

ANATOMY OF MRS. DOE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

BRITTANY (24) sits crossed legged on the linoleum floor dissecting various fruits. She dresses in all black, and looks like she practices witchcraft in her down time.

A SHOP CLERK (20) skinny and nebbish approaches her, crouches down and inspects her examination table. Brittany doesn't lift her head to make eye contact.

BRITTANY

Can you move, you're casting a shadow on the specimens.

SHOP CLERK

Ma'am can I help you with something?

BRITTANY

Yes. You can move two and half feet to your right.

The Clerk moves, looking at the light to make sure there is no shadow.

SHOP CLERK

What are you doing exactly?

Brittany cuts into an orange, removing the peel and placing it in a perfect single line on the floor.

BRITTANY

The light in here is perfect for surgery.

SHOP CLERK

Surgery?

Brittany produces a scalpel from a leather pouch, the Clerk recoils slightly. She cuts the skin from the orange, lifting it off with tiny tweezers and placing it next to the peel.

BRITTANY

Yes. The patient is fortunate to have such a sterile and sturdy operating table. The linoleum is perfect.

Brittany puts on some glasses, leans in with the tweezers and removes 2 seeds from the orange methodically.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Hold out your hands.

The clerk sheepishly stretches his hands towards Brittany, she places the seeds in his shaking hands, still no eye contact.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Did you know the human body has
over eight hundred muscles in it?

SHOP CLERK
I did not.

BRITTANY
The hand has 34 muscles alone. All
of them perform a very specific and
important function.

The Clerk stares at his hands, wiggles his fingers slightly.

SHOP CLERK
How many bones are in the hand?

BRITTANY
Twenty seven.

SHOP CLERK
I broke two fingers last summer,
hurt like hell.

BRITTANY
Trying breaking your femur when
you're twelve.

SHOP CLERK
What's a femur?

Brittany removes three more seeds and places them in the Clerk's hands.

BRITTANY
It's in your leg, the largest bone
in the human body.

SHOP CLERK
How did you break it?

BRITTANY
None of your business.

SHOP CLERK

Ma'am it's three in the morning, do you need me to call you a ride? Or maybe ring you up for the produce.

BRITTANY

I love 24 hour grocery stores, nobody ever shops at this time. I like quiet while I work.

Brittany picks up the orange by stabbing it with the scalpel and eats it slowly while staring into the fluorescent lights.

SHOP CLERK

Are you a doctor or something?

Brittany pulls out a few crumpled bills and stuffs them in the Clerk's hand with the orange seeds.

BRITTANY

Something.

Brittany walks away slowly, adjusting a crooked sign for "apples" as she exits.

SHOP CLERK

Thank you for shopping at Star Market!

Brittany disappears out of the automatic doors, the clerk stuffs the cash in his pocket and kicks the fruit under a shelf.

INT. HARVARD LECTURE HALL - DAY

Brittany diligently takes notes while DR. WOODS(52) dressed in a brown corduroy suit and neatly manicured gray beard scribbles on a whiteboard. Brittany sits alone in the very back of the room.

DR. WOODS

Two weeks from today you will all be assigned your cadaver for the semester. This may feel intense and foreign to some of you so please take this time to prepare yourself.

Brittany rolls her eyes and continues to fill her notebook with hieroglyphics.

DR. WOODS (CONT'D)

Okay folks, I'm gonna hand you over to my faithful TA, Brad.

BRAD(23) ambles up to the podium as DR. Woods packs his briefcase and disappears out of the room. Brad is dressed for a semi-formal boat party and looks like he's never shoveled a flake of snow in his life.

BRAD

Thank you Professor Woods. As you all know this is a large undertaking and should not be taken lightly.

Nobody appears to be listening, all of the students pack their bags and begin to exit. Brad notices and adjusts.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Yes, you are dismissed, if you need me I will be assisting in Dr. Woods's office hours, four to six Monday and Wednesday.

Brittany brushes her hair out of her face and behind her left ear as she finishes her notes. Brad stares transfixed as the classroom empties out.

TWO STUDENTS walk by Brittany and whisper to one another.

STUDENT #1

There is Brittany sitting with all her friends.

STUDENT #2

Look at that outfit, what a freak. No wonder she's always alone.

Brittany hears them and chooses to ignore.

BRAD

Ms. Helfick, would you mind coming to the front? I have a matter to discuss with you.

Brittany looks perplexed, packs her backpack and shyly approaches the podium at the front of the lecture hall.

BRITTANY

Was there something wrong with my last assignment or something?

BRAD

No. No. You got an "A" as usual. This is a more personal matter.

BRITTANY

Oh-

Brittany begins to squirm and nervously adjust her backpack on her shoulder while avoiding eye contact.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

What do you mean exactly?

Brad approaches Brittany, he's eye to eye with her but she still avoids eye contact.

BRAD

I was wondering if you'd wanna grab dinner with me sometime.

Brittany has her head pointed toward the floor. Brad grabs her chin and lifts it up to face him, he leans in even closer.

BRAD (CONT'D)

How does that sound?

BRITTANY

I don't know, I don't think it would be appropriate and I don't really know you.

BRAD

So let's get to know each other a little better.

Brad strokes Brittany's hair behind her ear, she starts to shake.

BRITTANY

Um, I don't think we should. I really need to go.

BRAD

Brittany, you are the smartest person in this program and I admire your-

Brad looks Brittany up and down and leans in even closer.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Work ethic.

Brittany pulls away but Brad puts his hands on her shoulders.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Give it some thought, I think we could have some fun.

BRITTANY

I really need to go, sir.

BRAD

As much as it gives me pleasure for you call me sir, I must insist you call me, Brad.

He strokes her hair one more time, Brittany pulls away again.

BRITTANY

Okay, Brad I need to catch my train.

Brad smirks as Brittany dashes out of the door.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Brittany runs down the hallway, flying past confused looking students. She's breathing heavy and tears begin to stream down her bright red face. She BURSTS out the front doors and attempts to catch her breath.

Students and faculty look on as she appears to be having a heart attack.

BRITTANY

Shit.

Brittany looks up at the roof, six stories up and runs back into the building.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

Brittany sprints up the stairs, flying by more students. She finally reaches the top level and BURSTS out the door and drops to her knees.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - DAY

Brittany lays in a heap on the ground and attempts to compose herself. She manages to get back on her feet and stumbles to the edge. She stares over as her knees shake and breathing continues to struggle.

She stares directly at the ground, then back at the sky. Her body stops shaking and her breathing slows. She wipes her face with the sleeve of her cardigan.

She removes a pack cigarettes from her sweater pocket, places one in her mouth and lights it with a gold Zippo with the name "Paul" engraved on it. She takes a long drag and stares at the ground again, feet dangling over the edge.

BRITTANY
Mother fucker.

Brittany steps off the ledge, collects her things and flings open the door to the stairway as a cloud of smoke follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brittany walks through campus, takes one last drag of her cigarette and flicks it at the stone engraving of the Harvard Yard gate.

In a daze she begins to cross the street without looking as cars WHIZ past she snaps out of his as large bus is barreling towards her. Before it strikes she is tackled out of the way and onto the median grass. A MYSTERY MAN lays on top of her, covering her head with his arms.

MYSTERY MAN
Holy shit! Are you okay?

BRITTANY
Am I dead?

The Mystery Man helps Brittany stand up and brushes the dirt off her sweater.

MYSTERY MAN
You came real close.

The Mystery Man stops brushing her sweater and blushes.

MYSTERY MAN (CONT'D)
Sorry, shouldn't be touching you.

BRITTANY
No, it's totally fine. You-

Brittany finally looks at her Mystery Man; tall, thin, stubble on his face and glasses. He looks like a skinny Clark Kent but shade more geeky.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
(nervous)
Saved my life.

The Mystery Man brushes off his sweatshirt that reads: "Saves the Day" with two sword fighting skeletons under the words.

MYSTERY MAN
I'm sure you would have done the same for me. Although I usually look both ways before crossing.

He winks at her and she blushes.

MYSTERY MAN (CONT'D)
But you are okay, right? Nothing broken or anything?

BRITTANY
I think so. What's that?

Brittany points to his sweatshirt. He points at it as well to confirm. She nods.

MYSTERY MAN
Oh. It's my favorite band. Ever heard of them?

BRITTANY
No. But what an apt thing to wear for a moment such as this.

The Mystery Man LAUGHS.

MYSTERY MAN
I guess so! But to be honest, I wear it most days. It's my armor.

BRITTANY
I like it.

MYSTERY MAN
Well, my nerves are shot. How about you buy me a drink to thank me for saving your life?

BRITTANY
Oh. Um-

MYSTERY MAN
I'm kidding.

BRITTANY
No. I want to. Please?

Brittany musters a smile and the Mystery Man smiles back.

MYSTERY MAN
Great! I know this hole in the wall down the street that is exactly two songs away.

The Mystery man pulls some headphones out of his backpack and hands them to Brittany. He plugs them into his Ipod and hits the screen a few times.

BRITTANY
What is your name?

MYSTERY MAN
Oh! How rude. I'm Chip, nice to meet you.

Chip puts out his hand and shakes Brittany's.

BRITTANY
I'm Brittany.

They stare into each other's eyes and smile.

CHIP
Pleased to meet you, Brittany.

Chip taps his ears a winks again. Brittany snaps out of daze and puts on the headphones. Chip hits play and hands her the Ipod. The music swells in hear ears and she smiles again and nods her head slightly.

CHIP (CONT'D)
You're gonna love it.

She pulls one headphone off her ear and yells.

BRITTANY
WHAT?!

Chip laughs and flicks his head.

CHIP
Follow me.

She places the headphone back on and walks next to Chip.

INT. SHAY'S BAR - DAY

The bar is tiny, exposed brick on every wall, ancient looking wood lining the bar and ceiling. It looks like an old speakeasy, minus the class.

Chip and Brittany take a seat at a small table in the corner. Brittany hands back the headphones and Ipod to Chip.

CHIP
What did you think?1

BRITTANY
I loved it.

CHIP

Are you just saying that to be nice
because I saved your life?

Brittany LAUGHS.

BRITTANY

Absolutely not. I really loved it,
thank you letting me listen.

CHIP

And?

Brittany smiles.

BRITTANY

And saving my life.

Chip grins and places the headphones on the table.

CHIP

You are very welcome, young lady.

A WAITRESS (45) approaches; brown hair in a tight ponytail.

WAITRESS

What can I get for you folks?

Chip gestures towards Brittany.

CHIP

Ladies first.

Brittany blushes.

BRITTANY

I'll have a Jameson, neat.

CHIP

I'll take a Miller High life.

WAITRESS

Coming right up.

The waitress disappears towards the bar.

BRITTANY

Aren't you a cheap date.

CHIP

How dare you, that is the champagne
of beers.

They both LAUGH. Brittany is looking around the room, on the walls are framed posters from old films from the 30's to the 80's.

BRITTANY

I like this place. We are actually sitting under the poster for my favorite movie.

Chip looks shocked and slowly points to the poster above his head on the wall. It's a framed poster for "Ghostbusters"

CHIP

Ghostbusters is your favorite movie?!

BRITTANY

Yes, sir.

CHIP

MINE TOO! That's why I always sit here.

BRITTANY

Get the fuck out of here.

CHIP

I'm dead serious.

Chip gives Brittany a suspicious look.

BRITTANY

You don't believe me!

CHIP

It feels too good to be true. I need proof madame.

BRITTANY

Test me!

CHIP

Okay, who was the original choice to play Winston Zeddemore?

Brittany doesn't hesitate for a moment.

BRITTANY

Eddie Murphy.

CHIP

Yes! That's my girl!

Brittany smiles big and blushes.

CHIP (CONT'D)

This is great. Okay, test me, it's only fair.

Brittany leans back and looks directly at the poster.

BRITTANY

Okay. According to Dan Aykroyd, who's Slimer the ghost of?

CHIP

John Belushi.

Brittany's jaw drops and she LAUGHS.

BRITTANY

Oh my god! That's right. This is amazing.

CHIP

Thank you, thank you. I actually got to meet Dan Aykroyd when he was signing bottles of his weird Crystal Skull vodka a few years ago.

BRITTANY

That's incredible.

The waitress places their drinks on the table. They each take a sip.

CHIP

I waited in line for 3 hours. I had him sign like six things and he was so nice.

BRITTANY

I'm insanely jealous right now.

CHIP

It was the highlight of my life.

Brittany is shocked.

BRITTANY

Saving my life just now isn't the highlight of your life?!

They both LAUGH.

CHIP

You have a point, but they're probably neck and neck.

BRITTANY
I don't blame you.

Chip raises his glass, Brittany raises hers as well.

CHIP
To Aykroyd, our hero.

BRITTANY
To Chip, *my* hero.

They CLANK glasses.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
And Aykroyd.

CHIP
Of course.

They both take a sip.

BRITTANY
Are you student at Harvard?

CHIP
No, I just like to hang around the
campus. Save people, sell drugs,
mug tourists.

Chip takes a large sip. Brittany looks perplexed.

CHIP (CONT'D)
Kidding. No, I'm the program
manager at the Brattle movie
theater around the corner. How
about you?

BRITTANY
I'm at the medical school. Doctoral
program.

CHIP
Ewww. But also very cool.

Brittany LAUGHS.

BRITTANY
I actually have one more class
today in about fifteen minutes.

CHIP
Sadly I have to get to work at the
theater. Let's chug these down and
I'll walk you to your class.

Brittany smiles.

CHIP (CONT'D)

For safety.

Chip winks and finishes his drink. Brittany downs hers too and leaves a 20 dollar bill on the table.

EXT. HARVARD MEDICAL BUILDING - DAY

Brittany and Chip stand on the front lawn of the building, kicking leaves around at each other.

BRITTANY

I don't know how to properly thank you for today.

CHIP

You could hang out with me again.

BRITTANY

I'd really like that.

Chip pulls out his Ipod and hands it to Brittany.

CHIP

Here, take this. My phone number is etched on the back. This way you can listen to more Saves the Day, you have my info AND you know I won't stand you up. Smooth, right?

BRITTANY

Incredibly.

Brittany smiles and puts the Ipod in her bag. Chip leans nervously, Brittany follows suit. He gives her a peck on the lips and she lights up.

Chip goes to pull away but Brittany pulls him in for a longer, more passionate kiss. Sparks fly.

CHIP

Woa.

Brittany blushes.

CHIP (CONT'D)

Promise to call me.

BRITTANY

Pinky promise.

She stumbles away.

CHIP

Have a good day, Brittany.

She grins and glides into the building. Chip smiles and continues to kick leaves in glee.

