

But I Love You...

FADE IN:

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

An invitation to a high school reunion sits on the coffee table in a messy room. CHRISTINE, 35, with a pale complexion and dark hair, kneels before a closet. A small yellow glow flickers from inside.

NARRATOR

Let me tell you a story, one for the books. It's about a lonely girl, with devilish looks.

Christine looks into a mirror hanging on the closet door. She smirks.

The closet is a shrine, dedicated to a boy from high school. Pictures of him have his age range from 14 to 36. A lot of them are candid. Hair, chewed up pencils and used toothbrushes litter the shrine.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM**

Christine stands in front of the mirror, she applies mascara. She wears a bright pink dress and has a matching coloured bow in her hair. She's excited.

NARRATOR

She had waited and waited and the day finally came.

She now applies lipstick.

CHRISTINE

After tonight, my life won't be the same.

**EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DUSK**

Christine walks to her car, duffle bag in hand.

BEEP.

Her car unlocks.

She opens the back door and throws the bag in.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S CAR**

Christine enters the driver's side. She turns the key in the ignition. She takes out a cassette tape from the glove box and puts it in her stereo.

*I Ran by A Flock Of Seagulls* plays.

She pulls out of her driveway and speeds down the street.

**EXT. ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT**

Numerous people walk hand in hand towards the gym doors. A SECURITY GUARD, late 50's, stands at the entrance, he pats people down before they enter.

Christine pulls into the parking lot and parks her car.

## NARRATOR

Christine has a plan to win over her crush. Every time she thought about it, she would start to blush.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S CAR**

Christine smiles to herself. She blushes.

She glances over to the entrance. The security guard leans against the wall, he smokes a cigarette.

## CHRISTINE

It's now or never...

Christine gets out of her car and grabs the duffle bag.

## NARRATOR

This next part is actually pretty clever.

**EXT. ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL**

Christine walks towards the entrance doors. The security guard holds up his hand to stop Christine.

## SECURITY GUARD

Hold it, I've got to see what's in the bag Miss.

NARRATOR

That security guard's name, well  
it use to be Chris.

**INT. ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL - GYM**

The gym is busy. People are dancing, chatting others up  
at tables, drinking. Every one is having a good time.

A homemade banner strung up near the a makeshift stage  
reads: "*Class of 2001*"

Christine enters the gym.

She scans the area then drops the bag. She kneels down,  
unzips it and pulls out some chains.

She turns to the door and pulls the chain through the  
door handles. Then clamps a lock on it. She then grabs  
the duffle bag and heads towards the next door.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh...My...Gawd, is that Christine  
Baker I see over there?

Christine stops, her eyes widen. She turns to see  
VANESSA, 35, blonde hair and blue eyes. Still the  
prettiest girl in the room.

VANESSA

I remember you from grade ten  
science. You were such a square.

A high pitch laugh emits from Vanessa's mouth. Two of her  
friends, LAURA, 35 and LARA, 35, impossible to tell them  
apart, share in her laughter. They all hold cosmopolitans  
in their hand.

CHRISTINE

Vanessa Vanderbalt, still a bitch  
I see.

NARRATOR

Christine imagined beating her,  
maybe a club to the knee.

Vanessa gives a fake smile. Then pours her drink on  
Christine's dress. It's ruined.

VANESSA

Oops, sorry. I didn't mean to do  
that.

CHRISTINE

You're just jealous because you  
got fat.

Christine turns and walks away in a hurry. Vanessa and her friends stare, mouths agape.

At the second door, Christine drops the bag and grabs another set of chains. She does the same and locks it

Christine turns to scan the room once more. She sees a familiar face. It's DANIEL, 36, chiseled features and infectious smile. He chats up a girl.

He's the person in the pictures from the shrine. She blows him a kiss.

Christine bends down and removes an AK-47 from the duffel bag. It's loaded.

CHRISTINE

Hey Vanessa!!!

Vanessa turns around.

CHRISTINE

Nice dress.

She squeezes the trigger.

NARRATOR

The gym was about to become a  
bloody mess.

