

HELL BROKE LUCY

Written by

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FADE IN:

KURT'S P.O.V. - LYING ON HIS BACK, LOOKING AT THE SKY

Sunlight bleeds through a canopy of dying leaves.

Kurt's hands, covered with blue skeleton tattoos depicting the bones underneath, glide into frame, swallowing the sun.

They form the shape of a butterfly flapping its wings.

CUT TO REVEAL:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

KURT LAMPREY (20, a fair-haired, foul-tempered psychopath) lounges atop the hood of his white 1969 Mercury Cyclone CJ.

MOANING erupts from off-screen, followed by CHOKED SOBS.

Kurt SIGHS contentedly. Every sound of suffering is music to his ears. He hops down from the hood, sauntering towards...

NATE MORRIGAN (17, tall and lanky with red hair), tied to a tree, his body bruised and bloodied, his mouth gagged with electrical tape. He wears a Brookhaven High letterman jacket.

As Kurt approaches, Nate's eyes widen, *pleading*. He WHIMPERS.

Kurt leans in, clicking his tongue in mock sympathy. Runs his fingers through Nate's hair. Slaps his face affectionately.

KURT

We've known each other a long time,
Nate. And during that time, we've
learned an awful lot about each
other, haven't we?

Nate gives a MUFFLED GROAN.

KURT (CONT'D)

For instance, I know you like
spaghetti westerns and samurai
flicks. I know you have a weakness
for fine Kentucky bourbon. I know
you fucked Rhonda Kuklinski in the
bed of her daddy's pick-up and I
know you came like a stump broke
spastic when that harelipped cunt
stuck her finger up your ass.

Kurt's expression darkens. He circles Nate.

KURT (CONT'D)

I also know you've been stealing
from me, selling Annie on the side.
Let's see, what else, what else?

Nate continues to STRUGGLE. Kurt moves in closer.

KURT (CONT'D)

I know where you live. I know when
Daddy gets home late. I know where
Mommy keeps her guns. I even know
the room where your sweet little
sister lays her sweet little head
each and every night. And me...
what do you know about me?

Fresh tears roll down Nate's cheeks.

KURT (CONT'D)

You know I cripple thieves. You
know I castrate traitors. But
there's something else about me,
Nate, something you don't know...

Kurt takes out a box cutter, holding it less than an inch
from Nate's face. He CLICKS up the blade.

KURT (CONT'D)

When I do these things, I like to
take my time.

He holds the blade to Nate's throat, pressing down hard
enough to draw blood. Nate closes his eyes, TREMBLING.

KURT (CONT'D)

Unless you're ready to cut a deal?

The blade travels upwards, cutting a slit in the tape over
Nate's mouth. Nate opens his eyes, stunned, BREATHING HARD.

NATE

Where's Mal?

KURT

Oh, he's around. Probably hunting.
He lost interest after you passed
out. Told me I was doing it wrong.
See, too much fear taints the meat.

NATE

Please, Kurt, just listen --

KURT

And you know Mal, he's all about that free range flavor. Which brings us to the deal I mentioned. You run track, right? That's how you got that snazzy jacket.

NATE

You're making a mistake --

KURT

I'm gonna turn you loose now, and you're gonna make for the highway.

He peels the rest of the tape off Nate's face.

KURT (CONT'D)

Now don't go gettin' the wrong idea. You owe me a death, but if you make it to the highway, I give you my word, it will go no further. However...

Kurt moves in closer than ever.

KURT (CONT'D)

If you refuse or if Mal catches you before you get there, I will get in my car and I will drive to your house and I will kill Mommy and I will kill Daddy and I will find your sweet little sister and I will hold her down and I will know her, in the biblical sense, with this.

He flashes the box cutter. Nate HOWLS in fear and revulsion.

KURT (CONT'D)

So... We have a deal?

NATE

Yes.

Kurt slices through Nate's restraints.

