



*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. 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.

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

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. SOUTH STATE 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: 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?

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.

JULES
Snickers! Ow.

FIONA (19), naive, sweet, think Ellie Kemper, and GABY (19), Asian, enthusiastic- turn around. Gaby makes an *EW* face.

GABY
Oh my god! You're soaked. What happened?? Was there a foam party!

JULES
It's 7:30 on a Tuesday...

FIONA
Wait. Where's your necklace?

Jules grabs at her neck- *SHIT*.

JULES
Oh, I uh- I must have-

BANG. Someone on TV got shot. The girls whip back around.

GABY
Shit! Rewind it! Rewind it!

Saved by Olivia Pope. Jules hauls ass up the stairs.

INT. DELTA DELTA DELTA HOUSE - BATHROOM

Jules enters the bathroom in her towel, shower ready. KENNEDY CONNORS (21), beautiful, driven, president of Tri Delt, the kind of girl that can balance a high GPA and a high BAC, standing at the bathroom mirror. Kennedy lights up when she sees Jules.

KENNEDY
Yas! Where have you been? Madison and I are going out. Get ready.

JULES
Oh, man. I would love to, but I have, like, three papers to write-

KENNEDY
NO. No. You said that two nights ago when I wanted to get high and watch Kardashian's on the 3D TV. Oh my god, BTW, Gaby wants to get a baby goat for the party. She's kidding herself if she thinks that thing won't shit in the house.

JULES

Oh no. This is the Oompa Loompa fiasco all over again. Didn't you find one of them sleeping in the closet the next day?

KENNEDY

Oh my god, that was terrifying. It like, jumped out at Ashley.

The girls laugh hysterically. Kennedy puts the finishing touches on her makeup. She turns to Jules with puppy-dog eyes-

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Can you just blow off the papers and come with us tonight? We can go get milk shakes at Mel's after...

JULES

It's so tempting, but I can't.

KENNEDY

Fine. We need to have a girls day soon though. I feel like I haven't seen you in forty years.

Kennedy bops out of the bathroom-

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

(calling out)
Love you, bitch!

Suddenly, one of the running showers STOPS. The curtain aggressively flings open to REVEAL: MADISON STEELE (20), a feisty red head who masks her insecurities by being a total bitch. Madison, who is completely naked save a shower cap on her head, stares at Jules.

MADISON

Well if it isn't dumpster Barbie-

Jules turns- she immediately covers her eyes. Madison is using the nudity as some kind of weird manipulative dominance thing- and honestly, it's working...

JULES

Hello Madison. Can I get-

Madison blocks her way. Still naked. Still in the shower cap.

MADISON

You may fool Kennedy with your whole sweet-as-pie, poor person scholarship act, but I see right through you. You've missed two house meetings in the past two months. One more and you're on social probation.

JULES

Okay, sounds good.

Madison moves out of the way, letting Jules enter the shower.

MADISON

I'm watching you Julian Thoma-

Jules shuts the curtain in Madison's face mid-sentence. Madison, supremely offended, grabs her towel and stomps out.

INT. SOUTH STATE RECORD EMPORIUM - DAY

The South State Record Emporium is a musical institution on campus. Family owned and operated, this small, stand alone shop has been sitting in the middle of campus since 1966.

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. 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

Your voice is horrendous.

Harris picks Ophelia up from the floor. Ophelia isn't one to give into this, but Harris is her Achilles heel. They start to dance- he pulls her closer. Then: DING! Customer. *Damnit.*

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

You got a customer, Garfunkle.

HARRIS

Please, you are absolutely Garfunkle.

Harris walks toward the front to find a very nervous Fiona.

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??

FIONA

Oh, it's a Tri Delt thing.

A sorority thing. Duh! 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,
so if you could be there around
then that would be awesome. 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

And don't think I didn't see you
uploading those answer keys
earlier. Stop using the store's
internet to hack into South State's
servers.

OPHELIA

I can get into the law school
server too. Just saying...

Harris heads back toward the stock room.

HARRIS

(calling out)
Nope! Don't want to hear this!

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 (BACKYARD) - SAME

Kennedy and Madison stand near the keg as Fiona pumps and
distributes beer to party goers.

MADISON

Fiona. Easy on the foam. It's beer
not a latte.

