

SCORNED

by

Aimee Parrott & Antonio Gangemi

Registered WGAw No. 1157008

INT. DAMON HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Bright morning sunlight.

LILY DAMON, 16, an ethereal misfit with the body and clothes of a twelve-year-old, drifts in and sits at the table, where a glass of orange juice awaits.

LILY
Morning, Mom.

Lily's mother, MADELIN, 40, coupon clipper, cookie baker, president of the PTA, turns from the stove.

MADELIN
Hi, sweetie. I made your favorite.

She puts a plate of silver dollar pancakes in front of her daughter. Lily drizzles syrup, then picks at them. Madelin sips from a mug.

MADELIN
Big day at school today?

LILY
(shrugs)
I dunno. The usual. Another day of being the invisible girl.

MADELIN
Oh you're too pretty to be invisible.
Who wouldn't notice you?

LILY
Geoff Friar.

MADELIN
Friar, Friar... isn't his father the one who works at the bank? Why don't you ask him over for dinner some time?

LILY
Mo-om. He doesn't even know I exist.
I can't ask him over for mac 'n cheese.

MADELIN
So make him notice you.

LILY
Like, how?

MADELIN
Go right up to him and talk to him.
Catch him off guard.

LILY

Is that how you met my father?

MADELIN

You know I don't like to talk about him.

She stalks out of the room.

Lily digs in to her pancakes. Stops. Reaches for her backpack, and pulls out a notebook and pen.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- DAY

Lily slouches along, stops in front of a blue house with a white picket fence. Her friend CINDY, 16, with band geek written all over her, trips out.

CINDY

Hey.

LILY

Hey.

They traipse along. A school bus drives by and KIDS hoot out the window at them.

LILY

So I wrote him a note.

CINDY

You wrote who a note?

LILY

Who do you think? Geoff.

CINDY

Are you mental?!

LILY

What d'ya mean?

CINDY

If you wanna die, why don't you just fall on a spork in the cafeteria?

LILY

All I'm doing is telling him how I feel. He doesn't have to like me back.

CINDY

Whatevs. I'm so not getting caught in the crossfire.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STUDY HALL -- DAY

Crowds of STUDENTS whisper and giggle. A few actually study. An aggravated TEACHER picks spitballs out of her hair.

Lily sits in the back next to Cindy, her gaze fixed on GEOFF FRIAR, 18, varsity guy, wears his cock on his sleeve. He sits near the window with his wingman, LARRY.

Lily rubs her fingers nervously over

A NOTE

shaped into a triangle. She hands it off to a CHEERLEADER.

LILY

Can you pass that to Geoff?

The Cheerleader raises a skeptical eyebrow, but palms the note and passes it off to a BEHEMOTH in front of her. The Behemoth passes it to Larry, who passes it to Geoff.

Lily watches, not breathing. Geoff opens the note and reads it. Elbows Larry, who turns and points at Lily.

Geoff examines her for a minute. Breaks out into a grin.

Lily grins back just as Geoff's smile turns into a GUFFAW of malicious amusement.

GEOFF

You gotta be kiddin' me. Her?
 (reads letter, mocking)
 I think you're the nicest boy in school.

LARRY

(snickers)
 Can I be your girlfriend?

Ripples of laughter spread through the room as Lily blushes crimson and tries to disappear.

She looks toward Cindy for help and gets the cold shoulder.

The note passes from hand to hand, and as each new person reads it, the maelstrom of cruelty surrounding Lily grows.

CHEERLEADER

I'm sorry, sweetie, but you sorta had that coming. You're just not pretty enough to go out with him.

The Teacher marches over and snatches the note from the Cheerleader, who's blowing kisses at Geoff.

TEACHER

(reading)

Maybe one day you'll notice me, but
until then, I still love you.

(looks up)

Lily, this was you?

Lily nods, beyond humiliated.

TEACHER

Go to the principal's office. Tell
him you were disrupting my study
hall.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DETENTION ROOM -- DAY

Lily slumps at a desk, her arm curled protectively around a
notebook as she writes.

INSERT NOTEBOOK: You're just not pretty enough. You're just
not pretty enough. You're just not pretty enough.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - FOYER -- DAY

Lily creeps in, shuts the door quietly behind her. Her mother
emerges from the kitchen.

MADELIN

How was school?

Lily stands in frozen contemplation.

MADELIN

Honey, are you okay? You're as white
as a ghost.

Lily manages to look up at her mother.

MADELIN

Sweetheart, you're scaring me. What
happened? Did you talk to that boy?

LILY

It didn't work.

She carries herself up the stairs without another word.

Madelin moves to the bottom of the staircase, watches her
daughter tail away.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - BATHROOM -- DAY

Lily stands before the mirror.

LILY

Look at you.

Lily's cat NYX winds figure eights around

HER FEET

A buzzing sound. Long clumps of dark hair fall to the floor.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - LILY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Her head now shaven, Lily sits cross-legged on the bed with her eyes closed. Her arms outstretched, palms up. She looks purified.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - MADELIN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Madelin sits up in bed reading. Nyx curled at her feet.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - LILY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Lily lies in the center of her bed, the blankets tucked neatly around her. She trembles violently, stares at the ceiling. Her eyes gleam.

She kicks the blankets off the bed, she's fully clothed.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - MADELIN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Madelin sips tea. Nyx pins her ears back. She leaps off the bed, Madelin spills her tea.

MADELIN

NYX! Godammit!

INT. DAMON HOUSE - LILY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Lily rages around her room. From her nightstand, she snags

A FRAMED NEWSPAPER PHOTO

of Geoff on the pitcher's mound.

She marches to her bureau and pulls a baseball from the top drawer.

Lily crouches to the floor and brings the baseball down hard on the glass frame, splintering it to bits.

She smashes it again and again. Blood splatters from her hand onto her clothes, and it doesn't slow her in the least.

Lily stomps over to the bookcase and removes the high school yearbook. Frenzied beyond belief, she tears off each page containing Geoff's picture. And devours it. Paper cuts riddle her lips.

She slumps onto the floor, her mouth open in a silent cry.

Lily reaches for the blanket and pulls it over her.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - MADELIN'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Madelin, fast asleep. A JOLT, the house shakes.

MADELIN

Oh my dear God.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - LILY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Moonlight fills the room. It shimmers over the

BROKEN GLASS

littering the carpet. Lily's bare foot steps on the shards.

INT. DAMON HOUSE - MADELIN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Madelin stares out of her window.

The CREAK of the door behind her does not make her turn.

LILY (O.S.)

(wavering)

Mom?

Madelin turns. Lily is naked, her breasts now voluptuous, her pale skin glowing.

MADELIN

Is everything alright? I think that was a -- what happened to your hair?

Lily takes an uncertain step toward her mother.

From her back sprout enormous leathery wings. Bat wings, topped with menacing claws at shoulder-level.

Madelin SHRIEKS. Her eyes wide with horror.

MADELIN

(quivers)

What's happening?

LILY

He'll have to notice me now.

Madelin backs away from her daughter.

MADELIN

My God... you look just like him.

LILY

Open the window, Mother.

Madelin fumbles with the latch, opens the window.

Lily flits past her and springs onto the windowsill. She crouches there a minute, peering out into the night. The delicate bumps of her spine peep out from between her wings.

She looks back at her mother. Spreads wide her wings, and soars into the darkness.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Lily glides over the moonlit neighborhood. Searching.

INT. FRIAR HOUSE - GEOFF'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Geoff sleeps like a stone. His trendy clothes strewn about the room.

A thump from outside, he switches to the other cheek.

EXT. FRIAR HOUSE -- NIGHT

Lily moves atop the porch roof with grace. Her wings nearly block out the moon.

She peers in a window, sees a COUPLE sleeping.

INT. FRIAR HOUSE - GEOFF'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sheer window curtains ruffle in the breeze.

Lily's silhouette appears, getting closer.

She lowers herself into the room. A floorboard creaks as she touches down. A snort from Geoff.

Lily remains perfectly still. With the curtain draped before her, it appears as though she wears a veil.

She slinks onto the

HARDWOOD FLOOR

and slithers toward the foot of the bed, her wings gently scratching the surface as she goes.

Lily tucks her head underneath the comforter, slowly nestles into bed.

A bulge in the center of the bed. Rising and falling, rising and falling, as Lily pleasures Geoff.

He begins to stir. And moan. Lily's actions intensify.

The lump in the bed begins to grow, larger and larger, as Lily mounts Geoff. A gust of wind whips through the curtains, only her head peeps out from under the comforter.

Lily gyrates. And then, Geoff's eyes pop open.

GEOFF
What the fuck? Oh my god...

LILY
Does it feel good?

GEOFF
Uhh... yeah.

Lily works herself -- and Geoff -- into a frenzy. Sways her head back and forth, delighting in the moment.

She raises her arms, the comforter hangs off of her like a giant cape.

The wind rips through the curtains again, and the moonlight dances across Lily's pale face.

GEOFF
Holy Shit! It's you!

LILY
(rasps)
Enjoy, Geoffrey. Enjoy...

Geoff tries to flip her off the bed, but she's got him.

LILY
I always knew we'd end up in bed together.

GEOFF
Why are you doing this?

LILY
Didn't you read my note? I love you.

Geoff reaches up and punches her in the face. And Lily smiles.

She arches her back, draws her arms up high, and the comforter slips off of her.

HER WINGS

nearly span the room east to west.

Geoffrey SCREAMS. Lily laughs.

GEOFF
Holy Shit! You freak, you fuckin' freak! GET OFFA ME!

LILY
 How I've longed for you to notice
 me, Geoffrey. I've prayed for this
 moment to come, and now it's your
 turn.

GEOFF
 (squirms)
 MOM! DAD!

LILY
 Where are all your friends, when you
 need them...

Lily pins his arms to the bed. He spits in her face.

LILY
 Geoffrey... why?

She nibbles his ear.

GEOFF
 LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

LILY
 Almost there...

As she continues to grind away on top of Geoff, the fight
 begins to leave his body.

LILY
 I want to hold you.

GEOFF
 Don't do this... stop...

She yanks him up off the bed and as she does, her wings
 envelop him, drawing him in tight.

LILY
 And they say romance is dead.

Her claws sink deep into his shoulders. Then ride down his
 back.

The light from Geoff's eyes has left, and now Lily's are
 aglow.

Gently, gracefully, she lowers him back down.

Her wings high, Lily moves in for a smoldering kiss.

LILY
 Always...

She flicks her wings and lands bedside.

Lily pulls the covers up to his chin, folds back the sheet.

She glides to the window ready to depart, when she spies

A NOTE

on the nightstand, folded with triangular creases.

She unfolds it. A serene smile sweeps across her face. She turns to Geoffrey.

LILY

You kept it.

Vanishes back into the night.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STUDY HALL -- DAY

The mood is somber today. Murmurs throughout. A newspaper with a headline about Geoff's death circulates.

Cindy's eyes are glued to her book.

LILY (O.S.)

Hey.

Cindy turns around. Lily wears a long black trench coat and heavy boots.

CINDY

Where's your hair? Are you goin'
Goth on me?

LILY

I thought I'd dress for the occasion.

CINDY

So you heard about what happened to
Geoff?

LILY

Could we talk about it later? I
really need to study.

CINDY

Whatevs.
(turns back around)

Lily reaches into her backpack, and withdraws from it

A NOTE

She lines through the name "GEOFF", and writes "LARRY".

Lily folds the note, taps the Cheerleader on the shoulder.

LILY

Can you pass this to Larry?

The Cheerleader stares at her through red-rimmed eyes.

CHEERLEADER

God, don't you know when to stop?

LILY

No.

The note goes from person to person, until it reaches Larry. He's hunched at his desk.

Opens it, reads it. Turns to find Lily glowering at him.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END