

# THE SUN RISES WITHOUT YOU

Written by

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**1 INT/EXT. SMALL BEDROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT****1**

The bedroom is a sad and aging relic of a once-talented high school football star. GREG, is a washed-up late-twenty-something, fit, clean-cut who is in desperate need of a maid. The floor and furniture are littered with fast-food wrappers, empty beer bottles, rolling papers, and the stench of failure.

Greg is stuck on a video game load screen on a large flat-screen TV. The only nice piece of furniture in the room. All the while he is swiping a dating app on his phone. The game controller in one hand, phone in the other, wearing headphones with a mic.

GREG

It's loading just call out.

He continues swiping the phone mindlessly

GREG

Nope. Nope. Nope. Shiiiiit.

A beat. On the phone screen, we catch a glimpse of a beautiful woman provocatively posed on a floral bedspread.

GREG

Someone's taking nasty pictures in their Nana's house. (a beat) Oh, now you're interested. Fuck you, man, go to work; I'm about to go tear this up. Yeah, man.

He rattles off a quick text and hits send, pushing his headphones off his ears and around his neck, not expecting much to come from the blanket message. An electronic chirp is heard, and he tosses the controller on the bed next to a half-emptied six-pack of cheap beer. He excitedly sits up, pleasantly surprised, ready to devote his entire attention to the woman on the other end of the app.

GREG

(Reading to himself  
aloud.)

Oh. you're in town for a few nights,  
and you're bored?

He thinks for a moment, then replies.

GREG

Same. Send.

A poet GREG is not. But he verbally telegraphs every step of his interaction with the raven-haired beauty on the other end of the phone, very pleased with himself. He then goes for broke after a moment of contemplation.

GREG  
(While typing)  
You looking for some company?

There is a long silence as he waits for a reply. Each second is excruciating. Realizing he has been too forward, he starts to toss his phone when it chirps again. He excitedly reads it.

GREG  
(Reading aloud)  
Maybe. Send pics.

He smirks and laughs to himself with pleasure, then jumps off the bed knocking a large to-go cup over on the floor spilling its contents onto even more trash.

GREG  
Shit.

He ignores it and hops across the room to the mirror hanging on the back of the closet door. Greg takes off the dirty tee shirt he is wearing and flexes a little, pleased with what he sees, and opens the camera on his phone.

As he holds the phone up toward the mirror he catches a glimpse of one of his old trophies in the background. He pauses for a moment, then has a spark of inspiration and opens the closet door, pulling out an old letterman jacket that was far too easily accessible.

He slips it on and looks at himself in the mirror again. He shakes his head, then takes the jacket off and tosses it on the bed, then nearly immediately grabs it again and throws it on. He poses, pulling his shorts down to expose himself for the photo; he strikes a flexed, well-rehearsed pose giving off some real 'Big Dick Energy.'

He snaps the photo and hits send, hurling himself back onto the bed.

The reply is nearly immediate.

Greg reads the message and tosses the phone on the bed.

CAMERA MOVES TO THE PHONE.

BAMBI

I'm staying near the liquor store on  
Court and Elm.  
Meet you there in 15?

He smells a shirt just before throwing it on and dousing  
himself in cologne, and grabbing the phone to reply.

GREG  
Oh yeah. Meet you in 15.

**2 EXT. LIQUOR STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

**2**

Greg's truck pulls up. The parking lot is empty. He  
immediately feels stupid.

GREG  
Got dangit.

He has been stood up. Then, BAMBI, the raven-haired beauty,  
struts around the corner of the building on the sidewalk.  
Greg haphazardly parks his pick-up, hops out, and jogs over  
to her. There is an awkward hug, handshake moment.

GREG  
You want to go get some wine coolers  
or something?

BAMBI  
Why don't you go in there and  
surprise me?

GREG  
Wait, you're 21, right?

BAMBI  
(Laughs)  
Yes. I just like surprises.  
(She leans in, whispers to  
him, and gently bites his  
ear)  
Do you like surprises?

GREG  
(nodding)  
I like surprises.

Greg hustles into the liquor store, and we can see his  
frantic shopping experience play out in real-time. He emerges  
moments later with a large bottle sticking out of a brown  
paper bag.

Bambi smiles at him.

He hurries to the passenger side of his truck and opens the door to let Bambi in, swipes some trash to the floorboard, and helps her up into the truck closing the door behind her, and climbs in.

**3 INT. GREG'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

**3**

BAMBI

Take a left up here. My grandparents live right around the corner. They are out of town for a few weeks, so I decided to crash here on my way through.

GREG

Oh yeah? I wondered about that old as shit bedspread in your pictures.

BAMBI

You have no idea. Wood paneling, satin flowers, and roosters on every square inch of the place.

GREG

(laughs)  
Sounds like your grandma likes a lot of cock?

BAMBI

(playfully pulls at the arm of his letterman jacket)  
I guess there is no accounting for taste.

GREG

(slightly embarrassed)  
I just wore this so you'd know it was me.

BAMBI

(Laughs)  
I'm kidding! It looks good on you.

GREG

(Chuckles nervously)  
Thanks. I - uh - played football in high school.

BAMBI

Oh yeah, hey, this is me right up here. You can just pull in behind the Lincoln Continental.

The truck pulls in, and a curtain moves slightly in the window, but Greg is oblivious to the omen. Bambi grabs Greg's hand and playfully leads him up the steps to the front door.

BAMBI

I've always wanted to play cheerleader.

BAMBI opens the door, leads him into a darkened foyer, and closes the door behind them, locking it. GREG kicks off his boots, making himself at home. He takes his jacket off to throw it on the back of a chair when he notices the other shadowy figures in the room.

GREG

(whispers)

Hey, uh (realizing he doesn't know her name), are your grandparents home? I don't think we're alone.

BAMBI

We're not.

The bottle of liquor is dropped and hits the floor.

MATCH CUT TO:

**3A INT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT**

**3A**

Roller skates hit the wooden floor of the skating rink.

CUT TO:

**4 INT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT**

**4**

REGINA, a 27-year-old black woman, effortlessly cool on the outside yet fragilely balanced, at best, internally.

Regina skates around the rink with a few kids who are barely managing to keep upright. She whips and glides around them deftly in the zone. She comes to the opening, hops off the rink, and makes her way to a booth, waving at a woman coming in the door.

VERONICA, late twenties, mousey, the mom of the friend group, comes into the frame. She is already dressed for practice, helmet in her hand. She goes to sit down at a small booth across from Regina and TABITHA, a college student with a

sharp as a whip wit and cool demeanor. She is already seated, lacing up her skates with an open textbook and notecards in front of her. CARSON, a vanilla, run-of-the-mill guy, runs in, catching Veronica before she can sit down.

CARSON  
 (Carrying a bag)  
 Hey, you left your bag in my car  
 earlier.

He gives a sheepish wave to the other girls and a peck on the cheek to Veronica and heads back out the door.

He is gone before Veronica can even thank him, but she smiles dreamily.

REGINA  
 Was that a public display of  
 affection?

TABITHA  
 Did you stay the night with Carson?

VERONICA  
 We had an early dinner. He just  
 drove me here.

Veronica opens her bag to pull out equipment and gives a giddy, shrill scream startling Regina and Tabitha. She pulls out a bouquet of cheap, half-wilted flowers.

GRAYSON, the late twenties "in a band" manchild and Regina's on/off-again boyfriend, walks up carrying three water bottles and sets them on the table for the girls.

GRAYSON  
 Is it your anniversary or something?

VERONICA  
 (with the attitude of  
 someone who is impressed  
 easily)  
 No! I guess they're 'just because'  
 flowers.

Regina cuts raised eyebrows over to Grayson, who responds with obliviousness.

REGINA  
 Why don't you ever get me anything  
 'just because?'

Grayson casually motions to the three water bottles he just brought for the women.

GRAYSON  
And don't I always give you the  
cookies from my lunch?

REGINA  
(under her breath)  
Grown fucking man, eating kids'  
meals.  
(Angrier and louder than  
expected)  
And it's like a slap in the face. I  
like brownies, Grayson, BROWNIES.

GRAYSON  
(Holding up a small bag of  
cookies)  
So you don't want my cookies?

REGINA  
I don't want anything from you.

GRAYSON  
Did I do something?

CUT TO:

**4A INT. SKATING RINK CONCESSION AREA - THAT MOMENT**

**4A**

ORBACHE, late-twenties, blonde, cleancut trust fund kid and  
JERRY, a good old country boy, are sitting eating while  
watching the routine bickering between Regina and Grayson.

JERRY  
Five dollars says she breaks up with  
him again.

ORBACHE  
Over cookies? No way.  
(A beat.)  
Make it ten, and I'm in.

JERRY  
You're on.

CUT TO:

**4B INT. SKATING RINK - THAT MOMENT**

**4B**

REGINA  
That's it, Grayson, we're done.



GRAYSON  
(Unaffected)  
Okay.

REGINA  
Why aren't you more upset about  
this? I'm breaking up with you.

GRAYSON  
(Matter of factly)  
Because I know you, Regina, in ten  
minutes, you'll get over it and  
forget about the damn cookies, and  
we'll be right back where we were.  
Just like we've always been. I think  
I'm just going to ride this one out.

Grayson turns to walk away.

REGINA  
(Thinking out loud)  
What if that's not good enough  
anymore? What if I don't want to be  
like we've always been?

GRAYSON  
Are you fucking serious right now?

REGINA  
I don't want to be like we've always  
been. I don't want to just be.

GRAYSON  
Are you really breaking up with me  
over some cheap flowers?

REGINA  
No, I'm breaking up with you because  
you don't understand that this isn't  
about some cheap, ugly-ass, flowers-

VERONICA  
(Hurt)  
Hey!

REGINA  
(Covering her tracks)  
Sorry, they're so cute.

GRAYSON  
You know what? You're right Regina,  
we are done.

He tosses the cookies on the table.

GRAYSON

I don't have to put up with you or  
your shit. I'm going back to work.

In a dramatic display, Grayson walks away, aggressively swinging the single saloon door by the front counter open, then loudly kicking a folding metal chair, sending it skidding across the floor to the opposite end of the counter. He stomps over, sits down, and throws his feet up on the counter. A futile, embarrassing attempt to save face.

The girls are all silent. Regina has tears streaming down her face. Tabitha breaks the tension by taking her hand and painfully slowly sliding the bag of cookies over to herself.

Veronica stares at Tabitha.

TABITHA

She said she didn't want them.  
(mouths)  
Brownies.

A stocky woman, COACH, walks by the booth unbothered by the emotional display.

COACH

Lace-up, ladies, time to roll.

CUT TO:

**4C INT. SKATING RINK CONCESSION AREA - MOMENTS LATER**

**4C**

JERRY

Pay up, Richie Rich.

ORBACHE

Technically, he broke up with her.

JERRY

Come on!

Orbache begrudgingly gives Jerry a ten-dollar bill.

ORBACHE

Double or nothing they're back  
together by tomorrow night?

**5 INT. WAREHOUSE-STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT**

**5**

The room is dark. Greg is unconscious, unclothed, and bloody, sans his letterman jacket. A woman, short dark hair, pale, athletic, MADELINE, is holding a bottle of Gatorade with a

bendy straw up to his mouth, trying to get him to drink. He coughs/gags and rouses to consciousness. Squirming, trying to move his arms and legs only to realize he is bound to a vertical steel beam.

GREG

Who's there!? Where am I?

MADELINE

(calling to someone out of  
the room)

He's awake.

Madeline holds the bottle for him to drink again. He reflexively gulps from the bottle, dehydrated, then stops and pulls his face away.

GREG

What is that?

MADELINE

Gatorade. You need to drink; gotta  
keep you hydrated.

He begrudgingly continues to drink.

GREG

Where am I?

MADELINE

Does it matter? Drink up, please.

He drinks, finishing the bottle.

MADELINE

That's a good boy. This is better  
than water. The electrolytes will  
help your body replenish its supply.  
And if your electrolytes get too  
low, your blood will stop clotting,  
and you'll bleed out all over the  
floor, and that won't do anyone any  
good.

GREG

I don't-I don't understand.

MADELINE

Did you know that the average person  
can lose around 30% of their blood  
before they pass out?

Greg looks at her, still completely confused.

MADELINE

But it's only about 40% before they die? It's such a narrow window.

Greg begins to realize the desperation of his situation and tries to break free again unsuccessfully.

MADELINE

Oh, oh, stop, stop.

GREG

What do you want with me?

MADELINE

(unfazed by his plea,  
opening another bottle of  
Gatorade)

For a guy your size, I estimated what 215-220? Big guy. A former athlete like yourself, strong, tall. That would probably be somewhere around two, maybe even three more liters if you'll do as your told. We could probably push our luck with you, though. But we never do. We're very careful. You last longer if we are. And you're a fighter. You fought back, just swinging in the dark.

GREG

(Suddenly remembering,  
concerned)

Wait, where is-Where is the girl?  
Don't hurt her, please!

MADELINE

(Embarrassed for him)

Oh. Aren't you a sweetheart?

GREG

(Yelling)

Where is she?

Bambi walks into the room.

BAMBI

I'm right here, baby.

She walks over and kneels in front of him as several other girls filter into the room.

Bambi puts her hands on his stomach. Greg flinches slightly from the cold and fear. She leans in close.

GREG  
 (Pitifully sincere)  
 Are you ok? Did they hurt you?

Bambi runs her hands up his torso to his bare chest and leans forward, kissing him on the forehead. She then digs her fingernails into his skin and drags them down to his waist, leaving a trail of blood. He screams in agony.

Bambi licks her fingertips as she stands up.

BAMBI  
 No teeth, girls. Madeline, make sure they stop before he's dead. I'd like to keep him around for a few days.

Bambi walks out of the room as the girls descend on Greg, licking the blood from his body.

GREG  
 (He is screaming)  
 WHY?!

Victoria, one of the vampires raises up from his body, wiping blood from her face.

MATCH CUT:

**6 INT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT**

**6**

ABBY, a derby girl, wipes her face angrily, throws her mouthguard to the ground, her nose bleeding. Regina pushes off of her circling the rink aggressively.

ABBY  
 (tilting her head back)  
 Damn, Regina, it's just practice.

Regina whips around the rink, passing several girls as the Coach is on the sidelines cheering her on emphatically. Regina closes her eyes, trying to block everything out but is immediately taken away into her own mind.

FADE TO: FLASHBACK

**7 INT. SKATING RINK - AFTERNOON**

**7**

Regina walks into the rink nervously, holding a piece of newspaper in her hand. The rink is empty with the exception of Grayson behind the counter.

She steels herself up and walks over.

GRAYSON

Shoe size?

Regina still watching the door.

REGINA

(Turning and giving him a  
little smile)

Nine. Please.

Grayson leaves the counter and quickly comes back and puts the skates on the counter.

GRAYSON

That'll be four-fifty.

Regina pulls out a few wrinkled bills, attempting to count them, then hands him a five-dollar bill, just trying to end the person-to-person contact. He sets two quarters next to her skates, and she grabs them all, making a loud noise. She turns and rolls her eyes at her own self-embarrassment.

She sits down on a bench and alternates between looking at the door and her watch. She puts on one of the skates, then shakes her head and puts back on her shoes. She begrudgingly goes back up to the counter.

GRAYSON

I bet you need an eight and a half,  
right?

He sets another pair of skates on the counter he clearly already had prepared.

REGINA

I think I changed my mind.

GRAYSON

Oh, ok. Let me get your money for  
you. Um-can I ask why?

REGINA

I think I got the wrong day.

GRAYSON

There is never a bad day for  
skating.

Regina smiles at his goofy charm.

REGINA

I saw this ad in the shopper-

She holds up the paper, showing him the FREE SKATE LESSONS graphic.

REGINA

Free skate lessons, but I think I have the wrong day. I'm the only one here.

Regina motions to the empty rink.

GRAYSON

I can assure you most of my skate lessons are attended equally poorly.

Grayson smiles at her in an unmistakable way and hops over the counter to stand in front of her.

GRAYSON

I'm Grayson.

She shakes his extended hand apprehensively.

GRAYSON

Why don't you come sit back down, and I'll help you lace up your skates?

He walks toward the bench leaving Regina at the counter.

REGINA

(whispers to herself)

Oh, REGINA, this is so dumb. You are so dumb.

Regina gleefully walks over and sits on the bench. He slips off her shoes, revealing mismatched socks. Regina realizes and dies a little inside. He seems unbothered or oblivious, slides on her skates, and ties them tightly. It is an underplayed yet sensual moment.

REGINA

I'm Regina, by the way.

GRAYSON

So Regina, have you ever skated before?

REGINA

As a kid, yeah. Oh, and at a birthday party like fifteen years ago. I pretty much stayed on the rail the whole time, though. To be honest, I never really thought about skating until I saw your ad and that

movie *Whip It* was on TBS. Do you remember that movie, *Whip It*—have you seen it? It had Drew Barrymore in it. I think she was like a producer or something. It's pretty good, and I thought to myself, hey, self, if Drew Barrymore liked it enough to make a movie about it, you might like roller derby, but I figured I should probably learn how to actually skate first.

GRAYSON

Hop up, and see how those feel.

Regina stands up, wobbly. Grayson stands up, meeting her eye to eye, only inches away from her face.

REGINA

(nervous energy)

You were right. The eight and a half is better.

GRAYSON

I knew it. A perfect fit.

**8 INT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT**

**8**

Regina is catching her breath as she slides into the bench and slings off her helmet into the seat next to her.

Coach walks by and gives her shoulder a squeeze.

COACH

Leave it all on the rink! Great practice tonight!

REGINA

(swallowing her rising emotions)

Thanks.

Regina's eyes wander to the counter where Grayson is spraying disinfectant into a rental skate and putting it back on the shelf.

FADE TO:

**9 INT. REGINA'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

**9**

Regina silently creeps down the darkened hall into her bedroom and shuts the door behind her. She drops her bag to



the floor, reaches up, grasps the handles on the top drawer of her dresser, and catches her reflection in the mirror, she has been crying. She tugs out an oversized t-shirt from the inexplicably full drawer of nightgowns. As she struggles to push the drawer back into the dresser, a frame with a photo of her and Grayson taken in a photo booth falls over. She looks at it, tears running down her face, her shirt halfway on, and her lycra shorts at her ankles, sobbing.

Her phone on the bed lights up.

GRAYSON  
(Via text)  
Are you still mad?

**10 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

**10**

Greg startles himself awake with a gasp. He is caked in dried blood. He is no longer bound, but he is too weak to make any sort of escape.

GREG  
Hello?

He is shivering from the cold and blood loss. His eyes are closed.

GREG  
Is someone here?

No one answers, but a shadowy figure moves across the room.

GREG  
Please. Don't go.

It is quiet for a few moments; only shallow breathing is heard.

GREG  
I don't want to die alone.

**11 INT/EXT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT**

**11**

Regina tries to casually walk past the counter without having to make eye contact with Grayson. He is facing the other way on the phone and doesn't notice.

She races over and sits down at the booth with Veronica and Tabitha.

TABITHA

My God, that was awkward.

REGINA

Well, anything is awkward if you call attention to it.

VERONICA

We can go somewhere else?

REGINA

No, we can't! I can't be afraid to come to the rink just because he's here. He literally lives here.

VERONICA

Are you wearing make-up?

TABITHA

She is! Look-mascara, lipstick.

REGINA

I'm allowed to look nice.

TABITHA

Her nails are painted, too.

Tabitha holds up Regina's hand. Regina snatches it away.

VERONICA

You look very pretty.

REGINA

Did I make a mistake breaking up with him?

Tabitha nods her head vehemently.

VERONICA

(Giving a glare to  
Tabitha)

Regina. No. You didn't. Was it a proud moment, also no. But it was honest. Look, I love you both, and you both deserve to be happy. I think maybe that just isn't with each other anymore.

REGINA

He texted me nine and a half times.

They both look at her.

REGINA

The half was just the little typey dots, and he never sent it, but I mean, that counts, right?

TABITHA  
(mockingly)  
Absolutely.

VERONICA  
Regina, you guys have been together since I've known you. You can't just expect to get over it in a week.  
(Deciding on tough love.)  
Do nine and a half texts make up for five years of half-assing your relationship? He's used to winning you back with the bare minimum. If he really wants you back, he'll put in some effort this time. Real effort. And if he doesn't, well, sweetie, I think that's your answer.

REGINA  
You're right! Of course, you're right.

TABITHA  
(incredulously)  
Are you guys really not getting back together this time?

Regina seems uncertain with how even she feels about it.

REGINA  
Unless he makes some kind of -

TABITHA  
Oh my God.

VERONICA  
(Whispers)  
Regina, look.

Regina turns around as Bambi is walking up to the counter. She immediately gets Grayson's attention, who jumps up from his chair and goes over to greet her, straightening his shirt and flexing as he leans on the counter to greet her.

TABITHA  
That's the fastest I've ever seen him move.

REGINA  
Who the hell is that bitch?

VERONICA

Shhh-Regina!

TABITHA

Those are some short shorts.

REGINA

Those aren't shorts. Those are denim underwear. Who the fuck even wears shorts in November?

TABITHA

You're wearing shorts right now.

REGINA

Athletic!

TABITHA

I'm digging it. It's a whole ass mood.

REGINA

It's a yeast infection is what it is.

VERONICA

She does seem awfully flirty with Grayson, doesn't she?

Regina whips her head back around to watch.

REGINA

I'm going to kill him. No, you know what, I'm going to kill her first, and then I'm going to kill him.

VERONICA

Don't be that girl. Fighting over Grayson. You're better than that.

REGINA

Like hell I am. Flaunting herself all in his face like that. Look at him! If he flexes any harder, he'll shit himself. I'm sitting right here.

TABITHA

You know, you broke up with him.

REGINA

Eight fucking days ago. Just because I broke up with him doesn't mean I'm ready to move on or I'm ready for

him to move on, especially before me. I thought at this point-he should still be in a period of mourning.

TABITHA

He doesn't look that mournful to me.

REGINA

Thank you, Tabitha. Your insight has not gone unnoticed.

VERONICA

She is kind of pretty, though.

Tabitha nods in agreement.

TABITHA

She is perfection.

REGINA

Yeah, if you like that onlyfans off brand Elvira thing.

TABITHA

I think I do. Might be my new kink.

REGINA

Look at her! Laughing like he's ever been funny in his life, it's desperate. Practically throwing herself at him. Big pale tits right up in his face. It's called the sun, girl. Ever hear of it - Oh god! He's coming over here. Quick, Veronica, act like I said something funny. No wait, be mad at him! No funny...abort, abort. Oh God, oh God!

Regina awkwardly laughs out loud. Veronica and Tabitha are equally embarrassed for her.

REGINA

(To Grayson)

Oh hey.

Grayson comes up to the table, seemingly unswayed by the weird display.

GRAYSON

Did you guys see that girl I was talking to up and the counter?

REGINA

Every little nook and cranny. You know, you should really consider a dress code for in here. I'd hate for her to catch a cold or something-and die.

GRAYSON

She's a derby girl.

REGINA

Oh no. We just finished tryouts. The team is all full up.

(rambling)

Probably for the best anyway. She looked frail.

GRAYSON

She actually has her own team.

VERONICA

(Genuinely interested)

There's another derby team in town?

GRAYSON

They reserved the rink for tomorrow night and paid the deposit upfront. No one ever actually pays me the deposit.

(Good naturedly)

The Hunny Bees better watch their backs.

REGINA scoffs and rolls her eyes.

GRAYSON

I don't know, she seemed pretty legit. She showed me some videos on her phone. The Bloody Mother Suckers are like hardcore derby girls.

VERONICA

That's their name? Ugh. That is borderline offensive.

TABITHA

Are they even in our conference?

GRAYSON

I think they're like a traveling team or something. Bambi said they are on the road a lot.

REGINA

Bambi? Like the cartoon deer? Is that like her derby name or something, there is no way that's her real name.

GRAYSON

It looked pretty real when she gave me her phone number. Even dotted the "i" with a little heart.

REGINA

You're an asshole.

Regina grabs her bag and storms out of the door, followed closely behind by Veronica and Tabitha.

**12 EXT. SKATING RINK PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

**12**

Regina pushes out the door as Orbache and Jerry are walking in.

ORBACHE

Hey Reg-bye Regina.

VERONICA

Regina, wait!

REGINA

I'm not going to let him see me cry.  
(pause)  
Again.

VERONICA

He's just trying to make you jealous.

REGINA

Well, it's working! Look at me!

Regina sits up against her car and slides to the ground of the parking lot, crying.

TABITHA

No offense, Regina, but it's Grayson. He's not the most go gettum'. What are the chances he ever even calls her?

REGINA

Pretty damn good. You saw her. Hell, I'd consider calling her. He's probably in there having sex with her right now.

Grayson comes running out the door into the parking lot.

TABITHA

That was quick. Not saying a lot  
about his stamina.

Veronica chuckles. Regina doesn't break a smile.

Grayson runs over, a little out of breath.

GRAYSON

Hey, I'm glad I caught you. Have you  
guys heard from Greg-why are you on  
the ground?

REGINA

I-

VERONICA

She dropped her keys, and they fell  
under the car.

TABITHA

What's going on with Greg?

GRAYSON

No one has heard from him in over a  
week. He's no called no showed three  
times at work. Jerry and Orbache met  
with his parents earlier and helped  
them get into his apartment. They  
are on their way to the police  
station to file a missing person  
report.

VERONICA

Oh my gosh.

TABITHA

He's kind of flaky, though, right?

GRAYSON

Not like this.

REGINA

Maybe you could get Bambi to help  
you look for him. Cute first date  
idea.

GRAYSON

If you want me back, I'm standing  
right here. Just say the words,  
Regina. I texted you like 10 times  
this week, and you don't even



respond and then come here and make a scene in the parking lot because some girl is nice to me?

REGINA

Fuck you if you think a couple of texts make up for five years of half-assing our relationship.

Veronica gives an awkward look to Tabitha, having fed Regina the words.

GRAYSON

Okay. Okay. You know what, Regina, I wasn't going to call Bambi, but I am now. And I'm going to take her to dinner, a cheddar bay biscuit dinner.

REGINA

(angry)

How dare you! That's our place!

(softening, remembering,  
pleading)

That's where you told me you loved me for the first time.

(devastated)

That's our place.

GRAYSON

Not anymore. Veronica, Tabitha-if you hear from Greg, please give me a call. Goodnight, Regina.

Grayson walks away back into the Skating Rink.

CUT TO: FLASHBACK

**7 INT. SKATING RINK - OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

**7**

Grayson is leading Regina through the door of the rink back to the office area, which is in the middle of DIY construction. She has her hands over her eyes.

GRAYSON

Ok, so it's not done, and I know it's not much, but what do you think?

Regina removes her hands and looks around excitedly.

REGINA

Oh, it's so much bigger than I thought it would be, oh and they've got the doorway cut through for the bathroom.

Grayson sees his moment.

GRAYSON  
That's not all.

He walks into the bathroom area and removes a sheet from a beautiful antique clawfoot tub.

REGINA  
(Stunned)  
What is this?

GRAYSON  
Hear me out. So I know you said you could never live anywhere that didn't have a good bathtub, I found this at an estate sale, and I thought maybe when this was done, you might think about moving in with me. I know it's not the most ideal-

Regina is too wrapped up in her mind to speak.

GRAYSON  
But how cool would it be? Me and you, living together. A derby girl living at the roller rink!

Regina goes to speak, but Grayson's phone rings.

GRAYSON  
Oh, hey, sorry, give me two seconds. I've got to take this real quick, it's Uncle Marshall's doctor.

Regina nods silently, looking around the room, and breathes heavily, overcome with dread at moving in with Grayson. She clutches the neck of her shirt.

CUT TO:

**13 INT. SKATING RINK - NIGHT**

**13**

Grayson storms back into the building. Orbache is waiting with his outstretched arm holding an open beer.

GRAYSON  
(stumbling over his words)

Can you believe-she-why!WHY?!

Grayson grabs the beer and takes a swig.

GRAYSON

Why?!

ORBACHE

You know what you need to do?

GRAYSON

What? Some dumb romantic gesture to win her back?

ORBACHE

No. You need to come to the bar with me and Jerry tonight. My treat.

JERRY

Don't you mean daddy's treat?

ORBACHE

Fine. My dad's treat.

GRAYSON

I don't know. I'm really not in the mood.

ORBACHE

All the more reason you should come with us. Drink a little, smoke a little, drink a little more, drown those sorrows, my brother.

GRAYSON

I guess I could use the distraction.

ORBACHE

That's what I'm talking about.

GRAYSON

(genuinely)

Do you think I half-assed my relationship with Regina?

ORBACHE

Do you ever really whole-ass anything, though?

A loud, mediocre band is playing, and the bar is moderately crowded. Grayson is sitting alone in a corner booth. There are several empty glasses and bottles on the table. Orbache comes walking up with two more drinks in his hands, dancing along to the music leading a blonde woman in her early twenties to the table.

Orbache sits one of the drinks down and slides it over to Grayson, and points to the girl.

ORBACHE

This is - [inaudible over the music].

Grayson smiles politely, clearly not having heard the girl's name. She holds up her hands and points to her shirt, it is one of Grayson's band's UPSTATE NOWHERE t-shirts. She points to his face printed on the shirt and then back at him. He smiles, nods, and gives Orbache an angry look. Orbache just smiles and encourages the girl to sit down and slide over toward Grayson. Orbache hands her the other drink, and he dances away. Grayson is furious but polite.

BLONDE GIRL

(talking loudly over the music)

I saw you guys play here last year!  
So good! I can't believe I get to  
meet you in person!

GRAYSON

(politely mouths)

Thank you.

BLONDE GIRL

(Starts singing some of the lyrics aloud to him)

That one is my favorite!

**15 INT. REGINA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

**15**

Veronica walks into Regina's bedroom and sets a plastic bag on the small desk. She pulls out some paper cups, then two bottles of wine. Regina is tangled up in the blankets on her bed, softly singing along with a sad song on the stereo.

Veronica walks over with the bottles.

VERONICA

Okay, we have red and whi-

Regina's arm emerges from under the covers takes the whole bottle of white wine and disappears back into the blanket

cocoon.

VERONICA  
I did get cups and tequila.

**16 INT. THE BAR - SAME NIGHT**

**16**

GRAYSON is still politely listening to the blonde girl who is actively talking. It would appear she hasn't stopped talking since she sat down.

GRAYSON  
(talking loudly over the  
music)  
I've got to piss.

She shakes her head not having heard him.

GRAYSON  
Bathroom.

She still doesn't understand. Grayson starts sliding out of the booth. He points down at his crotch she seems caught off guard but into it, and he then does a hosepipe motion with his fist. She nods and laughs.

Grayson disappears down a hall and tries to go into the men's room, but the door is locked. He slides along the wall to the exit into the alley behind the bar.

**17 INT. REGINA'S ROOM - SAME TIME**

**17**

Regina is dancing up on the bed with the bottle of wine to a power girl anthem. Veronica is sitting on the floor with a paper cup of wine, enjoying the show. Regina sees her dresser mirror covered in photos. She stops immediately, flops on the bed, and looks at Veronica.

REGINA  
I should just like throw all of  
these pictures of us in the trash.  
That way, I don't have to look at  
his stupid fucking face and be sad.

Regina looks down, realizing she is wearing a band tee with Grayson front and center. She less than gracefully rips the shirt off and throws it on the ground, sitting on the bed in shorts and her bra. Proud and cold.

Veronica can't help but find it amusing. She grabs another shirt from the half-open dresser drawer next to her and tosses it to Regina.

REGINA

You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to get his name tattooed on my ass. I'm going to show it to him, and then I'm going to go back and add "not Grayson's" or cover it up with like a lotus blossom. He'd hate that.

VERONICA

That seems like an awful lot of trouble and kind of trashy.

REGINA

Maybe I'll get like one word on each boob.

VERONICA

I'm glad Tabitha isn't here. She'd be offering to drive you to the tattoo parlor.

REGINA

She would. She would really enjoy it.

VERONICA laughs.

**18 EXT. BAR ALLEY - SAME NIGHT**

**18**

Grayson unbuckles his pants and is peeing on the wall. The muffled sounds of music offer him a quiet respite from the blonde girl. He suppresses a gag. He buckles up and tries to get his bearings. He pulls on the door handle, but the door has been locked from the inside. He pulls out his phone, goes to scroll to Regina's name, and then the phone goes black, only flashing the battery symbol. He shoves it back in his pocket, resting his forehead against the cold damp brick wall before deciding to walk home.

**18A INT. REGINA'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT**

**18A**

Regina is humming a sad song lying in bed. She looks at her phone, then puts it face down.

REGINA

I thought he might text me.

VERONICA

He still might.

REGINA

(Shaking her head  
decidedly)  
It feels pretty real this time.

Veronica smiles sadly at her.

**19 EXT. STREET/SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER**

**19**

Grayson is walking down the sidewalk with minimal success.

A voice comes from behind him.

BAMBI  
A little late to be out for a  
stroll, isn't it?

GRAYSON  
I don't have any cash.

The quick turn around to see her catches his gag reflex, and he puts his hands on his knees to suppress vomiting.

GRAYSON  
Bambi? Oh, hey-

BAMBI  
You look like you could use some  
help.

GRAYSON  
I might be a little bit drunk.

BAMBI  
I can see that.

GRAYSON  
This isn't really the impression I  
was hoping to make on you. I don't  
normally drink like this. I swear. I  
just -

BAMBI puts her hand on his shoulder and gently rubs his back.

GRAYSON  
I just got dumped, and my stupid  
friends took me out to get trashed.

BAMBI  
(gently with humor)  
Mission accomplished?

GRAYSON

Uh huh. Definitely. And then I peed in the street and got locked out, and I should've left off that part. I'm just trying to get home-

BAMBI

Which way are you going?

GRAYSON

(confused)

Well-this way, but-

BAMBI

Wow. You are so drunk

A beat.

and kind of adorable.

GRAYSON

Yeah.

(laughs)

Wait-what?

BAMBI

Look, some of the girls and I are crashing at a friend's house like three blocks that way. I needed shampoo, and this town has a regrettable lack of stores open after 10 pm.

Bambi holds up a plastic bag with shampoo.

BAMBI

I don't normally do this, and it's probably really dumb, so as long as you promise not to be a crazy murderer, why don't you walk me home, and you can sleep it off at my friend's place?

Grayson is caught off guard trying to process the situation that is presenting itself.

GRAYSON

I don't know.

BAMBI

Well, I can't just leave you out here. If you got run over by a truck or something I would feel terrible. Don't put that on my conscience, okay?



GRAYSON

I don't want to get hit by a truck.

BAMBI

Can I just say something? No offense, but whoever dumped you is really missing out.

GRAYSON

She's, she's-

Bambi holds out her hand, and Grayson takes it. She tucks her arm under his, and they start walking down the sidewalk.

BAMBI

I'll just text the girls and let them know I'm bringing company.

**19A EXT. BAR ALLEY - NIGHT**

**19A**

The blonde girl is walking down the hall. She knocks on the men's room door, then casually opens it. There is a man at the urinal who turns and gives her a look.

BLONDE GIRL

Sorry! I was looking for someone else. Sorry!

She sees a couple of girls walk out of the door to the alley, and she is about to head the opposite way when she turns, thinking maybe Grayson had had the same idea. She heads out into the alley, and the door immediately locks behind her.

BLONDE GIRL

Grayson?

Looking around.

Grayson, are you out here?

She is disappointed and goes to reenter the bar but realizes the door is locked.

BLONDE GIRL

Oh, shoot.

She beats on the door, but no one answers. She is annoyed, looks around, and decides to walk back to the front entrance.

BLONDE GIRL

I swear if I have to pay the cover charge again-

A loud noise is heard from behind her. She turns to look. Not scared, but not unaffected.

BLONDE GIRL  
Hello? Grayson?

CUT TO:

20 INT. REGINA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

20

Regina stirs in her bed, an empty bottle of wine falls out of the bed onto the rug with a thud. Regina sits up looking around. Veronica is curled up on the end of her bed. Regina nudges her with her foot.

REGINA  
Hey-psst-hey wake up.

VERONICA  
Are you okay? Do you need the trash can again?

REGINA  
Grayson said that bitch Bambi and her team are practicing at the rink tonight, right?

VERONICA  
Yeah. I think so. Why?

REGINA  
We're going to crash their practice. She may have taken Grayson from me, but she isn't going to take derby.

VERONICA  
Nobody has taken Grayson from you.

REGINA  
I want to see what I'm really up against.

VERONICA  
(exasperated)  
Regina.

REGINA  
We'll get decked out in black and sneak in there. How good could they possibly be? You aren't the least bit curious?

VERONICA

(Sighs begrudgingly)  
What time do we leave?

**21 INT. BAMBI'S BEDROOM - SAME MORNING**

**21**

Grayson is lying naked in a strange bed alone, partially covered by a thin floral sheet. It is the room of a much older occupant. He stirs awake as the sun is pouring in through the window.

Grayson looks around, not sure where he is at.

GRAYSON  
(a gravely, hungover  
whispers)  
Hello?

Realizing where he is.

GRAYSON  
Reg-Bambi?  
(slightly louder, still a  
whisper)  
Bambi?

He looks around, then looks down, noticing he is unclothed, and begins to remember what happened. Flashes of he and Bambi run through his head.

GRAYSON  
Oh fuck.

He puts his hands over his face, then leans over to the side table where his phone is plugged in next to a glass of water with a little note. "Remember to hydrate :)"

His phone shows a number of missed calls and texts from Orbache. He notices the time.

GRAYSON  
Shit.

He throws his legs over the bed and pulls on his jeans from the floor.

GRAYSON  
Hey Bambi! I've got to open up the rink for senior skate. Bambi? Hey, I hate to run, but I'll see you tonight okay.  
(finishing dressing still  
no response)  
Okay.

(He scribbles something on  
the back of the note and  
leaves)

**22 EXT/INT. REGINA'S CAR/TABITHA'S YARD - LATER THAT NIGHT 22**

Regina and Veronica are parked in front of Tabitha's townhouse, dressed in black, with the car running. Regina honks the horn gently. A light comes on from the front stoop and Tabitha comes out the door and runs to the car. She jumps in the backseat and immediately sticks her head in between the front seats.

TABITHA

Okay, so what's this big secret plan? Are we going to key Grayson's car, or teepee the rink, or something?

VERONICA

(scolding and shutting the  
idea down)

No!

REGINA

Could we though? I think that would make me feel better.

VERONICA

No! We're just going to crash the Bloody Mother Suckers practice.

TABITHA

Why the cat burglar look then? You guys realize there are lights all over the rink?

Regina ignores the rational and accurate commentary and pulls off, hitting the curb and ignoring that as well.

**23 INT. SKATING RINK - SAME NIGHT 23**

Grayson and Orbache are sitting watching the team practice. The women are all dressed in black and skate around the rink with little regard for safety, brutally hitting and knocking each other to the ground.

ORBACHE

So did you go home with that blonde chick last night? I called you like 40 times.

GRAYSON  
Not exactly.

ORBACHE  
Uh oh. Here comes trouble.

Regina, Veronica, and Tabitha swing the door open and strut in like they own the place.

TABITHA  
(whispers)  
Okay, good call on the black.

VERONICA  
Regina, look at them.

REGINA  
I see it.

Grayson jumps over the counter and runs over. This also catches Bambi's eye who starts making her way over.

GRAYSON  
What are you guys doing here? You don't need to be here.

Bambi rolls over with two other girls, Madeline and Victoria.

BAMBI  
Hey ladies, sorry, closed practice.

VICTORIA  
Yeah. Sorry.

BAMBI  
We reserved the rink for the night.  
Right, Grayson?

GRAYSON  
(uncomfortable)  
Right. Regina, they did reserve the rink tonight.

Madeline and Victoria break away from Bambi and start skating a circle around Tabitha.

GRAYSON  
I'm going to need you guys to leave, alright?

MADELINE  
Do they have to leave so soon?

VICTORIA

Yeah, they just got here.

BAMBI

Girls.

MADELINE

We like this one.

Victoria looks over at Bambi and nods.

REGINA

Yeah, well, we like her too.

Regina pulls Tabitha over between her and Veronica.

REGINA

In a much less it puts the lotion on  
the skin kind of way.

Regina, not understanding what was going on, surmised as best she could.

REGINA

Anyway, she already has a team. So  
hands-off.

BAMBI

(condescendingly)  
Oh? You play?

REGINA

(cocky chortle)  
We're on the Hunny Bees.

Regina points to the large banner on the back wall.

REGINA

We were undefeated in our conference  
last season.

VERONICA

(jumping in boastfully)  
Pardon the pun, but we're sort of  
the bee's knees around here.

BAMBI

I wonder how you'd fare with some  
real competition?

Madeline and Victoria wheel back to either side of Bambi.

REGINA

I'll let you know if I ever find  
any.

Bambi motions to the door.

BAMBI

I take it you can make your way to the door and see yourself out. Or will you need some help finding that too?

REGINA

Come on girls, let's go. We're not wearing nearly enough eyeliner to fit in here anyway.

Regina and Veronica turn to leave, but Tabitha is frozen in a stare with Madeline who blows her a kiss and winks. Veronica comes back, grabs her arm, and leads her out with them.

VERONICA

Ok-Come on, sweetie.

Madeline leans over and whispers something into Bambi's ear and Bambi smiles and nods with approval without breaking her stare.

**24 EXT. SKATING RINK PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

**24**

Regina, Veronica, and Tabitha are walking out to Regina's car.

REGINA

Can you believe that?

VERONICA

How creepy are they?

REGINA

(mockingly)

"Oh, you play?"

A beat.

I know I say this about a lot of people, but I really don't like that woman.

TABITHA

(still unsettled)

She blew me a kiss.

The door swings open behind them, and Regina immediately turns, ready to fight.

Grayson runs out to them. Urgency is plastered on his face.

GRAYSON  
You need to go home right now.

REGINA  
We left the rink. Go back in there,  
and tell your girlfriend she didn't  
rent the damn parking lot.

GRAYSON  
They found Greg. His Dad just called  
Orbache.

VERONICA  
It's not good news, is it?

Grayson shakes his head.

VERONICA  
Is he...ok?

GRAYSON  
(somewhere between scared  
and emotional)  
No. It's bad. It's really, really  
bad. Just go-go home, please.

Regina goes to speak but senses the tone of his voice.

VERONICA  
(understanding the  
situation)  
Okay, we'll go home. Thank you,  
Grayson.

As the girls climb into the car and pull out of the parking  
lot three shadowy figures on skates come into frame and  
quickly follow heading in the direction of the car.

**25 INT. REGINA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

**25**

The trio is riding silently. Veronica's phone lights up.

VERONICA  
(nodding as if they'd been  
discussing it)  
He's dead.

REGINA  
  
Greg?

VERONICA



Yeah, Abby just texted me to see if I'd heard.

Veronica slumps back into her seat.

VERONICA  
He was a really sweet guy.

TABITHA  
Do they know what happened?

VERONICA  
No. Oh my gosh. She said the news called it a "gruesome discovery."  
His poor parents.

The car pulls up to Tabitha's walkway.

**26 EXT. TABITHA'S WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

**26**

Tabitha climbs out of the car. Veronica rolls down the window.

VERONICA  
We'll make sure you get inside, ok.  
Lock your door.

TABITHA  
(Still sort of dazed)  
I will.

VERONICA  
Are you okay?

TABITHA  
(Trying to shake something)  
Yeah, I'm good. Thanks.

Tabitha pulls out her phone, turns on the flashlight, jogs up to her door, and unlocks it. She turns off her flashlight, throws her phone in her bag, and waves to Veronica and Regina. Tabitha goes inside the dark room, closes the door behind her, and locks the deadbolt and chain.

Regina's car starts to pull off.

**27 INT. TABITHA'S HOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

**27**

Tabitha hits the light switch and nothing happens.

TABITHA

Hey? I think we blew a fuse again.

A rustling is heard in the room.

TABITHA

Stacy?

Tabitha immediately flips the switch a couple more times, then starts rummaging in her bag for her phone. A familiar but unidentifiable clack is heard moving toward her.

TABITHA

Stacy, if that's you, this isn't  
fucking funny.

Through the window, Regina's car is seen pulling out of sight.

The sound comes closer. Tabitha is now panicking and is scrambling to try and get the door unlocked. She is ambushed and screams. A thud is heard as Tabitha's body hits the floor. A shadowy figure drags her body out of frame.

TO BE CONTINUED.