DYLAN DAVIS (21), all-star, all-American- completely
magnetic. He carries himself like he comes from old money-
mostly because he does. He enters with LUKE (19), think
Donald Glover. They both wear Lambda Nu sweatshirts and
backwards hats.

Dylan wraps his arms around Kennedy from behind, kissing her
on the neck.

DYLAN

Here you are! I've been looking all
over for you.

KENNEDY

Baby! Hi! Did you go see Tommy at the hospital?

DYLAN

Yeah, it's crazy, the doctors said he got mugged. The guy really messed him up. Ah, I don't even want to think about it. Tonight is about getting fucked up! Luke, spark up that joint.

FIONA

Ugh, yes. We have nothing. We're waiting for that weird weed girl.

Luke sparks up a joint and inhales- he passes to Dylan.

LUKE

Ophelia? She's sick. Bought an answer key off her last semester.

ANGLE ON: Jules as she walks through the backyard- she spots Kennedy and makes her way over. As she gets closer Jules notices Kennedy is next to Dylan. She tries to abort when-

KENNEDY

Jules!!! Come get a beer!

Jules scrambles, she looks just as awkward as she feels.

JULES

Um, uh, oh man. Is that my phone?

Jules takes her phone out of her pocket. It was not ringing.

JULES (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello? Yes, this is Jules!

Jules runs off. The gang watches her go, confused.

MADISON

What in the fuck was that?

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. Black hair, almond-shaped eyes, and full lips- he's what you'd get if Adam Driver and Ezra Miller had an impossibly charming baby.

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.

TYLER (CONT'D)

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

What? Why?

TYLER

(hands up, surrendering)
Nothing weird! I've seen you at the cafe on Grand reading David Foster Wallace.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

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.

(re: Tyler)

Sorry! I gotta steal her.

Jules mouths 'sorry' as she's pulled into the crowd.

TYLER

Wait! What's your name?!

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

Ophelia walks up through a massive crowd of kids.

COCO O.C.

Katie?!

Ophelia looks down to find COCO, a drunk party girl, popping a squat. Ophelia jumps back, covering her eyes.

OPHELIA

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

COCO

Ugh, you're not Katie. Find Katie!

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

The popular crew hold court. Kennedy sits on Dylan's lap talking with Luke and Fiona. Madison is desperately trying to squeeze on the arm of Kennedy's chair, but keeps sliding off.

Ophelia ENTERS. Fiona pops up, waving her into the room.

FIONA

Ah! Yes! Over here!

LUKE

Ophelia, my girl! You got that Blueberry Kush?

OPHELIA

Obviously. Also, there's a girl
outside peeing on your house
looking for Kate?

The entire group stares blankly at Ophelia.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Okay, great. Half O of the kush?

Fiona goes to pay for it, but Dylan intercepts.

DYLAN

Ladies, please. The host never pays-

Kennedy smiles as Dylan busts out a massive wad of cash.

OPHELIA

Hey uh, did anyone lose their
necklace thing? I found one outside-

Fiona looks around and then-

FIONA

Jules! Julessssss.

Ophelia panics. This wasn't supposed to be how it worked- she
needs more time- *Fuck*. Jules sees her. *This is bad*.

JULES

Yeah, yeah! I'm coming!

Jules puts an arm around Fiona. She seems drunk now, solo cup
in hand. Madison clocks Jules. Jules coyly smiles back.

JULES (CONT'D)

My necklace! Oh my gosh! Thank you!

Jules hugs Ophelia. She's putting on quite a show. Ophelia
stands completely stiff. This is too weird.

OPHELIA

You're welcome?

JULES

I have to repay you! Shots!!

OPHELIA

No, that's okay-

Jules pulls Ophelia toward the kitchen. Jules bops through
the party, pulling Ophelia behind her. The minute they are
out of the eye-line of the crew, Jules opens a door and
shoves Ophelia down into the dark basement.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ophelia tumbles down the stairs. She can't see a thing.

OPHELIA
What the shitballs?!

Jules locks the door behind her.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)
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. Ophelia tries to slide away but Jules pins her down- pushing the shard of glass into her neck.

JULES
I need you to listen very carefully
to what I'm about to say.
(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)
 If you interfere with my life
 again, I will have no choice but to
 hurt you. Do you understand?

OPHELIA
 So, no shots?

Jules pushes harder- drawing the smallest amount of blood.