He pauses, a solemn look takes over his face. His eyes roll back and collapses on the ground. A large crowd gathers around him as he lays motionless on the ground.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Brittany draws a detailed sketch of herself and Chip dressed like Ghostbusters trying to catch Slimer in her notebook. Her TEACHER walks by and she covers the notebook with a text book. She smiles at him nervously.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - NIGHT

Brittany sits alone in an empty waiting room reading a tattered copy of "National Geographic" and listening to Chip's Ipod when DR. ROGERS (39) enters; clean cut, fit, wearing a brown suit and glasses. He looks like a young George Clooney only not as handsome.

DR. ROGERS

Brittany, sorry to keep you waiting. Come in.

Brittany tosses her magazine onto the table and takes the headphones out of her ears.

BRITTANY

You need to update those magazines, I just read an article on polio.

DR. ROGERS

Yea, those are Betty's. My receptionist. She's lovely but I believe was born in the 1800's.

BRITTANY

Just get new magazines, quit blaming poor Betty.

Brittany follows Dr. Rogers into a small office.

INT. DR. ROGERS OFFICE - NIGHT

The room is lined with tall shelves of books, a couch and a leather chair that Dr. Rogers sits on with a large yellow legal pad in his lap.

DR. ROGERS

Tell me Brittany, would you like to pick up where we left off last week?

BRITTANY

Where were we last week?

Dr. Rogers looks shocked.

DR. ROGERS

That's interesting.

BRITTANY

What is?

DR. ROGERS

I've been working with you for over a year and you've never forgotten a thing. Your memory is a steal trap. Photographic even. Right?

BRITTANY

Yes.

DR. ROGERS

What kind of tie was I wearing when we met?

BRITTANY

Blue Polo tie with tiny green stitched turtles on it. Half Windsor knot, slightly uneven until you adjusted it with thirteen minutes left in our session.

Dr. Rogers scribbles something on his pad.

DR. ROGERS

Just as a I thought. Would you like to discuss what has you distracted? Or just pick back up where we left off last week.

BRITTANY

Last week.

DR. ROGERS

We were talking about the accident again.

BRITTANY

I really hate talking about that.

DR. ROGERS

I know, and I won't force you.

BRITTANY

What would you like to know? I've told you the story. Car accident, parents and brother die when I'm 12, I survive.

DR. ROGERS

I know that part but we never discuss how it affected you right after it happened.

Brittany stares at the ceiling while laying on the couch.

BRITTANY

I met someone today.

DR. ROGERS

Pardon?

BRITTANY

I met a boy. His name is Chip and he saved my life.

Dr. Rogers flips a page on his legal pad and begins to write again.

DR. ROGERS

I'd call that pretty big news.

BRITTANY

Yea, we can talk about my dead family some other day.

Dr. Rogers gives Brittany a disapproving look of her candor. She keeps staring at the ceiling.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

He's the first person I've met that could make me smile in a really long time. He's amazing.

DR. ROGERS

Go on.

The clock on the wall reads 6:20.

INT. DR. ROGERS OFFICE - LATER

The clock reads 6:55.

DR. ROGERS

Well, Ghostbusters is an amazing movie, but that's really great news, Brittany. Let's put a pin in it because we are running out of time and pick back up next week?

BRITTANY

Sounds good, doc.

Dr. Rogers puts his note pad away and removes his glasses as Brittany gets up to leave.

DR. ROGERS

Are you going to call him?

BRITTANY

None of your business nosey Nancy.

Dr. Rogers shakes his head and chuckles.

DR. ROGERS

See you next week.

Brittany waves haphazardly as she exits.

BRITTANY

(yelling in the distance)
Get new magazines, doc.

INT. GROSS ANATOMY LAB - DAY

A large sterile room is full of rows of operating tables, sheets covering a cadaver on each one.

Brittany is not phased one bit, she stares at toe tag dangling in front of her like a wind chime on an autumn day.

Brittany flicks the toe tag and grins as it spins. Dr. Woods walks up and down the rows giving his instructions.

DR. WOODS

Ladies and gentlemen, these are your cadavers for the semester. Treat them with respect and learn everything you can from them.

Dr. Woods glares at Brittany who clearly isn't listening. His TA, Brad stares at Brittany a little too long.

DR. WOODS (CONT'D)
 Today we make first incisions,
 today is the first step of your long
 paths of becoming surgeons. So
 please--

Dr. Woods grabs the toe tag on Brittany's cadaver and stops it from spinning. Brad shakes his head to mimic Dr. Woods's sentiment.

DR. WOODS (CONT'D)
 Focus.

Brittany nods and smirks to herself as Dr. Woods walks past.

DR. WOODS (CONT'D)
 You may now remove the sheets and
 familiarize yourselves with the
 person you'll be working with for
 the rest of the semester.

Brittany pulls the sheet off quickly, doesn't look at the cadaver at first and starts to line up all her surgical tools.

She looks down at the specimen and realizes it's Chip, the man who saved her days before.

BRITTANY
 Oh my god. No. No. No. No.

Brittany begins to sweat and breath heavily. Brad sees this and approaches Brittany, places an arm around her too familiarly.

BRAD
 Is everything okay Ms. Helfrick?

Brittany recoils and walks across the large room and stands alone for a moment. Brad approaches Dr. Woods and whispers to him.

BRITTANY
 No. He can't be dead. Not him.

She fights back tears and attempts to compose herself.

FLASHBACK

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Chip smiles at Brittany, Still holding her hand from saving her. She smiles back and blushes through her long black hair covering her face.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A young Brittany wears a black dress and a black bow in her hair, stoic as three caskets are lowered into the ground.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. GROSS ANATOMY LAB - SAME

Brittany wipes her tears with purpose, straightens her posture and takes a deep breath. She walks back to her operating table with Chip on it. Dr. Woods approaches.

DR. WOODS

Is something wrong Ms. Helfrick?

BRITTANY

No. My contact fell out and I was putting it back in.

Dr. Woods nods and walks away, Brad stares but Brittany ignores while putting on her gloves.

DR. WOODS

Our first incision will be to locate and expose the Superficial Palmar branch of radial artery.

Some students are confused, some open their textbooks next to their operating tables, not Brittany. Brittany kisses two fingers of her rubber glove and places it on Chip's lips.

BRITTANY

(whispering)

I'm sorry-

Brad notices this and looks perplexed. Brittany picks up her scalpel and places it at the base of Chip's palm and applies pressure creating a one inch incision.

Dr. Woods watches on as Brittany completes his instructions before anyone can even find the right page in the textbook.

DR. WOODS

Very well done Ms. Helfrick.

BRITTANY

Thank you, sir.

Chip tilts his head towards Brittany and smiles. He grabs her hand gently, using the hand with his freshly opened incision.

CHIP (V.O.)

Great job, Brittany. I'm proud of you.

Brittany squeezes her eyes tight, tears spilling out of the edges. She wipes them away and looks back at a perfectly still body on her operating table and shakes her head.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Brittany slowly staggers through a hilly field full of headstones, monuments, mausoleums, cobblestone paths and trees covered in orange and red leaves.

Brittany stops at three headstones, sits on the ground and lights a cigarette.

BRITTANY

Hey guys, it looks like I lost another one.

Beat.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I must be fucking cursed or something.

Brittany stares into the sky and lets out a large plume of smoke.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Why does this keep happening to me?!

MAN (O.S.)

Quite down, before you wake the dead.

John; an elderly African American man, gray beard, dark blue coveralls and a rake in hand steps out from behind a tree.

BRITTANY

I wish.

JOHN

Not me. I don't want this place turning into the damn Thriller video. This place is creepy enough as it is.

BRITTANY

Then why do you work here?

John struggles to sit down next to Brittany on the ground.

JOHN

It's quiet and it's a great place to meet women.

John nudges Brittany and smiles. Brittany musters a half smile.

BRITTANY

Thanks, John. I needed that.

JOHN

What seems to be the problem, baby?

BRITTANY

I lost another one.

JOHN

Another one? I thought we already buried the last of your family two years ago.

John looks to the sky and ponders.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Papa Joe.

BRITTANY

That's correct. Small cell carcinoma. He was the last one.

John flicks the cigarette out of Brittany's mouth, she doesn't even flinch.

JOHN

Still have one left, let's not lose her just yet.

Brittany puts another cigarette in her mouth and lights it. John shakes his head.

BRITTANY

Yup. The whole family is dead. But I lost a boy. A boy I really liked.

JOHN
Who is this boy?

BRITTANY
He was MY first kiss. Now he's gone.

JOHN
What happened?

BRITTANY
I don't know. One day he was there drinking a High Life and one day he was dead.

JOHN
Maybe you should find out. Might help.

John leans in and puts his arm around Brittany, she rests her head on his shoulder. He pulls the cigarette out of her mouth and snubs it out on the ground.

BRITTANY
Thanks, John.

JOHN
Are you gonna be okay, baby girl?

BRITTANY
We'll see.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brittany walks the streets aimlessly while listening to music when she spots a folding sign for the "Brattle Theater" and an arrow pointing down the street.

BRITTANY
Shit.

Brittany dashes down the street. Brad appears out from a coffee shop and follows behind her as if he'd been waiting all day for her to appear.

Brittany navigates the streets determined while Brad follows her to the entrance of the Brattle Theater. Brittany enters while Brad sits on a bench just out of sight.

INT. BRATTLE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Brittany stands in a small lobby; beat up movie posters on the wall, a tiny concession stand packed with candy and a few beer taps on the counter. The place is empty.

BRITTANY

Hello?

Brittany inspects the room, she leans over the counter and spots a silver bell. She taps it once; DING. No one comes.

She gets on her tip toes to try to look around the corner of the counter and spots a MAN sleeping. She winds up SMASHES the bell. He springs to his feet.

MAN

Hello, welcome to the Brattle Theater. We are actually closed at the moment miss, our first screening isn't until five.

The man is RAY(28); Chubby with a red beard and glasses, like a young version of Quint from Jaws. He's wearing a denim jacket covered with pins of movies and various Muppets.

BRITTANY

I'm not here for a movie.

RAY

Well, that's good because I don't have one for ya.

Ray adjusts his jacket and glasses.

RAY (CONT'D)

Not until five, that is.

BRITTANY

Were you sleeping back there?

Ray looks at the spot on the floor where he was just sleeping, a large bag of popcorn as an improvised pillow and a small pile of empty beer cans.

RAY

Yea. It's been a rough few days for me.

BRITTANY

So you did know him.

RAY
Who?

BRITTANY

Chip-

Ray's face turns to stone.

RAY
Yea. He was my best friend. Why?
Did you know him?

BRITTANY
A little.

Ray grabs a two tall plastic cups and pours two beers from the tap. He hands one to Brittany and they both take a sip.

RAY
He was a really great dude. I can't
believe he's gone.

BRITTANY
What happened?

RAY
He had some fucking heart thing, an
irregular beat or something.

BRITTANY
Transient idiopathic arrhythmia.

Brittany takes a sip of her drink. Ray looks confused.

RAY
What?

BRITTANY
That's what it's called. An
irregular heartbeat.

RAY
I'll take your word for it.

Ray pulls out a cigarette and slides it between his lips. He holds up the pack, offering one to Brittany.

BRITTANY
Can we smoke in here?

Ray takes a huge drag and spits out a cloud of smoke.

RAY
Who gives a fuck?

BRITTANY
Touche.

RAY
I'm Ray by the way.

BRITTANY
Brittany.

Brittany grabs the pack, pulls one out, places it in her mouth and lights it.

RAY
We're having a party for him
tomorrow night if you want to come.

BRITTANY
A party?

RAY
Yea, he didn't have a funeral or
anything. He donated his body to
science or some shit.

Brittany freezes and starts to shake.

RAY (CONT'D)
You okay?

BRITTANY
Um, yes. The beer just went down
the wrong pipe.

Brittany nervously takes another sip.

RAY
Careful over there party animal.

BRITTANY
Did they not have a wake for
friends?

RAY
Nope. Well, his parents had a
private one just for family. They
are kind of giant weirdos.

BRITTANY
Oh. I see.

RAY

Alright, I need to clean my ragged ass up and get ready for the first screening. I'll see you at the party tomorrow. It's in the screening room upstairs.

Ray grabs a flyer off the counter; writes the time of the party and his phone number on it.

RAY (CONT'D)

I better see you there. Call me if you get lost.

Ray hands the flyer to Brittany, she shyly takes it from him.

RAY (CONT'D)

Okay! Let's chug em, I gotta get to work.

The two tilt the bottom of their cups to the ceiling and drain them into their gullets. Brittany finishes first and holds up the cup.

BRITTANY

Looks like I win.

RAY

Well done. You were Chip's kind of gal for sure.

Brittany blushes then frowns a little.

RAY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow night. Now get the heck out of here.

Ray laughs and pours another drink as Brittany leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brittany examines the flyer with Ray's info on it when Brad sneaks up behind her and grabs her arm. Brittany JUMPS in fear.

BRAD

Catching a matinee?

Brittany is frozen.

BRAD (CONT'D)

And you didn't even invite me? Naughty girl.

BRITTANY

Brad? What the hell are you doing here?

BRAD

I was just getting some air between classes and I was fortune enough to see you.

BRITTANY

Oh. What a coincidence.

BRAD

Feels like serendipity.

Brittany stuffs the flyer into her sweater pocket.

BRITTANY

Right.

Brad grabs the end tips of Brittany's hair in an attempt to be playful. She takes a small step back.

BRAD

Have you given any more thought to my offer? Since fate has lead us to cross paths, maybe we should grab a drink right now.

BRITTANY

I have ummm, a class soon.

BRAD

No you don't. I know your schedule by heart.

BRITTANY

Pardon?

BRAD

It's part of my job to know everything about my students.

Brad leans in close and rubs Brittany's arm, she's frozen and starts to breathe heavily. Just then Ray comes out of nowhere, wrapping his arms around Brittany and hugging her tight.

RAY

There you are! I've been looking everywhere for you. I forgot where you said to meet, silly me.

BRITTANY

Oh hello Ray-

Brad looks annoyed. Brittany is visibly relieved.

RAY

Now we must hurry, our pole dancing class starts in three minutes.

Ray waves at Brad, putting his hand one inch from Brad's face.

RAY (CONT'D)

Sorry man, we gotta run.

Brad looks furious as Brittany power-walks down the street with Ray.

BRITTANY

Thank you so much.

RAY

Who the hell was that knob? He looked like a villain in an 80's movie. Sorry to jump in like that, you looked super uncomfortable.

BRITTANY

He's the TA for my Human Anatomy class.

RAY

He looked like he was interested in *your* human anatomy. Glad I decided to grab a burger across the street.

BRITTANY

I thought you had to work.

RAY

That shit can wait. Had the chance to pull the old George McFly, so I went for it.

BRITTANY

The George Mcfly?

RAY

Yea, like from Back to the Future.

Brittany looks confused. She pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

RAY (CONT'D)

It's something me and Chip used to do at parties. When a girl is being harassed by some asshole, we would swoop in and save them.

BRITTANY

Ohhhh. Like when George punches Biff.

RAY

Now you're getting it, kid.

Brittany hands Ray a cigarette and lights it for him.

BRITTANY

Couple of heroes you two were.

RAY

Yea, Chip hated shit like that. It got him his ass kicked a few times but he wouldn't back down. That's the kind of guy he was.

Brittany smiles.

BRITTANY

What else do you remember about him?

RAY

He was a really picky eater. The guy ate like a twelve year old. His favorite food was mac and cheese, followed closely by pizza and PB&J sandwiches.

Brittany stops in her tracks and looks shocked.

BRITTANY

That's my favorite food too.

RAY

Mac and cheese?

BRITTANY

Yea.

RAY

Gross. Why? Have you ever had like a really great burger or steak?

BRITTANY

We didn't have much money growing up and I had to cook a lot for myself. Mac and cheese was cheap and easy. I just learned to love it.

RAY

Look, that's sad and I want to feel bad for giving you shit but try a burger sometime.

Brittany LAUGHS.

BRITTANY

I'll think about it.

RAY

You do that. But I need to pick up my food and avoid work. Duck down this alley and avoid that human turtle neck back there.

Brittany pauses and awkwardly hugs Ray.

BRITTANY

Thank you.

RAY

You clearly don't hug much because this is a weird technique.

Ray hugs her back and taps her on the back lightly.

INT. HARVARD SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Behind a large desk sits Derek (28) the portly campus security guard flipping through a Playboy when Brittany approaches.

BRITTANY

Excuse me?

Derek quickly grabs the dirty magazine and throws it under the desk, hitting Brittany in the foot.

DEREK

May I help you?

Brittany stares at the magazine in disgust then looks back at Derek who is visibly embarrassed.

BRITTANY

Yes. I believe I may have left my notebook in the gross anatomy lab, would it be okay if I looked for it?

DEREK

Sure.

Derek motions to stand up, looks down at his lap and blushes.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Do you think you could manage on your own? I'm ummm, busy with paperwork.

BRITTANY

Yes, please don't get up. I can look on my own. Thank you.

Brittany picks up the playboy and hands it back to Derek.

DEREK

Oh my. Where on earth did this come from?

Brittany rolls her eyes and makes her way down the hall.

INT. GROSS ANATOMY LAB - NIGHT

Brittany flips on all the lights and makes sure the door is locked behind her. She approaches the wall of drawers and starts pulling them open one by one.

BRITTANY

Where are you?

Brittany continues to open drawers to no avail.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Chip?

CHIP (V.O.)

Yes?

Brittany attempts to follow the sound of Chip's voice.

BRITTANY

I can't find you. Help me.

CHIP (V.O.)

You're getting closer.

Brittany yanks open the drawer marked; "specimen #8" and reveals a body with a sheet on it.

BRITTANY
Is that you, Chip?

The body nods its head under the sheet. Brittany runs her hand up the sheet and pulls it back to reveal Chip's body from the chest up.

CHIP (V.O.)
It's good to see you again,
Brittany.

BRITTANY
You too, Chip. I had such a
wonderful time with you the other
day.

Brittany pulls up a chair and sits inches from his face.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
You're the first boy I have ever
even gotten remotely close to. You
saved me, you treated me like a
lady.

CHIP (V.O.)
That's what you deserve.

Brittany rubs his face gently.

BRITTANY
I'm glad you were my first kiss.

CHIP (V.O.)
I'm honored it was me.

Brittany begins to cry.

BRITTANY
I wish there could have been more
than one.

CHIP (V.O.)
Me too. One kiss isn't nearly
enough with you.

Brittany kisses her hand then places it on his lips. There is a KNOCK at the door. Brittany jumps up and slides the drawer shut. She sprints back to the door and unlocks it, Derek is standing in the doorway.

DEREK

Is everything okay in here? I thought I heard you talking to someone.

BRITTANY

Oh, I was just reading my notes out loud.

DEREK

Great, so you found your notebook.

BRITTANY

Yes, it's right-

Brittany scans the room and grabs the first stack of papers she sees.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Here. Thank you for the help.

Brittany tucks the paper under her arms and shoots out the door and down the hall. Derek waves, looks in the lab and shuts off the lights.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT

Brittany slowly walks into a room packed with people chatting and drinking beers while *Batman* (1989) plays on the screen behind them. Ray spots Brittany and rushes over.

RAY

Hey, Brittany! You made it, shall we awkwardly hug again.

Brittany blushes and looks at the floor, Ray swoops in and hugs her tight. She slowly hugs him back.

RAY (CONT'D)

There it is.

BRITTANY

I hope I'm not too late.

RAY

Don't be silly, cool kids always show up late.

BRITTANY

Me? Cool? I don't think so.

RAY
I was joking kid, let's get you a
drink to loosen you up.

BRITTANY
Yes, please.

Ray points at the screen while they walk.

RAY
Awesome, right?

BRITTANY
Absolutely. I used to watch Batman
on VHS while I did my homework as a
kid.

RAY
Wow, you are a dork.

Brittany hangs her head for a split second.

RAY (CONT'D)
I love it.

Brittany's head snaps back up and she smiles. Ray walks up to
a kiddie pool full of ice and beer.

RAY (CONT'D)
What are ya drinking?

BRITTANY
Whatever you're drinking.

RAY
My kind of girl.

Ray grabs a tall can of Narragansett and hands it to
Brittany. She CRACKS it open and takes a big GLUG.

BRITTANY
Thank you.

RAY
Speaking of my kind of girl, I want
you to meet someone.

Ray points to a GIRL(26) shotgunning a beer in a circle of
guys doing the same thing. She's short, curvy, with red hair
and tattoo of a massive shark on her arm. She finishes her
beer first and spikes the empty can on the floor.

BRITTANY
Who is that? She seems scary.

RAY
You have no idea.

Ray grabs Brittany's arm and escorts her over to the girl.

RAY (CONT'D)
Hey, try not to make too much of a
damn mess in here. I have to clean
up after you pigs.

The girl BURPS in Rays general direction.

GIRL
Fuck you, Raymond.

Ray gets right in the girl's face.

RAY
You got a problem? Because we can
handle this shit.

Brittany is petrified watching this.

GIRL
Care to step outside, bitch.

Ray BURSTS in to laughter, the girl follows suit and they
hive each other a huge hug.

RAY
Rosie, I want you to meet someone.

Ray points to Brittany.

RAY (CONT'D)
This is Brittany, she knew Chip.
Brittany this is Rosie.

Rosie puts out her hand to shake, Brittany stares at the
large shark on her arm.

ROSIE
Don't worry, it won't bite.

Brittany snaps out of her daze and shakes Rosie's hand.

BRITTANY
Pleasure to meet you, I really like
your tattoo.

ROSIE
Thank you! That's Bruce.

Rosie points to the shark and Brittany waves to it.

BRITTANY

Hi, Bruce.

RAY

You two chat, I need to grab some more ice for the kiddie pool.

Ray disappears, Brittany looks uneasy.

BRITTANY

How did you know, Chip?

ROSIE

He's my ex boyfriend.

Brittany starts to breathe heavy.

BRITTANY

Wow, it must have been hard to lose your boyfriend so suddenly.

ROSIE

Oh no. We broke up years ago but stayed friends.

Brittany looks relieved.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

It still sucks shit that he died but not as my boyfriend. Which is a shame, I would have inherited his fortune.

BRITTANY

His fortune?

ROSIE

I'm kidding, he only had movie shit and some records. His parents took all his crap from his apartment and crammed it in his childhood bedroom.

BRITTANY

Why's that?

ROSIE

Because they are giant freaks and they're gonna make a shrine or some shit for him. Which he would have hated.

BRITTANY

Was he not the shrine type?

Rosie LAUGHS.

ROSIE

No. He didn't like attention like that. Just wanted to make people laugh or geek out about movies.

BRITTANY

I see-

ROSIE

How did you know him again?

BRITTANY

That's hard to explain.

ROSIE

Sounds intriguing. Wanna do some shots and loosen up? Then maybe you can tell me.

Brittany nods.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

INT. SCREENING ROOM BALCONY - NIGHT

Brittany, Rosie and Ray are passing around a bottle of Jameson Whisky while *Batman Returns* plays on the screen.

ROSIE

Chip saved your life?

BRITTANY

Yup. Risked his life to save mine.

RAY

That's Chip for ya.

ROSIE

So you only knew him for one day?

Brittany is clearly drunk.

BRITTANY

One perfect day.

RAY

That's all you need.

Brittany take a large GULP from the bottle.

ROSIE
Especially with Chip.

BRITTANY
I'm sorry I wasn't honest with you
guys right away. If you want me to
leave, I understand.

Brittany stands up to leave.

ROSIE
Sit your ass back down, girl.

Brittany looks concerned. Rosie and Ray both lean in and hug
her.

RAY
You allowed Chip to be a hero in
his last days. He would have loved
you for that.

Ray pulls back, holds up the bottle high.

RAY (CONT'D)
To Chip!

They all take a large swig of whisky and hug again.

ROSIE
What's next on the movie play list,
big boy?

Rosie points to the screen.

RAY
Goonies. I wanted to show some of
Chip's movies but they're all at
school.

BRITTANY
What do you mean his movies?

RAY
Chippy was a filmmaker, shorts and
music videos mostly. But I think
they're at the school.

BRITTANY
Which school?

ROSIE
Mass College of Art. Chip helped
teach a couple classes with his
mentor, Pat Jackson.

RAY

You should go talk to him and check out those movies. Help you learn more about our boy.

BRITTANY

I'd really like that. Let's go right now!

ROSIE

I think we are a bit too drunk for that now. Why don't we watch Goonies then get burgers next door.

RAY

What are you a genius? I love that plan. We'll get little Ms. Mac and Cheese a proper meal.

BRITTANY

I like you guys. And I don't like anyone, ever.

ROSIE

We are honored.

Rosie and Ray smile at each other and laugh quietly. Ray points at the back of Brittany's head while she watches the movie and puts gives a thumbs up to Rosie. She gives one back.

INT. GROSS ANATOMY LAB - DAY

Brittany stands over Chip, scalpel in hand while Dr. Woods gestures to large diagram of the chest cavity. He points below the collar bone and draws a straight line down past the sternum.

DR. WOODS

Please make the primary incision to the chest cavity and prepare your oscillating saw to cut through the sternum. Then place retractors to hold the cavity open, exposing the heart.

Brittany stares at the saw and scalpel, then back at Chip.

BRITTANY

Fuck. I can't fucking do this.

CHIP (V.O.)
Yes you can, Brittany. I believe in
you.

Brittany looks around to see if anyone is looking and rubs Chip's chest and notices something below his ribs towards his back. She gets a closer look and sees the same shark tattoo Rosie has on her forearm.

Brittany sheds a tear but wipes it before anyone can see.

BRAD (O.S.)
Is there a problem Ms. Helfrick?

Brad materializes out of nowhere and places his hand on Brittany's back, she freezes.

BRITTANY
No. I'm fine.

BRAD
Clearly.

Brad winks at Brittany and drifts away, running his hand across her back as he leaves.

CHIP (V.O.)
Ignore him. Cut me open, love. It's
time.

Brittany takes a deep breath, makes her initial incision with her scalpel cutting open the chest. She begins to breath heavy.

CHIP (V.O.)
Very good. Almost there.

Brittany picks up the oscillating bone saw and cuts through the sternum, her breathing intensifies. Chips heart is visible now as Brittany places the retractors into the chest cavity, fully exposing the heart.

Dr. Woods approaches.

DR. WOODS
Very good Ms. Helfrick.

Brittany stares at Chips exposed heart and no longer can control her breathing. Everyone is now watching.

DR. WOODS (CONT'D)
Is everything okay Ms. Helfrick?

BRITTANY

Yes, I just need some-

Brittany's breathing has become so heavy she can't get the words out. She runs out of the room in a flash.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Brittany BURSTS through the door and collapses on hardened tar roof and fights to catch her breath.

She looks out at the ledge and begins to crawl on her hands and knees. She finally makes it and dangles her head over the edge of the six story building.

Her breathing starts to slow, she pulls out her phone and hits the name "Dr. Rogers" as she does so she passes out.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Brittany's phone RINGS and snaps her awake, she looks at the screen that reads: "Dr. Rogers".

DR. ROGERS (O.S.)

Brittany! Are you okay? I've been trying to call you for two hours after you called me. I think you need to come in.

BRITTANY

Perhaps you're right.

Brittany hangs up with the last of her energy and drops the phone. She struggles to pull out a cigarette and light it, rubbing her thumb over the engraved "Paul" on the Zippo.

INT. DR. ROGERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Rogers sits quietly while Brittany is curled up in a ball on the couch.

DR. ROGERS

You don't have to talk until you're comfortable. Take your time.

BRITTANY

Okay.

Dr. Rogers scribbles something in his notebook.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Do you have anything to drink in here?

DR. ROGERS

No. I don't typically drink with patients.

BRITTANY

Can I smoke?

DR. ROGERS

I'd rather you didn't.

BRITTANY

If you want me to talk, I need one or the other. Preferably both.

DR. ROGERS

You sound different, has something changed? Perhaps that is what led to the panic attack.

BRITTANY

Perhaps.

Dr. Rogers looks slightly annoyed and opens a drawer at the bottom of his desk and produces a tall green bottle of whisky and two short glasses.

DR. ROGERS

Technically I am off the clock so let's not advertise this, please.

BRITTANY

Anything for the pursuit of mental health, I salute you doc.

Dr. Rogers pours two glasses and hands one to Brittany. He takes a tiny sip and Brittany GLUGS her's down in one swig.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Another round barkeep.

Dr. Rogers reluctantly pours her another glass.

DR. ROGERS

Now let's pace ourselves with this one, I only use this bottle in case of emergencies.

BRITTANY

I'm well-assured this classifies as one, doc.

DR. ROGERS
Then I'm glad I kept it.

BRITTANY
Why are you doing this for me?

DR. ROGERS
What do you mean?

BRITTANY
This clearly breaks some doctor
patient relationship and ethical
rules. Why would you do that for
me?

DR. ROGERS
You've been seeing me for over a
year now and have hardly opened up
at all. You came in tonight and
finally showed your vulnerability.
I'm willing to do anything at this
point to help you, I can see you're
in pain. You can trust me.

BRITTANY
Does this place have roof access?

Dr. Rogers gives Brittany a confused look while she takes a
sip of her drink.

EXT. DOCTORS OFFICE ROOF - NIGHT

Brittany lights a cigarette, takes a long drag and sips her
whisky while looking over the edge. Dr. Rogers stands as far
as he can from the ledge.

DR. ROGERS
Please be careful.

BRITTANY
What's a matter, Doc? Afraid of
heights?

DR. ROGERS
Deathly. I can't believe I'm even
up here.

BRITTANY
It's only four floors up, you'll be
okay.

DR. ROGERS
We'll see. But let's attempt to
focus on you, please.

BRITTANY
I appreciate you letting me come up
here. Being on roofs calms me.

DR. ROGERS
Why's that?

Brittany takes a drag, stares into the sky and exhales
deeply.

BRITTANY
Distance, solitude and knowing I'm
in control.

DR. ROGERS
Care you elaborate on that?

Dr. Woods pulls out a pen and small notebook from the inside
of his jacket pocket. Brittany notices.

BRITTANY
I thought you were off the clock?

DR. ROGERS
I'll make sure to send you a bill
if it makes you feel better.

Brittany cracks half a smile.

BRITTANY
Well, you know my parents are dead.

DR. ROGERS
I do.

BRITTANY
And my brother.

DR. ROGERS
Yes.

BRITTANY
I was twelve when it happened.
Massive car accident. I had fallen
asleep and was thrown from the car.
When I woke up, they were dead. I
saw their faces covered in blood
and motionless.

Brittany plays with the Zippo and runs her thumb over the engraving.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

All I have left from my family is this Zippo. It was my dad's, my mom gave it to him for their first Christmas together as a couple. They were only 19 when they got married. My dad never went anywhere without it, he said it was lucky. I found it sitting next to the car after the accident. Not so lucky I guess.

Brittany Lights another cigarette with the Zippo.

DR. ROGERS

That must have been hard. I'm sorry.

BRITTANY

I just shut down at that very moment. I went numb and never felt anything real again. I closed off.

DR. ROGERS

Then what happened? After the accident?

BRITTANY

I moved in with my grandparents. They were both teachers, cold and unaffectionate. I just read all day and night. They had these huge bookshelves from floor to ceiling in almost every room, just like in your office. That's why I stuck with you as my therapist actually, made me feel comfortable.

DR. ROGERS

But not as comfortable as a roof.

BRITTANY

I'm getting to that.

Brittany takes another sip of whisky and stares over the edge.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I had this neighbor when I was little.

(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I would sit in my grandparent's backyard and read and he'd come running over and chat with me all the time. No matter how quiet or shy I was he'd just keep talking.

DR. ROGERS

Did you ever play with him?

BRITTANY

Nope. We had this brook and it separated the two yards. He'd ask to play and I'd say no. He'd ask why and I'd tell him I had to study. The truth is I really wanted to play but couldn't play with him.

DR. ROGERS

Why not?

BRITTANY

Because his name was James and my brother's name was Jamie. He was just a constant reminder of what was taken from me. And I was scared of James to be honest.

DR. ROGERS

Why were you scared?

BRITTANY

Because I loved him.

DR. ROGERS

And you were afraid to lose him.

Brittany nods her head.

BRITTANY

One day he built up the nerve to say he was coming over. I finally said okay. He ran up the brook and jumped but didn't quite make it. He hit his leg on the wall of the brook and broke it. I ran away and called the police from the roof of my grandparent's house. I was too afraid to watch.

DR. ROGERS

Did you ever see him after that?

BRITTANY

No. His parents told him to stay away from me. They thought it was my fault.

DR. ROGERS

That must have been hard.

Brittany nods again.

BRITTANY

Ever since then I've always liked being on roofs. I'm far enough away from everyone to not be hurt. I'm in control up here, I can jump off at any time.

DR. ROGERS

Please don't-

BRITTANY

I won't. But knowing I can is what calms me down.

Brittany walks up to the ledge and sits on it, dangling her feet over the edge. Dr. Rogers is mortified but attempting to keep his composure.

DR. ROGERS

Please be careful. This is so dangerous.

BRITTANY

I know.

DR. ROGERS

What made you call me, Brittany?

Brittany takes a sip of her whisky and pauses for a moment.

BRITTANY

I'm in love with someone.

DR. ROGERS

That's great. Who is it?

Brittany takes a final drag of her cigarette and flicks it over the edge.

BRITTANY

I'm not ready to tell you just yet.

Brittany stands up and walks towards the door.

DR. ROGERS
That's fair. I'm ready when you
want to tell me.

Dr. Rogers pulls out a pad of paper, scribbles on it and
hands it to Brittany.

BRITTANY
What's this?

DR. ROGERS
A prescription for Xanax, in case
you sense another panic attack
coming on.

Brittany goes to take the final sip of her whisky but Dr.
Rogers pulls it away.

DR. ROGERS (CONT'D)
Fill this prescription tomorrow and
do NOT drink while on it. Okay?

BRITTANY
Thanks doc.

DR. ROGERS
You're welcome future doc.

Brittany smiles and walks out the door. Dr. Rogers finishes
her glass of whisky in one sip.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Brittany sits on a small couch outside of a door marked "Dr.
Peter Woods P.H.D." Her eyes dart around, she pulls out the
pill bottle and pops one in her mouth. Dr. Woods exits and
she quickly crams the bottle in her pocket.

DR. WOODS
Please come in.

INT. DR. WOODS OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Woods gestures to the chair in the corner of his office
as he takes a seat behind a large wooden desk.

BRITTANY
What is this regarding Dr. Woods?

DR. WOODS
This is *regarding* your episode in
class the other day.

BRITTANY
Episode, sir?

DR. WOODS
You may recall swiftly exiting the gross anatomy lab after perfectly opening your cadaver's chest cavity.

BRITTANY
Perfectly?

DR. WOODS
Ms. Helfrick, it is no secret you are the best in your class at what you do and it's impressive.

BRITTANY
Thank you, sir.

DR. WOODS
But I have some concerns.

BRITTANY
Concerns, sir?

DR. WOODS
Yes. I'm not 100% sure you have the stomach for this. It seemed like you got one good look at the exposed heart and went running for the hills. Are you sure you want to pursue surgery?

BRITTANY
Yes, sir. More than anything.

DR. WOODS
Care to tell me what happened?

Brittany quickly attempts to think of a lie and starts to squirm.

BRITTANY
I actually left the room to celebrate, sir.

DR. WOODS
Celebrate?

BRITTANY
Yes. I was nervous using the bone saw for the first time.

(MORE)

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I've used a scalpel countless times and I was worried I may not be able to handle something larger scale. When it went well I just wanted to scream in excitement.

DR. WOODS

So you ran out of the room to do so?

BRITTANY

Yes.

DR. WOODS

Why didn't you come back?

BRITTANY

It's kind of embarrassing, sir.

Dr. Woods looks suspicious.

DR. WOODS

Try me.

BRITTANY

I jumped up in the air and landed on my foot the wrong way and severely twisted my ankle. One of the security guards had to walk me to the nurse.

DR. WOODS

The nurse?

BRITTANY

Yes. In the administration building.

DR. WOODS

The one across campus?

BRITTANY

Yes, sir.

DR. WOODS

You seem fine now.

BRITTANY

The ankle is better but still pretty sore.

Dr. Woods isn't buying it.

DR. WOODS

Alright Ms. Helfrick, I'll buy it but if you leave the lab again during an exercise, you'll be dropped a full letter grade.

BRITTANY

Yes, sir.

DR. WOODS

And if there is something wrong, you'll need to tell me so it can be addressed. I can't have squeamish students who want to be doctors. It requires you to be stronger than that.

Brittany looks deflated.

BRITTANY

I understand, sir.

DR. WOODS

Good. You may go now. I'll see you in class on Friday.

Brittany quickly gets up and exits Dr. Woods' office while faking a limp.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brittany scrambles for the pill bottle when her phone RINGS. Ray's name pops up on her screen, she puts the pills away and answers.

BRITTANY

Hello?

Brittany listens and starts to smile.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I'd love to, I'll be right there.

INT. BRATTLE THEATER - DAY

Brittany walks into an empty theater, save for Ray and Rosie sitting on the stage eating a pizza.

BRITTANY

Hi guys.

RAY
There she is!

ROSIE
What's up, bitch?

Brittany looks nervous.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Why the hell are you not eating
this pizza yet?

RAY
Yea, you're fucking up. The place
across the street sent us three
pizzas for free.

ROSIE
It's amazing.

BRITTANY
What's the occasion?

RAY
I gave them some free tickets to
our midnight screening tonight and
they sent them over. Does life get
better?

ROSIE
Well, Chip could be alive.

Brittany stares at the ground.

RAY
True, but then we'd have to share
this pizza.

Ray and Rosie LAUGH hysterically at their gallows sense of humor. Brittany starts to understand and cracks a smile. Ray taps on one of the pizza boxes and points at Brittany with his mouth full.

RAY (CONT'D)
(mouth full)
This is you.

Brittany walks up to the stage and sees her name written in giant letters across the top of the box in sharpie.

BRITTANY
For me?

RAY

Oh yea. Mac and cheese pizza for
our new friend.

Brittany fights back tears as she opens the box.

ROSIE

I almost cried the first time I had
Pinocchio's Pizza too.

Rosie takes a huge bite.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

(mouth full)
Tears of joy.

RAY

Dig in, girl!

Rosie grabs a beer out of a small cooler sitting next to them
on the stage and tosses it to Brittany. She cracks it open
and takes a sip. Ray taps the box harder and nods his head.

Brittany takes out a large slice, takes a bite and lights up.

RAY (CONT'D)

Told you.

BRITTANY

This is the best pizza I've ever
had.

ROSIE

Damn right it is.

RAY

Got something else for you.

Ray pull out a folded piece of paper and hands it to
Brittany.

RAY (CONT'D)

I got a hold of Pat Jackson for
you. I told him you wanted to see
some of Chip's movies. That's his
number and office hours. He said to
stop by Friday and he'll set you up
a screening room.

BRITTANY

This is amazing, thank you so much.

ROSIE

You're not gonna cry again, are ya?

Brittany LAUGHS.

BRITTANY
I'll try to hold back.

RAY
Eat. Eat.

Brittany smiles big and takes a huge bite and nods her head in delight.

INT. MASS ART SCREENING ROOM - DAY

Brittany sheepishly pushes open an unlocked door into a small screening room. Rows of chairs with tiny desks attached fill the room.

BRITTANY
Hello? Mr. Jackson?

MR. JACKSON (O.S.)
Yes?

MR. JACKSON(53) An African American man, tall with a dark mustache, stylishly large framed glasses and a "Public Enemy" T-shirt steps out of the projection booth in the back of the room.

BRITTANY
Mr. Jackson?

MR. JACKSON
You can call me Pat. Brittany, I presume?

BRITTANY
Yes, sir.

Mr. Jackson walks up to Brittany, towering over her he reaches down to shake her hand.

MR. JACKSON
Nice to meet you, Ray told me you were coming. I have Chip's movies cued up for you.

BRITTANY
Thank you so much, this means a lot to me.

MR. JACKSON
It was my pleasure.

BRITTANY

I'm sorry for your loss, Chip
seemed like such a great guy.

MR. JACKSON

Thank you. He really was, my best
student. And teacher. And friend.

Brittany takes a seat at one of the desks and pulls out a
notebook and pen.

MR. JACKSON (CONT'D)

I'm not planing on testing you
after the screening, I don't think
you need to take notes.

BRITTANY

I'm just trying to get a clearer
picture of Chip.

MR. JACKSON

Ray told me a little about that.
Old Chippy saved your life did he?

BRITTANY

Nobody has ever cared if I lived or
died until that moment.

MR. JACKSON

I'm sure that's not true pretty
lady but I'm glad someone finally
helped you realize it.

Brittany hangs her head and blushes.

BRITTANY

Would you mind if we talked a
little more about him, before the
movies.

MR. JACKSON

Of course, I would be happy to.

Mr. Jackson pulls up a chair, faces Brittany and smiles.

MR. JACKSON (CONT'D)

What would you like to know?

BRITTANY

What kind of student was he?

Mr. Jackson LAUGHS hard.

MR. JACKSON

That's what you want to know? You Harvard kids can't turn it off, can you?

BRITTANY

How did you know I go to Harvard?

Mr. Jackson taps her notebook that reads: Harvard University on the cover with the crest below it.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Ah. I see.

MR. JACKSON

He was a lazy ass until I whipped him into shape. He came in here playing dumb the first few weeks. But I saw right through that shit.

BRITTANY

How did you do that?

MR. JACKSON

He was a wise ass. When you're always making jokes you clearly aren't dumb because you have a sense of what's funny and what should be commented on.

BRITTANY

What did you say to him to turn him around.

MR. JACKSON

We had this assignment to write a five page script, nothing fancy or complicated and he passed in this total nonsense.

BRITTANY

How bad was it?

MR. JACKSON

Awful! It was full of typos, out of format and seemed like he wrote it on his lunch break before class. But worst of all, it was flat and boring. Which really pissed me off because Chip was many things but boring wasn't one of them.

BRITTANY

Did you fail him?

MR. JACKSON

Nah. Kids don't learn if you just fail them and send them off. I knew he could do better so I made the class read the script out loud. He was so embarrassed, I almost felt bad. I told him in front of the whole class to try again or I would fail him.

BRITTANY

I would have had a panic attack if that happened to me.

MR. JACKSON

A lot of people would, not Chip. He did exactly what I wanted him to do.

BRITTANY

Which was?

Mr. Jackson looks Brittany right in the eye.

MR. JACKSON

Use it as fuel.

Mr. Jackson flings back his head and CLAPS loudly.

MR. JACKSON (CONT'D)

That boy stayed up all night that night writing something that meant something. He was the first person in class the next day with twelve copies of the new script on my desk. So I passed out the parts and we read it.

BRITTANY

How was it?

MR. JACKSON

Perfect. One of the best things any student has ever turned in.

MR. JACKSON (CONT'D)

What did you do then?

MR. JACKSON (CONT'D)

I looked him right in the eye and said: 'so now you're done playing dumb now, right?' He smiled and said: 'yes, sir' and from then on out he was my best student. Still a damn wise ass though.

BRITTANY

That was a nice story. Thank you.

MR. JACKSON

I have loads of stories about Chippy. It's nice telling them, makes him being gone hurt a little less.

BRITTANY

I think I'm ready for the movies now.

MR. JACKSON

Wonderful. I'll fire up the projector.

Mr. Jackson pops up and heads to the back of the room.

BRITTANY

Pat?

MR. JACKSON

Yes, young lady?

BRITTANY

Am I gonna cry when I watch these?

Mr. Jackson smiles.

MR. JACKSON

Yes. But that only means one of two thins. Or both.

BRITTANY

What's that?

MR. JACKSON

They're good stories or you loved the person who made them.

Brittany forces a half smile and nods.

BRITTANY

Will you tell me another story about him after the movies?

MR. JACKSON
It would be my pleasure.

Mr. Jackson hits the lights off, the projector's motor begins to HUM and the screen lights the whole room. Brittany sits transfixed on the screen.

Mr. Jackson tosses a box of tissues at Brittany's feet from the projection booth. They make a soft THUD on the floor. She looks at them then back at him.

MR. JACKSON (CONT'D)
In case you need them.

He winks and slinks back into the booth. Brittany smiles, picks up the box and yanks out a handful of tissues.

INT. MASS ART SCREENING ROOM - LATER

Brittany sits attempting to regain her composure as the lights are flicked back on. The screen reads: "The End" while Brittany wipes her eyes frantically.

Mr. Jackson slowly walks back into the room and takes a seat next to her.

MR. JACKSON
What did you think?

BRITTANY
They were beautiful. I knew they would be good but they were so-

MR. JACKSON
Yea. I know. The kid was talented.

BRITTANY
Why did he never try to make it big and go to Hollywood or whatever?

MR. JACKSON
Not really his style. He just wanted to make people happy and fuck around. He was a simple guy, he was already happy with his life.

BRITTANY
But he could have been so much.

MR. JACKSON
He was. Just with a smaller audience. And that was perfect for him.

Mr. Jackson hands Brittany another tissue and rubs her back to console her as she begins to tear up again.

MR. JACKSON (CONT'D)
Success isn't money and fame and all that crap. It's being happy with who you are and making the people's lives around you a little better. Chippy had that in spades. Most successful guy I've ever met. After myself of course.

Brittany laughs and leans in for a hug then shyly pulls back.

BRITTANY
Sorry. I didn't mean to-

Mr. Jackson extends his large arms out to his sides.

MR. JACKSON
Don't pump fake a hug on me, girl. We might have just met but we could both use as many hugs as we can get these days.

Brittany smiles big and leans into Mr. Jackson. He wraps his arms around her tight and squeezes, she does the same back to him.

BRITTANY
Thanks Pat, this was really nice.

MR. JACKSON
You better come back and see me again. I have loads of stories and movies.

BRITTANY
I'd be honored.

MR. JACKSON
That's my girl.

Brittany pulls back and wipes her eyes dry.

BRITTANY
Can we watch them again?

Mr. Jackson smiles big and wags his finger at Brittany.

MR. JACKSON
I like it.

Mr. Jackson jumps to his feet and darts back to the projection booth and hits the lights.

INT. HARVARD ANATOMY LAB - NIGHT

DEREK the security guard unlocks the door to let Brittany inside.

Brittany steps in wearing a black dress under a tattered cardigan and bright white pearls around her neck. She carries books in one hand and a picnic basket in the other.

DEREK

Does Professor Woods know you're using the lab this late?

BRITTANY

(nervous)

Of course. I have work to do, why else would I be in the lab this late?

Brittany FLICKS on all the lights.

DEREK

Good point. This place really creeps me out. All these dead bodies.

Derek points to a wall of large metal doors in the back of the room.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Gross.

BRITTANY

What is so creepy about dead bodies? What do you think might happen?

DEREK

What if one came back to life.

BRITTANY

(whispers)

That would be wonderful-

DEREK

Did you say something?

BRITTANY

Nope. Maybe it was one of the bodies.

Derek nervously fumbles for a flashlight to protect himself.

Brittany puts down the picnic basket and starts to wash her hands thoroughly. Derek approaches the basket on the counter.

DEREK

What's with the picnic basket?

Derek uses the flashlight to slowly lift lid of the basket and tilts his head to look inside. Brittany's wet hand SLAMS the lid down with enough force to splash soap suds on Derek's face.

BRITTANY

That's not for you.

Derek wipes the soap off his face.

DEREK

Got a date with one of the stiffs
or something?

Derek LAUGHS uncontrollably at his own joke.

BRITTANY

(losing patience)

These stiffs as you so lovingly
refer to are people.

Beat.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Show some fucking respect.

DEREK

I'm sorry, I just-

Brittany dries her hands while glaring at Derek.

BRITTANY

That is all Derek, I need privacy
while I examine one of the stiffs.

DEREK

But I-

BRITTANY

Thank you. Good night.

Derek exits the lab, Brittany gently locks the door behind him. She approaches the counter, opens the picnic basket unpacking its contents.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

That buffoon almost ruined date
night.

Brittany pulls out two long candles, a bottle of wine, two glasses and two plates wrapped in tin foil. She places the items on a rolling table and pushes it gleefully towards the wall of metal drawers.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I've been looking forward to this
all day.

Brittany caresses one particular drawer and rubs her fingers across a nameplate that reads "specimen #8" then slowly pulls the drawer open.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Did you miss me, love?

In the drawer is a body resting under a white sheet that slowly nods its head. Brittany removes the sheet and lovingly caresses Chip's face.

CHIP (V.O.)

What took you so long my love?

BRITTANY

I had to make sure our dinner was
cooked just right.

Brittany unwraps the tin foil from the plates. She places them on the table next to Chip, then lights both candles.

CHIP (V.O.)

It looks incredible and so do you,
honey.

The corpse lies motionless while Brittany pours two glasses of wine and places one under Chip's stiff hand.

BRITTANY

You are too sweet to me, Chip.

CHIP (V.O.)

You deserve it, honey.

Brittany blushes.

BRITTANY

I made our favorite, Macaroni and
cheese with ketchup.

Brittany takes a bite, then a large sip of wine.

CHIP (V.O.)
You're too good to me.

Brittany dips her finger into some of the ketchup and playfully dabs it on Chip's lips.

BRITTANY
Well, that's what you deserve.

Brittany smiles and takes another sip of wine.

INT. ANATOMY LAB - LATER

The candles are burned all the way to the bottom, Brittany LAUGHS as if Chip made a hilarious joke. She looks at the clock.

BRITTANY
Our time is up, I'm sorry love.

Brittany leans in and kisses Chip, a peck at first then again with more passion.

CHIP (V.O.)
Our second kiss.

BRITTANY
Even better than I remembered.

Brittany hears a KNOCK at the door. She quickly cleans up and pushes Chip back into the wall.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Good night my love.

CHIP (V.O.)
Night, love.

Brittany rushes to the door and sees Brad smirking on the other side. She opens it and he enters.

BRAD
Working late?

BRITTANY
(nervous)
Yes-

BRAD
What's that on your lips? Is that blood?

Brittany wipes it off and looks at it.

BRITTANY

Ketchup.

BRAD

Ketchup?

Brittany grabs her stuff.

BRITTANY

Sorry I can't stay, I have to catch
my train.

Brittany sprints out the door and down the hall.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Brittany skips through the headstones with a large smile stretched across her face. She stops at her family's graves and plops herself onto the ground.

BRITTANY

Mom, dad, Jamie; I have some great
news. This may seem as a bit of a
shock, but I'm in love.

JOHN (O.S.)

Did I overhear that right?

John steps out from behind the tree with a small silver flask in his hand.

BRITTANY

What the hell, John? Do you follow
me around the cemetery when I visit
or something?

John chuckles and takes a pull from his flask.

JOHN

Girl, this is where I take my break
every damn day. I've done it for
over ten years and you know it.
It's how we met for crying out
loud.

John walks up to Brittany and takes a seat next to her on the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now what the hell has gotten into
you?

Brittany shakes her head in embarrassment.

BRITTANY
I'm sorry John, I'm having some
trouble at school and I'm on edge
about some things.

John hands Brittany his flask.

JOHN
Here ya go, darling. That should
help with the edge a bit.

Brittany grabs the flask and takes a large sip.

BRITTANY
Thank you.

John shakes the flask, it's nearly empty.

JOHN
Thank you for not finishing it.

They both LAUGH.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Now what is this I hear? My girl is
in love?

Brittany lights up and jumps to her feet.

BRITTANY
Yes!

JOHN
Now who is this lucky boy?

BRITTANY
His name is Chip, we met a couple
weeks ago.

JOHN
Is that so? Well it seems you got
over that other boy pretty quick.
The one that passed away you told
me about.

Brittany is frozen.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What was his name again?

BRITTANY
Chip.

JOHN

It's a shame he passed but I suppose he lead you to this new boy. Maybe it was fate. Fate can be mysterious and painful like that sometimes. And fucked up.

BRITTANY

I suppose-

JOHN

Now tell me, who is this new boy? What's your love's name?

Brittany looks at John and tears stream down her face.

BRITTANY

Chip-

John doesn't flinch and just finishes what is left in the flask.

JOHN

I see. Well, we'll need some more of this.

John holds up the flask.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And you'll need to catch old John up on what's going on.

Brittany nods, fighting back the tears.

INT. CEMETERY SHED - DAY

John and Brittany sit at a small folding table surrounded by gardening equipment and dying floral arrangements with "Rest in Peace" written across white ribbons. They each have a small glass in hand and tall bottle of whisky between them.

BRITTANY

I know it sounds crazy but that's what is happening.

John is calm.

JOHN

That's a first for me. But I guess love is love. The timing is just shit.

BRITTANY
You can say that again.

Brittany fills her glass from the bottle.

JOHN
Do those new friends of yours know
any of this?

BRITTANY
Ray and Rosie? No. You're the first
person I've told.

JOHN
I'm honored but aren't they Chip's
best friends?

BRITTANY
Yup.

JOHN
I think they deserve to know.

BRITTANY
If I tell them, they'll probably
never speak to me again. Or have me
locked up.

JOHN
You never know. Friends are
understanding.

BRITTANY
I don't know if they're my friends.
I don't have any friends. Except
you.

John cracks a small smile and nods.

JOHN
Again, I'm honored. But maybe it's
time you start trusting people
again.

John takes a sip of his drink.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Living ones.

They both LAUGH. The booze is setting in.

BRITTANY
Maybe you're right.

JOHN
May I make one more suggestion?

BRITTANY
Yes?

JOHN
Maybe tell that shrink of yours
about all this.

BRITTANY
He'd have me locked up for sure.

John fills both their glasses.

JOHN
Trust. Remember?

John raises his glass and Brittany follows suit.

JOHN (CONT'D)
To Chip, my girl's first love.

They CLINK glasses.

BRITTANY
To Chip and to trust.

Brittany finishes her glass in one GULP.

JOHN
That's my girl.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Derek sits at his large desk alone, behind a monitor where he's watching pornography. Brad approaches but Derek doesn't notice at first. Brad COUGHS to get his attention. Derek panics and shuts off the monitor.

DEREK
Yes, sir. How may I help you today.

BRAD
Yes. Hello-

Brad looks at Derek's name tag.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Derek? Is it?

DEREK
Yes, sir.

BRAD
Derek, I need a favor from you.

DEREK
Of course, anything for a member of
the faculty.

Brad places a briefcase on the counter, opens it and hands
Derek a photograph of Brittany. It appears it was taken when
she wasn't looking and from a distance.

BRAD
This is Brittany Helfrick.

DEREK
Yes. I know Ms. Helfrick.

Brad becomes short.

BRAD
What the hell does that mean?

Derek looks concerned.

DEREK
She's one of the students. She uses
the lab fairly frequently. Alone.

BRAD
Yes. Which brings to me to why I'm
here and the favor I need.

DEREK
Yes, sir.

BRAD
Can you call me the next time she
uses the lab?

DEREK
Sure. Not a problem, sir.

BRAD
Thank you. My cell number is
written on the back of the picture.

DEREK
Is there a problem with Ms.
Helfrick or something?

Brad now looks concerned.

BRAD

No. Not at all. I just want to help her in the lab. I'm her teacher after all.

DEREK

Of course.

BRAD

I need you to do one more thing for me. Can you keep this between us? I don't want Professor Woods finding out I'm helping Brittany with her-

A beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Extra credit.

DEREK

Sir, Dr. Woods is the head of department, I don't want to get fired for lying to him.

BRAD

How about a deal, if he asks you tell him you didn't see anything and I won't tell him what I saw you watching on your computer just now.

Derek looks confused.

DEREK

I don't know what you mean.

Brad reaches over the desk and clicks the monitor back on. The screen is filled with a two topless women kissing. Derek quickly shuts it back off and hangs his head in shame.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Okay, you have a deal.

Brad smirks, SNAPS his briefcase shut and head toward the door.

BRAD

Thank you, Derek.

INT. BARCADE - DAY

Ray stand in front of a pop shot basketball game, chucking miniature basketballs at the moving hoop.

Rosie stands behind him with a beer in hand and hitting Ray's elbow to make him miss.

RAY
Keep it up, I'm still beating your high score lady.

ROSIE
We'll see about that, you're still ten points behind and eight seconds on the clock.

RAY
Just you watch.

Ray booty bumps Rosie back and she drops her beer.

ROSIE
Shit!

Ray drains four straight three point shots to win, the game RINGS and lights flash.

RAY
We have a winner.

Rosie is in shock as she attempts to clean the mess she made with tiny bar napkins.

ROSIE
Well played, asshole.

Rosie drops a twenty dollar bill in front of Ray, he smiles and holds it up.

RAY
Another round please, on her.

Ray points to Rosie and winks at the BARTENDER. On the bar rests various board game boxes, glasses of quarters and decks of cards.

ROSIE
Did Brittany say why she wanted to meet us? Or are we just getting day drunk?

RAY
She said she needed to tell us something important. But we can still day drink either way.

ROSIE

Good call. I'm just surprised she picked Barcade. This place doesn't seem like her scene.

RAY

Oh this was my idea. She wanted to meet at lame ass Harvard bar down the street. I forget the name.

ROSIE

Oh Trustfunds? Love that place. Snobby guys always buy me drinks and talk about their family's vacation homes on Martha's Vineyard.

RAY

I don't think that's the name of it.

ROSIE

Whatever. This place is better anyway. Wanna play me in Mortal Kombat?

RAY

Oh hell yes.

They both stand up with a fresh pitcher in hand as Brittany walks in.

BRITTANY

Hi guys.

RAY

Heyyyyyy, there she is.

ROSIE

What's shakin' bacon? We were about to play Mortal Kombat, you want winner?

BRITTANY

Sure.

Ray grabs a glass and pours Brittany a beer from the full pitcher. They all approach the Mortal Kombat cabinet and pop in some quarters.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I asked you guys to meet me because I needed to get something off my chest.

Ray and Rosie are focused on the game, the characters on screen throw punches and kicks, blood flies as 90's techno music plays.

RAY
(to Rosie)
Shit! I forgot you know all the
cheat codes.

ROSIE
(to Ray)
Suck it, bitch.

Rosie smashes the buttons while rattling the joystick.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Not you, Britt. What's up? We're
still listening.

RAY
Yea. If anything, we are even more
focused. FUCK!

Rosie LAUGHS as her character lands her final blow on the screen. Blood explodes from Ray's character's body.

VIDEO GAME
Fatality.

ROSIE
You are DEAD, Ray. DEAD.

Brittany begins to breathe heavy.

RAY
Shit! Okay, Britt you're up.

Ray puts his hands on Brittany's shoulders and she begins to calm.

BRITTANY
Would you mind if we sat down?

ROSIE
But I have a free game!

BRITTANY
Please?

ROSIE
Fine. But you owe me a quarter.

