

Evil Under the Skin

By

J. E. Clarke

ON BLACK:

Heavy balls POUND back and forth.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Over two flaccid nets. TWENTY FOUR GIRLS play volleyball, separated into four teams.

As with the nets, ERIN and JESSY (16) stand side by side.

Designer shorts stretch over Erin's developed curves. Jessy's worn hand-me-downs are more tomboyish by far.

A white BALL swings towards Erin's face. The girl pouts, and swats the pesky thing away.

WHOOPS hail from the bleachers. TOM and RICHARD (17) rise stiffly from their seats.

Richard's a match to Jessy's poor-girl vibe. Tom's clothes mirror Erin's in cost. But his hairstyle hints at his sleazy side.

TOM

Wooo, Erin - hit those balls!

Erin and Jessy exchange knowing looks.

JESSY

You're gonna put up with jokes like that?

Erin adjusts her tight tank top.

ERIN

Tom's got edge. What's wrong with that?

The ball flies at Jessy next. She swings - too clumsy. It pop-flies up into the air.

TOM

Jessy - work that grip!

RICHARD

(frowns)

Don't say stuff like that.

TOM

Chicks dig innuendo. Lighten up - it proves you're not scared. And that you're smart!

Erin spikes the ball over the net - and scores! The girls CHEER in unison, high five.

Erin's breasts jiggle. Tom leers.

The teams rotate positions. Erin and Jessy beam at each other. Sweat glistens on their faces as they pant.

JESSY

Thanks for being my wing man. I mean, wing-grrl.

ERIN

For my BFF? Anytime!

Jessy's eyes dart towards the boys. Shy. And annoyed.

JESSY

You're really going on a date with Tom?

ERIN

Of course. He's deadly cute!

JESSY

In a Neanderthal way. Maybe.

Tom grabs his crotch - lifts his hand palm up, and blows Erin a kiss. Erin catches it, and waves.

JESSY

Cro-Magnon, you ask me.

ERIN

Tom's dead sexy. Give him a break. Speaking of breaks; when you gonna green light the Dick? I mean... Richard. He's had a crush on you all year!

JESSY

So? He's never asked me out.

ERIN

Ask *him*. Ten bucks bets he'll say yes.

The opposing team serves the ball. It rockets over the saggy net. ...straight into Jessy's stomach. She doubles over, hits the floor.

TOM

Woof! That's gotta hurt!

(to Richard)

Get it? It was Jessy. I said Woof.

(beat)

When you gonna ask her out?

It's not like she's got options. You're a shoe-in. Seal the deal!

Richard cringes. At the comments, and the pain on Jessy's face. Erin reaches down and lifts Jessy to her feet.

ERIN
Major shot. You okay?

JESSY
I'm durable. No damage done.

Erin's eyes slide to a bloody stain on Jessy's shorts.

ERIN
You're wounded in action. Come with me.

Erin pulls Jessy towards the girl's bathroom. Their teammates glare. A GIRL WITH BRACES shouts:

GIRL WITH BRACES
You're gonna abandon us? The score's five to one!

Tom grabs Richard, and bounds down towards the court.

TOM
To the rescue, Girls... Be right there!

INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - LATER

Jessy huddles on a toilet seat, shorts around her ankles - confused. Blood smears her panties. Her stomach's clean.

Erin stands guard outside the stall, designer purse over one arm.

ERIN
If you're cut, I've got band-aids.

JESSY
That's not it. It's... something else.

Erin rolls her eyes. She's not surprised.

ERIN
You should've told the coach you can't play. Schumer hears about this, she's gonna embarrass the piss outta you in homeroom. The blood out of you, I mean.

JESSY
 (alarmed)
 You think Richard saw it?

Erin rummages in her bag and pulls out a tampon. She unwraps it, dangles it over the door.

ERIN
 Always better to be prepared.

Jessy eyes the cylinder. Reaches out, but doesn't touch.

JESSY
 I didn't know this was coming.

ERIN
 What, like this is your first time?

Silence from Jessy's side. Erin reads between the lines and gasps.

ERIN
 (sarcastic)
 It is! Congratulations, Jess. You've blossomed into a woman now. Chop-chop, hustle. Shove that in and we'll go home.

Jessy holds the tampon between her fingers like a bug. Reluctant, she spreads her knees. Turns her face away. Fumbles through the process - completely blind. Then...

JESSY
 Ow!

She jerks her hand away. Blood glistens on her finger. Jess revulsion-wipes it on the toilet roll.

JESSY
 Gross!

ERIN
 No shit. Thankfully. And you'll get used to that. In time.

Jessy stares at her finger. CUT and still bleeding.

JESSY
 Wow.

A muted THWOP. Half of the tampon (the bottom part with the string) hits the ground. The girls stare at it from both sides of the stall.

ERIN
Having technical problems in there?

JESSY
It broke in half!

ERIN
Then don't shove it in so hard.

JESSY
I did. It snapped!

ERIN
Tampons don't snap. They bend. Like
gentle flowers in a breeze...

Jessy thinks it over. Panic spreads across her face.

JESSY
Which means, half's stuck in me!

Jessy fumbles with her crotch, to grossed out to explore.
Erin sighs - throws open the door.

ERIN
Seriously, Jess? Right now?

Jess covers her exposed nether regions. Erin squats down -
closer to her friend's freaked-out face.

JESSY
You're not gonna do it yourself?

ERIN
HELL no. But I'm talking to you friend to
friend. Pull up your sweat shorts like a
big girl. Tie a jacket around your waist.
When you get home, and you're alone -

CHATTER fills the room. The Volleyball game is over.
SWEATY TEAMMATES pour in the door.

The Girl with Braces turns to Cheerleader Bombshell,
SCHUMER (16).

GIRL WITH BRACES
Did you see Tom's butt when he jumped?
That thing was totally muscled, and flat!

SCHUMER
Fuck his butt...

GIRL WITH BRACES
Ew!

SCHUMER

No - I mean, who cares? I saw his junk!

GIRL WITH BRACES

Was it big?

The girls stop in their tracks. Catch a glimpse of Erin kneeling in front of a de-pantsed Jessy. They stare.

GIRL WITH BRACES

Oh. My. God.

SCHUMER

(grins)

Erin's into Tacos? Tom is mine!

Jessy pulls up her shorts. Erin yanks her blushing friend off the toilet, out of the stall. She marches past Schumer and snarls.

ERIN

You wish, *Adeline* Schumer. But I'm sealing the deal with Tom tonight!

EXT. SIDEWAY - AFTERNOON

Erin and Jessy fast-track towards home. Jessy's *Hello Kitty* jacket hangs around her waist.

JESSY

(worried)

What if Mom finds out I'm cutting class?

ERIN

Tell her the truth. Aunt Flo came to town.

JESSY

I can't! My family doesn't talk about stuff like that. The birds. Or the bees.

ERIN

Or how human plumbing works?

JESSY

You kidding? No way!

ERIN

(sighs)

OK, Judy Blume...

She pulls a COMPACT out of her purse, slaps it into Jessy's hand.

ERIN

Use this, and fish it out.

JESSY

Erin, I can't. Not alone!

ERIN

Yes you can. I promise. And after my date with Tom, I'll stop by. Make sure everything... "came out" all right.

Erin takes a left down the street, waves goodbye.

JESSY

But - I don't even know what's up there?

ERIN

Google it. I'll see you at ten. Bye!

Jessy watches Erin leave. Bleak despair on her face.

INT. JESSY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Jessy lies on a frilly bed. A LAPTOP balanced on her too-flat chest.

A kitty *hang in there* poster stares down from pink walls. Paper towel sheets cover the comforter, end to end.

Jessy squints at the computer screen.

