BAILEY STREET - DUSK

Brigitte shuffles along the curb, the picture of dejection. She slows to watch Sam loading some enormous tree branches into the back of his truck, packing up for the night: he has

been cutting back an enormous tree in someone's front yard. When Sam glances her way, Brigitte picks up her pace without looking back.

EXT. PARK AREA - NIGHT

Trina wears a radio headset that pounds post-disco dance mix as she jogs. Morely dashes in and out of the surrounding greenery. He dashes in once more, and does not reappear.

Trina looks back expectantly. She runs in place, waiting for him. She heads back, looking for him.

Ginger pops out of the brush before Trina. Ginger's face smeared with blood from Morely. Ginger grins insanely. Ginger wiggles Morely's collar. Trina clicks off her head set.

GINGER

Hi!

INT FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Brigitte descends the stairs to her room. Music blasts from the basement.

PAMELA (O/S)

Brigitte? Tell your sister to turn that stereo down!

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte lets herself in. The music is now deafening. Trina is bound in a chair at the end of her bed, screaming her head off. Her screams are buried by the music. Brigitte slams and locks the door behind her.

GINGER

(yelling over noise)

Stop screaming or I'll rip your permed head right off you neck. An' ya know what? I can do that. Now open wide

Ginger force-feeds Trina something on a spoon. Trina screams with her mouth full, trying to spit it back out. Ginger offers Trina a glass of milk.

GINGER

Chaser? No?

Blood trickles out of the corners of Trinas mouth as she chews while bawling. Ginger sets the glass of milk on the desk.

BRIGITTE
Ginger WHAT are you doing-!

Ginger grins and shows Bee a bowl of crushed glass and tacks.

GINGER
Jus' like you said, Bee!
S'perfect!

Brigitte grabs the bowl away: glass shards and tacks rain around them.

BRIGITTE
Are you crazy?

GINGER
Hey! I'm doin' this for you!

As the sisters argue, Trina rocks the chair back and forth, trying to free herself.

BRIGITTE
Oh no, no way...No!

GINGER
Yer still burnt over Jason!

BRIGITTE
No, Ginger, I'm burnt 'cause you don't see like jail in yer future! You don't get how hugely fucked this is! DO you?

Trina lurches back hard and rocks forward. Trina struggles to get her toes to meet the floor. She lurches back for more momentum.

GINGER
You sayin' I'm stupid?!

BRIGITTE
I'm sayin' she? Will tell on you! This is someone who will tell!

Trina throws herself forward again and her toes connect firmly with the floor - just as her temple connects with a sickening CRACK on the sharp corner of the desk. The milk glass dumps on top of her.

Brigitte and Ginger look at her. Trina hangs there in the chair at this strange angle for a moment, dripping milk. Then Trina and the chair keel to the floor. Trina is still.

Brigitte turns the music off and creeps up to Trina. Blood trickles out of Trina's ear and swirls into the milky glass mess at her mouth. Her open eyes stare at nothing. She's dead.

GINGER

Ha-ha.

Ginger grabs her own right arm (most damaged by the original attack) and shudders with pain.

GINGER

Ow. Ow. Owchee-wow-ow.

Brigitte takes Trina in from head to toe. Brigitte checks Trina for a pulse. Brigitte snaps her hand back as though it were burned. A tremor wracks Brigitte's body and she convulses. Brigitte runs to the bathroom. OFF SCREEN, Brigitte throws up.

Meanwhile Ginger raises her afflicted hand. The hand is now something clearly on the way to being a wolfen paw. The nails are black, curling claws.

Oblivious, Brigitte climbs back into bed and covers her face with a pillow.

BRIGITTE

My life is basically over.

GINGER

Bee...BEE!

Awestruck, they both watch as Ginger extends and retracts her new set of claws.

There is a knock at the door. The girls look at one another in mute horror. Ginger addresses the door.

GINGER

What!

PAMELA (O/S)

Are you two fighting?!

GINGER

-- No!

PAMELA (O/S)
Come on then. Dinner's ready.

Brigitte and Ginger hop up and down in a brief freak fit.

GINGER (O/S)
Coming!

INT FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ginger has her new paw curled up in an over-sized sweat jacket sleeve. Brigitte stares at the stew before them with grave distaste. Pamela has a number of used tissues around her - she's been crying.

HENRY
The gynecologist called.

Pamela grasps Ginger's gnarly arm and squeezes it through her sleeve. Brigitte and Ginger look at Pamela's hand.

PAMELA
There's something wrong, Ginger.
He wants to do an ultra-sound!

HENRY
Pamela, don't scare her. How could the cells not be human cells? We'll send you to somebody else.

PAMELA
I'm sure your father's right.
I'm just upset... How are you feeling, do you feel all right?

GINGER
Um. Sure. Fine.

PAMELA
(lowering her voice)
No unusual discharge or anything like that?

Henry, Brigitte and Ginger groan.

PAMELA
I worry, all right? I've made another appointment with a new doctor. Early next month was the earliest he could see you. Okay?

GINGER
Okay.

They all begin eating in silence. Except Brigitte who gags as Henry squirts ketchup all over his stew.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD - NIGHT

Trina's body is wrapped in a bedspread and stuffed in a kid's wagon. Brigitte is keeping a look out looking pale and sickened.

Grass and dirt spray out of the playhouse. Ginger is digging up the ground inside doggie style. She emerges, shaking the turf out of her new paw.

They struggle to get Trina inside, but she's already too stiff to bend up.

GINGER
Told you.

BRIGITTE
Rigor mortis. Knew we shoulda skipped dinner.

GINGER
Can we do it my way now?

Brigitte hesitates, her anxieties rising.

BRIGITTE
So is this it? You doin' people now?

GINGER
She won't fit unless I ...

BRIGITTE
You know what I mean. Just say.

GINGER
I din't kill her!

BRIGITTE
But were you gonna?

There is a long pause. Ginger tries to laugh it off with,

GINGER
No. I'm not doing people. No.

Brigitte takes a deep breath, nodding. She acts belief.

BRIGITTE
'Kay. ...Hurry up.

Ginger drags a section of the body into the playhouse with her. Disgusting gnashing and tearing, bones snapping and other sounds of devouring are heard from within.

Brigitte keeps watch. Tears appear in her eyes.

The body is dragged another foot into the playhouse. Ginger is eating Trina to make her fit in the grave.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Trina was dead. Trina was dinner. This was BAD. An' I kept wonderin' what Sam was doin' right then. I couldn't help it, he jus' kept poppin' into my head, like.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT A FAMILY-SIZE FREEZER - DAWN

Brigitte lifts the lid of a large freezer. OUR POV IS FROM INSIDE THE FREEZER. Its light illuminates the brown paper parcels Ginger sets inside, next to the frozen waffles and veggies. The parcels are labeled T-bone, T-thigh, T-breast.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
What Ginger couldn't finish we froze, 'cause the less we left for whoever would find Trina, the better. Watch a lot of crime TV, so.

Brigitte's sizing Ginger up behind her back.

Ginger finishes loading the freezer. Brigitte drops the lid.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is dark. Ginger is asleep.

Brigitte is in bed with her back turned to Ginger's bed. Brigitte has a penlight on a collection of open monster books. She is examining a sketch of a plant with yellow flowers.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

(reading)

"The Beast was usually finally eliminated with a bullet, the cost of breaking the curse the human life that bore it." Oh man. "However many believed wolfs bane (see Diagram, right) had the power not only to protect the innocent, but calmed those afflicted to a restored sense of reason and self-control."

