

FADE IN

EXT. FITZGERALD HOME - NIGHT

The house is dark. The moon is almost full. A dog barks.
A melancholy voice, worn for its age, narrates:

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Ever try bein' different? An' I
don't mean jus' thinkin' about
it, either. Ginger an' me - I
mean I...

The house numbers read 669. The 9 slips: the number now
reads 666.

BRIGITTE (CON'T/V/O)
Ginger an' I? Went for different.
Big time.

There's a light on in a basement window. We creep up to it,
crushing the tulip borders on the way. The window is propped
open with a sneaker: it looks like somebody's foot is caught
in it. Music plays inside.

INT. GIRLS' BASEMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gyrating in her underwear to bad-girl grunge, BRIGITTE
FITZGERALD (15) straddles GINGER FITZGERALD (also 15 and in
underwear) on one of the twin single beds. Both girls have
cigarettes lolling on their lower lips. Both girls have
pierced eyebrows, pierced noses and streaked hair. Brigitte
has blue nail polish on. Ginger has breasts.

GINGER
Brigitte. Quit dickin' around.
Jus' do it.

Brigitte reluctantly stops her thrashing and douses a cotton
ball in rubbing alcohol.

Without looking up from her TANK GIRL comic, Ginger hauls her
own shirt up to expose her navel.

Brigitte swabs Ginger's navel with the wet cotton ball. Her
eyes drift to Ginger's chest, then back to what she's doing.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Ginger's ten months older than
me. We're seriously tight. Share
everything. Everything.

Around them, many candles burn. There's a dead bolt on the door. An attached full bath. The floors are thick with paranormal books. The walls are covered in images of UFO's and horror flicks. A framed photo of Kurt Cobain with Courtney Love has a place of honor. There's an old Polaroid of the girls at five in Halloween costumes; Lil' Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf. Ginger is the wolf.

Brigitte produces an enormous darning needle. It glints. She levels it at Ginger's navel, her hand shaking.

BRIGITTE
Ready?

GINGER
(without looking up)
Uh-huh.

BRIGITTE
...I can't.

Ginger gives Brigitte a look over the top of her comic.

Brigitte takes a deep breath, and lines the needle up again. Brigitte swallows hard and applies pressure. The needle pierces Ginger's skin. Her stomach muscles flinch.

GINGER
OUCH!

BRIGITTE
You said it wouldn't hurt!

GINGER
Jus' hurry up!

The needle has stopped moving half-way through the skin.

BRIGITTE
Uh-oh.

Brigitte wiggles the needle. Blood wells up around it.

BRIGITTE
Um. I think it's stuck. Oh man.
There's blood...

Ginger lowers her comic. She takes one look at the needle half-in, half-out of her belly button - and cracks up.

BRIGITTE
S'not funny, Ginger!

Laughing her head off, Ginger gives the needle a good tug from her end. The skin tugs with it, resisting.

BRIGITTE
Ah, gawd, gross.

Ginger yanks the needle, hard. This time it moves.

GINGER
I got it, I got it.

Ginger grits her teeth. The needle begins a slow progress.

GINGER
It's goin', it's goin'- gimme
the ring ...

Brigitte grabs at a tiny silver ring on the bed spread but knocks it to the floor. Brigitte scrambles after it. Ginger yanks the needle.

GINGER
Bee?! C'mon!

Brigitte finds the ring and hands it to Ginger. Ginger sets the ring on the end of the needle, looping it not-so-neatly through.

BRIGITTE
Oh, groo-oo-o-ss!

The bloody needle pops clear. Ginger grinds on the ring to close it. Ginger wipes her bloody hands on the bed. Brigitte is taking deep, gulping breaths.

GINGER
Bee? Feeb. Y'okay?

BRIGITTE
Yeah. I think so.

GINGER
(teasing)
Yeah, I think not.

BRIGITTE
If you din't say it hurt, I'd a
been fine!

Ginger beams at her new piercing.

GINGER
Pretty cool, unh?

The flesh around the navel is hot pink and bruising. Brigitte grins too.

BRIGITTE
Very cool.

GINGER
Now I'll do you.

Brigitte bravely hangs onto to her smile.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
We do everything together. But,
at fifteen? A chick can change.
Ya know?
HA! You got no idea.

EXT. THE FITZGERALD BACKYARD - DAY

It's a beautiful autumn day in suburbia. Birds sing. The
terrier next door (NORMAN) barks and barks.

A pierced navel is stretched taught, filling with blood.
Ginger's limp body is bent backward over a low fence. Blood
is flowing from where she's been speared through her chest:
Ginger's impaled on a white picket.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Don't get me wrong. It's not
like we were all happy or
nothin' to begin with.

Brigitte takes a long, ponderous drag on her cigarette as -
unmoved - she takes in Ginger's mortal wound. Brigitte eyes
the identical homes and gardens that stretch on to the
horizon.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
The suburb of Bailey Downs?
Basically a well lit black hole.
The Kingdom of cul du sac.
That's French for Dead End.

Brigitte flicks her smoke into a pile of neatly raked leaves.
It smolders then goes out. She scowls.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
You had a gram of personality
out here? Life bit the big one.

A truck with COUNTY REGREENING PROGRAM on its side pulls up a few houses over. Brigitte watches a shirtless sun-bronzed Adonis - SAM - climb out of the cab.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Of course I'm generalizing.

A tarty teenage girl - TRINA - bounds up to Sam and gives him a big wet one.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
No I'm not.

GINGER
The fuck, Bee. Take a picture
already.

Brigitte raises a 35mm still camera to her eye and frames her sister's corpse in the viewfinder.

ROLL HEAD CREDIT SEQUENCE:

Snap! A slide of Ginger - dead on a white picket fence - smashes on. The HEAD CREDITS are superimposed on each of the slide images:

Snap! Ginger sliced up with an electric knife in the kitchen,

Snap! Ginger drowned in a bubble bath,

Snap! Ginger hanged by nylons in the laundry room,

Snap! Ginger mangled under the front tires of a mini van.

PICTURE TITLE: *GINGER SNAPS.*

INT. BAILEY HIGH ART ROOM - DAY

The Fitzgerald sisters stand over a slide projector in art class, just finishing the slide show from the credit sequence. An empty frame of blinding white light snaps onto the collapsible screen at the front of the room.

The homely ART TEACHER looks very concerned as she hits the lights. The other STUDENTS - all about fifteen, middle-class and raging conformists - sit in stunned silence. As Brigitte and Ginger return to their side-by-side seats,

BRIGITTE (V/O)
We were always considered
freaks. For as long as I can
remember, there was Us. And
there was Them. Like from
kindergarten.

ART TEACHER
Very -um. Class? Comments?

The students trade constipated looks.

ART TEACHER
Brigitte. What does it mean for
you?

Brigitte shrugs and squirms.

GINGER
Means there's more to life than
- well, life.

The Fitzgeralds look expectantly at row after row of blank
faces. Brigitte shakes her head.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Attempts at communication were
futile.

JASON McCARDY- a good-looking high school Casanova - looks
Ginger over appraisingly. Ginger ignores him.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Some of Them did seem to wanna
reach Ginger?

Brigitte glances from Ginger's breasts to her own flat chest.
Brigitte takes a deep breath.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
But nobody wanted to reach me.

The bell goes.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
(a tad defensive)
Like I cared.

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - DAY

TEENS clog the halls. Judging by the herd, Bailey High is not big on individual identity, or at least its outward expression.

Ginger and Brigitte slip down the crowded corridors, sticking out like sore thumbs. Ginger holds her forehead.

GINGER
Gawd, People! They hurt my
brain!

BRIGITTE
They didn't even get it.

GINGER
They're retards.

BRIGITTE
They're cretins.

GINGER
They're bone-heads.

BRIGITTE
They're somnambulists.

GINGER
They're leems.

BRIGITTE
They're the goddamn walkin'-/

The girls stop before their locker. A folded up piece of loose leaf has been crushed into it, its end sticking out.

BRIGITTE
(unimpressed)
Another one?

Ginger opens the locker. She unfolds the paper. There's a big fat joint inside, and a note that says: GINGER, CALL 555-4636.

Ginger pockets the joint, crumples the paper into a ball and tosses it at a near-by trash can. She misses.

The girls head down the hall.

BRIGITTE
Somebody leaves you all these
jays an' yer not even curious to
call?

Ginger offers her a sucker and has one herself.

GINGER

Nope.

A FAT JANITOR scoops up the wad of loose leaf with great resentment and jams it into the trash.

Brigitte and Ginger pass a NECKING COUPLE practically dry-humping, GIRLS applying make-up to one another, and BOYS snapping each other with their sports cups.

Jason and his fellow jock-pals TIM, FRANK, and JEREMY are scoping babes.

Ginger bends to tie her boot lace and a collective groan swells from the guys.

JASON

See? She's weird, but hot.

TIM

Anybody poled Fitzzy yet?

Brigitte gives them a disgusted look.

TIM

Not that one. The cute one.

Brigitte's face falls. Ginger gives them a Death Stare. The boys try flirty smiles.

GINGER

(to Brigitte)

Sad. Must be hard to think with yer brains slappin' around yer thighs like that all day.

Brigitte laughs. Ginger pulls her on, past a sign: GYMNASIUM.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

We didn't do guys. Guys were too gross. Everyone at Bailey High was just too incredibly gross.

Ginger applies her boot to a swinging door and they enter,

INT. GIRLS' CHANGING ROOM - DAY

The Fitzgeralds stop dead. They take in a menagerie of 90210-wanna-be GIRLS changing for gym class. The background chat is all sex and mascara.

There is only one free spot: next to Trina and her TRINA CLONES. The Trinas slide into a-size-too-small shorts while parading hefty chests. The Trina acts like she owns the goddamn planet.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

The only thing worse than most teenage boys are most teenage girls. Trinas are the limit.

Ginger digs at her lower abdomen painfully.

GINGER

I feel sick.

BRIGITTE

Me too.

GINGER

No, I mean really.

Ginger opens a locker and tears off her clothes. Other girls glance at her navel piercing with disgust.

Brigitte is very self-conscious: she steps almost inside the locker, hiding behind the door while she changes into the revolting school gym outfit. She eyes the buxom bubble heads with contempt, as

BRIGITTE (V/O)

There was really only one Trina,
but they were all the same.

Trina finds the Fitzgeralds' open locker door a nuisance. She pushes it out of her way, hard enough to whack Brigitte in the head on the other side.

TRINA

(fakely)

Ooops. Sorry.

Ginger gives Trina a very dirty look. Brigitte tries to rub her sore head while clutching her uniform to cover her chest.

Trina and her posse cackle as they prance out, their butt cheeks wagging. The sisters continue changing.

GINGER
(to Brigitte)
Y'okay?

BRIGITTE
I HATE her. Like to feed her
ground glass with tacks for
desert. Then make her puke it
back up and swallow it again
until she's like shredded to a
bazillion pieces from the inside
out....

Ginger grips her sides painfully and bends double.

BRIGITTE
What's the matter?

GINGER
I got gas...Maybe I'll try an'
cut one right in her face out
there.

They slap hands, laughing. They look down at their gym
outfits, which are SO unflattering. Brigitte and Ginger
exchange identical looks of agony.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH SPORTS FIELD - DAY

The twenty or so participants in this all-girl gym class
stand ready at centre field in lacrosse padding and helmets.
Brigitte and Ginger stand apart from the others, sharing a
smoke. Brigitte looks scared. Ginger looks ill.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
After two weeks a' high school,
ya come to the conclusion it's
all about agony. Take Phys. Ed.
Jus' practise takin' pain.

The gym teacher MZ. SYKES - an aging former-traffic cop -
hucks the players sticks with nets on one end. Sykes is given
to screaming.

SYKES
Field lacrosse is no pussy-assed
tea party, ya get IN there, get
a LOCK on your target and PUSH
IT! I want SWEAT I want ACTION!

The Trinas giggle at Sykes. Ginger bends forward, holding her
sides.

MZ. SYKES

Shake a leg, Fitzgeralds. An'
butt out, you gotta death wish!?

GINGER

Feel really sick, Mz. Sykes.

MZ. SYKES

Cigarettes'll do that for you!
Move!

Ginger flicks the smoke at Sykes' turned back. It falls short, of course.

The sisters trudge to their places on the field. Ginger is on the offensive line. Brigitte is in goal.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Phys. Ed. is not optional at
Bailey High.

Sykes blows the whistle. A fast-moving, hard-hitting lacrosse scrimmage begins.

IN RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE: Ginger gets caught in the crunch of sticks and bodies, pushed, kicked, and punished by the Trinas, who are having 'fun'.

IN RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE: Brigitte visibly cowers as a tangle of marauding, ball-whacking bodies descend on her. She takes a number of direct hits from the hard rubber ball.

On a powerful press for a goal, Trina slams into Brigitte so hard Brigitte flies right out of the net area. And skids face-first ...into a mangled dog's body.

The whistle blows and play stops. Ginger lopes over, breathless, gripping her sore stomach.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

I been waiting for this. There'd
been a lot of dead dogs around
lately, but this was my personal
first.

Brigitte slowly climbs out of the mucky canine remains to her knees. She's covered in doggie guts and maggots.

TRINA

Oh, HOW GRO-O-O-O-OSS!!

The class edges toward them, but maintains a horrified distance. Even Sykes struggles with a gag reflex on seeing Brigitte's mess.

Brigitte fingers the dog's remains with a look of fascination.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

'Kay, here's the weird thing about me. I dig dead stuff. Live things make me sick, they're all warm and snotty and shitty and pissy. And live things jus' suffer, which I can't take. But a dead thing? S'kinda beautiful, 'cause a dead thing's really I dunno -like, free.

SYKES

Don't TOUCH it, Fitzgerald!
What's WRONG with you two?!
Get up and hit the SHOWERS!

TRINAS IN CHORUS

The cult? Drains the blood out
and drinks it, ya know! /I heard
they have sex with them first!
/Gawd stop, you'll make me PUKE!

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Everyone was all like, Oh it's a
teen cult, or aah, it's some
looney, the Beast a' Bailey
Downs. What crap.

SYKES

All RIGHT, ladies, settle! This
is no joke! You have information
about the dog deaths you do
WHAT!

CLASS IN CHORUS

(by rote)

Tell a teacher, Principal
Fardor, or the police.

BRIGITTE

Teen cult my ass. Look Ginge',
something went for its throat -
it's not cut, it's chewed...

Brigitte looks up in time to see Ginger's eyes roll back in her head. Ginger faints. The class inhales as one.

BRIGITTE

Ginger?

Sykes and the class stampede up. Sykes pushes Brigitte out of the way.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Ginger's no pussy. She doesn't faint. I might faint. Like, if this pooch were only HALF-dead, I could faint.

Brigitte stumbles over the dog carcass. She hugs herself.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brigitte sits in her bloodied uniform, chewing her nails. NURSE FERRY - a Mrs. Doubtfire-type who chirps more than speaks - is examining Ginger.

FERRY

The fainting's worrisome
you don't diet do you dear?

GINGER

No.

FERRY

Hm. Anemia's very common at your age. Eat more red meat, try an iron vitamin supplement. If it happens again, straight to a proper doctor, all righty?

Brigitte looks relieved.

FERRY

Now as for the headache, cramps, lower back pain ...I'm guessing your period is due.

GINGER

I haven't got a, um, period.

FERRY

Never? How old are you?

GINGER

Fifteen. Our mother says we're late bloomers.

