

# Ophelia

4.

## ACT I

### INT. 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.

Start  
#1



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.

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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.



ACT IIIINT. 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!

Start →  
#2



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.~~



ACT IVINT. OPHELIA'S CAR - LATER

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

Start  
#3 →

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.

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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.

|| END

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'?