GINGER (O/S)

Whatcha doin'?

Brigitte nearly jumps into orbit, slamming her book shut as Ginger appears over her shoulder.

GINGER

Hm. Big Book of Monsters, hunh.
Thought they were useless.

BRIGITTE

They are. Couldn't sleep. So.

Brigitte gives Ginger a nervous smile. Ginger smiles back. Her fangs show.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Their alarm clock goes off reading 8:00 AM. Ginger's paw comes down hard on it, cracking the plastic casing.

Brigitte is already up. She sweeps up the glass mess from the night before.

Ginger rolls out of bed, steps over Brigitte and stumbles to the bathroom. Ginger steps on tacks and doesn't even react.

GINGER

Man, I'm not getting enough sleep.

Ginger closes the bathroom door.

Brigitte leaps to the door, looping one end of a noosed extension cord around the handle. The other end is tied to the door handle of the bedroom door. Brigitte checks to ensure the latter is bolted shut.

OFF-SCREEN, the toilet flushes. OFF-SCREEN, Ginger tries to open the door. She can't.

GINGER(O/S)
The fuck -? Bee!

Brigitte watches the vibrating length of cord hold the door firmly in place. Ginger bangs hard on the door.

GINGER
BEE!?

BRIGITTE
Ginger, don't be pissed...

GINGER
Open the fuckin' door you feeb.

BRIGITTE
No!

Ginger pounds on the door with great violence.

BRIGITTE
Want Pamela do he e?

The pounding stops.

BRIGITTE
We have to stop it Ging'. If we can. I'll be back before dark.

Brigitte tears the page with the plant out of her book and leaves by the window.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Told Pammy Ginger wasn't feeling well. Just to get her checkin' regular on her, keep the pressure on Ginger to be cool.

EXT COUNTY GREENHOUSES - DAY

Brigitte steps off a county bus at the drive.

There's a police car parked next to the Sam's truck. She looks back to the bus, but the doors swing shut and it pulls away.

Brigitte smoothes her hair, takes a deep breath, and over-acts innocent as she walks up.

INT COUNTY GREENHOUSE - DAY

Brigitte can hear male voices as she minces down the leafy aisles.

COP (O/S)
It's in your best interests to be cooperative.

SAM (O/S)
My lawyer's co-operative, I just know my rights. I don't know where she is, I'm very concerned. That's it, unless you got a warrant.

She ends up backing into a COP behind some palms.

BRIGITTE
Shhh-it! I mean, sorry.

SAM
(to cop)
You can see I got customers, so if that's all.

COP
Okay. Sure. For now.

The cop gives Sam a final Dirty Harry squint and leaves.

Sam collects himself with difficulty. So does Brigitte.

SAM
If you skipped school lookin' to score, I don't keep nothin' here at work, sweetheart.

BRIGITTE
I din't. I mean I skipped, but-/

SAM
Hey. From McCardy's van, right? You know my girlfriend? Trina Sinclair?

BRIGITTE
Kinda.

SAM
You seen her today?

BRIGITTE
Not today...

SAM
Fuck. She's missing.

BRIGITTE
Oh. S-sorry.

SAM
Yeah, well. Cops think I know
where she is. I don't.

Sam looks Brigitte right in the eye. Brigitte is caught up in him for a second.

SAM
Sorry, what do you care right?
What do you need.

BRIGITTE
Um. Lookin' for this.

She holds out the torn page. Sam takes it.

SAM
Aconitum lycocotonum? Sorry.

Brigitte yanks her own hair hard. Sam smiles.

SAM
Tryin' to kill somebody?
(off her look)
Well, you know it's poisonous,
right? Wolfs bane? Deadly. Be
like stocking hemlock an' shit.

BRIGITTE
No, I thought it did something
else. Doesn't matter.

SAM
Anyways they're perennials -
only flowers in spring.

Brigitte turns to leave, hot with frustration, humiliation.
Sam watches her stamp toward the door.

SAM
Hey. Ranunculaceae come in about
a hundred species. I've gotta
cousin, monkshood. Not so toxic.
If you're interested.

Brigitte stops and considers him.

SAM
Don't know if it'd help.

INT. GREENHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They sit together amidst beautiful plants and flowers. Sam picks a tiny purple flower from a bed of young plants and hands it to Brigitte.

SAM
S'called monkshood 'cause people used to think it kept 'em pure from dirty thoughts. Seriously.

BRIGITTE
(earnestly)
Make my life easier.

Sam laughs. Surprised by this, Brigitte smiles and hides under her hair.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
This is awful but the whole time I was with him there? I didn't even think how I'd just put pieces of his girlfriend in the deep freeze, like, at all.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

Ginger pulls with all her might to get the door open a few inches. The door knobs on both doors are straining. Something starts to crack.

With ferocious effort, Ginger contorts herself through two inches of space. The cracking is coming from Ginger as she squeezes her body bizarre-ly out of joint, as a contortionist might.

Once through, she snaps and clicks her distended bones back in place. She gasps for breath. Her face is distorted with murderous fury.

There is a knock on the bedroom door.

PAMELA (O/S)
Ginger, feeling any better?

Ginger climbs noiselessly out of the window.

PAMELA (O/S)
Ginger? You sleeping?...God, I
hate this lock, I know it's
privacy but what if you were in
trouble in there for god's sake?

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALL - DAY

Brigitte stands at her open locker, tying a rubber band
around stalks of the monkshood. There is a goofy half-smile
on her face, and she's humming.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
The book said dry it out before
using it. I figured I'd keep
Ginger locked up - feeding her
Trina - till it was ready.

She hangs the monkshood upside down in the locker. The
buzzer goes as she slams the door shut.

EXT. SERVICE LANE - DAY

Ginger stalks past the neighbor's yard with the playhouse
where Trina is buried.

EXT. PLAYHOUSE YARD - DAY

A new puppy romps. He sniffs around the edge of the
playhouse. He smells something. He starts to whine and dig.

INT. BAILEY HIGH - DAY

Ginger stomps the deserted halls, with their class schedule
in hand. Classes are in session. A fat silhouette appears at
the end of the corridor.

WAYNE
Fitzgerald. Tardy! My office
NOW!

Ginger faces him with a dreadful expression.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Brigitte slumps in her seat doodling. The RCMP officer is back, speaking to the class. The poster this time has a class photo of Trina.

OFFICER

If any of you have seen Trina please let us know. She went for a run this morning and has not returned or contacted her family or friends....

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Ginger stands imposingly over Mr. Wayne in his chair.

WAYNE

Sit down, Ginger.

GINGER

I can't stay.

WAYNE

I said, sit.

GINGER

An' I said .../

WAYNE

(cutting her off)

You are expelled. This is not your personal playground, this is a school.

GINGER

Oh dear.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER/DAY

Ginger's good hand lifts the telephone receiver on Mr. Wayne's desk. With her wolfen paw she dials. In the background we see blood splattered over the walls.

GINGER (O/S)
(imitating Pamela)
Hello, main office? This is Mrs.
Fitzgerald. Would you page my
daughter Brigitte please? I'm
waiting to meet her in the
guidance office. Thank you so
much.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Brigitte catches herself writing Sam's name on her binder.
She scribbles it out, looking very guilty.

PA SYSTEM (O/S)
Would Brigitte Fitzgerald please
report to guidance. Brigitte
Fitzgerald.

Brigitte freezes. The cop, the teacher, the whole class look
at her. Brigitte scoops up her stuff.

EXT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Brigitte reaches the door and finds it locked. The door opens
a crack and Ginger's transformed arm grabs Brigitte, hauling
her inside. The door slams shut and locks.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

GINGER
Don't ever fuck with me like
that again.

BRIGITTE
You ...got out.

Brigitte gapes at all the blood. Ginger is very agitated.

GINGER
He asked for it. Was gonna expel
me. So.

Backing away, Brigitte trips over Mr. Wayne's foot sticking
out from under the desk.

GINGER
What do we do, Bee? What do we
do?

Brigitte sinks into a chair looking completely traumatized. Ginger hops about - charged by the kill.

GINGER
C'mon we need a fuckin' plan
here!

The school bell goes off. Brigitte snaps out of her daze, reaches up and hits the light switch off. They now sit in virtual darkness.

BRIGITTE
Last bell. Wait till everyone
goes. We'll stuff him someplace.
Clean this up. I guess.

The sound of the full halls around them seems very loud now.

GINGER
Bee, gotta a smoke?

Brigitte hands her a smoke.

GINGER
Sorry about this.

BRIGITTE
Whatever.

GINGER
Don't be mad, 'kay?

BRIGITTE
I'm not mad.

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - LATER

The school is deserted. The lock pops on the Guidance door and Brigitte and Ginger peer out. Nobody.

BRIGITTE
Stay here. Lock the door. I'll
knock once.

Ginger nods. Brigitte slips out and creeps down the corridor. Ginger shuts the door. Then Ginger whips it open again.

BRIGITTE
Shut the door, Ginger!

GINGER
Bee?

BRIGITTE
What!

GINGER
Thanks.

Brigitte blinks at her, then continues to skulk away. The office door shuts and the lock locking reverbs after her.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - LATE DAY

Brigitte walks fast, looking for a place for the body.

She looks inside full garbage cans and sizes them up. Too small.

She looks up at a loose ceiling panel. She jumps a few times trying to reach it. Too high. She gets an idea.

Brigitte jogs past the sign directing us to gym.

INT. GUIDANCE HALL - MEANWHILE

A JANITOR pushes his cart toward the guidance office. He stops at another door, produces keys, and lets himself in.

He returns with a trash can and empties into his bin. He replaces the can, closes the door and locks it.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Ginger, gnaws on Mr. Wayne's arm but really isn't enjoying it. She stops in mid-chew and listens. The janitor's footsteps approach: his cart wheels squeak .

INT. GUIDANCE HALL - DAY

The janitor wheels up to the guidance office. He slides his key in the lock.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Ginger grips the door knob as best she can with her one good hand, her feet braced against the wall on either side.

On the other side, the janitor tugs, and tugs again. Ginger's getting madder the more he persists.

The janitor gives the door one last wrench and it flies open.

INT. GUIDANCE HALL - DAY

Brigitte wheels a large cloth cart full of basket balls around a corner.

The janitor crawls toward her, his hands lifted to her for help, blood spurting from his slashed throat. He tries to cry out, but only makes a gurgling whistle, the air in his pipes passing through blood.

Ginger walks behind him as he crawls. Ginger applies her boot to his ass and makes him slip face first in his own gore. Ginger giggles.

Ginger looks up and sees Brigitte gaping in utter revulsion at her. For a split second, Ginger stops cold. Ginger seems to falter before her sister's horror.

Then, without breaking their locked gaze, without even seeming conscious she's doing it - Ginger stops on the man's fingers and breaks them with a series of snaps.

Brigitte tries to pry her eyes away, but can't.

Still staring at Brigitte, Ginger extends her claws. Ginger shakes her head, as if to say *I can't help it...* Ginger pounces on the man. Brigitte turns her face to the wall.

The janitor makes a final horrible noise. The halls fall silent.

MONTAGE: INT. SCHOOL - LATE DAY TO NIGHT

as Brigitte stuffs Mr. Wayne into the gym basket and covers him with balls,

Ginger runs madly up and down the halls screeching and whooping, slamming her monster arm into the lockers bashing them in.

as Brigitte pushes the janitor's body into a ground level air vent

Ginger breaks the fire extinguisher out of it's case and unleashes foam into the halls.

Brigitte mops up the janitor's blood with his own cart stuff. The Guidance office is already clean.

Ginger lifts the fire extinguisher over her head. She starts running with it toward through the frosted glass window of the main office with a triumphant war whoop.

Brigitte steps between Ginger and her target.

GINGER

Move!

BRIGITTE

STOP IT! Just stop. Enough,
Ginger. Please. Please.

Ginger throws the canister any way, forcing Brigitte to dive out of the way. SMASH! Glass rains down over Brigitte.

Brigitte lifts her head in time to see Ginger burn down the hall looking for more mischief.

Brigitte curls into a fetal position, burying her face in her lap and rocks herself. Brigitte sobs.

OFF-SCREEN we hear Ginger continuing her rampage close where in the school. Brigitte wanders up to the janitor's cart, looking like a plane crash survivor - dazed and wretched.

Brigitte picks up a bottle of cleaning fluid. She sniffs it. She closes her eyes and tips it back. She washes it around in her mouth and lifts her chin to swallow. She spews it into the air, the taste making her heave instinctively. She dry heaves a couple of times. She throws the bottle at the wall.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Exhausted, Brigitte trails Ginger who is tired too, and heading for the exit. They stop dead at the doors.

EXT. SCHOOL STEPS - NIGHT

A truck's headlights pin them in full view. Ginger rolls her sleeve down over her paw. Brigitte swoons as if she might black out on the spot.

The truck's engine cuts and the doors slowly open.

JASON

Well, well well.

Jason and his pals climb out of the van. They hold beer bottles: they have come here to drink.

JASON
The fair sisters Fitzgerald.

GINGER
Hey. How's it goin'?

JASON
You tell me.

Tim cracks the door and takes a look inside.

TIM
Holy shit - they trashed the place!

The guys gawk: they are very impressed.

BOYS
who--oooaa. Fuck, unbelievable!

JASON
Ginger, I had no idea.

GINGER
What can I say. I had an urge.

JASON
Cool. But. This is ya know, uh, a bit of a problem. What's gonna happen when they start lookin' for the ah, people responsible?

Brigitte glares at Ginger.

GINGER
You won't tell.

JASON
Oh I might.

GINGER
No you won't.

BRIGITTE
Ginger -?

GINGER
Shut up. Shut up.
(to Jason)
How 'bout a deal.

JASON
Have to be sweet.

GINGER
You keep our lil' secret and I
do you. All a' you.

Brigitte slumps against the wall.

JASON
What!?

TIM
Bull shit.

JASON
Serious?

Jason gets the eager nod from his gang.

JASON
Okay, let's go.

GINGER
Not now - I'm a mess. We're
(making this up as
she goes)
having a Halloween party at our
place, Friday night. We'll do it
then.

JASON
Yeah, right Saturday. You'll
ditch.

GINGER
I won't ditch. But you guys say
a word about this to any one, -
and there's no action. So it's
up to you. You stay quiet, you
score. You don't - phhtt - nice
knowin' ya.

JASON
Deal.

He extends his hand to shake on it. Ginger shakes it
awkwardly with her good hand. Brigitte thumps her head
against the wall.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ginger leans on the bathroom door, which is shut.

GINGER
C'mon Bee....

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte is sitting on the closed seat of the toilet trying to pull her hair out.

BRIGITTE
Shut up, leave me alone!

GINGER (O/S)
It's not that big a deal.