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

INT. HALLWAY/JULES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ophelia stands in front of a door with a JULES sign. She looks around as she wiggles a credit card in the door until...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 jumps, throwing the teddy bear on the bed. Ophelia walks over to Jules' desk- she opens her computer. 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. We HEAR footsteps approaching from the hall. DOWNLOAD: 50%. Shit.

OPHELIA
 Come on. Come on.

We can hear someone stumble toward Jules' room - 60%. The door knob twists - 70%. Ophelia braces herself, then-

COCO
 Katie?

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

OPHELIA
 Katie is outside.

COCO
 K! Love you.

Coco moseys on. 100%- Ophelia puts the phone back on the charger. A picture catches her eye- Jules standing with her father, a police officer. *Spicy twist.*

ACT IIINT. OPHELIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ophelia sits at her computer slurping from a gigantic 40 oz Diet Coke. Her apartment is just as messy as you'd expect- clothes everywhere, old pizza boxes on the counter, weed stems and shake covering the coffee table.

Ophelia is deep in concentration. She has quite the set up. Several screens sit in front of her- one of which is just running passwords trying to crack administration files.

Ophelia has hacked into Jules' computer remotely -

NEW TAB: Ophelia opens Facebook. 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. Ophelia starts to notice how different Jules used to look - a bit softer and sweeter. It would appear that over the summer Jules had some kind of make-over.

OPHELIA

Interesting-

DING. The screen crunching numbers has finally cracked into the server. Ophelia now has access to all confidential files for each and every student at South State. 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 brown folder icon- 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.

Ophelia pulls up a VIDEO of a local news report: The FEMALE REPORTER stands in front of an old garage/gas station. The sign FISCHER AND SONS can be seen behind her.

NEWS REPORTER

Big trouble for former South State
Baseball alum Carter Fischer.

B-roll video of Carter playing baseball/pictures of him roll over the News Reporter speaking.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Three girls have now come forward claiming they were each separately attacked and sexually assaulted by Fischer during their time on the South State campus. Fischer, who was on track for the major leagues until he blew out his knee his senior year, has denied any contact with these students-

PAUSE. Ophelia looks at Carter's face- smug and menacing. This is it. This is Jules' next mark.

EXT. SOUTH STATE CAMPUS - EARLY EVENING

Jules bikes through campus- the crisp air blowing in her hair. She heads for the outskirts of the college town.

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. BUZZ. Ophelia looks down at her phone- TRACKING ALERT. A GREEN DOT is moving toward the outskirts of campus.

OPHELIA
(mouth full)
Oh hell yes!

Ophelia pulls a very questionable U-turn in the middle of a busy intersection. Cars honk wildly, but she couldn't care less. Her face is beaming with excitement.

EXT. FISCHER AND SON'S GARAGE - A BIT LATER

Jules stops about 100 feet from a FISCHER AND SONS garage- large, dilapidated garage which is adjacent to an abandoned gas station about ten minutes outside campus. The area looks like something out of a horror movie. Over-grown moss covers most of the old gas pumps. The windows of the broken down mini mart are cracked or gone completely. It's desolate, save a light that can be seen from inside the closed garage.

Jules peers in through a window. WE SEE: Carter Fischer, working on an old car.

INT. OPHELIA'S CAR - SAME

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

INT. FISCHER AND SONS GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jules SLINKS IN through a window. She pulls her SKI-MASK down over her face. A radio plays static-y BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN. Carter puts down a heavy wrench and grabs a beer.

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/FISCHER AND SONS GARAGE

Ophelia pulls up to creepy old garage. It's pretty bleak.

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

INT. FISCHER AND SONS GARAGE - 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. 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

What do we have here-

Carter kneels. He rips Jules' ski mask OFF. He GRABS her 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 on Carter's writhing, bleeding body.

ACT IIIINT. FISCHER AND SONS GARAGE - 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

Oh no. No. No.

Jules REACHES UP, pulling herself to her feet.

SHE FINALLY SEES: OPHELIA sitting in the corner, knees to her chest, rocking back and forth, nervously smoking a joint.

Ophelia POPS UP, stubbing the joint and coughing out smoke.

OPHELIA

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

Jules applies pressure to her bleeding head.

JULES

Is he...

OPHELIA

Dead? Um. Yes.