NATE (CONT'D)

Listen, Kurt. If you go down for this, tell them where to find my body, okay?

Kurt LAUGHS. Shoves Nate forward. Nate falls, limp-legged.

KURT

Please. This is Mal we're talking about. There won't be anything left to find. Now start running!

Nate takes off, running deeper into the forest.

Kurt watches him go, sporting a lunatic grin.

KURT (CONT'D)

They'll never find you. Not even the bones.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Nate limps through the woods, willing himself to go faster.

We hear the sound of MIGHTY WINGS pursuing him from overhead.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Nate emerges from the forest, sweaty and exhausted. He trips over a gnarled tree root. Crawls on his hands and knees towards a lonely stretch of highway. He looks up to see...

MAL (an ageless, androgynous waif, fallen in every sense), standing in the middle of the road. A tattered red hoodie hides his shoulder-length black hair and feral features.

He speaks, revealing sharp teeth. His left eyetooth is gone.

MAL

Hi, Nate.

NATE

Hello, Mal.

MAL

You were always really nice to me. I'm sorry it has to end like this.

NATE

Yeah, me too.

MAL

Come out in the road. That way I can tell him you made it.

Nate staggers onto the pavement.

NATE

Thanks.

Mal nods, suggesting something stranger than kindness.

MAL
Are you ready?

NATE
Give me a second.

He closes his eyes. INHALES deeply.

NATE (CONT'D)
Don't let him hurt Lucy --

Before the words are out, poor Nate is lifted off his feet, hurtling backwards into the forest, tearing through flora and fauna, SCREAMING in blind terror as he sails through the air.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Nate crashes into a yew tree, IMPALING himself on a broken branch. His still-BEATING heart is WRENCHED from his chest cavity, SKEWERED by the branch. The light leaves his eyes.

Hold on the heart until it stops BEATING.

EXT./INT. LUCY AND ABBEY'S DORM ROOM - DAY

SUPER: SEVEN YEARS LATER

LUCY MORRIGAN (20, tall and reserved with dark, expressive features, Louise Brooks in living color) stumbles out of her bedroom, slipping her laptop into a weatherbeaten backpack.

She passes by a poster from the 1934 film "The Black Cat."

Lucy walks into the kitchenette, grabbing her keys off a hook near the fridge. Heads for the front door, hurrying by...

ABBIEY CARFAX (21, punk rock) and her girlfriend Rachel (22, blue streaks in her hair), asleep on the living room sofa.

As Lucy leaves, we linger on a photo collage on the fridge.

Hold on a picture of Nate and young Lucy playing in the rain.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Lucy spies her usual ride: an Eidolon University shuttle.

She breaks into a sprint, but it's too late. The bus departs. She EXHALES, frustrated. Trudges towards campus on foot.

EXT. EIDOLON UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

An early morning fog rolls over campus. Lucy walks past a ghostly gridiron, her backpack slung across her shoulder.

She hears LABORED BREATHING behind her, distant at first, but growing closer. She tenses, uneasy. Turns to watch as...

MILO KORBAN (19, noticeably shorter than Lucy, his good looks offset by a chip on his shoulder) jogs by without seeing her.

Lucy relaxes. LAUGHS to herself, amused by the coincidence.

LUCY

Milo?

Milo continues on. He can't hear her through his earbuds.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hey, Milo!

She takes off after him.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Milo!

She runs up behind Milo. Taps him on the shoulder. He FLINCHES more than he should, like he's expecting trouble.

MILO

Jesus fucking Christ!

He turns to face Lucy. Realizes his mistake. Runs his hand through his thick brown hair, looking thoroughly embarrassed.

MILO (CONT'D)

Oh shit, I'm so sorry --
Wait... Lucy? Lucy Morrigan?

Lucy nods.

MILO (CONT'D)

Do you always go around attacking random joggers? You know, some of us carry mace.

LUCY

Only the real tough guys.