BRIGITTE (O/S)
How can you say that! Two people are dead because of you. Us.

GINGER
They pissed me off.

Brigitte opens the bathroom door.

BRIGITTE
Oh. Then they we asking for it?
What about Jason an' them? Gonna kill 'em all when yer done,
Ginger? 'Cause you have to take yer clothes OFF for that shit,
they wanna SEE yer BODY for that shit, you gonna let like five
guys live to tell how they fucked the Beast a' Bailey
Downs? That could annoy you too!

Ginger prods a claw into Brigitte's chest, pinning her in place.

GINGER
Think yer sooo smart? I think yer sooo jealous.

BRIGITTE
Yeah, I'm jealous yer turning into a nympho. I'm so jealous yer killing people who did never did nothing to you. Yeah Ginger. Sure.

GINGER
Oh, wow.

Brigitte takes a deep breath, swallows hard.

BRIGITTE
I don't wanna do this any more.

Ginger's claw pricks Brigitte's skin. Brigitte cringes. Blood appears around the claw.

GINGER
What.

BRIGITTE
I'm sorry, but.../

Brigitte writhes in pain as Ginger's claw slices in deeper.

BRIGITTE
Ginger?! This is me.

Ginger retracts the claw, and Brigitte grabs the wound.

GINGER
.... So?

Ginger hurls Brigitte against the wall. Ginger throws herself on top of Brigitte. Ginger raises her killing claw to Brigitte's neck.

GINGER
Who needs you?

Brigitte is helpless and looks terrified. Ginger's face is contorted with intensity, with madness. Ginger's drooling. A drip of gob drops onto Brigitte's face.

BRIGITTE
(very small,
plaintive)
Ginger...

Ginger lifts Brigitte by the shirt-front and searches her eyes. Ginger drops Brigitte to the floor and grabs her coat. Brigitte grabs Ginger's leg.

BRIGITTE
Don't, please!

Brigitte struggles to hang on, to rise from the floor; Ginger's really hurt her.

BRIGITTE
Maybe we can stop it! Lemme try!

Ginger kicks free.

GINGER

An' spoil my fun? I'll skin you
alive first.

Brigitte struggles to a point between Ginger and the window.

BRIGITTE

You're fucked without me.
They'll catch you. Wake up!

GINGER

No, you wake up! Nobody'll live
to catch me. Yer a two-faced
lil' chicken shit? Your problem,
Brigitte. I don't need ya. I
don't WANTCHA! So stay away from
me or I'll kill you I swear I'll
have you for breakfast.

Brigitte backs out of Ginger's way.

Ginger steps up to the window and climbs through.

Brigitte rubs her throat, trying hard to keep breathing.

Brigitte dashes to her own bed and drags an Adidas gym bag
from under it. Brigitte starts grabbing clothes off the
floor and jamming them into the bag.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

I was like, okay. Fuck you too.
She'd be sorry. And I'd be like,
I dunno - somewhere's totally
else goin' not my problem.
Right.

EXT SERVICE LANE - NIGHT

Brigitte trudges up to the bus stop next to the fence of the
playhouse yard with her full Adidas bag.

Light streams from inside the yard, multi-coloured, strobing.
It looks like a UFO has landed on the other side of the
fence.

She peers through the slats. She sees the playhouse, lit up
like a Christmas tree. She sees gloved hands and police
uniforms. Then sliding past, the long - almost endless -
shape on a stretcher being drawn out of the playhouse:
they've found Trina's body.

The bus appears, approaching from way down the road.

Brigitte looks from it to the crime scene. The crime scene photographer's FLASH! pops in Brigitte's face - blinding her for a second. Brigitte rubs her eyes. She shakes her head hard.

The bus is indicating, slowing to pull over.

Brigitte opens her eyes. The bus is almost here. Brigitte grips her Adidas bag.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
But you can't break up with
blood. You can't divorce yer
sister. You jus' can't.

The bus passes, obscuring Brigitte from view as its body fills frame. When its tail lights pass, Brigitte is far down the street, running like a champion in the direction she came from.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte carefully unlocks the bedroom door and slowly opens it. The room is dark and just as she left it. Ginger's bed has not been slept in, and she is no where to be seen.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I'd get the monkshood from my
locker at school the next
morning.

Brigitte creeps to the bathroom and snaps the light on.
Empty.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I'd find Ginger, I'd find out if
the stuff even worked.

Brigitte locks the window shut. She locks the bedroom door and pushes a bureau of drawers in front of it.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I could deal with whatever, as
long as I tried. If it was the
last thing she ever saw me do,
it was gonna be me goin' fer
somethin' by myself. The real
Ginger woulda dug that large.

Brigitte turns on the bedside lamp and fishes a baseball bat out of the closet.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I would try to save my sister
when the sun came up. You know,
if the sun came up.

Brigitte climbs into bed, snuggling the bat in with her. She lights a smoke. She finds the feminine hygiene calendar on the bedside table next to the photo of the girls as kids at Halloween, taken many years before.

The calendar tells us it is about to be Friday. Friday is the full moon. Friday is Halloween.

INT GIRLS' ROOM - DAWN

The lamp is still on. The ash tray is full of butts. Brigitte stirs in her sleep.

Ginger stands at the end of Brigitte's bed, staring at her.

Brigitte snaps to, gripping the bat. Ginger snorts, and climbs into her own bed.

Brigitte swings her gaze to the window. It is still shut and locked. The bureau is still in front of the door. Brigitte holds her bat tightly and watches her sister's back in the next bed, terrified.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH - DAY

Brigitte jogs up to the school. The yard is full of students. Teachers are marshaling them into lines and seating them on the grass. Brigitte plows through.

Ginger rides past, piggy-backed by Jason. Ginger completely ignores Brigitte. Brigitte looks very worried.

FEMALE STUDENTS
Ginger Fitzgerald is such a
slut./No kidding./The bitch.

VARIOUS STUDENTS
You hear about Trina
Sinclair?/Dug her up in
somebody's back yard!/Oh that's
so sad!// Poor Trina, Ga-awd!

As Brigitte gets closer to the building, she finds police cars and cops at the main entrance.

BRIGITTE
Shit.

PRINCIPAL FARDOR is speaking with the RCMP constable who has been visiting classes. Fardor holds a hanky over his face.

FARDOR
That stench near the staff
offices, what is that you think?

Brigitte hedges up the steps toward the door.

OFFICER
I couldn't say, sir. Now is
there anyone you suggest we talk
to? Anyone with something
against the school?

Brigitte slips past the two men.

FARDOR
For god's sake look around you.
I got 350 angry young people
bored blind. Helluva day for my
goddamn cleaning staff to be
late....HEY!

Brigitte stops at the threshold.

FARDOR
The hell you goin'?

BRIGITTE
I left something in my locker.

FARDOR
Find your homeroom and wait.
School's outta bounds until we
call you in. Get!

Brigitte backs down the steps, looking like she just took a good slap. She turns to confront the mass confusion around her.

Brigitte spots Ginger dancing on the roof of a car in the lot now, surrounded by boys. Brigitte spots Sam's truck near-by.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

Sam is sit in his truck, slumped over the wheel. He holds an almost-gone bottle of rye. Brigitte runs up.

Sam is crying. He doesn't see Brigitte arrive at his window, so she turns to tip-toe away. Sam looks up. His eyes tell us he's stoned.

SAM
Hey. Wolfs bane. Wanna drink?

Brigitte stops and turns to face him. Sam dries his face on his sleeve and pops his passenger door. Brigitte looks around and slides in.

Ginger is watching Brigitte out of the corner of her eye.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DAY

SAM
I showed up to see Trina? But
she's ... I'm goin' strange in
the head.

Brigitte doesn't know what to say, so she offers him a smoke. He takes it.

SAM
Why? Why would ya do a thing
like that?

Brigitte examines his face for an implication. There isn't one.

SAM
What's funny is I dumped her
that night. Feel bad about it
now. Truth is, she was a pain in
the ass. I sound like a jerk,
right.

BRIGITTE
No.

SAM
Really? Yeah well, while she
was - disappearin', I'm off have
a time at the Highway Home with
my buddy Georgio. Drinkin',
dealin' - an' now she's ...

Sam is over-come again. Brigitte raises a hand to touch him, chickens out, and then scores on the second attempt. He rolls right into her arms.

For a brief moment, Brigitte has her nose in his hair, her cheek on his shoulder, her hands on his back. He's crying, and she fights her own tears.

SAM

Sorry, this is strange. I don't even ...Last time I saw her she was so mad at me. An' we did have some times, we did. Makes me sick what her last thought a' me musta been though.

Their eyes meet, their faces are inches apart. Brigitte kisses him, very softly and very quickly and then pulls out. Sam looks shocked. Brigitte looks more shocked.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH PARKING LOT - MEANWHILE/DAY

Ginger stops dancing a second. She is staring at Brigitte and Sam in his truck. Her face darkens.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DAY

BRIGITTE

I'm really, um.

Sam leans in and kisses her right back. Better. Longer.

SAM

Shit. Sorry. Kinda freaked. You know? I shouldn't, well.

BRIGITTE

Yeah. Yeah.

SAM

But that was really nice.

BRIGITTE

Oh. 'Kay. Good.

They sit staring straight ahead a moment. A cop ahead double-takes them, and reaches into his car for the radio mic.

SAM

You wanna lil' dube or somethin'? Listenin' to me go on like a loser...What's yer name?

BRIGITTE

Brigitte. Fitzgerald. No, that's okay. I need more monkshood...

SAM

Yes! Dirty thoughts! Oh. I been drinkin'. Should not drive. Right, Brr-igitte?

Brigitte drags her hands over her face with extreme anxiety.

BRIGITTE

Oh, right. OK. Um.

SAM

Ginger's yer sister right?

Sam grimaces as Brigitte nods.

BRIGITTE

Why?

SAM

Oh, rumors - say she's doin' all these guys at some party. Goin' around she's a big time ho', that kinda thing. Hey. Don't worry about it. Nobody mentioned you.

Ginger's most maniacal laugh drifts over to them. Brigitte sees her dancing sexily on the roof of a car with a whole crowd of leering boys.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

CROWD

C'mon Ginger! Take it off!

GINGER

You wish!

CROWD

Hey Ginger? Watcha doin' later? Can we come to yer bash?!

Ginger stops dancing. Anger floods her face.

GINGER

You know about that?

BOYS
Sure, everybody knows! Can I
bring my cousin?

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DAY

Sam grabs Brigitte's arm as Brigitte grasps the door handle.

SAM
I like you Brigitte F.

BRIGITTE
What -?

SAM
Like to see ya again. Can I come
to yer party too?

BRIGITTE
Sh-sure. Sorry. I gotta -
Ginger, so.

Brigitte slips out of the truck as they stare at one another with that look you get when you're scared because you just kissed someone you really, really like.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

Two more squad cars are gliding up the street toward the school.

Brigitte makes her way toward Ginger.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
He was jus' drunk, I'm thinkin'.
I mean he prob'ly din't mean it.
Whatever.

Beyond Sam's truck, behind Brigitte, the two new cruisers lurch to a stop. Cops approach Sam's vehicle with extreme caution.

Brigitte arrives at the car with Ginger as,

GINGER
All a' you guys?! My house!
Tonight!
(very sinister)
I wanna party with everybody.
We'll do it till you drop.

CROWD
ALL RIGHT, GINGER!!!! WHOOO-
HOO!

The crowd applauds. Brigitte stares at Ginger like she's watching a cruise missile coming in. Ginger notices Brigitte watching her. Ginger pretends she doesn't see her.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Ginger was gonna kill every one
of 'em.

A commotion behind them causes everyone to turn.

Sam is being dragged from his truck by the cops. He is flung face-first onto the hood and hand-cuffed.

COP
Sam McDonald? You're under
arrest for the murder of Trina
Sinclair.

Brigitte physically fights with herself not to yell out. She runs a few steps toward Sam. Brigitte looks back at Ginger, who drills her with an evil warning glare.

The cops shove Sam into the back of a cruiser. They roar off.

Brigitte stands alone, apart from the crowd. The cruisers' flashing lights disappear down the street. Brigitte turns to face Ginger, mustering her own first menacing look.

Ginger accepts a cigarette offered by one of her boys.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
They closed the school that day.
So I never got to my locker. So
I never got the monkshood. I
thought, this is it. I fucked
up.

EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - LATE DAY

The full moon is just making an appearance.

Brigitte stands in the front room window, which is decorated with a Happy Halloween paper sign and plastic bats. Brigitte's watching Henry put Styrofoam tombstones in the front yard.

INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - LATE DAY

The Fitzgerald family is eating. Brigitte pokes at her food. Ginger eats like a fiend, with sunglasses on. Her monster arm has been wrapped in gauze from tip to elbow.

PAMELA

Now just remember, no boys in
you bedroom during this party.
Your room is off limits. Ginger
are you sure that arm's not
sprained, or worse?

GINGER

Bruise. Lacrosse.

PAMELA

Mm Henry when'd you get this new
meat from Tinny's? Quite nice.

Brigitte and Ginger exchange a look.

HENRY

I haven't been to Tinny's.

PAMELA

Then where's all the packs
marked "t" come from -?

Brigitte spits out her food.

BRIGITTE

I be excused?

INT. FITZGERALD MINIVAN - MAGIC HOUR

Brigitte is using the vehicle's portable phone as she eyes the silhouettes of the family -still at the dining table - in the window above her.

She stares at her watch during the following,

911 OPERATOR (O/S)
911, do you need fire, ambulance
or police, please.

BRIGITTE

(speaking very
quickly)

Sam McDonald is not the Beast of
Bailey Downs. He was at the
Highway Home Motel when Trina
Sinclair was killed. Sam didn't
do it.

Brigitte whips the phone shut, hanging up. She breathes out long and slow.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
In case this was the last thing
I'd do. I wanted Sam out of it.
Sam shouldn't suffer.

INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - LATER

Brigitte hovers in the door way. Henry is reading the paper.

HENRY
That Sinclair girl was found at
the Bernstein's, can you believe
it?

PAMELA
What, last night? I didn't hear
a thing! Never going to have
these done in time. Henry help.

Pamela is feverishly creating little straw witches and such party decorations. She has a selection of dried flowers, wheat etc on the table before her.

PAMELA
.. Brigitte, honey we're
thrilled you two are making
friends. But next time you two
do something like this give
Mummy a little more notice, will
you? Hate having to scramble.

Brigitte slides into her regular chair and props her hands on her wrists in an attitude of complete distraction.

HENRY
What's your sister up to?

Brigitte looks at Henry as he works on a little witch.

PAMELA
She said she had a lot of work
to do on her costume. Should we
dress up, you think?

Henry grimaces. He sifts through the dried plants before them. Brigitte double-takes the pile.

