

Nancy Hernandez & The Black Widows

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"Nancy Hernandez & The Black Widows"

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH, SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES -- MORNING

Close on A STATUE SIZED CRUCIFIX, it's a somewhat gory icon that you see in old school churches, Jesus' face is covered with tears and blood.

We PULL BACK from the Icon to reveal NANCY HERNANDEZ, 16, a sweet, innocent, straight-laced Latina girl dressed in a white shirt and blue pants - her school uniform.

Nancy is staring at the bloody icon of Jesus reverently, almost scared. She gulps.

NANCY
(cute whisper)
Jeez...

Suddenly, a LOUD FEMALE VOICE barks out at Nancy, startling her and the audience.

FEMALE VOICE
Nancy!!

Nancy jumps and does the sign of a cross. She turns and sees: SISTER CHOLA, 70, an old Nun with a face like a pitbull, standing over her.

SISTER CHOLA
What are doing in here, you little runt?!

NANCY
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Sister Chola.
I was just- I was just--

Sister Chola cuts her off.

SISTER CHOLA
You were just about to go to class.

NANCY
Yes, Sister. I am.

SISTER CHOLA
That's cause you're a good girl,
Nancy.

Sister Chola pats Nancy on her head.

NANCY
Sister Chola? Where do good girls
really go?

SISTER CHOLA

Nina...

Sister Chola points up to the heavens.

SISTER CHOLA (CONT'D)

But first, they all go to school.
Now, anadale pues!

Sister Chola claps her hands. Nancy heads quickly for the door.
But Sister Chola calls after her.

SISTER CHOLA (CONT'D)

Hey, Miss Hernandez!

Nancy stops. Sister Chola digs around in her pocket, and pulls out two pieces of CANDY CORN.

SISTER CHOLA (CONT'D)

Catch.

She tosses the candy corn to Nancy. Nancy catches them and looks them over: the candy corns are old and covered with lint and goo from Sister Chola's pocket.

SISTER CHOLA (CONT'D)

Enjoy.

Sister Chola gives Nancy a big, toothy grin - her teeth are all rotted and decayed. A chill runs down Nancy's spine.

NANCY

Uhhh... Thanks.

Nancy whirls around and runs out the door.

EXT. CHURCH, SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES -- MORNING

As Nancy leaves the church we see a WIDE SHOT of her South Central LA neighborhood; the sun is just coming up, kids are heading to school, the city is waking up.

INT. MS BUCKWALD'S CAR -- MORNING

MS BUCKWALD, a young, idealistic, wet-behind-the-ears teacher drives along listening to Tori Amos type music. She's on the phone with her LAME BOYFRIEND.

MS BUCKWALD

(into phone)

... Sweetie, I just want you to be
happy for me.

Ms. Buckwald glances out the window and stares at THE DECAY of what is now this side of THE HOOD.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
Okay, so it's not in the best part
of town, but who cares? You gotta
start somewhere. Look, I'm not gonna
let anything rain on my parade today.
Okay, TTYL!

She hangs up.

Suddenly, she hits the brakes!

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
Dammit!

She skids to a stop behind A SCHOOL BUS. The bus is idling - in
the middle of the street, she can't get around it.

Ms Buckwald lays on her horn. And then, just exhales in defeat.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
Aghhh!! Mother F--

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS, IDLING, SOUTH LA 'HOOD -- MORNING

CLOSE ON: TWO SHIFTY LOOKING EYES staring back at Ms. Buckwald's
car in the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

WOLF FACE
What you want me to do, lady? It's
not my fault these kids are late.

PULL BACK to reveal the intimidating mug of "WOLF FACE" - a middle
aged school bus driver. The ruggedly ugly dude glances at himself
in the mirror, and notices a huge zit on his chin.

Wolf Face reaches up with both hand and squeezes the zit hard
SPLAT! An eruption of puss explodes onto the rear view mirror.

Wolf Face look at the puss on his fingers. He sniffs them...
ummmm... smells good, he smiles.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)
Interesting.

He wipes the zit juice off on his shirt.

An obnoxious STUDENT taps Wolf Face on the shoulder.

OBNOXIOUS STUDENT
Yo, Wolf Face? Can we like go to
school before like last week?

WOLF FACE

Don't get your thong up in a bundle.
Sit back, relax, and play with
yourself. I'm just waiting for my
favorite girl.

Wolf Face laughs and lays on the HORN.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)

(muttering to himself)
Come on, little miss "thang."

CUT TO:

INT. SHORTY'S HOUSE -- MORNING

"SHORTY, 16, a diminutive, evil, street-wise chicana, puts on the last line of dark lipstick on her big lips.

She has a LARGE TATTOO on her upper right arm, it reads: "Black Widows" underneath is a spider and then her nickname "Shorty."

As the Bus Horn blares, SHORTY'S MOM, a middle aged woman drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette yells out from the kitchen.

SHORTY'S MOM

(shouting)
Ah, that God Damn horn is driving me
crazy and so are you! Get the hell
out of here, Shorty!!!

SHORTY

(muttering)
Shut the hell up, crazy bitch.

Shorty looks at herself in the mirror. She blows herself a devious kiss and heads out.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS, IDLING, SOUTH LA 'HOOD -- MORNING

Shorty saunters out of her house and heads into the bus.

INT. SCHOOL BUS, IDLING, SOUTH LA 'HOOD -- MORNING

As Shorty enters, Wolf Face barks at her.

WOLF FACE

Shorty! It's about time! What were
you waiting for, high school?

Shorty smiles and blows into her hand, making her MIDDLE FINGER pop up. Wolf Face smiles back and "cranks up" his own middle finger in return.

Shorty heads down the aisle. As KIDS see her coming, they stop talking and look away in fear - you don't mess with Shorty!

Shorty arrives at the back seat where a huge tag on the wall of the bus reads: THE BLACK WIDOWS' NEST BEWARE!

FIVE HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS of different ethnicities are waiting for Shorty along the back seat - THE BLACK WIDOWS. Each has their own style - but they've all managed to put a "bad ass" stamp on their school uniform.

SHORTY
Hey bitches.

The Black Widows all respond in unison.

BLACK WIDOWS
For life.

Shorty takes her seat next to "FACE" a pretty, retro-rocker girl. A knock out on the outside, but a vain, cold hearted demon on the inside, Face is busy staring at herself in a HAND HELD MIRROR.

SHORTY
Whaz'up "Face?" Cool lipstick.

FACE
It is cool. It's charcoal soul.

SHORTY
You must be in love.

FACE
Umm-hmmm.

SHORTY
With your face.

FACE
That's my name.

"ROACH" a dim-witted, slovenly, heavy-set Black Widow, leans over to Shorty.

ROACH
Hey Shorty, check it, fresh meat.

Roach points to a NEW GIRL getting on the bus. Shorty smiles an evil grin as she considers the angelic looking "nubie."

SHORTY
You think she's a trick or a treat?

ROACH
Uhhhh... definitely... both?

Shorty nods. The New Girl wanders to the back of the bus and takes a seat in an empty row right in front of the Black Widows - a seat no one would else would be stupid enough to take.

The Black Widows all look at each other: this is going to be fun.

The New Girl takes an IPOD out of her pink backpack, puts in her ear plugs and starts listening to music. Shorty taps her on the shoulder.

SHORTY

Yo, girl. Nice Ipod. That's hot.

NEW GIRL

Yeah, I got two of these for Christmas. It sounds super amazing.

SHORTY

(sarcastic)

Geez-golly-whiz-spank-the-monkey!
That's cool!

The Black Widows howl with laughter.

NEW GIRL

I-I just moved here from South Gate.
My name's Maria.

"RATITA" a back stabbing, shrewish Black Widow leans over and sticks her hand out.

RATITA

Welcome to South Central. Beeeeeaaach!!

Without warning, Ratita grabs the New Girl's arms, holding her tight. Roach grabs the sides of the New Girl's head, smashing the ear plugs of the Ipod into her ears!

As the New Girl's eyes bug out, Shorty calmly reaches down and turns the volume of her Ipod up to MAXIMUM VOLUME. Music explodes through the Ipod. The New Girl's head starts to vibrate. She tries to scream, but Face covers her mouth.

The Ipod's volume goes louder and louder. Tears roll down the New Girl's face. Her body goes into convulsions. The Black Widows roar with laughter.

Wolf Face finally notices what's happening in his rear view mirror.

WOLF FACE

Hey, what are you doing back there?!

SHORTY

None of your business!

WOLF FACE

Okay.

Wolf Face shrugs and goes back to driving.

The volume on the Ipod is so loud now that BLOOD oozes out of the New Girl's ears. Roach smiles.

ROACH
I like blood.

RATITA
Who doesn't?

Finally, the New Girl's eyes roll back in her head, she passes out and slides to the floor. Shorty reaches down and takes the Ipod from her. She wipes the blood off on the bus seat.

SHORTY
Happy Halloween, bitch. Welcome to our world.

The Black Widows "dap" each other. CLOSE ON: Shorty carving "Black Widows" into a window of the school bus.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

Nancy Hernandez, the girl we saw in the church in the opening, is standing at the entrance. She's wearing a BRIGHT GREEN VEST and blows loudly on a SILVER WHISTLE as she directs students into the school. She's head of the "Student Leadership Squad."

NANCY
Chop, chop, chop! Last one in is a rotten egg. No pushing, no shoving, please.

Students hustle past her. The SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

NANCY (CONT'D)
There's the bell!! Go! Go! Go!
Don't be tardy!

An OVERWEIGHT KID waddles past Nancy, chewing a big wad of bubble gum. Nancy stops him.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Hey, Tico! No chewing gum on campus.

OVERWEIGHT KID
Come on! Why'd you do me like that?

Nancy holds her hand out, demanding.

NANCY
That's not even proper English. If I was you, I'd go to school earlier.

The Overweight Kid reluctantly spits out the wad of gum into Nancy's palm. (He shuffles off, unwrapping a new piece as soon as he's past Nancy.).

Nancy makes a sickened face and clears the gooey gum off her palm with a napkin.

Just then, the SCHOOL BUS pulls up. The Bus doors swing open and the Black Widows walk out, with Shorty leading the pack. They strut in like they own the place - which they do.

Students give them a wide berth. Nancy sees the Black Widows coming and looks scared.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh... geez.

Nancy quickly tucks her whistle away and rushes for her class, like everyone else - she's in no mood to tangle with The Widows.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

The deafening clamor of student NOISE fills the air. CLOSE ON: a homeroom attendance roster. Names are listed alphabetically, except for a GROUP OF SIX NAMES set aside in a special box: The Black Widows.

Next to Nancy Hernandez's name is a happy face - perfect attendance.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: New Teacher MS BUCKWALD, studying the class roster. She lowers the roster to REVEAL HER CLASS:

Complete chaos, students are talking, throwing paper, ignoring her. The Black Widows are leading the chorus of chaos. Nancy Hernandez is on the far side of the room, trying to read a book.

MS BUCKWALD

(to herself)

You can do this... do not be
intimidated... they just kids...

Suddenly, a MALE STUDENT yells at Ms. Buckwald:

MALE STUDENT

Yo, white lady! Go back to the
valley!

Another MALE STUDENT chimes in:

MALE STUDENT #2

Why don't you teach us how white
girls do it?

MALE STUDENT #3
 Hey, is it true that all white
 teachers have sex with their students?

MS BUCKWALD
 Excuse me, that kind of language is
 not appropriate.

Shorty let's out a LOUD SNORT.

SHORTY
 Whatever, lady. We can say whatever
 the fuck we want and do whatever the
 fuck we want, we're at Felipe H High
 School . You better recognize!

All the Kids, except for Nancy, hoot and holler.

MS BUCKWALD
 Young lady, does your mother let you
 talk like that at home?

SHORTY
 No... at home, she let's me say,
 "shit," "piss," "ass," I can say
 "dick," "Mother-"

The whole class starts AD-LIBBING CURSE WORDS. Ms. Buckwald raises
 her hand.

MS BUCKWALD
 Okay, thank you. I get it.

Nancy shakes her head - she feels bad for the new teacher. Ms.
 Buckwald finally can't take it anymore. She waves her arms in
 the air and screams:

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
 STOP!!! No wonder, Ms. Valdez killed
 herself!

The Kids suddenly stop their cursing.

TATTLETALE, a mousy, fast-talking Black Widow with a high-pitched
 voice, (who also likes to hide underneath the hood of her
 sweatshirt,) raises her hand.

TATTLETALE
 Oh my God, Ms. Valdez is dead? Oh
 my God! We killed that dumb lady!
 Aye carumba! How'd she die?

MS BUCKWALD
 I'm not really supposed to tell you.

CLASS

No!! Tell us!!! Tell us!! What happened?!!

MS BUCKWALD

Okay, okay... I'll tell you, but first let me take roll.

Ms. Buckwald looks down at her roster and reads the names that have been set off to the side.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)

Is Alicia Figueroa here?

Shorty stands.

SHORTY

It's "Shorty."

MS BUCKWALD

Oh... alright, "Shorty."

SHORTY

Yeah, and these are my hoochie mamas.

MS BUCKWALD

Oh.

Ms. Buckwald looks at the Black Widows - she immediately understands why their names are separated in the roll book.

Shorty points to her crew, introducing them one by one.

SHORTY

This is "Face," "Ratita," "Roach," "Tattletale," and "Pollita."

MS BUCKWALD

Why do they call you "Pollita?"

POLLITA, a mentally disturbed "Medicine Girl", smiles a crazy grin.

POLLITA

'Cause I laugh like a chicken.

Pollita starts to LAUGH like... well, a chicken - the sound is so disturbing that the class begs her to stop.

MS BUCKWALD

Got it.

SHORTY

So, now that we've introduced ourselves, what's the 411 on Ms. Valdez? How'd she off herself?

Ms. Buckwald looks around and lowers her voice. Nancy sits up in her chair, fascinated.

MS BUCKWALD
 Okay, check this out. I heard she was so pissed off with you guys, that she went into to the zoo and threw herself into the polar bear pit. And when the paramedics came all that was left was...

Ms. Buckwald reaches into her pocket and pulls out a SMALL WHITE OBJECT.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
 ... This tooth.

The kids all stare at the "tooth" in wonderment. Nancy is horrified.

SHORTY
 Bullshit. That's a Chicklet!

MS BUCKWALD
 Maybe it is... and maybe it isn't.

She puts the tooth back in her pocket.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
 Anyhow, get out your books. Let's get to work.

The class BOOS, but they slowly obey. Ms. Buckwald has sucked the majority of them in and restored order.

The Black Widows are not convinced, however, Shorty mutters "bullshit" as they go back to ignoring her...

... But across the room, Nancy stares at Ms. Buckwald's pocket where she imagining the bloody "tooth" sitting. She's seriously spooked.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR LUNCH AREA -- DAY

In the back of the bustling lunch area, the Black Widows are crowded together at a table. Across from them is a young wannabe Black Widow, "DULCE", a bad little mamacita who has a sweet tooth for candy.

Shorty stares at Dulce.

SHORTY
 So you wanna be one of us, eh, Dulce?

DULCE
Does Dulce like candy?

Dulce takes a big bite of her chocolate bar.

FACE
This bitch has got a sweet tooth for
real.

Shorty nods.

SHORTY
This is phase one of your initiation.
You ready?

DULCE
Hell yeah.

SHORTY
Good.
(to Tattletale)
Blade.

Tattletale hands Shorty a knife. Shorty pops the switchblade open.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
Put your hand on the table.

Dulce slowly puts her hand palm down on the table top and spreads her trembling fingers wide.

Shorty starts to quickly stab the table between Dulce's fingers with the blade, just missing her flesh. Lucky for Dulce, Shorty's a pro with a knife. She goes faster and faster until her knife is just a blur.

Sweat pours down Dulce's face, but she can't move her hand - The Sugar Daddy drips and falls from her mouth.

Intense moments pass as the whirling knife test finally winds down. As Shorty stops stabbing the table, Dulce breaths a sigh of relief. She looks down at her hand and counts her fingers - they're all there, thank God.

TATTLETALE
Oooh.... that was close.

DULCE
I'm glad it's over.

SHORTY
It's never over.

Shorty grabs Dulce's hand and jabs the blade into Dulce's pinkie! Blood spurts out!!

Dulce is about to scream, but Pollita puts her hand over her mouth.

POLLITA

Widows don't cry... we multiply.

Shorty plucks the Sugar Daddy off the table. She dips the candy in Dulce's oozing blood and shoves it into Dulce's quivering mouth.

SHORTY

You made it. I'm proud of you.

TATTLETALE

Let's give her a hand! Heh-heh-heh!

But no one laughs at Tattletale's dumb joke. Face smacks Tattletale across the face. Dulce sucks on her bloody candy and stares at her wounded finger. She's scared.

DULCE

... Uh guys, just out of curiosity,
what's phase two?

The Black Widows all look at each other and let out an evil laugh.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- DAY

Nancy walks by her lonesome along the fence outside the PE field. She looks inside the fence and sees her little 9th grade sister ESMERELDA playing goalie for the all girl's team.

Just then, the "masculine" coach OFFICER MANN (who also doubles as the school security officer) blows her whistle.

OFFICER MANN

Alright men! Take five! And I mean,
just five!

The players stop. Esmerelda sees Nancy and comes over to her. We hear Officer Mann counting off the seconds as Esmerelda joins her big sister.

OFFICER MANN (CONT'D)

Four fifty nine... four fifty eight...

NANCY

Hey Esmerelda.

ESMERELDA

Hey, big sis! Having lunch by
yourself. Again.

NANCY

I guess.

ESMERELDA

How come you're always eating lunch alone?

NANCY

I don't know.

ESMERELDA

You need to make more friends, sis. You're too big of a nerd. Sometimes you act like a teacher.

NANCY

Well, you know what? You need to do your homework and stop fooling around so much on My Space. 'Cause come next semester, you won't be playing soccer if you keep scoring C's.

ESMERELDA

Oh, bee-jee-zus! Get off my tail, you sound just like mommy!

NANCY

Don't give me lip.

ESMERELDA

Whatever's clever.

Nancy shoots her a look. Officer Mann yells out:

OFFICER MANN

Ten, nine, eight...

ESMERELDA

I gotta go.

Esmerelda starts running back to the game. Suddenly, she stops and turns back to Nancy.

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)

Nancy?

NANCY

What?

ESMERELDA

Get a life!

Esmerelda spins back around and runs away. Nancy seethes, but she knows her sister is right.

She starts to walk away - but stops as she passes the SCHOOL PARKING LOT. Something has caught her eye...

... In the parking lot she sees the new teacher Ms. Buckwald arguing on her cell phone with someone.

MS BUCKWALD
... These kids need me. I'm gonna take the class.

MALE VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
C'mon! Honey, how can these kids even relate to you, you don't even speak Mexican.

MS BUCKWALD
You mean, Spanish! Please, I have a busy day ahead of me. I'm not going back and forth with you on this. I'm keeping the job, my mind's made up. Adios.

Ms. Buckwald hangs up the phone.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I love you.

Ms. Buckwald puts her phone away and turns around. Nancy is standing right behind her. She's startled.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
Oh hey! Gosh, you startled me.

NANCY
I'm sorry.

MS BUCKWALD
No, it's okay. You were in my class this morning, weren't you? What's your name again?

NANCY
Hernandez. Nancy Hernandez.

MS BUCKWALD
Oh, I remember, Ms. Valdez told me all about you. You're an exceptionally bright girl, Nancy. You have an amazing track record. A straight "A" student.

Nancy looks sad.

NANCY
Who cares?

MS BUCKWALD
Don't say that.

NANCY

It's true. The only people who matter here are the people who cause trouble. Why do you even come here, lady? This is the worse school on the planet.

MS BUCKWALD

'Cause I think it's important to help people.

NANCY

You can't help these bad kids, lady, they're all idiots.

MS BUCKWALD

Well, I don't agree. I think all people are genuinely good inside.

Nancy looks over at a wall spray painted with a LARGE "BLACK WIDOWS 4 LIFE" TAG.

NANCY

... Not all people.

MS BUCKWALD

Believe it or not, we need more students like you at Felipe H, Nancy.

NANCY

But everybody hates me?

MS BUCKWALD

Well, being a leader comes with sacrifices.

Nancy thinks about that.

NANCY

Hey, can I ask you something? Was that really Ms. Valdez's tooth you showed us?

Ms. Buckwald reaches into her pocket and pulls out THE WHITE OBJECT. It really does look like a human tooth. Nancy stares at in horror. Suddenly, Ms. Buckwald pops "the tooth" in her mouth and chews it. It's gum!!

NANCY (CONT'D)

You lied!! You're a liar!!

Ms. Buckwald smiles.

MS BUCKWALD

Sometimes you have to do a little bad to do a lot of good.

Just then, the SCHOOL BELL RINGS.

NANCY

I gotta go. It was really, really,
really nice talking to you.

MS BUCKWALD

You too.

Nancy runs off, Ms. Buckwald smiles.

INT. BROKEN DOWN GREENHOUSE -- DAY

At the far side of the campus is a weathered greenhouse made of wood. Built in brighter days, the greenhouse is now in ruins, tagged up and falling apart.

Against one wall is Dulce - the wannabe Black Widow. On the other side of the greenhouse are the Black Widow Girls.

Ratita holds a large bucket covered with a towel.

RATITA

Phase two of your initiation is my
personal favorite. I caught these
suckers in my traps last night.

She pulls the towel off the bucket to reveal A HALF DOZEN DEAD
RATS, FLOATING IN BLOOD, some are still twitching.

SHORTY

Grab 'em girls.

The Black Widows reach in the bucket and each take a bloody rat.
Against the wall, Dulce gulps.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

(to Dulce)

You move, an you'll be Kibbles and
Bits for my pitbull.

Shorty holds up a still squealing rat.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Henry's getting impatient. Don't
worry, baby, the games are about to
begin.

Shorty kisses the yelping rat.

RATITA

That one's my gold medal winner.

ROACH

He's got a gold medal? In what?

RATITA
Eating flesh.

Shorty laughs and hurls her half dead rat at Dulce. Dulce can't raise her hand or dodge, she's frozen. The Rat flies through the air, but misses her and hits the wall with a bloody SPLAT!!!

DULCE
(under her breath)
Ay dios mio!!

The Black Widows all laugh evilly, savoring the moment. Then, they all launch their rodents. Rats fly in the air, hurtling towards the terrified Dulce. SPLAT!! SPLAT!! SPLAT!! The Rats crash into the wall around her, narrowly missing her.

Dulce looks around at the rat carnage and breaths a sigh of relief.

DULCE (CONT'D)
Gracias...

Then, suddenly, BOOM!! A huge, bloody rat smashes into Dulce's face. The big rat howls in Dulce's face. She screams, but doesn't wipe it away. The Big Rat squeals, runs through her hair and jumps off her head.

FACE
I never miss a face.

Dulce holds back her tears, as the Black Widows come over to her. Shorty stomps on the Big Rat that landed on Dulce's face, crushing it with evil glee. She pats Dulce on the shoulder.

SHORTY
You did good, homegirl. You almost
a Widow now.

DULCE
Really?

TATTLETALE
Not just yet...

DULCE
(scared)
Oh...

Shorty picks up the big rat she crushed with her foot, she holds up to Dulce's face.

SHORTY
... Don't ever snitch on us, we don't
like Rats.

Shorty squeezes the dead rat so that it's guts ooze out of it's dead mouth. Dulce shudders.

TATTLETALE

Hey Dulce, you hungry? We gonna
make some rat stew.

Dulce looks at the dead rat and throws up.

TATTLETALE (CONT'D)

Gosh, I was just kidding.

Pollita, who has her pet tarantula "Boris" crawling along on her
shoulder, smiles.

POLLITA

It's not like we're crazy.

Pollita takes a puff on her cigarette and blows smoke in Dulce's
face and offers her a drag.

CUT TO:

A SHOT DISTANCE AWAY

Nancy Hernandez, wearing a GREEN HALL MONITOR VEST, walks along
looking for ditchers. Suddenly, she spots smoke rising from inside
the broken-down greenhouse.

Nancy goes over to investigate...

... She peeks around the corner of the Greenhouse and sees the
Black Widows and Dulce all smoking cigarettes. Nancy exhales -
she knows she should bust them, but she's scared. She walks
towards the front of the greenhouse.

NANCY

Screw that.

She turns to leave, but then stops. She thinks about what Ms.
Buckwald just said. She hears Ms. Buckwald's voice in her head.

MS BUCKWALD (O.S.)

It's people like you who make a
difference.

NANCY

(to herself)

Okay.

She reaches in her pocket, pulls out a whistle and starts blowing
it loudly. Inside the greenhouse, the Black Widows hear the
whistle.

TATTLETALE

Oh my God, what's that?

Shorty looks through the hole in the greenhouse wall.

SHORTY

Oh, please. It's just that stupid school girl.

FACE

She's a germ.

Face waves her off dismissively.

Suddenly, however, the masculine, female campus cop, OFFICER MANN, comes running, alerted by Nancy's whistle.

OFFICER MANN

Nancy, what is it?

Nancy doesn't want to say anything.

OFFICER MANN (CONT'D)

What? C'mon, are you gonna tell me?

Nancy still says nothing, but her eyes wander over to the greenhouse. Officer Mann looks and sees movement inside. She sniffs the air. A look of recognition crosses her face.

Officer Mann starts to march towards the greenhouse.

NANCY

No, wait...

But Officer Mann doesn't listen. She bursts into the greenhouse and comes face to face with the smoking Black Widows, cigarettes are dangling from all their lips.

OFFICER MANN

Well, well, ladies, what a surprise.

SHORTY

Ah shit, it's the she-man patrol.

Officer Mann takes out her nightstick and bangs it on the wall.

OFFICER MANN

Shut up, Shorty. Nobody move.

Officer Mann pulls out her WALKIE TALKIE.

OFFICER MANN (CONT'D)

Base, this is Officer Mann - we have a code seven in progress.

VOICE ON WALKIE

Huh?

OFFICER MANN

Kids smoking?!!

VOICE ON WALKIE
Oh, right, right. Bring 'em in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

FROM THE DEAN'S POV we see the Black Widows all lined up in front of her desk, cuffed by Officer Mann.

DEAN SHANTALLE, 50's, a no-nonsense, tough-as-nails, African-American Woman, slaps a THICK FILE down in front of each Widow as she runs down their M.O.

DEAN SHANTALLE
"Ratita," girl's been obsessed with
rats since the third grade - sick
little chil'.

And then the next one.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
"Face," wearing all that make-up and
still can't hide that evil soul.

The next one.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
"Roach," the muscle, too bad you so
dumb you can't add up two and two.

ROACH
It's twenty two, duh. Everyone knows
that.

DEAN SHANTALLE
They should have held you back in
Kindergarden.

ROACH
They did.

Dean Shantelle moves on.

DEAN SHANTALLE
"Tattletale," the little follower,
always making up little stories.
Liar is what we call it in church.
Child you a runt. You don't even
belong around this crowd.

She looks down at Tattletale's file.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
Says here you're an orphan... momma
knows, momma knows.

The Dean moves on.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
 "Pollita," crazy like a chicken,
 you should hatch yourself a brain
 one of these days.

Pollita does her crazy laugh.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
 "Dulce," Felipe H High School's latest
 cavity.

DULCE
 Ain't it sweet.

Dulce smiles, candy is wedged between her teeth.

DEAN SHANTALLE
 'bout as sweet as a Gorilla's hairy
 ass.

Finally, she turns to Shorty.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
 And finally "Shorty," little miss
 bad ass. Whoever said 'good things
 come in small packages' was full of
 shit.

SHORTY
 Whatever, lady. Give us our out-of-
 school suspension.

DEAN SHANTALLE
 Suspension? Oh no, my 'lil darlings,
 ain't gonna be no suspensions here.
 The only thing that's gonna be
 suspended is your little gang. I
 have enough in your files to make
 you repeat the 8th grade and go
 straight to juvie. And when you get
 out, I'll be right here waiting for
 your asses.

The Black Widows look at each other - this actually scares them.

ACROSS THE ROOM, Nancy sits at a computer, organizing the dean's
 files. She's trying to be invisible; she doesn't want the Black
 Widows to notice her anymore than they already have.

Dean Shantelle snaps her fingers.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
 Nancy, refill.

Nancy goes over to a POPCORN MACHINE and fills up a fresh bag of popcorn for Dean Shantelle.

The Black Widows sneer at her as she walks past.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
Too bad you girls can't be like
my homegirl Nancy here. Now there's
a child with a future.

The Black Widows stare at Nancy - if looks could kill.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
Anyhow, I called all your moms and
pops. I hope they whoop your dumb
asses. You're all suspended for two
weeks and when you come back, y'all
get to spend the rest of the school
year in detention, booyacow!

She snaps her fingers. The Black Widows' jaws drop.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
Now, hit it, y'all making me lose my
appetite.

Officer Mann leads the Black Widows to the door. Shorty looks back over her shoulder at Dean Shantelle congratulating a reluctant Nancy.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
You did a great job today.

Shorty seethes as Officer Mann shoves her out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE

The Black Widows all return to their respective unhealthy habitats; absentee or abusive parents, gang infested neighborhoods, old homes and apartments, etc. We focus on each Black Widow as they do something indicative of their nature:

"FACE" obsesses over her face, putting on endless amounts of gaudy makeup.

"RATITA" being a "Rat" - her little sister breaks a statue of Jesus. She begs Ratita not to say anything. But as soon as their mother comes into the room, Ratita points at her little sister and laughing.

"ROACH" wearing boxing gloves, punching a pumpkin dangling from a rope behind her house. She punches it and the pumpkin explodes, spewing pumpkin goo all over her. She licks the goo off her face with her tongue like a dog.

"DULCE" acting like candy addict, sticking her entire mouth over the dispenser of a GUM BALL MACHINE and pumping in coin after coin.

"POLLITA" acting crazy, laughing insanely as she skins chickens in her family's kitchen - there's live chickens walking around everywhere - the home is practically a chicken coup. She picks up an egg and smashes it against her own head to amuse herself.

"TATTLETALE" whispering lies into numerous people's ears, and starting fights and arguments. She gets a thrill out of this - afterwards she slinks away as mayhem ensues.

"SHORTY" - sharpening her favorite knife. Once it's sharp enough, she tests it by slicing herself on the forearm. Blood oozes out of the wound - Shorty licks it up, savoring it.

LATER THAT NIGHT

In a SEVEN WAY SPLIT SCREEN, we see the Black Widows are all on the phone talking to each other - getting orders from Shorty.

SHORTY

I hate that little snitch! Tomorrow,
crack of dawn, Fat Joe's Burgers
across from school.

ROACH

Oh! If it's gonna be Fat Joe's
Burgers, can we make it lunch time
instead? We gotta try one of those
charbroiled, flaming "double-double"
Burro Burgers! With cheese and
enchilada sauce!

SHORTY

(pissed)
Crack of dawn, or I crack your face,
dumb ass!

CLICK! Shorty hangs up. Roach shrugs.

INT. FAT JOE'S BURGERS -- MORNING

The Black Widows sit at a booth together, eating Burro Burgers. Shorty is mapping out her master plan on a PAPER PLACE MAT using KETCHUP AND FRIES as props.

Shorty takes out her BLACK LIPSTICK - she makes an "X" on a french fry, and then, smashes the stick of lip stick into the fry crushing it.

The Black Widows all exchange evil, knowing looks.

EXT. BACK FENCE, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

A tall, SPIKED FENCE surrounds the entire High School . The spikes are like knives, razor sharp - to keep taggers out at night.

Shorty throws a homemade ROPE LADDER over the menacing fence. One by one, the Black Widows all climb over the spikes and creep into the school.

Class is in session, the halls are relatively empty, except for Officer Mann doing her patrol. The Black Widows hide in the shadows and narrowly avoid her as she walks past.

Finally, they make their way to the GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM. Shorty checks her stopwatch before going in... they're right on schedule.

INT. GYM -- MORNING

Kids are playing gym hockey, running around with sticks. Nancy is playing hard, smiling having a good time. Her whole attitude seems different - like she's a new person.

She scores a goal and pumps her fist. The COACH, an overly enthusiastic middled aged dude, blows his whistle.

COACH

Good shot, Hernandez! Today must be your lucky day!

NANCY

You think?

COACH

I thunk. I just have a feeling from you. Now it's gonna be a whole new you. You got a different attitude. I could tell from the way you did your warm up this morning. Even that gleam in your eye has changed, it's got a whole new sparkle, a new a confidence, a new... a new... hell you smell like "confidence!" Are you wearing that perfume, by the way?

NANCY

Ah shucks, Coach. You shouldn't have.

COACH

I should.

They share a light hearted, geeky laugh. Nancy looks at her watch.

NANCY

Oh, darn, Coach! I gotta go! I have to leave early for leadership club!

COACH

Hit it!

The Coach blows his whistle. Nancy runs for the locker room.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

The girl's locker room is empty, shadowy, dimly light by beams from the dank windows. Nancy Hernandez enters and goes over to her locker. She opens it and starts to take her stuff out...

... Just then, she hears a WHISPERY VOICE call out from somewhere:

WHISPERY VOICE

... Nancy Wancy....

Nancy looks around - she doesn't see anybody. She shakes her head, like she must be hearing things. The WHISPERY VOICE calls out again.

WHISPERY VOICE (CONT'D)

... Nancy Wancy is a pansy.

NANCY

Hello?

Still, no answer. Then...

WHISPERY VOICE

... Nancy Wancy is a snitch, she's gonna die like a stupid b--

BANG!! A locker door is slammed - cutting off the obvious word. Nancy jumps. She's scared now. She peers around the dark, creepy locker room, and sees a DARK SHADOW around a corner.

NANCY

W-Who's there?!

WHISPERY VOICE

Don't be scared.

But Nancy is. She slowly reaches into her pocket and takes out her HALL MONITOR WHISTLE. She lifts it quietly to her lips and is about to blow for help...

... When a hand appears from nowhere and snatches the WHISTLE out of her hand. Nancy looks up in horror and sees...

... Shorty standing over her, along with the six other Black Widows. They have her surrounded. Shorty holds up the WHISTLE.

SHORTY

You won't be needing this anymore, snitch.

Shorty throws the whistle in the garbage.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
The only thing you'll be blowing is
blood.

NANCY
I'm telling-

SLAP! Face slaps Nancy across the face so hard that a tooth comes out.

FACE
Go tell the toothfairy.

The Black Widows laugh.

RATITA
Dumb ass. We're all alone. You
ain't got no back up in here.

ROACH
Yeah, alone, Nancy... like as in no
one's here? Get it?

Nancy shudders as she wipes blood from her mouth.

SHORTY
Get up, school girl. We got a lesson
to teach you.

Reluctantly, Nancy rises to her feet. The Black Widows escort Nancy across the rows of lockers to a RUSTY OLD LOCKER that no one uses: LOCKER NUMBER 374.

Shorty swings the rusty locker door open - it makes a terrible GROAN.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
Stick your hand in there, little
girl.

NANCY
Why?

POLLITA
Just shut up and do it!

Nancy stares into the dark void of the old locker.

NANCY
No... no... please... I won't say
anything! I'll never tell again!
I'm sorry!

Roach punches her in the arm.

ROACH
Stick your hand in there.

Nancy gulps. Slowly, she lifts her trembling hand up and extends it into the darkness of the gaping locker. As soon as the entire hand is inside--

WHAM!!! Shorty slams the rusty locker door on her hand, pinning it inside. Nancy cries, but there's no one to hear.

Quick as a cat, Shorty jumps up on a bench and jumps off like a tiny pro wrestler jumping off the ropes on an helpless opponent...

... She comes down right on Nancy's pinned arm.

CRACK!!! A bone spitting sound rings out. Nancy's forearm snaps like twig! The broken bone shoots out the side of her arm.

Nancy eyes pop out of her head. She falls to the ground, howling in mad pain.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM -- DAY

The COACH hears a faint scream above the noise of the hockey game. He pauses and listens for a moment. Then he shakes his head.

COACH
Poor cat musta got hit by a car.

He goes back to coaching the game.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Nancy writhes on the floor, holding her limp, broken arm. She's howling in agony. The Black Widows stand over her laughing - all except Tattletale, who looks a little freaked out.

SHORTY
That's what you get, snitch!!

ROACH
Oho, you got something on your arm!

Ratita holds up a DEAD RAT.

RATITA
Kiss this rat, rat!

FACE
Don't ever mess with the Widows!

DULCE

I hate you!

Dulce spits on her. Tattletale looks around nervously.

TATTLETALE

Oh my God! She's making a lot of noise! Somebody's gonna hear!!

Shorty realizes this too. She looks down at Nancy.

SHORTY

Shut up! Take it like a man!

But Nancy can't stop screaming. It hurts too much.

NANCY

You broke my arm!!! You broke my arm!!!

SHORTY

Yeah, I know, but shut the hell up!!

Nancy keeps screaming and howling.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Roach!!

Roach grabs Nancy and picks her up off the ground.

ROACH

Shut up!

When Nancy can't, Roach begins to shake her violently - which only makes Nancy more hysterical. She sobs:

NANCY

Please!! Let me go!!!

FACE

Damn! She's loud enough to wake the dead!!

Pollita cackles her "chicken laugh."

POLLITA

Wake the dead!! Ha! Ha!

But not all the Widows think it's so funny.

RATITA

Shit! We're gonna get busted!!

SHORTY

Shut her up!!!! SHUT HER UP!!!
QUICK!!

Roach, not being too bright, does the only thing she can think of - she throws Nancy to the hard concrete floor. Nancy falls straight back and smashes the back of her head on the ground.

There's a loud, sickening sounding crack - like a coconut being broken. Nancy's eyes roll back in her head. Her body convulses spasmodically for a few moments, twitching around in odd positions, before going completely still.

Her chest stops moving. Everything is suddenly quiet. The Black Widows look at each other. They gather in a circle around Nancy...

... A POOL OF BLOOD starts to form underneath her head.

TATTLETALE

Oh shit...

Even Shorty looks a little concerned.

SHORTY

Get up.

She kicks Nancy - but she doesn't move. Ratita bends down and feels Nancy neck, looking for a pulse - nothing. Ratita lifts up her eye lids and looks at her blank pupils.

TATTLETALE

Is she really dead?

RATITA

Only one way to find out.

Ratita grabs the FIRE EXTINGUISHER off the the wall and sprays Nancy with it, covering her body in A THICK CLOUD OF WHITE FROST.

As the fire extinguisher spray clears, the Widows study Nancy. She hasn't moved at all. She looks almost serene, turning blue, covered with a thin layer of white crystals.

RATITA (CONT'D)

(matter-of-fact)

Yep, she's dead.

A chill runs through the group. They stand frozen for a moment, staring at Nancy's limp body - not knowing what to do.

Then, suddenly, they hear the SCHOOL BELL RING. FOOTSTEPS can be heard coming into the locker room.

TATTLETALE

What do we do now?

SHORTY

Run!

The Widows take off running. They stumble through the dark locker room, and scramble out the back entrance, disappearing into the halls of the High School .

CLOSE ON NANCY'S BODY - as a large pool of blood forms around it. Suddenly, Nancy's body jerks upward, coming to life for just a moment. Nancy sucks in a huge breath of air and then collapses back to the floor. Dead.

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE

The Black Widows hop the back fence and high tail it away from Felipe H High School. They run for a few blocks, and then, finally stop to gather themselves inside a creepy looking ABANDONED HOUSE.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE -- DAY

Black Widows all run into the house, panting from exhaustion. They double over and catch their breath. They're all freaked out. Tattletale is on the verge of tears.

TATTLETALE

Shit, what are we gonna do, we killed that girl.

The other Widows look at each other - they've never killed anyone before. Dulce starts to freak out.

DULCE

I never thought this was part of the plan.

TATTLETALE

We're gonna fry!

ROACH

What like chickens?

DULCE

No you stupid idiot! Like murderers, in the electric chair!

FACE

That'll suck. It'll ruin my complexion.

DULCE

This isn't funny.

Dulce starts to sob. Pollita laughs hysterically - nervously - she's scared too.

Shorty is perfectly calm, however. She walks over to Dulce and slaps her across the face. Everyone shuts up.

Shorty looks at the rest of the Widows in disgust. She reaches into her backpack and pulls out a HUGE KNIFE.

She twirls it in her hands and then slams it down into the floor. The other Widows take a step back.

SHORTY

You guys make me sick. Mother Widow don't play that. I can smell your weakness. And I'm starting to smell disloyalty.

TATTLETALE

No-no-no! It ain't like that Shorty!

SHORTY

Shut up. If any one of you is even thinking about snitching...

Shorty walks over to a spider web, beneath it is a OLD TIN CAN covered with a plastic top. Shorty picks up the OLD CAN and takes off the top. INSIDE are a dozen live BLACK WIDOWS.

Shorty waves the BLACK WIDOWS in front of the girls, menacingly.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

... Anybody in the mood to snitch?

The girls look at each other.

TATTLETALE

Bu-bu-bu-but Shorty... what are we gonna do?

DULCE

Yeah, like, what if the police come to question us?

RATITA

It was broad daylight.

POLLITA

We don't even have an alibi.

ROACH

Maybe somebody saw us?

FACE

Yeah, I mean like there was a lot of people at school today.

TATTLETALE

I think I heard someone coming!

RATITA

What when we broke her arm?

TATTLETALE

No, when we broke her head.

Shorty flicks a Black Widow at Tattletale - who dodges just out of the way.

TATTLETALE (CONT'D)

Ah!!!

Tattletale steps on the Black Widow.

SHORTY

Nothing is gonna happen, scaredy cats. You guys are all chicken shits. Especially you Tattletale.

Pollita laughs.

POLLITA

Chicken shit! Ha! Ha! Ha!!

SHORTY

I'm not worried, 'cause I ain't nobody. None of you'se killed nobody. We were all at my house, watching Oprah. And if the police ask my dad, he'll be so drunk, he'll say whatever.

The Widows look at each other in high hopes that this might actually work.

ROACH

Duh... Shorty you're a genius. You're like dude...Uh... Einstein.

FACE

It's Einstein, Roach brain.

ROACH

No, I meant, Einstein, that Chinese dude from class.

Face rolls her eyes.

SHORTY

So, as you president, I'll ask you one more time...

She reaches into the OLD TIN CAN and pulls out A HUGE BLACK WIDOW by her back legs. She dangles it front of them.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Again, does anyone feel like snitching?

The girls all shake their heads.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

Shorty closes her hand around the Huge Black Widow, squeezing the life out of the poor innocent spider. A small squeal escapes her clenched fist.

Shorty wipes her hand off on Dulce's white shirt. Tattletale stares at the Black Widow guts on Dulce's shirt.

TATTLETALE

I thought you liked black widows,
Shorty.

Shorty looks at Tattletale, coldly.

SHORTY

I do...

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE

A series of FLASH CUTS go by: first we see Officer Mann pushing her way through a crowd and entering the locker room, where she finds the prone body of Nancy lying on the ground.

-- Nancy's Body being taken out of the gym in a body bag.

-- Ms. Buckwald silencing her class as an announcement is made over the PA. She breaks into tears.

-- All over school, kids look shocked, scared.

-- Dean Shantale shaking her head. Wolf Face sitting quietly in the bus alone, taking it in.

-- Esmerelda, Nancy's little sister, hearing the news and breaking into sobs.

-- Nancy's family, her father and mother, putting flowers on top of Nancy's caskets as Sister Chola reads a eulogy and looks on sadly.

SISTER CHOLA

... All good girls go to heaven.

-- The whole school is there for Nancy's service. Ms Buckwald puts a grade "A" on top of a pile of mementos left by mourners.

-- YELLOW POLICE TAPE being put up around the locker room.

-- Police poking around the locker room, looking for clues. A baffled cop, DETECTIVE MILK, a no-nonsense, cynical cop examines the rusty locker as police dust for prints. He doesn't know what to make of things. He wipes blood off the floor with a Q-Tip, and smells it.

-- Detective Milk stands in front of Shorty's drunken father, as he sways in the doorway, defending his daughter. Detective Milk shows Shorty's Father the extensive "bad girl" school file.

-- As Shorty looks on, putting on an act of complete innocence, Shorty's father angrily slaps the file out of Detective Milk's hands and takes a swig from his beer. The Detective walks away. Shorty smiles.

-- We end the MONTAGE on a shot of Nancy's Grave. Esmerelda is crouched next to it. The tombstone reads: "To live is to die... To die is to live" A COLD ICY WIND blows through the cemetery and blows the flowers away. Esmerelda hugs Nancy's tombstone and kisses it. She wipes her tears and slowly walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MS BUCKWALD'S CLASS -- DAY

It's a few weeks later. Ms Buckwald arrives at her class early in the morning. She's probably the second person on campus. She goes to her desk and begins to go through her ROLL BOOK.

HER FINGER arrives at the name of NANCY HERNANDEZ. Ms Buckwald pauses and takes a deep breath. TEARS well up in her eyes.

MS BUCKWALD

You didn't deserve this, you were a good kid.

Reluctantly, Ms Buckwald takes out a RED PEN. She holds it over Nancy's name for a moment and then cross it out - as she does so, a loud, wrenching SCREECH RINGS OUT - it's like the sound of nails running across a chalkboard. Ms Buckwald jumps!

She turns her head around slowly and sees nothing. Relieved she turns back around and puts a another line through Nancy's name - setting off another terrible SCREECH!

Ms Buckwald whips around and lets out a YELP OF TERROR. It's the chalkboard - A PAIR OF CROSSED CLAW MARKS has appeared on the board in the shape of an "X" - just like the red pen over Nancy's name.

Suddenly, a LOUD BANG is heard. Ms Buckwald spins around to see - a DESKCHAIR lying on it's side, quivering as if it's been knocked over by something.

Ms Buckwald looks around in panic - she senses a presence, but she can't admit it to herself.

Suddenly, the doors of her room fly open! A PACK OF KIDS break the spell as they pile into her first period class.

EXT. LUNCH AREA -- DAY

The Black Widows sit at their customary table, like queens on a throne. Students are coming up to them and giving them "protection" money. It's like they have an even bigger rep now - students know they may have been involved in Nancy's death.

A LITTLE GIRL walks up to Shorty and hands her a crumpled up dollar. Shorty looks at her like "Are you serious?" The Little Girl takes off her watch and hands it over instead.

Shorty gives her a look of approval.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Officer Mann observing the Widows as she talks to Detective Milk.

OFFICER MANN

You don't know them like I do. You should come back with me at night, I'll show you some things that might help your case.

DETECTIVE MILK

Lady, for the last time. I have no evidence. I tried my best.

OFFICER MANN

Your best isn't good enough.

Detective Milk lowers his sunglasses and stares at her.

DETECTIVE MILK

I've been a detective for over fifteen years.

OFFICER MANN

So, what? I've been a High School cop in South Central for twenty. I know rotten kids like you know donuts.

Detective Milk smirks and takes a bite of his donut.

OFFICER MANN (CONT'D)

You wanna get to the bottom of this? I'll see you tonight.

Officer Mann takes Detective Milk's donut and walks away.

ACROSS THE LUNCH AREA

Tattletale watches Officer Mann and Detective Milk walk away. Tattletale zones out, looking scared. Suddenly, Shorty smacks her in the head, snapping her out of it.

SHORTY

Don't worry, Tattletale. Everything's gonna be a snap.

Tattletale nods halfheartedly.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
Widows don't die, we... we... what
do we do?

TATTLETALE
(soft whisper)
... We multiply.

Shorty goes back to gathering her extortion money.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Two POPULAR GIRLS, 8th graders, GENEVA & ZOREY, are standing in the locker room, fixing their hair in the mirror - just a few feet from the spot where they found Nancy's body.

GENEVA
So, you ready for Halloween?

ZOREY
Yeah, I can't wait to dress slutty
and go to the dance.

GENEVA
So what, you gonna be a Zombie Ho?

ZOREY
That's you.

Geneva fake laughs. She glances over at the spot where they found Nancy's body.

GENEVA
Actually... I was thinking of dressing
up like "Nancy"

ZOREY
That's messed up, it's not like even
funny.

GENEVA
I'll be the talk of the whole school.

Zorey crosses herself.

ZOREY
Haven't you ever learned not to talk
bad about the dead. Especially a
girl who was murdered just a couple
weeks ago.

Geneva LAUGHS.

GENEVA

Don't tell me you believe in ghosts
or something?!! That's like so whack-
ass!!!

Geneva ROARS with laughter. Suddenly, there's a LOUD THUMP!
From somewhere inside the locker room. Geneva stops laughing.

ZOREY

What was that?

GENEVA

Oh, it's the ghost!

Geneva goes back to putting her make up on - applying fire red
LIPSTICK to her lips. Zorey still looks scared.

On the other side of the row of lockers, LOCKER NUMBER 374 - the
one that Shorty slammed on Nancy's hand, slowly unlocks on its
own and swings open, making a CREEPY RUSTY CREAKING SOUND.

Zorey hears it, the hairs on the back of her neck stand up.

ZOREY

Can we go like, "now." I'm really
getting freaked out.

GENEVA

Stop being a baby.

Geneva looks at herself in the mirror. FROM GENEVA'S POV IN THE
MIRROR, something darts behind her.

Geneva makes a face and turns around.

ZOREY

What?

Geneva surveys the dim, shadow-filled locker room. She shrugs.

GENEVA

It was nothing.

Geneva turns back to the mirror--

-- THE MIRROR IS NOW COVERED WITH WORDS WRITTEN IN RED LIPSTICK.
IT READS: "Trick or Treat"

Geneva & Zorey yelp and jump back from the mirror! They slip on
something slick and fall on the ground. They look at each other...

... They're both smeared with blood. They look around and see
that the entire floor is covered with blood. It seems to be oozing
out of the floor from the spot where Nancy died.

Geneva and Zorey scream. Suddenly, the blood gushes out of the
floor like a geyser, spraying the locker in crimson fluid.

Geneva and Zorey leap to their feet and run from the locker, howling in terror.

EXT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Geneva and Zorey race out of the Locker Room and run right into Wolf Face - the bus driver - who's walking across campus, eating sunflower seeds.

GENEVA & ZOREY

Oh, my God!!! Wolf Face!! In the
locker room!!! Oh, my God!!!!

Wolf Face tries to calm them down.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

CLOSE ON: THE LOCKER ROOM DOOR, as it slowly creaks open. Wolf Face pokes his head inside.

WOLF FACE

Hello? Yo... somebody in here?

He walks in cautiously, surveying the room--

-- There's nothing amiss. All the blood is now gone. The spot where Nancy died is back to normal. Wolf Face goes over to the sink. The mirror is clean too. Wolf Face picks up Geneva's stick of red lipstick and shakes his head.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)

Dumb kids always freaking themselves
out. I hate halloween. Gives me
the willies.

He walks out of the room, muttering to himself. After he's gone and slams the door, the creepy sound of a RUSTY LOCKER CREAKING OPEN can be heard one last time.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- EVENING

A cold wind howls through the trees as the sun sets over the school.

Detective Milk parks and steps out of his classic old car. He approaches the front entrance of the darkened school, shivering in the cold. Officer Mann is waiting for him, reading a muscle man magazine.

OFFICER MANN

I'm glad you could make it. And on
time.

DETECTIVE MILK
And I'm glad you can read.

He looks over her Muscle Man Magazine.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)
I'm not even gonna ask.

OFFICER MANN
Hey, I'm missing Monday Night Football
for this. You better behave, Mister.
Is "Milk" really your name?

DETECTIVE MILK
It's just a nickname. I'm the whitest
Mexican you'll ever meet.

Officer Mann let's out a manly chortle.

OFFICER MANN
You're kinda stuffed with vanilla -
like a creme-filled donut!

DETECTIVE MILK
Hey.

OFFICER MANN
Sorry.

They start to head inside.

OFFICER MANN (CONT'D)
So... did you bring me any donuts?

EXT. BACK FENCE, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

On the other side of the school...

... The Black Widows hop down from their usual spot. They're
dressed in dark clothes, carrying BACKPACKS. They take a quick
look around to make sure they're alone, then turn to Dulce.

SHORTY
Okay, loca, phase three.

The girls open their backpacks and pull out SPRAY PAINT CANS.
They hand Dulce some cans.

FACE
This is phase three.

Dulce nods and walks over to a bare wall and starts tagging a
HUGE BLACK WIDOW SYMBOL on it. The rest of the Black Widows look
on approvingly.

SHORTY

You have to catch seven tags for everyone to see.

RATITA

Like seven tags for seven widows.

Dulce acknowledges her instructions and sets to work.

MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE DARK SCHOOL

EXT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

Officer Mann and Detective Milk approach the back door. They look at the door.

OFFICER MANN

I got the only master key in the school.

She reaches down to her tool belt where there's an OVERSIZED KEY RING. Officer Mann doesn't grab a key though, she reaches into her pocket and pulls out a...

.. BUTTER KNIFE.

DETECTIVE MILK

(under his breath)

Oh my God, you better not be wasting my time.

Officer Mann sticks the butter knife into the door and pops the lock open with ease. The door swings slowly open to reveal a pitch black LOCKER ROOM.

A COLD DRAFT blows out of the locker room and washes over them, accompanied by a faint howling sound. They crinkle their noses and make faces of disgust.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)

What's that smell? It smells like... death.

OFFICER MANN

I know.

Suddenly, there's a FART SOUND. Detective Milk smirks.

DETECTIVE MILK

Sorry. Too many donuts.

Officer Mann isn't amused.

OFFICER MANN

This isn't a joke.

DETECTIVE MILK

That's right, eight grade killers.
This is freakin' pathetic. If I
don't get answers in ten seconds,
I'm walking out that--

BANG!!! Suddenly, there's a loud sound from inside the locker room. Officer Mann and Detective Milk look at each other. Officer Mann raises a finger to her lips.

OFFICER MANN

Shooosh.

She pulls out her FLASHLIGHT and motions for him to follow her. They head into the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLASSROOM -- NIGHT

Dulce is finishing up another SPIDER TAG on a wall. Shorty turns to her "assistant" Tattletale.

SHORTY

Only two more to go.

Tattletale nods and checks off the number on a NOTE PAD. Shorty snaps her fingers and the girls head off to another part of the school.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- NIGHT

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM breaks the eerie darkness, shining light across a row of lockers. Detective Milk and Officer Mann creep along looking for someone.

BANG!!!

Suddenly, the loud noise rings out again. They begin to inch their way towards the point of origin. They creep around a corner and shine their light, see nothing.

BANG!!!

The sound rings out again. It's coming from behind the next row of lockers. Detective Milk makes army-type hand gestures, indicating that they should split up and come around the row from opposite sides. The two head around the sides of the lockers as another LOUD BANG is heard.

CLOSE ON: the nervous intense faces of MILK AND MANN as they come around each end of the row of lockers. The FLASHLIGHT BEAM shines across the row - just as a LOCKER DOOR slams shut on it's own with a LOUD BANG!

Mann and Milk approach slowly. They arrive at the locker together: it's locker number 374 - the one that Nancy's arm was stuck in. They look at each other. Detective Milk surveys the rusty locker and slowly opens it up...

... Inside is nothing. Just dust and cobwebs. Detective Milk opens and closes the locker door, making it creak.

DETECTIVE MILK

School must be over two hundred years old.

OFFICER MANN

Get some prints.

Detective Milk pulls some TALCUM POWDER out of his pocket and spreads some dust around the locker. While he's doing his finger print test...

WE CUT TO:

A POV SHOT FROM AN ANGLE HIGH ABOVE THEM - IT APPEARS TO ALMOST BE THE VIEW OF SOMETHING FLOATING IN THE AIR.

The "Viewer" watches them, and then, slowly starts to move closer, descending unnoticed on Mann and Milk.

CLOSE ON: Officer Mann, she shivers.

OFFICER MANN

It's getting kinda cold in here.

DETECTIVE MILK

I'm telling you, it's these old schools.

CUT TO: THE FLOATING POV, it's moving closer and closer sneaking up behind Officer Mann. It's right behind her now.

Detective Milk pulls a PIECE OF TAPE off the rusty old locker. He examines it - a FINGER PRINT is clearly visible.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)

Got it. Our work here is done.

OFFICER MANN

Good.

They turn to leave, just then then hear a CLINK SOUND landing on the floor nearby. Officer Mann and Detective Milk both jump! They look about, Detective Milk looks bewildered. He starts to walk backwards, studying the room...

... Suddenly, his foot steps on something. There's a METALLIC CRUNK SOUND. Officer Mann shines her flashlight beam down to the floor... and sees something shiny flicker in the darkness.

DETECTIVE MILK

What's that?

Officer Mann walks over and picks the SMALL OBJECT UP. She looks it over.

OFFICER MANN

I don't believe it.

DETECTIVE MILK

What?

She holds the object up - IT'S A SMALL METAL WHISTLE.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)

It's just a stupid whistle.

Officer Mann looks spooked, however, as she studies the object in the light.

OFFICER MANN

Oh no, Detective Milk, this just isn't any whistle. It belongs to...

She twirls the whistle around to reveal a set of ENGRAVED INITIALS "NH"

OFFICER MANN (CONT'D)

... Nancy Hernandez.

DETECTIVE MILK

Nancy?

OFFICER MANN

I swear she was buried with this. Her little sister put it in her coffin.

DETECTIVE MILK

(skeptical)

"NH" could stand for anything.

Officer Mann gives him a look like "such as?"

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)

Uhh... Nacho Hero? Natilee Hoffman?
Nagasaki Hiroshima? Or, uhh... uhh...
"not here?"

Just then, Officer Mann's flashlight flickers and dies, plunging them into darkness. In the pitch blackness, a faint FEMALE VOICE can be heard, whispering...

FAINT FEMALE VOICE
*...Some good girls ...don't go to
 heaven...*

CUT TO:

EXT. FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

The Black Widow let out a YELL as A ROACH runs between their feet.

RATITA
 It's just a cockroach you scaredies!

FACE
 Hey, it's your cousin, Roach.

Roach let's out a mock laugh.

ROACH
 Ha, ha, ha, very funny.

RATITA
 Come on, I've been to your crib.
 You got so many roaches up in there
 they probably pay rent.

ROACH
 So what, Ratita? Yo mamma's so fat
 if she wears a yellow rain coat she
 gets mistaken for a taxi cab.

RATITA
 Yo momma is a taxi cab!

FACE
 Ooooh.

ROACH
 Whatever, Face. Your momma's so old
 she dated Jesus.

Pollita lets out one of her "chicken" laughs.

POLLITA
 Yo momma jokes are cool! Heheheheh!

ROACH
 What you laughing 'bout? Yo momma's
 such a slut that she has her own
 channel, H-B-Hooooe!

Dulce laughs.

ROACH (CONT'D)
 Oh you want some of this?

DULCE

I didn't say anything. I ain't got a momma.

ROACH

That's right, 'cause your father's so gay you came out of his butt.

DULCE

Well, your momma's so ugly she looks like a man.

ROACH

Well your momma is a man.

Finally, Shorty jumps in with the coup de grace. She gets in Roach's face and says:

SHORTY

Oh yeah? Well your momma's so fat, that bitch got stuck on My Space.

EVERYONE

Ooooooh.

Shorty SNAPS her fingers.

SHORTY

Let's move it bitches. Dulce's got one more tag to do.

They start to head out, moving towards the GYM. Dulce checks her spray can.

DULCE

Shit, this can is empty.

RATITA

I got one.

Ratita reaches into her back pack to retrieve a fresh can, but instead let's out a small, startled yelp.

SHORTY

What? What is it?

Ratita looks spooked. She slowly pulls a GREEN HALL MONITOR VEST out of her bag - it's the same type of vest that Nancy always wore.

RATITA

It's a green vest, just like the one that belonged to what's her face. You know that girl?

Ratita makes the death sign across her neck. The Black Widows all look at each other.

FACE

How the hell did that get in there?

RATITA

I don't know...

(to Shorty)

Did you put this in my bag to freak me out?

Shorty shakes her head.

SHORTY

Nu-uh. But that is freaky.

(to group)

Is someone playin' games?

The Widows all shake their heads.

TATTLETALE

That's really weird...

No one knows what to say - they're all silent for a moment

TATTLETALE (CONT'D)

H-Hey do you guys believe in spirits?

They all look at each other, unsure.

RATITA

Shut up, Tattletale. Widows don't believe in ghosts.

Ratita throws the vest into a nearby garbage can.

TATTLETALE

I was just sayin'.

SHORTY

Zip it.

Just then, the door to the GYM swings wide open. Officer Mann and Detective Milk step out, in mid-conversation.

DETECTIVE MILK

... I still say you're playing games.

OFFICER MANN

Come on, why would I do that? I already told you three times it wasn't me.

Shorty sees Milk and Mann before they see them.

SHORTY

Shit! Five-O!! Hit it!

The Black Widows turn and run. Detective Milk and Officer Mann hear their FOOTSTEPS. They look up and see SHADOWS playing across a wall.

OFFICER MANN
(yelling)
Hey you!! Stop!!!

Officer Mann takes off running after the Black Widows. Detective Milk is right behind her.

The Black Widows dash around a corner and break into the darkness of the school hallways, each one running in a different direction.

Officer Mann and Detective Milk stick with Shorty, chasing her across the campus. But they're no match for the Widows who know every short cut and secret hiding place in the school.

Shorty leads them on a wild goose chase to the far side of the campus...

... MEANWHILE, a cautious Ratita slinks out from inside a trash can. She's alone. All the other Widows are gone.

Ratita climbs out of the can and looks around. She dusts herself off and starts to walk out of the school.

RATITA
(muttering)
Stupid pigs. The only thing you
guys are catching is my dust.

Ratita starts to make her exit. As she walks along a long, dimly lit hallway, suddenly, she HEARS THE SOUND OF FAINT FOOTSTEPS CREEPING BEHIND HER.

Ratita whirls around--

-- There's no one there. The hallway is empty. Ratita stares down the empty hallway, a little spooked.

She turns back around and starts to walk again... faintly she hears the SOUND OF CREEPING FOOTSTEPS again. She spins around. Nothing. Now she's spooked. She lets out a nervous laugh.

RATITA (CONT'D)
Heh, heh, ghosts... yeah right.
Only in the movies.

Ratita turns around and starts to walk again. Then suddenly, she hears the CREEPY SOUND OF A RUSTY LOCKER DOOR SLOWLY OPENING AND CLOSING from somewhere behind her.

RATITA (CONT'D)
I-I didn't hear anything. It's
nothing. It's in my h-head.

BANG!! The sound of a locker door slamming shut rings out right behind her. Ratita jumps. Screams. And breaks into a sprint. She runs in a mad panic down the hallway. Footsteps trailing behind her. She dashes into the UNLOCKED GIRLS BATHROOM and slams the door behind her.

INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Ratita slams the door and holds it tight, barricading it with her body. She pants for breath.

RATITA
... This isn't happening. This isn't
happening. This is a bad dream.

She lifts one eye open and pinches herself. Nope. She's awake.

RATITA (CONT'D)
Shit!

She puts her ear to the door and listens... through the door she hears A FAINT CREEPY SOUNDING FEMALE VOICE.

FAINT FEMALE VOICE
*Hey... Ratita... why'd you do me
like that?*

Ratita almost pees on herself.

RATITA
W-who is it? Who's there?!!

There's no answer at first. Then, she hears the WHISPERY VOICE saying a sing-songy taunt.

FAINT FEMALE VOICE
*... Nancy Wansy, you're so fancy...
Nancy Wansy, you're a pansy... Now
Ratita is full of dread, Ratita-
tita... now you're DEAD!!!*

Ratita covers her ears.

RATITA
Stop it!!!

Ratita looks up and spots an LARGE BROKEN AIR VENT. Ratita reaches up and unscrews the last screw with her thick black nail. She lifts up the air vent grill and crawls inside.

INT. AIR VENT, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

The air vent shaft is very narrow, in fact, Ratita has to put her arms down along her sides just to squeeze in. Once inside she starts to wiggle up the tight shaft.

RATITA

(to herself)

Oh my God... I'll make it to the
gym... then, I'm safe!

Suddenly, Ratita gets stuck. She can't move. She struggles to wiggle herself free, but can't move an inch. The tight shaft is holding her in place, with her arms at her side, trapped.

Out of nowhere, the CREEPY VOICE whispers to her again from somewhere in the darkness.

FAINT FEMALE VOICE

*Ratita... looks like you're caught...
like a rat... in a trap.*

Ratita starts to panic. She struggles desperately to free herself, but it's no use. Suddenly, she sees something moving around in the dim light of the air shaft just ahead of her. It scurries into a pool of light, just shy of Ratita's face...

... IT'S HUGE, FILTHY RAT! Ratita gasps. The Huge Rat approaches her slowly, crawling right up to her nose. It sniffs her. Then rocks it's furry head back and forth, considering the scent.

The Rat bares it's large, needle like teeth, as if smiling at Ratita and then - CHOMP!!! The huge Rat takes a big, juicy bite out of her nose. Blood shoots out! Ratita screams at the top of her lungs - perhaps hoping to scare the Rat away, but it's no good! The Rat takes a bite out of her eye. Blood gushes out!

The Rat then forcefully pulls the eyeball out, leaving a trail of goo in it's wake. Then the Rat goes for the other eye, chewing it down in seconds. Eyeless, Ratita whips her head around in a mad frenzy, trying to knock the Rat away.

But from down the air shaft come more hungry RODENTS. The Rats race up to Ratita and leap on her face, chewing away. Two RATS jump into her eye sockets and start to burrow into her brain.

We PULL BACK on her pitiful cries. The last image we see is a HUGE RAT walking away with one of Ratita's eyeballs stuck in it's mouth.

EXT. BACK DOOR, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

The doors to the back entrance burst open and the Black Widows scatter into the dark streets of the neighborhood.

Shortly afterwards, Detective Milk and Officer Mann stumble out the doors, out of breath. They survey the now empty streets - the kids they've been chasing are nowhere to be seen.

DETECTIVE MILK

Holy friggin' waffles!

Officer Mann catches her breath and stares down at NANCY'S WHISTLE in her hand. A cold gust of wind blows over them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WALL, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

CLOSE UP on a wall covered with well done Black Widow graffiti. There's a huge CARTOON BLACK WIDOW SPIDER in the middle, surrounded by a WEB with the names of each Black Widow...

... Except now, one name has been crossed out with what looks like red paint - Ratita.

INT. MS. BUCKWALD'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

A modest single bedroom apartment. Ms Buckwald - the new teacher who was nice to Nancy - is in her kitchen, making a quick breakfast as she watches the local morning news on a small portable TV.

A TV ANNOUNCER comes on with a breaking story.

TV ANNOUNCER

... And this just in to TV 8, another tragedy at a local High School . Thirteen year old Bonita Morales of Watts was found dead in what police are describing as an "accidental tragedy" on the campus of Felipe H High School . Young Bonita was apparently found eaten alive by rodents.

Footage of Felipe H High School with paramedics taking a body bag out is seen.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Viewers might recall that this is the same south Los Angeles High School where another student, Nancy Hernandez, was found beaten to death just two weeks ago. Prompting some in the community to call for a special investigation. However, one school official stated, quote "a bunch of rats just went crazy on her ass" unquote.

The TV Announcer smiles as he changes the subject.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Anyhow, now for a traffic update with Gridlock Gary - he'll be giving you 101 reasons not to take the 101-

Ms Buckwald flips the TV off. She shakes her head, like she can't believe it.

INT. SCHOOL BUS, IDLING, SOUTH LA 'HOOD -- MORNING

Wolf Face, the bus driver, looks up as Shorty climbs on the bus. Shorty looks upset - obviously she's heard the news about Ratita.

WOLF FACE

Hey Shorty, tough break. Sorry.

Shorty nods and heads for the back of the bus where the other Widows are waiting. She takes a seat next to Face.

Tattletale is crying. Shorty slaps her across the face.

SHORTY

We don't show our tears.

DULCE

It's just so weird, how could she get eaten by rats?

SHORTY

This is South Central, anything goes.

ROACH

Yeah, even our rats are crazy.

INT. OFFICER MANN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

The Black Widows are all lined up in a row as Officer Mann walks down the line staring them down. She holds a CAN OF SPRAY PAINT in her hands. Detective Milk looks on.

OFFICER MANN

I'm not saying it was you guys, but I know it was you guys.

SHORTY

Oh yeah? How you figure, crazy lady?

OFFICER MANN

'Cause, I've been doing this job since before your momma had a one night stand.

FACE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Why don't you go find yourself a girlfriend and leave us alone.

Officer Mann gets in their faces.

OFFICER MANN

You girls think you're pretty tough, but I suggest you stop screwing with your lives, 'cause your friend just (MORE)

OFFICER MANN (CONT'D)
lost hers. And just wait, 'cause
the shit's gonna get crazy around
here and I'm bringing you all down
town.

SHORTY
Ooooooh... that's so scary, I almost
just peed on myself.

Officer Mann slams her fist on the table, her veins are pulsing
on her forehead.

OFFICER MANN
Get the hell out of here!

The Black Widows march defiantly out of the office. After they're
gone Detective Milk turns to Officer Mann, shaking his head.

DETECTIVE MILK
I knew it.

OFFICER MANN
What?

DETECTIVE MILK
This is a waste of time. You guys
are all nuts.

OFFICER MANN
... But the whistle?

DETECTIVE MILK
Why don't you use it to blow yourself
to reality. You got a girl eaten by
rats, what you need is an exterminator
not a detective, lady.

Detective Milk heads for the door.

OFFICER MANN
But if anything pops up, I can still
call you, right?

DETECTIVE MILK
Yeah, check in with me, the day
after... never.

He turns and slams the door. Officer Mann slumps, feeling
defeated.

INT. MS BUCKWALD'S CLASS -- DAY

The Black Widows are sitting in class, doing their regular
classroom activities - goofing off. Face is busy looking at
herself in her mini-mirror putting on make up.

Ms Buckwald quiets the class.

MS BUCKWALD

So what does this mean? What does this all come down to? Taking a life of another person. Now, I'm smart enough to know that Nancy Hernandez didn't slip on a banana peel and Ratita wasn't killed by accident. But what I do know, is that the respect you have for your fellow classmates is pretty much all you got when you're in school. So, I don't want you look at the student next to you as a student, but rather as a brother or sister...

Shorty rolls her eyes.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)

So what I want you all to do, from here, on is stick together and watch each other's backs.

FACE

Save it lady, we're not in sixth grade anymore. We're in High School. You know, the "real world."

SHORTY

Yeah, we have places to go and people to see. We can't be bothering with this baby bullshit. So why don't you open your book and do your job.

Ms Buckwald is speechless. She realizes these girls are hopeless. She turns and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CLOCK PASSING THROUGH AN HOUR.

The BELL RINGS. The class leaps to it's feet and heads to the door. Ms Buckwald follows them, shouting encouragements.

MS BUCKWALD

Okay I know we didn't get a lot of work done today, but that's okay. I know we're all still a little shaken about what's happened. But that doesn't mean we still can't get straight A's!

After the class leaves. Ms Buckwald lingers by the door. She looks back into her empty classroom and feels a chill. She doesn't like being alone in here anymore. She walks quickly to her desk, gathers her things, and heads for the door. She stops.

She stares at the DESK where the BLACK WIDOWS SIT, which has been "tagged" - it's now covered with UGLY BLACK GRAFFITI. It says:
"Fuck High School!"

Ms Buckwald feels like she just got punched in the gut.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
Those little bitches.

She discovers the BLACK MARKER they left behind lying on a desk. She snatches it up and tosses it to her desk across the room.

As Ms Buckwald turns to go--

-- We see The BLACK MARKER fly off her desk behind her.

Ms Buckwald stops as she hears the Marker fall and skid across the floor. The hairs on the back of her neck start to rise - she feels the "Presence" again. Right behind her.

She turns slowly around...

... The room behind her is empty. Then she sees a NEARBY DESK. it's been freshly tagged -

"ONE SPIDER DOWN - SIX TO GO!" It says.

The Black Marker - that was just on her desk across the room - is sitting neatly on the side.

Ms Buckwald goes pale. Panic races through her brain. She can't deny this supernatural encounter - but the truth is too much for her. She slowly eyes the room and then rushes out the door.

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

Another dumb class, BORING TEACHER. The Black Widows pass the time socializing. Face looks at herself in the mirror.

FACE
(to herself)
Yo, you too good for TV, girl.

She blows herself a kiss. Face reaches in her backpack for some fresh lipstick, as she opens the bag, her eyes go wide. She lets out a surprised yelp.

TATTLETALE
What is it?

Face opens up her bag wide and shows her.

FACE
Look.

INSIDE THE BACKPACK, is the GREEN VEST - the same one that Ratita saw just before her untimely demise.

TATTLETALE

Oh my God... that's like the same vest that Nancy girl used to wear.

SHORTY

What's that doing in your bag?

FACE

I-I don't know. Maybe we shop at the same store.

They look at each other like "what the hell is going on?"

Face looks over at Nancy Hernandez's empty seat. Sweat starts to run down her face. She looks back at the green vest, getting nervous. Suddenly, she gets up and dashes out of the classroom.

EXT. CAMPUS, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Face walks quickly down the empty hallways, feeling a little nervous. She gets a funny feeling that someone is behind her. Face whips around, but sees no one.

Now, she's a little spooked. She runs over to the WOODSHOP and pulls out a stolen MASTER KEY from her pocket.

She opens the door and dashes inside.

INT. WOODSHOP -- DAY

Face slams the door behind her. The big woodshop room is empty - this is a conference period, no one is around.

Small wood projects are laying around the work benches of the room, they're miniature TIKI MASKS.

Face walks quietly through the big empty room, feeling a chill as goosebumps rise on her arms. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her little mirror and looks at herself - somehow staring at herself makes her feel better.

FACE

See beautiful, everything is gonna be fine, it's just in you head silly girl.

Suddenly, she hears a sound - A RUSTY LOCKER DOOR CREAKING SLOWLY OPEN AND CLOSED. Face stops and lowers her little mirror. Her heart is pounding.

She calls out:

FACE (CONT'D)

H-H-Hello...? I-Is somebody there?!

There's no answer. Face walks back over to the door. She opens it a crack and looks out, hoping to see one of her Black Widow buddies. But the hallway outside is empty.

Face closes the door and turns around-

AND SCREAMS!!! Staring her in the face is the hideous looking CORPSE OF A YOUNG GIRL - it's hard to tell who it is, but looks disgusting and bloody.

Face yells her lungs out and falls backwards on the ground. Everything goes BLACK.

A second later, Face open her eyes. She looks around, she's laying on the ground in the middle of the woodshop, the "vision" of the ghost is gone. Face takes a deep breath.

FACE (CONT'D)

Oh my God...

Face moves to get up, but something's wrong. She tries again, but can't seem to sit up. Face tries to look around, but can't move her head. Her eyes catch sight of her little mirror. In the reflection Face looks back and sees...

THAT SHE HAS FALLEN INTO A PUDDLE OF WOOD GLUE, SHE'S GLUED TO THE FLOOR OF THE WOODSHOP.

Face tries to free herself, but it's no use, the glue holds her fast to the floor. Face looks back in the mirror - for a second, she sees the ghostly image hovering over her.

Face gasps and looks back in the mirror - and now it's gone. This happens three times and then the ghost disappears again.

Face screams for help, but no one hears her.

CUT TO: A POV ABOVE FACE, looking down at her. From this perspective we hear A WHISPERY VOICE suddenly call out:

WHISPERY VOICE

Hey Face... why'd you do me like that?

Face is too terrified to answer. Just then, a NAIL GUN near Face starts to rattle and move, it takes aim on it's own and fires!

THUNK!

Two BRIDGE NAILS (the ones connected by a small piece of metal) stick in the flap of skin across Face's forehead. Blood trickles down into Face's mouth. She tastes it.

Suddenly, a ghostly hand grabs the nails sticking out of Face's forehead.

WHISPERY VOICE (CONT'D)

Uno... dos... tres... say goodbye to
your little face!

RIIIIIIPPPPP!!! The ghostly hand yanks down on the two nails,
which rip the skin right off of Face's skull, pulling her entire
face right off!!

Face's faceless face looks at itself in the little mirror and
let's out a hideous howl.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

The door to the woodshop swings open. MR WOOD - the woodshop
teacher enters the room, carrying his lunch, humming a song to
himself.

Mr Wood puts his lunch down. He takes out his sandwich and is
about to take a bite when he notices something drips down onto
his sandwich.

He looks at it - it's A DROP OF RED LIQUID soaking into his rye
bread. Mr Wood puts his finger in it and tastes it. He makes a
face. Mr Wood looks up and sees...

... Above his desk is a row of miniature TIKI MASKS hanging from
hooks in the ceiling. Right above his sandwich is: FACE'S FACE
hanging from a hook, dripping blood.

EXT. GREEN HOUSE, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

The Black Widows are gathered together in their favorite spot,
smoking cigarettes. As they light up, Pollita looks around.

POLLITA

Hey, has anyone seen Face lately?

ROACH

Not since she ran out of class.

POLLITA

Oh, okay, 'cause she was supposed to
help me steal somebody's homework.

Hiding deep inside the hood of her pullover, Tattletale speaks.

TATTLETALE

You know like I'm getting freaked
out. 'Cause like Face found that
green vest in her bag and now she's
gone. Something smells rotten at
Felipe H High School .

SHORTY

Yeah, it's your breath. Your crooked teeth are so yellow you could butter a loaf of bread.

TATTLETALE

No, for real. I'm getting a weird feeling. You guys believe in after-life spirits?

Shorty explodes.

SHORTY

For the last last friggin' last time! There's no such thing as ghosts! What are you gonna believe in next, Snow White?!!! The only thing rotten in this school, is Roach's crusty underwear!!

Shorty looks over at Dulce - sucking on a BLOW POP. She slaps the Blow Pop out of Dulce's hand.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

And friggin' candy Dulce! You're a Black Widow not a stinking Girlscout!!!

Short shoves a cigarette in Dulce mouth.

DULCE

But I really don't smoke.

SHORTY

You do now - and you'll like it.

Shorty lights the cigarette. Dulce takes a tentative puff. Shorty gives her the "evil eye." Dulce gulps and takes a BIG DRAG. Her eyes bulge. She starts coughing like crazy.

Pollita and Roach laugh like Hyenas. Shorty slaps Dulce on the back.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

That-a-girl.

ROACH

(re: the coughing)

That happened to me the first time.

POLLITA

When was that?

ROACH

When I was six and had my first drink.

TATTLETALE

Shorty... you know I'd never go against you, but there is something really bad going down in this school. And I don't mean us.

Shorty thinks about this.

SHORTY

I don't believe in that mumbo-jumbo. But... what if I did believe in that mumbo-jumbo?

Everyone looks at each other, not knowing what that would mean.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

I'm not saying I believe in ghosts, but if I did... let's just say I did. How would we get rid of it?

The Black Widows shrug - no one knows.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Well, whatever it is, let's just stick together.

They all put their hands together and say in unison.

BLACK WIDOWS

All for one... and all for death!

The Black Widows nod in evil agreement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HALLWAY, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

The Black Widows walk along the back hallways headed back to class. Dulce is still coughing from her first cigarette.

Roach leans in to Dulce and whispers quietly to her:

ROACH

Hey umm... I didn't wanna say anything in front of Shorty, but uhhh... I heard they were installing new candy machines today.

Dulce perks up.

DULCE

No shit?

Roach nods. Dulce winks at Roach and hands her the rest of her cigarettes.

DULCE (CONT'D)
Yo, I'll catch up with you guys on
the PE field.

SHORTY
See you later, player hater.

Dulce peels away from the group and heads to the LUNCH AREA.

LUNCH AREA

As Dulce arrives, she sees WORKMEN lowering a HUGE, BRAND NEW
CANDY MACHINE onto the ground.

Dulce has to still her beating heart.

CLOSE ON THE CANDY MACHINE: it's filled with sugar-laced treats
of every variety, all wrapped in colorful kid-enticing packages.

DULCE
Oooh... that's what I'm talking about.

Dulce runs over to the Candy Machine. She crosses herself and
looks up at the sky.

DULCE (CONT'D)
Thank you, Jesus.

As the Workmen depart, Dulce pulls out a handful of change and
surveys the candy choices through the glass front window of the
machine. It all looks so good, it's hard for her to make a
decision. Then she sees it. A DOUBLE BLOW POP WITH A LIGHT BULB
INSIDE!!

DULCE (CONT'D)
Holy Mary Mother of God! The "Double
Trouble Blow Bubble With A Candy
Light Bulb!" I thought they only
had these in Tijuana!

Beneath that is a GIANT JALEPEN0 PEPPER crusted with SUGAR and
CHOCOLATE.

DULCE (CONT'D)
The "Grande-Choco-Chile-Slide!" I
thought these only existed in my
dreams!
(to the candy)
My grandmother used to tell me about
you. She said if I behaved, did all
my homework, and got good grades, I
could have you one day. Even though
that's never happened, I'm still
gonna have you.

Dulce checks the price - it's only 25 cents.

DULCE (CONT'D)
 Dag, Abuelita! It's only a quarter,
 why the big fuss? Mean ol' lady.

Dulce pumps her change into the machine and pushes the code buttons. As she waits, and ICY WIND blows over her, making her shiver.

The Candy Machine starts to dispense her candy - bright lights and music starts to play. The Candies start to move forward to the drop off point...

... Then, suddenly, everything comes to a stop as the Candy Machine goes dead. Dulce stares at her candy hanging on hooks, frozen just above the drop off point.

DULCE (CONT'D)
 What the fu--

Dulce peeks around behind the machine, checking the plug - but the machine is still plugged in. Dulce goes crazy throwing a tantrum; smacking the machine, punching it, kicking it - trying to bring it back to life, but it's no use.

Frustrated, Dulce finally kneels down and sticks her arm in the candy door. She digs her arm inside wiggling her fingers upward in an attempt to grab hold of the dangling goodies.

She reaches further and further inside. Almost there, but not quite. She then forces her head inside the opening. Now her fingers can almost reach the candy...

... Suddenly, the machine comes back to life. The Candy theme MUSIC PLAYS. The Candy drops into Dulce's hand. She grins in triumph.

DULCE (CONT'D)
 (to candy)
 Got ya!

But just then, Dulce hears a strange WHISPERY VOICE speaking into her ear.

WHISPERY VOICE
Hey, Dulce... why'd you do me like that?

Dulce looks around, freaked out.

DULCE
 W-who said that?

Dulce tries to get out of the machine, but she can't - she's stuck. As she struggles, the VOICE speaks to her again.

WHISPERY VOICE
Dulce... you're so sweet.

Suddenly, the candy starts to rain down on Dulce, pelting her like rocks. Dulce yelps in pain, but can do nothing to free herself.

Then, the METAL RINGS that dispense candy start to whirl around like electric drills, they move forward and embed themselves into Dulce's head.

Dulce screams in agony as the Metal Rings drive themselves deeply into her skull. Once the Metal Rings have gotten a good grip on her, they begin to spin her body (which is still half in and out of the machine) around like a top.

After they've spun around her a few times, the rings suddenly yank her forward, slamming her body halfway into the mouth of the machine.

Then, in a quick gulp the machine sucks her entire body inside, devouring her in a bone crushing slurp. Once Dulce is gone, everything returns to normal. The machine is quiet.

CLOSE ON the MACHINE'S LOGO: "Candy - Full Of Life!!"

EXT. WALL, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

We see the BLACK WIDOW LOGO - now with two more names crossed off with red paint, "Face" & "Dulce."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

PARAMEDICS walk out the front entrance, carrying a BODY BAG that contains Face's remains.

Police and school officials hold students and teachers back. The Black Widows look on, bummed out.

Officer Mann watches the body bag go by, nodding her head - this doesn't surprise her. She gets on her CELL PHONE.

We hear a message on the line.

DETECTIVE MILK'S VOICE
Hello, you've reached Detective Angelo Milk, I'm currently in the middle of fighting crime. If you have a crime to report, or wanna snitch on someone who's committed a crime, please call somebody else - cause I'm a "Dik!"

BEEP!

OFFICER MANN
(into phone)
True that.
(MORE)

OFFICER MANN (CONT'D)

Listen, Milk hold onto your cookies, I need you back here at the school asap. A girl lost her face - literally. By the way, I did some of my own investigation work. I didn't realize you were on probation for running over your precinct's K9. Sounds like you need another notch on your belt and it looks like this is the perfect case to bring you back on top. Unless you're thinking about cracking the OJ case. So, get your butt down here, or I'll sick my dogs on ya! Revenge is a bitch ain't it? And so am I.

CLICK! Officer Mann hangs up.

INT. SHORTY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Shorty is typing furiously on her computer, searching for something. She looks spooked. She picks up her phone and dials various numbers.

INTERCUT WITH THE OTHER BLACK WIDOWS ON THEIR PHONES - as each one answers her phone, her face POPS UP ON A BOX ON THE SCREEN.

SHORTY

So, it looks like it's down to the last four.

Tattletale is in tears.

TATTLETALE

You see, I told you!!!

SHORTY

Tattletale, put yourself back together. It's time for war. I'm gonna make sure nothing happens to the rest of my widows. We ain't going out like punks.

POLLITA

Nancy Hernandez... I never liked that girl. Now that she's dead, I hate her even more.

ROACH

I'm ain't scared of that pinche ghost.

TATTLETALE

Oh yeah? What are you gonna do if the ghost comes tonight Roach.

ROACH

I wish she would, 'cause I would
just blast her ass with my brother's
gatt.

POLLITA

You idiot, you can't shoot her, she's
already dead!!

ROACH

That's cool, 'cuz I'm gonna make her
double-dead!

Pollita slaps head.

POLLITA

You're an idiot!

Roach hangs up.

After she's gone, Pollita shakes her head.

POLLITA (CONT'D)

That girl is stu-pid. Anybody that's
anybody knows you gotta drive a stake
through it's heart to make a real
ghost dead.

TATTLETALE

That's a vampire dumb ass!

POLLITA

Oh.

TATTLETALE

Shorty, what are we gonna do?!!!

Shorty thinks. Just then she hears a BLIP on her computer.

CLOSE ON SHORTY'S COMPUTER SCREEN: A cheesy website with a howling
wolfman graphic appears. The website heading reads: "Fighting
Ghosts, A Survivor's Tale"

SHORTY

What do Widows do in the face of
danger?

POLLITA

I don't know?

CLOSE ON: Shorty's face.

SHORTY

We attack.

Shorty slams her fist down on her COMPUTER MOUSE and starts typing away.

EXT. ROACH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

It's past midnight. The house sits serenely in the moonlight. An ICY WIND kicks up some leaves. A STRAY DOG HOWLS at the moon.

INT. ROACH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Inside her messy, filthy room, Roach is fast asleep in her bed, letting out LOUD SNORES. A MUSIC VIDEO is playing silently on her TV that she forgot to turn off.

Suddenly, Roach begins to toss and turn in her sleep, as if disturbed from a bad dream. Without warning she bolts up wide awake. She looks around, sacred, disoriented, perhaps sensing something.

After surveying her room, she breathes a sigh of relief and starts to settle back into her bed. Then, suddenly, she hears it... A RUSTY CREAKING SOUND, right outside her bedroom door.

A look of recognition crosses Roach's face. She slowly reaches under her bed...

UNDER ROACH'S BED - is an assortment of weapons, knives, brass knuckles, swords, knunchucks, etc, and one SNUB NOSED PISTOL. Roach takes hold of the gun and climbs quietly out of bed.

The CREAKING SOUND is heard once more.

ROACH
(quietly to herself)
You're gonna die again tonight, pinche
ghost. This time I'm gonna kill you
for real.

Roach cocks her gun-

CLICK!

And creeps up to her bedroom door. She listens intently... from the other side of the door she hears the CREEPY CREAKING SOUND AGAIN!

Roach takes a deep breath and readies herself.

ROACH (CONT'D)
Okay, ghost girl, it's on, South
Central style! Uno... dos... tres!

Roach leaps into action! She yanks open her bedroom door and burst into the hallway, ready to shoot!!

HALLWAY

Roach stumbles into a dimly lit corridor, waving her gun, looking for a target. A DARK FIGURE IS CROUCHING nearby.

Roach takes aim with her pistol. But just as she's about to shoot, a puzzled expression crosses her face. The CAMERA PANS DOWN to reveal...

... A SMALL BOY in his tightie-whities, playing with a rusty old FIRE TRUCK TOY. It's her little brother.

Roach's Little Brother stares up at Roach pointing a gun at his head. He slowly moves the Fire Truck back and forth on the carpet - causing the RUSTY WHEELS to make an EERIE CREAKING NOISE.

Roach lowers her gun. And inhales deeply. Her Little Brother considers the gun pointed at his head.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO

Oh yeah?

Roach's Little Bro reaches into a pile of toys and picks up a squirt pistol. He takes aim at his big sister and shoots her in the face with water.

Roach curses as she wipes water out of her eyes.

ROACH

You little punk!! You scared the hell out of me!!!

Roach grabs her Little Brother by his Tightie-Whities and yanks them upward - hoisting her bro in the air, giving him a monster wedgie! Her Little Brother howls in pain and struggles to free himself.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO

Put me down!! Put me down!!!

Roach lets him suffer a little bit before finally letting him go.

ROACH

What are you doing out of bed?!

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO

I was just playing! You-you big, fat, ugly ogre!

ROACH

Playtime's over. Go to bed. You're making me nervous.

Roach lets out a loud "phift!" He picks up his rusty Fire Truck and stomps away, trying to pull the wedgie out of his butt.

Roach shakes her head.

ROACH (CONT'D)

Little punk.

She surveys the hallway. Satisfied the hallway is clear, she lets out a big YAWN.

ROACH (CONT'D)

I need my booty sleep.

Roach turns away and slams the door to her room.

INT. KITCHEN, ROACH'S HOUSE -- MORNING

The sun is just peaking through the windows. Roach's Little Brother staggers into the kitchen, half asleep.

Roach's MOTHER, a non-English speaking Latina woman, is busy getting ready for work.

Roach's Little Bro grabs a BOX OF NO-NAME CEREAL and plops down at the breakfast table. He pours out the Cereal into a bowl, not noticing several LARGE BLACK SQUIRMING OBJECTS that fall into his bowl along with the corn flakes.

CLOSE ON THE BOWL - the Black Objects are clearer now - they're DEAD ROACHES!

Little Bro is too sleepy to notice the bugs in his bowl. He pours a generous amount of milk into the bowl of Roaches and Corn flakes. He sticks his spoon in and takes a big, crunchy bite!

Roach's Mother looks over at her son and then at the BIG PILE OF DISHES in the sink.

ROACH'S MOTHER

(in Spanish)

Where the hell is your sister?

Roach's Little Brother shrugs.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO

Don't look at me.

ROACH'S MOTHER

How many times have I told her not to leave the damn dishes in the sink?! That lazy girl is sleeping in again. Go wake her up, she's going to be late for school.

Roach's Little Bro takes another bite of of cereal and gets up from the table. He walks down the hallway to Roach's room and knocks on the door.

There's no answer.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO
Yo, big ugly! Mom says it's time
for you to get up!

Again, there's no answer.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO (CONT'D)
Come on, stop playing games. Don't
you ever want to graduate?

No answer. Roach's Little Brother opens the door of her room and looks inside.

INSIDE ROACH'S ROOM

Roach is laying underneath the covers of her bed - only her chubby legs are visible. There's movement under the covers - like Roach is half stirring awake.

Roach's Little Brother shakes his head.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO (CONT'D)
Lazy girl.

He walks over to her bed, pushes her, gently trying to rouse her.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO (CONT'D)
Come on, this isn't funny.

There's movement under the covers, but still Roach doesn't rise.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO (CONT'D)
Wake up, you stinking hippo!!

Roach's Little Brother jumps on top of her - but still, she remains in an apparent stupor below the sheets.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO (CONT'D)
That's it!

Roach's Little Brother grabs hold of the sheets.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO (CONT'D)
Abracadabra!

He yanks the sheets back and LETS OUT A EAR SPLITTING CRY OF
TERROR!! Beneath the sheets lies the PRONE BODY of his big sister.
Her arms are out to the side. Her mouth is wide open... and it's
full of squirming, wiggling ROACHES!!!!

There must be hundreds of them, running inside and out of Roach's
lifeless body - so many, in fact, that her entire throat and
stomach is swollen.

Roach is stuffed like a giant roach burrito. Some bugs are
munching on her eye lips, while others dig into her ears.

Most have already begun ripping away at her flesh - her shin bone is already showing.

ROACH'S LITTLE BRO (CONT'D)
MOM!!!!!!!!!!

The Roaches start to crawl off of Roach and scramble towards her Little Brother. As they crawl up his legs he flings them off with both hands.

He grabs a HUGE ROACH off his leg and flings it away. The Huge Roaches hurtles through the air and FLIES INTO THE CAMERA WHERE IT SPLATS!! LEAVING YELLOW-GREEN GOO IN OUR POV.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY -- MORNING

Shorty is printing out a page, while Tattletale and Pollita wait for her - almost guarding her back. No one is saying a word.

As Shorty makes her last copy, Ms Buckwald and her class come into the library.

SHORTY
(to the Black Widows)
Alright girls, let's take this
outside.

They head for the door, and come face to face with Ms Buckwald.

MS BUCKWALD
(surprised)
Oh. Nice to see you girls in school,
for a change.

The Black Widows all smile sweetly.

BLACK WIDOWS
Good morning, Ms Buckwald.

MS BUCKWALD
You're in here looking for books?

SHORTY
That's right. Reading is fundamental.
(slightly devilishly)
Just because we are who we are,
doesn't mean we're not smart.

MS BUCKWALD
That's the spirit.

The Black Widows smile phony grins and shuffle out the door. Ms Buckwald watches them go.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 You never know.

EXT. LIBRARY, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

The Black Widows find a quiet area to talk. Shorty pulls out the copy she made - she's printed a page from a horror website. Featured on the page is a WOLFMAN HOWLING AT THE MOON. The Wolfman looks somewhat familiar.

TATTLETALE
 Hey, that looks like Wolf Face the
 bus driver.

SHORTY
 You better get some glasses. Anyhow,
 let's focus bitches. We're four
 down and three to go. But not if I
 can help it. Look, I did a little
 research last night. I found out
 how to get rid of a ghost...

CUT TO:

INTERCUT BETWEEN SCENE AND-

SHORTY'S FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

Shorty sits in her room, hunched over her computer, taking notes from horror websites.

SHORTY (V.O.)
 ... Although there's a lot of
 "bootleg" theories out there, I found
 one that was legit. All you have to
 do is to get rid of a ghost is throw
 holy water on it. And then it goes
 to heaven or hell or some other place
 besides this dump.

BACK TO SCENE

POLLITA
 Holy water? What's that?

SHORTY
 You know, "Jesus" water.

POLLITA
 I didn't know they had bottled water
 back then.

SHORTY
 Dumb ass.
 (MORE)

SHORTY (CONT'D)

The kind you get from church, like
when they dunk little kids and shit
to help clean their spirits.

POLLITA

Oh yeah.

TATTLETALE

But Shorty, where we going to get
some of that.

Shorty smiles a twisted grin.

SHORTY

Don't worry. I already took care of
that.

She reaches into her pocket pulls out a SMALL VIAL OF WATER marked
with tape "JC." She holds it up to the girls.

TATTLETALE

Where'd you get that?

SHORTY

I jacked it from the church last
night...

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

A BAPTISM is in progress. The Nun, Sister Chola, is assisting a
PRIEST while he says the prayers of baptism over an INFANT. The
family is looking on proudly.

SHORTY (V.O.)

... Yeah I was up in there in God's
house and they were like throwing
water on this little punk. So I
crept up...

In the back, unseen by everyone, Shorty pulls up her hood and
throws down her SKATEBOARD.

SHORTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... And made my move!

In a flash, Shorty skates up and snatches the BOTTLE OF HOLY WATER
right out of the Priest's hands. She skates away as the shocked
family looks on.

Sister Chola gives chase.

SHORTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And would you believe that dumb ass
nun came after me?!

Shorty flies out of the church, jumps some stairs and zips into the night. Sister Chola screams after her:

SISTER CHOLA
Stop, Satan!!!!

Shorty stops and spins around on her Skateboard. She yells back at Sister Chola:

SHORTY
Don't be sweating me, Lady. I got
biz-nass to be handling!!

Shorty spins back around and skates away as Sister Chola stands in shock.

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

SHORTY (CONT'D)
I hate nuns. Anyway, now that we
got our secret weapon, all we need
to do is put it on that bitch school
girl ghost.

TATTLETALE
How we gonna do that? We can't even
see her!

SHORTY
I already thought of that. We're
gonna set a trap.

POLLITA
A trap? Like what? With cheese or
something?

SHORTY
No, like bait on a hook.

Tattletale and Pollita look at each other - they have no idea what that means.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
And the ocean is Felipe H High School.

Pause.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
And Nancy is the big fish about to
be caught.

TATTLETALE
... Umm could you say that again, in
English?

SHORTY

You wanna hurt someone? Go after something they love. Then you'll see how fast she'll be running to us.

Shorty SNAPS her fingers.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Let's boogie.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY -- DAY

Ms Buckwald's class is quietly concentrating on a test. Ms Buckwald passes the time, picking up books. She goes to place a book on the shelf - but as soon as she lets go - the book flies back off the shelf!

Ms Buckwald is startled. She fights her fear and bends down and picks up the book again - IT'S A SCHOOL YEARBOOK. Ms Buckwald flips it open and the pages turn to a page that has Nancy Hernandez's Yearbook picture.

Ms Buckwald stares at the picture for a moment - and then the sweet, honor student's face suddenly changes before her eyes to that of a GRINNING SKULL!

Ms Buckwald YELPS. Sh slams the book shut and shoves it into a space on the shelf. The sound of her slamming the book shut, has alerted her class. Kids are looking up at her curiously.

Ms Buckwald stares at them and they go back to work.

But just then, Ms Buckwald suddenly feels a presence nearby - she looks across the room and sees footprints on the carpet, walking away from her. The door to the library blows up from a cold breeze.

Ms Buckwald takes a deep breath and heads outside - in pursuit of the ghost.

EXT. LIBRARY, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Ms Buckwald exits the library and looks around the empty hallways. She doesn't see anything. A look of "I must be crazy" crosses her face. Then, suddenly, she hears a faint VOICE behind her:

WHISPERY VOICE

Hey, teach...

Ms Buckwald whips around, but there's nothing behind her. Almost starting to cry, Ms Buckwald gathers all her courage.

MS BUCKWALD

What do you want?

She waits for an answer... but none comes. There's a BANG on the wall next to her. Ms Buckwald turns and sees the wall has been "tagged" in red ink: Revenge.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
So, you're gonna keep killing everybody? Is that your plan? Well, that's not the Nancy Hernandez I know!

WHISPERY VOICE
The Nancy you know... is dead.

MS BUCKWALD
It doesn't have to be this way! We can fix things!!

Just then, Dean Shantelle, comes around the corner. She looks at Ms Buckwald and shakes her head.

DEAN SHANTALLE
Cow shit! You can't change these rotten kids, I keep telling you that. So, best be going into your class and teaching those kids like you suppose to instead of talking to yourself in these hallways like a crazy lady.

Ms Buckwald looks embarrassed. She nods and heads back into the library. Dean Shantelle mutters to herself as she walks away.

DEAN SHANTALLE (CONT'D)
That white lady must be losing her mind... she needs to go back to the valley... look like she should be IN High School not teaching it...

As Dead Shantelle walks away, WE PAN over to the "Tag" Nancy left on the wall. The red ink of "Revenge" runs down the wall like dripping blood.

INT. NINTH GRADE CLASSROOM -- DAY

Students are hard at work at their desks. Among them is Nancy's Little Sister ESMERELDA, working hard at her desk. She looks sad as she copies her lesson. She looks over at her NOTEBOOK.

The NOTEBOOK is covered with cheap mall photos of her and Nancy together - with inscriptions that say things like "Sisters Forever"

As Esmerelda stares at pictures of her Sister, she gets choked up. A TEAR DROP falls on one of the photos.

Just then, the classroom door opens up. The TEACHER looks up as Pollita steps into the room. Pollita is all dressed up prim and proper, like she's an honor student.

TEACHER
Can I help you?

POLLITA
I have an office summons for one of
your students.

She hands an OFFICIAL OFFICE SUMMONS to the Teacher. He looks it over and then calls out:

TEACHER
Esmerelda Hernandez?

Esmerelda wipes her watery eyes and looks up.

ESMERELDA
Yes, teacher?

TEACHER
They want you in the Dean's Office
right away.

Esmerelda looks surprised.

ESMERELDA
Oh. Okay.

She gathers her stuff. She walks to the front of the room. Her Teacher hands her the office summons.

TEACHER
You gonna be okay?

Esmerelda nods.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
That a girl.

Esmerelda turns and walks out of the classroom, followed by Pollita.

EXT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

As soon as Pollita and Esmerelda are outside the classroom, Pollita whips out a POTATO SACK and throws it over Esmerelda's head.

She covers her mouth and whisks her away! Pollita drags Esmerelda through the back corridors of the school, until she reaches the infamous JANITOR'S STORAGE ROOM.

Pollita shoves her kidnap victim inside.

INT. JANITOR'S STORAGE AREA -- DAY

Pollita drags Esmerelda through the dank room, past old hoses and trash bins and then through another door that's PAINTED ALL IN BLACK.

They go down a flight of stairs to the underground BASEMENT AREA. Pipes and humming equipment are everywhere in the creepy dark room. Pollita shoves the sacked Esmerelda to the middle of the room and yanks off the potato sack.

Esmerelda falls to the ground, scrapping her knee on the filthy floor. When she looks up, she sees that she's surrounded by the Three surviving Black Widows.

Esmerelda gasps.

ESMERELDA

Who are you? What do you want?

SHORTY

You Nancy's little sister? You know, that school-girl who died?

Esmerelda gets choked up.

ESMERELDA

Yeah. She was best friend too.

SHORTY

Ahhh....

POLLITA

We got a question for you.

SHORTY

What did the fist say to the nose?

ESMERELDA

I-I don't know.

Shorty smiles.

SHORTY

Smack.

SMACK!!! She punches Esmerelda in the face. Esmerelda's head snaps back. She staggers. Blood gushes out of her nose.

Pollita cackles her crazy laugh! Shorty roars too. Only Tattletale doesn't laugh - she's scared and kinda sorry for Esmerelda.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the dingy basement, they hear A CREEPY SQUEAKING SOUND - LIKE A RUSTY LOCKER OPENING AND CLOSING.

All of sudden, the PIPES in the basement start to rattle and hum - clinking and weird noises. A steam pipe bursts open, shooting making out hot steam with a loud whistle.

A RED "EXIT" SIGN explodes in a shower of sparks. A piece of the letter "X" hits Pollita in the arm.

A BROOM flies across the room - just missing Shorty. A WRENCH flies the other way, almost hitting Pollita.

TATTLETALE

She's here!!!

Just then, something heavy and powerful smashes into the Black Door at the top of the stairs. The Door bulges inward and then splinters and flies wide.

LOUD FOOTSTEPS are heard flying down the stairs coming quickly towards them. Shorty reaches into her coat and screams:

SHORTY

NOW!!!

She whips the VIAL OF HOLY WATER and hurls it in the direction that the Footsteps are coming. The vial of Holy Water opens in mid-air and strikes something unseen rushing towards Shorty.

A BRIGHT LIGHT EXPLODES before their eyes. There's a loud BANG! The IMAGE of ghostly looking specter can briefly be seen in the shimmering illumination. Then disappears.

Everything goes silent. The pipes stop rattling. The creaking noises go away - all is calm.

No one can see a thing, however - their pupils are blown out temporarily from the bright light.

Slowly their vision returns to normal. As their eyes adjust, the Black Widows and Esmerelda look around, trying to figure out what just happened.

POLLITA

Is that bitch gone?

Shorty shrugs.

SHORTY

I think so. I don't know. Let's test it.

(calling out)

You want to play games? Show your face, school-girl!

There's no response. Shorty grabs Esmerelda by the hair.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

This is your last chance. I got
your sister here. And I'm giving
you to the count of three to come
out. One Mexico City... Two Mexico
City... Three Mexico City...

Shorty SLAPS Esmerelda across the face. Esmerelda grabs her cheek.
Tears roll down her face. Everyone holds their breath, waiting
for the ghost, but nothing happens.

Finally, Shorty lets out a BIG EVIL LAUGH!

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Ha! Ha! Ha! It worked!! That
bitch is dead! Like for real!!!

The other Black Widows HIGH FIVE Shorty.

POLLITA

Way to go Shorty!!

Tattletale is still spooked.

TATTLETALE

Yeah...

SHORTY

(to the departed ghost)
That's what you get foolin' with the
Widows, be-ach!

POLLITA

Yeah, you're lucky I didn't snap
your little chicken head!

TATTLETALE

(trying to sound tough)
Yeah!

Esmerelda continues to whimper on the floor. Shorty turns her.

SHORTY

Ahhh, boo-oho! Poor little thing.

POLLITA

Too bad your sister expired - like
bad milk!

Pollita lets out her "chicken" laugh.

SHORTY

I feel for you, little girl, I really
do.

(MORE)

SHORTY (CONT'D)

My big sister was stomped to death
right in front of my face when I was
a little bugger just like you. Don't
worry, eh? You'll get over it.

Shorty bends down and holds Esmerelda's face.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

But if you ever tell anyone what
happened here, we'll slice your ass
up like Kraft Cheese.

She SNAPS her fingers.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Now get the hell out of here. We
don't need you no more little girl.

Esmerelda picks herself up off the ground and starts running for
the door. Pollita calls after her.

POLLITA

Hey! P.S. I hope your sister made
it to heaven.

Pollita and Shorty roar with laughter. Tattletale lets out a few
"fake" chuckles.

Esmerelda runs up the stairs and exits.

EXT. HALLWAY, FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Esmerelda bursts out of the janitor's room and takes off running
through the hallways. She's crying her eyes out, her nose
streaming blood.

She runs right out the front entrance of Felipe H High School
and into the streets.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL CITY STREETS -- DAY

The sun is setting over the city. Esmerelda runs through the
streets - running as if her life is at stake - she's wild with
panic and grief. She runs right into traffic, cars almost mow
her down.

After running for blocks and blocks, she finally arrives in her
neighborhood.

She runs past NEIGHBORS who call out "Holas" to her. She bursts
through the gate outside her house and dashes inside.

INT. ESMERELDA'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Esmerelda runs past her MOTHER, who's cooking dinner in the kitchen.

MOTHER

Esmerelda!

Esmerelda stops with her back turned to her mother.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What? No hello?

ESMERELDA

Hey...

MOTHER

Get cleaned up. I made your favorite,
"Super" Mole.

ESMERELDA

Uh-huh.

Esmerelda trudges back to her room and closes the door.
Esmerelda's Mother shrugs.

INT. ESMERELDA'S ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Esmerelda enters and collapses on her bed. She curls up in a ball and starts to cry.

While pathetically sobbing her eyes out, she murmurs:

ESMERELDA

... Nancy... why'd you have to leave
me...?

The room belonged to both her and Nancy. As Esmerelda sobs, the camera pans over to...

... NANCY'S STUFF much of which has still been left in place.
HER SPECIAL HALL MONITOR VEST - with a gold star deputy badge on it, marked with her initials - hangs from a hook.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICER MANN'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Officer Mann is at her desk, looking at student files of the Black Widow Gang on her computer. She looks tired and sleepless.

Detective Milk enters. He's also tired, but pissed - it's obvious he's had a long day.

DETECTIVE MILK

You have exactly one minute to make
your case. And counting...

He looks at his watch.

OFFICER MANN

Okay, I know you think I'm crazy and maybe I am, but that's besides the point. I know my kids. And my kids are dying. Not just the good ones, but the bad ones. Ratita - five years in juvie - dead! Roach - suspended fifty-seven times - dead! Dulce arrested three times before the age of ten - dead! Face - detention, a three life sentence - dead! All bad apples, all suspects in the death of Nancy Hernandez. I'm seeing a pattern here. Somebody is getting payback for Nancy and my gut is telling me it's coming from right inside this school.

Detective Milk looks at her.

DETECTIVE MILK

No dice.

He looks at his watch.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)

Time's up. I'm leaving. Why don't you tell this stuff to someone who cares.

He turns to head for the door. Officer Mann grabs a STAPLER off her desk and throws it at him. It bounces off the wall. Detective Milk stops.

OFFICER MANN

Stop right there... "Milky Way!"

Detective Milk turns around and glares at Officer Mann - that name rings a bell.

DETECTIVE MILK

What did you just call me?

OFFICER MANN

I didn't know that you were Felipe H alumni, Detective Milk.

She holds up a FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK. We see a GEEKY PICTURE of Detective Milk in the 10th grade.

Detective Milk stares at the photo... SMASH CUT TO A FLASHBACK:

FLASHBACK

EXT. QUAD FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Circa 1980, A thirteen year old DETECTIVE MILK is being teased by a group of TOUGH STUDENTS.

STUDENT #1
What's up, bro? Where you going?

YOUNG MILK
Uhh... No where.

The Tough Students grab his BAG and start going through it, looking for valuables.

STUDENT #2
Not so fast, let's see what you got in here.

The Student holds up a bag of MULTI-SIDED DICE and a WIZARD'S HAT.

STUDENT #1
What's this crap?!

YOUNG MILK
Give it back! That's my Dungeon and Dragons accessories!

STUDENT #1
Dungeon and Dragons?!! Oh my God you are such a loser, "Milky Way"!

The Students LAUGH.

STUDENT #2
I like it! It's got a ring to it.
(calling out to other kids)
Yo, check out Milky Way!!!!

Young Detective Milk shakes with anger and humiliation as the OTHER STUDENTS come over and taunt him, shouting:

STUDENTS
Milky way! Milky way!!! Milky way!!

DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. OFFICER MANN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Detective Milk shakes his head remembering the shame. He lights up a cigar.

DETECTIVE MILK
Nobody calls me that anymore.

Officer Mann nods. A moment of deep thought passes between them. Finally, Detective Milk speaks.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)
Alright... you got a deal.

He puts up a finger and shakes it at her.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)
You got me until the clock strikes
midnight on Halloween night.

OFFICER MANN
That's a good detective. I knew
there was a heart beneath all those
donuts.

DETECTIVE MILK
Got any clues for suspects?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT, FELIPE H -- NIGHT

Wolf Face, the bus driver, is walking back into school while talking on his cell phone.

WOLF FACE
(into phone)
Alright, baby, I'll be home in a
flash. Wear my favorite outfit...
nothing! Heh! Heh! Heh!

Wolf Face hangs up and heads into the dark school campus. He walks along the empty corridors, until he arrives at the JANITOR'S OFFICE - the same one where Shorty threw the holy water on Nancy's Ghost.

Wolf Face unlocks the door with the master key and heads into the dark basement area.

INT. JANITOR'S STORAGE AREA -- NIGHT

The room is dark and eerie. Wolf Face walks down the stairs and gets a chill up his back. He sniffs the air, as if sensing something... but he can't make out what it is.

He goes over to his LOCKER and opens the combination, but just then, he stops. Wolf Face looks over and notices a RAG TYPE OBJECT fluttering on top of an air conditioner.

He walks over and examines the raggedy looking object - it's a GREEN VEST - Nancy's green vest. The same one that turned up in the Black Widows Bags.

WOLF FACE

Well, lookie, lookie...

He checks the inscription - the Vest's NAMETAG is marked "Nancy Hernandez."

Suddenly, the LIGHTS come on. Wolf Face looks around startled. At the top of the stairs are Officer Mann and Detective Milk, staring at him with accusing looks.

Detective Milk comes over and takes the Vest from Wolf Face. He looks at the nametag and nods. Officer Mann smiles, triumphantly

OFFICER MANN

The mystery unfolds.

DETECTIVE MILK

(to Wolf Face)

Keeping souvenirs, Wolf Face?

WOLF FACE

What? Are you guys on crack? I just picked this up from the floor. I thought it was a hanky!

DETECTIVE MILK

Hanky my ass! Come on, I heard better lies from OJ.

He grabs Wolf Face and puts his hands behind his back.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)

You're going downtown, "Wolfman." The only one you'll be howling at is the judge.

OFFICER MANN

From a bus driver... I expected so much more.

CUT TO:

INT. FAT JOE'S BURGERS -- NIGHT

Shorty and the other Black Widows are enjoying a snack. Shorty laying out her master plan for the future.

SHORTY

Now that pinche ghost is gone, we're gonna take over this school.

(to Tattletale)

You'll be calling me "Dean" Shorty pretty soon.

POLLITA

Yeah, we're gonna turn this dump into the Widows' inferno. No more half-assed-badass-bitches! It's gonna be so sweet. From now on, I'm gonna do whatever the hell I want. I'm gonna go loco on their asses!

She cackles her weird laugh.

SHORTY

They thought they saw evil before, they ain't seen nothing yet!

Tattletale's eyes drift out the window, where she sees Wolf Face being taken into a POLICE CAR, by Detective Milk and Officer Mann.

Tattletale gasps - and is about to say something, but holds back her tongue. She watches as Wolf Face is driven away and lets out a SIGH.

Shorty notices that Tattletale is bothered by something.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

TATTLETALE

What?

SHORTY

You look all spooked, like you've seen a ghost or something.

Pollita and Shorty laugh hysterically. Only Tattletale doesn't look so amused. Shorty smacks Tattletale on the arm.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Now go get me a coke.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Wolf Face sits at a table with a BRIGHT LIGHT trained on his face. Detective Milk and Officer Mann are his interrogators.

Detective Milk munches on a donut as he speaks.

DETECTIVE MILK

So... just an innocent bus driver, trying to make a living, huh?

WOLF FACE

Exactly.

DETECTIVE MILK

So, you're telling me that's all you do, haul kids around. No side businesses...

Detective Milk slams his hand down on the table and gets in Wolf Face's face.

DETECTIVE MILK (CONT'D)
... Perhaps, an internet business?!

WOLF FACE
What you talking baloney for? I'm a stinking bus driver. Look, if you wouldn't mind, it's my little niece's birthday today, and I got a cake to cut.

Wolf Face looks off into the distance, thinking about it.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)
This year we're gonna have raspberry chocolate delight... um, um umm!

DETECTIVE MILK
If you don't start answering some honest questions, the only cake you'll be eating is a "prison tres leche" - you know what I'm talking about Wolfie?!

Detective Milk SNAPS his fingers. Officer Mann opens up a police file that contains prior arrest info on Wolf Face.

OFFICER MANN
... Arrested for burglary, grand theft auto...

WOLF FACE
Whatever Mann, I already paid my debt to society. I've been clean for years.
(pause)
Literally, four years.

DETECTIVE MILK
Oh, yeah? You wanna explain this?

Detective Milk spins a LAPTOP COMPUTER around. On the screen is a website - the same horror website that Shorty was looking at earlier. The front page features a pop up animation of a HOWLING WOLFMAN that looks exactly like Wolf Face in bad make-up.

WOLF FACE
Ohh... So, I see you went on my site.

Detective Milk and Officer Mann scratch their heads.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)
What you think?

DETECTIVE MILK

I don't get it. We just asked you if you had a secret identity and you denied it.

WOLF FACE

That's not a secret identity, that's my alter-ego. And I wasn't lying! As an international licensed ghost buster, I took an oath to not tell the truth when someone asks me about my alter-ego. So, I'm sorry, I lied, but I was telling the truth.

DETECTIVE MILK

You've been sucking on too many bus fumes.

OFFICER MANN

You know what I think, Wolfie? I think you're nuts and you killed all those Black Widows as part of some sick game.

WOLF FACE

Puh-leeze! You want proof? It doesn't get any more real than this.

He pulls out A BUSINESS CARD and hands it to Detective Milk. The card advertises Wolf Face as a bus driver.

DETECTIVE MILK

Huh?

WOLF FACE

Flip it.

Detective Milk turns the card over - the other side (in black) the card promotes Wolf Face as an expert in the occult.

DETECTIVE MILK

(reading)

Wolf Face After Dark Productions, ghost busting, exorcisms, spiritual cleansing, Chupacabra exterminations, and I also do weddings!

Detective Milk looks at Officer Mann - shakes his head.

OFFICER MANN

I don't believe this guy.

WOLF FACE

You can believe what you want, but let me tell you the real mojo that's going down here, baby cakes.

(MORE)

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)

You got a vengeful spirit roaming your school. And the only way to find out how to get rid of it is by going on my site and paying \$11.95 plus tax. But for you guys - it's free. Just as long as I can make it to my niece's birthday party.

DETECTIVE MILK

Keep talking, Wolf Man.

WOLF FACE

A pissed off ghost is like a kid waiting for a bus who wants to play the latest Playstation Game. They're cranky, agitated. The only way to chill 'em is with Holy Water, which is like the keys to the bus. And as soon as you turn the ignition, the ghost is going straight to Pico blvd.

Detective Milk raises his hand.

DETECTIVE MILK

Wolf Face, what the fuck are you yapping about? What does this all mean?

WOLF FACE

What does any of this mean? Life? Death? The After Life? Homework? Why the Raiders suck?

Officer Mann loses it.

DETECTIVE MILK

No! The ghost!!! You dog faced bastard!!!

WOLF FACE

Oh. Well, shit. What think is - no actually, what I know - is that Shorty tried to get her with holy water. But any real ghost buster knows that the waters of LA are so polluted that good, pure holy water hasn't been available since 1967. There's nothing holy about our holy water.

Wolf Face shakes his head sadly.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)

Now, if you don't mind, I have a cake to cut.

Wolf Face sticks out his hands with the cuffs on them - gesturing for Detective Milk to cut him loose.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)
So, if you're gonna arrest me for
anything, arrest me for being cool.

Detective Milk and Officer Mann look at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Wolf Face trots down the stairs a free man - Detective Milk offers his donut to Officer Mann as they watch him go.

EXT. FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

We see a colorful parade of COSTUMES AND MASKS. KIDS are arriving at school dressed up - it's Halloween.

We see Esmerelda walking with the other kids - she looks a little lost, hanging back, afraid to enter the school where she was beaten the day before.

The BELL RINGS and students go inside. Still, Esmerelda seems hesitant.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

Ms Buckwald drives up and parks. As she climbs out of her car, she looks defeated. She's had enough of this crazy school.

MS BUCKWALD
I must have been crazy taking on
this job.

She flashes a sarcastic smile.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
Thank God it's my last day.

She hears the SCHOOL BELL RING again. She checks her watch.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)
Shit! I'm late.

Ms Buckwald steps out of her car - she's dressed like a catholic school-girl. She rushes through the main entrance, headed towards her class.

Suddenly, she stops and stares. Something has caught her eye... in the distance is a LONE GIRL with her back turned to us. She's wearing a green vest and blowing a whistle. There's a name on the back of the vest: "Nancy Hernandez!"

Ms Buckwald's eyes go wide. She does a double take - from the back the girl looks just like Nancy.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)

Nancy...?!

The Girl doesn't turn around. Ms Buckwald starts walking slowly towards her. When she gets right behind her, she reaches out cautiously and taps her on the shoulder. Suddenly, the Girl turns around, startling Ms Buckwald.

It's Esmerelda, she has a whistle in her mouth and she's wearing a Nancy's Special Gold Star Deputy Vest that was hanging in her room.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)

Esmerelda?

ESMERELDA

Hey, Ms B.

MS BUCKWALD

Isn't that Nancy's vest you're wearing?

ESMERELDA

Yeah, so? It's Halloween. I can dress up like anyone I want. Who's to say the dead don't have feelings like the rest of us.

MS BUCKWALD

Yeah, but still... I'm sure your sister only wants you to be you.

Esmerelda considers this.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)

You wouldn't want anyone doing that to you, right?

Esmerelda nods.

ESMERELDA

You know what? You're right. I guess she's gone. I have to accept that.

MS BUCKWALD

We all do. I know it's hard.

Ms Buckwald gives Esmerelda a hug. After the embrace, Esmerelda hands the vest to Ms Buckwald.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Esmerelda, you'll see her again one day.

ESMERELDA

What do you mean by that? 'Cause
like that other day... I-I thought...
I was just thinking... I thought
maybe...

MS BUCKWALD

That she was nearby?

ESMERELDA

Yeah, I could feel her.

MS BUCKWALD

The dead never really leave us.
They're always right here, right in
our hearts. Think of it like...
like Nancy's in another class and
you'll see her at lunch.

Esmerelda nods, sadly. The BELL RINGS.

MS BUCKWALD (CONT'D)

Darn, I gotta run. And you should
too, hun. And don't forget you can
come to me and talk anytime you want.

ESMERELDA

Thanks, Ms. Buckwald. I'm feeling
better already.

MS BUCKWALD

See you in third period, right?

ESMERELDA

Yeah. See you there.

Ms Buckwald jogs off to her class. Esmerelda hesitates for a moment, thinking about things. After a moment she SIGHS with resignation. She starts to turn to walk away, when, suddenly, a HAND comes over her mouth - stifling a scream.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, FELIPE H -- MORNING

We see a HAND enter frame and begin to spray paint a dingy wall with a GIANT BLACK SPIDER.

The hand belongs to Pollita. Shorty has her hand over Esmerelda's mouth as Tattletale looks on.

SHORTY

Since our sister widows are now
eternally gone. You will be our
eternal slave, as in like forever.

ESMERELDA

Slave? What do I have to do?

SHORTY

Oh your first job as slave is easy.
All you have to do is clean this
bathroom floor...

POLLITA

... With your tongue!

Pollita lets out her sick laugh.

POLLITA (CONT'D)

And you have to give us all your
lunch money, for the rest of your
life.

Esmerelda surveys the disgusting bathroom floor, covered with
dirt, footprints, droppings and other disgusting stuff.

She looks up at Shorty, defiantly.

ESMERELDA

Never, you ugly bully. I'd rather
die than be your slave.

SHORTY

Okay, have it your way.

Shorty pulls out a switchblade knife. She CLICKS it open.
Esmerelda gulps.

Shorty presses the blade against her neck. Esmerelda squints her
eyes holding back her obvious fear.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Like sister like sister... dead.
They're probably gonna bury you right
next to her. Your tombstone is
probably gonna read, "died too young."
Boo-hoo!

Shorty raises up her knife. Esmerelda's eyes bulge. Pollita
smiles. Tattletale can't look and hides inside the hood of her
sweatshirt. Just as Shorty is about to strike, Esmerelda blurts
out:

ESMERELDA

Wait! Don't! Okay-okay... I'll do
it.

Shorty shakes her head.

SHORTY

Too late. You already got my blood
going.

Shorty raises the knife again.

POLLITA
Wait, don't kill her Shorty!

Shorty stops.

POLLITA (CONT'D)
Just cut her ear off.

Shorty thinks about that.

SHORTY
Fine Pollita, but I want you to do
the honors.

POLLITA
Cool. With pleasure.

Shorty hands her knife to Pollita. Shorty grabs Esmerelda and holds her ear out. Pollita gets in position and draws the knife slowly back.

Shorty grins and whispers in Esmerelda's ear.

SHORTY
Poor little girl... they're gonna
call you "one ear Hernandez" from
now on.

Pollita is poised to strike. Just then, the BATHROOM MIRROR behind her starts to shake and rattle. Suddenly, it shatters! Broken glass flies all over the room.

A eerie creaking sound is heard. The pipes inside the walls begin to rumble. Then one by one the sinks turn on by themselves, spraying hot water out.

Hot Steam fills the air, making the bathroom look misty. The bathroom stall doors slam open and shut.

Shorty screams out to Pollita.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
Do it now!!!

Pollita pulls her knife back and brings it down--

-- But just as the knife is about to penetrate Esmerelda's skin, an unseen force stops her blow. Pollita's hand is frozen in mid-air. She struggles to free herself from the invisible grip - but can't, as her hand is twisted backwards. Pollita lets out a cry of pain as her wrist bends awkwardly and the knife falls from her hands.

Just then there's a rumbling beneath their feet. Suddenly the steamy mist parts and a GHOSTLY FIGURE rises out of the floor - the ghost has no legs, only a wispy torso, but we can plainly see that it's NANCY HERNANDEZ.

Nancy turns in the air, looking at all the cowering Black Widows. Esmerelda can't believe her eyes.

ESMERELDA

Nancy!

Shorty reaches into her pocket and whips out her BOTTLE OF HOLY WATER. She flips off the cap. Esmerelda sees her.

ESMERELDA (CONT'D)

No! Leave her alone!!!

But Shorty is too quick. She hurls the Holy Water at the floating ghost. The Holy Water hits the ghost - but instead of driving it away, the Holy Water turns Black!! Like sewer water.

SHORTY

What the fuck?

Shorty looks down and sees the remaining Holy Water in her vial turn black also. She looks up and makes eye contact with the ghost.

NANCY'S GHOST

*Stolen holy water won't work on me...
it's too rotten... just like your
soul, bitch.*

Shorty curses and throws the bottle of corrupted holy water at Nancy - it goes right through her and smashes against the wall.

SHORTY

Damn! RUN!!!

The Black Widows all take off, running out of the bathroom. As they go the bathroom floor rumbles and shakes.

They just make it out the door. Esmerelda looks in wonder and awe at the ghost of her sister. The Ghost looks at her, staring at her... and then let's a small smile creep across her face.

Esmerelda remains frozen in shock as tears roll down her face. She closes her eyes, unable to look.

The Ghost nods, sadly. Suddenly, there's a LOUD WHOOSH! And the misty steam swirls out the window as the Ghost disappears in a flash.

After the Ghost leaves, Esmerelda slowly opens her eyes....

... She looks around and sees the Bathroom is back the way it started - in complete order as if nothing happened.

Esmerelda pulls out A CROSS that's hanging on her neck and holds it tightly. Her face reads confusion and shock.

EXT. FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

The Black Widows run in terror, trying to get away. Shorty and Tattletale head towards the back of bungalows of the school, Pollita goes the other direction.

We stay with Pollita as she runs to the back of the cafeteria and dashes in the back door.

INT. CAFETERIA -- MORNING

WORKERS are busy preparing the day's meal for nutrition. They don't pay any mind to Pollita scrambling around the room.

Pollita spots a good hiding place on top of a high shelf. She starts to climb up, but as she gets near the top, the entire shelf starts to fall over backwards.

Pollita leaps off and catches hold of a LONG PIPE running along the ceiling. She's hanging by her arms in the air. She looks down and sees that right beneath her is a GIANT COOKING POT where the CAFETERIA LADIES are cooking up a batch of french fries in boiling lard. The lard is bubbling and churning below Pollita's feet.

Pollita struggles to swing herself over the big vat of boiling lard, but can't quite manage.

All of sudden, Pollita hears a VOICE WHISPERING to her from somewhere.

NANCY'S GHOST

*Hey... Pollita... why'd you do me
like that?*

Pollita gulps. But then, gets an idea. She lets out a crazy little laugh. And talks to her unseen enemy.

POLLITA

Yo, Nancy, I'm so sorry about what happened. But it's not too late to be part of the Widows. We don't discriminate against dead people.

WHACK! A WOODEN SPOON flies off a rack and hits her in the face. Pollita loses grip of one of her fingers.

POLLITA (CONT'D)

Ouch! Okay, okay, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Suddenly, a METAL SPOON flies off a table and hits her other hand, knocking a few fingers loose.

POLLITA (CONT'D)

Please stop!!

A POT flies into the air and smacks her other hand - knocking a few more fingers loose. Now, Pollita is just hanging on by two little fingers. She's desperate.

POLLITA (CONT'D)

Nancy please!!! It was all Shorty's idea. I was just following orders. We can still be friends! We can run this school! Like they say in the Bible, "Forgive and forget" right?

There's a moment of silence. Then...

NANCY'S GHOST

Ahh... poor Pollita. Hell no!

SMASH!! Two EGGS fly out of a box and strike Pollita in her hands, the yokes run over her fingers, making her lose her grip. She claws at the pole, but it's no use. She falls!

SPLASH!! Pollita lands in the pot of boiling lard. She screams out.

POLLITA

I'm burning! BURNING!!!!

BLUB-BLUB-BLUB - she sinks underneath the surface of the boiling lard.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

A CAFETERIA LADY, holding a big net for scooping out french fries walks up. She approaches the rim of the BIG VAT and looks inside.

She sees what looks like a FRENCH FRY sticking up. The Cafeteria Lady reaches down and breaks off what she thinks is a french fry. She pops in her mouth and munches it down.

CAFETERIA LADY

Ummm, not bad. Just like momma used to make.

The Cafeteria Lady looks down again, and sees something rising up in the swirling bubbles...

... It's Pollita's head! All fried up and cooked with batter - like a chicken fried steak.

The Cafeteria Lady looks down and sees one of Pollita's fried fingers is missing, she realizes that she's holding it in her hand - she's eaten the other half. She stands in a daze for a moment, making sure no one is looking and eats the rest of the finger.

CAFETERIA LADY (CONT'D)
 Yep. Just like momma used to make.

EXT. GREENHOUSE -- MORNING

Shorty and Tattletale are hiding inside, huffing and puffing, catching their breath.

TATTLETALE
 Where's Pollita? Maybe we should go look for her.

SHORTY
 "F" that! She's a Widow. She can take care of herself.

TATTLETALE
 But what if something happened to her. Let's go find her. She's our friend.

SHORTY
 I ain't got no friends.

Suddenly, they hear that CREEPY SOUND OF A LOCKER OPENING AND CLOSING. Shorty shushes Tattletale.

The sound circles the Greenhouse. Tattletale starts to pray.

Suddenly, the door to the Greenhouse swings slowly open. They hear a light thump. The Black Widows jump. Then they hear it again. They jump again. Something is coming to the door...

... It enters. It's a Basketball! It bounces into the Greenhouse and rolls towards them. Shorty breaths a sigh of relief.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
 It's a stupid basket-

Before she can finish her words, the BASKETBALL suddenly flies off the ground and smacks her right in the face. Shorty is knocked backwards into the wall.

Shorty recovers and rubs her jaw. She calls out to the air.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
 Awww! Is that all you got?!

The Basketball flies at Shorty again - but she ducks, the Basketball hits an old glass mirror and smashes it!

Other objects in the Greenhouse: planks, old pots, rakes, etc, begin to shake and rattle. The objects take flight, flying at Shorty. But little Shorty is quick. She uses a METAL TRASH CAN LID as a shield to protect herself.

As Shorty does battle, Tattletale sees an escape route - across the greenhouse is a LADDER that goes up through a hole in the roof. Tattletale runs for it, dodging flying objects as she goes.

Meanwhile, the battle between Shorty and Nancy rages on. Shorty is blocking objects with vigor. She's enjoying the fight. Her blood is boiling.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
You can't get me, bitch! I'm Shorty
one forty, I'll pop a cap in ya if
ya naughty!!!

Suddenly, the objects stop flying around. The Greenhouse grows quiet. Shorty lowers her shield and looks around the dimly lit enclosure.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
Tattletale...?

Shorty slowly turns around and comes face to face with THE GHASTLY FACE OF NANCY'S GHOST! It lets out a hideous SHRIEK!

Shorty screams too - striking the ghost with her shield. She turns on her heels and runs away through the Greenhouse as objects explode behind her.

As Shorty passes beneath the ladder, Tattletale calls out to her:

TATTLETALE
Shorty!! Up here!!

Shorty dashes up the ladder and climbs onto the ROOF.

EXT. ROOF GREENHOUSE -- MORNING

Tattletale helps pull Shorty up. Shorty looks around and sees that the Roof of the Greenhouse extends all the way to the edge of the campus.

SHORTY
Come on!

Shorty starts running towards the edge of the roof with Tattletale right behind her. They arrive at the edge of the roof and look...

... Just beyond the edge is the imposing SCHOOL FENCE - it's very high and lined with sharpened spikes designed to keep taggers out at night. Beyond it the street. Freedom.

Shorty turns to Tattletale.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
Come on girl! We gotta jump the
fence! Hit the street!
(MORE)

SHORTY (CONT'D)

You'll get some more holy water and
we'll come back and waste that bitch's
ass! We'll send her back to hell!!

TATTLETALE

No. Why don't you leave her alone?
She's already dead.

SHORTY

Yo, you better help me if you don't
wanna join her!! Jump!

Tattletale looks at the distance to the fence - it looks like
it's a mile away.

TATTLETALE

We won't make it, Shorty!!! It's
too far!!!

SHORTY

Stop being a pussy!!

Just then, a COLD ICY WIND blows over them. They hear a CREAKING
SOUND of FOOTSTEPS moving across the roof top, coming slowly
towards them.

Shorty and Tattletale hold their breath. A whispery voice calls
out to them.

NANCY'S GHOST

*Hey Shorty.... why'd you do me like
that?*

Rather than be scared, Shorty gets a defiant sneer on her face.
She smiles.

SHORTY

Why'd I do you like that? I'll tell
you why. 'Cause you were lame! You're
nothing but a little punk school
girl and you ain't never gonna get
Shorty! Never!

Shorty whirls around.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Uno... dos... tres...

Shorty bursts into a sprint and races towards the edge of the
roof.

TATTLETALE

Shorty, no!!!

But it's too late. Shorty runs to the edge and jumps off! She flies in SLO-MO through the air, up... and up... and up... and then down! Right into the middle of the spiked fence.

THUMP! Shorty is impaled at the mid-section. The spikes tear through her stomach and come out her back. Shorty lifts her head for a moment, spits out some blood.

SHORTY

I won...

And dies.

BACK ON THE ROOF

Tattletale falls to her knees. Defeated. A cold wind starts to swirl around her.

TATTLETALE

Okay... Nancy... you got me... you
got me. Just kill me quick, alright?
Be gentle. I'm only twelve.

Tattletale closes her eyes and prepares to meet her maker. The Cold Wind Blows her hair up, but nothing happens.

Tattletale opens an eye. Looks around, then quickly shuts it again. Still, nothing happens. The wind swirls up around Tattletale.

NANCY'S GHOST

Tattletale...

TATTLETALE

Y-yes...?

NANCY'S GHOST

... You're okay...

We PULL BACK as the wind kicks up around Tattletale, blowing her hair up over her head.

WOLF FACE (V.O.)

And then the Ghost said to Tattletale,
"I'll let you live, if you tell
everybody what happened." And
Tattletale was like, "I can do that!
I never shut up! I'll tell
everybody!!" And that's what she
did. Tattletale went around telling
everyone what happened and that's
how we know what happened to the
Black Widows...

CUT TO:

INT. BUS, IDLING IN FRONT OF SCHOOL -- MORNING

Wolf Face is holding court to a packed audience of NEW STUDENTS. He's got a few grey hairs now - several years have now passed.

WOLF FACE

... Well, I don't know what happened to Tattletale. Last word on her, was after she did her duty to Nancy, she ran away to Mexico and was never heard from again. And I don't know where they buried Shorty. Probably burned her ashes to hell. Esmerelda went to college and finally became a teacher. And those two fool cops, Milk and Mann...

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- NIGHT

It's pitch dark. Suddenly, we see two FLASHLIGHT BEAMS shine directly toward one another: revealing Detective Milk and Officer Mann - looking at little older - scaring the shit out of each other.

WOLF FACE (V.O.)

... They're still out there looking for clues, trying to solve the case. Dumb asses!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS, IDLING, SOUTH LA 'HOOD -- MORNING

A Kid sticks up his hand in front of Wolf Face.

KID

But wait, Mister Wolf Face, what happened to that white teacher lady?

WOLF FACE

Oh... Ms Buckwald... Well, I heard that she changed her mind about leaving Felipe H High School.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LA -- DAY

We see a SLIGHTLY OLDER MS BUCKWALD teaching a large class - she's in control and confident, she's a great teacher now. Around her neck is a WHISTLE that says "NH"

WOLF FACE (V.O.)

She became a great teacher.

(MORE)

WOLF FACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They say she married a very handsome
 bus driver with a lot of facial hair
 and moved to the barrio.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS, IDLING -- MORNING

Wolf Face hides a little smirk as he scratches his beard -
 revealing a wedding ring on his finger.

WOLF FACE
 Pretty cool.

Then, suddenly, Wolf Face gets quiet and serious again.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)
 But the one thing you little so-and-
 sos gotta know is that if you're
 ever in that locker room, especially
 around sundown, you might hear the
 sound of a rusty locker going...

Wolf Face makes the SOUND OF THE RUSTY LOCKER.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)
 "Sqqqeeeaak!"

The Kids looked horrified, AD-LIBBING comments of fright.

There's one BAD ASS NINTH GRADER who's not impressed.

BAD ASS NINTH GRADER
"Why'd you do me like that?" Come
 on! That's the biggest pile of shit
 I ever heard!! You've been watching
 too many bad horror movies mister!

Wolf Face explodes.

WOLF FACE
 That's it! You kids remember
 something! This is my bus! My rules!
 My mother fucking story! I don't
 give a damn if you believe it or not
 cause it's true. You wanna test me?
 Go ahead. I got props in the
 underworld. You'all seen my website!
 I can call Nancy up on your little
 asses just like that!

He snaps his fingers.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)

So, if any of you make me wait for you again - like today - know what horror lurks right around the corner.

Wolf Face gives the kids a menacing stare.

WOLF FACE (CONT'D)

So we on the same page now?

NEW KIDS

Yes, Mr. Wolf Face.

WOLF FACE

Am I gonna have to wait for you again?

NEW KIDS

No, Mr. Wolf Face.

WOLF FACE

You gonna respect my bus from now on?

NEW KIDS

Yes, Mr. Wolf Face.

WOLF FACE

Good. Now hurry up and get your little bad asses to school.

He opens the bus doors. The NEW KIDS walk slowly out of the bus, a little spooked as they head into Felipe H High School.

INT. FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

The Bad Ass Ninth Grader and his FRIEND walk into a deserted hallway. His friend looks a little hesitant - he's still spooked out.

BAD ASS NINTH GRADER

Hurry up, puto.

The Bad Ass Ninth Grader looks around, and then, pulls out a BLACK MARKER and starts tagging a wall.

BAD ASS NINTH GRADER (CONT'D)

That dumb ass bus driver. He's so full of shit. Just trying to scare us.

FRIEND

Yeah.

BAD ASS NINTH GRADER

Guy's so old he probably doesn't know what he's saying anymore.

FRIEND

Yeah. Old.

Just then, a cold wind blows over them. They hear the SOUND OF A RUSTY LOCKER. The Bad Ass Ninth Grader feels A PRESENCE in the air. Their eyes go wide.

CUT TO:

A WIDE SHOT OF FELIPE H HIGH SCHOOL

We hear a WHISPERY VOICE OFF SCREEN.

NANCY'S GHOST

Why'd you do me like that...?

FADE TO BLACK