MILO

Touché. So, how you been?

LUCY

You know, staying busy. Taking classes, working nights at the coffee shop. You?

MILO

Well, busy is good. My uncle's got me painting houses on the weekends.

LUCY

How is your uncle?

MILO

He's good. Still on the force. Wow, I still can't believe it's you! You sure got a lot taller.

He lifts his shirt to wipe the sweat from his face.

Lucy can't help but take a peek.

LUCY

And you've certainly gotten hairier.

Milo looks down and LAUGHS, slapping his stomach.

MILO

Yeah, well, it's been what? Seven years? You just wait. It'll be growing out of my ears soon enough.

Lucy GIGGLES in spite of herself. They walk together.

MILO (CONT'D)

You know, I ran into Abbey Carfax the other day. She told me the two of you are living together now. Does that mean you're like --

LUCY

No, we're just friends. She's dating some sorority girl. I'm pretty much their live-in maid.

Milo looks relieved.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Speaking of Abbey, her band is playing at the Interrobang tonight and we're trying to pack the house. Would you maybe wanna go with me?

MILO

Sure, I could use a stay of execution before midterms. What kind of music is it?

LUCY

I dunno. But it's loud and angry and there's always a mosh pit.

MILO

All right, you've made your sale. Would you mind picking me up, though? I don't exactly have a car right now.

LUCY

Of course. Where do you live?

MILO

1247 Delacourt Drive. East campus.

They reach a large brick building with towering spires.

LUCY

Well, this is me. See you tonight at six, okay?

MILO

Just try and stop me!

He bounds off into the mist. Lucy enjoys watching him go.

EXT./INT. LUCY'S CAR - DAY

Lucy's baby blue Prius cruises toward the east end of campus. She makes a left. Sees a cluster of well-appointed houses adorned with Greek letters. Realizes she's on Fraternity Row.

LUCY

Damn it, Milo...

She stops, allowing a procession of half-naked pledges to cross the street directly in front of her.

NICK FLEMING (21, oafish), a beer-bellied bro wearing Ray Bans and a black tank top advertising a death metal band called Afterbirth, urges them on, SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY.

One of the pledges, OWEN DAVIES (18, gangly, Tom Petty haircut), offers Lucy a sheepish grin as he passes. She smiles back. Nick sees this. Waggles his tongue at her.

Lucy rolls her eyes. Drives on.

EXT. THETA KAPPA NU HOUSE - DAY

A three-story manor house at the heart of the Row.

Lucy parks on the street. Walks to the front door. KNOCKS.

TYLER (O.S.)

It's open!

She opens the door. Ventures inside.

INT. THETA KAPPA NU ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Lucy steps into a grand hall covered with photos of alumni. Follows the sound of RAISED MALE VOICES and BLARING HIP-HOP.

LUCY

Hello?

INT. THETA KAPPA NU LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucy enters to find TYLER BEAUMONT (21, a louche, wavy-haired narcissist sporting a pink polo and white chinos) sprawled on a wraparound couch, playing a video game with two other bros.

Tyler scores a hit. Leaps to his feet, celebrating.

TYLER

You just got wrecked, son!

He turns to Lucy, LAUGHING. Sizes her up at a glance.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You looking for Milo?

LUCY

Uh-huh. Is he here?

Tyler turns down the music.

TYLER

I think he's still in the shower.
Your name's Lucy, right?

LUCY

Yep.

TYLER

I'm Tyler, Milo's roommate. And
these two sorry specimens are Russ
and Jay.

The two GRUNT halfheartedly, still immersed in the game.

LUCY

Nice to meet you.

Tyler pats the cushion next to him.

TYLER

Here, pop a squat. Want anything to drink while you wait? Scotch and soda?

Lucy sits near the arm of the couch, keeping her distance.

LUCY

Thanks, I'm good for now.

TYLER

Do you not drink?

LUCY

No, just more of a vodka girl.

TYLER

Vodka, huh? Interesting. Did you know there's this stuff from Poland that's like ninety-five-percent alcohol? 192 proof! Can you fucking believe it?

LUCY

(Deadpan delivery)
I fucking believe it.

TYLER

Now me personally, I'm a scotch guy. Which reminds me... Yo, Trey!

TREY (19, a pockmarked pledge) walks in, struggling to balance a decanter of scotch and three glasses atop a silver tray. He wears a mop head wig, makeup and a two-piece bikini.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Careful now, Trey. You break it, you buy it.

The pledge reaches the couch. Lucy is visibly unsettled. Tyler grabs the tray's contents. Pours himself a glass.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Trey here told us he was a triple legacy pledge. Turns out he was just a good liar. Now he's our house boy.

Tyler raises his legs. The pledge assumes the role of an ottoman. Tyler leans back, taking a triumphant swig.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Sure I can't tempt you?

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY

I thought most frats stayed away from hazing these days.

TYLER

I mean, we all go through some pretty heinous shit. My year probably had it the worst.

Lucy stares at the pledge straining under Tyler's legs.

LUCY

And just look at you now.

Tyler LAUGHS, scratching himself.

TYLER

I know, right?

The sound of Milo's FOOTSTEPS descending the staircase.

TYLER (CONT'D)

There's our boy.

Milo enters, looking slightly overdressed for a concert.

MILO

You 'bout ready to head out?

Lucy stands, glad to be free of the conversation.

LUCY

Yeah, let's get going.

TYLER

Sure you don't need a chaperone? Milo never learned how to drive.

MILO

She knows I don't have a car.

TYLER

Or a license. Or a decent fake ID. The only thing he keeps current is his V-card.

Russ and Jay SNICKER. Milo stares daggers at his roommate.

MILO

We're good Tye, thanks anyway.

Lucy and Milo leave the room. Tyler refills his drink, looking contemplative. Beneath him, Trey stifles a SNEEZE.

EXT. THETA KAPPA NU ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Milo and Lucy head for the front door.

MILO

Yeah, sorry about that. He's not usually that much of a creep.

LUCY

It's fine.

EXT. THE INTERROBANG CLUB - NIGHT

A renovated warehouse. Milo grabs two meals from a nearby food truck. Rejoins Lucy, who's holding his place in line.

MILO

One triple-decker Cronenburger with special sauce, as requested.

LUCY

Thank you, kind sir.

Lucy unwraps her burger. Tears into it as Milo looks on.

MILO

Wow, you must have the metabolism of a hummingbird.

LUCY

Yeah, with a heartbeat to match.

MILO

Really?

LUCY

I have an abnormally fast heart rate. Sinus tachycardia if you're nasty.

MILO

Why? All that free coffee?

LUCY
No, just really bad anxiety.

MILO
Is that why I never see you at parties? I remember you being pretty chill in middle school.

The club door opens. The line begins to move.

LUCY
This may shock you, but teenage girls don't always say what's on their minds. Besides, it didn't really start until after we moved.

MILO
You missed me, didn't you? I mean, I was literally the boy next door.

LUCY
Please. You were catty-corner boy at best.

MILO
So you're basically saying that pining after me turned your heart into a hummingbird? All right, good to know.

Lucy shoves him playfully.

LUCY
Shut up.

They reach the entrance. A bouncer draws on their hands.

INT. THE INTERROBANG CLUB LOBBY - NIGHT

Lucy and Milo pass a cloakroom and a staircase leading down to the men's restroom. Below them, a BARTENDER tries the door. Water seeps under it. A sign reads "Out of Order."

BARTENDER
Third time this week! Fucking unbelievable!

MILO
Someone's having a bad night.

EXT. CORTEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Kurt's Cyclone pulls up to a small Spanish style stucco home. Several vehicles are parked on the lawn. A party is underway.

