

OA INT. THE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON**OA**

Students at a school newspaper are working furiously on their articles. SARAH (17) and JULIET (17) are sitting a few feet apart at their desks. Juliet hunches over her laptop, typing aggressively. Meanwhile, Sarah plays with her hair, slumping over on one hand. She finally looks over to Juliet.

SARAH:
So, are you ready?

Juliet scowls, glancing back.

JULIET:
For what, Sarah? The interview?

Sarah pauses awkwardly, forcing a smile.

SARAH:
...Yeah.

NEIL (17) walks in quietly, unnoticed by the other students except for Juliet, who smirks. She leans towards Sarah.

JULIET
Don't worry about it. I'd be worried about your creepy little friend over there.

Sarah leans forward, not noticing Neil, who is overhearing the conversation.

SARAH
What?

JULIET:
Neil. That photographer that just lurks around here.

SARAH:
But why-

Neil clears his throat. Everyone looks up from their work, the room is suddenly still.

NEIL:
Uh... just letting everyone know, Ms. Henderson says the interview starts in 20. So, let's clear the room so Juliet can prepare, ok?

JULIET:
If you want me to be ready, then MAYBE you should crawl back to whatever hole you

came from and stop distracting us.

Neil stands there awkwardly as the other students trickle out of the room. Juliet waves at him to leave. Neil eventually exits the room and she smugly turns back to her work. Sarah testily whips around to face Juliet.

SARAH:

You're so mean. Seriously, who hurt you?

Juliet types away, not even bothering to make eye contact.

JULIET:

Who asked you? You're irrelevant here, nobody reads your little articles. Where are my interview questions?

SARAH:

They're still on the printer.

Juliet slowly turns to look at Sarah, waiting expectantly.

JULIET:

And?

Sarah leans forward as close to Juliet as she can.

SARAH

Oh, so you want me to get them?

The corners of Juliet's mouth fold into a phony smile.

JULIET

Can't you see that I'm busy?

Sarah forces a small smile too, clenching her fists.

SARAH

Get them yourself.

Juliet slams her hands on the desk.

JULIET

You know what Sarah? Fine. I will. Just to humor your little wounded ego-

Juliet flounces out of her desk and enters the closet. Sarah slowly trails behind her, imposing on the personal space Juliet attempts to create. Sarah slams the closet door shut all her force and bolts it, trapping Juliet in the closet.

JULIET

HEY! Hey, SARAH! Open the door! That's not funny!

Juliet bangs on the closet as Neil leans into the doorway, oblivious to what is going on in the room.

NEIL:

Hey, Sarah! Come out here!

Sarah glances at the closet, then runs out to Neil.

2 EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

2

Sarah approaches Neil, suddenly docile. She shyly brushes her hair back, smiling up at him.

SARAH:

Hi Neil.

Neil grins.

NEIL:

Hey... we don't need you I was just trying to save you from her.

Sarah laughs a little, looking down at the floor and then back at the classroom.

SARAH:

Oh. Thanks, I guess, but I gotta get back to work. I'll see you around.

Sarah turns away, the smile wiping clear off her face.

3 INT. THE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

3

Sarah enters the room to find the door busted open and Juliet slowly moving towards the door.

JULIET:

You- You...

Sarah tries to play the picture of innocence.

SARAH:

Oh... hey Juliet...

Juliet clenches her fists, making evil faces.

JULIET

You BITCH. You tried to lock me in there.

Sarah smiles manipulatively, clasping her hands together.

SARAH:

Wow, are you alright? I don't know what you're talking about.

JULIET:

Cut the bullshit, I knew you were jealous of me. I'm reporting your ass. You'll never work in student-run journalism again.

Juliet pushes against Sarah, who hastily blocks the door with her arms.

SARAH

No no, I don't think that's necessary- we can work it out-

JULIET:
Move. Get out of my way. MOVE.

Juliet shoves Sarah at full force. Sarah finally cuts the act, her eyes narrowing dangerously.

SARAH:
You know what? I don't think I will.

Juliet lunges once more at Sarah, who swiftly grabs a chair and hits Juliet over the head with it. Neil enters the room and stops dead in his tracks, a witness to the event. Juliet reaches out to him, gasping, as Sarah hits her again. She winds up once more as Neil starts to react.

