

V A L E R I E

by
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EXT. TRACK & FIELD - BLEACHERS - DAY

A hot spring day. The heat is relentless. SAMUEL, 17, tall and a bit awkward looking, sits resting in the bleachers. LENA, 17, Sam's good friend, sits beside him. Sam stares intently, admiring the beauty of VALERIE, 17, as she stretches doing warm-up exercises on the field.

SAM

God. Her skin is like caramel. I just wanna lick it.

Lena shoots him a disgusted look.

LENA

Calm your nerves, guy. Don't cream your pants.

SAM

Where do you think she's from? With that accent. Looks like an Egyptian goddess to me.

LENA

I don't give a great hot shit where she's from.

Sam smirks but doesn't look away. Valerie bends over hands on her knees. Sam stands to get a better view.

LENA (CONT'D)

Hey you think you can come over after school to help me-

She realizes he's paying no attention.

LENA (CONT'D)

Jeez! Is there a traveling circus up her ass or something?

Sam either doesn't hear her or doesn't care.

LENA (CONT'D)

Hey, butt surfer!

Lena yanks his arm, sitting him down.

SAM

I'm gonna ask her out.

Lena laughs in his face.

SAM (CONT'D)

What?

LENA

Just be prepared to be shot down.

Sam bolts from his seat and proceeds onto the field toward Valerie. Lena's left bewildered.

LENA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

EXT. TRACK & FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Valerie bends over, flexing, touching her feet. She stands as Sam walks up behind her. She sees him and smiles.

Lena looks on as they greet each other and chat. She exhales.

Sam sweats as he nervously asks Valerie the question. She's taken aback - but considers.

VALERIE

For sure. You can pick me up at my house. 630 Locust Avenue. Eight PM.

SAM

Yeah. Yeah. I'll be there.

Sam resists the urge to leap into the air. She gives him a playful hug and a kiss on the cheek. He smiles. This is heaven!

Lena watches blankly as Sam struts back over to the bleachers, ego inflated above the stars.

INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Lena makes it in late. Most of the girls have already finished dressing. She proceeds to her locker and pops it open. Valerie stands a few lockers away - brushing her hair.

Valerie turns her head slowly fixing her eyes on Lena. She stares for a moment. Lena feels she's being watched - snaps to her, matching her gaze.

LENA

Need something?

Valerie grins, smug. Then looks away. Lena tenses back to her locker, clenching the door.

LENA (CONT'D)

(mouths)

Bitch.

VALERIE
What was that?

Lena looks to her again. Lena is taken aback. Valerie stands up against a locker only a few feet away, twirling her brush as if she might use it as a weapon. Ready to pounce. How did she hear her?

VALERIE (CONT'D)
You say something?

LENA
Not to you.

Valerie smiles again. Returns to her open locker.

Lena looks at herself in the mirror on the locker door. Her eyes widen. Valerie is reflected in her mirror but as a woman at least sixty years older. Flesh sagging and wrinkled. Grey hair. Toothless. She does a double take. Her jaw drops.

Valerie slams her locker shut and exits.

Lena, hesitant, follows her into the aisle. She stays a few paces behind.

Valerie passes by a wall mirror and exits the building but the reflection stays. An evil old woman! She turns and looks directly at Lena. A vicious threatening glare.

Lena gasps and falls back against the locker. The reflected woman fades.

I/E. SAM'S HOUSE - DUSK

Lena stands on the front porch. She frantically rings the doorbell. The door opens. SAM'S MOM peeks out.

SAM'S MOM
Hey, Lena. What are you-

Lena pushes past her and into the living room. She beelines for the staircase - marches up. Sam's Mom follows.

SAM'S MOM (CONT'D)
What's up with you?

INT. SAM'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lena bursts into the room and closes the door right in Sam's Mom's face.

SAM'S MOM (O.S.)

Hey!

LENA

Sorry, Mom. It's urgent.

SAM'S MOM (O.S.)

Well...okay.

Sam emerges from his bathroom. Sees Lena. Furrows his eyebrows.

SAM

Hey...what are you doing here?

Before she can answer Sam goes back to the bathroom - smooths his hair in the mirror.

Lena sits on Sam's bed. She studies the elated Sam as he walks back and forth from the room to the bathroom prepping himself for the date. He's practically euphoric. She doesn't want to rain on his parade.

LENA

The bitch is old!

SAM

Who's old?

LENA

Valerie.

SAM

What are you talking about?

LENA

I was in the locker room and I saw her reflection in the mirror. And...there was a nasty dried up prune woman looking at me.

Sam leans against his dresser and folds his arm.

SAM

EPIC FAIL! That's not even remotely funny.

LENA

I'm serious man!

SAM

Did you eat some more of your uncle's mushroom lasagna?

Lena grunts and pulls her hair in frustration.

LENA

Will you listen! She's an evil witch bitch. She's gonna steal your soul or something. She's all gums, man! She's disgusting.

Sam smirks.

SAM

There's nothing wrong with a toothless blowjob.

Lena buries her head in a pillow and screams. Sam laughs.

LENA

It's not funny Motherfucker. I'm trying to save you.

Sam laughs harder.

SAM

You could've come up with something better than that. She's old? Was that like the first thing that came to your mind?

LENA

God, you're hopeless.

SAM

Are you jealous or something? Why do you even care? Is it because she's beautiful and you're-

Lena jumps off the bed.

LENA

I'm what! What am I, Sam? You think I'm ugly?

SAM

No! You're cool. It's just....you're sort've a tomboy. I'm not really...into that.

Lena grabs the pillow and throws it at him. He dodges it.

LENA

Fuck you.

Lena throws the door open - exits.

SAM

Sorry.

EXT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam rings the doorbell. The door opens immediately. Valerie stands on the other side wearing a sexy revealing nightgown.

He cheeses.

SAM

Wow!

VALERIE

Hey lover.

SAM

Lover?

She bites her lip - looks him up and down. She wants it. Sam is speechless. His mouth hangs open slightly.

SAM (CONT'D)

You going out with that on?

VALERIE

You're coming in.

She snatches him into her lair and slams the door shut. Muhahaha!

Lena peeks out from the bushes.

INT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - VALERIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Valerie pushes Sam back onto her bed. She brings out handcuffs and cuff his wrists to the bedposts.

SAM

Whoa. You're pretty wild, huh?

She giggles.

She climbs on top of him, straddling. Her body morphs into that of a seventy year old woman. Her true self. Her giggles turn into cackles. Sam screams but is unable to move.

SAM (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

She shows a toothless smile. Drool pours from her lips and onto his face.

SAM (CONT'D)
Kill me now!

Valerie brings out an ancient looking dagger. She brings it to his wrist and slices. Blood flows. She brings her withered lips to the wound and sucks.

She slowly begins to age backward, getting younger with every swallow.

The bedroom door is kicked open. Lena runs with a chair held above her hands. She smashes her over the head. Valerie falls off the bed and right onto the dagger.

She shrieks in pain. She begins to progressively age. Years in seconds. After a few moments she's withered and dry. About one-hundred and fifty. She farts and explodes into dust.

SAM (CONT'D)
What the fuck just happened?

EXT. VALERIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lena walks out slowly. Sits on the steps. Sam emerges, a towel wrapped tightly around his wrist. He sits next to her.

LENA
Told ya so.

SAM
I'm so sorry. I didn't know.
(Beat)
You were awesome.

LENA
I've been awesome but "You're not really into that".

SAM
I think I am now.

Lena laughs in his face.

LENA
Cheese. Queso. Velveeta-

He kisses her. Awkward. They avert each other's eyes.

LENA (CONT'D)
More.

They make out. They part. Sam points into the house.

SAM
Wait. How are we gonna explain
this?

LENA
Who cares?

They continue.

THE END