

EXUVIAE

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ACT I

EXT. BRONXVILLE- SUNSET

AERIAL VIEWS OF THE SLEEPY VILLAGE JUST AT SUNSET IN AUTUMN, A MONTAGE OF HOMES, A MALL OR MOVIE THEATER, THE TOWN HALL, THE PARK, AN OPEN FIELD WITH A BENCH. FINALLY GIRLS' HOUSE. AN UNSPECTACULAR PLAIN ONE-STORY HOUSE. SEMI-DEAD FRONT LAWN. A PORCH. A BLACK 2010 NISSAN ALTIMA IN THE SHABBY DRIVEWAY.

INT. GIRLS' HOUSE- DUSK

THE HOME DECORUM WAS UNINSPIRED. THERE WERE FURNITURE PIECES PLACED ATYPICALLY ABOUT THE HOUSE. ALMOST THE ENTIRETY OF THE HOUSE COULD BE SEEN WHEN YOU ENTER THE FRONT DOOR. 2 BEDROOMS ONE BATH.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM-NIGHT

A TEENAGER'S ROOM. IT WAS DISHEVELED. THE CLOSET DOOR BURIED UNDER A MOUNTAIN OF JACKETS. THE BED, FIXED IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER, A PILLOW WHERE THE FEET GO, A BLANKET SPILLING OVER THE SIDE. ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE WAS A SOLITARY LAMP. THE DESK, UP AGAINST A WALL AT THE FOOT OF THE BED. PAPERS STREWN ABOUT. EVERYTHING WAS JUST THERE PACKED INTO THE LITTLE ROOM... IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER.

GIRL (18)

Sitting at the desk frantically typing on the application to Sarah Lawrence her local college. Her lanky fingers typing and deleting and typing again.

WE CLOSE-UP ON HER HEART-SHAPED FACE,

Round lips pressed tightly together, a gulp squeezing down her throat. Her brown eyes tired and darting up and down at her keyboard and back to her screen. She was cute, with frizzy hair the girl next door, quiet and unproblematic, mysterious but friendly. She wore a purple thermal long-sleeve and blue jeans. She purses her lips and blows out air... That was it, she's done with her application. Now to just send it.

OVER HER SHOULDER IN THE CORNER BETWEEN HER BED AND CLOSET, WAS SOMEONE ELSE STANDING THERE. JUST STANDING THERE, WATCHING HER.

GIRL TOO

Barely illuminated by the light slithering out from the

closet, and the blue-grey from the laptop screen. They wear a long white sheet that stopped at their knees. they had frizzy hair, and brown eyes...kind of tired...GOD...It has the same face as GIRL, only horrible and twisted. Its skin stretched tight over its skull, pulling till you saw the pink flesh at the edges of its eyes. It had a smile like something out of a nightmare, a smile that was forced like hooks were attached to either side of its mouth stretching it back to the ears. Its brow furrowed and worried. Watching her half-hidden in the shadow.

**GIRL**

Her finger with its chipped black polish hung there over the enter key.

WE CLOSE-UP ON HER EYES WIDENING SLIGHTLY WITH WORRY, FEAR, RELUCTANCE. THE SCREEN STARES BACK AT HER. THEN THE WHISPERS START ALL AROUND HER AND THE DISTANCE BETWEEN HER AND THE THING WITH HER FACE STARTS TO CLOSE. THE ROOM GROWS DARKER.

she feels the weight of it on her, She almost crumples like paper beneath it. Dropping her head rounding and hunching her shoulders, her breathing labored, a faint whimper escapes her clenched teeth. Her finger over the enter key curling in on itself now.

**GIRL TOO**

Watching.

**GIRL (18)**

The pressure wins. Suddenly, GIRL slams her laptop shut, and hurries out of her room.

INT. BATHROOM

GIRL rushes into the plain bathroom throwing the door shut behind her. The momentum creates a slam as it closes.

INT. DINING ROOM

Alerting her mother a few feet away at the dimly lit dining table.

**GIRLS' MOM (48)**

A short doughy woman, with warm eyes. Still dressed in her work scrubs.

Shouting slightly around the corner to the bathroom.

Hey! why are we slamming doors?

she stops what she was doing she intends to investigate the disturbance.

INT. BATHROOM

GIRL cups cold water over her face. GIRL TOO behind her in the corner, she was there already...watching.

GIRLS' MOM knocks on the door.

**GIRLS' MOM (48)**

you ok?

**GIRL (18)**

snapping up from the sink. Breathing labored staring at the door, another knock from her mother.

yes.

She's startled again. Her phone alerts her a text pops up. Her eyes gliding from left to right reading the words on the screen,

*Text message reads*

**JILLY BEAN (18)**

hey we're all meeting @ the park 2nite  
im havin a kickback b4 graduation.  
come.

texting back as she shouts to her mother

Mom, I'm going out with friends  
tonight.

**GIRLS' MOM (48)**

oh, good honey, that's really good.

she says like this is a rare occurrence. she leaves, assured everything is fine.

GIRL looks at herself in the mirror.

GIRL TOO ISN'T THERE IN THE CORNER NOW.

ACT II

EXT. BRONXVILLE- THE PARK

GIRL (18)

GIRL is walking the path in the park towards her friends. TEEN 1 gabbing with another friend beside him notices GIRL approaching.

TEEN 1 (18)

hey, look who's here.