FERRY

Well judging by your troubles,
I'd say you can expect to
blossom any time now!

Brigitte pulls a face. Ferry produces numerous samples of
feminine hygiene products and heaps them onto Ginger.

FERRY

Are you familiar with all these?

Ginger shrugs.

FERRY

Now what suits one girl might
not be comfortable for another.
The proper form of protection is
a personal choice, and may have
a lot to do with your menstrual
flow, which naturally changes
during the time you'll have your
little miracle of nature. It
could start thick and syrupy,
move to a straight-forward basic
bright red bleeding and then
perhaps a deep brownish to
blackish slime, signaling the
end of the flow. Twenty-eight
days later or thereabouts,
it'll start all over again and
continue every month until
menopause, in about thirty
years' time.

Nurse Ferry produces a pocket calendar with a tampon or pad
advertisement for every month.

FERRY (CON'T)

Here's a little calendar to keep
track, count from the day it
starts twenty-eight days.
That'll be your next time. You
have any questions, come see me
again.

(to Brigitte)

You too sweetheart, be your turn
shortly, I expect.

Brigitte looks horrified.

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET/TRAVELING - DAY

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Here's a dirty word.
Inevitability. That fate fully
intended us to be typical in any
way, sooner or later, was so
insulting.

Ginger and Brigitte trudge homeward looking completely depressed. Brigitte flips through the feminine hygiene calendar. Ginger watches the pavement beneath her feet.

BRIGITTE

(reading a panty-
liner ad)

"Some days it's all you need."-?
What does that mean?

GINGER

So you pulled a Quincy on that
dog, unh?

BRIGITTE

Hunh?

Ginger grabs the calendar and sticks it in her pocket.

GINGER

Quincy, that guy with the stiffs
on cable. Alls I remember is you
goin', "Teen cult my ass".

BRIGITTE

Oh. Right. Well, I dunno.

Brigitte shrugs. She gives Ginger a funny look.

GINGER

Why are you looking at me like
that? Do I look - different?

BRIGITTE

No.

GINGER

Can you tell I'm going to-?

BRIGITTE

No. ...Really.

Ginger squints at her, unconvinced.

GINGER

Wham. Total adulthood. How can I
have a miracle of nature an' not
be old enough to drive! Hunh?
The fuck.

Ginger kicks a kiddie toy hard into a yard. Brigitte doesn't
have an answer to this.

EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - DAY

Their house looks like a set in a home show. The girls take
it in from the front drive with expressions of complete
weariness. Next door, Norman the terrier barks at them.

GINGER

Hey. If I start simpin' around
tampon dispensers and moanin'
over cramps, or even think about
buying somethin' that says Baby
Powder Fresh? You'll shoot me,
right?

BRIGITTE

Of course.

They exchange grins.

GINGER

Out by sixteen ...

BRIGITTE

...or dead in this scene.

Ginger raises her hand and Brigitte smacks it hard. As they
mount the drive, Ginger picks up a stone and hucks it at
Norman, who's still barking. She misses.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

If we failed to get a life by
Ginger's sixteenth birthday? We
were s'posed to gas ourselves in
the garage. For smart girls, we
could be pretty dumb. We prob'ly
never woulda done it, but we
seemed to need a deadline.

INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Fitzgerald family are having their evening meal. Their
parents, HENRY (see Men's Section, Sears Catalogue) and

PAMELA (see Martha Stewart's Idea of Living), are liberal, middle class folks in their early forties. Ginger looks bored. Brigitte eats like a pig.

HENRY

How was school today?

GINGER

Fine.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

The nicest thing I could say about Henry and Pamela was also the meanest thing I could say.

PAMELA

Didn't you have a presentation? How'd it go?

GINGER

Fine.

Pamela and Henry exchange irritatingly patient smiles.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

They were easily satisfied.

A rogue's gallery on the wall depicts Henry and Pamela's transformation over the years from angry young Ban The Bomb-types into middle-class mundane.

PAMELA

Made an appointment for you girls at my gynecologist. Next Thursday.

Henry studies his plate. Ginger almost imperceptibly shakes her head at Brigitte. Brigitte nods, understanding.

GINGER

Why.

PAMELA

You know why.

GINGER

We're not going to a gynecologist.

PAMELA

What did I say about that tone of voice? ...You are going to the gynecologist.

GINGER

Dad!? She's completely paranoid!

HENRY

I'd rather stay out of this.

GINGER

She's gonna have some fat jerk
get his jollies poking his
fingers up our .../

HENRY

(interrupting)

I'm actually eating here.

PAMELA

Henry, neither one of them has
had a period yet.

HENRY

Ah. Yes. You've said.
Repeatedly.

As Pamela says the next line, Ginger mouths it word for word
to Brigitte.

PAMELA

It's very odd that two perfectly
healthy fifteen year olds are
not menstruating. Right?

Brigitte apes Henry's next line back to Ginger.

HENRY

Mmmm. Steak's really yummy
tonight. This a new sauce?

The sisters giggle. Pamela is losing her cool.

PAMELA

I started at eleven. The problem
must be on your side, Henry.

HENRY

Pamela? This is not my fault. No
one's at fault here.

PAMELA

When did your sister start?

HENRY

I've told you, I really have no idea. Oddly enough, we never discussed it. Why don't you call her and ask her yourself?

PAMELA

I can't call her out of the blue and ask a thing like that. Besides, it's dinner time. They'll be eating.

HENRY

A-ha!

PAMELA

Well I've been checking panties for four years now ...

GINGER & BRIGITTE/HENRY

Mo-othe-er!!! /For chrissakes.

GINGER (CON'T)

You look at our underwear? Fuck!

HENRY

Hey, hey - I don't want to hear that word in my house. You will do as your mother says and I will change the subject. Anybody going to tell me what happened to my fence?

From under the table, Henry produces the bloodied, sawed-off picket stained bloody from Ginger's impaling.

Brigitte holds her full mouth open so Ginger can see its masticated contents. Ginger cracks up laughing. Henry and Pamela sigh.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Norman the terrier barks OFF-SCREEN - constantly.

Brigitte grimaces at the cartoon-style diagrams of How To Insert A Tampon. She carefully unwraps one and sets it in a glass of water. She times its expansion on her watch.

BRIGITTE

Why din't you jus' tell her you're going to get it?

Ginger is dissecting the gift joint from their locker. She sniffs its contents.

GINGER

Can't take her 'attention'. She grosses me out. Can't believe she's our mother.

Brigitte puts a fresh tampon up her nose and lifts a Polaroid camera at arms' length from her face.

BRIGITTE

Yeah, but now we have to see this doctor. You can jus' say you got it, but I'm screwed.

FLASH! The Polaroid spits out the front. Brigitte sticks another tampon in her free nostril, and one in each ear as,

GINGER

Did I get you out of Home Ec?
Did I get you out of ballet classes? So I'll get you out of this, right?

BRIGITTE

You better, gawd the idea ...

FLASH! Brigitte takes a Polaroid of herself with a tampon sticking out of every visible orifice.

Ginger slides the grass into a pre-rolled fresh casing and sticks it in her mouth.

GINGER

I said I will, I will. This jay's fine. Let us smoke, sister.

Ginger cranks the stereo and throws on a coat. She double-takes Brigitte's tampon face.

GINGER

WHAT are you doing?

BRIGITTE

(sticking tampons
under her upper lip)
Look - a walrus.

GINGER

Hardee-har. Har.

Ginger steps up on the bed and swings the ground-level window open.

EXT A NEIGHBOR'S YARD - NIGHT

Norman the terrier's incessant barking goes on in the distance. The moon is full tonight.

A plastic child's playhouse sits in their next door neighbors' back yard. A cloud of blue smoke emanates from its doors and windows. There is an occasional FLASH! from within, and the whir of the Polaroid's motor.

INT. PLAYHOUSE - NIGHT

In the moonlight, the joint's cherry burns hell-fire red. A couple of Polaroid buddy-shots sit at their feet. Brigitte tokes and passes the jay to Ginger.

BRIGITTE

How'll you know when you finally
get it any ways?

GINGER

Prob'ly feel like peein' your
pants.

BRIGITTE

Disgusting.

GINGER

Well I'm not too excited.

BRIGITTE

(checking her watch)
We're missing Unsolved
Mysteries.

GINGER

Wish I was an unsolved mystery.

Brigitte reflects on this heavy thought, nodding - stoned.

GINGER

Hey. You smell somethin' gross?

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD - NIGHT

The girls sniff around the playhouse. Ginger steps on something that makes an evil squeeshy sound. She skids and ends up on her ass.

GINGER

This is so not my day.

Brigitte helps her to her feet. Ginger shakes what she slipped on off her shoe. It's a long, ropy intestine. She drags her shoe to get the blood and goo of it.

GINGER

Nice. Dog shit.

BRIGITTE

(thrilled to
recognize the smell)

That isn't shit... it's death.

A line of blood and gore trails across the grass to a back lane. Brigitte follows it. Ginger looks around for something on the ground.

GINGER

Great. Lost the jay. Great.

EXT. SERVICE LANE - NIGHT

Ginger joins Brigitte, who's squatted before another dog's body. This one's a fresh kill.

BRIGITTE

Ack, it's still warm, gross.

Brigitte takes its picture FLASH! with the Polaroid, which is strung around her neck.

GINGER

Why every dog but the mutt next door to us?

BRIGITTE

Hey, we could take it home. Try like, an autopsy. Like, crack the case!

GINGER

Nah. Let's put 'im in there so he won't traumatize the kiddies.

Ginger indicates a construction dumpster on the end of the lane. Disappointed, Bee rolls down her sleeves to cover her hands. Ginger does the same and they shovel the body onto their arms.

They trot the dog over to the dumpster. Brigitte sulks.

GINGER

What.

BRIGITTE

We never do what I wanna do.

GINGER

Oh, c'mon. Would stink up the whole room!

They hoist the dog up and dump it in the dumpster. It's hind end sticks out. Brigitte climbs into the dumpster, dragging it all the way in.

Dusting herself off, Ginger notices some blood on her thigh.

GINGER

Nice.

Ginger wipes at the blood with her hand. More appears. She lifts up the hem of her skirt. Her face falls. She looks around. She slips her fingers up to her crotch. Her hand comes out bloody.

GINGER

Bee. I JUST got the curse.

Brigitte stops rooting garbage over the dog.

BRIGITTE

Serious?

Ginger wiggles her wet fingers at her.

GINGER

We gotta go home.

BRIGITTE

Eew, 'kay.

Brigitte catches her kilt on a nail sticking out of a plank in the trash.

Something is crunching through the leaves toward them. Ginger peers out into the darkness.

GINGER

Hurry up!

BRIGITTE

I'm stuck!

A few homes down, a garage's motion-sensitive security lamp trips on. Ginger squints, blinded.

GINGER

Bee?!

Brigitte contorts to deal with the nail. Brigitte tears her hem free and jumps down. The light snaps off.

GINGER

(indicating the
opposite direction)

Let's go this way.

Brigitte dips a hand back into the dumpster for the plank with the nail. Off Ginger's look, Brigitte shrugs.

They start walking down the lane. The greenery behind them starts swelling again. The leaves crunch, faster.

Brigitte and Ginger look at one another, and walk faster. The lane empties behind a deserted strip mall.

EXT. STRIP MALL LOT - NIGHT

Whatever is behind them knocks an empty trash can over. Brigitte grabs Ginger's arm, scared.

BRIGITTE

This is stupid. We're getting
farther from home.

Ginger is pissed off now. She turns to confront their stalker.

GINGER

(to the darkness)
All right you ass-/

She's cut cold by a roaring blur of speeding fur and teeth and claws: SOMETHING takes Ginger down hard.

We cannot see it as a whole, we can't make out what it is. It's big, heavy, and raging. Immense jaws snap vicious teeth, going for Ginger's jugular. Brigitte drops her plank.

GINGER & BRIGITTE
BRIGITTE/GINGER!!!

Brigitte grabs and kicks at the creature. Ginger raises her arms and covers her head, screeching and kicking. The thing grabs Ginger by the scruff and shakes the living daylights out of her.

GINGER
BEEEEEE! HELP MEEE! BEEEEEE!!!!

Brigitte snatches up the plank with the nails. Brigitte brings it down hard on the thing, screaming. She smacks it once, twice. The plank pops a shot off the camera: FLASH! A horrible set of jaws and one golden eye are caught for a split second in the light.

The third hit evokes a yelp and the thing backs off, snarling. Brigitte quakes with the board raised, ready. The thing skitters before her as she screams.

Ginger scrambles to her feet and grabs Bee with bloodied hands.

GINGER
Go-go-go-go-go!!!!

Brigitte drops the plank and they run like hell for a main thorough-way ahead. It pursues them.

EXT. THE THOROUGH-WAY - NIGHT

The late-night traffic is light but consistent. The thing is still coming.

At a dead run Brigitte and Ginger sail between moving cars. The thing burns behind them.

The girls are barely missed by an approaching truck. There is a long blast of a horn.

Then a sickening thud. Brakes squealing to a stop as a horrible dragging/scraping fills the night air.

The girls crash to the sidewalk, spilling over top of one another. They glance over their shoulders, even as they disappear into a new residential stretch.

The COUNTY REGREENING PROGRAM truck sits at a right angle in the road, it's front end smashed.

Sam slowly opens the cab door. He staggers to the bloody grill, clearly shaken.

He looks under the truck, and follows a wet trail of gore back behind it to the mangled furry mass about twenty feet back. He takes it in, stunned.

Then Sam vomits.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte scrambles through the window and helps Ginger through after her. They're bloody, sweaty and tearful. They slump shaking, side by side on Ginger's bed, catching their breath.

Brigitte notices the rivulets of blood trickling down Ginger's arms. Ginger's shirt is soaking with growing red stains.

BRIGITTE
Ginger, shit!

Ginger looks at herself. Ginger starts to cry.

GINGER
The fuck was that, Bee?

INT. ATTACHED BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte flings open the vanity and collects various first aid items: gauze, tape, band-aids, iodine. She snags a washcloth and wets it at the tap.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I couldn't remember Ginger
crying, ever.

Brigitte flies out to,

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

where Ginger is painfully peeling off her shirt, shaking and sobbing.

Brigitte offers Ginger the wet cloth, but Ginger's helpless.

BRIGITTE

Ginger, sshhh, don't, 'kay.
Don't cry.

Carefully, Brigitte begins to dab at Ginger's arms with it, wiping off the blood. Ginger flinches.

The damage is gradually revealed: massive claw marks, deep scratches, and puncture wounds - BITE MARKS. Brigitte's eyes fill with tears.

BRIGITTE

Okay, this is really bad. You
need a doctor, Ginge', I can't
stop all the -/

GINGER

No! Not tellin' anybody! Bee?!
Nobody. Get in shit for bein'
out, smokin' up - don't tell.

BRIGITTE

What if you get sick? What if
these bites get infected?

GINGER

Bee!

BRIGITTE

Fine! I won't tell!

Brigitte starts tearing off strips of gauze and taping it on thick. Oblivious, Ginger fumbles for a smoke. She can't get the lighter to work.

GINGER

Wanted to kill me! I could tell.

BRIGITTE

(giving into tears)
I know, I know. I was so scared,
I thought you were -/

GINGER

Me too. Don't say it. I know.

Brigitte lights her smoke for her. Ginger takes a drag and passes it back to Brigitte.

GINGER

Fuck. You okay?

Brigitte resumes her first aid.

BRIGITTE

Yeah, I'm okay.

GINGER

Why!?? Why me?

BRIGITTE

It was crazy, it was like rabid
or somethin' - Shit, look at the
size of these bites!

GINGER

I'm okay, I'm okay, I'm okay.
Right? It's okay.

Brigitte doesn't look convinced. Brigitte snaps the port of
an internal vacuum system open and reaches into the tube.
She withdraws a sample-size of Jack Daniels.

BRIGITTE

Drink this.

Ginger glugs some down, and passes the last mouthful left to
Brigitte. Brigitte waves it away, so Ginger finishes it all.

BRIGITTE

I seen this thing, on bears?
Said bears'd come after like,
chicks on the rag. 'Cause of
the smell.

GINGER

Wasn't my fault!

BRIGITTE

I didn't say that.../

GINGER

Wasn't a fuckin' bear either.
Whatever it was, it wasn't a
bear!

BRIGITTE

I know, I'm not .../

GINGER

Do I stink? Can you smell it?

BRIGITTE

No! Geez, I was jus', whatever.

A heavy silence falls between them. Brigitte keeps working.

GINGER
Doesn't feel anythin' like
peeing your pants, by the way.

BRIGITTE
It doesn't?

GINGER
It's gross though. It's really
gross. I better, ya know, deal
with that...

BRIGITTE
Yeah, sure.

Ginger's only half-bandaged up. She staggers to the bathroom and shuts the door. Brigitte eyes the Polaroid camera: a picture sits ready to be dispensed.

She pulls it free. We do not see the photo. Brigitte's eyes bug out as she examines it.

The toilet flushes in the bathroom and Brigitte pushes the photo under the pillow on her bed. Shaking her head.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
It was blurry. It was really
outta focus, so. Ya couldn't
TELL it was really anything.

Ginger emerges pulling uncomfortably at her crotch. She climbs painfully onto her bed, and collapses.

GINGER
That booze - straight to my
head, man.

BRIGITTE
You really okay?

Ginger's eyes are already fluttering shut.

GINGER
You saved me. Love you. Bee.

Brigitte leans in, listening to Ginger breathe.

BRIGITTE
Me too, Ginge'.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Brigitte sits straight up in bed, sweating, with eyes wide.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I woke up later, I thought the
thing was in our room.

Brigitte peers at Ginger: she's snoring. Brigitte pulls out the Polaroid and fires up her lighter to see by. This time we see it too. A streak of fur, fangs and a golden glinting eye.

BRIGITTE (CON'T-V/O)
Then I remembered Sam the tree
planter killed it with his
truck, an' we were okay.
...But really, Ginger -? Well.
Wasn't.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH GROUNDS - DAY

It's noon hour. The grounds are full of teens.

Brigitte is eating as she ticks off the fourth day in Ginger's feminine hygiene calendar. Brigitte counts 28 days from the first check mark. Her pen hovers over the date: Halloween, and the next full moon. The first day was a full moon. Brigitte slowly circles them both.

Ginger wears long sleeves to hide her bandages, and shades. She's looking BOYS up and down as they pass. Ginger's stomach is growling. An untouched sandwich sits on her lap.

BRIGITTE
Gonna eat that?

Ginger shakes her head as she picks at her bandages. Brigitte helps herself.

BRIGITTE
Mmm! Sad, but Pamela's egg salad
is her best thing. Like that she
can do.
(no response)
Like, when she puts the baby
onions in?
(no response)
And she gobs on it and adds
those hard little pieces of
booger ...

Ginger pulls at her own crotch.

BRIGITTE
Hell-o!?

GINGER
Sorry. Pads suck, so ya know.

BRIGITTE
Should eat *something*.

GINGER
Thanks *Pamela*, I'm aware.

Off Brigitte's insulted look,

GINGER
I dunno, I'm all blaaahh, I got
this, like I can taste what I
want, but nothin's it. Ya know?

Brigitte stops in mid-chew.

BRIGITTE
A craving?

GINGER
Yeah. I crave. Ya know?

Brigitte chews very slowly as she stares at Ginger. Ginger
squints at Jason and his pals across the yard.

GINGER
McCardy's a stoner right?

BRIGITTE
Yeah -?

GINGER
C'mon, I wanna feel better.

BRIGITTE
You joke.

Ginger heads off toward the boys - without waiting. Brigitte
is in mid-mouthful, and has to scramble to catch up.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH GROUNDS/SCHOOL STEPS - DAY

Jason and his pals' butcho conversation sputters as Ginger
strides up like a cat in heat. Brigitte stumbles up behind
her, keeping her distance.

JASON

Uh - hi.

GINGER

Hey. So. Nice day, blah blah
blah. Got any smoke?

JASON

What?

GINGER

Smoke. Grass, weed, dope, green,
bud, Nancy.

JASON

Sh-sure.

GINGER

Wanna share?

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Brigitte hesitates before a rusted-out old boogie van, it's rear door open and waiting. Blue smoke billows out of the interior. Brigitte looks confused.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

I was all like, so who are you,
an' what have you done with my
sister, right?

Brigitte climbs in.

INT. VAN - DAY

Ginger, Jason, Tim, Frank and Jeremy sit toking a gagger. The guys are giddy with lust. Brigitte is huddled in a corner, attempting invisibility.

Jason hands Ginger the joint, making sure their fingers touch.

JASON

Hey. I thought your slide show
in art was cool.

OTHER GUYS

Oh yeah/Unh-huh/Very cool.

GINGER

Yeah?

Jason and Ginger exchange a coy smile that makes Brigitte
toke really hard on her pass.

Brigitte passes the dube to Tim, who winks at her. Brigitte
sneers and looks at her watch. She makes a pained face at
Ginger, but is ignored.

GINGER
This home-grown?

JASON
Yeah. This guy we know? Learned
hydroponics in the pen, man.

BRIGITTE
HydroPONics.

JASON
Yeah, whatever.

Brigitte gapes at Ginger, who does not respond. Brigitte
hides beneath her hair and presses even further into a
corner. She starts quietly ripping up the corner of the old
shag rug.

There is a codified knock on the van door. Brigitte jumps.

JASON
Speak of the devil. Enter!

The back doors open and Sam (the tree planter) stands in
silhouette, backlit by the day. His battered county truck
waits behind him. He has a pit bull with him - MORELY.

BOYS
Sam the Man! Hey Morely!

Sam and Morely hop in and close the doors. Brigitte is frozen
at the sight of Sam up so close.

TIM
Whoa dude. What happened to
your truck?

SAM
Shit. Had an accident on the
403. It was weird it../

Morely stomps into Brigitte's lap, sniffing her crotch.

SAM

(to Brigitte)

Sorry about him, he's an ass
hole. Morely! My girlfriend's,
she won't leave him at home
alone any more. Ya know, dog
killers. Morely, no! Sit!

Brigitte's mouth is hanging open. Morely slobbers all over
her hands.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

I know, I look like an asshole.

Ginger's perma-smug smile fades as she makes eye contact with
Morely. Morely growls at her. Sam is about to resume his
accident story when,

JASON

Watcha got for us?

Sam produces several baggies of grass. Morely's hackles rise.
Brigitte looks from the dog to Ginger. Ginger squirms.

SAM

New harvest, see whatcha think.

(to Morely)

What's your problem? Never seen
a pretty girl before?

Ginger sneers at Morely and Morely bares his teeth.

JASON/TIM/FRANK

(digging out cash)

Thanks, man.

Morely bursts out barking and charges at Ginger.

Mayhem as the guys try to contain the dog in the small space.
Jason uses the opportunity to shield Ginger for a free body
press. Brigitte gets banged and shoved.

Ginger kicks and screams at the dog, her boot connects
squarely with his snout. Morely keels back, and Sam snaps
him up.

SAM

Sorry, he's not really like
this. I'm really sorry.

GINGER

Jus' get'im out!

SAM

I'm really - well, see you guys.

And in another flash of daylight, Sam and Morely are gone. Brigitte looks longingly at the closed door.

The stone has set in, and everyone but Brigitte giggles as they settle. Brigitte takes in the Lesser Mortals like they're lepers.

JASON

You okay?

GINGER

Yeah. Just hate dogs.

They give one another this corny smile. Brigitte bugs her eyes at Ginger. Ginger rises reluctantly.

GINGER

Well. Thanks for the smoke.

JASON

Maybe we could -/

Ginger places a finger to her lips, then makes a finger gun and shoots him.

GINGER

I'll letcha know.

Ginger grins ear-to-ear, elbowing Brigitte. Ginger kicks the van doors open and saunters out. Brigitte follows, trying not to laugh.

INT. SCHOOL CAN - DAY

Brigitte stands stoned out of her bean in the girls' washroom. She imitates Ginger's cavalier farewell from the last scene.

BRIGITTE

I'll letcha, I'll jus' let-choo know. Bud. ...So Ginger. Wanna tell me about you and like, the planet yer currently visiting?

No answer. Brigitte squints at the tampon dispenser next to her. She tries to work it without putting money in. She smacks her dry lips. Brigitte bends over the sink and drinks from the tap.

GINGER (O/S)

Bee-?

Brigitte doesn't hear her over the roar of the tap in her face. It shuts off automatically over her gaping mouth. Brigitte puts her finger up the spout and almost gets it stuck.

GINGER

Bee!

BRIGITTE

(startled)
Yeah!

GINGER

Com'ere-!

Brigitte shuffles to the wrong door, opens it and finds it empty. She giggles and moves to the next one.

BRIGITTE

That smoke fucked me ...up.

Brigitte finds Ginger with her shirt and all the bandages peeled off. She is dabbing at herself with wads of toilet paper.

The scratches and bites are oozing a clear gelatinous goo, under which a fine film of dark hairs have sprouted.

Brigitte steps into the stall agape. The door hits her on the way in.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Ginger and Brigitte stand nose to nose in the stall. Brigitte has not fully closed the door. Ginger is just as stoned as Brigitte.

BRIGITTE

Geez that's not right.

GINGER

I didn't think.

BRIGITTE

What's the sticky stuff?

GINGER

I dunno.

Brigitte carefully rubs a finger over the fuzzy hair in the wounds.

BRIGITTE
Oooh. Tickly.

GINGER
I got it on my tits too, look.

BRIGITTE
Weird. Does it hurt?

GINGER
No, it's itchy. I can't have a hairy chest Bee, that's fucked.

BRIGITTE
Yeah, like forget that tattoo you wanted.

GINGER
This sucks.

BRIGITTE
Quite badly.

The idiocy of the looks of awe on the other's face makes them both crack up.

GINGER
(laughing)
This isn't funny.

BRIGITTE
(laughing hard)
I know, but okay. What I think?
(she counts on her fingers)
Attacked. On a full moon. Now, yer hairy.

GINGER
(snorting)
I'm not Harry, I'm Ginger.

BRIGITTE
(snorting too)
Stop, I'm serious. Think about it.

Ginger stops laughing long enough to let the suggestion settle.

GINGER
That's so stupid!

They both burst into gales again. There is a sound outside the stall, as

INT. BATHROOM PROPER - DAY

The Trinas prance in to powder their noses. *The* Trina grabs the first stall door - Brigitte and Ginger's.

Brigitte and Ginger stand frozen like the proverbial deer in headlights. Trina does not see Ginger's transformation. But Ginger IS just doing her top up.

TRINA
Eeeew!

Trina backs away, her hands to her mouth.

TRINA
Gawd! They're lesbos!

CLONES
Eeeeeeww!!

Brigitte smacks her forehead. Ginger steps out and leers at Trina, licking her lips in a grotesque mock-lust. The Trinas shrink back against the farthest wall.

GINGER
Yeah, who's next? I'm still sticky!

Brigitte's jaw drops. Ginger turns to leave and the Trinas start to relax. Ginger whips around again:

GINGER
(barking like a dog)
Rrr-uf, ruf, rr-uf-rufrrf!

TRINAS
(shriek)

Ginger gives the Trinas a good dead-eyed stare, and walks out. Brigitte stumbles out after her.

INT. BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

Today's assignment is hacking up little pig feti.

BRIGITTE (O/S)
'Course Trina din't waste any
time.

Trina stares Brigitte down as she folds up a note and passes it to a classmate. It is read and passed on by every kid in the room during this scene.

Brigitte holds her scalpel over the over their piggy - hesitating. Ginger's attention is riveted on the little carcass.

BRIGITTE
They're all looking at us.

GINGER
So?

Ginger looks up at Jason, who is reading the note. Jason smiles at Ginger and destroys the note. Trina seethes.

Ginger grabs the knife from Brigitte. She makes a deep incision in the pig's belly.

BRIGITTE
So! You're growing fur an'
acting like a nut, is so!

Ginger spies two girls giggling at her. Using both hands Ginger cracks the carcass wide open like a clam. Ginger digs in, gouging out the pig's parts with her bare hands. Ginger breaks into a sweat, her breathing gets heavy.

Brigitte cautiously looks around at their classmates. She moves to shield Ginger from prying eyes.

BRIGITTE
Um. Ginger-?

GINGER
Hold on, I'm goin' for the
brain.

Ginger has begun scraping away at the pig's cranium with her finger nails. A sickening creak, snap, and the brain is exposed. Ginger - unconsciously - licks her fingers as she admires its frontal lobe.

Brigitte fights a ralph.

BRIGITTE
Can't believe you did that!

GINGER
Hunh? What?

Before Brigitte can answer, Ginger lifts the brain out on her finger tips, gently pushes Brigitte out of her way and...

Whap! The brain lands squarely on Trina's head. Trina screams.

GINGER
Ha-ha! Bull's eye!

BIO TEACHER
Ginger Fitzgerald! Hall, NOW!

GINGER
What, it slipped!

As Ginger stomps out with the teacher. Brigitte and Trina gape at one another.

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

BRIGITTE (V/O)
That week, Ginger was all over the map. She was the goddamn schizo poster girl. She forgot the gyno guy. I couldn't believe she forgot. She promised.

Brigitte is dying a thousand deaths on the examining table with her feet in stirrups. The GYNECOLOGIST is examining her.

A NURSE stands next to him, smiling benignly as she passes him the contraption used to take a pap smear. Brigitte is almost in tears.

CUT TO:

Same moment in the examination procedure, but now Ginger is in the stirrups. And the doctor is shocked at his findings.

GYNO
What the -?

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brigitte gives Ginger a pout as they both shift uncomfortably in their seats.

The doctor is gulping cups of water from the water cooler, his hand shaking. He talks to Pamela like the girls aren't even there.

GYNO

I've never seen anything like it. She's not built like a normal girl. I've sent samples to the lab. But this is very, VERY unusual.

Brigitte pokes Ginger in the ribs. Ginger doesn't like this, and pushes Brigitte so hard she almost falls off her chair.

PAMELA

Girls, please.

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The window is open. Norman the terrier yaps.

Ginger is in a tank shirt which reveals her hair growth is spreading. Brigitte is sitting at the desk with a pile of monster books.

GINGER

What're you, nuts? I got a skin thing, whatever.

BRIGITTE

If you just gotta skin thing why does it get worse everytime yer being a bitch? Why's the gyno say you're a monster *inside*?

GINGER

He din't say that!

BRIGITTE

Just listen to these symptoms!

GINGER

I'm takin' a shower.

Ginger slams the bathroom door shut. Brigitte consults her books, and the feminine hygiene calendar ... 10 days are ticked off. Norman the terrier barks on.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

(reading)

"The key to his survival is a constant diet of fresh warm-blooded victims. His appetite is insatiable, and grows with each kill. But his appetite is also the key to his own demise,

INT. GIRLS' ATTACHED BATH - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Ginger is in the shower. She runs shaking hands over her body. Ginger hears Norman's barking as super-amplified. Its persistence is making her mental.

BRIGITTE (V/O - CON'T)

"...for eventually the blood-lust over-takes human reason, overtakes even the instinct for self-preservation, and he will risk all for the excitement of the euphoric high of his murders."

Ginger shaves the delicate area around her ankles. She cuts herself and freaks. Ginger snaps the Lady Bic in half and throws the pieces hard against the shower wall.

GINGER

Fuck fuck fuck FUCK!

There are two other broken razors in the stall, stuffed with hairs. Blood mixes with the water and swirls around her toes.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The dog is still barking outside. Brigitte closes her book.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

But see all the books and movies an' shit said it had to be a full moon, that it'd be all at once. An' ya know, not one word about chick werewolves on the rag. Typical.

Ginger flings open the door, tears to the window, hauls herself out and is gone. Brigitte is after her in a heart beat.

EXT. YARD NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Ginger is over the fence with ease. Norman barks more, harder.

EXT. FITZGERALD YARD - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Brigitte can't vault the fence. She clambers up a shared tree at the fence line to see.

Ginger tries to grab the dog but he dances around her, barking like crazy. She grabs his snout with her bare hands and he bites her hard.

GINGER
Sonnovabitch!

Now livid, Ginger takes up a dead tree branch.

Up in the tree, Brigitte hides her face in her hands.

Ginger cracks the stick over the dog's head. The yelping stops but Ginger keeps hitting. Blood splatters over her face. And Ginger tastes it.

Ginger drops her stick. She drags the body into the hedge next to the fence.

Brigitte lowers her hands from her eyes. Ginger is directly below her, concealed from the house by the shrubs.

Ginger falls to her knees before the corpse. She lifts a rattling hand to touch him. She lowers her face to the bloody mess. She's sweating, vibrating, physically resisting an irresistible drive. Ginger's tongue slips between her lips. And Ginger licks Morely's body.

BRIGITTE
Oh. No. G-ginger -!

Ginger begins to eat the dead dog. The feed quickly becomes a ravenous frenzy.

Above her, Brigitte leans over the branch she's barely balancing on, hyperventilating.

Vomit sails down from Brigitte's perch.

The porch light comes on behind Ginger.

BRIGITTE

Shit.

Brigitte scrambles down the tree and yanks Ginger off the dog. Ginger's face is smeared in blood. Ginger's stunned, and reels dizzily. They crouch, waiting.

Their NEIGHBOR opens the screen door, shaking a box of dog biscuits.

NEIGHBOR

Nore-maan! Tweak-time! Hunh.

The neighbor steps into the yard. Approaches the hedge. Stops right before them - they can see a pair of slippers twitching in the grass. Then they disappear, the porch light switches off, the screen door shuts.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - LATER SAME NIGHT

Brigitte sits staring into space. Ginger is showering in the attached bath.

GINGER (O/S)

(singing)

Ho-ow much is that daw-gy in the window... Arf-Arf!

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Ever been too sick to be sick?
Like the bottom of your stomach
is wrapped over the top of your
head?

There is a knock at the door. Brigitte checks the dead bolt is on.

BRIGITTE

Yeah?!

PAMELA (O/S)

Who's showering so late?

BRIGITTE

Ginger!

PAMELA(O/S)

Why?

BRIGITTE
She's dirty?!

Brigitte throws up her hands: what an idiotic conversation.

PAMELA (O/S)
Dirty!? How'd she get/

BRIGITTE
I'm tryin' to study, here!

PAMELA (O/S)
Oh, all right then.

Brigitte slumps against the door. The showers stops.

Ginger appears in a towel, pink and clean and freshly furry in places. She's in a really good mood. She takes one look at Brigitte's face of doom and tries to be serious.

GINGER
I couldn't help it. Really.
Guess you were right.

Ginger finds and lights a smoke.

GINGER
You know what's really weird?

BRIGITTE
Weirder than KILLING A DOG AND
EATING IT????!!

GINGER
I liked it. I liked it a lot. I
feel all fuckin' goofy now.
Like, I dunno. Like ...happy?

Brigitte shakes her head over and over.

GINGER
I feel like I just got off the
Planet Smasher ride at WarWorld,
okay? It rules!

Ginger leaps to the stereo and blasts on some tunes. She flails around the room wildly. Ginger grabs Brigitte by the arms and makes her dance too. Ginger spins and spins Brigitte, who fights it but laughs.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
So she'd killed Norman. I never
seen anyone bliss out like that.
I wanted to be so blissed, jus'
once.

There is repeated pounding on their door. Brigitte still
entangled in Ginger, hits the music off.

PAMELA (O/S)
Little late for that, girls.

GINGER/BRIGITTE
(Bite me!)/Sorry!

They stand in each other's arms listening to Pamela mount the stairs OFF SCREEN.

Ginger shoves Brigitte backward onto her bed. Ginger piles
on top of her, playfully pinning her down.

GINGER
I want more.

Brigitte squirms fitfully.

BRIGITTE
No, it's too gross! You'll get
caught.

GINGER
Not if you help. Bee. I'm
starving.

Brigitte looks into her sister's beaming face.

GINGER
Jus' keep watch. Look, I'm gonna
be somethin' totally else. Tell
me you don't so dig it. Tell me
you don't wanna see what
happens.

Brigitte groans.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Straight up? Crazy's contagious.
Trust me.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS & YARDS - VARIOUS NIGHTS

Bailey Downs sleeps soundly as the hunt begins. The moon is a sliver of its former self.

Ginger cocks her head at the sound of a dog barking. She lifts her nose into the wind and sniffs. Ginger is prowls like a wild cat through yards and service lanes, as

A study in much less stealth, Brigitte stumbles, trips and slips after Ginger. Splits her sweats climbing fences. Loses a shoe over garage roofs, gets caught in automated lawn sprinklers, falls into hidden cellar window troughs, as

A series of dogs perk their ears and snarl from their dog houses, chains, and porch perches...

Low whistles and smoochy sounds lure the dogs into bushes, behind cars, around fences. Strings of dogs' chains strain tight, then slacken...

Ginger - wild-eyed, bloody-mouthed, and euphoric - tosses collars at Brigitte. Brigitte misses most of the tosses. She picks up the collars and fingers these souvenirs with disgust.

INSERT:

EXT. A BACK YARD - DAWN

A LITTLE KID decked out for hockey practice waddles into his yard with a full dog food dish. His feet squish along his pet's entrails. He finds his dog's body and drops the dish with a clatter on the cement patio.

KID

M-m-mMOM!?

CUT BACK TO:

Days get ticked off on the feminine hygiene calendar...

BRIGITTE (V/O)

We became the Beast of Bailey
Downs. We got good.

The moon vanishes, then reappears in as a First Quarter, as

Brigitte's getting the hang of things, she practices expert surveillance from car roofs, throws stones to trip motion-sensitive lamps, starts moving like a super spy, taking crime-scene style Polaroids of their victims, as

Ginger's kills get quicker, she gets wilder, more daring, more ruthless, and...

Brigitte gets cooler, confident, collected. She's mapping out attack routes and leading the frothing Ginger to the big scores, like dog kennels...

BRIGITTE (V/O)
The more we did, the crazier she
got...

EXT. BAILEY HIGH SPORTS FIELD - NIGHT

Under a swelling moon Brigitte and Ginger tear around in the dark, screaming and laughing and rough-housing.

JUMP TO:

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte shoves a fist-full of collars under their mattresses.

JUMP BACK TO:

On the field, Ginger climbs up on the goal post and walks carefully across the narrow beam.

JUMP TO:

BRIGITTE (V/O)
The crazier she got, the more
she needed me. I liked that
part.

In their room, Brigitte helps Ginger shave her back. Ginger trims her elongating nails. Brigitte plucks hairs from Ginger's palms. Ginger brushes her teeth and a piece of tooth comes off - she has a little fang.

JUMP TO:

On the field both Brigitte and Ginger hang upside down from the goal post by their knees. Brigitte is wearing a dog collar as a necklace. They are laughing their heads off and trying to pull each other's shirts down to expose each other's breasts.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAWN

Ginger holds her mattress up while Brigitte stuffs handfuls of the collars underneath. They collapse, exhausted. Ginger crawls on her hands and knees to the toilet in the

INT. ATTACHED BATH - DAWN

Ginger drinks out of the toilet like a dog.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - MEANWHILE/DAWN

Ginger burps loudly and crawls back to join her sister, who offers her a cigarette.

BRIGITTE

Pig.

GINGER

You love it.

Brigitte examines the feminine hygiene calendar. In it, a cartoon of a female egg is personified with a heels and sunglasses, strutting across the date.

BRIGITTE

Hey, look yer ovulating.

Ginger rubs her belly.

GINGER

I'm still hungry, Bee.

BRIGITTE

How can you - you've done every dog we can ...

GINGER

It's not enough. I want somethin'... I need more.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH - DAY

All the kids lounging on the grounds double-take the Fitzgerald girls' entrance this morning.

Ginger is babe-alicious in a hot tiny tee, boots, shades and very short shorts. She projects unbearably untouchable. Brigitte flanks her without the wardrobe, but the attitude is there.

Jason gapes as Ginger heads toward him with an unlit smoke between her pointy teeth. She leaves an inch between his chest and her breasts.

GINGER
Got a light, Jace'?

Jason and his pals all fumble for lighters and five little flames appear before her smoke. She lights her smoke on Jason's, and exhaling looks him up and down. The boys flames go out, all at once.

GINGER
My sister would like one also.

Obediently, they all light up for Brigitte. Brigitte falters before the attention. At Ginger's nod, Brigitte lights up too.

TRINA (O/S)
Slut.

Ginger turns to see Trina and the Clones sizing her up.

GINGER
Excuse me?

Ginger seems to tower over the Trinas today. Trina can't match the menace. Ginger exhales smoke in Trina's face and climbs the steps into the school.

Brigitte double-takes Ginger's back. Ginger's spine is protruding sharply through her shirt. Trina leers at Brigitte.

TRINA
Better watch your back,
Fitzenstein.

Brigitte snorts and follows Ginger in.

BRIGITTE
(under her breath)
Like I'm scared.

INT ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Ginger chews her nails like a dog does when cleaning them. Brigitte and the rest of the class watch an RCMP OFFICER holding a reward poster at the front of the room.

OFFICER

We need your cooperation. If you know anything about the so-called Beast of Bailey Downs, call in. You can be anonymous.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Ha! As if they weren't already.

OFFICER (CON'T)

But your pets aren't safe until the perpetrator is caught.

Ginger sighs loudly and Brigitte prods her.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH SPORTING FIELD - DAY

The girls' gym class is prepping for lacrosse again. The Trinas square off across the half-way mark from Ginger. Mz. Sykes blows her whistle. The scrimmage begins.

Trina whips the Indian rubber ball right into Ginger's face. Ginger drops her stick and launches herself at Trina.

Play stops with the whistle, but Ginger and Trina are just going at it. Ginger's winning. Trina bites Ginger's sore arm and Ginger rakes her nails over Trina's neck. Ginger draws blood.

Mz. Sykes breaks it up by dragging Ginger off Trina. Sykes tends to Trina, who bawls.

Ginger wipes her bloody hand over her mouth.

BRIGITTE

Ginger!

Ginger's rolling the taste of Trina's blood around in her mouth.

GINGER

Mmmm.

BRIGITTE

You can't do that, That's *human* blood! ...Feel anything?

Brigitte and Ginger stare at one another. Ginger first shakes her head, but then nods. Ginger looks around and whispers

GINGER
It's sick but - I'm all like
horny.

Brigitte makes a sour face.

SYKES
Fitzgerald, bench!

GINGER
What, she started it!

Brigitte watches Ginger march to the sidelines, throwing off
her gear as she goes.

SYKES
Pick that stuff up!

Ginger gives Sykes the finger without looking back. Brigitte
groans.

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - DAY

Brigitte waits outside a door marked GUIDANCE.

Trina struggles by with the help of her clones. Trina sports
a big ugly bandage on her neck, knees and an arm in a sling.
She shoots Brigitte a Death Stare.

TRINA
Yer bitch sister's dead, freak.

BRIGITTE
(under her breath)
Fuck off.

Jason lopez up. He indicates the guidance office door.

JASON
Ginger in there again?

Brigitte ignores him.

JASON
Cool. Um. Look, Belinda...

BRIGITTE
Brigitte.

JASON
Right, right. I'd really like to
take yer sister out. Think you
could ask her for me?

Brigitte's face clouds.

JASON

Hey. I could fix you up too. I guess.

Brigitte seethes.

JASON

Fuck. Never mind, I'll ask her myself.

(under his breath)

Freak.

Jason takes a post on the opposite Brigitte to wait. Brigitte glares at him.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

The grossly over-weight guidance councilor, MR. WAYNE, is perched on the edge of his fake wood desk, holding their death slides (from the credit sequence) up to the fluorescent light. His arm pits are stained with sweat.

Ginger slumps in a chair before him. There is a fish bowl full of condoms on his desk. Ginger picks one out, unwrapping it, examining it as he talks.

MR. WAYNE

Look, you keep getting sent here. We might as well be friendly.

GINGER

I don't do friendly, Mr. Wayne.

MR. WAYNE

Hey. I know where you're coming from. I was a kid once too.

GINGER

Really? So was I. Weird.

Ginger fakes an eye-lash batting smile. She winds the condom over her erect fingers.

MR. WAYNE

Okay, you aren't a kid. You're a young adult. With some issues. Let's explore them.

Ginger rubs the condom's lubricant between her two free fingers, intrigued by the texture.

MR. WAYNE

Hey. I'm reaching out here.
Your plays for attention are a
cry for help, aren't they?

GINGER

Uh, no.

MR. WAYNE

Is it a problem at home? With
your parents?

GINGER

They think I'm cute.

Mr. Wayne sighs.

MR. WAYNE

Maybe I ought to split you and
your sister up.

GINGER

Aw, c'mon Mr. Wa-ayne. Divide
an' conquer? That's so old.

MR. WAYNE

Hey. You're antisocial,
antagonistic, and now violent.
The point of high school is you
learn to develop a place for
yourselves in society.../

GINGER

'Long as you like it.

MR. WAYNE

As long as you're at this school
young lady, I better like it.

Ginger gives him a cold, dead stare.

MR. WAYNE

Consider this your final
warning. I see you outta line
again, and we're talking
expulsion. And don't look at me
like that, missy.

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - DAY

Ginger slams the Guidance office door on her way out.

GINGER
Fuckin' guidance my ass.

She pounds her fist into a locker and makes a dent. Brigitte cringes. Ginger admires the damage.

JASON
Holy...

Ginger notices Jason and visibly brightens.

GINGER
Hey.

JASON
Hey. Whatcha doin' now?

GINGER
Nothin' special.

JASON
Wanna go for a ride?

GINGER
Sure. C'mon Bee.

Jason and Brigitte's faces darken simultaneously.

BRIGITTE
Ginger, we should get home.

GINGER
No we shouldn't.

Brigitte drags Ginger aside. Ginger notes Brigitte's hand squeezing her arm with a dangerous look.

BRIGITTE
Twenty minutes ago you coulda
killed somebody. Is this really
a good time to start dating? I
don't think so.

Ginger shakes Brigitte's hand off.

GINGER
Well, I do.

BRIGITTE

Why?

GINGER

Why?! Look, grow up a little an'
maybe you'll get it ...

BRIGITTE

What.

GINGER

Forget it, I'm goin'. I'll draw
ya a picture later, 'kay?

Ginger takes Jason's hand and pulls him off to the exit.
Jason gives Brigitte SUCH a smug look over his shoulder.

Brigitte stands alone in the hall, gaping after them.

EXT BAILEY HIGH - LATE DAY

BRIGITTE (V/O)

When Henry renovated the
basement, to build our room? I
was like ten an' in the way an'
shit. Well, he rammed me with
this beam, right in my stomach.
Accidentally.

Brigitte wanders over the emptying school lot. She looks
small and alone. She looks disoriented.

BRIGITTE (CON'T-V/O)

But all the air came outta my
lungs at once an' I kept tryin'
to breathe but I couldn't. I
forgot all about that. Till like
right now.

Brigitte consults the hygiene calendar. Ginger's ending the
third week of checked-off days. A special note on today's
date asks DO YOU HAVE PMS?

EXT. HILL CREST - DUSK

Jason's van is parked on a rise that offers an impressive
overview of Bailey Downs. Crickets sing. The moon is rising.

INT. THE VAN - DUSK

Ginger and Jason sit in the front seat of his van. They're making out. Ginger is enjoying herself. Ginger bites his lip. Ginger draws blood.

JASON

Ouch! Whoa. Can't believe you
never had a boyfriend...

Ginger licks his blood from her own lips and freezes dead cold. Jason dives back at her for more. Ginger looks both aroused and unnerved by her arousal. Ginger's stomach growls. Ginger pushes Jason off of her.

GINGER

I have to go. It's getting late.

JASON

It's only six o'clock.

Jason presses himself on her again. Ginger shoves him off, hard.

GINGER

I-have-to-go.

JASON

Oh. Now you get all moody on me?

GINGER

Hey. You got no idea.

EXT. HILLCREST - DUSK

Ginger slams the van door and rushes away from the van.

JASON (O/S)

Chicks, yer all the same!

Ginger stops in her tracks. She shakes her head and continues away.

JASON (O/S)

Cock tease!

EXT. BAILEY STREET - DUSK

Brigitte shuffles along the curb, the picture of dejection. She slows to watch Sam loading some enormous tree branches into the back of his truck, packing up for the night: he has

been cutting back an enormous tree in someone's front yard. When Sam glances her way, Brigitte picks up her pace without looking back.

EXT. PARK AREA - NIGHT

Trina wears a radio headset that pounds post-disco dance mix as she jogs. Morely dashes in and out of the surrounding greenery. He dashes in once more, and does not reappear.

Trina looks back expectantly. She runs in place, waiting for him. She heads back, looking for him.

Ginger pops out of the brush before Trina. Ginger's face smeared with blood from Morely. Ginger grins insanely. Ginger wiggles Morely's collar. Trina clicks off her head set.

GINGER

Hi!

INT FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Brigitte descends the stairs to her room. Music blasts from the basement.

PAMELA (O/S)

Brigitte? Tell your sister to
turn that stereo down!

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte lets herself in. The music is now deafening. Trina is bound in a chair at the end of her bed, screaming her head off. Her screams are buried by the music. Brigitte slams and locks the door behind her.

GINGER

(yelling over noise)
Stop screaming or I'll rip your
permed head right off your neck.
An' ya know what? I can do
that. Now open wide

Ginger force-feeds Trina something on a spoon. Trina screams with her mouth full, trying to spit it back out. Ginger offers Trina a glass of milk.

GINGER

Chaser? No?

Blood trickles out of the corners of Trina's mouth as she chews while bawling. Ginger sets the glass of milk on the desk.

BRIGITTE

Ginger WHAT are you doing-!

Ginger grins and shows Bee a bowl of crushed glass and tacks.

GINGER

Jus' like you said, Bee!
S'perfect!

Brigitte grabs the bowl away: glass shards and tacks rain around them.

BRIGITTE

Are you crazy?!

GINGER

Hey! I'm doin' this for you!

As the sisters argue, Trina rocks the chair back and forth, trying to free herself.

BRIGITTE

Oh no, no way...No!

GINGER

Yer still burnt over Jason!

BRIGITTE

No, Ginger, I'm burnt 'cause you
don't see like jail in yer
future! You don't get how hugely
fucked this is! DO you?

Trina lurches back hard and rocks forward. Trina struggles to get her toes to meet the floor. She lurches back for more momentum.

GINGER

You sayin' I'm stupid?!

BRIGITTE

I'm sayin' she? Will tell on
you! This is someone who will
tell!

Trina throws herself forward again and her toes connect firmly with the floor - just as her temple connects with a sickening CRACK on the sharp corner of the desk. The milk glass dumps on top of her.

Brigitte and Ginger look at her. Trina hangs there in the chair at this strange angle for a moment, dripping milk. Then Trina and the chair keel to the floor. Trina is still.

Brigitte turns the music off and creeps up to Trina. Blood trickles out of Trina's ear and swirls into the milky glass mess at her mouth. Her open eyes stare at nothing. She's dead.

GINGER

Ha-ha.

Ginger grabs her own right arm (most damaged by the original attack) and shudders with pain.

GINGER

Ow. Ow. Owchee-wow-ow.

Brigitte takes Trina in from head to toe. Brigitte checks Trina for a pulse. Brigitte snaps her hand back as though it were burned. A tremor wracks Brigitte's body and she convulses. Brigitte runs to the bathroom. OFF SCREEN, Brigitte throws up.

Meanwhile Ginger raises her afflicted hand. The hand is now something clearly on the way to being a wolfeen paw. The nails are black, curling claws.

Oblivious, Brigitte climbs back into bed and covers her face with a pillow.

BRIGITTE

My life is basically over.

GINGER

Bee...BEE!

Awestruck, they both watch as Ginger extends and retracts her new set of claws.

There is a knock at the door. The girls look at one another in mute horror. Ginger addresses the door.

GINGER

What!

PAMELA (O/S)

Are you two fighting?!

GINGER

- No!

PAMELA (O/S)
Come on then. Dinner's ready.

Brigitte and Ginger hop up and down in a brief freak fit.

GINGER (O/S)
Coming!

INT FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ginger has her new paw curled up in an over-sized sweat jacket sleeve. Brigitte stares at the stew before them with grave distaste. Pamela has a number of used tissues around her - she's been crying.

HENRY
The gynecologist called.

Pamela grasps Ginger's gnarly arm and squeezes it through her sleeve. Brigitte and Ginger look at Pamela's hand.

PAMELA
There's something wrong, Ginger.
He wants to do an ultra-sound!

HENRY
Pamela, don't scare her. How
could the cells not be human
cells? We'll send you to
somebody else.

PAMELA
I'm sure your father's right.
I'm just upset... How are you
feeling, do you feel all right?

GINGER
Um. Sure. Fine.

PAMELA
(lowering her voice)
No unusual discharge or anything
like that?

Henry, Brigitte and Ginger groan.

PAMELA
I worry, all right? I've made
another appointment with a new
doctor. Early next month was the
earliest he could see you. Okay?

GINGER

Okay.

They all begin eating in silence. Except Brigitte who gags as Henry squirts ketchup all over his stew.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD - NIGHT

Trina's body is wrapped in a bedspread and stuffed in a kid's wagon. Brigitte is keeping a look out looking pale and sickened.

Grass and dirt spray out of the playhouse. Ginger is digging up the ground inside doggie style. She emerges, shaking the turf out of her new paw.

They struggle to get Trina inside, but she's already too stiff to bend up.

GINGER

Told you.

BRIGITTE

Rigor mortis. Knew we shoulda skipped dinner.

GINGER

Can we do it my way now?

Brigitte hesitates, her anxieties rising.

BRIGITTE

So is this it? You doin' people now?

GINGER

She won't fit unless I ...

BRIGITTE

You know what I mean. Just say.

GINGER

I din't kill her!

BRIGITTE

But were you gonna?

There is a long pause. Ginger tries to laugh it off with,

GINGER

No. I'm not doing people. No.

Brigitte takes a deep breath, nodding. She acts belief.

BRIGITTE

'Kay. ...Hurry up.

Ginger drags a section of the body into the playhouse with her. Disgusting gnashing and tearing, bones snapping and other sounds of devouring are heard from within.

Brigitte keeps watch. Tears appear in her eyes.

The body is dragged another foot into the playhouse. Ginger is eating Trina to make her fit in the grave.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Trina was dead. Trina was dinner. This was BAD. An' I kept wonderin' what Sam was doin' right then. I couldn't help it, he jus' kept poppin' into my head, like.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT A FAMILY-SIZE FREEZER - DAWN

Brigitte lifts the lid of a large freezer. OUR POV IS FROM INSIDE THE FREEZER. Its light illuminates the brown paper parcels Ginger sets inside, next to the frozen waffles and veggies. The parcels are labeled T-bone, T-thigh, T-breast.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

What Ginger couldn't finish we froze, 'cause the less we left for whoever would find Trina, the better. Watch a lot of crime TV, so.

Brigitte's sizing Ginger up behind her back.

Ginger finishes loading the freezer. Brigitte drops the lid.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The room is dark. Ginger is asleep.

Brigitte is in bed with her back turned to Ginger's bed. Brigitte has a penlight on a collection of open monster books. She is examining a sketch of a plant with yellow flowers.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

(reading)

"The Beast was usually finally eliminated with a bullet, the cost of breaking the curse the human life that bore it." Oh man. "However many believed wolfs bane (see Diagram, right) had the power not only to protect the innocent, but calmed those afflicted to a restored sense of reason and self-control."

GINGER (O/S)

Whatcha doin'?

Brigitte nearly jumps into orbit, slamming her book shut as Ginger appears over her shoulder.

GINGER

Hm. Big Book of Monsters, hunh. Thought they were useless.

BRIGITTE

They are. Couldn't sleep. So.

Brigitte gives Ginger a nervous smile. Ginger smiles back. Her fangs show.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Their alarm clock goes off reading 8:00 AM. Ginger's paw comes down hard on it, cracking the plastic casing.

Brigitte is already up. She sweeps up the glass mess from the night before.

Ginger rolls out of bed, steps over Brigitte and stumbles to the bathroom. Ginger steps on tacks and doesn't even react.

GINGER

Man, I'm not getting enough sleep.

Ginger closes the bathroom door.

Brigitte leaps to the door, looping one end of a noosed extension cord around the handle. The other end is tied to the door handle of the bedroom door. Brigitte checks to ensure the latter is bolted shut.

OFF-SCREEN, the toilet flushes. OFF-SCREEN, Ginger tries to open the door. She can't.

GINGER(O/S)
The fuck -? Bee!

Brigitte watches the vibrating length of cord hold the door firmly in place. Ginger bangs hard on the door.

GINGER
BEE!?

BRIGITTE
Ginger, don't be pissed...

GINGER
Open the fuckin' door you feeb.

BRIGITTE
No!

Ginger pounds on the door with great violence.

BRIGITTE
Want Pamela do h e?

The pounding stops.

BRIGITTE
We have to stop it Ginge'. If we can. I'll be back before dark.

Brigitte tears the page with the plant out of her book and leaves by the window.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Told Pammy Ginger wasn't feeling well. Just to get her checkin' regular on her, keep the pressure on Ginger to be cool.

EXT COUNTY GREENHOUSES - DAY

Brigitte steps off a county bus at the drive.

There's a police car parked next to the Sam's truck. She looks back to the bus, but the doors swing shut and it pulls away.

Brigitte smoothes her hair, takes a deep breath, and over-acts innocent as she walks up.

INT COUNTY GREENHOUSE - DAY

Brigitte can hear male voices as she minces down the leafy aisles.

COP (O/S)

It's in your best interests to
be cooperative.

SAM (O/S)

My lawyer's co-operative, I just
know my rights. I don't know
where she is, I'm very
concerned. That's it, unless you
got a warrant.

She ends up backing into a COP behind some palms.

BRIGITTE

Shhh-it! I mean, sorry.

SAM

(to cop)

You can see I got customers, so
if that's all.

COP

Okay. Sure. For now.

The cop gives Sam a final Dirty Harry squint and leaves.

Sam collects himself with difficulty. So does Brigitte.

SAM

If you skipped school lookin' to
score, I don't keep nothin' here
at work, sweetheart.

BRIGITTE

I din't. I mean I skipped, but-/

SAM

Hey. From McCardy's van, right?
You know my girlfriend? Trina
Sinclair?

BRIGITTE

Kinda.

SAM

You seen her today?

BRIGITTE

Not today...

SAM

Fuck. She's missing.

BRIGITTE

Oh. S-sorry.

SAM

Yeah, well. Cops think I know
where she is. I don't.

Sam looks Brigitte right in the eye. Brigitte is caught up in
him for a second.

SAM

Sorry, what do you care right?
What do you need.

BRIGITTE

Um. Lookin' for this.

She holds out the torn page. Sam takes it.

SAM

Aconitum lycoctonum? Sorry.

Brigitte yanks her own hair hard. Sam smiles.

SAM

Tryin' to kill somebody?
(off her look)
Well, you know it's poisonous,
right? Wolfs bane? Deadly. Be
like stocking hemlock an' shit.

BRIGITTE

No, I thought it did something
else. Doesn't matter.

SAM

Anyways they're perennials -
only flowers in spring.

Brigitte turns to leave, hot with frustration, humiliation.
Sam watches her stamp toward the door.

SAM

Hey. Ranunculaceae come in about
a hundred species. I've gotta
cousin, monkshood. Not so toxic.
If you're interested.

Brigitte stops and considers him.

SAM

Don't know if it'd help.

INT GREENHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They sit together amidst beautiful plants and flowers. Sam picks a tiny purple flower from a bed of young plants and hands it to Brigitte.

SAM

S'called monkshood 'cause people used to think it kept 'em pure from dirty thoughts. Seriously.

BRIGITTE

(earnestly)

Make my life easier.

Sam laughs. Surprised by this, Brigitte smiles and hides under her hair.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

This is awful but the whole time I was with him there? I din't even think how I'd just put pieces of his girlfriend in the deep freeze, like, at all.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - DAY

Ginger pulls with all her might to get the door open a few inches. The door knobs on both doors are straining. Something starts to crack.

With ferocious effort, Ginger contorts herself through two inches of space. The cracking is coming from Ginger as she squeezes her body bizarre-ly out of joint, as a contortionist might.

Once through, she snaps and clicks her distended bones back in place. She gasps for breath. Her face is distorted with murderous fury.

There is a knock on the bedroom door.

PAMELA (O/S)

Ginger, feeling any better?

Ginger climbs noiselessly out of the window.

PAMELA (O/S)

Ginger? You sleeping?...God, I hate this lock, I know it's privacy but what if you were in trouble in there for god's sake?

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALL - DAY

Brigitte stands at her open locker, tying a rubber band around stalks of the monkshood. There is a goofy half-smile on her face, and she's humming.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

The book said dry it out before using it. I figured I'd keep Ginger locked up - feeding her Trina - till it was ready.

She hangs the monkshood upside down in the locker. The buzzer goes as she slams the door shut.

EXT. SERVICE LANE - DAY

Ginger stalks past the neighbor's yard with the playhouse where Trina is buried.

EXT. PLAYHOUSE YARD - DAY

A new puppy romps. He sniffs around the edge of the playhouse. He smells something. He starts to whine and dig.

INT. BAILEY HIGH - DAY

Ginger stomps the deserted halls, with their class schedule in hand. Classes are in session. A fat silhouette appears at the end of the corridor.

WAYNE

Fitzgerald. Tardy! My office NOW!

Ginger faces him with a dreadful expression.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Brigitte slumps in her seat doodling. The RCMP officer is back, speaking to the class. The poster this time has a class photo of Trina.

OFFICER

If any of you have seen Trina
please let us know. She went
for a run this morning and has
not returned or contacted her
family or friends....

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Ginger stands imposingly over Mr. Wayne in his chair.

WAYNE

Sit down, Ginger.

GINGER

I can't stay.

WAYNE

I said, sit.

GINGER

An' I said .../

WAYNE

(cutting her off)
You are expelled. This is not
your personal playground, this
is a school.

GINGER

Oh dear.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER/DAY

Ginger's good hand lifts the telephone receiver on Mr. Wayne's desk. With her wolfeen paw she dials. In the background we see blood splattered over the walls.

GINGER (O/S)
(imitating Pamela)
Hello, main office? This is Mrs.
Fitzgerald. Would you page my
daughter Brigitte please? I'm
waiting to meet her in the
guidance office. Thank you so
much.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Brigitte catches herself writing Sam's name on her binder.
She scribbles it out, looking very guilty.

PA SYSTEM (O/S)
Would Brigitte Fitzgerald please
report to guidance. Brigitte
Fitzgerald.

Brigitte freezes. The cop, the teacher, the whole class look
at her. Brigitte scoops up her stuff.

EXT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Brigitte reaches the door and finds it locked. The door opens
a crack and Ginger's transformed arm grabs Brigitte, hauling
her inside. The door slams shut and locks.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

GINGER
Don't ever fuck with me like
that again.

BRIGITTE
You ...got out.

Brigitte gapes at all the blood. Ginger is very agitated.

GINGER
He asked for it. Was gonna expel
me. So.

Backing away, Brigitte trips over Mr. Wayne's foot sticking
out from under the desk.

GINGER
What do we do, Bee? What do we
do?

Brigitte sinks into a chair looking completely traumatized. Ginger hops about - charged by the kill.

GINGER
C'mon we need a fuckin' plan
here!

The school bell goes off. Brigitte snaps out of her daze, reaches up and hits the light switch off. They now sit in virtual darkness.

BRIGITTE
Last bell. Wait till everyone
goes. We'll stuff him someplace.
Clean this up. I guess.

The sound of the full halls around them seems very loud now.

GINGER
Bee, gotta a smoke?

Brigitte hands her a smoke.

GINGER
Sorry about this.

BRIGITTE
Whatever.

GINGER
Don't be mad, 'kay?

BRIGITTE
I'm not mad.

INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS - LATER

The school is deserted. The lock pops on the Guidance door and Brigitte and Ginger peer out. Nobody.

BRIGITTE
Stay here. Lock the door. I'll
knock once.

Ginger nods. Brigitte slips out and creeps down the corridor. Ginger shuts the door. Then Ginger whips it open again.

BRIGITTE
Shut the door, Ginger!

GINGER
Bee?

BRIGITTE
What!

GINGER
Thanks.

Brigitte blinks at her, then continues to skulk away. The office door shuts and the lock locking reverbs after her.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - LATE DAY

Brigitte walks fast, looking for a place for the body.

She looks inside full garbage cans and sizes them up. Too small.

She looks up at a loose ceiling panel. She jumps a few times trying to reach it. Too high. She gets an idea.

Brigitte jogs past the sign directing us to gym.

INT. GUIDANCE HALL - MEANWHILE

A JANITOR pushes his cart toward the guidance office. He stops at another door, produces keys, and lets himself in.

He returns with a trash can and empties into his bin. He replaces the can, closes the door and locks it.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Ginger, gnaws on Mr. Wayne's arm but really isn't enjoying it. She stops in mid-chew and listens. The janitor's footsteps approach: his cart wheels squeak.

INT. GUIDANCE HALL - DAY

The janitor wheels up to the guidance office. He slides his key in the lock.

INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE - DAY

Ginger grips the door knob as best she can with her one good hand, her feet braced against the wall on either side.

On the other side, the janitor tugs, and tugs again.
Ginger's getting madder the more he persists.

The janitor gives the door one last wrench and it flies open.

INT. GUIDANCE HALL - DAY

Brigitte wheels a large cloth cart full of basket balls
around a corner.

The janitor crawls toward her, his hands lifted to her for
help, blood spurting from his slashed throat. He tries to
cry out, but only makes a gurgling whistle, the air in his
pipes passing through blood.

Ginger walks behind him as he crawls. Ginger applies her boot
to his ass and makes him slip face first in his own gore.
Ginger giggles.

Ginger looks up and sees Brigitte gaping in utter revulsion
at her. For a split second, Ginger stops cold. Ginger seems
to falter before her sister's horror.

Then, without breaking their locked gaze, without even
seeming conscious she's doing it - Ginger stops on the man's
fingers and breaks them with a series of snaps.

Brigitte tries to pry her eyes away, but can't.

Still staring at Brigitte, Ginger extends her claws. Ginger
shakes her head, as if to say *I can't help it...* Ginger
pounces on the man. Brigitte turns her face to the wall.

The janitor makes a final horrible noise. The halls fall
silent.

MONTAGE: INT. SCHOOL - LATE DAY TO NIGHT

as Brigitte stuffs Mr. Wayne into the gym basket and covers
him with balls,

Ginger runs madly up and down the halls screeching and
whooping, slamming her monster arm into the lockers bashing
them in.

as Brigitte pushes the janitor's body into a ground level air
vent

Ginger breaks the fire extinguisher out of it's case and
unleashes foam into the halls.

Brigitte mops up the janitor's blood with his own cart stuff. The Guidance office is already clean.

Ginger lifts the fire extinguisher over her head. She starts running with it toward through the frosted glass window of the main office with a triumphant war whoop.

Brigitte steps between Ginger and her target.

GINGER

Move!

BRIGITTE

STOP IT! Just stop. Enough,
Ginger. Please. Please.

Ginger throws the canister any way, forcing Brigitte to dive out of the way. SMASH! Glass rains down over Brigitte.

Brigitte lifts her head in time to see Ginger burn down the hall looking for more mischief.

Brigitte curls into a fetal position, burying her face in her lap and rocks herself. Brigitte sobs.

OFF-SCREEN we hear Ginger continuing her rampage else where in the school. Brigitte wanders up to the janitor's cart, looking like a plane crash survivor - dazed and wretched.

Brigitte picks up a bottle of cleaning fluid. She sniffs it. She closes her eyes and tips it back. She washes it around in her mouth and lifts her chin to swallow. She spews it into the air, the taste making her heave instinctively. She dry heaves a couple of times. She throws the bottle at the wall.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Exhausted, Brigitte trails Ginger who is tired too, and heading for the exit. They stop dead at the doors.

EXT. SCHOOL STEPS - NIGHT

A truck's headlights pin them in full view. Ginger rolls her sleeve down over her paw. Brigitte swoons as if she might black out on the spot.

The truck's engine cuts and the doors slowly open.

JASON

Well, well well.

Jason and his pals climb out of the van. They hold beer bottles: they have come here to drink.

JASON
The fair sisters Fitzgerald.

GINGER
Hey. How's it goin'?

JASON
You tell me.

Tim cracks the door and takes a look inside.

TIM
Holy shit - they trashed the place!

The guys gawk: they are very impressed.

BOYS
Who--ooooaa. Fuck, unbelievable!

JASON
Ginger, I had no idea.

GINGER
What can I say. I had an urge.

JASON
Cool. But. This is ya know, uh, a bit of a problem. What's gonna happen when they start lookin' for the ah, people responsible?

Brigitte glares at Ginger.

GINGER
You won't tell.

JASON
Oh I might.

GINGER
No you won't.

BRIGITTE
Ginger -?

GINGER
Shut up. Shut up.
(to Jason)
How 'bout a deal.

JASON
Have to be sweet.

GINGER
You keep our lil' secret and I
do you. All a' you.

Brigitte slumps against the wall.

JASON
What!?

TIM
Bull shit.

JASON
Serious?

Jason gets the eager nod from his gang.

JASON
Okay, let's go.

GINGER
Not now - I'm a mess. We're
(making this up as
she goes)
having a Halloween party at our
place, Friday night. We'll do it
then.

JASON
Yeah, right Saturday. You'll
ditch.

GINGER
I won't ditch. But you guys say
a word about this to any one, -
and there's no action. So it's
up to you. You stay quiet, you
score. You don't - phhtt - nice
knowin' ya.

JASON
Deal.

He extends his hand to shake on it. Ginger shakes it
awkwardly with her good hand. Brigitte thumps her head
against the wall.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ginger leans on the bathroom door, which is shut.

GINGER
C'mon Bee....

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte is sitting on the closed seat of the toilet trying to pull her hair out.

BRIGITTE
Shut up, leave me alone!

GINGER (O/S)
It's not that big a deal.

BRIGITTE (O/S)
How can you say that! Two people
are dead because of you. Us.

GINGER
They pissed me off.

Brigitte opens the bathroom door.

BRIGITTE
Oh. Then they we asking for it?
What about Jason an' them? Gonna
kill 'em all when yer done,
Ginger? 'Cause you have to take
yer clothes OFF for that shit,
they wanna SEE yer BODY for that
shit, you gonna let like five
guys live to tell how they
fucked the Beast a' Bailey
Downs? That could annoy you too!

Ginger prods a claw into Brigitte's chest, pinning her in place.

GINGER
Think yer sooo smart? I think
yer sooo jealous.

BRIGITTE
Yeah, I'm jealous yer turning
into a nympho. I'm so jealous
yer killing people who did never
did nothing to you. Yeah Ginger.
Sure.

GINGER
Oh, wow.

Brigitte takes a deep breath, swallows hard.

BRIGITTE

I don't wanna do this any more.

Ginger's claw pricks Brigitte's skin. Brigitte cringes.
Blood appears around the claw.

GINGER

What.

BRIGITTE

I'm sorry, but.../

Brigitte writhes in pain as Ginger's claw slices in deeper.

BRIGITTE

Ginger?! This is *me*.

Ginger retracts the claw, and Brigitte grabs the wound.

GINGER

....So?

Ginger hurls Brigitte against the wall. Ginger throws herself
on top of Brigitte. Ginger raises her killing claw to
Brigitte's neck.

GINGER

Who needs you?

Brigitte is helpless and looks terrified. Ginger's face is
contorted with intensity, with madness. Ginger's drooling. A
drip of gob drops onto Brigitte's face.

BRIGITTE

(very small,
plaintive)

Ginger...

Ginger lifts Brigitte by the shirt-front and searches her
eyes. Ginger drops Brigitte to the floor and grabs her coat.
Brigitte grabs Ginger's leg.

BRIGITTE

Don't, please!

Brigitte struggles to hang on, to rise from the floor;
Ginger's really hurt her.

BRIGITTE

Maybe we can stop it! Lemme try!

Ginger kicks free.

GINGER

An' spoil my fun? I'll skin you
alive first.

Brigitte struggles to a point between Ginger and the window.

BRIGITTE

You're fucked without me.
They'll catch you. Wake up!

GINGER

No, you wake up! Nobody'll live
to catch me. Yer a two-faced
lil' chicken shit? Your problem,
Brigitte. I don't need ya. I
don't WANTCHA! So stay away from
me or I'll kill you I swear I'll
have you for breakfast.

Brigitte backs out of Ginger's way.

Ginger steps up to the window and climbs through.

Brigitte rubs her throat, trying hard to keep breathing.

Brigitte dashes to her own bed and drags an Adidas gym bag
from under it. Brigitte starts grabbing clothes off the
floor and jamming them into the bag.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

I was like, okay. Fuck you too.
She'd be sorry. And I'd be like,
I dunno - somewheres' totally
else goin' not my problem.
Right.

EXT SERVICE LANE - NIGHT

Brigitte trudges up to the bus stop next to the fence of the
playhouse yard with her full Adidas bag.

Light streams from inside the yard, multi-coloured, strobing.
It looks like a UFO has landed on the other side of the
fence.

She peers through the slats. She sees the playhouse, lit up
like a Christmas tree. She sees gloved hands and police
uniforms. Then sliding past, the long - almost endless -
shape on a stretcher being drawn out of the playhouse:
they've found Trina's body.

The bus appears, approaching from way down the road.

Brigitte looks from it to the crime scene. The crime scene photographer's FLASH! pops in Brigitte's face - blinding her for a second. Brigitte rubs her eyes. She shakes her head hard.

The bus is indicating, slowing to pull over.

Brigitte opens her eyes. The bus is almost here. Brigitte grips her Adidas bag.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
But you can't break up with
blood. You can't divorce yer
sister. You jus' can't.

The bus passes, obscuring Brigitte from view as its body fills frame. When its tail lights pass, Brigitte is far down the street, running like a champion in the direction she came from.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte carefully unlocks the bedroom door and slowly opens it. The room is dark and just as she left it. Ginger's bed has not been slept in, and she is no where to be seen.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I'd get the monkhood from my
locker at school the next
morning.

Brigitte creeps to the bathroom and snaps the light on. Empty.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I'd find Ginger, I'd find out if
the stuff even worked.

Brigitte locks the window shut. She locks the bedroom door and pushes a bureau of drawers in front of it.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I could deal with whatever, as
long as I tried. If it was the
last thing she ever saw me do,
it was gonna be me goin' fer
somethin' by myself. The real
Ginger woulda dug that large.

Brigitte turns on the bedside lamp and fishes a baseball bat out of the closet.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
I would try to save my sister
when the sun came up. You know,
if the sun came up.

Brigitte climbs into bed, snuggling the bat in with her. She lights a smoke. She finds the feminine hygiene calendar on the bedside table next to the photo of the girls as kids at Halloween, taken many years before.

The calendar tells us it is about to be Friday. Friday is the full moon. Friday is Halloween.

INT GIRLS' ROOM - DAWN

The lamp is still on. The ash tray is full of butts. Brigitte stirs in her sleep.

Ginger stands at the end of Brigitte's bed, staring at her.

Brigitte snaps to, gripping the bat. Ginger snorts, and climbs into her own bed.

Brigitte swings her gaze to the window. It is still shut and locked. The bureau is still in front of the door. Brigitte holds her bat tightly and watches her sister's back in the next bed, terrified.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH - DAY

Brigitte jogs up to the school. The yard is full of students. Teachers are marshaling them into lines and seating them on the grass. Brigitte plows through.

Ginger rides past, piggy-backed by Jason. Ginger completely ignores Brigitte. Brigitte looks very worried.

FEMALE STUDENTS
Ginger Fitzgerald is such a
slut./No kidding./The bitch.

VARIOUS STUDENTS
You hear about Trina
Sinclair?/Dug her up in
somebody's back yard!/Oh that's
so sad!/ Poor Trina, Ga-awd!

As Brigitte gets closer to the building, she finds police cars and cops at the main entrance.

BRIGITTE

Shit.

PRINCIPAL FARDOR is speaking with the RCMP constable who has been visiting classes. Fardor holds a hanky over his face.

FARDOR

That stench near the staff
offices, what is that you think?

Brigitte hedges up the steps toward the door.

OFFICER

I couldn't say, sir. Now is
there anyone you suggest we talk
to? Anyone with something
against the school?

Brigitte slips past the two men.

FARDOR

For god's sake look around you.
I got 350 angry young people
bored blind. Helluva day for my
goddamn cleaning staff to be
late....HEY!

Brigitte stops at the threshold.

FARDOR

The hell you goin'?

BRIGITTE

I left something in my locker.

FARDOR

Find your homeroom and wait.
School's outta bounds until we
call you in. Get!

Brigitte backs down the steps, looking like she just took a good slap. She turns to confront the mass confusion around her.

Brigitte spots Ginger dancing on the roof of a car in the lot now, surrounded by boys. Brigitte spots Sam's truck near-by.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

Sam is sit in his truck, slumped over the wheel. He holds an almost-gone bottle of rye. Brigitte runs up.

Sam is crying. He doesn't see Brigitte arrive at his window, so she turns to tip-toe away. Sam looks up. His eyes tell us he's stoned.

SAM

Hey. Wolfs bane. Wanna drink?

Brigitte stops and turns to face him. Sam dries his face on his sleeve and pops his passenger door. Brigitte looks around and slides in.

Ginger is watching Brigitte out of the corner of her eye.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DAY

SAM

I showed up to see Trina? But she's ... I'm goin' strange in the head.

Brigitte doesn't know what to say, so she offers him a smoke. He takes it.

SAM

Why? Why would ya do a thing like that?

Brigitte examines his face for an implication. There isn't one.

SAM

What's funny is I dumped her that night. Feel bad about it now. Truth is, she was a pain in the ass. I sound like a jerk, right.

BRIGITTE

No.

SAM

Really? Yeah well, while she was - disappearin', I'm off have a time at the Highway Home with my buddy Georgio. Drinkin', dealin' - an' now she's ...

Sam is over-come again. Brigitte raises a hand to touch him, chickens out, and then scores on the second attempt. He rolls right into her arms.

For a brief moment, Brigitte has her nose in his hair, her cheek on his shoulder, her hands on his back. He's crying, and she fights her own tears.

SAM

Sorry, this is strange. I don't even ...Last time I saw her she was so mad at me. An' we did have some times, we did. Makes me sick what her last thought a' me musta been though.

Their eyes meet, their faces are inches apart. Brigitte kisses him, very softly and very quickly and then pulls out. Sam looks shocked. Brigitte looks more shocked.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH PARKING LOT - MEANWHILE/DAY

Ginger stops dancing a second. She is staring at Brigitte and Sam in his truck. Her face darkens.

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DAY

BRIGITTE

I'm really, um.

Sam leans in and kisses her right back. Better. Longer.

SAM

Shit. Sorry. Kinda freaked. You know? I shouldn't, well.

BRIGITTE

Yeah. Yeah.

SAM

But that was really nice.

BRIGITTE

Oh. 'Kay. Good.

They sit staring straight ahead a moment. A cop ahead double-takes them, and reaches into his car for the radio mic.

SAM

You wanna lil' dube or somethin'? Listenin' to me go on like a loser...What's yer name?

BRIGITTE

Brigitte. Fitzgerald. No, that's okay. I need more monkshood...

SAM

Yes! Dirty thoughts! Oh. I been drinkin'. Should not drive. Right, Brr-igitte?

Brigitte drags her hands over her face with extreme anxiety.

BRIGITTE

Oh, right. OK. Um.

SAM

Ginger's yer sister right?

Sam grimaces as Brigitte nods.

BRIGITTE

Why?

SAM

Oh, rumors - say she's doin' all these guys at some party. Goin' around she's a big time ho', that kinda thing. Hey. Don't worry about it. Nobody mentioned you.

Ginger's most maniacal laugh drifts over to them. Brigitte sees her dancing sexily on the roof of a car with a whole crowd of leering boys.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

CROWD

C'mon Ginger! Take it off!

GINGER

You wish!

CROWD

Hey Ginger? Watcha doin' later? Can we come to yer bash?!

Ginger stops dancing. Anger floods her face.

GINGER

You know about that?

BOYS

Sure, everybody knows! Can I
bring my cousin?

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - DAY

Sam grabs Brigitte's arm as Brigitte grasps the door handle.

SAM

I like you Brigitte F.

BRIGITTE

What -?

SAM

Like to see ya again. Can I come
to yer party too?

BRIGITTE

Sh-sure. Sorry. I gotta -
Ginger, so.

Brigitte slips out of the truck as they stare at one another
with that look you get when you're scared because you just
kissed someone you really, really like.

EXT. BAILEY HIGH PARKING LOT - DAY

Two more squad cars are gliding up the street toward the
school.

Brigitte makes her way toward Ginger.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

He was jus' drunk, I'm thinkin'.
I mean he prob'ly din't mean it.
Whatever.

Beyond Sam's truck, behind Brigitte, the two new cruisers
lurch to a stop. Cops approach Sam's vehicle with extreme
caution.

Brigitte arrives at the car with Ginger as,

GINGER

All a' you guys?! My house!
Tonight!

(very sinister)

I wanna party with everybody.
We'll do it till you drop.

CROWD

ALL RIGHT, GINGER!!!! WHOOO-
HOO!

The crowd applauds. Brigitte stares at Ginger like she's watching a cruise missile coming in. Ginger notices Brigitte watching her. Ginger pretends she doesn't see her.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Ginger was gonna kill every one
of 'em.

A commotion behind them causes everyone to turn.

Sam is being dragged from his truck by the cops. He is flung face-first onto the hood and hand-cuffed.

COP

Sam McDonald? You're under
arrest for the murder of Trina
Sinclair.

Brigitte physically fights with herself not to yell out. She runs a few steps toward Sam. Brigitte looks back at Ginger, who drills her with an evil warning glare.

The cops shove Sam into the back of a cruiser. They roar off.

Brigitte stands alone, apart from the crowd. The cruisers' flashing lights disappear down the street. Brigitte turns to face Ginger, mustering her own first menacing look.

Ginger accepts a cigarette offered by one of her boys.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

They closed the school that day.
So I never got to my locker. So
I never got the monkshood. I
thought, this is it. I fucked
up.

EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - LATE DAY

The full moon is just making an appearance.

Brigitte stands in the front room window, which is decorated with a Happy Halloween paper sign and plastic bats. Brigitte's watching Henry put Styrofoam tombstones in the front yard.

INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - LATE DAY

The Fitzgerald family is eating. Brigitte pokes at her food. Ginger eats like a fiend, with sunglasses on. Her monster arm has been wrapped in gauze from tip to elbow.

PAMELA

Now just remember, no boys in your bedroom during this party. Your room is off limits. Ginger are you sure that arm's not sprained, or worse?

GINGER

Bruise. Lacrosse.

PAMELA

Mm Henry when'd you get this new meat from Tinny's? Quite nice.

Brigitte and Ginger exchange a look.

HENRY

I haven't been to Tinny's.

PAMELA

Then where's all the packs marked "t" come from -?

Brigitte spits out her food.

BRIGITTE

I be excused?

INT. FITZGERALD MINIVAN - MAGIC HOUR

Brigitte is using the vehicle's portable phone as she eyes the silhouettes of the family -still at the dining table - in the window above her.

She stares at her watch during the following,

911 OPERATOR (O/S)

911, do you need fire, ambulance or police, please.

BRIGITTE

(speaking very quickly)

Sam McDonald is not the Beast of Bailey Downs. He was at the Highway Home Motel when Trina Sinclair was killed. Sam didn't do it.

Brigitte whips the phone shut, hanging up. She breathes out long and slow.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
In case this was the last thing
I'd do. I wanted Sam out of it.
Sam shouldn't suffer.

INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM - LATER

Brigitte hovers in the door way. Henry is reading the paper.

HENRY
That Sinclair girl was found at
the Bernstein's, can you believe
it?

PAMELA
What, last night? I didn't hear
a thing! Never going to have
these done in time. Henry help.

Pamela is feverishly creating little straw witches and such party decorations. She has a selection of dried flowers, wheat etc on the table before her.

PAMELA
.. Brigitte, honey we're
thrilled you two are making
friends. But next time you two
do something like this give
Mummy a little more notice, will
you? Hate having to scramble.

Brigitte slides into her regular chair and props her hands on her wrists in an attitude of complete distraction.

HENRY
What's your sister up to?

Brigitte looks at Henry as he works on a little witch.

PAMELA
She said she had a lot of work
to do on her costume. Should we
dress up, you think?

Henry grimaces. He sifts through the dried plants before them. Brigitte double-takes the pile.

PAMELA
Oh, Henry. You're no fun at all.

Brigitte sits bolt up right in her seat.

BRIGITTE
What is this stuff?

PAMELA
Just weeds, old cuttings from
the yard.

BRIGITTE
No, THIS stuff.

Brigitte plucks out a handful of dried plant with tiny purple flowers.

PAMELA
Oh, I had that around the
dahlias. Man at the greenhouse
said it'd keep the cats out.
Seemed to do the job. It's got a
funny name - nun's robe, priest
hat, something ...

BRIGITTE
Monkshood.

PAMELA
That's right. Do we have a
budding botanist in the family?!

HENRY
Pun intended.

Pamela giggles as does Henry. Brigitte grabs a fistful of monkshood and races for the door.

PAMELA
Hey, we need that! Brigitte!

But Brigitte is gone.

PAMELA
That was my accent colour!

INT. BASEMENT PROPER - DUSK

The half-finished basement has a rec room which Pamela has decked out in an infantile version of ghoulish for the party. Punch sits ready next to case-lot pop and Tupperware brimming with snacks.

Brigitte walks through to the door with a sign, OFF LIMITS. Brigitte unlocks the door and slips the monkshood up her shirt.

INT. BEDROOM - DUSK

Candles are burning all over. Ginger's bed is turned down, ready. Brigitte walks in on Jason climbing through the open window.

JASON

Hey. Must be the place, right?

Brigitte sneers at him. He holds a half-gone bottle of schnapps, a dress shirt and his Good Jeans on.

The toilet flushes in the john. Brigitte knocks on the door.

GINGER

What!

BRIGITTE

McCardy's here.

The bathroom door unlocks but remains closed.

GINGER

Git in here an' gimme a hand.

Brigitte casts an uncertain look at Jason.

JASON

C'mon ladies, there's six other
guys sitting in the shrub
waiting.

Brigitte's face darkens. She slips into the bathroom and shuts the door.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

Do you think some people deserve
to die?

INT. GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte does not try to hide her fear of being in a confined space with Ginger. There are razors and whisksers all over the floor. Shaving cream every where. Ginger is red-faced, sweating and hostile.

GINGER

Don't say a fuckin' word.

Ginger lowers the towel she's wearing enough to show the bump on her butt is now a twitching tail. Brigitte gasps.

GINGER

Take this gauze and tie it flat.

BRIGITTE

Ginger, you can't ...

GINGER

DO IT!

Brigitte takes the roll of gauze. She grabs the tail between her fingers and coils it up with utter disgust. Brigitte's hands tremble.

EXT. GIRLS BEDROOM - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Jason sits on the edge of Ginger's bed and bounces up and down a bit. Between his legs we glimpse a dog tag hanging between the mattresses.

INT GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte tapes the gauze in place. Ginger throws a robe on and grabs the door.

GINGER

Now get outta my life.

Brigitte grits her teeth.

BRIGITTE

I gotta get ready for the party.

GINGER

Then wait here till I'm done.

BRIGITTE

What, through all fifty a' them?

GINGER

Oh, don't tempt me.

Ginger takes a deep breath before she opens the bathroom door. Her breath is ragged. She smoothes her hair and chews her lip. She's nervous. Ginger opens the door and closes it behind her.

Brigitte hears,

JASON (O/S)
It's really dark in here.

GINGER (O/S)
I'm shy. Lay down.

Brigitte puts the toilet seat down and sits on it. Brigitte lights a smoke. Brigitte withdraws the monkshood from under her shirt and has a good scratch where it was itching her.

OFF-SCREEN are the sounds of slurpy kisses and Jason's moans. A fly unzips. Clothes fall with soft plunks to the floor. Bed springs creak. Plastic condom wrappers crinkle and then the SNAP-WHAP of one being fitted on pretty roughly. Somewhere above them the door bell starts ringing.

From a vanity cupboard she pulls a Zombie face-painting kit and sets it next to the monkshood.

EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Cars are streaming down the street in both directions. Groups of COSTUMED TEENAGE BOYS flock down the walks, over lawns, and queue up to get into the Fitzgerald party.

On their front porch, Pamela and Henry meet and greet the young men, awed by their numbers.

HENRY
(to Pamela)
Notice any girls?

Pamela shrugs.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Brigitte - now in ZOMBIE-face - rubs the monkshood between her fingers, crumbling it into a neat pile on the counter.

OFF-SCREEN from the bedroom, the sounds of Ginger having rough sex continue.

Brigitte peels a centimeter of paper off the end of an unlit smoke and wiggles the cigarette, creating a second pile of tobacco. She reaches into the radiator vent and withdraws a package of rolling papers.

EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW'S REAR - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

One BOY in a skeleton costume creeps along the shrubs toward the Fitzgerald sisters' bedroom window. He stumbles over a demon, a Frankenstein and a mummy. They curse one another.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

OFF-SCREEN, from the rec room part noise grows as things get under way outside.

Ginger waves good-bye to Jason as she undoes Frank's shirt buttons. The bathroom door is now inching open a crack.

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

On the counter at the sink, all evidence of Brigitte's project with the monkshood are gone.

Brigitte peers out the cracked door and then looks away, fighting an urge to watch in spite of being grossed out. The sounds of sex drift in from the bedroom.

She catches sight of herself in the mirror. As a ZOMBIE. She tugs her shirt tight over her breasts. Nothing to see.

She smooths her shirt with her hands, then moves her palms down over her waist, her hips. Over her crotch. Brigitte's fingers skip under her skirt.

Brigitte's face tells us she's searching for something under there. She's trying this out. But nothing's happening.

She frowns. She draws her hands out of her skirt and quickly washes her hands in the sink. She checks her watch and sighs.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte creeps out of the bathroom on all fours. Above her, Ginger's feet and some guy's writhe on the bed.

Brigitte reaches up to the bedroom door knob. She opens it and crawls out.

INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT PROPER - NIGHT

The rec room is packed with over-grown ghouls. Pamela is trying to play it cool from her perch behind the punch bowl, as she marvels at the costumes and all these kids she's never even met before.

Henry has a group of boys cornered with a college football story.

Brigitte leans against the wall watching the party and looking at her watch.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

In English I heard about this chick who used a man's name to get her books read. She went by George but she was really Mary Ann? Goes, "It's never too late to be what you might have been." I was jus' there thinkin', is that true? Was it too late to be an Unsolved Mystery? Alls I had to do was walk away...

MALE VOICE (O/S)

Brigitte F.!

Brigitte looks up to see a cheap plastic Frankenstein mask looking down at her. Its owner flips it up: it's Sam. Brigitte's eyes snap wide open in shock.

SAM

They let me go. No evidence!
Someone called in this tip.

BRIGITTE (V/O)

So I decided to stay.

BRIGITTE

Hey, you gotta get outta here -/

Ginger emerges from the bedroom like a reigning diva, and the room stops dead.

Brigitte drops her glass of punch.