Rosie winks at Brittany and takes sip of her beer. The three sit at a nearby table with a copy of Operation sitting in the center of it.

BRITTANY
It's about, Chip.

RAY
Fire away, kid.

BRITTANY
There is something I haven't told you yet.

Rosie grabs the tweezers from the Operation game and attempts reach in and pluck out a tiny plastic bone from the cartoon's arm.

ROSIE
Steady hands. Maybe I should go to medical school.

Ray LAUGHS.

RAY
Yea, Britt can put in a good word for you at Harvard.

Ray rolls his eyes and takes a drink.

ROSIE
Hello lab partners. Right Britt?

Brittany LAUGHS awkwardly and starts to breathe faster. Just then Brad walks in the front door and locks eyes with Brittany. Ray looks back and sees him.

RAY
This asshole again?

Brittany can't catch her breath. Brad approaches the table with a smirk on his face.

BRAD
Ms. Helfrick, fancy seeing you here. I would think you'd be in lab studying after hours again.

Rosie stares at Brad with a disgusted look on her face then leans over to Ray.

ROSIE
(whispers)
Who is this dickhead?

RAY
(loudly)
This is the teacher's assistant for
our girl's anatomy class.

BRAD
Yes. I'm her teacher.

Brittany is still silent. Ray can tell something is wrong.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(to Ray)
How did that pole dancing class go?

Brad turns to Brittany and gives her a seductive smile, she's still frozen.

RAY
It was good, very empowering.

Rosie goes back to the game, this time reaching the tweezers into the heart. Brittany looks at Rosie, then back at Brad and begins to turn bright red. BUZZ, Rosie hits the edge of the board.

ROSIE
Shit! Stupid heart.

Brittany LEAPS to her feet.

BRITTANY
I need to go catch my train.

Brittany darts out of the room. Brad turns to follow her but Ray stands up and blocks his path. Rosie jumps up and follows her.

ROSIE
Britt! Come back.

Rosie runs out the door behind Brittany. Ray and Brad stare one another down.

RAY
Do we have a problem here?

Beat

RAY (CONT'D)
(mocking)
Brad?

BRAD

No. No problem. I was just meeting
a few fellow teachers.

RAY

You mean fellow 2assistants?

Brad nods, turns towards the bar and takes a seat next to two
MEN IN SUITS who don't greet him. Ray sits back down and
keeps his eyes glued to Brad.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Brittany is collapsed next to an empty playground and
attempts to catch her breath but can't. Rosie spots her, runs
up and falls to the ground to check on her.

ROSIE

Talk to me honey, are you okay? Is
this a heart attack?

Brittany shakes her head. Gasping for air. Rosie lifts
Brittany head up and puts it in her arms.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

It's gonna be okay sweetie, I
promise.

Brittany reaches into her pocket and pulls out some pills but
drops the bottle. Rosie looks picks up the bottle and looks
at the label; "Xanax"

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Oh! It's a panic attack. I got you
girl.

Brittany's breathing starts to slow down. Rosie opens the
bottle and hands Brittany a pill. She swallows it.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

You're going to be fine sweetie,
I'm not going anywhere.

Ray sees the two and runs up.

RAY

Is she okay? What's going on?!

ROSIE

Panic attack. Our girl is going to
be just fine.

RAY

Thank god.

Brittany reaches into her coat and pulls out a cigarette, rubs the Zippo, then lights it. Ray and Rosie stare at Brittany, waiting for her to speak. She take a large drag and exhales very slowly.

ROSIE

Want to tell us what happened?

BRITTANY

In a moment.

ROSIE

I got plenty of time, if you have another one of those for me.

Brittany hands a cigarette to Rosie. Rosie takes it, picks up the pill bottle and pops one in her mouth. She nods then hands the cigarette to Ray who lights it and takes a drag.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

I don't smoke, Sweetie. Now start talking.

BRITTANY

Okay.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The nearly down as Brittany, Ray and Rosie all sit on swings next to one another.

ROSIE

What a god damn creep that Brad is.

RAY

Want us to kick his ass?

BRITTANY

That's very sweet of you but I don't want to piss him off. He could mess with my grades or lie to Professor Woods and get me in trouble.

ROSIE

Well, you gotta do something.

BRITTANY

What can I do? I'm helpless.

RAY

You stop that right there, you are NOT helpless.

ROSIE

Damn right you're not. You are a strong and powerful woman. You may dress a little weird and act bashful but I know there is a lioness inside you.

RAY

Just waiting to roar.

Brittany smiles and starts to cry half tears of joy, half tears of sadness.

ROSIE

Do you want to tell us why you called us to the bar in the first place? Before dickless showed up.

BRITTANY

I don't think I'm ready. I need to go home and lay down.

RAY

We understand, take your time.

Brittany stands up from the swing.

ROSIE

Do you need us to walk you home?

BRITTANY

No. But thank you for the offer. I need some alone time to think.

ROSIE

Okay, honey. Text us when you get home so we know you're safe.

RAY

Yea. And if you need us, just call.

BRITTANY

Thank you guys, that means a lot to me.

Rosie and Ray get up and stand on either side of Brittany, she looks confused. They lean in and give her a huge hug. She rests her head on Rosie's shoulder and exhales slowly.

ROSIE
Get home safe my lioness.

BRITTANY
(quietly)
Roar.

Ray and Rosie LAUGH.

RAY
It's a start.

Brittany smiles and drifts away slowly into the night. Rosie and Ray sit back down on the swings watching Brittany as she leaves.

ROSIE
You know what we need to do?

RAY
What's that?

ROSIE
Get our girl some armor.

Ray looks confused at first then the idea sinks in and he nods his head in approval.

RAY
That is a great idea. Let's go get
our breaking and entering on.

They both LAUGH and hop off the swings.

EXT. CHIP'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray and Rosie stand in front of a large white house, massive perfectly manicured front lawn and sculpted bushes. It looks like the cover of *Martha Stuart's Living* magazine.

ROSIE
Are they home?

Ray pulls out his phone and hits a few numbers.

RAY
I hope not.

A house phone RINGS in the distance.

ROSIE
Any answer?

RAY
Nope. I think we are good, their cars are gone.

ROSIE
They're probably at a museum opening or some shit.

RAY
Maybe a TED talk.

Rosie LAUGHS.

ROSIE
Good one.

The two look around to check to see if the coast is clear, they nod to one another and sprint across the lawn towards the house. They duck behind a bush as a car drives by.

RAY
How the hell are we gonna get inside? This place must have alarms and locks and lasers and shit. This is a real mission impossible.

Rosie slaps Ray.

ROSIE
Settle down Tom Cruise, I know how to get in.

RAY
How?

ROSIE
Chip used to sneak me into his room through the basement. There is a window that's always unlocked.

RAY
Okay, you go and I'll keep a look out.

ROSIE
You're not coming with me.

RAY
How big is the window?

ROSIE
Tiny.

Ray gives Rosie an annoyed look and turns his eyes towards his belly.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Gotcha. Okay call me if anything happens.

Rosie runs around to the back of the house.

INT. CHIP'S PARENT'S HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rosie pokes her head through the small unlocked window, she attempts to lower herself into the room. She falls and CRASHES onto a table covered in Christmas decorations.

ROSIE
Owwwwww!

Rosie's phone RINGS, she answers.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Yea?

EXT. CHIP'S PARENT'S HOUSE BUSHES - NIGHT

Ray peeks over the bush then inside the home through a window.

Intercut between Ray and Rosie.

RAY
What happened? You're making A LOT of noise.

ROSIE
I think I may have ruined Christmas at the Stantz residence. Santa was killed by my ass.

RAY
There are worse ways to go out.

ROSIE
Awww. Sweet.

RAY
I'm gonna stay on the phone with you. I'm creeped out sitting outside aloe.

ROSIE

You're creeped out?! I'm the one in the house of a dead guy. Chip's ghost is probably waiting to scare the shit out of me.

Rosie slowly climbs up the stairs from the basement, stops in the kitchen and opens the fridge.

RAY

Where are you now?

ROSIE

The kitchen, there is nothing good in here.

RAY

(whisper screams)
Will you please focus!

ROSIE

Okay okay.

Rosie climbs the stairs to the third floor and pushes open a door.

INT. CHIP'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is full of old movie posters, boxes stacked everywhere, tall shelves of VHS tapes, records and DVDs.

Rosie is in a trance, she looks at all the pictures on the walls and shelves spotting one of her and Chip. They are posing with their matching shark tattoos and smiling big.

RAY

Any luck?

Rosie snaps out of her trance.

ROSIE

Nothing yet.

Headlights flash in front of Ray's eyes then light up the house. A black SUV pulls into the driveway and parks.

RAY

Shit!

ROSIE

What?!

RAY

It's Mrs. Stantz! She just pulled up.

ROSIE

I haven't found the sweatshirt yet. Distract her!

RAY

Abort! We'll come back another time.

ROSIE

No! Brittany needs this. She needs us. Go charm that crazy old bird while I hunt for this armor.

RAY

Consider it done.

End of intercut.

Ray stands up nervously and power walks up to MRS. STANTZ(58) artifactual beauty with too much makeup and plastic surgery. She dressed in a green dress and covered in expensive jewelry.

She tugs shopping bags out of her trunk as Ray appears seemingly out of nowhere.

RAY (CONT'D)

Mrs. Stantz.

Mrs. Stantz JUMPS and fear, clutching her chest until she realizes who it is.

MRS. STANTZ

Raymond! What on earth are you doing here?! You nearly scared me to death.

RAY

Sorry about that. I was just in the neighborhood and figured I'd stop by and see if you needed anything.

MRS. STANTZ

You're so sweet Raymond. I'm sorry we didn't invite you to the wake, it was family only. You know how it is.

RAY
Right. Totally fine. Do you need
any help with these bags?

MRS. STANTZ
That would be wonderful.

Ray grabs two armfuls of shopping bags, turns towards the house and sees Rosie in the window holding up the sweatshirt victoriously.

RAY
Oh shit.

MRS. STANTZ
What was that Raymond?

RAY
Nothing. umm. I'm sorry Mrs. S, I
need to run. I forgot to walk my
dog and when he's stuck inside he
poops on the floor.

MRS. STANTZ
My goodness.

RAY
Sorry, bye.

Ray turns around and bolts down the street, Rosie runs out from the backyard and holds up the shirt. They sprint off into the darkness side by side.

INT. PINOCCHIO'S PIZZA - NIGHT

Ray sits at a small red table with a pizza box on it, Rosie sits across trying to peek inside the box. Ray SNAPS it shut.

INT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brittany sits on her bed reading in her studio apartment, large shelves of books cover almost every inch of available wall space. It's a house, not a home.

Brittany's phone RINGS. She looks at the screen, sees it's Ray and answers.

BRITTANY
Hello?

Intercut between Ray and Brittany.

RAY
Hey sunshine, we need your address.

BRITTANY
What for?

RAY
We're coming to kill you. Are you ready?

Rosie LAUGHS a little too loud and Ray chuckles.

RAY (CONT'D)
I'm kidding, we got you some food.

BRITTANY
Oh it's okay, thank you but I'm fine.

RAY
Nonnegotiable sweetie, this pie isn't going to waste.

Ray holds the phone up to the pizza.

RAY (CONT'D)
Do you smell that? That's your new favorite pizza.

BRITTANY
Pinocchio's?

RAY
Believe it.

BRITTANY
162 North street, apartment three.

RAY
Thank you!

Ray hangs up without saying good bye.

EXT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray and Rosie ring the bell marked: "apartment #3 Helfrick" and take off running. Brittany opens the door and looks around, nobody is there. She looks at the ground to see Chip's "Saves the Day" sweatshirt sitting on top of a pizza box.

BRITTANY
Oh my god.

Brittany leans down, picks up the shirt and smells it.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Still smells just like him. And
pizza.

Brittany picks up the pizza box and sees a note written on the lid: "In case you needed some armor, Love Ray, Rosie and Chip" Brittany starts to cry tears of joy. She screams into the night sky.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Thank you guys!

Brittany opens the box, pulls out a slice of Mac and Cheese pizza, takes a bite and smiles.

INT. DR. ROGERS OFFICE - DAY

Brittany sits on Dr. Rogers' couch wearing the Saves the Day sweatshirt with a large smile on your face.

DR. ROGERS
Feeling better today?

BRITTANY
I feel amazing.

DR. ROGERS
What brought this change about? We
were on the roof a few day ago.

BRITTANY
I met someone.

Dr. Rogers writes on his large yellow notepad.

DR. ROGERS
You told me that.

BRITTANY
And I'm in love with them.

DR. ROGERS
You told me that too.

BRITTANY
And he's dead.

Dr. Rogers stops writing and drops his pen.

DR. ROGERS
Come again?

BRITTANY

I'm in love with a dead man.

DR. ROGERS

That's what I thought you said,
care to elaborate.

BRITTANY

Do you mind if I give you the short
version?

DR. ROGERS

Please.

Brittany sits up and faces Dr. Rogers.

BRITTANY

Ready?

DR. ROGERS

Fire away.

BRITTANY

(speaking very quickly)

I had a panic attack after my
Anatomy TA made a pass at me,
crossed the street in a daze. A bus
almost hits me, I'm saved by a
mysterious man, his name is Chip.
We get a drink and chat, we have
tons in common. He loves the same
movies and food as me, he walks me
to class and kisses me. My first
kiss and I'm in love. Few days
later in Anatomy class we are
assigned our cadavers, mine is
Chip. Chip died of an irregular
heart beat and donated his body to
science. I am forced to operate on
him then later meet his best
friends. They are wonderful and I
love them. They might be my first
real friends since I was a kid.
They save me from Brad, twice. I
have two dates with Chip in the
lab, he talks to me, Ray and Rosie
broke in to Chip's parents house
and gave me his sweatshirt. Now
here I am.

DR. ROGERS

Interesting. Now you said you had
two dates with Chip and he talks to
you?

BRITTANY

Yes.

DR. ROGERS

And Chip is dead?

BRITTANY

Correct.

DR. ROGERS

Are you taking what I prescribed you?

BRITTANY

Yes.

DR. ROGERS

Because they help with manic behavior.

BRITTANY

I know it sounds crazy but I can't control it.

DR. ROGERS

Are you sure you're in love with him and not in love with your perception on him?

BRITTANY

I don't know.

Brittany starts to breathe harder.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I need to go, I forgot I have to study for an exam.

Brittany stands up and heads towards the door.

DR. ROGERS

We still have thirty more minutes. Is everything okay?

BRITTANY

I'm fine. I just need to study.

Brittany frantically opens the door and runs down the hallway. Dr. Rogers jumps out of his seat to follow her but she's already gone.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Brittany bounds into the office, still wearing Chip's sweatshirt. Derek sits behind the desk playing solitaire on the computer and glances at the picture of Brittany that Brad gave him.

DEREK

Evening Ms. Helfrick, studying late again?