JILLY BEAN (18)

a pale redhead freckled girl comes breaking through the enclosure of teens to greet GIRL

Hey!

hugging her

GIRL (18)

hugging JILLY BEAN back

Hi.

JILLY BEAN (18)

glad you came.

she says this to her as she knows Girl hasn't been around them lately

GIRL (18)

yeah.

They all laugh, tell jokes, gossip about school drama. GIRL stands at the edge of the circle of friends, sheepishly smiling when someone makes eye contact, or forcing a half-laugh when everyone else does.

BEN (18)

A tall korean-american boy, watches GIRL the entire time, stealing glances. And someone else sees him seeing her.

KIM (18)

Notices BEN stealing looks at GIRL, and puts him on the spot.

hey ben, don't you have something to say.

nodding her head toward Girl. Everyone else joins in on the instigation with oohs and ahs.

**JILLY BEAN (18)**

kim, what are you doing?

**KIM (18)**

remember last week what you told me.

peering at ben, and smirking. BEN feels the pressure, GIRL even more so.

THE CAMERA CLOSES UP ON THEIR LAUGHING AND SMILING MOUTHS, AND PEERING EYES.

she starts to shrink.

**BEN (18)**

cracking under the pressure. It's forced out of him, he blurts out

I like you - beat- I really like you.

winded and staring right at GIRL. She shrinks even more now.

MORE CLOSE-UPS OF HER FRIENDS SMILING AND LAUGHING AND PEERING AT HER. BEN HALF ASHAMED IT WAS FORCED OUT OF HIM THIS WAY, AND HALF LONGING, ANXIOUS FOR AN ANSWER.

GIRL glances off just over BEN's shoulder and sees it. It followed her here.

OVER BY THE TREE, THE THING WITH HER DEFORMED AND HORRIBLE FACE STANDS HALF CAST IN SHADOW. THE WHISPERS START.

She's being crushed by the weight of it again. Her friends aren't laughing anymore something is clearly wrong with GIRL

**GROUP OF TEENS**

voices coming from every direction

What's wrong? Are you okay? What's wrong? Hey, are you okay?

BEN stares.

CLOSE-UP ON GIRLS' FACE TUCKED UNDER HER BOWED HEAD, FACE TWISTED IN ANGUISH, TEETH CLENCHED.

The whispers and her friends' voices all around her.

CUT TO-

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM-NIGHT

GIRL ENTERS HER ROOM IN A HURRY SLAMMING HERSELF DOWN ON HER BED, AND CRYES. THE THING IS THERE ALREADY TOO, IN THE CORNER... WATCHING.

She rolls over and stares directly at it for the first time, she's angry, she's tired. It stares back, saying nothing...only watching. In the corner of girls' bedroom, half-hidden in shadow. Girl speaks to it.

**GIRL (18)**

What do you want? -beat- Why are you here?

You're always here.

GIRL is confused and frustrated the thing won't speak back.

Say something! You're always there, suffocating me. I can't have anything with you here...You ruin everything.

She says this almost defeated. The thing says nothing, it just stands there staring, with that wicked grin pulled tightly across its horrible face.

OVERHEAD SHOT OF GIRL ON HER BED, HEAD BOWED IN DEFEAT. THE THING IN THE CORNER.

FADE OUT

ACT III

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM-DAY

GIRL is laying on her bed, in the same clothes, as the night before. Daylight tip-toes through the curtains.

CLOSE-UP OF GIRL HER EYES TIRED AND RAW FROM CRYING.

there's a knock at the door.

GIRLS' MOM (48)

slowly pushing the door open, still in her pajamas

Honey? I didn't hear you come in last night.

She sees her daughter a crumpled heap on her bed, Mom knows what she needs most now. She sits beside her and tries to rouse her from her stupor.

Honey, it's the weekend, you should be out with your friends having fun, it's a beautiful day for it. -beat- Did you finish your application to Sarah Lawrence?

Moments pass in silence. She takes her hand away from her daughter's back.

just know I'm here when you need me...always. but at some point, you will have to help yourself. You know how to fight this, all you have to do now is just... do it.

Mom leaves.

WE CLOSE-UP ON GIRLS' FACE AGAIN, SHE WAS AWAKE AND SHE HEARD EVERY WORD.

she finally rolls over and sits up. The thing stands there watching her as it always does.

GIRL (18)

This time when she speaks to it, she isn't trembling, she isn't crying. She isn't scared.

I'm not afraid of you.



she opens her bedside drawer and pulls out a pill bottle.

CLOSE-UP OF HER MOUTH.

she places one small white pill on her tongue and swallows.

CLOSE-UP OF GIRL TOOS' EYES WIDENING.

the sound of rope being pulled tightly grows louder, as do the pained groans and whispers unlike what she heard before

GIRL looks into the corner horrified.

WE HEAR THE TWISTING AND CRACKING OF BONES OFF-CAMERA.

GIRL brings her hand to cover her mouth as she watches on in terror.

FINALLY, WE SEE AS SHE DOES, THE THING WITH HER FACE IS FALLING INTO ITSELF LIKE PAPER SQUEEZED TIGHTLY IN A FIST. WE GET ONE MORE CLOSE-UP OF ITS NOW SUNKEN AND BULGING EYES.

The thing bursts, leaving a dust-like smoke behind. Sunlight pours into the room, filling all its corners, in the same moment darkness recedes into the shadows.

GIRL breathes in and breathes out.

CUT TO BLACK