NEIL
Oh my god, Sarah- SARAH, STOP!

Upon hearing Neil, Sarah retreats. Neil snatches the chair from Sarah and takes a knee beside Juliet.

SARAH
What? Oh my- Oh my god Neil... this wasn't- I didn't mean-

Neil glances up to Sarah and down to Juliet over and over.

NEIL
Is she? Sarah? Oh my god. Sarah.

Sarah kneels too, gently tapping Juliet's face.

SARAH
She- Juliet? JULIET!

NEIL
I think she's...

Sarah rises slowly, hands shaking.

SARAH
Well shit. I killed Juliet.
I- SHIT. No. Oh my god. Neil- please, don't-

Neil comprehends and nods reassuringly.

NEIL:
I won't. I won't okay? This never happened.

There is a pause, as the two try to figure out what to do.

SARAH
Do we tell someone?

NEIL
No. God no. We can't. We have to make this disappear.

There is another pause. Finally, Sarah turns to the door.

SARAH
I'll go report her absence to Ms.
Henderson.

She looks at Neil.
Do not get us caught.

Neil nods, turning to Juliet.

4 INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

4

Sarah waltzes back into the classroom, a bit pleased with herself.

SARAH
Hey so, guess what- NEIL!

Sarah is speechless. Neil is chatting with two other students, the fresh corpse of Juliet wearing sunglasses is slumped over him. The three look up, Neil tries to hold in a laugh.

NEIL
Jealous, Sarah?

The two snicker as Sarah covers up her look of shock.

SARAH
Neil. I'm covering Juliet's story now, the teacher said so. We need to take care of this... uh, interview.

NEIL
Oh for real? Congrats! (to the students)
Catch you guys later.

Neil and Sarah hoist Juliet up by her arms, smiling awkwardly at the students. As they walk away, the looks of joy melt off their faces and turn serious.

NEIL
(hushed) I think I know where we can put her.

5 EXT. THE QUAD - AFTERNOON

5

Sarah and Neil carry Juliet's corpse across the quad, supporting her by her arms.

SARAH
We only have ten minutes before the interview starts. Can we make it?

MS. HENDERSON (mid-40s) notices the three and is hurrying to catch up with them.

NEIL
Henderson is behind us.

SARAH

Oh shit... uh...

Scrambling, Sarah and Neil try to duck behind the corner, but it is too late. Ms. Henderson is beside them.

MS. HENDERSON

Is that Juliet? What are you guys doing?

Sarah and Neil glance at each other, struggling to respond.

NEIL

Just walking her out to her mom's car.
She's feeling faint.

Juliet's head slumps forward limply.

MS. HENDERSON

Juliet honey, are you feeling ok?

NEIL

She can't talk right now, her throat is sore.

MS. HENDERSON

Oh alright. Neil, you left your camera in the room be sure to go get it. Sarah, be back in ten minutes. You're filling some big shoes.

SARAH

Okay, bye! See you soon!

Neil waves Juliet's arm as they hurriedly leave. Sarah sighs.

6 EXT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

6

As Sarah and Neil turn the corner, they run face-first into a GUY(17), who seems to recognize Juliet.

GUY:

Damn Jules, you move on fast. Already going out with Neil, huh?

Sarah side-eyes Neil, who laughs uncomfortably.

NEIL

Nah, we're just walking with her.

GUY

Okay, okay whatever you say.

Guy stares Neil down, suddenly serious.
You're a lucky man.

He walks away. Neil chuckles, trying to hold in his laughter.

NEIL

No respect for the dead, huh?

Sarah cracks a small smile and lets out a giggle.

7 EXT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

7

Continuing down the hallway, Sarah begins to struggle with carrying Juliet, panting.

SARAH
Wow, she is heavy.

Neil shrugs, unfazed.

NEIL
All corpses are heavy. It's not just her.

SARAH
I'm tired, why don't you hold her?

She passes Juliet to Neil, who tries to throw her over his shoulder but instead drops her. Sarah jumps.

SARAH
Oh my god, Neil!

Neil waves his hands in protest.

NEIL
I mean, she's already dead. She can't feel it.

8 EXT. HALLWAY- AFTERNOON

8

Farther down the hallway, Neil lugs Juliet alone. Sarah, who is walking beside him, stops in her tracks.

SARAH
She's back.

Ms. Henderson is crossing the hallway, oblivious to Neil and Sarah. Neil turns white, nervously trying to find a solution.

NEIL
What do we do?

SARAH
She's turning. Shit, what if she sees us?

NEIL
Well, no time to lose.

Neil goes rogue, grabbing the two girls by the arms and fleeing into the bushes. Sarah yelps. Ms. Henderson stops briefly at the commotion, not seeing a thing. Her eyes narrow suspiciously, but she walks away. Sarah is scraped up, and Juliet lies limp like a rag doll.

SARAH
Ow, Neil... what was that for?

NEIL

I was trying to protect us. See? She's gone now.

Sarah rubs her eyes, seemingly exhausted.

SARAH
Wow, how chivalrous of you.

9 EXT. HALLWAY- AFTERNOON

9

Sarah and Neil continue walking. Neil seems tired now, panting as he carries Juliet.

SARAH
Are you alright?

Neil rests his hand on his lower back, breathing heavily.

NEIL
We're close, I'll be fine.

SARAH
No no, let me help you with that.

Sarah runs to the side of the corridor for a trash bin with wheels.
Put her in here.

Neil pauses.

NEIL
Are you sure?

Sarah nods, breathing out a heavy sigh.

SARAH
Yeah, just dump her in there.

Neil drops Juliet into the trash bin head first, her legs sticking out.

10 EXT. DUMPSTER - AFTERNOON

10

Sarah and Neil approach a large dumpster at the back of the school, just short enough in height to throw a body over its walls. The two stop pushing the trash bin to catch their breath.

NEIL
We've made it to her final resting place.

SARAH
Yeah, I guess so. This is it.

Sarah starts trying to shove Juliet into the trash liner. She struggles, poking at Juliet's rigid limbs.

Let's just... wow, she's hard to move.

Neil nods assuringly.

NEIL

She's stiffening up. Just part of the process.

With force, Sarah finally fits Juliet into the trash liner, tying the bag up in a knot.

SARAH

There. That should be good.

Neil, looking at his phone, quickly turns around.

NEIL

Shoot, I have to get my camera or Mrs. Henderson will lose it. Try flinging her up there first and then cover her with other garbage bags.

Sarah waves her hands in protest, and Neil puts his arm on her shoulder. Trust me, you've got this.

Neil runs back to the classroom, leaving Sarah to do the final work.

11 EXT. THE DUMPSTER - AFTERNOON

11

Sarah pulls one of the trash bags out of the dumpster, looking inside. Picking up Juliet, she groans a little, struggling to carry the corpse by herself. She slowly pushes Juliet into the dumpster. Sarah then throws the other trash bag over Juliet's, sweating a bit. Peering into the dumpster, she now takes one last look at her classmate. She gazes intently at the dumpster.

SARAH

Well, nice knowing you Juliet.

Brushing off her hands, she smiles a little, and takes off.

12 EXT. QUAD - AFTERNOON

12

Sarah races into the quad, smoothing her hair for the interview. She stops at the feet of Ms. Henderson and Neil, fully prepared to conduct the interview.

SARAH

Alright, I'm read- what? Why is she?

Turning, Sarah sees STEF (17) with the INTERVIEWEE (17), the interview well underway. Ms. Henderson looks down at her, arms crossed matter-of-factly.

MS. HENDERSON

You're late. Stef took your assignment. Next time, be ready when we need you.

Ms. Henderson turns to the interview.

Stef? Let's wrap this up. You make an excellent journalist.

Stef flashes a wide grin, hopping up to grab her bag. Sarah fumes, staring down Stef. Neil notices, putting an arm around her.

NEIL

Hey, Sarah- it's okay. We took care of her, at least we're not-

Sarah interrupts, pushing Neil off of her.

SARAH

NO, nothing is okay, Neil.

Sarah walks away, muttering to herself.
My business isn't finished yet.

13 OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

13

As it gets dark, Stef wanders back to the classroom to write up the report. She stops suddenly, feeling a presence behind her. She looks around, seeing nothing. She continues walking much faster now, hunching over with concern. A dark figure resembling Sarah follows her, wielding a chair. Darkness sets in, then a flash of light illuminates the chair, covered in blood.