Ginger has come out as herself, as an almost full-blown werewolf. She wears a Lil' Red Riding Hood cape jobbie and a plastic mask. She's the best looking monster you ever laid eyes on. Down her belly she has six perfect nipples showing and everything.

The room bursts into a cheering round of applause.

GUY WITH 'AX IN THE HEAD'

That make-up is amazing!

GUY WITH 'EYE MISSING'
Ginger, it looks totally real!

HENRY
(to Pamela)
Told you. She's a arts-type,
for chrissakes, look at that.

PAMELA
She's very good, isn't she?

SAM
(to Brigitte)
Wow, yer sister's gone to town.

BRIGITTE
Yeah, she's gone all right. Hey.
Can you do me a favor?

SAM
Sure.

BRIGITTE
Can you give somethin' to Ginger
for me? Jus' - we're havin' a
fight, but I got this thing for
her.

SAM
Yeah, what.

Brigitte shows him what appears to be a joint. Sam takes it.

BRIGITTE
Don't tell her I gave it to you.
Jus' act like it's from you. She
won't take it if it's from me.

SAM
Oh, okay.

BRIGITTE
An' don't like, go any wheres
with her. Okay? Jus' come right
back, 'kay?

SAM
Gonna miss me Bee F.?

Brigitte smiles, embarrassed and freaking at the exact same
time.

SAM
Be right back.

Across the densely crowded room, Sam whispers in Ginger's ear. Ginger smiles and nods and palms something he passes her.

Ginger glances at Brigitte, who tries to pretend she's not watching. When Brigitte checks again, Ginger is leading Sam by the hand toward her bedroom. Sam looks over his shoulder and lifts a finger - one second - back at Brigitte.

The bedroom door shuts behind them. Brigitte leaps toward the bedroom. Someone catches her arm and holds her back.

PAMELA

One minute young lady, I could use a little help here.

BRIGITTE

Let go of me, I have to get Ginger!

PAMELA

I have to get two more veggie trays down those stairs. I think your sister'll be fine for two minutes.

Pamela is already marching Brigitte up the stairs. Brigitte strains to get back. Looking between her mother and her closed bedroom door, desperately.

INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT PROPER - MINUTES LATER

Pamela snags Brigitte again as Brigitte dumps the veggie tray and tries to get to the bedroom.

PAMELA

All these boys came to see you two, least you can do is stop hiding in your room. Honestly, you act like someone'd forced this party down your throat. Now go be nice.

Pamela stands between Brigitte and the bedroom door, her arms folded.

BRIGITTE

Mother. You don't understand.

PAMELA

Yes-I do. I was shy too at your age. *Mingle.*

Brigitte backs away with such a dirty look on her face. She turns to confront the eager painted faces around her - all desperate for some female attention. Brigitte has *I want to scream* written all over her face.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - MEANWHILE/NIGHT

Sam pushes Ginger away from him. Ginger has Brigitte's gift joint smoldering between her finger tips. Ginger is pretty out of it, she totters.

SAM

Okay, cut it out now.

GINGER

This dope's fucked. Makin' me blaarrggh. C'mon. I'll do ya.

SAM

No thanks. Told yer sister I'd be right back.

GINGER

What's up your ass?!

SAM

Don't get mean, s'nothin' personal. I happen to think Brigitte's pretty cool and -/

GINGER

Leave my baby sister alone. Do me, don't hurt her.

SAM

I won't hurt her. Now be a good girl and finish up your joint.

GINGER

Oh. Well fuck you.

Ginger takes a big toke as she paces between Sam and the door. Suddenly she's coughing uncontrollably, rubbing her eyes, wailing in pain.

GINGER

Burning! What is this?!

Sam makes a move toward her and Ginger blindly lashes out at him. Ginger hurls Sam into the bed. Sam's flight path knocks the mattress askew: dozens and dozens of dog collars pour out over him. Sam fingers one in particular.

SAM
Morely -?!

INT. BASEMENT PROPER - NIGHT

Brigitte sits on the stairs to the main floor cornered by a guy dressed as a cow.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Something was definitely fucked.

Brigitte eyes Pamela, who is slowly being distracted by horny young men who will now dance with anybody, even Pamela.

COW GUY
Do you think this is a faggy costume for a guy? You can just say. I dunno I been gettin' funny looks. What, like we aren't advanced enough that a guy can show up completely in the spirit of the thing with an udder, an' not get treated like a freakin' fruit?

Brigitte looks at her watch. Pamela is dragged off into the throng by a band of juveniles singing *Do The Hustle*. Brigitte makes her move at last.

COW GUY
Snob.

Brigitte makes a badly-faked would-be casual bee-line for their bedroom door.

Brigitte wiggles the knob. It's locked.

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brigitte (still a zombie) unlocks the door and peers in. The light is on in the bathroom, the door is ajar. The shower is running. There are a few candles burning in corners. Otherwise the room is dark.

Brigitte steps inside, closing the door on the party behind her. She grabs a flashlight and turns it on.

The walls are splattered with blood.

There is gore on the floor. Brigitte plucks the monkshead joint from a pool of bloody goo - it is soaked. Useless.

On the bed, Sam lays with his shirt off and his fly open. His face is mutilated. He's missing an eye.

Brigitte creeps toward him.

Sam groans. Brigitte leaps back. She tries to speak, but her voice isn't working. Her face transforms from horror to fury. Then she heads to bathroom door.

INT. ATTACHED BATH - NIGHT

BRIGITTE

You bitch!

Brigitte discovers Ginger sitting in the tub floor under the running shower, weeping. Her eyes are swollen. Ginger is now covered in coarse hair. The water around her is full of blood. There is a kitchen knife next to her. Ginger's stoned numb on the monkshood dose. She's groggy and weak.

BRIGITTE

Oh fuck!

Ginger is squeezing her now full tail at its base, where the blood is oozing between her fingers. Ginger has tried - and failed - to cut her tail off.

BRIGITTE

Oh no. Oh no. Fuck, fuck!

Ginger doesn't move. Ginger looks so pathetic, it's heart-breaking. Brigitte snatches the knife away and shuts off the water.

GINGER

Nobody'll want me now any ways.
So.

Brigitte takes in the cut, the rest of the monstrosity her sister has become.

GINGER

I don't wanna do this any more.

Brigitte yanks Ginger out of the tub and grabs a towel, frantic.

BRIGITTE

Press this on the cut! Ginger!
Move, c'mon!

Ginger does as she's told. Brigitte digs out gauze and tape packages. They're both almost empty - they've used it all up. Brigitte throws them on the floor.

GINGER
I missed you Bee. I'm sorry.

Brigitte searches Ginger's face.

BRIGITTE
Ginge'? That you in there?

Ginger cracks an uncertain, pained smile. Brigitte does too, an exact replica, in fact.

GINGER
Ya feeb.

Brigitte gently turns Ginger around to try and deal with her tail. Ginger is woozy and weak from blood loss.

BRIGITTE
Okay. I can't clean this one up.
We have to go. Like Go, go. Can
you do it?

GINGER
I'm so woozy.

Brigitte glances out into the bedroom.

BRIGITTE
Um. Ever bite something you
din't kill?

GINGER
No.
(misinterpreting the
question - hopeful)
Wanna be one with me?

BRIGITTE
Ah. No. Sam? Isn't dead.

GINGER
Oooh nooo.

BRIGITTE
Don't worry. Keep pressing.
I'll be right back.

INT GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam is fingering his wounds, half-conscious, drooling bile and blood. Brigitte (still a zombie) looms up behind him with her baseball bat. She fishes in his pants' pocket and withdraws a set of keys.

BRIGITTE

Hey. Sorry. I really did think you were. Like. Not bad. So you know, whatever. Any ways. I'm really sorry - I have to.

Sam moans as his good eye rolls up at her. Brigitte blinks away tears and looks away, collecting herself.

Brigitte raises the bat over her head and swings it down as

INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT PROPER - MINUTES LATER

The party is rocking along. Pamela knocks on their door.

PAMELA

Girls? You in there? You're not being very sociable...

There's no answer. She tries the knob, and is surprised to find it unlocked. She opens the door. She turns on the lights.

Pamela takes in the bloody muck everywhere. The room is deserted. No Sam. No sisters Fitzgerald. Just gore.

Pamela swoons and drops like a deadweight to the floor.

Henry rushes up, looking in over his wife's body. The boys in costume crowd in behind him.

HENRY

Pamela, honey, it's just a prank, you know how they...

(he fingers some
gore)

Holy mother of - it's warm.
Where are my kids?!!

GUY WITH AX IN THE HEAD

Ginger went in here with Sam
McDonald a while back.

HENRY

Sam McDonald?

GUY WITH EYE MISSING
Yeah, you know. The guy they
thought was the Beast, but they
let 'im go.

Henry steps into the room. He spots a bloody trail up to the
open ground-level window.

EXT FITZGERALD HOME - NIGHT

Tires squeal in the street and the county regreening truck
lurches out of its parking spot.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Brigitte (still a zombie) throws the truck into gear with an
amateur's hand. Her Adidas bag and her jar of two dollar
bills is on the seat next to her.

Ginger is just seen through the grate between the cab and the
dark back of the truck.

BRIGITTE (V/O)
Plans, plans are good. 'Course I
hardly had one. Adrenaline
though, adrenaline is pretty
speedy shit.

BRIGITTE
Ginger?! Don't eat the body
okay? I got this idea, an'
we'll need Sam.

Brigitte floors it and the truck blasts down their cul du sac
to the main road.

EXT. STREETS/TRAVELING - NIGHT

The truck speeds down the street a tad erratically. Sirens
rise around it.

INT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

Brigitte slows, looking left, right and in the side mirrors
trying to see where the sirens are coming from.

BRIGITTE
Fuck, fuck fuck, FUCK.

Then suddenly, four cop cars blast past them in the opposite direction. Heading back to the Fitzgerald house.

BRIGITTE

Ha! All rightie then.

Brigitte drives on.

What she cannot see behind her in the grate are the glimpses of Ginger in the flickering lights of the passing street lamps. Her final spurt of transformation is taking place:

FLASH! Her face is filling in with fur.

FLASH! Her eyes glow golden, yellow, wolfen.

FLASH! Her face pulls into a wet snout.

FLASH! A long pink tongue lolls out between glistening white fangs.

EXT. THE HILLCREST - NIGHT

The truck rolls to the crest of the hill over Bailey Downs - the sight of the bush party. The moon is immense up here. You could almost touch it.

INT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

Brigitte eases the truck to the edge of the hill. The lights of the homes below them creep into view.

BRIGITTE

Okay, Ginger? They'll think that Sam took us from our room, right? 'Cause of his record an' the arrest, right? We're gonna make this look like he did, any ways. He got us, maybe killed us, took our bodies to do some unspeakable thingy. But then? Sam killed himself. You follow?

Ginger doesn't answer.

BRIGITTE

So boom, diversion. Meanwhile
you an' me hit the highway. We
can hitch, get you cleaned up.
By the time the find out we
weren't in Sam's clutches at
all, we could be any wheres.
Yeah? Whatcha think?

Ginger doesn't answer.

BRIGITTE

It'll work. (I hope.)

Brigitte puts the brake on but does not cut the engine.

EXT. THE TRUCK/HILLCREST - NIGHT

Brigitte climbs out of the cab. She moves to the back doors
of the truck, and opens them. In the inky darkness inside,
she hears heavy panting.

BRIGITTE

Ginger? C'mon, we got move.
Shove Sam down here.

Brigitte climbs up into the truck, reaching for something on
its floor. Brigitte finds Sam's prone feet.

An animal/Ginger launches out at her, knocking her back, out
clear of the truck. Ginger isn't Ginger any more - what we
can glimpse in the darkness is an attack by a creature much
like the one that bit Ginger. And it's attacking Brigitte.

Brigitte flails, kicks and punches at it. She breaks free
and clambers at the tool rack on the inside panel of the
truck. She grabs a shovel as the creature comes snarling up
at her.

BRIGITTE

Stop. I mean it.

It lunges at her again and Brigitte clocks it. It slides,
dazed, off the back of the truck to the ground.

JUMP TO:

Brigitte drags Sam's body into the front seat. She sets her
Adidas bag on the gas pedal. She releases the brake.

The truck rolls forward. off the top of the hill. Brigitte
watches as it crashes down, down, rolling and twisting into
the suburb below. It lands in a heap and bursts into flames.

BRIGITTE

Nice one.

Brigitte returns to where It/Ginger was last seen on the ground. The shovel and blanket are there. A bloody pool trails off into the woods. Brigitte hefts the shovel warily, shoulders the blanket, and follows the wetness shining in the moonlight.

INT. TREES/HILLCREST - NIGHT

BRIGITTE

Fuck Ginger. Leave a fuckin' trail much? Could leave everybody a fuckin' map....

Tense seconds pass as she searches through the scrub and trees, shovel ready. We can hear panting and growling.

BRIGITTE

I won't hurt you if you don't hurt me. 'Kay? Ginge'? 'Kay?

Brigitte spots something ahead and lowers the shovel as she approaches it.

It/Ginger cowers in the brush, collapsed. Her head and tail are bleeding. Brigitte drops to her knees next to her sister, frantic with grief.

BRIGITTE

Oh no. Ginger. I didn't mean to ...

It/Ginger is gasping, fading. Her eyes start rolling back in her head. Brigitte's hand is shaking as it reaches out but can't touch her. Ginger licks Brigitte's fingers, slowly.

Brigitte buries her face in Ginger's ruff, moaning.

BRIGITTE

You can't, you can't, we're out.
You can't, don't don't do this
to me. Not now. Look, look it's
all taken care of. We're
Unsolved Mysteries!

EXT. A HIGHWAY - PRE-DAWN

The sunrise has the sky this bloody red.

Brigitte drags Ginger a few feet past a sign next to the road: THANK YOU FOR VISITING BAILEY DOWNS!

BRIGITTE (V/O)
We made it out. There was this road? An' the space between here and where ever. I did it.

Brigitte opens the blanket. Ginger has returned to human form. Because Ginger is dead.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

In a small grove of trees, Brigitte pushes the last pile of dirt over Ginger's shallow grave.

Brigitte wipes her caked hands off in the dewy grass. Beneath the dirt and dried blood, she finds puncture wounds. BITES.

Brigitte looks TO CAMERA. She rolls her eyes wearily.

Brigitte stands and heads to the side of the road. A semi appears on the horizon, coming her way. Brigitte lifts her thumb.

The semi's turn indicator comes on as it slows and veers to arrive before her.

ROLL TAIL CREDITS as:

Excerpts from an episode of the television program UNSOLVED MYSTERIES roll. It tells the story of the mysterious disappearance of two teenage girls - sisters - who disappeared under strange circumstances in the normally quiet suburb of Bailey Downs.

Brigitte and Ginger LOOK-A-LIKES re-enact the summarized events of their flight from justice. The cops figured out their faked deaths, of course. Henry and Pamela have reportedly denied comment. It is seen from the community's perspective as two delusional young women gone totally wrong, a grotesque tragedy of youth wasted by mental illness. No one can explain though the non-human blood trails leaving the scene of their last crime...

At the segment's close and the credits roll out, we see the traditional high school photos of Brigitte and Ginger.

VOICE OF UNSOLVED MYSTERIES
Brigitte and Ginger Fitzgerald
are considered armed and
dangerous. If you see these two
young women, or have any
information on their
whereabouts, please contact
Crimestoppers, or your local
detachment of the RCMP.

The eerie show theme song washes over us as we

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END