PAMELA
Oh, Henry. You're no fun at all.

Brigitte sits bolt up right in her seat.

BRIGITTE
What is this stuff?

PAMELA
Just weeds, old cuttings from
the yard.

BRIGITTE
No, THIS stuff.

Brigitte plucks out a handful of dried plant with tiny purple flowers.

PAMELA
Oh, I had that around the
dahlias. Man at the greenhouse
said it'd keep the cats out.
Seemed to do the job. It's got a
funny name - nun's robe, priest
hat, something ...

BRIGITTE
Monkshood.

PAMELA
That's right. Do we have a
budding botanist in the family?!

HENRY
Pun intended.

Pamela giggles as does Henry. Brigitte grabs a fistful of monkshood and races for the door.

PAMELA
Hey, we need that! Brigitte!

But Brigitte is gone.

PAMELA
That was my accent colour!

INT. BASEMENT PROPER - DUSK

The half-finished basement has a rec room which Pamela has decked out in an infantile version of ghoulish for the party. Punch sits ready next to case-lot pop and Tupperware brimming with snacks.

Brigitte walks through to the door with a sign, OFF LIMITS. Brigitte unlocks the door and slips the monkshood up her shirt.

INT. BEDROOM - DUSK

Candles are burning all over. Ginger's bed is turned down, ready. Brigitte walks in on Jason climbing through the open window.

JASON

Hey. Must be the place, right?

Brigitte sneers at him. He holds a half-gone bottle of schnapps, a dress shirt and his Good Jeans on.

The toilet flushes in the john. Brigitte knocks on the door.

GINGER

What!

BRIGITTE

McCardy's here.

The bathroom door unlocks but remains closed.

GINGER

Git in here an' gimme a hand.

Brigitte casts an uncertain look at Jason.

JASON

C'mon ladies, there's six other guys sitting in the shrub waiting.

Brigitte's face darkens. She slips into the bathroom and shuts the door.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Do you think some people deserve to die?

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte does not tryo to hide her fear of being in a confined space with Ginger. There are razors and whiskers all over the floor. Shaving cream every where. Ginger is red-faced, sweating and hostile.

GINGER
Don't say a fuckin' word.

Ginger lowers the towel she's wearing enough to show the bump on her butt is now a twitching tail. Brigitte gasps.

GINGER
Take this gauze and tie it flat.

BRIGITTE
Ginger, you can't ...

GINGER
DO IT!

Brigitte takes the roll of gauze. She grabs the tail between her fingers and coils it up with utter disgust. Brigitte's hands tremble.

EXT. GIRLS BEDROOM - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Jason sits on the edge of Ginger's bed and bounces up and down a bit. Between his legs we glimpse a dog tag hanging between the mattresses.

INT GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte tapes the gauze in place. Ginger throws a robe on and grabs the door.

GINGER
Now get outta my life.

Brigitte grits her teeth.

BRIGITTE
I gotta get ready for the party.

GINGER
Then wait here till I'm done.

BRIGITTE
What, through all fifty a' them?

GINGER
Oh, don't tempt me.

Ginger takes a deep breath before she opens the bathroom door. Her breath is ragged. She smoothes her hair and chews her lip. She's nervous. Ginger opens the door and closes it behind her.

Brigitte hears,

JASON (O/S)
It's really dark in here.

GINGER (O/S)
I'm shy. Lay down.

Brigitte puts the toilet seat down and sits on it. Brigitte lights a smoke. Brigitte withdraws the monkshood from under her shirt and has a good scratch where it was itching her.

OFF-SCREEN are the sounds of slurpy kisses and Jason's moans.
A fly unzips. Clothes fall with soft plunks to the floor.
Bed springs creak. Plastic condom wrappers crinkle and then
the SNAP-WHAP of one being fitted on pretty roughly.
Somewhere above them the door bell starts ringing.

From a vanity cupboard she pulls a zombie face-painting kit and sets it next to the monkshood.

EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Cars are streaming down the street in both directions. Groups of COSTUMED TEENAGE BOYS flock down the walks, over lawns, and que up to get into the Fitzgerald party.

On their front porch, Pamela and Henry meet and greet the young men, awed by their numbers.

HENRY
(to Pamela)
Notice any girls?

Pamela shrugs.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Brigitte - now in ZOMBIE-face - rubs the monkshood between her fingers, crumbling it into a neat pile on the counter.

OFF-SCREEN from the bedroom, the sounds of Ginger having rough sex continue.

Brigitte peels a centimeter of paper off the end of an unlit smoke and wiggles the cigarette, creating a second pile of tobacco. She reaches into the radiator vent and withdraws a package of rolling papers.

EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW'S REAR - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

One BOY in a skeleton costume creeps along the shrubs toward the Fitzgerald sisters' bedroom window. He stumbles over a demon, a Frankenstein and a mummy. They curse one another.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

OFF-SCREEN, from the rec room part noise grows as things get under way outside.

Ginger waves good-bye to Jason as she undoes Frank's shirt buttons. The bathroom door is now inching open a crack.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

On the counter at the sink, all evidence of Brigitte's project with the monkshood are gone.

Brigitte peers out the cracked door and then looks away, fighting an urge to watch in spite of being grossed out. The sounds of sex drift in from the bedroom.

She catches sight of herself in the mirror. As a ZOMBIE. She tugs her shirt tight over her breasts. Nothing to see.

She smoothes her shirt with her hands, then moves her palms down over her waist, her hips. Over her crotch. Brigitte's fingers skip under her skirt.

Brigitte's face tells us she's searching for something under there. She's trying this out. But nothing's happening.

She frowns. She draws her hands out of her skirt and quickly washes her hands in the sink. She checks her watch and sighs.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte creeps out of the bathroom on all fours. Above her, Ginger's feet and some guy's writhe on the bed.

Brigitte reaches up to the bedroom door knob. She opens it and crawls out.

INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT PROPER - NIGHT

The rec room is packed with over-grown ghouls. Pamela is trying to play it cool from her perch behind the punch bowl, as she marvels at the costumes and all these kids she's never even met before.

Henry has a group of boys cornered with a college football story.

Brigitte leans against the wall watching the party and looking at her watch.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

In English I heard about this chick who used a man's name to get her books read. She went by George but she was really Mary Ann? Goes, "It's never too late to be what you might have been." I was jus' there thinkin', is that true? Was it too late to be an Unsolved Mystery? Alls I had to do was walk away...

MALE VOICE (O/S)

Brigitte F.!

Brigitte looks up to see a cheap plastic Frankenstein mask looking down at her. Its owner flips it up: it's Sam. Brigitte's eyes snap wide open in shock.

SAM

They let me go. No evidence!
Someone called in this tip.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

So I decided to stay.

BRIGITTE

Hey, you gotta get outta here -/

Ginger emerges from the bedroom like a reigning diva, and the room stops dead.

Brigitte drops her glass of punch.

Ginger has come out as herself, as an almost full-blown werewolf. She wears a Lil' Red Riding Hood cape jobbie and a plastic mask. She's the best looking monster you ever laid eyes on. Down her belly she has six perfect nipples showing and everything.

The room bursts into a cheering round of applause.

GUY WITH 'AX IN THE HEAD'

That make-up is amazing!

GUY WITH 'EYE MISSING'
Ginger, it looks totally real!

HENRY
(to Pamela)
Told you. She's a arts-type,
for chrissakes, look at that.

PAMELA
She's very good, isn't she?

SAM
(to Brigitte)
Wow, yer sister's gone to town.