Jules' eyes begin to well. She's half listening to Ophelia's rant, half trying to come to terms with what has happened.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

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

All the feelings Jules has been suppressing for so long begin to inch up her throat one by one until she finally explodes into sobs.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Okay, so you're okay. What do we do now? What's the plan...Wait, are you crying? No... You have to fix this- you do this all the time!

Ophelia can't believe it- her ticket out of this mess seems to be more shaken than even she is.

JULES

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

Jules stares at all the blood, the panic settling in. Ophelia feels something- *Oh god*. Ophelia starts to dry heave and gag.

JULES (CONT'D)

WILL YOU STOP THROWING UP!

OPHELIA

STOP CRYING! IT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS! I THROW UP WHEN I'M NERVOUS!

They are a complete disaster. Jules breathing gets shallow- Ophelia coaches Jules through some deep breaths.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

Oh man, okay. You just gotta take deep breaths. It's gonna be okay- it was self defense. We just go to the police-

This sets something off in Jules. She stares at Ophelia- something in her eyes has changed.

JULES

We're not going to the police. They won't help us.

OPHELIA

Of course they will!

JULES

Oh really? Like they helped those five girls he raped and beat up?

Ophelia looks down at Carter.

OPHELIA

But, what about-

JULES
GOSH DARNIT, NO POLICE.

Ophelia is trying desperately to hold in laughter.

JULES (CONT'D)
What? This isn't funny!

OPHELIA
You're gosh darn right it isn't.

JULES
Are you making fun of me?

OPHELIA
Of course I'm making fun of you.
You just said gosh darnit without
any irony attached to it. It's
amazing, you are simultaneously the
coolest and weirdest person I've
ever met.

INT./EXT. FISCHER AND SONS GARAGE - LATER

The garage looks pretty clean- all the blood and vomit have been washed away. 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
Do you ever shut up?

OPHELIA
Not really. No.

The girls hoist the body into Ophelia's trunk, which is lined with an oil stained tarp. We STAY ON the girls faces as they look down at what they've done. TRUNK SHUT.

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 leeeeeeap-*

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 into the parking lot of BEANS BAR, a dive bar on campus. THUD. The body slams into the wall of the trunk.

JULES

What are you doing?

OPHELIA

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

JULES

There's a dead guy in the trunk and we don't have a plan.

OPHELIA

Exactly. Hence the alcohol. We get a drink. We sit down. We figure out what the fuck we're gonna do with Weekend At Bernie's back there.

JULES

This is insane. We can't be seen by people. You have blood in your hair. I have blood all over 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)

Blood's 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.

ACT IVINT. BEANS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jules 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. BEANS BAR - A BIT LATER

The girls sit in a booth in the corner of the mostly-empty bar. Ophelia slides the cold glass across the table toward Jules.

JULES

Thanks.

Jules holds the glass to her eye. Jules clocks Ophelia's foot shaking rapidly under the table. Ophelia's adrenaline is on over-drive. Tonight's events have banged her once black-and-white world into vibrant Technicolor.

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, softening a bit. 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

How do you know how to do that?

OPHELIA

Um, it's my thing, I guess. I didn't have a ton of friends growing up. I spent a lot of time on the computer. Like, a lot.

Jules slides Ophelia's drink back over to her. This is the first time she's been able to be herself around anyone in a very long time. It's relieving and terrifying all at once.

OPHELIA (CONT'D)

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

Jules pauses, she realizes Ophelia couldn't possibly know how loaded that question is for her.

JULES

I know how to do things most people don't. There's stuff happening out there and no one is doing anything about it. People are just getting away with all of these awful things. I'm trying to make some of 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 walks over to the girls. He and Jules smile at each
 other. It's sweet.

Hi. TYLER Hi. JULES

TYLER
 Tyler.

JULES
 Jules.

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

INT. BEANS 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.

JULES (CONT'D)

Are you just here by yourself?

TYLER

Nah, waiting for my step brother. He's no less than thirty minutes late to everything though. Why? You looking for an out already?

JULES

No! No, not at all- I totally didn't mean-

Tyler laughs- she's so genuine and sweet.

TYLER

I'm just busting your balls.

Jules can't help but smile.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You have a killer smile, Jules.

JULES

Thanks.

Jules blushes. Oh man, this guy is too good to be true.

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 GARAGE**. 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.