Mal, still wearing his signature red hoodie. He doesn't look any older, but he seems very tired. He RINGS THE DOORBELL.

CORTEZ (late-thirties, prison tattoos) answers the door.

MAL

Hi, are you Camilo Cortez?

CORTEZ

¿Quien quiere saber, maricón?

MAL

I have a message from Kurt Lamprey.

CORTEZ

Lamprey? Who the hell is Lamprey?

MAL

Hijo de la bruja. The man you've been ripping off. He sent me to return the favor.

Mal pounces on CORTEZ, TEARING out his throat, forcing him back inside the house. The door SLAMS behind them. The lights FLICKER. There are GUNSHOTS, followed by PANICKED SCREAMS.

A fresh coat of gore SPLASHES against an upstairs window.

INT. THE INTERROBANG CLUB - NIGHT

Music: "House Carpenter (Traditional)."

A large stage and dance floor, bathed in blue light.

Abbey's band, Scavenger's Daughter, performs a blistering punk rock set dressed as Puritans. Abbey SINGS lead vocals.

Lucy and Milo dance together. His hands are all over her.

EXT. CORTEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

The same property, now enveloped in an eerie silence.

Mal exits the house, covered in blood. He climbs back into the Cyclone, his calm still unnerving. The car takes off.

EXT. THE INTERROBANG CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The concert is over. Lucy and Milo help Abbey, Rachel and the rest of the band load equipment into an old Volkswagen Bus.

ABBEY
You kids have fun?

Milo stows the last guitar case. Puts his arms around Lucy.

MILO
So much fun it shouldn't be legal.

LUCY
Well, we better head out. This one's got midterms in the morning.

Abbey hugs them goodbye. She lingers on Lucy.

ABBEY
Go get him, girl.

Lucy smiles nervously. She and Milo set off for the Prius.

EXT./INT. LUCY'S CAR - NIGHT

The Prius glides through the city. It's beginning to rain.

Lucy turns on the wipers.

MILO
You know, I was kind of surprised you asked me to come out tonight.

LUCY
Why's that?

MILO
I guess part of me thought you never wanted to see me again.

LUCY
Why would you think that?

MILO
I dunno. Something my uncle said.

LUCY
About what?

MILO
It's just... I know your dad thinks the police could've done more --

LUCY

I don't want to talk about that.

MILO

I'm sorry. I don't even know why I brought it up. Fuck, now I feel like an idiot.

They drive in silence. Milo stares out the window.

LUCY

You know, I used to be able to see into your backyard from my bedroom window.

MILO

Really?

LUCY

You were the only house in our neighborhood with a pool. I remember being so jealous.

MILO

We hardly use it now. My uncle's too cheap to pay for the upkeep.

LUCY

You even had a diving board. The summer after sixth grade, I got really sick and had to stay in my room for three weeks. I would watch you and your friends for hours.

MILO

How come you never came over after you got better?

LUCY

I was really shy and besides, I didn't know you that well.

MILO

I'm not sure I was worth knowing, to be honest. Everyone's kind of a dick in middle school.

LUCY

I'd watch you sometimes, after your friends left and you thought you were alone. You'd lie on the edge of the diving board with your hand down your pants.

Milo's expression changes from curious to mortified.

LUCY (CONT'D)

You wore blue swim trunks.

MILO

Oh God, that's so embarrassing. I mean, at that age I pretty much did it everywhere, but that's no excuse. Jesus... Guess I'm lucky you didn't call the cops on me.

She puts her hand on his knee.

LUCY

I didn't want to call the cops. I wanted to come down and help.

Milo's jaw drops.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

The Prius pulls into a deserted train yard.

INT. LUCY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lucy turns off the car. She and Milo lock lips.

The RUMBLE of a train approaches.

They crawl into the backseat. Lucy UNZIPS Milo's pants. Slides her hand down his boxers.

The train's RUMBLE, growing ever closer. The whistle BLOWS.