BRITTANY

Yes, Derek. Midterms are just around the corner.

Brittany power-walks down the hall and into the lab. Derek picks up the phone and dials.

DEREK

Hey, it's Derek.

A beat.

DEREK (CONT'D)

The security guard in the medical building.

A beat.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Yes sir. She's here, in the lab.
Alone

Derek nods his head.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Okay.

Derek looks at the phone and hangs it up.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Could have said good-bye. Rude.

INT. GROSS ANATOMY LAB - NIGHT

Brittany rushes to the wall of drawers, yanks out "specimen #8" pulls off the sheet and hugs Chip's lifeless body.

BRITTANY

Hello love, I'm sorry but I had to see you right away.

CHIP (V.O.)
Hello my love, no need to
apologize. I'm always happy to see
you. Is something wrong?

Brittany pulls up a chair and sits next to Chip's body.

BRITTANY
I don't really want to talk about
it. I just needed to see you.

CHIP (V.O.)
That makes me happy.

Brittany rubs her sweatshirt and smiles.

BRITTANY
Did you see my new sweatshirt?

CHIP (V.O.)
I did. You look beautiful wearing
my shirt. I couldn't imagine a
better place for it.

Brittany grabs Chip's hand and bites her lower lip.

BRITTANY
I love when you call me beautiful.

CHIP (V.O.)
Well you are.

Brittany takes her free hand and slides it down the front of
her pants. She stares intensely at Chip's still face while
she MOANS softly.

CHIP (V.O.)
Are you sure about this, Honey?

Brittany nods her head and starts to breathe heavy.

BRITTANY
I wish you could have been my
first, Chip.

BRAD (O.S.)
Taking a break from studying?

Brittany pulls her hand out of her pants and leaps out of her
chair.

BRITTANY
Um. Brad, what are you doing here?

Brad slowly moves closer to Brittany.

BRAD

I could ask you the same thing.

BRITTANY

I just wanted to get a jump on things before midterms.

BRAD

I could think of something I'd like to jump on myself.

Brittany backs away and moves behind a long metal table. Brad approaches the opposite side and looks Brittany up and down, her pants are still unbuttoned.

BRITTANY

I'm not sure what you mean.

BRAD

You know exactly what I mean. You know I want you. I'm sick of this cat and mouse game we've been playing all semester.

BRITTANY

I'm sorry, but I don't feel that way about you. I just want to get my work done and leave.

Brittany starts to breathe heavy.

BRAD

I'd like to get some work done too.

Brad reaches over and touches Brittany's cheek, she's frozen.

BRITTANY

Please, stop.

Brad's tone turns more predatory.

BRAD

You know if you don't cooperate I could make things very difficult for you.

Brad moves to the other side of the metal table, face to face with Brittany.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I could mess with your grades, I could tell Dr. Woods you've been cheating on exams.

Brad leans into Brittany's ear to speak.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I could even cut your boyfriend over there into bits and say you had a mental break and did it yourself.

Brittany pulls back slightly, she can barely catch her breath.

BRAD (CONT'D)

How would you like that? A corpse cut to bits, you'd lose your scholarship and be kicked out of school. Probably locked up in a loony bin. But you can avoid that-

Brad reaches down and grabs one side of Brittany's unbuttoned pants and pulls it closer to him. He stares down at her underwear and grins.

Brittany puts the hood up on her sweatshirt, cocks back her fist and BASHES Brad in the side of the face. He recoils in pain.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Fuck! What the fuck is wrong with you?! You're done. You. Are-

Brad turns his head back to face Brittany after the punch, Brittany has a scalpel under his chin. She applies enough pressure to draw blood.

BRITTANY

You will not lay a single hand on Chip.

BRAD

Chip?

BRITTANY

You will not lay another hand on me, or I will cut you to ribbons.

Brittany presses the knife harder on his neck, blood starts to drip on his shirt.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
Are we clear?

Brad puts his hands in the air.

BRAD
We're clear. Just put the scalpel
down. Please.

Brad takes a step back slowly, Brittany moves with him.

DEREK (O.S.)
Is everything okay in here?

Derek stands in the doorway, holding his flashlight.

Brittany looks at Brad and nods.

BRAD
It's fine, Derek. Thank you.

Brittany turns to Derek.

BRITTANY
Yes, we are just finishing our
lesson now.

Brittany walks up to Chip and slides the drawer closed. She
gestures towards the doorway.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)
After you, sir.

Brad walks towards the door, Brittany follows with her hood
still up.

They pass Derek and he locks the door behind them.

DEREK
Good night folks.

Brittany stands by the door of the lab and glares at Brad as
he rushes out the building.

INT. DR. WOODS OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Woods sits at his desk, looking at a file with his
glasses on. There is a KNOCK at the door.

DR. WOODS
Please come in.

Brittany enters the room nervously and takes a seat in the chair across from Dr. Woods.

BRITTANY

You wanted to speak to me sir?

Dr. Woods removes his glasses and places the file back on the desk.

DR. WOODS

Yes. It has come to my attention that you attacked my TA late last night in the Gross Anatomy Lab. Is this true Ms. Helfrick?

BRITTANY

Yes, sir. But I can explain.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

DR. WOODS

Come in.

Brad enters the room with a large band-aid on his neck and under his chin.

DR. WOODS (CONT'D)

Brad, thank you for coming. I know this is probably hard for you.

BRAD

It's okay sir.

Brittany stares at Brad, again frozen. She's lost her power.

DR. WOODS

Can you explain this?

BRITTANY

Sir, he tried to attack ME first!

Brad looks at Dr. Woods and shakes his head. Brittany begins to breathe heavy.

DR. WOODS

Ms. Helfrick, Brad has been my TA for three years. I have never seen him do anything less than perfect. He is my most trusted colleague.

Dr. Woods picks up the file again and puts his glasses back on.

BRITTANY
(fighting tears)
Sir-

DR. WOODS
You on the other hand have a
history mental instability.
Anxiety, troubled childhood,
antisocial. It's all here in psyche
evaluation.

BRITTANY
Where did you get that?

DR. WOODS
From Mr. Rogers, your therapist.
Since he was appointed by the
school your first year, he is
obligated to hand these files over
if there is ever any incident.

BRITTANY
Dr. Rogers gave you those?

DR. WOODS
Yes. He's required to when a
student has an incident. Dr. Rogers
works for the University, didn't he
tell you that?

BRITTANY
No.

DR. WOODS
Well that doesn't matter now, you
are hereby expelled from Harvard
Medical School.

Brad smirks at Brittany.

BRITTANY
(crying)
Sir, you can't do this!

DR. WOODS
It brings me no pleasure to do so,
you were my best student. But we
have a zero tolerance rule for
violence against faculty.

BRAD
For what it's worth Ms. Helfrick, I
forgive you.

Brad smiles and winks at Brittany. She jumps out of her chair, flings the door open and SLAMS it closed.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brittany runs down the hall crying, barely able to catch her breath. She gets to the stairs and climbs them as high as they will go.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING ROOF - DAY

Brittany SLAMS the door open of the roof and drops to her knees and SCREAMS. Her breathing is uncontrollable, she gasps for air. She pulls out the pill bottle and drops it. Brittany's eyes roll back and she passes out cold.

EXT. MEDICAL BUILDING ROOF - LATER

Brittany comes to and struggles to sit up. She pulls out a cigarette and slowly place it in her mouth. She gets on her feet and walks to the ledge. Her toes dangle over as she pulls out the Zippo, rubs it and lights her cigarette.

Brittany shakes as she pulls out and looks at the pill bottle. She struggles and finally opens it and starts throwing each pill over the edge of the building.

She stuffs the empty bottle back in her pocket, takes a deep breath and spits out a cloud of smoke into the night air.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Brittany sits on the linoleum floor with her legs crossed. Dissected food surrounds her, filling the entire aisle.

Skin separated from chickens, bones laying neatly next to her legs, fruits splayed with seeds lined up perfectly next to them. T-bone stakes separated from the bone, perfectly spiraled orange peels and fish bones fully intact.

In her lap rests a large pig's head. Scalpel in hand she cuts around the eyes. The Shop Clerk approaches with a shocked look on his face.

SHOP CLERK

Miss, is there something I can help
you with?

Brittany doesn't make eye contact.

BRITTANY
Nobody can help me.

SHOP CLERK
Are you okay ma'am?

Brittany cuts out the pig's eyes, holds them in her hands and stares directly into them.

BRITTANY
No.

Brittany's eyes roll back, her head flings back and she passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Brittany sleeps quietly in a sterile white room, her clothes folded neatly in a pile next to the bed. The second bed in the room is empty and made neatly with Dr. Rogers sitting on it as he reads. Brittany SNAPS awake, confused.

BRITTANY
What the hell? Where am I?

DR. ROGERS
Mass General, you passed out in the grocery store and cracked your head on the floor.

BRITTANY
Why the fuck are you here?

DR. ROGERS
The EMT's found the pill bottle in your pocket with my name on it and called me.

BRITTANY
Why did you do it?

DR. ROGERS
Do what?

BRITTANY
Give my psyche file to Dr. Woods.

DR. ROGERS
I had no choice. He said you attacked a teacher.

BRITTANY
Do you believe him?

DR. ROGERS
Why don't you tell me your version
of the story?

BRITTANY
He tried to force himself on me, I
was just defending myself.

Brittany begins to cry.

DR. ROGERS
I'm so sorry, Brittany. I am.

BRITTANY
Do you believe me?

DR. ROGERS
Of course I do. I'm sorry what it
lead to, I truly am.

BRITTANY
It's not your fault Doc, it's mine.
I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done
that.

Dr. Rogers leans in close to Brittany's face.

DR. ROGERS
Don't you ever apologize for
standing up for yourself. Ever.

Brittany cracks a smile.

DR. ROGERS (CONT'D)
Is there anyone you want me to
call? Let them know you're okay.
You've been out a couple days.

BRITTANY
Yea. Can you call Ray and Rosie for
me, their numbers are in my phone.

Brittany's eyes start to get heavy.

DR. ROGERS
You got it. Now get some rest.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Brittany sleeps soundly as Brad walks in and sits on the bed slowly as to not wake her. He leans in and kisses her on the lips as she sleeps.

She doesn't wake up.

The NURSE(39) skinny with a tight blonde pony tail walks in with a confused look on her face.

NURSE
Can I help you, sir?

BRAD
(whispers)
Oh no. I was just visiting my girlfriend.

NURSE
Oh, I see. Giving get the old sleeping beauty?

BRAD
What do you mean?

NURSE
Trying to wake her up with a kiss? That's very sweet of you. She's a lucky girl.

Brad smiles.

BRAD
I'm the lucky one. I'm Brad by the way.

The nurse melts a bit and smiles back.

NURSE
I'm Lucy, I've been monitoring your special lady. But I'll give you some privacy.

BRAD
Thank you so much, Lucy.

Brad leans in for another kiss as the door CREEKS open. It's the another PATIENT being wheeled in on a gurney by TWO MALES NURSES. Brad watches as they move the patient into the empty bed next to Brittany.

MALE NURSE
Sorry to barge in like this, sir. This is one of our last empty beds on this floor.

BRAD
No problem at all, I was just leaving.

Brad quickly walks out of the room. Brittany wakes up momentarily from the noise and quickly falls back asleep.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Brittany lay still on the hospital bed awake when Nurse Lucy walks in holding a clipboard.

NURSE LUCY

Ms. Helfrick, you are free to go if you wish.

Brittany snaps out of it and turns to the Nurse with a confused look on her face.

BRITTANY

Who signed off my release?

NURSE LUCY

Your therapist.

The Nurse flips open the file and glances at it.

NURSE LUCY (CONT'D)

He said you are of no harm to yourself or others and we stitched up that little cut on your head. You may go home whenever you like.

BRITTANY

(stoic)
Great.

NURSE LUCY

Would you like us to call your boyfriend to pick you up?

BRITTANY

(confused)
Boyfriend?

NURSE LUCY

Yes. The young man who visited you earlier while you were asleep. He even gave you a kiss to try to wake you up. It was adorable.

Brittany looks horrified.

BRITTANY

Do you remember his name?

NURSE LUCY

I can't remember, it was a short name.

BRITTANY

(fighting tears)
Chip?

NURSE LUCY

No. It began with a B.

BRITTANY

(angry)
Brad?

NURSE LUCY

Yes! That's the one. Lovely boy.

Brittany springs out of bed and frantically gets dressed. Nurse Lucy averts her eyes then walks away.

NURSE LUCY (CONT'D)

Make sure to sign out at the front desk.

Brittany puts on her shoes without tying them and grabs the "Saves the Day" sweatshirt out of the bed and puts it on with purpose. She storms towards the door just as Ray and Rosie arrive.

BRITTANY

Hey guys! Thank you for visiting but I really need to go.

RAY

Your doc called us and said you hit your head, are you okay?

BRITTANY

Yea. No. We'll see.

ROSIE

What the hell? Aren't they supposed to wheel you out of here in wheelchair?

RAY

Yea. Where the hell are you going?

BRITTANY

I have to go to the school, they are going to hurt Chip.

Rosie looks at Ray confused.

ROSIE

Did she just say Chip?

RAY

Yea. Britt, Chip is gone. He's dead. How hard did you hit your head?

BRITTANY

I can't explain it all now but Chip is my cadaver for Anatomy class and Brad is going to cut him to pieces.

ROSIE

Sweetie, are you sure you're not imagining things? Between the stress, medication and the bump on your head-

BRITTANY

I know it's hard to believe and I'm so sorry but I have to go.

Brittany sprints out the door and down the hall.

RAY

What the fuck is going on?

ROSIE

Should we follow her?

Ray looks down the hall and sees nothing.

RAY

She said she's going to the lab, we'll meet her there. I'm sure she's just stressed with midterms or some shit.

INT. LAB HALLWAY - NIGHT

Derek stands in front of the door to the laboratory reading a "Playboy" when Brittany storms up to him. He sees her and hastily hides the magazine.

BRITTANY

I need to get in there, Derek.

DEREK

I can't let you in there. Dr. Woods and Brad told me explicitly not to let you near this room.

BRITTANY

Is that right? BRAD told you that did he?

DEREK

Yes. And Dr. Woods said you've been expelled and shouldn't even be on the campus.

Brittany stares at him with a deranged look in her eyes.

BRITTANY

What do we do now?

DEREK

I'm supposed to call Brad if I see you.

BRITTANY

Why don't you do that, call Brad.

Derek nervously pull out his phone. Brittany cocks back her fist and CLOCKS Derek in the face, smashing the back of his head into the door and knocking him out cold.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Sorry, Derek. I just can't have Brad interfering anymore.

Brittany bends down to check his pulse and nods her head. She pulls out the cuffs, struggles to drag him into a broom closet and cuffs him to a pipe. She takes his keys and make her way to the lab.

INT. GROSS ANATOMY LAB - NIGHT

Brittany storms into the room sprints over to the wall of drawers and yanks out the "specimen #8" drawer. Chip rests motionless under the sheet but something it wrong.

Brittany pulls off the sheet to reveal Chip cut into pieces. His left arm is removed, the right one is barely hanging on. His legs and torso are slashed, his face is covered in tiny cuts and his throat is slit wide open.

Brittany falls to the floor and BURSTS into tears.

BRITTANY

No! No, Chip! Please.

CHIP (V.O.)

Brittany-

BRITTANY
I'm sorry I failed you, I couldn't
protect you from him.

CHIP (V.O.)
Get up honey. You can fix me.

BRITTANY
No, I can't. I can't do it.

CHIP (V.O.)
The woman I love can do anything,
now get up.

Brittany wipes her eyes, leaps to hear feet and bounds over to a large cabinet and pulls out armfuls of supplies.

She drops them on a metal table and wheels it over to Chip's body. Brittany grabs a needle and threads it with a thin black twine and leans into Chip's body.

CHIP (V.O.)
You can do it.

BRITTANY
I love you, Chip.

CHIP (V.O.)
I love you, Brittany.

INT. LAB HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brittany pushes a gurney with Chip on it, covered in a sheet. She flies down the hall and out the front door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brittany presses the panic button on Derek's keys and an alarm starts to SCREAM. She runs towards a Black Jeep Cherokee, jumps in and drives it back the front of the building where Chip patiently waits.

Brittany jumps out of the car, uses all her might to pull Chip off the gurney but can't lift him. Just then Ray and Rosie pull up. They jump out of the car in a panic.

RAY
Britt, what the hell are you doing?

ROSIE
Is that a dead body?

BRITTANY

It's Chip and I need to get him out of here.

Brittany begins to cry.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Please, I need you to trust me. Please help me lift him into the car.

RAY

This is so fucked up. I don't know what do to.

Rosie grabs the feet of the body while Brittany struggles with the torso.

RAY (CONT'D)

(to Rosie)

What are you doing?

ROSIE

I'm helping my friend, are you just gonna stand there?

Ray shakes his head and kicks the side of the car in frustration.

RAY

Fuck! Fine. You're right.

Ray grabs the top half of the body with Brittany and carries him to the open door. They get Chip in the seat and the sheet billows out revealing the shark tattoo. Rosie sees.

ROSIE

Oh. My. god.

Rosie SLAPS Ray on the arm and points to the tattoo. Ray's jaw drops. Brittany runs to the driver's seat and starts the car. Ray reaches in and pulls the sheet off and sees Chip, covered in stitched cuts, lifeless.

RAY

(shocked)

Brittany, what did you do?

ROSIE

How is this possible?

BRITTANY

I told you he was my cadaver for class. I'm so sorry I didn't tell you sooner.

ROSIE

What did you do to his face?

BRITTANY

That was Brad, he cut him to pieces. My poor Chip. I had to sew him back together. I'm so sorry guys.

RAY

I don't know what to say. Maybe we should call Dr. Rogers, he can help.

Brittany reaches over to the passenger door and SLAMS it closed. Derek runs out the door with another SECURITY OFFICER and SCREAMS.

DEREK

There she is!

He points and a swarm of GUARDS sprint towards her.

BRITTANY

I'm sorry, but I need to be with Chip. Good-bye.

Brittany SLAMS on the gas, the tires SCREECH as she flies out of the parking lot.

ROSIE

What does she mean, be with Chip?

RAY

I think I have an Idea.

Derek and the guards run up to Ray and Rosie.

DEREK

Where the hell is she going? What did she say?

Ray and Rosie shrug their shoulders, Derek pushes them out of the way and runs towards a security car. He pulls out his phone and dials frantically.

INT. DEREK'S CAR - DAWN

The sun is barely starting to rise, the sky is blue as Brittany speeds down the highway.

CHIP (V.O.)
Where are we going?

BRITTANY
It's a surprise.

INT. SECURITY CAR - DAWN

Derek and Brad race behind Brittany trying to catch her.

BRAD
It's a good thing you called me
Derek, she is a very sick woman.

DEREK
I'd say so. Who steals a dead body?

BRAD
(to himself)
Or what's left of one.

DEREK
What was that, sir?

BRAD
Nothing, just drive.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAWN

Ray smashes the gas trying to catch up with Brittany.

ROSIE
This is our strangest road trip
thus far.

RAY
Not a road trip. It's a rescue
mission.

ROSIE
Oh yes. I like that much better.
Punch it!

Ray floors the gas pedal.

EXT. TOBIN BRIDGE - DAWN

Brittany speeds up to the very top of the bridge and SCREECHES the car to a halt at an unmanned construction area. The lane is closed off and a large gap in the railing is roped off.

BRITTANY

We're here.

Brittany jumps out of the car and runs over to Chip's side. She grabs him, lifts with all her might and manages to get him on her shoulder. She lumbers over to the gap in the railing and pulls down all the ropes. She stands Chip's stiff body next to hers. She holds him straight while she dangles her feet over the edge.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

We can finally be together my love.

Chip does not respond this time. Brittany's face goes white.

Ray and Rosie pull up and SLAM on the brakes, they both jump out.

RAY

Brittany, don't do this!

ROSIE

Step off the ledge, girl. We can talk about this.

Brittany looks down at the water then back at Ray and Rosie.

BRITTANY

I'm so sorry, this is the only answer. This way I won't be so alone anymore. Nobody can leave me again or try to hurt me.

RAY

Alone? You have us.

ROSIE

Yea. We lost Chip, we can't lose you too.

Rosie waves.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Chip. You look good.

RAY

We aren't going to leave you and nobody will hurt you while we're around.

ROSIE

Damn right, I'll cap a bitch if they get near my girl.

Brittany starts to cry.

BRITTANY

You'd still be my friends after all this?

Ray and Rosie look at one another and nod.

RAY

Yea. Of course.

ROSIE

It's super fucked up but I'm sure we'd get past it. But you'd owe us like a thousand rounds at the bar.

RAY

Oh yea. Drinks on you for life. That's only fair.

Brittany takes a step back off the edge and smiles.

Just then Derek and Brad come SCREECHING up to the scene. Brad jumps out of the car and runs towards Brittany. Ray and Rosie stand in his way.

RAY (CONT'D)

Not a step closer creep, you're not getting near our girl.

Brad pulls a gun from the back of his pants and sticks it in Ray's chest. Derek stumbles out of the car and feels his empty holster. He pulls out his taser from his belt and points it at Brad.

DEREK

Sir, put the gun down.

BRAD

I don't think so.

RAY

Take it easy buddy. We are just trying to save our friend.

Brad lurches closer to Brittany who is frozen in fear. Rosie tries to move towards Brittany to grab her, BANG. Brad fires the gun in her direction.

BRAD

Everyone stop moving. I'm going to take your girl here and leave. She is mine.

Rosie looks at Brittany then back at Ray.

ROSIE

Time to hear that roar, girl.

RAY

And make it loud.

Brittany hooks Chip's stiff arm under a pole, he leans over the edge slightly. Brad is nearly at the edge where Brittany stands, Ray is running out of room to walk. Brad is nearly face to face with Brittany, gun still pointed at Ray.

Brittany puts up her hood and SCREAMS out a ROAR at the top of her lungs, echoing through the steel girders of the bridge.

Brad is taken back as Brittany stabs him in the arm with her trusty scalpel. He SCREAMS in pain and drops the gun that goes off.

Ray and Rosie duck for cover and Brad reaches his good hand around Brittany's neck and walks her to the ledge, her back is against Chip's chest.

She is calm.

Derek FIRES his taser at Brad but hits Chip instead. His muscles SPASM flinging his arm straight out and BASHING Brad in the face.

BRAD

Fuck!

RAY

Why to go Chip!

ROSIE

That's a deadly punch. Get it?

Ray LAUGHS.

RAY

Good one.

Brad lays on the ground as Brittany tries to unhook Chip's arm.

BRITTANY

My hero.

Brad picks up the gun and aims it at Brittany.

BRAD

If you want to be with him so bad,
be my guest.

ROSIE

NO!

Chip's body starts to slip, one arm draped over Brittany's shoulder. Chip falls, pulling Brittany down with him. BANG, Brad's shot misses. Ray kicks Brad in the head, knocking him out cold. Rosie and Ray rush to the edge.

Brittany free falls with Chip under her.

RAY

No! Brittany!

The force of the fall pushes Chip's stiff arms around Brittany's body, she closes her eyes calmly and waits.

SMASH they hit the water, Chip's body absorbs the impact and his newly reattached arm and leg go flying.

Ray and Rosie stare down at the water and begin to cry.

EXT. MYSTIC RIVER - DAWN

Just then, Brittany POPS out of the water GASPING for air. She looks around for Chip, he's gone.

Intercut between bridge and river.

RAY

Oh my god. SHE'S ALIVE!

ROSIE

BRITTANY!

Brittany is too far away to hear anything, she feels something touch her leg. It's Chip; one arm and leg missing. She tries to pull him up but he's too heavy. They both start to sink. She's forced to finally let go.

BRITTANY

Good-bye, Chip.

Brittany starts to cry. She looks to the shore and starts to swim.

Rosie walks up to Brad's unconscious body and kicks it in the face. Derek sits on the ground, leaned against the cruiser weeping.

ROSIE
You're LUCKY she's alive.

Derek lifts his head.

DEREK
She's alive.

ROSIE
Damn right she is. Nothing can hurt my lioness.

Ray points to Brad then back at Derek.

RAY
You got this?

Derek stands up and pulls out a pair of handcuffs.

DEREK
Yea. I got this piece of shit.

Ray nods, him and Rosie jump in his car and speed off.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DAWN

Ray pulls out his phone and dials.

RAY
Hey! How fast can you get to the Mystic river beach under the Tobin. She needs you.

Ray nods his head.

RAY (CONT'D)
Move your ass.

Ray hangs up and speeds off.

EXT. MYSTIC RIVER BEACH - DAY

Brittany sits on the shore and watches the sun come up. Her face is stoic as she stares at the sky and back at the water. Dr. Rogers walks up behind her and sits down.

DR. ROGERS
Your friends just told me an
interesting story.

BRITTANY
I bet.

Brittany turns around and sees Ray and Rosie a couple hundred yards away. They wave and Brittany waves back.

DR. ROGERS
Maybe you can tell me your version
on the way to the hospital. Get you
checked out, make sure you're okay.

Brittany nods her head, Dr. Rogers puts his arm around her and she rests her head on his shoulder.

INT. DR. ROGERS CAR - DAY

Brittany stares out the window at the Mystic River and waves at the water. A stitched hand and arm reaches out of the water and waves back. Dr. Rogers looks back at Brittany waving.

DR. ROGERS
Are you okay back there?

BRITTANY
I should be.

Brittany rests her head on the window and closes her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Brittany's eyes SNAP open and she scans the room. It's empty except for a man sleeping with a jacket covering him.

BRITTANY
(to herself)
What the hell? This isn't a prison
cell.

The man in the chair moves the jacket, it's Dr. Rogers.

DR. ROGERS
Sorry to disappoint. I figured I'd
get a thank you.

BRITTANY
What the hell happened?

DR. ROGERS

The police asked me, your
incredibly talented therapist what
really happened.

BRITTANY

What did you tell them?

DR. ROGERS

The truth.

Dr. Rogers winks at Brittany.

BRITTANY

Which is?

DR. ROGERS

That Brad attempted to kidnap you
and Chip because of an apparent
manic episode and you had to fight
him off and fell off the Tobin
Bridge but luckily survived.

Ray walks into the room while eating a cup of red Jello.

RAY

They locked that asshole up and he
just kept crying and crying. It was
awesome.

BRITTANY

Ray, what are you doing here?

RAY

Stealing Jello from sleeping and or
dead patients.

Rosie BURSTS into the room with two cups of pudding in her
hands.

ROSIE

I found pudding! The guy in the
room next door thought I was a
nurse. I told him he can't have
sugar and I jacked his shit.
Sucker.

Rosie hands Brittany a cup and spoon.

BRITTANY

How long have you guys been here?

DR. ROGERS

I've been here since yesterday.
These guys have been here since I
admitted you three days ago.

BRITTANY

You guys have been here for three
days?!

Rosie and Ray both BURST out in laughter.

RAY

Yea, we have been sleeping in empty
beds and stealing food. You just
kept sleeping, I'm jealous. I never
get that much sleep.

Dr. Rogers CHUCKLES, stands up and heads towards the door.

DR. ROGERS

I'll give you guys some privacy.

ROSIE

It's kind of awesome here. Although
security is diligent!

RAY

Oh yea, they almost got us a few
times.

BRITTANY

You guys aren't mad at me for-

Brittany is too mortified to finish her sentence.

RAY

Kidnapping our dead friend and
jumping off a bridge with him?

BRITTANY

Yes. Technically I fell, though.

RAY

True.

ROSIE

And lying to us.

BRITTANY

That too.

RAY

Luckily they found Chip's body down
the river a bit.

ROSIE

Oh yea, scared the shit out of a Duck Tour group. I would have paid to see that.

RAY

Same here.

BRITTANY

And you don't hate me for all that?

RAY

We were pretty mad but then we talked about it for a long time and realized you just did something we have done for years.

Brittany looks perplexed.

BRITTANY

Which is?

ROSIE

Loving, Chip.

RAY

You just caught him too late and wanted more time. And we couldn't blame you for that.

ROSIE

It was still pretty fucked up.

RAY

Oh yea. Big time.

ROSIE

But we're all fucked up.

RAY

And we love you. You're our friend. And we're glad you're not dead.

BRITTANY

Really?

Ray and Rosie crawl into bed with Brittany.

ROSIE

Friends stick around.

RAY

No matter how fucked up things get.

Brittany, Rosie and Ray all take a bite of their snack cups.

BRITTANY
Doesn't get more fucked up than
this.

ROSIE
Nope.

RAY
No, it does not.

All three LAUGH. Ray and Rosie kiss Brittany on the cheek.

RAY (CONT'D)
You're gonna be okay, Britt.

BRITTANY
Promise?

ROSIE
Pinky.

Rosie puts her arm around Brittany.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
You think Chip is gonna haunt us
now?

RAY
I hope so, that would be awesome.

BRITTANY
I wouldn't hate that.

Brittany smiles and takes a bite of her pudding.

ROSIE
I bet you wouldn't ya weirdo.

They all LAUGH.

BRITTANY
But I'm your weirdo.

RAY
Damn right.

ROSIE
And don't you ever forget it.

Ray raises his cup of pudding.

RAY

To Chip.

Rosie and Brittany raise their cups. Rosie's mouth is full.

ROSIE

Mmm.

BRITTANY

To Chip.

Brittany smiles from ear to ear.

FADE OUT.

THE END.

