



*Created By
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OVER BLACK:

We HEAR the first explosive beats of Run The Jewels "CLOSE YOUR EYES (AND COUNT TO FUCK)".

OVER THE MUSIC: The hurried, out-of-breath voice of a girl.

OPHELIA V.O.
Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

SMASH TO:

EXT. PRINCETON CAMPUS - NIGHT

Feet pound pavement. We don't see who is running yet, just that the Doc-Marten-clad feet are tiny.

OPHELIA
MOVE!

We PULL OUT to reveal OPHELIA MAYER (21), ripping around the corner, barreling down a busy main street on campus. She's a petite girl; her dark eyes are almost black and her hair greys at the root, splintering out into the long blackness that sits just below her breasts.

In the distance we see MIKEY BARTON (28), campus security, close on her tail.

BARTON
(calling out)
Ophelia! Stop running!

Ophelia doesn't stop - she charges ahead, weaving in and out of co-eds like a pro. Clearly, this isn't the first time she's run from some kind of law enforcement.

OPHELIA
It wasn't my weed! I was holding
that joint for a friend!

Ophelia looks back over her shoulder as she crashes into a couple enjoying fro-yo.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Fuck! Sorry.

Ophelia licks the yogurt off her arm as she charges on. She makes a face.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Ugh, tart? Amateur.

Ophelia barrels through an area of outdoor seating. She leaps over a backpack in her path. She grabs a nearby chair mid-air, knocking it in the path behind her.

Barton's eyes are locked on Ophelia as she disappears around a corner. CRASH! Barton's face eats sidewalk as his feet catch the chair she knocked in his path. People rush over to check if he's okay- he lost her.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ophelia dips into a dark alleyway several blocks away. She skids to an abrupt stop- eyes wide and breath quick-

OPHELIA

What the fuck-

We FLIP AROUND to find a **MASKED VIGILANTE**, dressed in black, black ski-mask pulled over their face, beating the shit out of a boy in a Kappa Psi sweatshirt. He writhes around in pain on the ground. His eyes light up when he sees Ophelia- he reaches out to her.

TOMMY

Help me! Please-

BASH. The Masked Vigilante kicks Tommy in the stomach. Ophelia turns her head sideways -

OPHELIA

Tommy?

Ophelia scans the Masked Vigilante. Their frame is so small. This is a girl, a student? Ophelia has seen things written about this person- she's awestruck.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Hey, you're that-

The Masked Girl goes to GRAB for Ophelia. Ophelia ducks.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Woah, woah- wait. I'm not trying to stop this.

The Masked Girl LUNGES AGAIN- this time Ophelia swings at her. The Masked Girl CATCHES Ophelia's fist mid-swing and TWISTS IT behind her back, slamming her up against the wall.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Ow! Go back to him! Seriously, he date raped one of the girls in my dorm freshman year! He's shit lit on fire! Fuck you are so strong!

The Masked Girl PUSHES Ophelia's face HARDER into the wall, pulling her arm further across her back. Ophelia can barely breathe - her arm feels like it's on fire.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

(spitting, coughing)

Oh god. I taste the wall!

The Masked Girl's gaze travels BACK TO TOMMY. He's trying to crawl away. She DROPS Ophelia to the floor and quickly moves back over to Tommy - kicking him in the face. He goes LIMP.

Ophelia stands. Between COUGHS and DEEP BREATHS she gets out-

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Who. Are. You.

BARTON O.C.

OPHELIA! COME OUT NOW!

Ophelia locks eyes with the Masked Girl.

OPHELIA

Go. Now.

The Masked Girl doesn't want to trust her, but what choice does she have? The Masked Girl Spider-Man's her way up and over a fence at the end of the alley, disappearing.

A necklace glimmers on the street in the light from an overhead street lamp. Tommy sees it too- he reaches for it. Ophelia looks both ways then kicks him in the stomach. He moans and rolls over in the other direction.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Tight.

Ophelia kneels down - it's a gold heart with a trident engraved on it. Ophelia smiles, a clue- she shoves the necklace in her bra.

Barton finally turns the corner, he's very out of breath. Ophelia puts her hands above her head. His flashlight hits Ophelia's face and then travels down to Tommy.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

(re: Tommy)

Well, clearly *this* wasn't me.

ACT IINT. CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Ophelia sits with her feet up on a desk in a small, interrogation-like room. She picks up a nearby school paper. The COVER STORY reads: MANDATORY CURFEW TO BE SET FOLLOWING MULTIPLE ATTACKS ON GREEK ROW.

OPHELIA

Hello!? Can I get some coffee?

Barton enters the room.

BARTON

You cannot.

Barton is a well-built man. He takes his job seriously. Ophelia likes Barton. She's the Road Runner to his Wile E. Coyote. He nurses his throbbing head with an ice-pack.

OPHELIA

Barton, my man. Sorry about that chair. What a weird thing that it fell right in your path like that.

Ophelia pulls a cigarette and lighter from her jacket.

BARTON

How did you-? We searched you.

OPHELIA

I put a hidden pocket in my jacket!

Ophelia shows off her pocket proudly.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

So, who do you think did that to Tommy?

Ophelia lights the cigarette and takes a drag. Barton coughs.

BARTON

Right now our only suspect is you. Put that thing out.

Ophelia sits forward, she takes one more drag then drops the cigarette in his water glass. He looks over at the glass with only his eyes then back at her.

OPHELIA

Barton please, I couldn't have done that. Look at my dainty wrists. They are so small- like a Geisha.

BARTON

Where are you getting the weed, Ophelia? The school will be lenient if you give us your supplier.

OPHELIA

Am I not gonna get coffee? I usually get coffee.

BARTON

Do you understand how serious this is? The school has a three strike policy and you're on strike eight. Your parents can't donate your way out of this.

OPHELIA

Do you think it was that campus psychopath? The one that beat up those other two frat guys?

BARTON

Are you even listening to me?

OPHELIA

You have nothing on me. You never do. You bring me in hoping you'll scare me into some kind of confession, but guess what- I have nothing to confess. Did they take Tommy to the hospital?

Barton sits back in his chair as he exhales, exasperated.

EXT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE - NIGHT

The Masked Vigilante runs down a back sidewalk near Greek Row. She climbs a fence and into the backyard of the Tri Delt house. Concealed by tall hedges the Vigilante rips her mask off - she's beautiful.

Meet JULIAN THOMAS (20), goes by Jules- slender, lean frame with big blue eyes and bright blonde hair. There's an innocence to her beauty. She's not over-done like so many hot girls today. She's effortless, like a girl from a famous photograph from Woodstock '69.

Jules grabs for a gym bag hidden in the bushes. Her long sleeve shirt catches on the thorny, prickly hedge.

JULES

Frick!

Jules yanks. Nothing. She yanks again so hard that when she frees herself she goes flying backwards into another hedge. For someone who just looked so composed, so lethal she seems to be a real hot mess now. Jules strips her vigilante gear and reaches for her clothes again- *oh no*.

JULES (CONT'D)

No. No. No.

The sprinklers must have gone off- everything is soaked.

INT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE (BACK DOOR/KITCHEN) - SAME

Jules slips in the back door wearing a sopping wet outfit. She can hear a house meeting in the living room. Jules peaks her head around the corner- no way up without going through.

INT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The sisters of Tri Delt sit around the beautifully decorated living room. It looks like a Pinterest board threw up.

KENNEDY CONNORS (21), beautiful, driven, president of Tri Delt, stands in front leading the meeting. Kennedy is the kind of girl that can balance a high GPA and a high BAC. She and Jules have been best friends since Jules' freshman year.

KENNEDY

Before I bring Gaby up, I wanted to open the floor to suggestions for the theme of next weeks rush event.

FIONA (19), think Ellie Kemper, shoots her hand up.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Fiona if you're going to suggest Katy Perry again put your hand down. That is not a theme.

Fiona slowly retracts her hand. Kennedy notices Jules trying to sneak upstairs. They make eye-contact. Kennedy raises an eyebrow- *is Jules...wet?* Jules stops- busted.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Alright, let's turn the floor to our social chair. Gaby-

Snaps all around. GABY (19), cute, bubbly- stands before her sisters.

GABY
We are on track for an amazing party this weekend-

Gaby continues as Kennedy pulls Jules around the corner. She touches her arm and then immediately retracts her hand.

KENNEDY
What in gods green fuck? Why are you so wet?

JULES
I was on a run and the sprinklers went off.

KENNEDY
But your hair isn't wet..

Shit.

JULES
They were low sprinklers?

KENNEDY
Where is your necklace?

Jules clutches her neck. Double shit.

JULES
Oh god, I-

Kennedy looks down- Jules' leg is bleeding.

KENNEDY
Oh, ew! You're bleeding!

Jules looks down at her leg. She must have cut herself on the thorny hedges. Triple shit! This is going so poorly.

JULES
Oh man! Um, I also fell cause I got scared by the sprinklers and then-

KENNEDY
Oh my god. Whatever. We have bigger problems. Gaby wants to get a baby goat.

JULES
(confused)
Generally?

KENNEDY

For the party. She thinks it will be cute to have a "party mascot". And like, yeah, baby goats are cute, but-

JULES

No, yeah, we can't have a goat. Where would we even get a goat?

KENNEDY

Exactly. She's kidding herself if she thinks that thing won't shit in our house. Remember last time when she hired those Oompa Loompas? They ended up getting wasted and were just a huge burden-

Jules is starting to shake a little bit. The combination of the wet clothes and cold house is turning her blue.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

...Are you okay?

JULES

(chattering teeth)

Yeah! Totally!

(beat)

I think I have to go upstairs. I can't feel my feet.

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

Ophelia sits on the floor in a pile of vinyls with her laptop open. We see she's hacked into the back-end of one of her professor's servers and is uploading answer keys to her desktop. While the answer keys are saving she organizes the staff picks display near the register. She stares at some of the vinyl she's assembling this month - Alabama Shakes, Sam Cooke, Holychild. She loves this job.

HARRIS O.C.

Guess who just got the 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' reissue...

Ophelia shuts her computer fast. HARRIS (23), saunters out from the back room. He's devastatingly cute - messy hair, glasses, light scruff. Harris is a law student at the college. Ophelia and Harris have an unspoken attraction. The sexual tension between these two could spark a fire in a damp room. Harris opens the vinyl and places it on the record player.

OPHELIA
Harris, not again-

'Cecilia' begins to play. Harris dances over to Ophelia.

HARRIS
*Opheeeeelia, you're breaking my
heart-*

OPHELIA
I'm trying to organize here-

HARRIS
You're shaking my confidence, baby-

OPHELIA
Your voice is horrendous.

Harris picks Ophelia up from her pile of records. She lets him lift her limp body. Ophelia isn't one to give into this shit, but Harris is her Achilles heel. They start to dance- he pulls her closer. It feels nice and then- DING! Customer. *Damnit.*

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
You got a customer, Garfunkle.

HARRIS
Please, you are absolutely
Garfunkle.

Harris walks toward the other end of the store to find Fiona, our Katy Perry-loving Tri Delt sister. She looks nervous.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Hey, what can I do for you today?

FIONA
Hey, I'm looking for uh-

Ophelia can tell she's not looking for records. She pops up.

OPHELIA
How much do you need?

Fiona looks visibly flustered. She talks low-

FIONA
(whispered)
Hi. Um, like half an ounce-

OPHELIA
Speak up. I'm not a cop.

FIONA
Half an ounce.

Ophelia opens her mouth to speak when she notices- Fiona's necklace! A gold heart with a trident engraved in the center!

OPHELIA
Where did you get your necklace? I love it.

FIONA
Oh, it's for my house. I'm a Tri Delt.

OPHELIA
It's a sorority thing! Of course!

FIONA
Yeah. So, can I get that...stuff.

Ophelia scrambles a bit. She has to get in that house.

OPHELIA
Actually, I don't think I have that much with me. I could drop by later-

FIONA
Cool, yeah, the party starts at 9-

OPHELIA
Party. Big party?

FIONA
Yeah. So if you could be there around then that would be dope. It's the big white house on Wythe.

Ophelia grins wide, Grinch-style.

OPHELIA
Sure thing.

Fiona winks at Harris before she walks out of the store. He smiles back. Ophelia rolls her eyes.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Really?

HARRIS
What? She seems very smart.

Harris hops up on the counter.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I have something to say and you're not going to like it-

OPHELIA

Oh Harris, you're pregnant?

HARRIS

Yes, but that's not what I need to talk to you about.

OPHELIA

Let me guess-

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

I have to be more careful.

HARRIS

You have to be more careful.

HARRIS

Ophelia, you gotta take this seriously. I know I've helped you in the past with Barton, but if you get caught dealing in the store? That's a felony. I'm just a law student, I can't get you out of jail. You have too much potential to end up behind bars.

Ophelia looks down, it would appear that she's really taking this information seriously and giving it thought-

OPHELIA

You're right. I'm going to dare to be drug free.

Nope, same Ophelia. Harris heads back toward the stock room.

HARRIS

(calling out, playfully)
And don't think I didn't see you uploading those answer keys earlier. Stop using store internet to do that shit!

OPHELIA

Boo! No fun!

EXT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

Twinkle lights hang on the front of the house, illuminating the Tri Delt triangles that sit atop the house. It's well-kept, well-manicured. It's picture perfect- no filter needed.

EXT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE (BALCONY) - SAME

Jules stands with Kennedy- the two survey the party from an upstairs balcony over-looking the backyard.

KENNEDY

Fuck, this party is good. Have we talked about how bangin' your body looks lately. Are you in the gym like a beast or something?

Jules chuckles.

JULES

Yeah, something like that.

Jules raises her solo cup.

JULES (CONT'D)

To a successful night-

Kennedy clinks it.

DYLAN

There you are!

Jules immediately tenses when she hears this voice. DYLAN DAVIS (21), all-star, all-American. He carries himself like he comes from old money- mostly because he does. He wraps his arms around Kennedy from behind, kissing her on the neck. College sweethearts- Kennedy and Dylan have been together almost three years.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I've been looking all over for you guys.

KENNEDY

Did you pick up the-

DYLAN

Grey Goose? Chilling in the fridge.

KENNEDY

I love you.

DYLAN

I love you too.

Jules looks totally off-balance.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Jules, Peter is here. He said he's been trying to hit you on Facebook, but you're icing him out-

She keeps looking for a way out of this situation.

KENNEDY

Dude! Peter is so hot. Get on that. We can double date!

It's bubbling up inside until-

JULES

I need a refill!

Smooth. Jules awkwardly rushes off.

KENNEDY

Where are you going?! You don't have to bang Peter!!

Kennedy looks to her left- PETER has just walked up.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Hi Peter.

INT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Jules barrels through the crowded house party. Her eyes begin to well up when- CRASH! She runs directly into someone, bashing her head against his, spilling her drink.

JULES

Oh my god, I'm so sorry-

TYLER

No, totally my bad-

She kneels down to grab her cup and looks up to find TYLER FINN (21). He's tall and skinny, just over 6'2, with boyish good looks. Black hair, almond-shaped brown eyes, and full lips- he's what you'd get if Adam Driver and Ezra Miller had an impossibly charming baby. Jules can't stop staring-

JULES

I- um...

TYLER

You okay? Maybe you should sit-

Tyler leads Jules toward the couch. He holds his cold drink to the small bump forming on her head. Jules blushes. She looks down, she hasn't felt butterflies in a long time.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You okay? Do you feel sleepy?
Blurred vision? Headache? I'm
honestly just saying things I've
heard on Grey's Anatomy.
(catching himself)
Not that I watch Grey's Anatomy.
Cause I definitely don't.

Jules lets out a small laugh despite herself. This can't be happening- she doesn't have time for distractions.

JULES

Oh jeeze, I got you all wet.

Tyler looks down at his shirt-

TYLER

Honestly, I prefer when my t-shirt
is see-through. Helps the ladies
see the goods better, you know?

JULES

I only talk to guys with nipples.

What?! Jules makes a horrified face. Tyler laughs.

TYLER

I have to admit, I was actually
walking over to talk to you-

JULES

(defensive)
What? Why?

Tyler holds his hands up, surrendering.

TYLER

Nothing weird! I've seen you at the
cafe on Grand reading David Foster
Wallace. The book caught my
attention and then you caught my
attention and now I'm realizing I
sound like a serial killer. Cool.

JULES

I think my nipple thing still wins.

They laugh. Jules winces- her head. Gaby rushes over -

GABY

Oh my god, hi, thank god. The goat
shit in the foyer. You have to help
me before Kennedy sees it.

(re: Tyler)

You're hot, who are you?

TYLER

Tyler.

Tyler looks at Jules. He smiles, so good it's brutal.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm Tyler-

Jules is about to extend her hand when Gaby intercepts.

GABY

Sorry, Tyler. I gotta steal her.

Jules mouths 'sorry' as she's pulled into the crowd. Tyler
scrambles- calling out-

TYLER

Wait! What's your name?!

No dice. She's gone in the crowd.

EXT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE (FRONT LAWN) - LATER

Ophelia walks up through a massive crowd of kids.

COCO O.C.

Brittany?!

Ophelia looks around- then realizes the voice is coming from
a bush? She walks over to find COCO, a very intoxicated party
girl, panties around her ankles, popping a squat on the side
of the house. Ophelia jumps back, covering her eyes.

OPHELIA

Oh god! I just looked into the eye
of your vagina.

COCO

Ugh, you're not Brittany. Find
Brittany!

INT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ophelia walks into the bustling house.

FIONA

Ah! Yes!

Fiona, with Kennedy and ASHLEY (19), a sister, rush over.

OPHELIA

There's a girl outside peeing on
your house looking for someone
named Brittany?

The girls stare at Ophelia blankly.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Okay, great. You wanted a half O?

Fiona hands over a wad of cash and Ophelia gives her the
weed. Fiona snatches it and heads off with Ashley.

KENNEDY

Thanks for coming down to deliver.

OPHELIA

Oh, totally. No problem at all. Hey
uh, did one of you guys lose your
necklace thing? I found one outside-

KENNEDY

Ew! By pee-girl?!

OPHELIA

No! Ha! No. Separate situation-

Kennedy looks around and then-

KENNEDY

Jules! Julessssss.

Ophelia panics, necklace in hand. This wasn't supposed to be
how it worked- she needs more time- she needs. Fuck. Jules
sees her. She's walking over. *Oh, this is bad.*

JULES

Yeah, yeah! I'm coming!

Jules puts an arm around Kennedy. She seems drunk now, a red
solo cup in her hand.

JULES (CONT'D)

My necklace! Oh my gosh! Thank you!

Jules hugs Ophelia. Ophelia stands completely stiff. This is
too weird. *Could Jules really not remember who she is?*

OPHELIA
You're welcome?

JULES
I have to repay you! Shots?!

OPHELIA
No, that's okay-

Jules pulls Ophelia toward the kitchen.

JULES
Shots!!

Jules bops through the party, pulling Ophelia behind her. Just before they reach the kitchen Jules opens a door and shoves Ophelia down into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ophelia tumbles down a small flight of stairs. It's crazy dark, she can't see a thing.

OPHELIA
(falling)
What the shitballs?!

Jules locks the door behind her. The music is so loud upstairs no one would even hear if Ophelia decided to scream.

JULES
What are you doing here?

Ophelia tries to get up- she can't see a thing.

OPHELIA
As much as I appreciate the whole
skulking around in the dark thing-
I think I just broke a toe.

Crash! It sounds like glass broke.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
And whatever that was-

Jules flicks the light on. A crystal vase is shattered on the floor. Ophelia backs away from it and sits down in a chair, rubbing her foot. Jules walks over, drink still in hand.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
You know, this isn't a very chill
way to thank someone for not
turning you into the police.

Ophelia grabs Jules' solo cup and takes a sip. She immediately spits the clear liquid back.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Gross! Is that water?!

Jules snatches the cup back.

JULES
Why are you stalking me?

OPHELIA
Why are you pretending to be drunk?

Jules picks up a shard of glass from the shattered vase.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Woah, hey now! I'm sorry. I-

Jules kicks the leg of Ophelia's chair, flipping her on her side. Jules stands over Ophelia- she's not playing anymore. Ophelia tries to slide away but Jules pins her down- pushing the shard of glass into her neck.

JULES
Enough. I need you to listen very carefully to what I'm about to say. If you interfere with my life again, I will have no choice but to hurt you. We are not friends. You saw nothing the other night. You don't know me. Do you understand?

OPHELIA
So no shots?

Jules pushes harder- drawing the smallest amount of blood.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Yes! Yes! Okay! I understand!

SMASH TO:

INT. HALLWAY/JULES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ophelia stands in front of a door with a JULES sign. Clearly that talk did a lot. She looks around as she wiggles a credit card in the door, trying to unlock it.

OPHELIA
(mocking Jules speech)
We are not friends. You saw nothing. I'm a poop pants.

OPEN! YES. Ophelia sneaks into the room, shutting the door behind. Ophelia looks around- she picks up a pink teddy bear that sits on Jules' bed. She squeezes it, a voice note plays-

KENNEDY V.O.
LOVE YOU BITCH!

OPHELIA
Ah!

Ophelia jumps, throwing the teddy bear on the bed. Ophelia walks over to Jules' desk- she opens her computer.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
No password?! What a newb.

Ophelia grabs Jules' phone charging on her night stand. She plugs it into the computer. Ophelia types furiously. We see HACKING SOFTWARE installing on both computer and phone simultaneously. Ophelia HEARS the clicks of a girls heels coming down the hall. DOWNLOAD: 50%. Shit.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Come on. Come on.

We can hear the girl stumble toward Jules' room - 60%. The door knob twists - 70%. Ophelia braces herself for Jules to beat the living shit out of her, then-

COCO
Brittany?

Ophelia looks up - it's the girl from outside!

OPHELIA
Brittany is outside.

COCO
K! Love you.

Coco moseys on. 100%- Ophelia closes out the application and shuts the computer. She puts the phone back on the charger. Ophelia goes to leave when a picture on the wall catches her eye- Jules standing with her father, a police officer.

OPHELIA
Spicy twist.

ACT IIINT. OPHELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ophelia sits at her computer slurping from a gigantic 40 oz Diet Coke. Ryan Adams 'To Be Young (Is to Be Sad, Is to Be High)' BLARES from her large speakers. She's deep in concentration, staring at her computer. Ophelia has quite the set up - several screens sit in front of her - one of which is just running numbers trying to crack the University's administration files.

Ophelia has hacked into Jules' computer remotely -

NEW TAB: Ophelia opens Facebook. She searches her keychain's for the login. She's in. Ophelia clicks through Jules' pictures - the photos tell the story of a happy girl. The pictures depict her best friendship with Kennedy, her love for her sorority, even her friendship with Kennedy's boyfriend Dylan. Jules looks so happy, so innocent. Ophelia starts to notice how different Jules used to look - she was a bit heavier and her hair was longer/not as blonde. It would appear that over the summer Jules had some kind of make-over.

OPHELIA

Interesting-

DING. Ophelia jumps, startled by the noise. The screen crunching numbers has finally cracked into the server. Ophelia now has access to all confidential files for each and every student at Princeton. SEARCH: JULIAN THOMAS. Several files begin to pop up - high school transcripts, admission essay, then she notices a locked folder. She tries to crack it. No luck. She tries again. Nothing. Ophelia stares at the little brown folder icon with the title CASE FILE.

Ophelia closes the window and turns her attention to Jules' GOOGLE SEARCH HISTORY. **CARTER FISCHER**. The name appears multiple times. Ophelia does a search on Jules' computer - articles that have been saved to the laptop begin to pop up.

A black and white picture of Carter stares back at Ophelia. He's tall, greasy- a deadness to his eyes that chills her. She reads on- **RAPE AND ASSAULT CHARGERS DROPPED DUE TO POLICE NEGLIGENCE**. This is it. Her next mark.

EXT. FISCHER HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Jules sits outside the cafe on Grand, reading. She peers over the top of her book and into the hardware store across the street. We follow her gaze to CARTER FISCHER.

He's uncomfortable to watch- large and bulbous. He turns a corner and Jules loses him from her line of sight.

INT. TRI DELT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jules rushes into the house, she goes to head upstairs when-

KENNEDY O.C.
YOU'RE BUSTED!

Jules stops short, tripping over her own feet. She falls.

KENNEDY
Oh my god, your face! Put on
sweats, I ordered a pizza.

JULES
Oh no. I forgot. I was just coming
to grab some books. I have a study
group.

KENNEDY
What? No! It's Scandal night! I got
us that bottle of red you like. You
were at a study group on Tuesday
during The Bachelor too.

JULES
I know! I'm sorry. It's been hard
for me this semester, just trying
to keep the grades up.

KENNEDY
I took most of your classes last
year. I'm happy to go over stuff
with you on commercial breaks.

JULES
Thanks, but I already committed...

KENNEDY
(weary)
Alright. I'll DVR it and we can
watch when you get back.

JULES
Love you.

KENNEDY
Yeah, whatever. Love you too.

Jules runs up to her room. Kennedy watches on, a bit worried.

INT. PSYCH CLASS - SAME

Ophelia dozes off in class.

TEACHER

Moving on in our voyage through the dark psyche we turn now to page 213 for post traumatic stress disorder.

DING. Everyone near Ophelia turns to look at her.

OPHELIA

Instagram it. It'll last longer.

Ophelia pulls her computer close. It's Jules' phone tracker. Ophelia watches a dot move further out into the abyss of the New Jersey backwoods. This is definitely something.

Ophelia slams her computer shut and pops up in the middle of the lecture. She's so excited- fumbling through the row of students as she makes her way to the door.

INT. NEW JERSEY WOODS - EARLY EVENING

Jules bikes swiftly up a dirt path in a wooded area. The sun begins to set. The air feels crisp. It's very ominous. The area is desolate save a light we can see far in the distance.

INT. OPHELIA'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Ophelia sings YOU OUGHTTA KNOW by Alanis Morissette loudly as she drives. She eats sour worms, getting the sugar all over.

EXT. NEW JERSEY WOODS - A BIT LATER

Jules finally gets to where she's going. She stops about 100 feet from a large, broken down warehouse building. It's red bricks are faded and cracked. A light can be seen from inside. Jules leans her bike against a tree and walks the rest of the way.

She approaches the building SLOWLY and with great CALCULATION. She peers in through a window. WE SEE: Carter Fischer, working on an old car inside. He's dirty and sweaty. There's something very unsettling about him.

INT. OPHELIA'S CAR - SAME

Still singing Alanis. Still shoving sour worms in her mouth.

EXT. NEW JERSEY WOODS (BRICK WAREHOUSE) - CONTINUOUS

Jules SLINKS IN through a side window. She pulls her SKI-MASK down over her face. She sits in a dark shadow waiting for the right time to make a move. Her eyes NARROW IN on him as he wipes the sweat from his brow.

Jules' breath gets HEAVY. Carter puts down a heavy wrench and grabs a beer from a cooler.

Jules slinks around behind the man. In a QUICK, FLUID motion she stabs him in the back of the ankle then sweeps his feet out from under him so he's flat on his back.

Jules KICKS him HARD in the face before pressing her foot to his neck. He looks up at her, EYES WIDE.

JULES
Hello Carter.

INT./EXT. OPHELIA'S CAR/BRICK BUILDING

Ophelia pulls up to the lumber yard. She gets out of the car, surveying the area. It's pretty bleak.

OPHELIA
Great. I'm gonna fuckin die out here.

INT. BRICK BUILDING - SAME

A FIGHT is in full swing.

Jules DODGES as Carter SWINGS for her. She's fast and nimble, him not so much. Jules' eyes are different- she's channeling a rage we haven't seen before. It's like she's possessed.

We start to see FLASHES OF MEMORY. Pieces of what happened to Jules that fuels the fire inside her. They are jarring in nature. We never see a full picture, just violent close ups.

FLASH: CLOSE ON a boys hand aggressively rising up Jules' leg, lifting her skirt.

Jules lands a HARD JAB to Carter's face.

FLASH: A red solo cup knocked from the night stand. Jules' hand flailing, trying to grab at anything to pull her away.

Carter swings for Jules, she ducks. His face bleeds a bit and his eyes look glazed over. Jules picks up a piece of wood on the work bench, SLAMMING it into Carter's side.

FLASH: A hand covering Jules' mouth. The shadow of a boy as he pushes into her. **CLOSE ON:** her eyes well with tears.

Carter charges for Jules- CRACK. He gets in a good hit- a LEFT HOOK right to Jules' face. She stumbles back, tripping over a wire, landing on her back.

CARTER

I'm gonna kill you, bitch.

Carter kneels down. He GRABS Jules' face in his filthy hands-smearing grease and oil all over her face.

Jules pants- she glares up. This time it's not Carter, Jules is seeing Dylan (Kennedy's boyfriend). This is the boy in her memories. He stares down, his face just above hers. His presence makes Jules sick. He whispers in her ear-

DYLAN

Beg me for your life.

Jules spits right in his face. Now it's Carter. He HITS HER AGAIN, this time- she's knocked out.

Carter rips her ski mask off. He stands above her LIMP BODY. She looks so small. He sneers at her.

CARTER

Fucking bitch. I'm gonna fuck you, then I'm gonna kill you-

CRACK!

Carter falls to his knees--

Then to the floor--

PULL BACK to REVEAL: Ophelia behind him, holding a large, blood-soaked wrench.

BLOOD BEGINS TO POOL around Carter's head. Ophelia stares at what she's done. He's moving, but he's losing a lot of blood. He reaches up for her.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Bitch-

BLECH! Ophelia VOMITS all over Carter's writhing, bleeding body.

ACT III**INT. BRICK BUILDING - NIGHT**

We HOVER ABOVE Jules as she opens her eyes.

Her face is COVERED in OIL, SWEAT, and BLOOD. Her ears RING.

She picks up her hand- BLOOD. Blood all over her. *Was she stabbed?* She doesn't feel anything.

Jules STRUGGLES to sit upright. She uses her elbows and upper body to pull herself up from the floor.

THEN SHE SEES: Carter-- FACE DOWN IN A POOL OF BLOOD. An open crack on the back of his head still oozes.

Jules scrambles over to him. She checks his pulse. **HE'S DEAD.**

Jules REACHES UP- placing a hand on a work station, pulling herself to her feet.

SHE FINALLY SEES: **OPHELIA** sitting on the opposite side of the room, knees to her chest, rocking back and forth.

Jules processes everything she's seeing. Ophelia POPS UP when she sees Jules standing there.

OPHELIA

Hey. Hey, you're alive, you're okay! Oh fuck. Okay. You're alive.

JULES

Just be quiet for a minute-

Jules applies pressure to her bleeding head. She's still coming to.

OPHELIA

I didn't mean to kill him. I puked on him. And I puked on the car. I don't know why I puked on the car. He said he was going to kill you-

JULES

Please, I just need to process-

OPHELIA

I tried to get you up. You weren't moving at all.

JULES

I SAID BE QUIET!

Ophelia realizes Jules is just as scared as she is.

JULES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I just really need you
to let me think for a minute, okay?

Ophelia shakes her head 'yes'. Beat. She can't help herself-

OPHELIA

You know how to fix this right? You
do this all the time. Tell me you
can fix this?!

JULES

This!? No, I've never done-- this-

Jules looks down at Carter's dead body.

OPHELIA

What do you mean? You're the crazy
campus killer-

JULES

I've never killed anyone! The worst
I've done is put a kid in a coma
for a couple hours!

Ophelia starts to pace back and forth.

OPHELIA

Oh god, I fucked up. I really
fucked up!

Ophelia feels something in her throat. *Oh god.* BLECH. She
VOMITS. It's neon from all the sour worms.

JULES

Step away. Now.

Ophelia takes a giant step back.

OPHELIA

My bad.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING - LATER

The girls carry Carter, now wrapped in tarp, to the car.

OPHELIA

(out of breath)

I can't do it. It's too hard. He
weighs a million pounds.

Jules says nothing.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
You know, you could say thank you.

Still nothing.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Thank you for saving my life.
You're welcome Ophelia.

Jules DROPS the body on her end causing Ophelia to FALL from the weight of the limp body, pinning her under him.

Jules PULLS Ophelia out from under Carter's dead body. Ophelia looks scared for the first time, like she may have actually crossed the wrong line.

Jules hits Ophelia in the face. HARD.

Ophelia CRUMBLES to the ground. Her eyes begin to well.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Please don't kill me.

JULES
Get up.

OPHELIA
I won't talk. I promise. Please,
just don't kill me, please.

JULES
I'm not going to kill you. Get up.

Ophelia wipes the blood from her cheek as she gets up.

JULES (CONT'D)
Sometimes people like you just need
to get punched in the face.

OPHELIA
Oh.
(beat)
I get that.

The girls hoist the body into Ophelia's trunk, which is also lined with an oil stained tarp. Jules leans down and pulls a small switch-blade from her shoe, opening it. It glistens in the light from the nearby building.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
What the fuck, West Side Story- you
said you weren't going to hurt me.

JULES
We gotta cut his fingers off.

OPHELIA
We?

JULES
Do you have any knives with you?

OPHELIA
No I don't have any knives with me.

JULES
You came out here with no form of
defense?

OPHELIA
I, yeah- what the fuck? You were
the one who needed a better
defense.

Jules OPENS the make-shift bag and PULLS one of the mans arms out. The bag EMITS a terrible odor. Carter must have relieved himself post-mortem. Ophelia covers her face with her shirt.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Oh my god. It smells like a port-o-
potty in hell.

JULES
Hold his arm, I'm going to try to
take the whole hand.

Jules SLICES, we STAY on Ophelia's face. She watches; half in horror, half in amazement as bits of blood hit her face. Jules finishes the first hand and places it inside the bag.

Jules is busy hacking into the other hand. She's sweating, her body is tired. Ophelia jumps a bit, she hears something.

OPHELIA
Did you hear that?!

JULES
No. You're creating phantom noises.
That's normal after what you did.

OPHELIA
...What? Fuck. I heard it again.

JULES
From where?

Ophelia uses the now severed hand to direct Jules' gaze.

OPHELIA

There.

Ophelia SCREAMS, realizing she's holding the hand. She THROWS the severed hand at Jules. Blood gets all over her shirt as the hand drops to the leaves on the ground.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Dicks! Oh god.

Jules stares at Ophelia as she picks up the hand.

JULES

You're an actual disaster.

Jules looks around, mentally ticking boxes in this fucked up check list. She knows she's missing something- ah! She notices pliers in the trunk, she picks them up-

OPHELIA

Oh dear god, what's that for?

JULES

There are two ways to identify a body without DNA.

OPHELIA

No. No way. Hard pass.

Jules hands Ophelia the pliers and smiles.

JULES

Start with the molars.

INT. OPHELIA'S CAR - LATER

They drive on the dark, quiet road. CLUNK. The body is rolling around in the trunk. It's...unpleasant, to say the least. CLUNK. Rolls the other direction.

OPHELIA

Should I turn on some music?

JULES

Yeah, sounds good.

Ophelia hits play on her iPhone. An Eminem song blares.

EMINEM

BITCH IMA KILL YOU.

Ophelia quickly skips the song. We HEAR the opening chords of 'Defying Gravity' from Wicked. Ophelia turns it up. She begins to sing softly over the music.

OPHELIA
*Something has changed within in.
 Something is not the same-*

Jules looks over. Ophelia starts to sing a bit louder.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
*I'm through with playing by the
 rules of someone else's game-*

JULES
*Too late for second chances, too
 late to go back to sleep-*

Ophelia looks over at Jules. Are they...bonding?

OPHELIA AND JULES
*It's time to trust my instincts,
 close my eyes, and leeeeeap-*

SMASH TO:

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The girls are full on belting the final chorus.

OPHELIA AND JULES
*Tell them how I'm defying gravity.
 I'm flying high, defying gravity,
 and soon I'll match them in renown.
 And nobody in all of OZ, no wizard
 that there is or was, is ever gonna
 bring me down!*

Ophelia slams on the breaks as she pulls up to the waterfront. THUD. The body slams into the wall of the trunk. Jules and Ophelia look at each other.

JULES
 Ready?

OPHELIA
 Nope.

ACT IVINT. OPHELIA'S CAR - LATER

Ophelia pulls into the parking lot of a dive bar near campus.

JULES
What are you doing?

OPHELIA
I just killed someone and I need a drink. You cool with that, chief?

JULES
We can't be seen by people. You have blood in your hair. I have blood on my shirt. I couldn't go in that bar anyway- if someone saw me it would be weird. Tri Delt's don't-

OPHELIA
I'm sorry I didn't realize there were specific sorority sanctioned rules about where you can and cannot drink after murder.

Ophelia moves her hair in front of her face. Jules is right. Ophelia reaches into her car, past Jules, and grabs one of the many half-full water bottles on the floor. She pours it in her hair, washing out the blood.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Bloods gone. And for you-

Ophelia searches the back seat of her car, until-

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Ah! I do have it-

Ophelia throws an oversized t-shirt at Jules. Jules holds it up. It's a seemingly self-printed graphic tee that says: 'Spitters Are Quitters'.

JULES
Absolutely not.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jules wears the shirt inside out- unfortunately the writing is still visible. She crosses her arms over the shirt to hide the obscene message. Jules looks around nervously- she bumps into a bar stool trying to keep her head down.

OPHELIA
Will you calm down- I promise no
one in here knows you.

Ophelia saddles up to the bar-

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
Two Jameson rocks.

JULES
Oh, I don't drink

OPHELIA
I didn't order you a drink.

INT. BAR - A BIT LATER

The girls sit in a booth in the corner of the mostly-empty bar. Ophelia holds the cold glass of whiskey to her rapidly forming black eye. She looks up at Jules- her eye looks worse. She slides the cold glass across the table.

JULES
Thanks.

Jules holds the glass to her eye. Ophelia's foot shakes under the table. Adrenaline coursing through her veins. Jules looks under the table at her tapping foot. Ophelia stops.

JULES (CONT'D)
Are you...okay?

OPHELIA
(snappy)
I feel surprisingly okay which is probably *not* okay. I don't really want to talk about it.
(beat, apologetic)
Sorry. I feel like I just railed a gram of coke to the face.

JULES
Something you've done before?

OPHELIA
Nah, amphetamines give me diarrhea.

JULES
You'll just say anything that pops into your head, huh?

OPHELIA
It's part of my charm.

JULES

Is that what your parents tell you?

OPHELIA

No, my parents tell me I was a mistake.

Jules looks up at Ophelia- she notices her shaking again. For the first time Jules doesn't see Ophelia as the enemy.

JULES

How did you know I was out there?

OPHELIA

You're gonna get mad.

JULES

I think we're past that.

OPHELIA

I put tracking software on your phone during that party.

JULES

Impressive.

Jules slides Ophelia's drink back over to her.

OPHELIA

So, as long as we're sharing. How do you know how to do- what you do?

JULES

I know how to do things most people don't. There's a lot of darkness in the world. The system here, all over really- it's failing people. I'm trying to make it right.

Beat.

OPHELIA

...What?! I think that's the plot of Batman.

JULES

My dad wanted a boy and he got me. I learned how to throw a punch before I was 10. God, is everything a joke to you?

OPHELIA

Batman isn't a joke. Batman is very serious. So what do we do next?

JULES

There is no 'we'. I work alone.

OPHELIA

First of all, that's exactly something Batman would say. Second, that worked out real well tonight.

JULES

I would have been fine.

OPHELIA

You would have been dead.

JULES

Then I would have been dead. Which would have been fine.

OPHELIA

It's crazy. You help all these people you don't even know, yet you have no value for yourself.

Beat. Jules thinks about this.

JULES

So you want me to teach you what I know? You want to be my Robin?

OPHELIA

Absolutely not. I wouldn't be Robin. Robin is a bitch.

Jules' eyes go wide - Tyler just walked into the bar. She slinks down in the booth, trying to cover her face.

JULES

Oh no. No, no no-

OPHELIA

What? What's happening?

Ophelia turns toward the door -

JULES

Don't look! Rats.

OPHELIA

Who is that? Is he a cop or something?

(beat)

Wait, did you just say 'rats'?

JULES

I met him at the party. He's just-
I don't know. He can't see me like
this!

Ophelia looks back again- too late, he's spotted her.

OPHELIA

He's walking over.
(beat)
His friend is coming too. Rats.

Tyler and his friend, MATT, a terrible bro, approach the girls. Tyler and Jules smile at each other. It's sweet.

TYLER

Hi.

JULES

Hi.

TYLER

Tyler.

JULES

Yeah. Jules.

OPHELIA

Woooooow you guys. As thrilling as
this is, I'm gonna go have a cig.

Ophelia stands- Tyler's bro friend follows her outside.

MATT

I'm Matt. What's up? You're hot.

OPHELIA

Great.

INT. BAR - A BIT LATER

Jules and Tyler sit in a booth. They're deep in conversation.

TYLER

I do art installations on campus.

JULES

Oh my god! The tiny robots?!

TYLER

That would be me. I can't believe
you noticed them.

JULES
I love them- wait.

Jules takes out her phone. She shows Tyler an Instagram of one of the tiny robots holding a tiny umbrella outside the library. Caption: 'Favorite study buddy'. Tyler smiles.

EXT. BAR - SAME

Ophelia smokes a cigarette.

MATT
-I played LAX in high school which was so tight. I'm a business major now. Finance. What's your major?

Ophelia stares blankly at Matt. She moves a bit- the street light illuminates her aggressively forming black eye.

MATT (CONT'D)
Holy shit! Your eye!

Ophelia stares at him a beat. *How can she explain this?*

OPHELIA
I'm in a fight club. Oh shit, you know what, I just broke the first rule. Damn it.

Ophelia chucks her cigarette and heads inside.

TAGINT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ophelia, now very drunk, stumbles over to Jules and Tyler.

OPHELIA

Hey, we gotta go. That cig made me
feel ripe as fuck. I'm might vom.

JULES

Oh, uh-

OPHELIA

(re: Tyler)
Did you get her number?

TYLER

I was just about to. Thanks.
(re: Jules)
May I get your number?

Ophelia just stands over them. She's so drunk she's swaying.

JULES

Yeah, that would be great.

Tyler hands Jules his cellphone. As he hands off his phone his lock-screen picture lights up in her hand. Both girls take notice. We HOLD ON their faces- which are now completely drained of color.

We FLIP AROUND to see the image - **TYLER AND CARTER STANDING IN FRONT OF THE FISCHER HARDWARE STORE**. Jules' eyes go wide, what the fuck are they going to- BLECH! Ophelia vomits on the table. Then burps.

OPHELIA

Fuck.

SMASH TO BLACK. END OF PILOT.