

FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Class hasn't started yet, but fresh-faced SHAKIRA, 19, scribbles notes. STACY, blonde, 21 and bored, leans over to Shakira. Stacy has a strong southern accent.

STACY

Hey.

Shakira looks up.

STACY (CONT'D)

Yeah you, nice shirt.

Shakira looks down at her flannel shirt.

SHAKIRA

This? Thanks.

We hear the Brooklyn in Shakira's voice. She points to the logo. It's American Eagle.

STACY

Love...it. American Eagle is the tits. It's got American and Eagle in it's name and their jeans squeeze my ass just right. The only thing I love more is your accent, so like, where you from?

SHAKIRA

Brooklyn.

STACY

Get out! So cool. Always wanted to see NYC, ya know, the big apple.

Shakira flinches.

STACY (CONT'D)

I wish I had voice that didn't make everybody assume I was tarded. But seriously, what the fuck are you doing in 'bama.

SHAKIRA

I love the south, and UA gave me a scholarship.

STACY

Well la-di-da. I'm from Atlanta, Georgia. Not the country though, I recently discovered there is one. I wonder if they named themselves after us or vice-versa.

SHAKIRA

I wouldn't know.

STACY

God, Alabama must seem like bum-fuck nowhere compared to New York.

SHAKIRA

It's okay. I just don't know where anything is.

STACY

That's right! You don't know shit bitch.

Shakira is taken aback.

STACY (CONT'D)

But I do. After class, I'll show you around.

Shakira smiles. Stacy extends her hand. Shakira shakes it

STACY (CONT'D)

I'm Stacy. Stacy Rivers.

SHAKIRA

Shakira, yes like the singer. Shakira Lingood.

STACY

Well, Shakira, pleasure to meet you.

INT. STACY'S CAR

PARTY IN THE USA by Miley Cyrus plays loudly as Stacy sings along. Shakira doesn't know the words.

SHAKIRA

I haven't hung out off campus in forever.

STACY

First we pick up Jackson.

SHAKIRA
Jackson?

STACY
He's cool. Don't worry.

EXT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Stacy impatiently knocks on the door.

JACKSON (O.S.)
Who's there?

STACY
It's Stacy ya dumb fuck, who else,
now open the door.

Jackson opens the door, he's shirtless and showing off his six-pack. He can tell Shakira is checking him out.

JACKSON
Come on in.

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Beer cans litter the floor, an OLD SCHOOL poster clads the wall along with mysterious holes.

JACKSON
Having a good year?

STACY
Shit! That's right.

She playfully slaps his chest.

STACY (CONT'D)
(to Shakira)
Last I saw him he was making out
with some Bimbo at Amy's New Years
Party in Birmingham.

JACKSON
Hey, that bimbo is now my
girlfriend!

STACY
Really?

JACKSON
No. Ha. As if.
(beat)
So, who's -

STACY
Oh sorry. Shakira, Jackson.
Jackson, Shakira.

They shake hands.

STACY (CONT'D)
She's from New York.

JACKSON
Cool. What part?

SHAKIRA
Brooklyn.

JACKSON
Love them New York accents.

Shakira blushes.

SHAKIRA
Ha, uh. Thanks. Where you from?

JACKSON
Nashville, but I grew up in
Atlanta.

SHAKIRA
Oh. Cool.

STACY
Jackson, are you going to put on a
fucking shirt or what?

JACKSON
I don't think anybody minds. Do you
mind Shakira?

SHAKIRA
Uhm. Well.

JACKSON
Don't worry about Stacy, we aint
together or anything.

STACY
Ugh gross. It would be like blowing
my brother.

JACKSON
(to Shakira)
But you're definitely not my
sister.

SHAKIRA
Yeah, a shirt would be nice.

Jackson, reluctantly, puts on a grungy tank-top.

JACKSON
Just for you. I'm sorry if I come
off strong. It's just because I am.

He flexes. Shakira can't help but laugh.

INT. STACY'S CAR - EVENING

Jackson drives while Stacy rides shotgun. Shakira sits in the
back, seat-belt on.

STACY
(to Shakira)
First we're gonna hit up Vinnie's
in Birmingham. Getting my nose
done, and a tattoo right here.

She slaps her right thigh.

STACY (CONT'D)
It's gonna say: "live life like
it's your last."

SHAKIRA
Why?

STACY
Because. I can do what the hell I
want. It's fun. You should try that
sometime.

SHAKIRA
Tattoos or fun?

STACY
(laughs)
Both bitch.

JACKSON
I'm hungry.

STACY
Good for you.

INT. VINNIE'S TATTOO AND PIERCING PARLOR - EVENING

Grungy, dirty, and probably the last place you would want to get anything stuck in you. Stacy, Shakira and Jackson are inside. Stacy looks around.

STACY
Hey Vinnie!

VINNIE (O.S.)
Yeah!?

STACY
Where you at?

VINNIE, 45, grizzled, with a large grey beard, tattoos and piercings up-the-wazoo, his whisky soaked voice mumbles as he stumbles out from the back.

VINNIE
If it aint my little old lady.

STACY
Fuck you. I'm 21.

VINNIE
Ancient.

Stacy grimaces.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
What can I do for yer?

Stacy unbuckles her pants and slips them off.

STACY
I want my nose pierced, and a tat right here.

She slaps her thigh.

STACY (CONT'D)
I want it to say "Live life like it's your last."

VINNE
So, YOLO?

STACY
Fuck YOLO. I'm an original spirit.

VINNE
You're the boss.

JACKSON

Hey, i'm gonna chill in the car. I can't stand to watch this. Shakira, you wanna keep me company?

SHAKIRA

uhm.

STACY

Oh, come on. Go ahead. He gets scared.

Stacy winks.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Jackson and Shakira sit up front. Music plays from the radio.

JACKSON

Sorry about that. I can't stand needles.

SHAKIRA

That's okay. That place was sketch. I'm pretty sure Vinnie was drunk.

JACKSON

Welcome to the south! So, how do you like Alabama?

SHAKIRA

It's cool. Here for school really.

JACKSON

School huh? So, not friends? No boyfriends?

SHAKIRA

Ha. Yeah. Well. That can always be a bonus.

JACKSON

Sounds like you might have a prize coming your way.

Jackson puts his hands on her leg.

SHAKIRA

Don't do that.

JACKSON

What?

He keeps his hand on her leg. Shakira tries to open the car door but it's locked. She fumbles to unlock it, afraid.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Don't be scared. I saw you earlier.
You want me.

Shakira looks around.

SHAKIRA
Stop! No! HELP! HELP!

JACKSON
STOP FUCKING SCREAMING YOU CUNT!

Jackson opens the glove-compartment and produces a GUN. Shakira falls silent.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Oh, that shuts you up real well.

He holds the gun playfully.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You're going to do what I say.
Okay?

Shakira nods.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
When I saw you, I wanted you. I
know you want me to. Despite what
you might think now, I know you do.
I FUCKING KNOW IT!

Shakira cries quietly.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
And now here you are.

SHAKIRA
Stacy will come back and you
will... I will.

Jackson bursts out laughing.

JACKSON
That slut in there getting the
world's wordiest "Carpe Diem?"

Jackson holds up his hand to show of a WEDDING RING. Shakira is stunned.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
That's Mrs. Rivers up there. She
always picks the best ones.

Jackson licks his lips.

SHAKIRA
I thought-

Jackson holds the gun to her head. Shakira whimpers.

JACKSON
You thought wrong bitch. I never
had a city girl before. Strip, now.
Before my finger slips.

Shakira, in tears, undresses.

SHAKIRA
(under her breath)
This shall pass.

Jackson clamors clumsily on top of her, gun held the side of
her head. He forcefully enters her.

JACKSON
Stop fucking squirming!

Shakira shuts her eyes and bears the pain. Jackson kisses her
neck, gun still locked on her head.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Rape really gets a bad rap. You
should try it sometime.

INT. VINNIE'S TATTOO AND PIERCING PARLOR - NIGHT

Vinnie wipes away the blood on Stacy's tattoo. It looks
stupid.

INT. STACY'S CAR - LATER

Stacy opens the back door and enters. She has a fresh
piercing in her nose. Shakira looks miserable, sweaty and
battered. Jackson seems content.

STACY
Hey there lovebirds. Have fun?

JACKSON
Yeah.

Jackson leans back and furiously makes out with Stacy.
Shakira sees the erection in his jeans grow.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You should've watched babe.

STACY
But honey. I was busy.

JACKSON
Well, let's get some food.

STACY
Yeah, I'm hungry. Oh, and Shakira?

Shakira, face down, doesn't respond.

STACY (CONT'D)
SHAKIRA!

Shakira, startled looks up. She looks at Stacy through the rearview mirror.

STACY (CONT'D)
If you say anything, we'll fucking
kill you.

Stacy leans back over to Jackson and they kiss. Shakira watches them.

JACKSON
You like what you see?

Stacy rubs Jackson's bulge. Shakira notices Jackson's grip on the gun briefly loosens.

She takes her chance and punches Jackson in the nose. BLOOD SPURTS. She grabs the gun and holds it to his head.

He holds his hands up.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Wait just a minute here. Don't do-

BLAM! His head bursts into pieces. Stacy SCREAMS. Shakira turns the gun on Stacy.

BLAM! Her head bursts like a watermelon.

THE END