The wallpaper's a close-up picture of Richard. Jessy's got a major crush.

And business to deal with, as well. So she switches to a browser and types:

"How to Remove a Tampon." Yahoo Answers replies: "Pull the String."

Jessy sadly looks down. Scootches out of her shorts.

And pivots Erin's compact over her crotch. Lifts her head, strains to look. The mirror's at a bad angle.

Jessy digs deep for bravery. Shifts "things" around with her free hand.

Something glints - pearly WHITE. A relieved Jessy reaches for it. SNAP.

JESSY

Ow!

She raises her hand to her face. SNIFFS. GAGS. Then looks closely. Another cut!

JESSY
(surprised)
Is there metal in tampons?

In horrific slow-mo: Jess pivots the mirror, looks down again. Sees another flash of white. Like... TEETH!

She screams and drops the compact on the rug.

Her MOTHER knocks on the closed door. Jessy jumps again!

MOM (O.S.)
Sweetie, time for dinner.

Jessy scrambles to pull up her shorts.

JESSY
Mom, go away. I'm not feeling social now.

MOM (O.S.)
Is your tummy hurting, honey bunch?

JESSY
A bit. A volleyball hit me in gym today.

MOM (O.S.)
Oh my! Would you rather "eat in" or out?

Mom CREAKS the door open. Jessy bolts upright in bed. Covers her short covered crotch with trembling hands.

JESSY
Mom, please!

Jessy's Mom eyes her skeptically. She's a MATRONLY WOMAN (40s) with modest clothes, even older than Jessy has.

MOM
You look pretty drained to me. Darling - why don't you stay in bed and rest? Your father and I are going out on a date tonight, anyway. See you in the morning?

JESSY
(mutters)
Fine with me.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

Erin and Tom stroll along a fence. Erin's dressed to impress: short skirt - not TOO slutty. Perfect makeup. Blown out hair.

Based on the half-empty vodka bottle, and the slack look on Tom's face, he's way past drunk. He stabs a finger towards a booth.

TOM

A ring toss! Want me to win you a bear?

ERIN

That's sweet, but I don't want toys. I'm a grown-up woman now.

Tom leers at her breasts.

TOM

I see.

Erin grabs Tom, and pulls him over to a tree. Away from the rides and CROWDS, it's really dark.

ERIN

I came tonight to see you. And have some privacy.

Tom grins, pins Erin against the bark. He kisses her passionately. With tongue. And Erin doesn't object.

UNTIL Tom shoves a hand roughly up her skirt. His full weight presses down on the girl. He UNZIPS his pants.

ERIN

No!

TOM

What *else* do you want privacy for?

ERIN

Not that. Not here. Not now.

TOM

Then when?

ERIN

In a few months?

TOM

No. Right now!

He pushes onward. Erin fights back - her struggles concealed by the dark... and Tom's hand over her mouth.

INT. JESSY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads 10:15. Jessy frowns. Erin hasn't arrived.

Jessy perches on the edge of a LIGHT COLORED FABRIC CHAIR - careful to barely touch the edge.

On the desk: the laptop. And what's left of the paper towel roll.

Based on how much her shorts bulge now, Jessy's got *The Wall Street Journal* stuffed in there.

Jessy blinks at the screen. Types "Teeth", and then "Vagina." It takes her awhile to summon her courage for that second word.

A *Wikipedia* entry pops up. The heading:

Vagina Dentata. And some really GROSS PICTURES.

Jessy winces and reads the description:

"A folk tale in which a woman's vagina is said to contain teeth, resulting in castration for the man involved. It may also cover a medical condition more accurately termed a vaginal dermoid cyst."

Something HITS her window. Jessy swings around.

The pane slides open. Erin climbs in.

Erin looks worse than the pictures. She's a fright. Shirt torn. Leaves in tangled hair. Streaked makeup on her face. The girls stand still. Face to face.

