

THE PRECAUTIONARY PRINCIPLE

By

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Lizard's Pride Pictures

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Definitions

Snapchat, n., *app* /snap • CHat/

Smartphone application allowing users to send photos and videos for a viewing time of **six seconds only** after which said content is deleted permanently from the receiver's phone.

Cyber-prank, n. /'sɪbər • praNGk/

The use of online services (internet, social networks...) to trick someone.

- *See Cyberbullying*

The Precautionary Principle, *thriller*

If you received a Snapchat of your boyfriend committing suicide after you told him you wanted an abortion, wouldn't it be worse if it was a prank?

- *See screenplay page 4*

Synopsis

Moved to North Carolina because of her mother's job, teenage New York-bred Anna is having a difficult time adjusting to Southern life. First, there's her rather absentminded family. Then, she hasn't exactly made many friends in this closed community - well, all right, one - and to top it off, her boyfriend, Josh, has managed to get her pregnant.

But hey, everything is fine - she'll just get an abortion...

She couldn't have known that Josh would slightly overreact. He breaks up with her, doesn't show up to class the next day, and that night sends a Snapchat to Anna wherein he puts a bullet through his head.

The video erased automatically - Anna's world is spinning: is Josh really dead? What is she going to do with the baby growing inside her? Who keeps texting her bloody fetus pictures?

Anna is resolved to find the truth, even if it means escaping reality.

Soundtrack

Sound is a main character in this movie. I tried to convey in this screenplay its importance; there are a lot of "CRACKS", "BEEPS", "AGRESSIVE SILENCE" as any thriller/horror film should have. But even more than just *scary sounds*, there is the idea of playing with the audience's mind.

Nowadays it is rare to sit through an entire film without a cellphone ringing or vibrating. Using those sounds throughout the entire film, mixed in a way where we can't tell if they are emanating from the movie or in the viewing room, I hope to create tension. Playing on the stress induced by those high-pitched ring tones, or low based vibrations, praying on the fear of the audience of having forgotten to turn off their cellphones, I would nearly wish someone had let their cellphone on during the film, it would add to the fear.

To underline the importance of sound design there would only be two music tracks: one for each credit sequences. The opening credits track would be a mix between music and ringtones as demonstrated in this example composed by Sebastian Ferreira exclusively for the purpose of this screenplay:

www.doyoubuzz.com/morgann-gicquel/cv/portfolios/the-precautionary-principle



And to break from those modern noises, as to echo the terrible conclusion, the end credits would roll on Mozart's Requiem introduction:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZUL_DyK88EE

The Precautionary Principle

by Morgann Gicquel

1 INT. ANNA LIVING ROOM - DAY

SEQUENCE SHOT:

Late afternoon. In a family house, a modern and spacious living room. A teenage couple is sitting on a couch, facing each other.

In front of them, a muted television playing a sitcom. Behind them, a large glass table upon which an iPhone faces up.

They are not speaking - as if they had just learned some terrible news from the television.

ANNA, seventeen, dirty blond, innocent-looking yet feisty. She has dried tears upon her cheeks. JOSH, not so much older, brown hair with a spotty 5-o'clock shadow, is looking down, trying to avoid Anna's gaze.

A moment passes in silence.

A TWEETING SOUND comes from the phone that lights up. Josh immediately turns to look at it.

ANNA
(softly)
Did you hear what I said?

He looks down, away from Anna, away from the phone.

The phone BEEPS.

ANNA
I swear to god, if you ever think about getting that...

JOSH
(mumbling)
Might be important..?

ANNA
Josh. What can be more important than us right now?

A TWEETING SOUND again.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Oh, for god's sake, it's a tweet. Don't you think we should deal with this first?

Josh looks down once more. Silence.

ANNA
We screwed up...

Phone is VIBRATING. Anna looks at it as if she were going to destroy it. Josh looks at it with longing puppy eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)
We screwed up, and I don't know...

Phone VIBRATES again.

ANNA
(with a very calm voice,
trying to contain her anger)
You answer this phone, you get out
of my house this instant.

Josh looks at her with sad eyes.

JOSH
Sweetie I... I don't really know
what to say.

ANNA
Can't you hug me at least? Why are
you on the other side of the couch?
I didn't catch a contagious disease
as far as I know.

Josh looks down. The iPhone BEEPS one more time, then a SHORT VIBRATION. Josh turns around, extends his arm and takes the phone while Anna stares at him in disbelief. He glances at his phone before putting it down back on the table behind him. Anna breaks down into silent tears, still looking at him.

END OF SEQUENCE SHOT - CAMERA PANS DOWN TO THE PHONE:

CUT TO:

2 TITLE SEQUENCE

The phone lights up - the credits are displayed on it. Anna's trip from New York City to North Carolina displayed as Facebook updates, Tweets and Instagrams pictures.

3 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

In a large classroom, towards the end of a class, Anna is trying to pay attention to her English professor, SARA, while all of her high-school classmates are talking.

Most of them are playing with their phones, making all the conversations punctuated by vibrations and various chimes.

Sara, in her forties, a typical clean-cut strict teacher with glasses, a bun, the works, stops talking. She stares at her class before bursting into a shriek.

SARA
 (yelling the last words)
 The first person that does so much
 as open their mouth, I'll throw
 them out of the window.

A moment and the class bursts out laughing. They are on the first floor.

4 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Amongst the many students eating, crying and running. In a typical high-school hallway Anna is talking to ROSE, a young teacher who looks more naïve than anything else with her shoulder-length blond hair and large blue eyes.

Rose is leaning against a row of lockers, her phone in her hand, texting and glancing at it every now and then.

ROSE
 (mimicking SARA)
 "Out of the window!"
 (normal voice)
 Did she really say that?

ANNA
 Well, you know her.

ROSE
 Gosh, I heard her from my class
 but, I guess I still don't want to
 believe it...

Rose is typing a tweet on her phone "S. SPIELZICK #RantOftheDay 'The next one that speaks, I'll throw them out of the window!' From the first floor #nicetry #epicfail"

ANNA

Do you think she's ever gonna find you're the one who tweets all of her rants?

ROSE

Bah, that ol' harpy? No chance. Not sure she knows what twitter is anyway.

She taps 'SEND' on the tweet.

ROSE (CONT'D)

So what's the word on the street, kiddo? Prince Josh left you?

ANNA

Can you stop talking like you're in a western?

ROSE

(with a forced southern accent)

Some respect for the elderly, young lady.

(back to normal voice)

And stop dodging the issue here.

ANNA

Well, I don't really know... I kinda snapped at him, but he didn't call me back...

ROSE

Did you check his Facebook status?

Rose quickly search through her phone.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Yeaah... You're not gonna like it.

ANNA

Seriously? I mean... Is he a child or something?

Anna takes Rose's phone to check it. A moment passes as she scrambles through the Facebook pages.

The phone emits a BEEPING noise as it receives a Snapchat notification.

ANNA

What is that? Did I touch something wrong?

ROSE

Oh, it's probably a Snapchat, just ignore it.

ANNA

What the hell is a Snapchat?

ROSE

Sometimes I wonder how you even know Facebook... It's for sexting, you can send a picture or a video for only seven seconds and it deletes itself from your phone afterward.

ANNA

(teasing)

For sexwhat?

Anna looks at the phone and gives it back to Rose mimicking a disgusted face.

ROSE

Oh c'mon, don't be like that. You're young, you should have fun!

ANNA

Receiving advice on my sex life from a minister, I truly am a lost cause. No offense.

ROSE

None taken. You do what you want, but you can have fun before getting married, as long as it's not the home run.

ANNA

I'm pretty sure, last time I checked the school rules, teachers were not allowed to dispense sexual encouragement to their students.

ROSE

We have different school rules, you and me. C'mon, gimme your phone. Gimme your phone!

Rose takes Anna's phone and begins searching for the SNAPCHAT APPLICATION.

ANNA

You realize it's completely counterproductive as I am probably single now?

She begins downloading it.

ROSE

Quite the contrary - you might receive some nice shots from old exes, or even handsome bachelor, I know there's quite a few around here.
What's your password?

Anna looks at her confident both amused and blasé before entering her password.

The BELL rings.

ROSE

(signing Anna to come with her)

C'mon kiddo, you'll be late for my class, and you don't want your classmates to hate you more than they already do.

Anna looks at her with a surprised sad look. Someone runs by, bumps into her, and her bag flies out of her shoulder.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna's bag crashes on a small desk.

A big teenage bedroom, with only a few posters on the walls. Although it is quite dark outside, the room looks darker for its choice of lighting and purple-ish colors.

Anna, back from school, looks tired and grim. She crashes on her bed, her eyes closed.

Her phone BEEPS. She opens her eyes with an irritated look on her face. Takes her phone out of a pocket, puts it on her bedside table, without looking at it, next to a clock that reads 11:30pm and leaves for a door in front of her bed, groping a towel on the way. She opens it and disappears in her bathroom.

On the bedside table, the phone lights up and vibrates again as she receives a reminder of a Snapchat notification. From the closed door: the running water of a shower.

6 INT. ANNA BATHROOM - NIGHT

In a modern bathroom with a stand-up shower, Anna is standing still, her head on one of the wall as the hot water is running down on her body. As the heat and steam rise up she looks at her blurry reflection on the glass panel of the shower and begins to draw, with a finger, the edge of her body but with a larger belly.

She has a sad smile on her face.

7 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna gets back to her bedroom wrapped in a towel, another one on her head. As she sits on a side of the bed, she grabs her phone.

It shows that she has received a Snapchat from Josh. Intrigued, Anna opens it up.

It's a 6-second video.

Josh, seated on a chair in what appears to be a dark basement, is crying. At the middle of the video he quickly raises his hand, in which he holds a gun, to his head, and pulls the trigger. His head blows up at the last second.

Anna drops her phone that smashes on the floor. She's trying to repress tears, her emotions going from lost to panicked.

She falls to her knees, finds her phone: a giant crack through the screen. The video is gone but regardless she touches the screen frantically. After a few attempts, still repressing tears, Anna slowly stands up.

Clinging to her towel, she runs to the door.

8 INT. SECOND FLOOR ANNA HOUSE - NIGHT

Still wet from the shower, her phone in one hand, Anna rushes to the last door on her floor next to a large white staircase.

She's breathing heavily and is about to knock on the door when her mother MICHELLE calls out from downstairs.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 (whispering loudly)
 Kitty, is that you?

A moment passes.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 Your father is sleeping, can you
 come downstairs?

ANNA
 (whispering, too low for her
 mother to hear)
 Thank you...

She rushes to the stairs, sliding on a puddle of water and her own towel, she crashes down the staircase.

CUT TO:

9 INT. ANNA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A BEEPING SOUND that sounds like a phone chiming ; from a heart monitor.

Laying on the couch, surrounded by two PARAMEDICS, Anna is slowly opening her eyes.

Same BEEPING SOUND.

Anna wakes up to her whole family. Michelle, the mother, fifty-something, very classy, wearing a suit, her father PHIL in his pajamas, a little younger and with a reassuring face and FRANK fourteen, a nerdy look. Franks has a pair of yellow Walkman headphones laid down around his neck. All look concerned.

PARAMEDIC #1
 She's gonna be okay, no need for a hospital, ma'am.

MICHELLE
 Are you sure? She doesn't look that good...

PARAMEDIC #1
 Just a couple of bruises, but falling like she did down the stairs is not that dangerous ma'am.

MICHELLE

Are you kidding? That's like the second cause of death in homes.

PARAMEDIC #1

Well I'm not Wikipedia ma'am, but I did go to college. You're daughter's gonna be okay.

MICHELLE

Fine, whatever.

PHIL

Sweetie, be nice.

MICHELLE

(mumbling)

Fucking moron.

PHIL

(to the paramedics)

Thank you boys, you've been perfect.

Phil walks the paramedics who are carrying their equipments to the hallway. In the distance Michelle is still mumbling.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

And I hope you weren't counting on a tip, morons!

FRANK (O.S.)

What are you talking about, mom?

10 EXT. ANNA FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Phil closes the door behind the paramedics who are walking back to the ambulance.

They seem to be mumbling about what happened.

11 INT. ANNA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phil enters the living room. Anna is trying to sit, she's in pain. Michelle is still mumbling.

PHIL

Honey, will you behave?

MICHELLE

I can't stand them anymore. I just can't.

(mimicking the paramedic)

I'm not Wikipedia

(normal voice again)

Yeah I could see you weren't a fucking encyclopedia.

PHIL

But we knew what we were getting into sweetie when we moved to

(air quoting)

the "South".

MICHELLE

I didn't. Or, at least, I didn't want to believe it.

A moment.

MICHELLE

Forty-eight. Forty-eight confederate flags! Do they know they've lost? We should go back to New York. Better yet: Alaska.

PHIL

You would complain about the cold. I'm all for supporting you and being a good husband, honey, but I would murder you if you were to complain about the cold on top of all the other stuff you whine about.

MICHELLE

Nia nia nia. Being clever doesn't suit you, husband of mine.

They look into each others' eyes and then burst into laughter, not noticing Anna who is wearing a look of extreme distress.

A tear rolls down on her cheek. She bursts into tears.

MICHELLE

Come, come sweetie. Everything's fine now.

Michelle takes her daughter in her arms.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 We'll be flying back to New York
 soon enough.

Phil rolls his eyes.

ANNA
 (panting)
 You don't understand... You
 don't...

She looks around her, suddenly panicked.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 Where's my phone?

PHIL
 Well if she worries about her
 phone, she's fine! I'll get back to
 bed. Don't stay up to late.

He kisses her wife on the forehead.

ANNA
 (softly, to herself)
 But you don't understand...

Frank follows Phil to the stairs putting back his headphones
 and listening to music from his yellow Walkman. Michelle
 gives Anna her phone.

Quickly, Anna go through the Snapchat application, an empty
 look on her face. The video is gone.

ANNA
 (defeated)
 You don't understand.

MICHELLE
 Sweetie, I think it's time for you
 to go to bed. You should rest after
 such a fall.

ANNA
 But..

MICHELLE
 No buts young lady, you've got
 school tomorrow. And I have all
 those exciting file to attend to,
 if I want to still be employed by
 the end of the week. C'mon
 daredevil go back to bed.

12 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laying on her bed in a white nightie, eyes wide open, looking up, Anna is slowly feeling her belly.

As cars drove by, lights illuminates the ceiling of the dark room. The shadows are somewhat threatening.

Every time a car drives by, Anna hears parts of the AUDIO TRACK of Josh's suicide. Each time with more intensity.

As the sounds gets louder and louder, Anna turns on the light, cutting the sounds immediately. She takes her phone, goes into the settings and sets it to "unknown number" before dialing 911.

Stops a moment.

Deletes the number and opens the contact menu. She types "NEW SCHOOL". Three name appears, Josh included.

She takes a deep breath and start calling him. A few rings before someone picks up.

JOSH (O.S.)
(with a tired voice)
Hello? Hello? Guys if this is a
prank you can all fu..

She hangs up, eyes wide open.

With a shaking hand she puts back the phone on the side table where the clock reads 2:22am, turns off the light and lies down on her back. A confused look on her face.

She closes her eyes.

13 INT. DARK BASEMENT - MONTAGE DREAM SEQUENCE

Josh is seated on a chair in front of a camcorder. Half of his face is missing, blood all over his face; yet he is laughing. Not an evil laugh, a joyful, nearly tender, one.

Anna is slowly walking up to him, shaking.

Josh has his complete face again. He looks at Anna. He quickly raises his hand, in which he holds a smartphone, to his head and press a button. The phone acts like a gun and his head blows up.

She screams.

People come from the shadows and drag her to the now-empty chair. They tie her up as she screams. Then they all draw smartphones: execution style and begin taking picture of her as she starts seizing.

14 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - DAY

Anna opens her eyes suddenly.

She slowly catches her breath but the ALARM on her phone turns on and makes her body shiver.

She angrily turns off the alarm and discover she wet the bed.

ANNA

You gotta be kidding me...

She runs to the the bathroom, a wet stain slowly growing on the back of her nightie.

15 INT. ANNA BATHROOM - DAY

Anna turns on the faucet to wash her nightie when she suddenly pukes.

After a few seconds she tilts her head up, looking at her reflection in the mirror.

ANNA

(slightly shaking her head)

This is not gonna be a good day...

16 INT. ANNA HALLWAY - DAY

Frank and Phil are getting ready to go out. Phil wears a suit, Frank is in some sort of gothic attire, he is banging his head as he is listening to music from his Walkman.

PHIL

Oh hello princess. I hope you're feeling better this morning.

Anna, with her clothe on: a pair of jeans and a green top, looks at him, blasé, a mess. She walks past them into the living room.

17 INT. ANNA LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michelle is putting files in a briefcase when she sees her daughter.

MICHELLE

I didn't sleep all night, and I still look better than you, honey. What happened?

ANNA

I did fall off our staircase yesterday...

MICHELLE

Well according to "*la crème de la crème*" of the medical elite, you should be fine, sweetie.

ANNA

I'm not sure if I want to go to school today...

Michelle suddenly stops what she's doing and walk to Anna.

MICHELLE

Don't give them the satisfaction, honey. Go there, show them what it is to stand after a fall. To be proud of...

ANNA

And you don't think you're doing a bit much there?

MICHELLE

Probably, but I'm the one paying for that school, so shoo little rebel without a cause, you're gonna be late.

As Anna walks back to her room.

ANNA

(mumbling)

Great...

18 EXT. ANNA'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Michelle, in a tailored suit, is waiting by her black minivan for her daughter. Anna, walking slowly towards the car, is looking through her bag.

ANNA

Shit.

MICHELLE

What's happening, young lady?

ANNA

I can't find my notes for this expose thingy I have to make.

MICHELLE

Will you make it? Cause I can't afford any delay and you can't afford to miss the bus.

ANNA

Ah well, I have my PowerPoint.
(then mumbles)
And my best friend...

CUT TO:

19 INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

WIKIPEDIA is displayed on Anna's phone. The page she is looking through: "LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES".

A message appears "LOW BATTERY 10% OF BATTERY REMAINING". Anna sighs and puts the phone away.

She looks around, nobody is sitting next to her.

All the other students are looking at their phones. Nearly no interactions except here and there someone is showing something on his phone to the next person or a group is looking at someone's tablet. Nobody is talking and the quiet roar of the bus' engines is only disturbed by sounds coming from the devices rather than students chatting.

Anna sighs again and put her head against the window. Houses passes by, some with confederate flags on them. Anna doesn't seem well.

20 EXT. HIGH-SCHOOL FRONT LAWN - DAY

A big high-school in the middle of nowhere. A large football field, maybe even a baseball one too. It seems grand, but not brand new.

Hundreds of students are slowly entering the building as Anna is staggering. She's obviously gonna puke. She sits on the grass, nobody notices her.

She's going to puke.

CUT TO:

21 INT. HIGH-SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

Water running in a paint-chipped old sink.

Anna slowly raises her head, and looks into a large mirror in front of her, as she washes off her mouth with one swipe of her arm. On the wall besides her some misspelled insults have been written with lipsticks "JENY'S A WORE", "BEETCH" and so on.

She doesn't look so well, but somewhat better than before. She breathes slowly and takes a tube of lipstick from her pocket, looks at it, looks at her reflection and frowns. She's not going to put on any make up today.

A JANITOR enters, she's big and looks fierce. Upon opening the door she immediately sees Anna and stares at her. Her eyes travel from Anna, the lipstick in her hand, and the tags on the wall.

Realizing what the lady might be thinking, Anna takes out the cap off her lipstick.

ANNA

Oh come on, it's not even the same color.

She draws an H between W and O to correct "WHORE" on the wall. The colors mismatch.

ANNA

You see?

Silence. The janitor is not amused.

The bell RINGS.

ANNA

Oh shit.

She straightens herself up, and heads for the door. The janitor is still standing in the doorway, looking at Anna with disdain.

22 INT. HIGH-SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

As Anna walks away slowly, trying to keep her dignity, the janitor is still staring at her from the bathroom door.

From inside the classes, students begin to recite the Pledge of Allegiance.

Anna slows down, turns her head and sees that the janitor is still looking at her. She stops dead in her tracks, puts her hand over her heart and begins mouthing the Pledge of Allegiance.

WIDE: Apart from the janitor behind her, Anna is completely alone, standing at the center of the hallway, all doors closed. She is backlit from windows at the end of the hallway which gives the entire scene a very dark tone even though it is a bright sunny day.

23 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Anna enters the classroom as JAMIE, a skinny blond 17-year-old boy, is doing a presentation on "LES MISÉRABLES". He has a bit of acne, and seems uneasy speaking in public. Though he is displaying a smirk on his face when Anna passes in front of him. Then continues reading, with great difficulty, in french, a part of "LES MISÉRABLES".

Anna's seat is far back in the room, she passes an empty chair in the middle row which startles her.

She began looking all around her, a confused look on her face as she reaches her seat.

She taps on JENNIE's shoulder, a blond, fit, classmate.

JENNIE

(whispering, snarky)

What do you want?

ANNA

Where's Josh?

JENNIE
 (mouthing the last word)
 Do you really think I give a f...?

BELLA (O.S.)
 Miss Werner!

BELLA, a forty-something who looks way past her age, is shouting from her desk at the front of the room. She's the French teacher, and this is a French class. French flags on the wall amongst with French words, a cardboard Eiffel tower hanging from the ceiling. "Exposé Day" is written on the black board, accent and all.

One student at the front went all in, he has a beret, a fake mustache, and striped t-shirt. It couldn't be more cliché.

BELLA (CONT'D)
 Miss Werner, did you chose to do
 your exposé on "LES MIZ'" as
 everyone else in this room?

ANNA
 (feebly)
 No, miss. I chose "LES LIAISONS
 DANGEREUSES".

BELLA
 (for herself)
 Well, that's certainly a doozy.
 (to Anna)
 Well come replace Jamie, I'm sure
 he was finished.

Looking more surprised than anything else, Jamie abruptly stops his reading of the book.

ANNA
 (waving a flash drive)
 Miss, I do have to set up my power
 point.

BELLA
 Okay Jamie, five more minutes. But
 I swear to God: keep murdering Hugo
 and you'll be spending the rest of
 the semester reading is complete
 works. In French!

The classroom laughs though many students are sneakily checking their phones rather than listening to the boy.

Anna gets up and walks to the laptop on the front desk. She connects her flash drive and goes through the folders. There is only one file. Labeled, in red letters: "DO NOT OPEN". Anna is panicking.

Bella, who faces the back of the computer, can't see the screen. She is somewhat intrigued by the face of Anna who is struggling with her flash drive and its content. She casually points a remote to a projector on the ceiling and starts it up.

After plugging and replugging the drive, Anna double-clicks on the "DO NOT OPEN" file.

Pictures and videos. Flesh. Blood. Dead babies. Woman slaughtered. A hundred, maybe more, images open at the same time on the computer screen.

Anna's panic becomes a full-scale terror. She quickly hits the 'silent' button on the computer.

Since the computer was already silenced, hitting the buttons gave the full sound back and the beginning of a scream, from one of the videos, is heard. Anna strikes the button once more, silencing the computer again immediately.

Nobody has noticed anything.

The projector is slowly starting up, a blue screen is projected on Jamie's face who is still trying to finish is reading. He gets blinded by the projector light and finally gives up. Unconvincing claps from a few students has he goes back to his seat on the front row.

The blue screen, displaying the brand and model of the projector, is getting brighter and brighter.

A countdown on the screen: "READY FOR DISPLAY IN 10 SECONDS".

Anna takes off her flash drive, an error message prevents her from closing the pictures.

Bella is starring at Anna, and catches glimpses of the computer screen on the reflection of a window, but Anna's body is mainly in the way.

BELLA

Well, miss Werner, we still have twenty readings of Hugo to go through.

ANNA
 (unsure)
 One minute please.

With her right hand she is trying to quit all the new windows that just opened; at the same time with her left hand, she is unscrewing the large cable that links the computer to the projector. She finally disconnects the link at the precise moment an image gets on the big screen.

Nobody has noticed anything. Save for Bella who is getting tired of the wait.

BELLA
 Miss Werner, PowerPoint or not
 you'll have to come on that stage.

ANNA
 But miss...

BELLA
 Now!

She touches the keyboard one last time, a warning message appears.

"DO YOU WANT TO QUIT PREVIEW? 1,269 IMAGES WILL NOT BE SAVED".

Anna clicks "YES" and closes the laptop halfway down. The screen is still light up even though nobody could see it. As she walks to the front of the class, no book, no notes, the images are closing down one by one. Amongst all the bloody pictures: some images of Josh sitting in the basement from the snapchat video, holding a gun up to his chin.

Anna glances at the reflection of the screen in the window, look straight and takes a deep breath.

24 INT. HIGH-SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Loud hubbub. A crowded cafeteria yet very large. Anna is sitting by herself at the end of a long table, a group of six girls at the other side.

She's looking at her tray in disgust, a plate of slimy grits lays down in front of her.

Rose walks to her.

ROSE
Hey kiddo! Can I speak with you?

ANNA
Oh yes, please, save me from...

She fiddles the food with her fork.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Whatever that is.

25 EXT. HIGH-SCHOOL FRONT LAWN - DAY

Anna bites fervently into a sandwich.

ROSE
Don't choke, it's only a sandwich.

They are both seated on the grass, alone. Students are playing on the football field in the distance.

ANNA
Go through a morning like mine and you'll know sandwiches are meant to be worshiped and sacrificed for the greater good.

ROSE
That's actually what I wanted to talk about with you.

ANNA
(in a mouthful)
Sandwiches?

ROSE
Your morning... Miss Gauthier said you were downloading porn from her computer.

ANNA
(nearly spitting the sandwich out)
She said what?

ROSE
I take it you weren't.

ANNA
Haha. You wouldn't believe it... My flash drive was hacked or something.

ROSE
Hacked?

ANNA
Or something. I'm thinking Josh.

ROSE
Well I know he's not actually
boyfriend of the year right now,
but come on. I mean planting porn
on a flash drive is not his
(air quoting)
"M.O."

ANNA
I don't know what his
(air quoting)
"M.O" is, but he certainly has a
problem.

A moment.

ANNA
(trying to be casual)
Yesterday he sent me a snapchat of
him killing himself...

ROSE
Wait, what?

ANNA
(hastily)
Which was obviously a fake because
he picked up his phone when I
called him.

ROSE
(unsure how to react)
That's... strange?

ANNA
And with that he wasn't here today.
I'm beginning to think he's on a
personal vendetta.

ROSE
What do you mean?

ANNA
(sighs, embarrassed)
Well... Surprise! I'm pregnant.

Silence. A moment.

ANNA

I want to have an abortion. But you know the mentalities around here. He was so pissed off by it, that's...

She represses tears.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Oh gosh, he is so fucked up... I mean, who does that?

ROSE

I'm sorry, sweetie. Are you all right, though? Do you want to go to the infirmary to talk about the.. baby situation?

ANNA

To be judged by everyone again? No thank you. I have to go to the clinic, it's just... I wish I could have gone with Josh, you know? He's kinda the only one I was talking to in this hell hole. No offense.

ROSE

None taken... But.. hm, do you want me to come with you?

ANNA

Now I'm sure this is absolutely not legal. And what respectable teacher and part-time youth minister would show up at an abortion clinic anyway?

ROSE

Well...

ANNA

(ignoring her)

It sounds like a super-hero, doesn't it? Part time youth minister. Fighting heretics at night, teaching the youth of the South in the daytime...

ROSE

I think you need to rest. And I'm not that stuck up: thank-you-very-
(more)

ROSE (CONT'D)

much.

I'll go with you kiddos, no arguments.

ANNA

If you say so... But still, why?

Rose shrugs, gets up, stretches, looks at the time on her phone and looks at Anna. She signals her to go back in the building. She starts walking and turns her head to her young protege.

ROSE

(in a deep voice)

Because, I'm Batman!

26 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sitting down on her bed, Anna is reading an issue of Bat-Girl. The villain just cut open a pregnant woman and is holding the dead baby as Bat-Girl jumps on him.

Anna sighs in disgust and put the comics on the bed. Her eyes are contemplating the wall in front of her. She looks at her phone on the bed, takes it and looks for Josh's number.

She's about to press "CALL".

MICHELLE (O.S.)

(shouting from downstairs)

Anna?

Anna takes a deep breath before putting the phone back.

ANNA

Yes, mother?

MICHELLE

(shouting from downstairs)

Don't call me mother!

ANNA

(whisper to herself)

You can't let that go, can you?

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It makes me feel old!

ANNA
 (shouting, sarcastic)
 But you are my mother, aren't you?

27 INT. FIRST FLOOR ANNA HOUSE - NIGHT

Anna is balancing on the ramp that protects her from falling on the hallway of the house.

ANNA
 What is it all about?

MICHELLE
 Dinner, I though you might be interested in that.

ANNA
 Well after what I've read, I'm not so sure, mother...

MICHELLE
 Were you reading Batman comics again, young lady?

ANNA
 We already discussed it, your Sandman is not that sane either.

MICHELLE
 There will be no degrading Neil Gaiman under my roof young lady, especially if you want to eat. Ever!

ANNA
 Coming down.

28 INT. ANNA KITCHEN - NIGHT

The family is having diner. Michelle seated at the end of the big white table, Frank taking off his headset while Phil is serving pasta with tomato sauce. Anna enters the room and go sits in front of her empty plate.

MICHELLE
 (to her husband, sarcastic)
 I see you outdid yourself.

PHIL
 Honey, I thought pasta and meatballs were your favorite.

MICHELLE

I'm kidding! Let's eat, I'm starving.

Anna is gently playing with a meatball on her fork.

PHIL

What's happening, sweetie? Lost your appetite?

ANNA

Sort of...

PHIL

Is it a boy?

Anna looks up, that sad smile again.

PHIL

Aha! I knew it had something to do with a boy. Where's Josh?

ANNA

(mumbling)

I wish I knew...

PHIL

You guys aren't doing great?

MICHELLE

Come on, you can see she has other problems on her plate.

(looking at her husband)

Pun intended.

PHIL

My meatballs are divine!

MICHELLE

Naah, they are okay, sweetie.

PHIL

It's better than okay, it's... Yeah I kinda forgot to put basil and salt. How do you like it buddy?

FRANK

You're calling me buddy now?

PHIL

Okay, why is this entire family depressed? I know we don't usually eat together, but for once your

(more)

PHIL (CONT'D)
 mother came early from work, I
 didn't burn down the house cooking,
 you're not listening to your tapes,
 Anna's not away at Josh's...

Anna stares at her plate.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 All is well!

A loud BANG on the front door.

29 EXT. ANNA FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

Phil opens the door from the inside of the house, on the white paint there's a large red bloody splash. His eyes follow the stain to the ground where a small animal heart has bounced back.

The mother follows.

MICHELLE
 Are you kidding me?
 (shouting into the night)
 Yay, real bravery here! Red necks,
 oligarchists, ...

Anna comes rushing down from behind.

ANNA
 Mum, calm down, what's hap-

She sees the heart. Close her eyes for a second.

MICHELLE
 It's that stupid paramedic sweetie,
 nothing to be afraid. Just morons
 trying to get us out of our
 country.
 (shouting again)
 You hear me? OUR country! You
 nitwits, murderers, animal killers!

CUT TO:

30 EXT. ABORTION CLINIC - DAY

"BABY KILLERS
GO TO HELL."

Covered in fake blood, written in large black letters on a big sign. A woman behind it, determined, in her late thirties, is screaming slogans.

PROTESTER
Be a man! Stop your woman from
killing your baby!

On a cloudy day, twenty or so protesters are gathered in a sketchy street. Behind them: a small red brick building. On it, a huge half shredded sign: "ABORTION & CONTRACEPTION CLINIC OF FAIRVIEW".

Anna is looking at the scene from across the street. Rose, sunglasses and a scarf around her head, joins her.

ANNA
Who are you suppose to be, Audrey
Hepburn?

ROSE
Who?

ANNA
Oh, never mind.

A moment passes.

ANNA
I don't know if it's such a good
idea...

ROSE
Come on, it'll be fine. They're
only shouting. Plus they'll think
I'm the one who's getting an
abortion, not you.

ANNA
(unconvinced)
I guess... Is that supposed to make
me feel better?

Both girls cross the street.

Upon seeing the girls, the protesters begin shouting in their direction. Amongst them, Jamie, the shy kid from school. He is frantic when he notices Anna.

JAMIE

Whore! Baby killer. Murderer!

Anna passes in front of him, trying to look brave.

31 INT. ABORTION CLINIC - DAY

Anna is looking over the admission chart. Rose is busy texting on her phone. Both are seated on a metal bench inside the clinic.

ANNA

It says here I need my parents approval...

ROSE

(not really paying attention)
And? Wouldn't they support you?

ANNA

They would, but I didn't exactly told them yet...

ROSE

Easy peasy, I'll sign it for you.

ANNA

What?

Rose stops playing with her phone.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What's the deal with you? I mean, I am ever so grateful you came with me today, and for all the conversations, and for you being so nice to me. But, but this is way out of line. You could lose your job for one. And, and, and you're a...

ROSE

(innocently)
Super-hero?

ANNA

Don't take it the wrong way, but you're one of them. You're part of those people out there protesting. You're a minister who teaches us about Adam and Eve in history classes. It just doesn't compute.

ROSE

(suddenly serious)

And you kiddo, you're the first who wants people to change for you, and to accept you for what you are. And you're telling me all this, now? I'll tell you why: because I think you're not a phony, I think you're a great little lady. Maybe a tad lost, but that, we can work on it. Don't look at people here like they're the devil, they all think they're right in their opinions as much as you think you're right in your opinions. That doesn't make people evil, that makes them human.

Anna is suddenly more confused, but, with a shy smile, hugs Rose.

ANNA

I'm... sorry.
I'm lost. I still see Josh killing himself when I close my eyes. And the fact that he still hasn't come back to school is really disturbing. I just want to get it over with.

Rose takes the form off her hands and sign in the "parental approval" section.

ROSE

It's nearly over.

32 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE DOOR - DAY

"JOHN HOWARD MD. OB-GYN." reads the sign on the beige door.

Anna and Rose are led by a nurse who knocks on the door.

NURSE

Miss Werner for you.

JOHN (O.S.)

Come in.

33 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

JOHN HOWARD is a nearly-bald forty-something, white coat. He is seating at his desk looking at files through small half-moon glasses.

JOHN
Take a seat, Anna.

Rose and Anna sit. A moment passes.

JOHN
I see here that you've been
protecting yourself but it didn't
work.

ANNA
(embarrassed)
I don't really know what happened.

JOHN
And you are sure you are pregnant?

ANNA
I took three tests.

John glances at Rose.

JOHN
Are you sure you want to discuss
all of this in front of your...

ROSE
I'm her teacher.

John frowns and is about to speak when:

ANNA
(hastily)
I trust Miss Colkins completely.
And as you can see my parents
already have signed everything.
She's gonna ensure that I am being
treated well and...

JOHN
Calm down kid. I'm just protecting
myself. So how long have you been
pregnant?

ANNA
I don't know. But I had my periods
seven weeks ago.

JOHN
So you want an abortion pill.

ANNA
(unsure)
I guess...

JOHN
This is not a joke, young lady. If I think you're unstable I can file a report against you taking the pill.

Rose looks through her purse.

ROSE
I think she is just nervous, doctor.

Getting IDs from her bag.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I am a youth minister at St. Margaret, and a teacher at Fairview High. Anna is one of our best students.

John takes the IDs for a minute and look at them.

JOHN
(looking Anna in the eyes)
Anna, I know you think this is just swallowing a Tylenol and everything will be fine afterward. But... This is gonna be harsh.

ANNA
(intimidated)
Yes, doctor.

JOHN
Luckily for you the pill is way better at your age than cutting you open.

Anna looks pale.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna give you MIFEGYNE at this stage of the pregnancy - it should work like a charm. So to speak.

He types on his computer.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(to Rose)

And a minister for abortion, that's a first here.

ROSE

(uneasy)

Everyone has a right to make mistakes. But I do think that people tend to make the wrong choices when something is forbidden to them. Maybe young Anna here will not carry on with her decision once she has the pill in her hand.

Anna smiles awkwardly.

JOHN

She has four weeks. After that, if she hasn't gone through with it, the only way she'll be able to get an abortion is by going through the operating table.

He dials his landline phone. A nurse picks up.

JOHN

Jennifer, can I have one MIFEGYNE please?

He hangs up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Anna. If there is any problem, any doubts, you can call me.

He circles his number on the prescription.

JOHN (CONT'D)

These are not simple times, and even if your are feeling well I would strongly suggest you seeing a psychiatrist.

(to Rose)

Maybe there's one at school?

ROSE

(with a smile)

Don't worry, she's in good hands.

34 EXT. ABORTION CLINIC - DAY

Both women exits the clinic. Rose is waving the box of MIFEGYNE.

ROSE
So how do you feel now?

The protesters are still yelling. Jamie notices Anna again.

JAMIE
She's underage! She's a wh..

Anna mouths a 'Come on' but the crowd suddenly moves past their limits and begins to form a circle around Rose.

PROTESTER
(addressing Rose)
And you're the mother? You let your
child do this?

She spits on Rose. Anna moves quickly in front of her to protect her.

ANNA
Leave her alone, she has nothing
to-

Anna gets hit in the face and falls to the ground.

35 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anna is sitting on a metal bench. She's holding an ice patch on her eye. A police officer, late thirties, handsome, is typing on his computer directly in front of her.

Nobody talks, only the clicking sound of the computer keyboard.

Her personal effects are in a clear plastic bag on the desk: the prescription for the abortion pill, a wallet, a bracelet, a student ID and her phone facing up.

The phone vibrates, it has received a gory picture from an anonymous number. Then a Snapchat notification.

Anna is first mortified, then realizes the police officer is not looking. She looks away, blasé.

Her parents barge in.

MICHELLE

A riot at an abortion clinic?

POLICE OFFICER

And forging your signature to get the abortion pill, it seems. Though we couldn't find it on her, and she refused to tell us the name of the friend who helped her in this.

Phil looks at his daughter, embarrassed.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I don't know how it is in New York, but we don't take those issues so well here. An underage girl who lies to get an abortion and starts a fight with peaceful protesters. That's trouble.

MICHELLE

Come on, cut the crap.

PHIL

Honey..?

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You know as much as I do that those are not 'peaceful protesters'. Wherever you're from, you don't hit a child.

Anna looks up, a tiny spark of hope in her eyes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

And second of all, we completely agree with her decision. We couldn't be there for her as we both have intense working schedules and we asked a friend of ours, who wants to stay anonymous, to accompany her. I drop the charges against my own daughter if that can make you feel any better.

POLICE OFFICER

Well it doesn't. First, it's not for you to carry those charges, but the protesters who have been provoked. And you're setting a very bad example for this young lady, who wouldn't have existed if you had had an abortion when you were expecting her, would she?

MICHELLE

I don't appreciate being lectured.
My daughter is free to do what she
wants. And if I had had a baby when
I was 16 that's a bad example I
would have set right there.

Michelle takes Anna by her arm, Anna takes the plastic bag.
As they are walking towards the exit:

MICHELLE

Oh and your protesters, let them
come at me. We'll see if they still
want to press charges.

POLICE OFFICER

People from here don't take threats
that well!

MICHELLE

I'm worse.

36 EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Only two rusty old police cars are parked in front of the
police station.

It's an overcast day, but still sunny. The three of them are
walking towards a nice black car. Michelle is still gripping
Anna's arm.

MICHELLE

I wish his mother had had an
abortion. I'm sure he's the brother
of the paramedic. All blood-related
in this town anyway.

ANNA

Mum? You're kinda hurting me...

MICHELLE

Get in the car!

37 INT. CAR - DAY

The family is in the car. Both parents at the front, Anna in
the back. Michelle, in the driver's seat, has her hands on
the wheel but has not started the car yet.

Silence.

Anna's phone vibrates as she receives yet another Snapchat notification.

MICHELLE

Why? Why did you do it? Are you stupid?

ANNA

Wh-What?

MICHELLE

(still looking straight forward)

You heard me. Why didn't you tell us? Why didn't you explain what was happening? We could have helped. We could have been there for you.

She starts the car.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

But noooo. No. Missy wanted to be a big girl and get into an abortion clinic in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by rednecks, and rapists, and degenerates...

ANNA

You don't think you're overreacting?

Michelle is driving really fast and brakes abruptly from time to time.

MICHELLE

I'm overreacting? I'm overreacting?

Phil is getting overly concerned about the driving of his wife. He fixes the road, not really paying attention to the discussion.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I thought I could trust you. I thought we were partners in crime. I thought...

Anna's phone vibrate again.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Will you shut that thing off? Aaah, I can't stand it anymore. This is important, Anna, you can check your emails later!

ANNA

Don't you think it's a little unfair?

Michelle brakes abruptly. Phil doesn't get why until he sees the red light and sighs with relief.

MICHELLE

No, I'm not. I'm being nice. If I were unfair I'd take your phone, I'd lock you in your room. But I don't believe in all this, you know that.

ANNA

(boldly)

Well maybe if I'm such a disappointment it's because you're not strict enough, heh?

She starts the car again.

MICHELLE

Oh, you want strict? Okay, we can play those silly rules, see how you like it. You're grounded until further notice.

Anna seems so confused, she's nearly crying but doesn't want to give in.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Not that you'd get out anyway... Apart from that moron of a boyfriend, it's not like you really made friends since we came here.

Anna is flabbergasted. Too shocked to cry.

The car arrives at their house.

It's a very big, white, house with pillars on the front. Very majestic when you see it like that and yet classy. First time we actually understand why they moved here: the job pays more money. This is a house you get when you are frustrated.

They get out of the car, Anna first.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Go to your room.

ANNA
How original...

As she says it, she turns around to see her mother's look.
Dreadful.

38 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna, sprawling on her bed, is listening to her parents
having an argument downstairs.

It's a montage sequence. Details of the bedroom while
snatches of the conversation are heard.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
I swear to god, if we hadn't moved
to this hell-hole...

PHIL (O.S.)
Anna is a responsible teenage girl.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
It's those illiterate red necks, I
know it!

PHIL (O.S.)
(hopelessly)
Can you stop for a minute with the
racist talk?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
(angry)
Racist? Racist? Is red neck a race
now?

PHIL (O.S.)
(patronizing)
If we hadn't moved you would have
lost your job.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
(sassy)
Now it's my fault they decided to
relocate the entire business in
Nowhere, Middle of?

PHIL (O.S.)
(reassuring)
She went to an abortion clinic -
that's still something.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 (desperate)
 I don't know what to do... I
 trusted her. She's the only one I
 trusted in this family.

PHIL (O.S.)
 (sarcastically)
 I'm sure Frank, your son, will be
 more than happy to hear that, and
 as you are yelling, I'm pretty sure
 he already did!

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 (lower)
 He's always listening to his tapes
 anyway. And you know I didn't mean
 that... But come on, he dresses
 like a vampire, I thought one day
 we'd hear about flocks of sheep
 disappearing. Not abortion
 clinics...

END OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE

As the talk grows softer, Anna takes her phone. She sees the
 Snapchat notification but swipes it off.

Anna sighs, sit up on her bed, and looks through her phone
 for Josh's number. She calls him.

JOSH (O.S.)
 (with a tired voice)
 Hello? Hello? Guys if this is a
 prank you can all f...

ANNA
 No Josh it's me...

JOSH (CONT'D)
 ...yourselves. Naah I'm kidding.
 But you can leave me a message
 after the tone.

A BEEP and nothing. Nothing.

Anna hangs up, shaking very slightly. Terrified.

Breathing deeply, a question look on her face.

She calls again, same voicemail. Hangs up before the tone.

PHIL (O.S.)
 And what stupid punishment is that?
 She's always locked up in her room
 anyway, I don't see what grounding
 her will do...

A determined look on her face.

39 EXT. ANNA BACKYARD - NIGHT

The little squared window of Anna's room on the second floor is just above the roof of what appears to be a garage. Anna, in a dark outfit, is trying to climb out of the window onto the garage's roof.

Once on the roof she breathes deeply. Scared but determined.

As she walks on the roof some of the tiles crack under her. She sometimes closes her eyes while slowing down.

Arrived at the end of the roof upon seeing the space between the paved path and the yard.

ANNA
 (whispering)
 Now what?

Deep breath again before jumping. It's a shy jump. That is why she hurts her ankle on the path as she falls flat on the grass.

Trying her hardest not to scream with the pain.

ANNA
 (whispering)
 Stupid, stupid, stupid...

Deep breath once more, and she leaves limping trying to avoid the lit up windows from which she can see her parents still arguing.

40 EXT. ANNA'S STREETS - NIGHT

Anna lives in the suburbs. If her house is big and classy, it can't be said the same about the rows of similar houses in her neighborhood. Some in decay, some in great shape, but overall creepy for a city girl.

Limping on the sidewalk, she is heading out in the dark night. Apart from flickering lights on house porches, the streets are indeed pitch black.

SFX: AGGRESSIVE SILENCE

The houses becomes scarce, she passes lots of huge bushes. Slightly shivering, she reaches for her phone in her pocket. Nothing there.

ANNA

Well done, Anna.

She looks behind her, shrugs and keep walking still determined despite her limp and the darkness.

A CRACK in the bushes. A bird flying. Maybe even a rat walking on the street.

Anna's smile is unsure. Lots of tension in sounds, a shadow, a CRACK.

At a cross road she sees JOSH'S HOUSE in the distance. An old three floored house looking somewhat like Bates' mother's house in *Psycho*. But not too cartoony, nor scary, just in bad shape.

The change of scenery leads to think this is the beginning of the 'city'. All the more reason for this house to pop. While all the other buildings, houses and such, are glued together: Josh's house is standing alone.

There are more street lights too, even if it stays overly dark.

She walks towards the house.

41 EXT. JOSH HOUSE FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

The mail box, planted on a stick at the start of the lawn, is full. Anna picks the first letter and frowns upon seeing Josh's name on it.

She looks at the house, no lights, no activity. She walks towards it.

42 EXT. JOSH HOUSE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Walking up the wooden porch, Anna is trying not to make that much noises.

There are five steps. Each movement creates cracking noises under her weight.

In a silent ballet, she approaches the dirty windows that surround the front door.

No one's inside.

She steps down with more confidence, making each step loudly crack, heading towards the backyard. She stops not so far away from the porch. Tire tracks in the dirt shows that a car was parked here, often.

43 EXT. JOSH HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Anna is walking absentmindedly through the yard. A hammock between two trees, an abandoned bike. Anna smiles tenderly as she sees it all.

The back of the house is even darker and quiet than the front.

But. A feeble light coming through the window of the basement. Anna crouches down. The light is coming from the save screen of a computer.

Trying to slide open the cracked window, she finally succeeds. Takes away the window screen and slowly crawls into the basement.

44 INT. JOSH HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Anna finds a table to lean on as she lets herself slide into the dark basement.

This is the basement from the video. In fact there is still the chair in the middle. A red, bloody, stain on the wooden ceiling. In front of the chair: a tripod, designed for a phone.

No one is here.

The tripod is linked to a computer on a desk. Anna approaches the computer screen and shakes the mouse. On the desktop, the dreadful video.

Anna right clicks on it, choosing "send by email". An error message appears THIS COMPUTER IS NOT CONNECTED TO THE INTERNET.

ANNA
(whispering)
Of course...

She opens a file 'for A.'. The photos that were on her drive appears there. She frowns.

Searches for something on the desk, opens the drawers, no flash drive.

A CRACK. She looks behind her. No one.

She closes everything on the computer. And walks away slowly towards the wooden staircase.

One step at a time, trying her best not to make any cracking noise, she gets out of the basement.

45 INT. JOSH HOUSE FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Anna emerges below the stairs that leads to the second floor. Still no one to be seen.

After peaking in the living room, a little confused, she heads toward the stairs with determination.

46 INT. JOSH HOUSE STAIRS - NIGHT

Running quietly in the staircase heading up. She doesn't make a sound.

The silence is becoming aggressive.

47 INT. JOSH HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Without stopping Anna walks straightly to a door with a Monster Truck poster on it.

48 INT. JOSH HOUSE JOSH BEDROOM - NIGHT

A boy's bedroom. Not necessarily in a mess, rather strangely in order. But definitely a boy's room, computer geek, too. Maybe some posters of computer components. And some real computers components tightly stored in tiny plastic cases.

Still nobody. Anna is almost disappointed. She looks through everything, find a case labeled "USB drive". Empty.

Looks at the big wooden cupboard at the end of the room and opens it.

Horror.

What looks like a dead baby in a pool of blood is stored. Along with some animal hearts. Some signs against abortion are stored in a corner.

A flash goes out from the camera of a small phone placed near the tub in which the fake baby is.

Anna slams the door, walks backward, stumbles on the bed, and runs down the house.

49 INT. JOSH HOUSE SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

She runs towards the stairs.

50 INT. JOSH HOUSE STAIRS - NIGHT

She nearly stumbles in the stairs.

51 INT. JOSH HOUSE FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

She exits through the front door, still running.

52 EXT. JOSH HOUSE FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Stopped dead in her tracks by the porch's guardrail, folded in two by the impact, she pukes on the front lawn below.

After a few seconds she allows herself to slide down on the porch, turning her back to the guardrail, before bursting into tears.

It's not loud crying, but she is a mess. Trying to catch her breath, again not too loudly, but still a definite change in sound between the crushing silence previously heard and Anna's panting.

She gets up, tries the door. Locked.

She walks away, limping.

53 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

SFX: COUNTRYSIDE AMBIANCE W/ LOUD CRICKETS SOUNDS.

The noises are getting oppressive as Anna walks back home. All that seemed creepy before now looks terrifying. Menacing shadows, snake noises in the bushes, flickering lights and somewhat total darkness from place to place.

Slowly, but surely, she is panicking. She slows down. Closes her eyes.

The sounds calm down, the night becomes somewhat silent once more.

She breathes.

A car passes her at full speed.

The shock of light, sounds, speed, makes her run. Run and run.

54 EXT. ANNA FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

The first signs of dawn, the stars are going out, birds are chirping. The night and its devils are over.

In the middle of this quiet morning, panting, a mess, Anna is limping back to her house. She doesn't notice her parents looking through the living room window.

At the front door, she goes for the door bell at the exact moment her mother opens the door. Though it is too late to stop her arm, and she presses the loud door bell while her mother is looking at her with anger, dried tears on her face.

MICHELLE

Are you retarded?

ANNA

(talking about the doorbell)

No, I was just tired and I didn't see you there.

MICHELLE

I'm not talking about the freaking doorbell. This was unacceptable. You ran off.

Anna looks down, shamefully.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You ran away... And you can thank your father that I did not call the cops. Bunch of irresponsible people, you all are.

A tear on Anna's cheek.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

No answer.

PHIL (O.S.)
Well? Your mother asked you a question.

Phil walks in the doorframe. His tone is nowhere near gentle.

ANNA
I am.

PHIL
Where were you?

ANNA
At Josh's.

Anna's phone BEEPS, her mother has it in her pocket.

MICHELLE
Oh and this has been ringing all night. If you had given us your password, as we asked you to, we could have called your friends.

No answer from Anna who looks at the phone somewhat scared.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You could have called us, at least a text to let us know you were all right.

Michelle breaks into tears. Anna hugs her. Phil doesn't really know what to do.

Anna gets her phone from her mothers hand.

MICHELLE
What are you doing? Is that all that matters, your stupid phone?

A distraught look on Anna's face.

ANNA
No, I just...

MICHELLE
I don't want to talk to you anymore, just go to your room. Stay in it, run away with Josh for all I care. Make babies, ruin your life, just go away.

ANNA
 (mouthing more than anything)
 Mom...

PHIL
 I think you should do what your
 mother said.

Phil takes his wife into his arms as she is breaking into tears. Anna enters the house, looking down.

Phil closes the door behind her, screen goes black.

CUT TO:

55 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna's iPhone screen being switched on. 5:42am is displayed.

Sitting on her bed, still wearing her clothes, Anna skims through all the notifications. She has received three Snapchats.

She activates an application to record the screen of her phone and taps on the three messages.

The first Snpachat is from Rose. She opens it, a photo of a smiling Rose with the words "I HOPE YOU'RE OKAY KIDDO" she has the abortion pills in her hand.

Anna can't help but smile tenderly.

Second Snapchat is from Jamie. He filmed his computer screen on an interview about how abortion is against nature. Anna swipes it at the moment where what seemed a bloody picture appeared. Too fast for her to notice, but slow enough to leave a strange feel to it.

Third Snpachat from a private number. She hesitates. It's a photo of her in Josh's house from the cupboard when she opened it.

ANNA
 (whispering, determined)
 I swear to god...

CUT TO:

56 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

ANNA
(normal voice)
...if he's not dead, I'm killing
him myself!

Early morning, not many students are there yet. Anna is talking to Rose in the main hallway.

ROSE
What are you talking about, kiddo?

ANNA
Josh! He's making my life a living
hell.

Agitated, she scouts the surroundings and take Rose by the arm to the end of the hallway.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Come with me.

ROSE
Are you okay kiddo? You look like a
mess.

She frees herself from Anna's grip.

ROSE (CONT'D)
And stop that, I don't want the
principal to think I'm
(air quoting)
"BFF" with a student.

They stop at a corner away from the few students and teachers that are slowly entering the building.

ANNA
Where is Josh?

ROSE
How on earth would I know that?

ANNA
Well, he is part of your church
group, isn't he?

ROSE
Yes, but I haven't seen him in over
a week, nor at school. You know he
was thinking of flunking since day
one.

ANNA

I think he's after me for the abortion thingy.

ROSE

What?

ANNA

Last night I went to his house...

ROSE

You did what?

ANNA

(ashamed)

I went to his house...

(talking fast)

But there was no one inside. So I went in... I was looking for Josh. You know he can't be dead. That just doesn't compute.

Rose is looking at her worried.

ROSE

You have to snap out of it, kiddo! Kids flunk out all the time here, that's what they do. They get a job and you don't see them for a year or two and next time you know, 'tadaaa' they're respectable members of the community.

ANNA

But...

ROSE

Listen, you look awful. Please tell me you're not gonna go anywhere at night. You're a young girl, sure people are well meaning in this town, but you don't want to meet a crazy psycho who's not gonna think twice about rapin' ya, if not worse.

Anna glance at her teacher with a surprised look. This calms her down a little.

ANNA

I'm not. But I have a plan.

ROSE
So you're Batman now?

ANNA
(a smile)
Stop it! Last night I was stupid,
we've established that. Plus I had
nothing to record anything. This
time I've got five flash drives,
I'm ought to prove something.

ROSE
Please don't do anything dangerous,
kiddo... If for nothing else, you
still have an essay due for my
class.

Anna walks away, somewhat skipping through the other
students who have populated the hallway by now.

ANNA
Can't I write about all this? We're
making real history here.

ROSE
Nope! Oh, and kiddo?

Anna turns back. Rose is searching through her bag.

She takes out the abortion pills. Too low for anyone to see
it, but Anna knows.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Forgetting something?

Anna quickly recovers the pack. A student or two glance at
it.

ANNA
(somewhat whispering)
Are you crazy?

ROSE
C'mon, nobody saw nothing.
And call me if you get in trouble.
Especially if you're going all
vigilante at night. And put some
water on that face before scaring
all your classmate.

ANNA
I would, but I'm pretty sure I was
banned from the girl's bathroom...

(a moment)
Long story.

Rose frowns.

ANNA
And my face is as beautiful as a
ray of sunshine.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. JOSH HOUSE FRONT LAWN - DAY

KATHERYN's face, Josh's mother, is staring. It's an old woman's face. Katheryn is in her fifties, not that old, but the sun and climate of the south, with no real care, has shaped a hard face that you wouldn't want as a mother.

Suspicious, she is staring at Anna, who is slowly getting across the front lawn.

KATHERYN
(unwelcoming)
Anna, what brings you here?

ANNA
(uneasy but getting more
confidence as she goes along)
Hello Mrs. Phillips. I. I was
worried about Josh. He has skipped
school...

She is nearly at the porch. Passing next to the large SUV parked on the side.

ANNA (CONT'D)
...for two weeks now. And I was
wondering if I could have a word
with him?

Katheryn looks down.

KATHERYN
I am surprised you care.

Anna is nearly face to face with Katheryn. A moment passes.

KATHERYN
Come inside, there's no need to
give a scene to the neighbors.

A worried Anna enters the house, Katheryn follows.

58 INT. JOSH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the day light the house still has that wooden creepy old house spirit, but what strikes the most is the amount of christian religious artifacts. Jesus portraits, crosses, framed embroidery of Bible quotes...

Because of the bright sun outside, and the small windows, the room is bathed in shadows. It looks overly dark, with some sparks coming from the reflections upon the frames, or the golden parts of some of the religious portraits.

KATHERYN

Sit.

Anna lets herself fall on a padded chair.

Katheryn sits on a large couch, on which a pile of newspapers is resting. She looks down.

A moment passes, nobody talks.

KATHERYN

(her voice breaking a little)
I thought you knew. When I found him there, with a phone and a computer and your name. I thought he told you... I thought he showed you.

Anna is getting scared.

KATHERYN (CONT'D)

My son... My only son. He.. died.

Katheryn looks up to see if she's making an effect on the teenage girl. Anna is shocked, somewhat lost.

KATHERYN (CONT'D)

I don't know what to think anymore,
I don't know why. I'd wish I
couldn't blame you, but...

Anna, getting out of her own thoughts.

ANNA

What?

KATHERYN

I know about the baby, his baby. I know you want to kill it. Maybe Josh wanted to prevent it ; maybe he figured he'd see you back in Hell...

Anna is properly scared.

KATHERYN (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

ANNA

(shyly)

I thought I could get answers. I don't think Josh killed himself.

KATHERYN

You're saying I'm a liar? You think you know it all because your parents are liberal and your mother wears pants to go to work?

ANNA

(startled)

What? No! No. No... I'm not saying you're a liar. And what does my mother's have to do with anything? It just doesn't make sense. Josh wouldn't kill himself over this. I know him. I loved him. Either he had other troubles that nobody knew about, either he faked his death.

KATHERYN

(with a quiet anger)

I think I would like you to get out of my house.

ANNA

(realizing)

This doesn't make sense.

Anna gets up suddenly. She's thinking, quickly. And then runs off into the stairwell.

59

INT. JOSH HOUSE STAIRS - DAY

Anna is rushing to Josh's Bedroom. Katheryn, walking slower, has this choked expression on her face as if the teenage girl was breaking every convention.

KATHERYN

And what exactly do you think you are doing young lady?

60 INT. JOSH HOUSE JOSH BEDROOM - DAY

Anna walks to the cupboard and pause a second before opening it. She takes out her phone and begins to film with it. She opens the cupboard while filming as best as she can.

Nothing.

Tidy up shirts, pants and coats hanging, on the side.

She quickly puts the phone away seconds before the mother, panting a little, finally gets in the door frame.

KATHERYN

If it wouldn't be too much to ask
you to leave my son rest in peace?

Anna looks around. The room as been cleaned, everything looks in order. Nothing like the night before.

She plunges to the ground, looking under the bed. A box of condoms, various magazines on electronics maybe a couple of playboys. Some tucked away shirts and clothes closer to the wall.

KATHERYN (CONT'D)

This is getting ridiculous. Get out
of here before I call the cops.

Anna gets up, her face red. Confused, but determined. She manages to slide through the door as the mother is still standing in the doorframe.

61 INT. JOSH HOUSE FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Walking towards the stairs, closely followed by the mother, Anna turns her head back.

ANNA

That was my t-shirt!

KATHERYN

Wh..?

62 INT. JOSH HOUSE JOSH BEDROOM - DAY

Anna barges inside the room once again. Plunges under the bed and retrieve one of the tucked away shirt.

As her hand reaches, it shows briefly the outline of a gun. Anna grasps the whole package and sticks it into her bag, seconds before the mother comes in again.

Talking with a low and yet threatening and aggressive voice, Katheryn is more intimidating than ever.

KATHERYN

I think I made myself clear. I don't want to see you here, ever again.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. JOSH HOUSE FRONT PORCH - DAY

The loud sound of the front door slamming behind Anna resembles the BANG from a gun.

Anna opens her eyes, some kind of relief on her face as she walks slowly away from the house. Until the front door opens again.

KATHERYN

You know Anna, I almost pity you. It sure mustn't feel very good to be a murderer. First my son, soon my grandson. That's a lot for a seventeen-year-old to bare... I'm never gonna forgive you. But there's still time for you to forgive yourself and keep the human being that's growing inside of you.

Anna stops dead in her tracks. Not moving. The door shuts behind her. She turns around.

ANNA

(whispering)

If this baby is even half of what you all are I'm doing everybody a favor.

She walks away.

64 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - DAY

The box of MIFEGYNE on her desk looks a tad beat up.

Anna, her phone to her ear, seated, is looking at the box with a determined face.

Faded from the phone the usual tone and then, the answering machine.

JOSH (O.S.)
 (with a tired voice)
 Hello? Hello? Guys if this is a
 prank...

She hangs up without even looking at the phone, her eyes riveted on the abortion pill.

A moment passes.

She suddenly gets up, takes the box and walks straight to her bathroom.

65 INT. ANNA BATHROOM - DAY

Anna enters the bathroom swiftly, slamming the door behind her.

She lets herself slide down against the closed door. She opens the box.

There is only one blue-ish pill, encapsulated in a large foil tab. She looks at it.

ANNA
 So here you are.

She cracks the pill from its wrapper, for an instant only it somehow looks like it had already been breached. Anna doesn't notice.

She holds the pill in her hand.

She swallows it.

Waiting a moment as if something was going to happen immediately. Only silence. She calms herself down, scoffs, and is about to get up when...

A KNOCK.

Her smile disappears.

ANNA
 (faltering)
 Yes?

Silence.

Anna looks around her, exhales,

A KNOCK.

ANNA
 (her voice breaking)
 Wh-Who is..
 Mum?

A KNOCK.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 (slowly panting)
 M.. Mum? Fr-Frank?

JOSH (O.S.)
 (from behind the door)
 It's me sweetie.

Anna doesn't dare move.

ANNA
 Wh.?

JOSH (O.S.)
 I'm sorry.

An involuntary tear rolls down Anna's left cheek. She swipes it with her sleeve, angry at herself.

JOSH (O.S.)
 But you wanted to kill our child. I didn't know what to do.

ANNA
 I-I.. I'm not killing anything.
 Being alive doesn't mean to be living.

JOSH (O.S.)
 You think about that.

Silence once more.

ANNA
 (hesitant)
 Josh?

Silence once more. She gets up.

ANNA
 Josh?

She looks at the door handle. After a breath she extends her arm to grab it. Her hand is somewhat shaking.

She never touches the door knob.

As if receiving a punch, Anna falls back on the floor, grabbing her stomach. She is in pain. A lot of pain. Crawling with great difficulty she manages to sit back against the door.

Panicked now, she is trying to catch her breath and calm herself.

Between her legs, on the white tiled floor, a thin stream of blood seems to be coming from her crotch.

Realizing it, with great control, she pulls up her skirt and discovers her white panties soaked in blood. She breaks into silent tears.

ANNA

No... No. Not now. It's... It's
suppose to be painless.

Panting, she takes off her panties, still sitting against the door.

The first contraction comes somehow as a surprise. She grins from the pain.

The second contraction is more violent and it looks as if she was going to throw up.

Clinging to a towel and an indent on the floor, Anna is trying to control herself. She looks sick, drops of sweat are running along her forehead, nose and cheeks. Tears are mixing with the sweat.

Every contraction is shaking her entire body. As if she was going into labor, she spreads her legs, takes a deep breath and pushes after each big shake of her body.

Slowly, while she seems to be killing herself at it, she is giving birth to a small CREATURE, emerging between her legs. It looks like a fetus, but with parts of skin missing from which organs are dangling. As the creature is languidly getting out of Anna's body, it is spreading blood on the floor, very much like an ink stamp.

Coming from the ground where she is seated, a puddle of black liquid is widening. The creature crawls to the ground and lands on all fours in it.

Connected by an umbilical cord, the creature looks behind at its mother and, as if it was scared, begins to crawl away from her.

Escaping the large black puddle, now leaving blood prints on the white bathroom tiles, it manages to hide in the stand up shower still connected to Anna by the cord.

Anna is somewhat saddened by the reaction of the creature. With great efforts and pain, she takes the umbilical cord and breaks it with her hands. Crawling on all fours towards the shower Anna is focused on the baby.

ANNA
 (panting, as if possessed)
 Come back. Come back child, I won't
 hurt you.

She opens the sliding door. Josh is sitting there, wearing a suit and a smile.

JOSH
 You will never learn, will you?

Anna is lost.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 It's for the father to cut the
 cord.

He gets up, pushes her off balance as she lands on her back, her legs spread open. He takes the piece of umbilical cord that still emerges from her body and begins to pull.

Helpless, Anna screams.

Knocks on the door.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 Sweetie? Are you all right?

Suddenly nothing. Nothing at all.

Anna is alone in the bathroom. No blood, no creature no Josh.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 Anna? Can you open the door please?

Anna, too happy to hear her mother, gets up as best as she can, some blood on the back of her skirt.

ANNA
 Yes Mum, right away.

She opens the door.

There's only Josh standing in the doorframe. He raises his hand, in which he holds a gun, and shoots Anna.

CUT TO:

66 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A heart monitor BEEPS.

Anna wakes up suddenly as if she was receiving a shot.

Across the hospital room, her father and mother are seated in two leather armchairs. Phil immediately stands up and walks to his daughter. Michelle stays seated.

ANNA
(panting)
What happened?

Her father is about to speak.

MICHELLE
(angry)
What do you think happened? What would you think would happen?

Anna doesn't understand.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
(mockingly)
Yeah, let's take some LSD, that should be a good idea. And why not try to kill myself while doing it?

Anna, still lost, tries to open her mouth.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You don't get to speak, Missy. You don't get to lie to us this time. Did you begin using it in New York? Is that why you didn't fit in that well? Was Josh giving you your fix?

Phil looks at his wife with a hint of reproach.

PHIL
Aren't you being too harsh? We don't know if she's been using it regularly, we don't ev...

MICHELLE

(standing up)

Oh, of course, here comes the white knight to save his daughter. But do you recognize her anymore? Because I sure as hell don't. So no more finding her excuses. She's playing you. She's playing all of us.

ANNA

I'm not on drugs.

MICHELLE

Oh! She knows better than the doctors now. Or maybe she's gonna tell us she didn't trust the right people. Maybe she should become a doctor here when= you see how smart they all are.

PHIL

This is out of line. We moved for you. We changed our lives for you. And not a thank you. Just complaining, complaining, complaining. Our daughter was nearly killed because of a fucking drug and you're being petty?

The audio is slowly fading away as the couple is yelling at each other, ignoring Anna.

Sitting back on her bed, not even watching her parents, she is trying to think.

ANNA

(softly)

I don't trust the right people.

She looks up at her parents, still arguing.

ANNA

(to herself)

I don't trust the right people.

She grabs her phone that was laying on the bedside table and opens Facebook.

CLOSE UP:

In the Friends tab, she selects Rose. On Rose's profile page is displayed the hours of the Church group meetings: 6pm.

67 INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM ANNA HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE UP:

Computer screen: zombies are fighting in a world of cubes.

Frank is playing Minecraft on his computer, linked to the processor by his yellow headphones. The room is messy, somewhat dark as venetian blinds have been pulled down - but not all the way. A teenage boy's room.

SFX: The computerized music from the game, muffled by the headphones, is reminiscent of religious chorals.

Anna is standing in the door frame. She looks like she just ran out of the hospital and took the next available clothes she could find: washed pink converse, jeans, an oversized half tucked-in white t-shirt. Her head looks like a big ball of hair.

Frank does not notice her, she moves forward but doesn't go further. She looks around with a faint smile. Comic books, tapes, Frank's cassette player, a toy gun.

She's about to speak to her brother but something catches her eye.

SFX: The music slowly transforms into...

68 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

SFX: Full on orchestral religious music.

The church is empty.

Small and yet impressive, the interior is clearly baroque-influenced. Because it is jet-black outside the vitrals are lit up from the inside. The dull complexion of the glass renders those rather bloody depicted scenes from the Bible a tad more anxious. The rest of the sanctuary is not that well-lit.

Anna enters, same clothes with a light denim jacket. She's walking in the middle of the aisle, passing lines of wooden benches. Her walk is unsure, and her eyes fix on some of the statues. Lots of Mary carrying baby Jesus. The pupilless eyes of the statues seem to look back.

Anna approaches a door next to the altar from which a feeble light is coming. She hears footsteps, and decides to run back towards the entrance.

As she reaches the middle of the aisle, the main doors begin to open. She runs towards the wooden confessional and hides.

From the small door, Rose appears with files in her arms. She finishes talking with someone behind her.

ROSE

...Make sure they eat properly, I don't want to worry about fifty things at once, okay?

From the main entrance a group of five teenagers: Jamie and Jenny from Anna's classroom, KELLY, an overweight, somewhat gothic 14 year-old, THOMAS squared glasses, freckles, timid, and FANNY, older, 19 or 20, a beanpole, blond with round glasses.

ROSE

Hello, gang!

69 INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

In the dark and narrow cramped box she finds herself in, Anna is trying to get her phone as quietly as possible out of her jeans.

No signal.

She unlocks it, a message pops: "LOW BATTERY 20% OF BATTERY REMAINING". She sighs and goes to the recorder application.

When she presses the record button, the phone emits a BEEP.

Frozen, Anna locks the sound button at the side of the phone and closes her eyes.

70 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

The group is now gathering at the front of the room, facing the altar. The boys sitting on one bench, the girls on the other. Rose, in front of them, pulls out a chair and sits on it backwards.

ROSE

Are we waiting for Charlie and Ashley?

KELLY

Nah, they said they might not make it.

ROSE
 Ah well, let's begin then.
 Our usual meeting room being
 occupied I thought it'd be nice to
 move here for once.

FANNY
 (to Kelly)
 Seems weird without father Remy...

Kelly shushes her friend.

ROSE
 Shall we pray first?

71 INT. CONFSSIONAL - NIGHT

Anna is still closing her eyes as they pray.

GROUP (O.S.)
 O my God, we are heartily sorry for
 those who have offended thee and we
 detest all their sins, because we
 dread the loss of heaven and the
 pains of hell, but most of all
 because they offend thee, my God.

Anna opens her eyes, intrigued.

72 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

The group is still praying.

GROUP (CONT'D)
 We firmly resolve, with the help of
 thy grace, to cure those who are
 not walking the path of
 righteousness...

73 INT. CONFSSIONAL - NIGHT

The phone is still recording, displaying soundwaves as the
 prayer goes on.

GROUP (O.S.)
 ...to show your Truth to the blind,
 your Love to the heathens, your
 Forgiveness to the misguided, to do
 penance, and to amend their lives.
 Amen.

74 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Rose is digging through a notebook.

ROSE

Okay, so we'll go through the program later but I think we should talk about the "Anna situation".

Embarrassed smiles.

KELLY

(timid)

Wh-What has she done now?

75 INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT

Anna is breathing as quietly as she can.

ROSE (O.S.)

She was in the hospital because she had a panic attack. You see, she might be misguided but she is not a murderer. Her child is still safe in her womb.

A moment. Noises of the group standing up from the benches.

ROSE (O.S.)

But as you all know, what really blinds her is her arrogance. She thinks she is more intelligent than the rest of us because she comes from a city that has forgotten its ways. From a city where prostitution and abortions are practically legal and encouraged.

Anna's phone is displaying: "LOW BATTERY: 10% OF BATTERY REMAINING"

ROSE (O.S. CONT'D)

But above all, we all know that Anna is not the smartest cookie in the jar.

(to Anna)

We can see your feet, Anna.

Anna looks pale.

76 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

The group, standing behind Rose, is now facing the general direction of the confessional. Below the black drapes, Anna's pink converses are showing.

ROSE

You might try to not insult us more than you already did Anna. Could you come out on your own?

Slowly, Anna opens the curtain. And slowly emerges from the confessional.

ANNA

I... I called the police...

ROSE

You did no such thing, they would be here by now, and you couldn't have called them from the church as there is no signal here. Father Remy grew tired of cellphone rings during mass a couple of years ago...
Now give me your phone.

Anna is still standing close to the confessional.

ANNA

Why would I do that?

ROSE

I'm a teacher, I know what students can do with a phone.

Rose, losing patience, walks to Anna. Turns her hand towards her.

ROSE

The phone, Anna.

Anna looks at her with acatalepsy.

ROSE

Don't make me ask twice Anna, I don't want to get childish.

Anna slowly gives her the phone. It is still recording.

ROSE

What are you, James Bond?

She drops it and crushes it with the heel of her shoe.

ROSE
I'm sorry about that, I'll get you
a new one. But I don't want people
to get the wrong idea.

ANNA
What could possibly be the "wrong
idea"?

ROSE
That we are the bad guys.

ANNA
And I'm not James Bond?

ROSE
Come on kiddo, sit.

Anna stays put.

Rose sighs and takes Anna by her jacket's collar. She makes
her sit on the chair.

ROSE
Listen, you must have hundreds of
questions. I get it.

ANNA
(cutting her off)
No, I don't. You've been
manipulating me since day one. What
else needs an explanation?

Rose sits on Anna's lap, blocking Anna's hands with her
legs, their lips are a few inches from each other.

ROSE
(honestly)
You were gonna murder your child.

ANNA
(unsettled)
But... I.. What?

ROSE
I'm sorry, I can't stay indifferent
to a child's murder. You're a good
kid, but...

ANNA
You are crazy.

Anna turns her head to the other kids.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And you are even crazier if you have helped her in all this.

JAMIE

Look who's talking.

ANNA

Jamie, I know we're not the best friends in the world, but there's a limit.

(to Rose)

You drugged me!

ROSE

You drugged yourself, you could have not taken the abortion pill I gave you. I hoped I had convinced you. And we were positive Katheryn would have.

ANNA

Who the fuck is Katheryn?

ROSE

Cursing!

Out of nowhere, Rose slaps Anna. Anna is speechless.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Josh's mother.

ANNA

Wh-What was that for?

ROSE

You are in a church. There will be no cursing.

ANNA

You are batshit crazy.

Another slap.

ROSE

Vulgarity is leading you nowhere, kiddo.

ANNA

Stop slapping me.

ROSE

There's no other way for you to learn, apparently.

ANNA

I am responsible for my own actions, and for my own body, thank you.

ROSE

(to the others)

Listen to that arrogance. God gave her a body and a mind and she decides to do whatever she wants with it.

(returning to Anna, way too close)

Well why not fuck other girls then, or with your brother while you're at it. Why would morality have boundaries?

ANNA

(properly frightened)

I am strangely not getting tired of telling you this, but you are crazy, Rose.

ROSE

Why, because I prevented you from killing your child?

ANNA

You have been persecuting me for two weeks with fake suicides, pictures of dead babies...

(realizing it)

You even staged a fight at an abortion clinic?!

ROSE

All this is fairly mild when you were gonna commit a murder. And for the fake suicide business, we've talked with Josh, and we agreed he went too far.

ANNA

Too far? You call this too far? This is beyond too far. This is so far away you can't even see the line, "too far".

(yelling, her voice echos in the church)

This is insanity! This is 'Middle
Ages' insanity!

She stops screaming as her words fade in the room. Silence.

ROSE

Can we be reasonable here for just
a second?

ANNA

I'll show you reasonable.

Anna pushes Rose from the chair and gets up. The group is
between her and the aisle leading to the main gates. She
turns around and runs towards the door next to the altar.

77 INT. CHURCH HALLWAY - NIGHT

Anna rushes down the corridor after slamming the door behind
her.

The hallway looks like old offices from the mid-seventies,
lots of wooden doors on Anna's right.

She hears the group behind her through the door she came
from and opens the third door she passes.

78 INT. CHURCH STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Closing the door swiftly behind her, Anna nearly tumbles
down a steep stone stairway.

No lights.

Anna tries her pocket for her phone but finds nothing.

Groping through the dark, following a feeble light coming
from downstairs, Anna is trying to hurry.

From the hallway there are sounds of the group trying the
first two doors.

JAMIE (O.S.)

She's not there!

Anna faces an old wooden door with a carved cross from which
lights are coming. As she hears someone arriving at the
upstairs door, she quickly opens this one and goes into the
next room.

79 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Anna runs into a very narrow stone corridor lit up by flickering fluorescent tubes on the ceiling.

She's going as fast as she can but is out of breath.

It seems the corridor is getting narrower and narrower as she progresses.

The sounds of the group searching for her are fading away.

80 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT CRYPT - NIGHT

The corridor leads to a bigger room. No lights in here, but some carved stone windows are letting in some moonlight in from the ground level.

Anna barges into the crypt. It looks ancient and forgotten. Spider webs and dust are covering five tombstones in the middle, with statues of conquistador lying on them. The Jerusalem Cross has been carved onto the tombs.

Hearing noises from the corridor, Anna hides in a corner of the room where religious clothing is sitting on an old prayer kneeler.

She notices a cracked open door at the other end of the room.

Fanny enters the crypt but stays at the edge.

FANNY
(shouting in the distance)
I don't think she's here anymore!

Fanny turns back, shivering a little.

ROSE (O.S.)
Are you sure? I'm nearly there.

Anna crawls as fast as she can towards the open doors and disappears behind it.

81 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on the floor, leaning on the wall next to the cracked open door. Rose comes into the Crypt and flips the lights on.

ROSE (O.S.)
Stay here.

FANNY (O.S.)
(unsure)
Do I really have to?

ROSE (O.S.)
She's probably out, but I want to
make sure. You can leave the lights
on if you're scared.

Rose goes back the way she came.

A moment passes. Anna tries to catch her breath.

She then looks into the room she's in.

This is the stuff nightmares are made of. Nothing gory or revealing, the darkness of the room does not allow one to see very well. But the lights coming from the now-lit crypt, combined with both the moonlight from the upper narrow windows and from a windowed wooden office door similar from the ones upstairs are showing glimpses of the scenery.

There is a long table around which eleven statues of pregnant women are covered by a thick black veil. Anna gets up, an intrigued expression on her face.

At the table, she tries to get a better look at the piece, trying to distinguish the traits of the statues behind the veil.

It seems they were carved as if waiting for their meal, heads straight but not looking at each other. Even though the veil and the darkness clouds perception it seems as if there were large black iron chains around their wrists, binding them to the wooden table.

Anna approaches one of the statues.

The veil is moving ever so slightly near its mouth as if it was breathing.

Terrified, Anna runs towards the office door. Tries to push but it's not working. She pulls it, barges into the next room.

82 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

Josh is seated at a desk, working at a computer.

Anna stops dead in her tracks. He turns his head casually. And then suddenly gets up, surprised.

ANNA

What the fuck are you doing here?

JOSH

Anna?

ANNA

What the fuck is happening?

JOSH

Anna, calm down.

ANNA

What is in that room?

JOSH

What are you talking about? There's only a bunch of furniture in there.

ANNA

You're all crazy. You were dead, and not dead. What is wrong with you people?

JOSH

Calm down, I'm sure we can talk about it.

ANNA

(shouting)

You faked your suicide.

JOSH

(quietly)

You were going to murder our baby.

ANNA

You are against abortion as much as suicide, this doesn't make any sense. You don't make any sense!

JOSH

Well, I'm still alive... I thought if I would scare you enough you'd think twice about killing my baby.

ANNA
 (Yelling)
 You are crazy and a moron! How
 could you do something like this to
 someone you love?

JOSH
 Well, it's because I love you
 that...

ROSE (O.S.)
 Josh do you have her?

ANNA
 (turning her head towards the
 door)
 Oh, now what?

She gets knocked out from behind. Crashes on the floor.

JOSH
 I have her, there!

Josh walks towards the door Anna came from.

On the ground Anna is holding her head, trying to get the
 headache to go away. She quickly gets to her feet and
 staggers out of the room through a second door behind Josh.

83 INT. CHURCH STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Another similar stone stairway leads back up. She leaps up
 the stairs, still staggering.

Opening the door at the end of the stairs, she stumbles on
 the last step and falls.

84 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Anna crashes on the altar in front of Jamie, Kelly and Rose.

ROSE
 Well you see, what did I tell you:
 not the smartest cookie in the jar.

FADE TO BLACK

85 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Anna wakes up to a slap from Rose. She is tied up to the chair she was previously forced to sit upon.

Still dizzy, she's looking at Rose with incredulity.

ROSE

You're not being very cooperative, kiddo.

ANNA

You tied me up?

ROSE

You're not the easiest person to talk to.

Anna angrily screams for a few seconds.

ANNA

(provocative)

How's that for talking?

ROSE

You're being childish.

ANNA

You are being insane.

ROSE

I know it sounds cliché but you'll thank me later.

ANNA

Well before I didn't want to murder anyone, now I might want to do that.

ROSE

One child is not enough?

ANNA

Will you stop with that? Raising a baby at seventeen would be murder. Putting a baby in an orphanage would be murder. Having a child without wanting it, that's the real suicide.

(she catches her breath)

I don't suppose we can agree to disagree?

ROSE
No... But I had hoped we wouldn't
get to that point.

Rose sits on the bench facing Anna and opens a metallic
briefcase. She starts to search through it.

ANNA
What's downstairs?

ROSE
(without even looking at her)
What are you talking about?

ANNA
What are you gonna do to me?

ROSE
(casually)
What's downstairs.

Rose is getting old vials of liquid medicine out of the
case.

ANNA
(mockingly)
Weren't you supposed to answer all
of my questions? Also, is there a
syringe to go with that? I know
you're trying to avoid the James
Bond cliché but we're in deep right
now.

ROSE
(reproaching)
I'm down trying to play nice with
you, kiddo. You understand that?

ANNA
So now I'm the bad student?

ROSE
Well, let's put it this way. I'm on
God's side. Do you think He is on
your side with everything that's
happening?

ANNA
I couldn't give a fuck.

Rose calmly puts down the vials and walks up to Anna raising
her hand in the air, ready to slap her.

The main doors are opening behind Rose.

ROSE
 (as she turns her head)
 That must be Ashley and Charlie.

Michelle and Phil are standing in the doorway. They take a few steps into the church before seeing their daughter tied to the chair at the end of the aisle.

PHIL
 (to his wife)
 You deal with this. I'm calling the police.
 (looking at his phone)
 There's no signal, I'll be outside.

ROSE
 (with the nicest tone)
 No, no, no. It isn't what you think.

Michelle walks towards her daughter, not even looking at Rose.

MICHELLE
 Oh, don't worry, I'm not really sure I think anything right now.
 (turning to Rose and the group)
 Apart from: GET AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER, YOU WEIRDOS!

She gets to her knees, untying her daughter.

MICHELLE
 (softly to her daughter)
 I'll get you out of this degenerate city, I promise.
 (a little louder)
 Frank got your note that you took his precious tape recorder and went to church,

Rose is looking at Anna panicked. Anna smiles.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 and I knew I didn't raise any Jesus freak, so it wasn't that hard to track you down, sweetie.

Getting free, Anna gets the yellow Walkman out of her jacket and presses stop.

CU: The tapes stops recording.

86

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The tape recorder is on a metallic table.

Not a usual interrogation room, more a small cupboard with a table in between. Anna is seated facing the same police officer that arrested her at the abortion clinic. He is looking at her, obviously very embarrassed.

Silence.

POLICE OFFICER

(breaking the silence)

She has been suspended. Both from school and the church.

ANNA

What about the others?

POLICE OFFICER

What do you want us to do? They're kids. The only one who's not underage was Ashley and she was not at the meeting. And you can bet she's gonna deny everything.

ANNA

(mumbling)

Very Christian...

POLICE OFFICER

Look, Miss Colkins will surely be behind bars for a time. And I'm guessing we'll get some kind of restraining orders for the other kids. But seriously, this is gonna make waves... They won't be able to go to the same school as you.

ANNA

(sarcastic)

So I should apologize?

POLICE OFFICER

No. But you could also be smart enough not to make too many waves after what you did. You can also think about changing schools.

A moment. The officer looks down, ashamed.

ANNA

When I was running through the church basement, I found something.

Silence.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It would be crazy if I said there were people down there, but... But I do think we are beyond crazy at this point...

He sighs.

POLICE OFFICER

(with a paternalistic tone)

Listen to me, Anna. You are an easy problem: a prank that went a little too far. That's okay. We can cope with that. Happens everywhere. The community will be ashamed for a couple of months. There will be an article or two in the newspaper. But that's fine. Nobody reads newspapers nowadays. And soon, everything will go back to the way it was.

Now if you say that a group of lunatics, led by a teacher with that, decided to... To.. Well, went overboard. People won't get the full story. It won't be the newspaper, it'll be the news. Proper national news. And next thing you know, democrats, feminists, outsiders will be swirling down here.

Anna looks at him, terrified.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I don't know what you saw, I don't want to know. My job is to protect the community. Protect and serve. I'm sure for New York cops that doesn't mean anything anymore, but in a town like this, you know, it's, it's precious. And sometimes that means looking the other way.

(looks at her)

I don't expect you to agree with that. But at least the people who armed you won't bother you anymore.

(more)

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 And you are part of the community
 now. I have to protect you as well.

He smiles.

POLICE OFFICER
 Now scram. You left me with quite a
 case and I don't think I'll be
 sleeping any time soon.

Anna stands up. Stops, and turns to the officer.

ANNA
 If you had a daughter. And if it
 had happened to her, what would you
 have done?

POLICE OFFICER
 (looking up)
 My daughter wouldn't have had an
 abortion.
 But thanks to you I am pretty sure
 no parents are gonna let their kids
 fool around for quite some time
 around here. Not a bad thing to go
 back to tradition.

Anna opens the door and steps outside.

POLICE OFFICER
 Oh, Anna?

87 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Michelle is waiting for her daughter. As Anna steps out of
 the room, she catches the end of the officer's question.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 What are you gonna do about the
 baby?

Michelle rolls her eyes and puts her arm around a shaking
 Anna.

MICHELLE
 Don't worry, sweetie. I'm gonna get
 us back to New York. We're going
 back home.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. ANNA FRONT LAWN - DAY

The New York skyline. On a postcard. Next to a small package with Anna's name on it.

On a bright sunny morning, a MAILMAN is stepping out his UPS truck parked in front of Anna's house, with both the cardboard box and the letter.

Michelle opens the door in her usual work clothe.

MICHELLE

Phiil, I'm late for work, can you get that?

Michelle gets out, quickly fixing her outfit. Phil comes to the door. Signs the receipt and closes the door.

89 INT. ANNA KITCHEN - DAY

Phil, carrying the package and postcard, walks in the kitchen.

PHIL

Anna, mail for you.

Sitting at the table, Anna is five months pregnant, a round belly and a pensive expression.

Her father is obviously trying to cheer her up from her depressed state with teasing and a joyful attitude. He gives her the package and kisses her on the forehead.

Anna looks at the postcard, turns it. It reads: "No news is good news? As we know you don't do facebook, we thought you'd appreciate a more archaic means of communication. We hope you are doing fine. We miss you here. - LEA & NAT your BFFs"

Anna's lips are trembling.

PHIL

(noticing Anna's state)

Here, take some scissors, sweetie.

She puts the postcard down and tries to smile at her father, he smiles back tenderly while giving her a pair of scissors.

Anna looks back at the package, intrigued. She starts to open it as Phil begins to cook bacon behind her.

Anna goes through the wrapper inside. There's a note.

The note reads: "I'm sorry things went a little too far. I am trying to be a better person now. I just started a librarian job at the prison and I think, with God's help, I will be able to help people without forcing them :). But enough about me, I promised I would get you a new one, I hope there will still be hot guys on snapchat. - Rose"

Phil is struggling with the bacon in the background.

Behind the note, a shiny new iPhone. She starts it up, the phone is already set with all the social media applications: Snapchat, Facebook, Instagram, Twitter...

Pressing the facebook tab and logging in a message appears "WE'VE MISSED YOU ANNA WERNER, PLEASE ENTER YOUR PHONE NUMBER TO VERIFY YOUR IDENTITY". Anna sighs, and comply.

Hundreds of notifications of messages, status updates, new comments, photos, videos. Amongst them, photos of a smiling Josh posing in front of his house with the comment: "FINALLY BACK HOME", "WHAT'S UP BITCHES?"...

Anna, repressing tears, closes her eyes.

Phil stops the gas and turns towards Anna.

PHIL
So what is it?...

Anna is not there anymore, only the postcard.

90 INT. ANNA BEDROOM - DAY

In her bedroom, Anna sits at her desk, opens the iPhone package and starts the phone.

As the phone is starting she opens the lower drawer. Josh's gun is still wrapped in her t-shirt.

91 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Anna is walking on the sidewalk that leads to Josh's house. Holding her new iPhone in her hands, she's setting it up.

92 EXT. JOSH HOUSE FRONT LAWN - DAY

Josh is working on his car's engine when Anna comes onto the lawn.

He doesn't notice her for a moment, too focused on wrenching some bolts. Looking at his work with satisfaction, he raises his head. He freezes upon seeing Anna.

Looking towards the front door, he's ready to escape the situation.

JOSH

A-Anna. You know we're not supposed to see each other. You have a restraining order against me.

ANNA

Brave, up to the end.

JOSH

What?

Anna reaches behind her and pulls the gun from her pants. Josh is panicking. He glances behind him at the front door.

ANNA

(sternly)

Don't even think about it.
Here, take this.

She throws the iPhone to Josh.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I want you to film this.

Josh stays still.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's really not that complicated,
you slide the camera icon. You
press record.

Josh complies.

From now on we watch through the lens of the shaky iPhone. Anna is pointing the gun directly to the camera, but her eyes are focused on Josh.

JOSH (O.S.)

Please don't do anything rash, I...
I wasn't responsible. Rose...

ANNA

Of course you were. Those who follow are more to blame than those who lead. But you want to know why you, especially, are to blame? Huh?

JOSH (O.S.)

Uh...

ANNA

Every time we had sex, every goddamned time, we used a condom. Not once did it break, not once did we panic, never an accident, nothing. If my periods didn't come in like clockwork, I wouldn't have even noticed something was wrong. I guess I can thank my mother, for being paranoid...

A moment.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Do you understand? I didn't even know how I could be pregnant. How?

JOSH (O.S.)

Uh... Shit happens?

ANNA

(interrupts him)

And your first question when I told you was if I wanted to keep it. I mean, how fucking stupid are you? If you didn't have anything to do with it, your first question would have been, "Who is the father?" or "How is it possible?".

JOSH (O.S.)

I assumed...

ANNA

(outraged)

You assumed nothing, asshole! Did you fuck me in my sleep? Did you pierce the condoms?

JOSH (O.S.)

I, I...

ANNA

(quiet anger)

I don't even want to know... You are sick. All of you, you're all sick. Nobody talks to each other, you're all making fun of each other. You're sad, pathetic, and sick. You pretend to be so

(more)

ANNA (CONT'D)

friendly, and then you prey on the weak, you try to brainwash them into thinking how you think. You drain people. Of their values, of their will... You drained me... Josh, you almost drained me of everything.

JOSH (O.S.)

I'm sorry...

ANNA

(exhausted laugh)

Haha, sorry doesn't cut it. Sorry doesn't erase what you did. You'll never realize what I went through. You'll never realize what it's like to wake up every morning to the sound of your boyfriend shooting himself in the head. You won't know what it's like to have everybody that you hoped for as a friend not even looking at you as a human being. Even my parents don't look at me the same now... You have no idea what it feels like to have to excuse yourself for living. Because of you I have to apologize for breathing. I have to apologize for being.

Anna sniffs. Coughs.

A moment, Josh's arms begins to fatigue and the iPhone tilts downwards slightly.

ANNA

And you know since my courageous parents decided it was a better idea to stay here, to face our fears as they say, I have been afraid to breathe, I have been terrified of stepping out of line. But I'll tell you this, Josh, this hell I've been living in has suffocated me long enough. And I think it's time for you to suffocate.

I'll never heal from you, Josh.

(a pause, she looks at him)

And I don't want you to heal from me.

She raises the gun to her chin and shoots herself. The video only displays from her chest-down as the BANG echoes.

CUT TO BLACK before she hits the ground.

93 END CREDITS

End credits roll on Mozart's Requiem K626: Introitus Requiem Aeternam.

Statement of intent

This is, more than any other theme developed in the story, a film about ironical paradoxes.

More specifically, on communitarianism. Seeing community as a symbol of togetherness when it is primarily a closed entity which can't accept people that doesn't follow its ways.

Anna is just that - this opinionated teenage girl from New York City, brave and somewhat provocative. Not a rebel, but a woman on her own right. And she is gonna break herself against this Southern community, far less open than what it appears.

This is a psychological/horror thriller with no other monster than people. No scary things in cupboards, no extensive amounts of blood. Well, maybe a little. Primarily the ambiance comes from not knowing. I deliberately want the film to open "in the middle" of things. Anna and Josh have just had an argument they've broken up, and we pick up in that dreadful post-breakup silence not knowing what exactly happened. I want the audience to feel as if they were thrown into a story that has already taken place and, like Anna later in the film, step by step, is trying to fit the pieces of the puzzle together.

That is why the film is entirely told from Anna's point of view. Not one scene is without Anna. I feel that the audience should not only identify, but also *be* Anna for a while. Not knowing.

The ending is chocking. But there is no way around it. As I wrote before, this is a film about ironical paradoxes. This community wanted to prevent her from killing her baby by faking a suicide, she has to kill herself, taking the baby with her, for the story to have a meaning.

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24 - French



PROFESSIONAL PROFILE

- French filmmaker, and film teacher, with a Bachelor in Philosophy and a Master in Film Directing.
- Writer, director and editor of more than thirty short-films, narratives, documentaries or stop-motion animations, available on: www.morganngicquel.com.
- Worked as a director and camera operator both on student and professional sets and directed more than a hundred corporate videos and interviews for business related websites.
- Full time editor, efficient under pressure and dead-lines after working in journalism.

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCES

- Since Aug 2014 **Director, Operator, Editor - Corporate Videos** for TELETIME VIDEO
- Working on corporate videos for clients as ADP, GEICO, HOOTERS, DAIRY QUEEN, ...
- From March 2014 to Sept 2014 **Editor - Feature Documentary** for COLLABORATE IDEAS AND IMAGES
- Editing and Color Correcting a 52min documentary on soccer initiatives in Liberia
- Editing, Color Correcting and Sound mixing three episodes for The World Cup Project
- May 2014 **Director - Music Video** BLACK FEATHERED ANGELS for ALEJANDRO MEOLAS
- June 2013 **Director - Stop-motion animated Music Video** THE DREAMER for DAäRi
- May 2013 **Operator, Editor - One Woman Show** for LA COMÉDIE DES ONDES
- Video recording of the entire show and editing of teaser clip
- Director, Editor - Short-Film** for CROP THE BLOCK
- Writing and directing BABY GOT HIS GUN narrative short-film taking place in Paris for interactive online map: croptheblock.com
- Director - Three web commercials** for FUNDME.FR
- Writing and directing three 40 seconds web commercials
- March-April 2013 **Operator, Editor - Conferences** for COLLECTIF PROD
- From Nov 2012 to Jan 2013 **WebTv Editor, Operator, Journalist - News Reports** for LAGARDÈRE ACTIVE
- Editing multi sources footage (DSLR, phones, HDV cam...) for news report
- Directing and programming a WebTv for three weeks
- From Sept 2012 to June 2013 **Director, Operator, Editor - Corporate Videos** for FUNDME.FR & CHALLENGES.FR
- More than 100 interviews and corporate videos for online start-up directory
- Editing 5 to 10 pitches a week for french business magazine CHALLENGES
- May 2012 **Screenwriter - Science-fiction feature** for NOTA BENE PRODUCTIONS
- Adaptation of the *Poisonous Belt* by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE written in 2011 and optioned in 2012 for a year by french production company Nota Bene Production
- Editor - Corporate Video** for LUXÈSE PARIS
- Jan 2012 **Operator, Editor - Conference** for L'ANIA
- Video recording of eight-hour conference coordinating two cameras
- From May to August 2011 **Director, Operator, Editor - Making-of documentary** for ESKWAD
- Shooting for three months making-of documentary on feature 'Un bonheur n'arrive jamais seul' directed by JAMES HUTH between Paris and New York (two weeks) and editing for four months a 26min version and a 52min extended version
- From Sept 2010 to May 2011 **Teacher - University Course 'What is cinema?'** for UNIVERSITÉ PARIS VIII
- Semestrial course on philosophic analysis of narrative features
- Teacher - High-School Directing Workshop** for LYCÉE PRO LOUIS-ARMAND
- Teaching 10th grade students to produce a short-film from writing to directing
- Teaching students to handle video equipment
- June 2010 **Editor - Music video** for ELIKIA RECORDS
- From Sept 2009 to June 2010 **Speaker - Seminar on Philosophy and Documentary** for UNIVERSITÉ PARIS VIII
- Co-programmer and speaker at year round seminar
- From Sept 2008 to June 2010 **Teacher - High-School Directing Workshop** for LYCÉE BUFFON
- Teaching sophomore, junior & senior students to produce a short-film

SHORT-FILMS & INITIATIVES

- Dec 2013 **Director, operator & editor** for stop-motion animated 16mm short-film A QUI LA FAUTE
• Official Selection by the CUNY FILM FESTIVAL
Director, operator & editor for 16mm short-film Y-TRAP
- Nov 2013 **Editor** for Web Serie PRESSURE by REGINALD ALTIDOR
- Sept 2013 **Director, actor & editor** for short-film BOXED
• Selected by CINEMA SOLAIRE for screenings in France for young audiences (3-8yo)
- June 2013 **Director & operator** for experimental short-film SYMPHONIE MÉLANCOLIQUE
- Funded by UNIVERSITÉ PARIS VIII a silent film on noise shot on super 8mm
Consultant for mockumentary JANE CLARKS by JOSÉPHINE MÉREUZE
- Script doctoring, pre-production and on-set advisor
- From Sept 2012 to June 2013 **Cine-Club speaker & organizer** for multigenerational center MIX'ÂGES
- Programming ten films & debates around books and their film adaptations
- April 2012 **First Assistant Director** for experimental short ALICE by JOSÉPHINE MÉREUZE
- Pre-production planning, call-sheet editing, and location scouting
- Jan 2012 **Sound boomer** for short BUT I'M A CREEP by XIAO WANG
- Handling hf microphones, and sound mixer, while booming under 5°F conditions
- Since 2011 **President & creator of film society LIZARD'S PRIDE PICTURES**
- Dedicated to introduce experimental in narrative films
- Four films produced in 2012 along with a film & music festival for World Music Day
- Nov 2011 **Student Jury Member** for EUROPEAN FILM FESTIVAL IN ESSONNE 13th EDITION
- Viewing and debating ten European features for student award considerations
- June 2011 **First Assistant Director & editor** for short-film L'INTRUS by JOSÉPHINE MÉREUZE
Director & editor for award winning short THE END OF THE WORLD
- Science-fiction silent film mixing stop-motion animation and real life action
• Jury Grand-Prix Négociné 2012 (won)
• Prix Serge Daney 2013 (selected)
- From Jan 2010 to June 2011 **President & creator of film society DYNAMITE CANAL PRODUCTION**
- dedicated to help any young filmmaker (15-25yo) to direct film related projects
- Summer 2009 **Director & editor** for internet buzz short video MICHAEL JACKSON AT THE O2
• 80,000 views online in a week-end for stop-motion animated video using legos
- June 2009 **Director & editor** for experimental short-film PAS À PAS for music concerts
- Creating an artistic edit from protest footage for live music improvisation
Co-Director for short-film CHÈRE EVE... by MYRIAM DESTEPHEN
• Selected for screenings by the French National Postal Museum
- May 2008 **Co-Director** for short-film MUSIQUES, MENSONGES & VIDÉOS by R.GOASDOUE
Co-Director for short-film AU PIED DE LA LETTRE by CHRISTELLE VALQUE
• Selected for screenings by french National Postal Museum
- Jan 2008 **Director & editor** for 50min long film BACCALAURÉAT
• Covered by french magazine MARIANNE after a paying screening in Paris
- June 2007 **Director** for documentary ON NE FAIT PAS D'OEUF SANS CASSER D'OMELETTES
Director & editor for 50min long film 100 IDÉES JARDIN

EDUCATION

- Aug 2013 **Undergraduate studies Film Production** BROOKLYN COLLEGE
- May 2013 **MASTER in Film Directing** UNIVERSITÉ PARIS VIII
- Jan 2012 **BACHELOR in Philosophy & Cinema** UNIVERSITÉ PARIS VIII
- June 2008 **BACCALAURÉAT S (french high-school diploma in science)** LYCÉE BUFFON

SOFTWARES

Frequent use: **Final Cut Pro 7, I-Dvd, Pixelmator, Color, Toast X, Pages**
Occasional use: **Premiere CS6, I-Movie HD, Dvd Studio Pro, Photoshop, Wordpress, Word**

LANGUAGES

French native speaker / **English** Fluent / **Spanish** basic / **Italian** basic (reading only)