BRIGITTE
Yeah, she's gone all right. Hey.
Can you do me a favor?

SAM
Sure.

BRIGITTE
Can you give somethin' to Ginger
for me? Jus' - we're havin' a
fight, but I got this thing for
her.

SAM
Yeah, what.

Brigitte shows him what appears to be a joint. Sam takes it.

BRIGITTE
Don't tell her I gave it to you.
Jus' act like it's from you. She
won't take it if it's from me.

SAM
Oh, okay.

BRIGITTE
An' don't like, go any wheres
with her. Okay? Jus' come right
back, 'kay?

SAM
Gonna miss me Bee F.?

Brigitte smiles, embarrassed and freaking at the exact same time.

SAM
Be right back.

Across the densely crowded room, Sam whispers in Ginger's ear. Ginger smiles and nods and palms something he passes her.

Ginger glances at Brigitte, who tries to pretend she's not watching. When Brigitte checks again, Ginger is leading Sam by the hand toward her bedroom. Sam looks over his shoulder and lifts a finger - one second - back at Brigitte.

The bedroom door shuts behind them. Brigitte leaps toward the bedroom. Someone catches her arm and holds her back.

PAMELA

One minute young lady, I could use a little help here.

BRIGITTE

Let go of me, I have to get Ginger!

PAMELA

I have to get two more veggie trays down those stairs. I think your sister'll be fine for two minutes.

Pamela is already marching Brigitte up the stairs. Brigitte strains to get back. Looking between her mother and her closed bedroom door, desperately.

INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT PROPER - MINUTES LATER

Pamela snags Brigitte again as Brigitte dumps the veggie tray and tries to get to the bedroom.

PAMELA

All these boys came to see you two, least you can do is stop hiding in your room. Honestly, you act like someone'd forced this party down your throat. Now go be nice.

Pamela stands between Brigitte and the bedroom door, her arms folded.

BRIGITTE

Mother. You don't understand.

PAMELA

Yes-I do. I was shy too at your age. Mingle.

Brigitte backs away with such a dirty look on her face. She turns to confront the eager painted faces around her - all desperate for some female attention. Brigitte has *I want to scream* written all over her face.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Sam pushes Ginger away from him. Ginger has Brigitte's gift joint smoldering between her finger tips. Ginger is pretty out of it, she totters.

SAM

Okay, cut it out now.

GINGER

This dope's fucked. Makin' me blaarrggh. C'mon. I'll do ya.

SAM

No thanks. Told yer sister I'd be right back.

GINGER

What's up your ass?!

SAM

Don't get mean, s'nothin' personal. I happen to think Brigitte's pretty cool and -/

GINGER

Leave my baby sister alone. Do me, don't hurt her.

SAM

I won't hurt her. Now be a good girl and finish up your joint.

GINGER

Oh. Well fuck you.

Ginger takes a big toke as she paces between Sam and the door. Suddenly she's coughing uncontrollably, rubbing her eyes, wailing in pain.

GINGER

Burning! What is this?!

Sam makes a move toward her and Ginger blindly lashes out at him. Ginger hurls Sam into the bed. Sam's flight path knocks the mattress askew: dozens and dozens of dog collars pour out over him. Sam fingers one in particular.

SAM
Morely -?!

INT. BASEMENT PROPER - NIGHT

Brigitte sits on the stairs to the main floor cornered by a guy dressed as a cow.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Something was definitely fucked.

Brigitte eyes Pamela, who is slowly being distracted by horny young men who will now dance with anybody, even Pamela.

COW GUY
Do you think this is a faggy costume for a guy? You can just say. I dunno I been gettin' funny looks. What, like we aren't advanced enough that a guy can show up completely in the spirit of the thing with an udder, an' not get treated like a freakin' fruit?

Brigitte looks at her watch. Pamela is dragged off into the throng by a band of juveniles singing *Do The Hustle*. Brigitte makes her move at last.

COW GUY
Snob.

Brigitte makes a badly-faked would-be casual bee-line for their bedroom door.

Brigitte wiggles the knob. It's locked.

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte (still a zombie) unlocks the door and peers in. The light is on in the bathroom, the door is ajar. The shower is running. There are a few candles burning in corners. Otherwise the room is dark.

Brigitte steps inside, closing the door on the party behind her. She grabs a flashlight and turns it on.

The walls are splattered with blood.

There is gore on the floor. Brigitte plucks the monshead joint from a pool of bloody goo - it is soaked. Useless.

On the bed, Sam lays with his shirt off and his fly open. His face is mutilated. He's missing an eye.

Brigitte creeps toward him.

Sam groans. Brigitte leaps back. She tries to speak, but her voice isn't working. Her face transforms from horror to fury. Then she heads to bathroom door.

INT. ATTACHED BATH - NIGHT

BRIGITTE

You bitch!

Brigitte discovers Ginger sitting in the tub floor under the running shower, weeping. Her eyes are swollen. Ginger is now covered in coarse hair. The water around her is full of blood. There is a kitchen knife next to her. Ginger's stoned numb on the monkshood dose. She's groggy and weak.

BRIGITTE

Oh fuck!

Ginger is squeezing her now full tail at its base, where the blood is oozing between her fingers. Ginger has tried - and failed - to cut her tail off.

BRIGITTE

Oh no. Oh no. Fuck, fuck!

Ginger doesn't move. Ginger looks so pathetic, it's heart-breaking. Brigitte snatches the knife away and shuts off the water.

GINGER

Nobody'll want me now any ways.
So.

Brigitte takes in the cut, the rest of the monstrosity her sister has become.

GINGER

I don't wanna do this any more.

Brigitte yanks Ginger out of the tub and grabs a towel, frantic.

BRIGITTE

Press this on the cut! Ginger!
Move, c'mon!

Ginger does as she's told. Brigitte digs out gauze and tape packages. They're both almost empty - they've used it all up. Brigitte throws them on the floor.

GINGER
I missed you Bee. I'm sorry.

Brigitte searches Ginger's face.

BRIGITTE
Ginge'? That you in there?

Ginger cracks an uncertain, pained smile. Brigitte does too, an exact replica, in fact.

GINGER
Ya feeb.

Brigitte gently turns Ginger around to try and deal with her tail. Ginger is woozy and weak from blood loss.

BRIGITTE
Okay. I can't clean this one up.
We have to go. Like Go, go. Can
you do it?

GINGER
I'm so woozy.

Brigitte glances out into the bedroom.

BRIGITTE
Um. Ever bite something you
din't kill?

GINGER
No.
(misinterpreting the
question - hopeful)
Wanna be one with me?

BRIGITTE
Ah. No. Sam? Isn't dead.

GINGER
Oooh nooo.

BRIGITTE
Don't worry. Keep pressing.
I'll be right back.

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam is fingering his wounds, half-conscious, drooling bile and blood. Brigitte (still a zombie) looms up behind him with her baseball bat. She fishes in his pants' pocket and withdraws a set of keys.

BRIGITTE

Hey. Sorry. I really did think you were. Like. Not bad. So you know, whatever. Any ways. I'm really sorry - I have to.

Sam moans as his good eye rolls up at her. Brigitte blinks away tears and looks away, collecting herself.

Brigitte raises the bat over her head and swings it down as

INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT PROPER - MINUTES LATER

The party is rocking along. Pamela knocks on their door.

PAMELA

Girls? You in there? You're not being very sociable...

There's no answer. She tries the knob, and is surprised to find it unlocked. She opens the door. She turns on the lights.

Pamela takes in the bloody muck everywhere. The room is deserted. No Sam. No sisters Fitzgerald. Just gore.

Pamela swoons and drops like a deadweight to the floor.

Henry rushes up, looking in over his wife's body. The boys in costume crowd in behind him.

HENRY

Pamela, honey, it's just a prank, you know how they...

(he fingers some gore)

Holy mother of - it's warm.
Where are my kids?!!

GUY WITH AX IN THE HEAD

Ginger went in here with Sam McDonald a while back.

HENRY

Sam McDonald?

GUY WITH EYE MISSING
Yeah, you know. The guy they
thought was the Beast, but they
let 'im go.

Henry steps into the room. He spots a bloody trail up to the open ground-level window.

EXT FITZGERALD HOME - NIGHT

Tires squeal in the street and the county regreening truck lurches out of its parking spot.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Brigitte (still a zombie) throws the truck into gear with an amateur's hand. Her Adidas bag and her jar of two dollar bills is on the seat next to her.

Ginger is just seen through the grate between the cab and the dark back of the truck.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Plans, plans are good. 'Course I
hardly had one. Adrenaline
though, adrenaline is pretty
speedy shit.

BRIGITTE
Ginger?! Don't eat the body
okay? I got this idea, an'
we'll need Sam.

Brigitte floors it and the truck blasts down their cul du sac to the main road.

EXT. STREETS/TRAVELING - NIGHT

The truck speeds down the street a tad erratically. Sirens rise around it.

INT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

Brigitte slows, looking left, right and in the side mirrors trying to see where the sirens are coming from.

BRIGITTE
Fuck, fuck fuck, FUCK.

Then suddenly, four cop cars blast past them in the opposite direction. Heading back to the Fitzgerald house.

BRIGITTE
Ha! All rightie then.

Brigitte drives on.

What she cannot see behind her in the grate are the glimpses of Ginger in the flickering lights of the passing street lamps. Her final spurt of transformation is taking place:

FLASH! Her face is filling in with fur.

FLASH! Her eyes glow golden, yellow, wolfen.

FLASH! Her face pulls into a wet snout.

FLASH! A long pink tongue lolls out between glistening white fangs.

EXT. THE HILLCREST - NIGHT

The truck rolls to the crest of the hill over Bailey Downs - the sight of the bush party. The moon is immense up here. You could almost touch it.

INT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

Brigitte eases the truck to the edge of the hill. The lights of the homes below them creep into view.

BRIGITTE
Okay, Ginger? They'll think that Sam took us from our room, right? 'Cause of his record an' the arrest, right? We're gonna make this look like he did, any ways. He got us, maybe killed us, took our bodies to do some unspeakable thingy. But then? Sam killed himself. You follow?

Ginger doesn't answer.

BRIGITTE

So boom, diversion. Meanwhile
you an' me hit the highway. We
can hitch, get you cleaned up.
By the time the find out we
weren't in Sam's clutches at
all, we could be any wheres.
Yeah? Whatcha think?

Ginger doesn't answer.

BRIGITTE

It'll work. (I hope.)

Brigitte puts the brake on but does not cut the engine.

EXT. THE TRUCK/HILLCREST - NIGHT

Brigitte climbs out of the cab. She moves to the back doors of the truck, and opens them. In the inky darkness inside, she hears heavy panting.

BRIGITTE

Ginger? C'mon, we got move.
Shove Sam down here.

Brigitte climbs up into the truck, reaching for something on its floor. Brigitte finds Sam's prone feet.

An animal/Ginger launches out at her, knocking her back, out clear of the truck. Ginger isn't Ginger any more - what we can glimpse in the darkness is an attack by a creature much like the one that bit Ginger. And it's attacking Brigitte.

Brigitte flails, kicks and punches at it. She breaks free and clammers at the tool rack on the inside panel of the truck. She grabs a shovel as the creature comes snarling up at her.

BRIGITTE

Stop. I mean it.

It lunges at her again and Brigitte clocks it. It slides, dazed, off the back of the truck to the ground.

JUMP TO:

Brigitte drags Sam's body into the front seat. She sets her Adidas bag on the gas pedal. She releases the brake.

The truck rolls forward. off the top of the hill. Brigitte watches as it crashes down, down, rolling and twisting into the suburb below. It lands in a heap and bursts into flames.

BRIGITTE

Nice one.

Brigitte returns to where It/Ginger was last seen on the ground. The shovel and blanket are there. A bloody pool trails off into the woods. Brigitte hefts the shovel warily, shoulders the blanket, and follows the wetness shining in the moonlight.

INT. TREES/HILLCREST - NIGHT

BRIGITTE

Fuck Ginger. Leave a fuckin' trail much? Could leave everybody a fuckin' map....

Tense seconds pass as she searches through the scrub and trees, shovel ready. We can hear panting and growling.

BRIGITTE

I won't hurt you if you don't hurt me. 'Kay? Ginge'? 'Kay?

Brigitte spots something ahead and lowers the shovel as she approaches it.

It/Ginger cowers in the brush, collapsed. Her head and tail are bleeding. Brigitte drops to her knees next to her sister, frantic with grief.

BRIGITTE

Oh no. Ginger. I didn't mean to ...

It/Ginger is gasping, fading. Her eyes start rolling back in her head. Brigitte's hand is shaking as it reaches out but can't touch her. Ginger licks Brigitte's fingers, slowly.

Brigitte buries her face in Ginger's ruff, moaning.

BRIGITTE

You can't, you can't, we're out.
You can't, don't do this
to me. Not now. Look, look it's
all taken care of. We're
Unsolved Mysteries!

EXT. A HIGHWAY - PRE-DAWN

The sunrise has the sky this bloody red.

Brigitte drags Ginger a few feet past a sign next to the road: THANK YOU FOR VISITING BAILEY DOWNS!

BRIGITTE (V/O)
We made it out. There was this road? An' the space between here and where ever. I did it.

Brigitte opens the blanket. Ginger has returned to human form. Because Ginger is dead.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

In a small grove of trees, Brigitte pushes the last pile of dirt over Ginger's shallow grave.

Brigitte wipes her caked hands off in the dewy grass. Beneath the dirt and dried blood, she finds puncture wounds. BITES.

Brigitte looks TO CAMERA. She rolls her eyes wearily.

Brigitte stands and heads to the side of the road. A semi appears on the horizon, coming her way. Brigitte lifts her thumb.

The semi's turn indicator comes on as it slows and veers to arrive before her.

ROLL TAIL CREDITS as:

Excerpts from an episode of the television program UNSOLVED MYSTERIES roll. It tells the story of the mysterious disappearance of two teenage girls - sisters - who disappeared under strange circumstances in the normally quiet suburb of Bailey Downs.

Brigitte and Ginger LOOK-A-LIKES re-enact the summarized events of their flight from justice. The cops figured out their faked deaths, of course. Henry and Pamela have reportedly denied comment. It is seen from the community's perspective as two delusional young women gone totally wrong, a grotesque tragedy of youth wasted by mental illness. No one can explain though the non-human blood trails leaving the scene of their last crime...

At the segment's close and the credits roll out, we see the traditional high school photos of Brigitte and Ginger.

VOICE OF UNSOLVED MYSTERIES
Brigitte and Ginger Fitzgerald
are considered armed and
dangerous. If you see these two
young women, or have any
information on their
whereabouts, please contact
Crimestoppers, or your local
detachment of the RCMP.

The eerie show theme song washes over us as we

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END