JESSY

Are you okay?

ERIN

Duh. I'm not.

JESSY

You're a mess. What happened?!?

Erin changes the topic fast.

ERIN

Forget about me. Did you - get "the object" out?

JESSY

Not yet. There were complications.

ERIN

Are you *that* chicken?

JESSY

Where's Tom? How was the date?

Erin shivers at the name.

ERIN

There were - complications there as well.

They stare each other down; subtext flies at sonic speed.

ERIN

You were totally right. Tom's... no good.

JESSY

Erin, what did he do?!?

ERIN

I don't wanna discuss it, okay?

JESSY

What are you gonna do now? Just go home?

ERIN

No! If Dad sees, he'll call the police!

Erin's nervous eyes dart around the room.

ERIN

It's real quiet. Are your parents home?

JESSY

No. They went out on -
(makes a face)
- a "date."

ERIN

Then can I stay here? Just one night.

JESSY

Sure. You take the bed. I'll sleep on the floor.

Erin backs away, towards Jessy's door.

ERIN

I'll take the couch, if you don't mind -

JESSY

We need to talk!

ERIN

I need time to think!

Erin darts out of the room, hobbles on a broken shoe heel. Jessy stares after her friend, at a loss.

JESSY

I think I have a dermoid cyst -

Another KNOCK at the window. Jessy jumps! She turns to look - sees a face.

This time, it's Tom. Without permission, he crawls in.

JESSY

Tom! What are you doing here?

TOM

Have you seen Erin tonight? Anywhere?

He looks around, wild-eyed. Jessy backs away.

JESSY

Haven't you? I thought you guys went on a date.

TOM

We did. She got pissed off and ran.

JESSY

And you came here - why?

TOM

(lies)

I wanted to make sure she's ok. It's not safe to walk around here at night. You're her best friend, so I thought -

JESSY

How'd you know where I live?

TOM

I Googled it on my phone.

JESSY

(beat)

Yeah. Google's useful. For me.

Jessy decides to lie, as well.

JESSY

Erin's not here, but she called me. From home. She told me you weren't very nice.

TOM

Jess - it's not what you think! Erin led me on. Then freaked out!

JESSY

Then you guys didn't...

TOM

Kinda. We were on the ground, having fun. Then she kneed me in the crotch!

JESSY

"Having fun"? That's not what she said.

TOM

(desperate)

Please believe me. I'd never hurt a girl.

Tom steps forward. Too close. Turns on the charm.

TOM

Especially one I care about...

He kisses Jessy - hard. She stiffens, but doesn't object. Then Tom slides a hand down her shorts. Moans.

TOM

Mmmm, you're already wet.

Over his shoulder, Jessy scrunches up her face in disgust. Slick blood coats his hand.

Tom bends her over the bed. Sees the paper towels.

TOM

What's this?

JESSY

Um, I'm a girl scout. I'm always prepared?

Tom grins and presses against her. Jessy balls up her fists, prepares to fight.

Then she catches a glimpse of the computer. The Wikipedia entry for Vagina Dentata beckons to her for a more in-depth read....

"In Shintoism, the Ainu legend is that a sharp-toothed demon hid inside the vagina of a young woman and emasculated two young men on their wedding nights..."

Tom rolls his heavy body over her, fumbles with Jessy's teen sports bra.

TOM

(groans)

Don't tell Erin about this, OK?

JESSY

Nope. I'd never, ever let her get hurt.

Tom yanks off Jessy's shorts.

Something deep in Jessy's groin CLICKS. It sounds sharp. And very hungry.

She grits all two sets of her teeth. Smiles. Opens her legs. And submits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Erin lies on a thread-worn couch, a blanket pulled up to her chin. She mumbles in a fevered nightmare. Even sleep brings no escape.

A tortured MALE SCREAM splits the air.

Erin bolts up, awake.

ERIN

Jessy - who's there?

FINAL FADEOUT: