

Bad Apples: A Story in Four Seasons

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OPENING CREDITS:

QUEUE: Le Cannibale by Juniore

SLOW MOTION. Clothes fly through the air. Undergarments on the floor, bra straps slipped down a shoulder. Hands on cheeks, Couples making out. Boxers on the floor, Candles being kicked over, rose petals on the ground. Hands in Hair, Hands shyly touching skin.

1 INT. PARTY - NIGHT

1

Suzie stares at her cup, full of some dark liquid. Everyone moves around her, talking and dancing. She stands dormant. Her brow is furrowed, her eyes a little lost. Music blares in the background. Colors glitter off the background.

Suzie wears a zip up jacket in contrast with the partygoers. This clearly isn't her scene.

She gulps, holds her nose and downs the entire thing.

CUT TO:

2 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

2

INSERT:

CHAPTER ONE: Winter (FIRST)

"What was it that my distracted heart most wanted?" Sappho

Suzie slams her locker shut.

The music now comes from her one earbud, so it's slightly muffled and a little imbalanced.

She begins to make her way down the hallway of St. Agnes. The hallway is full of near identical girls, all sporting the same uniform and hairstyle.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Good morning, ladies and welcome to another blessed day here at St. Agnes. Remember that this afternoon the winter play, Romeo and Juliet, will be performed for both St. Agnes and St. Anthony's...

She looks over as she passes the office, she sees a girl being scolded by the Headmistress.

Suzie finds herself staring in peaked interest.

The girl hands over her book to the Headmistress. Suzie tries to make out what the book is but all she can see is two Greek women.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(growing more muffled)

I expect each and every one of you to uphold the principles we hold here at St. Agnes.

The girl looks over her shoulder, catching Suzie's eyes.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

(barely audible)

May God bless you all, and have a glorious day.

CUT TO:

TITLE SCREEN:

"BAD APPLES: A Story in Four Seasons"

CUT TO:

3 INT. ST. AGNES SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - AUDITORIUM - DAY 3

The stage is decorated with typical play stage props. On stage is the play "Romeo and Juliet" being performed.

In the crowd is SUZIE (17), a girl who knows the questions to next week's test more than she knows herself, sitting and watching the play. Amongst the crowd is the rest of the school.

SUZIE (V.O.)

The first time I met Eve she was playing the male lead in the school play for the third year in a row. Which was sort of funny when you remember that the St. Anthony boys also tried out for the part.

EVE (18), an ancient Greek soul stuck in the body of a post-modern existence, stands on stage giving an elaborate, and borderline sensual, performance of her line.

Her white button up has begun to unbutton, revealing her collarbones. She holds the vial of poison, lines spoken to perfection.

EVE

Come, bitter conduct, come,
unsavory guide! Thou desperate
pilot, now at once run on. The
dashing rocks thy seasick weary
bark!

they lock. A smirk paints her lips, and she walks towards the crowd, falling to her knees.

In the wings the teachers look panicked, wandering how to shut down the play without losing dignity. Nothing can be done.

EVE

Here's to my love. O true
apothecary, thy drugs are quick.
Thus, with a kiss I die.

Eve looks away from Suzie, drinking the poison and falling gracefully to the floor.

Suzie's heartrate rises as she watches, she gulps trying to catch her breath.

CUT TO:

4 INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

4

Suzie stands in the back, avoiding nearly everyone. She holds her bag strap on her chest. Her eyes look to the clock, and she internally groans at the slowness of it.

QUINN

Suzie, right? We have Chem
together.

QUINN ABBOTT (17), The botanist with an acute obsession with obscure history, stands with two others. She has a smile on her face.

SUZIE
Oh, yeah. Quinn, right?

QUINN
One and only. Great show, huh? This school blows but I have to admit, the plays are almost redeemable.

Suzie shrugs and clears her throat.

SUZIE
Y-Yeah, lots of good performances.

Quinn smiles.

QUINN
This is Mila, that's Dane.

Quinn points to MILA CHEN (17), An Old Money type with a taste for all life's pleasures, and DANE SABLE-LEXINGTON (18), The sort of boy who would have been a regular at the Gaslight Cafe in its prime.

MILA
Pleasure.

Mila brings Suzie into a polite hug and kisses both her cheeks with a kindness.

Dane shakes her hand and returns to his search of the crowd.

DANE
Where is she?

MILA
Probably getting her ass handed to her by Sister Nancy.

As if on queue the door below the stage opens. Out walks Eve, duffel thrown over her shoulder and school uniform on. She wore only her button up, rolled to the elbows.

SISTER NANCY (60's) shakes her head as she walks behind her.

SISTER NANCY

Pray from your Rosary fourteen times! And pray the Lord looks past your foolishness.

Sister Nancy shakes her head and walks the opposite direction.

EVE

Barely made it out of there alive,
I mean fourteen Rosary prayers?
Pretty sure Nancy thinks I'm the
fucking anti-Christ.

Eve laughs as she runs a hand through her hair. Dane throws his arm around her.

QUINN

Well to be fair you did just
deliver what I think was the most
sensual rendition of Romeo's death
known to modern man.

MILA

I think it's what Shakespeare would
have wanted.

Eve finally catches sight of Suzie, her face breaks off into a smile.

EVE

I remember you, you were the angel
I saw before my death.

Suzie looks as she realizes Eve is talking to her. Suzie blushes and swallows thickly.

QUINN

Oh, Evie, don't scare her away, I
like this one.

MILA

I apologize for her Suzie. She
forgets not everyone is in love
with her.

EVE

You wound me.

DANE

Come on guys are we going to
Starman or not? Lock-in happens in
twenty.

MILA

Please! I need food desperately.

Quinn giggles softly and takes Mila's hand guiding her out of the auditorium. Dane goes to catch up with them leaving Suzie and Eve alone.

EVE

You hungry, angel?

Suzie frowns as Eve raises her brow.

SUZIE

Me?

EVE

Yeah, let me make it up to you for being an ass earlier.

Silence. Both girls look like they want to say something but simply stand awkwardly. Eyes locking, a temptation growing.

DANE (O.C.)

Eve! Come on!

Eve giggles and nods down the hall.

EVE

(whispers eagerly)

Come on princess, it's now or never.

Eve puts her hand out, an offer.

SUZIE (V.O.)

I think I knew, even then, who she was going to be to me. She demanded boldness and I couldn't deny I found satisfaction in giving it to her.

Suzie takes Eve's hand and smiles. The two turn and race down the hall, Suzie watching Eve with awestruck eyes.

CUT TO:

The Starman Diner, a David Bowie inspired 24/7 diner, glows in the dim light of the sunset. Inside, it's almost empty, save a few random customers. At a far table in the corner is the group.

DANE (O.C.)

What does the money machine eat? It eats youth, spontaneity...

DANE (CONT'D)

...life, beauty, and, above all, it eats creativity. It eats quality and shits out quantity.

Dane reads from a leather book entitled "The Beatnik Philosophy". He reads with a maturity and eagerness, gesturing wildly with his hands.

Mila and Quinn listen and share a plate of food. Suzie and Eve sit beside one another, watching on.

EVE

As always an exquisite insight from some long dead sorry sap.

Eve giggles and throws a fry at Dane who catches it in his mouth. He barks laughter.

DANE

Dead or not, doesn't make it less true.

The waitress comes over and sits down milkshakes for everyone, Suzie eyes hers eagerly.

MILA

So, Suzie Q, how come we've never seen you around?

Mila raises a brow and slurps on her milkshake. Suzie frowns, freezing up.

START FLASHBACK:

6 INT. SUZIE'S HOME - MORNING

6

Her mother irons her school uniform on the board. Suzie sits in her slip dress reading through the St. Agnes Academy for Girls booklet.

MISS BRADFORD

This is a fresh start Suzanna, our chance to leave all those nasty little memories behind. You can meet a nice boy and live a nice peaceful life, for the both of us.

SUZIE
Yes, mother.

MISS BRADFORD
And Suzanna
(a beat)
If you ever feel
those...compulsions again.

END FLASHBACK.

Eve's hand catches Suzie's forearm in concern, Suzie's face looks to her and a furrow touches her brow.

MISS LEXINGTON (V.O)
Tell one of the sisters, they will help.

SUZIE
Just transferred here a few months ago, have mostly kept to myself.

MILA
That's too bad, my dear. I think we'd have made great friends.

QUINN
Well, no matter, you're here now. To new friends?

Quinn raises her shake and the group follows. Eve smiles and lets Suzie go.

SUZIE
To new friends.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ST. AGNES - NIGHT

7

The group walks in the night, being careful not to be caught.

EVE
Gonna walk Suzie back, make sure she doesn't get into trouble.

Eve takes Suzie's hand and guides her.

SUZIE
Are we not allowed off school
grounds?

EVE
Not at this hour, I'm afraid I've
lead you to corruption.

Eve looks around the corner and sees its clear.

EVE (CONT'D)
But, I'll get you back to your
tower princess before the dragon
notices, scouts honor.

Suzie looks at her, eyes wide, something blossoms inside as
she is pulled forward by Eve.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ART MUSEUM- REALITY - AFTERNOON 8

Paintings cover the walls of the Art Exhibit, old and new.
Eve stands looking up to a larger-than-life painting of two
renaissance women embracing. One kisses the others palm,
and Eve can practically hear what the day must be like
inside that portrait.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 EXT. PAINTING FANTASY - EVENING 9

Eve looks down and like the painting, Suzie is laying in
her lap reading a book. Eve smiles softly and runs her
fingers through the loose strands of hair. Suzie looks up
and takes Eve's hand kissing the palm.

10 INT. ART MUSEUM - REALTIY - AFTERNOON 10

Eve blinks and she is back in reality. Goosebumps shiver
Eve's skin, her eyes glued to the painting. We see the eyes
of the woman in the painting.

MATCH CUT TO:

11 INT. HEADMISTRESSES OFFICE - AFTERNOON

11

HEADMISTRESS DESTINE (O.S.)

So, how are you settling in here at St. Agnes? Well, I hope?

Suzie sits in front of HEADMISTRESS DESTINE, the sort of woman who cherry picks her bible verses' an Aunt Lydia type, as she looks at Suzie's file. A satisfied look crosses her eyes.

SUZIE

Yes, Headmistress.

HEADMISTRESS DESTINE

But-- I can't help but to have noticed you've found yourself around Miss Lexington-Sable and her circle...including, might I add, that boy from St. Anthony's.

Suzie smiles fondly.

SUZIE

Yes, Headmistress, they're my friends. They're really nice.

Suzie smiles and shrugs. Headmistress Destine clears her throat at this and looks at Suzie.

HEADMISTRESS DESTINE

I take it you are aware of the affliction that runs amongst them?

SUZIE

I'm sorry, I don't think I follow.

HEADMISTRESS DESTINE

Suzanna, you are a bright girl, this is a chance at a fresh start. I don't wish for you to fall in line with girls like them.

SUZIE

Girls like them?

HEADMISTRESS DESTINE

Lord forgive me for saying this, but they're bad apples, the lot of them. Eve does not wish to follow the path of our Lord as you and I do. Her history is...

(a beat)

it's not as clean. Watch your
company, my sweet, the devil was
once God's favorite.

There's a silence, Suzie looks hurt and upset. But she
swallows her words once again. She stands to leave.

HEADMISTRESS DESTINE

And Suzanna? I expect you to be in
by curfew for the remainder of your
time here, no more late night
rendevous in the city. That leads
down an unrighteous path.

Suzie stumbles to her feet, legs shaking from an unknown
emotion. She walks from the office and lets the door close.