Bullets rip into Vanessa, the glass in her hand shatters, she's hit 3 or 4 times. Blood sprays anyone nearby as she falls to the ground.

A few stray bullets hit Lara. Lara cowers in fear.

The noise is loud, it startles everyone. The music stops and they look at Christine, frozen in fear.

She aims the AK-47 to another GIRL, pulls the trigger without warning. The girl falls back, smashing into the food table. The punch bowl smashes on the ground.

Everyone is in a frenzy. They rush to the doors, but they are chained shut.

Someone manages to pry it open a little. Enough to see the body of the security guard, with his throat slashed. Not enough to squeeze through to escape.

Women scream, men run around looking for cover.

Christine fires at more women. Only women.

Another body falls, then another. Soon there are dozens of dead women in the gym.

She walks over to the DJ table and grabs the microphone.

CHRISTINE

Can I have everyone's attention please. I'm looking for a Daniel O'Conner.

Daniel, hiding behind a turned over table, hears his name. He moves to stand up but is stopped by a former TEACHER, crouched beside him.

TEACHER

If you get up son, you're a goner.

Daniel pulls his arm away from the teacher and stands up. It's silent as people watch on in horror and fear.

Christine shyly walks towards Daniel. She smiles and fixes her hair. On her way over she asks a TERRIFIED MAN hiding under a table.

CHRISTINE

Is my hair pretty? What about my dress?

SCARED MAN

No, I mean yeah. I'm sorry, please don't kill me. I'm under a lot of stress.

Christine continues towards Daniel.

DANIEL

What do you want with me?

NARRATOR

Christine giggled and shouted out with glee.

CHRISTINE

To be with you forever, I did this for us.

Daniel looks horrified, he takes a few steps back. Christine notices this.

CHRISTINE

Don't you remember that time you  
smiled at me on the bus?

Daniels looks around the room for some support. No one.

DANIEL

Yes..of course I do. We can be  
together, forever.

NARRATOR

Daniel thought that he was being  
really clever.

Christine looks at all the frightened people.

There were many.

CHRISTINE

The way I see it, I still have  
some competition.

NARRATOR

Christine open fired and continued  
on with her mission.

Christine reloads her assault rifle, with quick  
precision.

NARRATOR

Another one dead, that's four, no  
wait it's five. She was making  
sure not to leave anyone alive.

Daniel sees his opportunity. He charges after Christine.

He tackles her when her back is to him. He lands on top  
of her and the gun slides a few feet away.

DANIEL

Stop it!! Why are you doing this?

NARRATOR

That's when she leaned in for the  
kiss.

Christine locks lips with Daniel. He immediately pulls  
away, spitting and wiping his lips with his hands.  
Christine lies on the ground, big smile on her face.

CHRISTINE

I can't believe I kissed him. I  
finally did it.

NARRATOR

Daniel didn't like it, not one bit.

A few guys rush over to grab Christine. They hold her up, she laughs the whole time.

DANIEL

Someone call the police, this chick is insane.

CHRISTINE

Hey Dan, look down. Is that a bloodstain?

Daniel looks down. A knife stick out from his side, blood fills his white dress shirt. He pulls it out and falls instantly.

CHRISTINE

If I can't have you, than no one will.

NARRATOR

She finally did it, she went in for the kill.

BANG.

Christine falls to the ground. Blood stains the gym floor and pools from her head. The smoking barrel a few feet behind her.

Laura stands there, holding the AK-47. Blood specks on her face, a bullet wound in her shoulder. Her dress is bloody and she's visibly shaken.

She drops the assault rifle. Then cries.

NARRATOR

Not all stories end nicely with a bow. But this is one that I thought you should know.

**EXT. ST. THOMAS HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT**

Numerous police cars fill the lot. Ambulances are full of injured people.

Some give their eye witness accounts to the officers, others cry and look for someone to share their emotions with.



NARRATOR

A story about a lonely girl, a  
girl named Christine.

Coroners rolls out Christine's body. Her face still  
smiling, frozen. A bullet hole in her forehead.

NARRATOR

All she wanted from the boy that  
she liked, was to be seen.

They zip up the body bag.

FADE OUT: