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EXT. SACRED WOUNDS COLLEGE. DAY.

In the midst of a lower-class area of a major metropolis, somewhere in the southwest United States, stands this nondescript college that could have been made from giant white building blocks. None of the buildings looks different from any other. The skies are gray, and a few people are seen fleeing torrential rain.

One of these people is unable to move very fast due to the amount of luggage she drags behind her. This is NATALIA STEELE, an incoming freshman with light brown hair drenched dark from the rains, and a vivid red coat.

CLOSE ON NATALIA

...as she looks around for others in her position, and sees none nearby. She continues walking, and comes to a courtyard, from which we can see the bookstore, a restaurant, an auditorium, and a white statue of the school's mascot, the Crusader. Every building has heavy chains and padlocks on the doors.

A CYCLIST weaves precariously around her, leaving an ample amount of water in his wake.

NATALIA
Nice fuckin' welcome.

EXT. CRUSADER HALL. DAY.

This Dean's Hall is ironically the most run-down looking building on campus. Huge holes in the street are surrounded by standard orange construction paraphernalia, and several windows have boards on them in place of glass. Other than that, it's the standard Sacred Wounds white-block, three-level building.

Natalia drags her bags up to the front entrance, and goes to open the door. It won't cooperate.

ON NATALIA FROM BEHIND

...as she gets increasingly frustrated and starts to pound the door. She's not getting any drier. Finally, someone can be seen inside coming towards her. The man, ANDY, opens the door and holds it for her, but leaves her to drag in the bags.

INT. CRUSADER HALL LOBBY. DAY.

This room is essentially a very basic TV lounge, with corridors leading to various staircases branching off from the main room. Vending machines are available for the students' convenience.

Enter Natalia and Andy, who is a short man in his late thirties with a smile that looks to be surgically grafted to his face. He is excessively friendly in a superficial way.

ANDY

Hi! Welcome to the Dean's Halls!
What's your name?

NATALIA

Natalia Steele.

ANDY

Hi! I'm Andy! I'm the residence coordinator here, so if you have any problems, just let me know, all right?

NATALIA

Okay.

ANDY

Good, good. Okay! I'll see you later, Natalia! Good to meet you!

He leaves. Natalia is still wet and tired.

NATALIA

(sarcastically)

Thanks for helping with my luggage.

She gets up and starts to push her bags towards the nearest stairwell.

INT. CRUSADER HALL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. DAY.

Natalia, now more tired than ever, slowly pushes her luggage down the hall. She looks at the number on each door as she passes it, hoping to reach her assigned room eventually. The halls and doors are brightly painted with a Halloween theme; this has apparently been designated "The Halloween Floor."

NATALIA

261...263...

A grungy, dirty guy named SHAUN skateboards past her down the hall.

SHAUN
Hey babe, whassup.

NATALIA
(under her breath)
The opposite of down.

Finally, room 276. The door is closed, but Natalia's roommate-to-be has already arrived, as evidenced by the fact that one of the two cardboard tombstones on the door has been filled out with name, hometown, and major: Diandra, San Francisco, Drama/Religion. Natalia sets everything down, fumbles for her keys, and finally manages to unlock the door.

INT. ROOM 276. DAY.

The right hand side of the room is empty and barren, but the left side is fully decorated with fancy rugs, beads, and various sacred symbols from all over the world. The remnants of burning incense lie on a desk, and a poster of Trent Reznor hangs over the bed.

Natalia shoves her luggage in the general direction of the right-hand side, throws off her jacket, and falls down onto the bare mattress that will become her bed.

The door is still open, and an aged CARETAKER pops his head in.

CARETAKER
Ooooooh. This'z a fresh 'un.

NATALIA
Huh?

CARETAKER
Whut type ya got?

NATALIA
What?

CARETAKER
Got blood, don'cha? Whut type'zit?

NATALIA
O, I think. Why?

CARETAKER
Thazza good type.

He exits. Natalia hesitates, confused; then goes to the door and looks out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She sees various students moving in, but no sign of the Caretaker. As she looks, a hand reaches out and taps her on the shoulder.

Natalia turns around suddenly with a slight scream, startling a young woman in a multicolor dress, wearing several necklaces, and glasses. It's DIANDRA, her roommate-to-be.

DIANDRA
Sorry! Are you my new roommate?

NATALIA
Are you Diandra?

DIANDRA
Yeah, most of the time.
(laughs)
Diandra Wixen.

She offers her hand. Natalia shakes it.

NATALIA
Natalia Steele. Hope we don't kill each other!

They both laugh.

DIANDRA
I've never killed anyone in anger...yet.

They back up into the room.

INT. ROOM 276 - CONTINUOUS

NATALIA
(indicating Trent Reznor poster)
Any friend of Trent's is a friend of mine.

Enter SANDY, the R.A. She is way too happy and perky for her own good, and her make-up is not subtle.

SANDY

Hi, you guys! I'm Sandy, your resident advisor! What are your names?

DIANDRA

(offering her hand)

Diandra.

NATALIA

Natalia.

SANDY

And where are you guys from?!?!?

DIANDRA

Sam Fran.

NATALIA

North Carolina.

SANDY

Oh wow! Do you live near the beach?

NATALIA

No.

SANDY

Oh. Well, anyway, there's gonna be a little get-together Saturday night, over in the back of this building, you know? We're gonna have pizza, and there'll be a DJ from the college station? It should be real neat. You guys wanna come?

NATALIA

Why not.

SANDY

Great! We just need to know how much pizza to get. Okay! So I will see you guys there!

She leaves.

NATALIA

(flatly)

Sounds like a happening party.

DIANDRA

Well, we do have to meet people somehow.

NATALIA

We do?

Diandra smiles. Natalia goes to her bags, and begins to unpack.

EXT. UNIVERSITY COURTYARD. DAY.

Natalia walks through the empty courtyard. The rain has stopped, and there now appear to be people inside the restaurant/cafeteria. The padlocks on the door are hanging loose, and entry may be possible.

She heads for the cafeteria. As she approaches it, JACK, a homeless bum, approaches her. He has a small, ragged teddy bear tied around his neck, and is pushing a shopping cart full of rags.

JACK

Don't be afraid, little lady, I ain't dangerous. I just need to get something to eat. Can you help me out with a little change?

NATALIA

Well...

JACK

Anything at all. A quarter? A nickel?

NATALIA

Sure.

She pulls out her wallet and gives him a dollar bill.

NATALIA

Here you go.

JACK

Hey, be careful showing that wallet around here! Some people ain't quite as honest as me!

(laughs)

God bless you. You take care now.

NATALIA

You too.

Jack moves away, softly singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Natalia heads back towards the cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA DINING ROOM. DAY.

A sparsely populated room filled with tables. Off to the side is the room in which food is actually served. There are lots of windows, allowing much of the gray sky to show through.

Over in one corner are seated KURT, a tall guy with long black curly hair tied in a ponytail, a goatee, and thick dark glasses. Opposite him sits ANDREW, a tall, heavy dude with unkempt light brown hair, a full wispy beard, and circular-lens "John Lennon" purple glasses. He wears an old, torn black shirt, black denim shorts, and a silver pentagram medallion.

Right now, Andrew is involved in a pizza, while Kurt is packing a black death's-head pipe with what we assume is the good shit.

ANDREW

Man, I love the fuckin' pizza they do here. My mom can't cook this good!

(pause)

I think that cute little waitress back there is hot for me, man.

KURT

(not even looking up)

No.

ANDREW

Man, fuck you, man. You're no fun anymore.

KURT

No.

ANDREW

Yeah, you got that right. Can I have somea that bud, man?

KURT

No.

Kurt lights the pipe and takes a hit, then sets it down out of Andrew's reach.

ANDREW

Goddammit, Kurt, what's your fuckin' problem?

KURT

None.

(beat)

Yet.

ANDREW

Good, man, that was almost a sentence. Let's shoot for a whole one next time.

Kurt looks at Andrew, smiles, then holds out his hand.

KURT

Please.

ANDREW

All right, but I know I don't owe you nothin'.

KURT

No cash, no stash.

Andrew gives Kurt a ten dollar bill. Kurt slowly takes it, pockets it, and passes the pipe to Andrew, who grabs it and takes a big hit.

ANDREW

(talking on the inbreath)

Thanks a lot, man.

PULL BACK to a wider view of the room. Natalia enters, and heads into the food-serving area.

INT. FOOD-SERVING AREA. DAY.

Natalia brings her tray up to the counter. A LUNCH LADY dips a big spoon into a pot of something, and scoops food out onto the plate. She hands the plate to Natalia, who takes it.

CLOSE ON THE PLATE

It's a serving of eyeballs, many with stems still attached, on a bed of rice.

Natalia does not react, except to put the plate on her tray and walk back out to the tables.

INT. CAFETERIA DINING ROOM. DAY.

Natalia comes out of the food-serving area, and walks by Kurt and Andrew.

ANDREW

(to Kurt)

Whooooo! I'd like to stick my dick
in that!

KURT

Never happen.

Natalia keeps walking, and eventually finds a table worth sitting at. She sits, and takes the time to observe her surroundings.

The eyeballs on her plate begin to writhe. Nonchalantly, she stabs one with her fork. As it bleeds, she takes it to her mouth and eats it.

Mmm. Not bad for cafeteria food.

ON ANDREW AND KURT

ANDREW

Man, they got this great new game in the Lair, Bloody Carnage? It's the most violent fuckin' game I've ever seen. There's even this one bald fuckin' vampire character on there, and man, I swear he looks kinda like Christoph.

Kurt pulls down his shades slightly and looks at Andrew.

ANDREW

Sorry, man. Wasn't thinkin'.

Kurt puts his shades back up and turns his attention again to the pipe in Andrew's hand. Andrew gives it back.

INT. ROOM 276. NIGHT.

Natalia is applying clear nail varnish, while talking on the phone. Diandra lies back on her bed, reading a copy of the Koran.

NATALIA

Nothing so far, Mom...Nahh. This place is dead. Makes me feel right at home...Oh come on! We don't exactly live in a bustling burg...Yeah. Sure. Talk to you later. Miss you too. Bye.

DIANDRA

A lot can happen in a year, my friend. Don't give up too soon.

NATALIA

My social life has been dead for 18 years. Why break such a long streak?

DIANDRA

So we'll make it rise from the dead. I'm part-majoring in religion, and there's gotta be a spell somewhere.

NATALIA

So how's the college experience treatin' you?

DIANDRA

Experience is treating me to boredom also. But I'll find something. I usually can.

NATALIA

There's always this happenin' little 'do tonight.

DIANDRA

Oh, right. Meet all the guys who think they came to college to get laid.

NATALIA

What, and you didn't?

DIANDRA

Depends. Thus far, signs point to no.

NATALIA

You could fuck that skateboarding guy.

DIANDRA

Shaun? Actually, he's not as bad as he looks. He invited me to a different party tonight.

NATALIA

And?