Milo TREMBLES as she grabs hold of him.

LUCY

Let me help you.

She gives him a handjob.

He finishes in her hand, MOANING, as the train RUMBLES by.

He drapes himself across her lap, beaming up at her.

MILO

There's never been that much before.

Lucy LAUGHS as she wipes her hand off with a tissue.

He paws at her bra strap. She stops him, gently but firmly.

LUCY
It's late. Let's get you home.

EXT. THETA KAPPA NU HOUSE - NIGHT

The Prius parks in front of the frat house. Milo gives Lucy a good night kiss. He ambles up the driveway, lost in thought.

INT. MILO AND TYLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

A messy dorm dominated by two metal bunk beds and a futon.

Tyler checks his phone in the dark, scrolling through bloody images from the Cortez House. He looks upset, even afraid.

Milo enters. Tyler puts his phone away, trying to be cool.

TYLER
I know that look. Couldn't close
the deal, huh?

MILO
Not exactly.

TYLER
You gonna see her again?

Milo changes into his pajamas, still processing.

MILO
We're grabbing dinner tomorrow.

TYLER
Wow, that soon? You must really
have it bad for this chick.

MILO
Could be. Plus I'm pretty sure
she's still a virgin.

TYLER
She goes around looking like that
and she's still a virgin? You lucky
bastard. Girls like that usually
get broken in by high school.

Milo steps into the bathroom. BRUSHES his teeth.

MILO
Uh-huh.

TYLER

Man, I bet she's tight as hell down there too. You ever eat virgin pussy? Even the cum tastes better.

MILO

Jesus, can you try not being a gaping asshole for five minutes?

TYLER

Hey, it's just my way of saying congratulations. You're living the dream, bud. Better not fuck it up.

Milo SPITS into the sink. Stares at his reflection.

MILO

(To himself)

I don't intend to.

Tyler's phone CHIMES. His smile fades as he reads the text: "New batch needs testing. Rest up 2 u."

EXT./INT. EIDOLON UNIVERSITY - SARKANY HALL - DAY

A cavernous auditorium filled with half-awake college kids.

The image of Rudyard Kipling, projected on a screen.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORRIGAN (65, a bearded ham in ruffled tweed) reads aloud from Kipling's poem "The Female of the Species."

Lucy watches her father's lecture from the back row.

PROFESSOR MORRIGAN

"Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he must not say, For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away..."

Lucy's phone VIBRATES. A text from "MY OH MILO" reads: "Still down for tonight?" Lucy smiles. Writes back: "Affirmative."

Lucy texts again: "Wear something blue."

PROFESSOR MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

"But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the other's tale - The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

INT. PROFESSOR MORRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Professor Morrigan grades papers in a cramped, cluttered office. Away from his audience, he seems smaller, almost frail. He chomps a cigar, blowing smoke out an open window.

Lucy KNOCKS on his open door. He looks up, surprised.

PROFESSOR MORRIGAN
Lucinda, my dear! Come in, come in!

Lucy enters. Wrinkles her nose.

LUCY
Hey, Dad. What's with the stogie?

PROFESSOR MORRIGAN
Professor Kim was handing them out earlier. My erstwhile assistant has sired an heir at last.

LUCY
Oh wow! I didn't even know Helen was pregnant.

PROFESSOR MORRIGAN
They saw fit to hire a surrogate. Lovely woman. Samoan, I think.

LUCY
That's awesome.

PROFESSOR MORRIGAN
So, are you a sucker or a biter?

LUCY
Excuse me?

PROFESSOR MORRIGAN
That's what Kim asked me when he was cutting the cigar. Apparently it makes a difference. Or perhaps he merely enjoyed watching an old man blush. Either way, the damn thing doesn't draw very well.

He extinguishes the cigar in an empty coffee mug.

PROFESSOR MORRIGAN (CONT'D)
Well, now that my palate has been sufficiently reduced to ash, where shall we dine tonight?