

LITTLE DARLINGS

“BARTON” SIDES

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. SOUTH STATE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Northeast. Fall. The quintessential American college town.

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.

SC. 1

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

START

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)
Sorry!
(beat, licking yogurt off
her arm)
Ugh, tart?

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!

END

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. SOUTH STATE CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

SC. 2

START

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: 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. So, who do you think did that to Tommy?

Ophelia pulls a cigarette and lighter from her jacket. She 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

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

Don't you think it's weird that this is the third frat guy to get fucked sideways in two months?

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?

END

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

EXT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE - NIGHT

The Masked Vigilante 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- lean frame with big blue eyes and bright blonde hair. Her beauty is effortless, innocent- like a girl in a 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 - CONTINUOUS

Jules tries to tip toe through the living room without being detected by the girls on the couch. She looks over, watching a bit of Scandal when- CRASH. She walks into a hall table.