

EXT. ARROYO SECO PARK - TENNIS COURT - DAY

OLIVIA (18) an athletic, Latino girl, has a face full of sweat. She bounces back and forth on the balls of her feet.

THWACK. She smacks a tennis ball as hard as she can. Her eyes dart forward. THWACK. She smacks another one.

Dozens of tennis balls line the bottom of the fence behind her. She's been at this a while.

A FACELESS INSTRUCTOR watches her every move from the sidelines. He barks commands at her.

It's just another noise she tunes out. Her eyes narrow. They're focused on one thing - the ball.

THWACK.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Olivia stands on the open, sunny platform. Her eyes are glued to her phone.

She watches videos of tennis matches on YouTube. Her eyes try to focus but it's too nice out.

She slips her phone in her pocket and looks around. A few evening commuters pepper the platform.

A handful of vendors set up a small farmers market in a parking lot. A few TEENS mess around on the street.

She takes her phone out and swipes over to YouTube. This time she opens a LETS PLAY video of a survival horror game.

The game has her full attention.

EXT. ARROYO SECO PARK - TENNIS COURT - DAY

The sky is overcast. Olivia stands in the same place on the court. Her bounce is less energetic.

Her eyes keep darting to the clouds in the gray sky. SWISH. She misses a ball. Her head drops. She breathes.

THWACK. She clobbers the next one. It goes wild. Her Instructor loses his temper. She nods at him.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Rain pours down on the mostly empty station. Olivia takes shelter under a roofed in part of the platform.

The wind blows and gets her phone wet anyway. She shivers in her athletic gear and slips the phone in her bag.

She looks at the empty parking lot where the Farmer's Market was the day before.

SAMMI (17) a pretty, punkish girl, rides a skateboard through the rain. Her hoodies is pulled tight over her face.

When she nears the entrance to the station she hops off the skateboard and jogs through the rain.

Olivia turns away as Sammi approaches. She doesn't want to make eye contact. Sammi hurries under the roofed in area.

SAMMI

Shit. This rain is fucking freezing.

She looks at Olivia. Olivia pretends to look at something in the other direction. Sammi takes a step closer to her.

SAMMI

Oh man. Olivia?

Olivia turns in the direction of her name.

OLIVIA

Sammi?

SAMMI

Holy shit, girl. I haven't seen you since camp.

They hug. The rain picks up.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLICK. The lights comes on in a small, narrow bedroom. Half of it is taken up with Tennis trophies and posters.

Venus & Serena Williams are a dominant theme. The other half is taken up with Video Game posters.

Open world survival horror games are a dominant theme. There's no console or TV. Just the posters.

They shake off the rain as they hurry in. An unintelligible grown-ups voice sounds from the next room.

Olivia closes the door on it. She responds in half-Spanish.

OLIVIA
OK, mom. I will. Jeez.

She locks eyes with Sammi. They burst out laughing. Olivia moves into her closet to change out of sight.

Sammi hops on the bed and crosses her legs. She bounces up and down as she looks around.

Her eyes move back and forth from the tennis stuff to the video game stuff.

SAMMI
Fuck, girl. This is you right here.
This room is you.

She fishes through an over-sized bag and takes out a mini-bottle of Vodka. There are a more in the bag.

Olivia emerges from the closet. She wears a plain t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants.

Sammi shakes the bottle at her.

SAMMI
You in?

Olivia rushes to the door to make sure it's closed.

OLIVIA
Sammi. My mom would kill me. I have practice at like six in the morning.

Sammi's focus has already shifted. She motions the bottle at one of the video game posters. Then downs the vodka.

SAMMI
You ever plot out that idea you had for that game set in the 1800's? What was it, like some spooky ghost thing?

Olivia sits in a chair close to the door. Every time Sammi drinks her eyes shoot to the door.

OLIVIA
Yeah. It was based on that book called The Woman In White, remember?

SAMMI

Oh shit. Yeah. You would read it out loud after everyone in our bunk fell asleep. It was pretty pimp. All dry and shit, but really spooky.

OLIVIA

Yeah. It's one of my favorites.

SAMMI

What happened? You were really into it. More than tennis.

OLIVIA

I got more in to tennis. I won a bunch of tournaments.

Sammi gestures at her trophies.

SAMMI

Yeah, I can see that.

CRACK. She opens a seltzer can. She downs half of it and fills the rest with vodka.

SAMMI

Sure you don't want?

OLIVIA

Yeah. No, I'm good.

Sammi flops back on the bed.

SAMMI

That game would have been the shit, though. Ghosts and hot dudes in old timey suits with stupid collars.

She sits back up in a flash.

SAMMI

Let's do it. Let's work on it together. You write up the ideas and I'll do the drawings.

She makes intentionally forceful eye contact. Olivia's face breaks into a huge smile.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Olivia sits on a wall outside the station. She writes in a spiral notebook. The pages are covered.

Her tennis equipment sits on the ground at her feet. Sammi skates up. Olivia is super happy to see her.

Sammi wears the same clothes. Worn hoodie. Dirty Aus Rotten T-Shirt. Tattered jeans.

SAMMI

Guh. Girl, I am haggard.

OLIVIA

Did you get the new pages I sent?

Sammi sits next to her. She takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one, and smokes dramatically before she answers.

SAMMI

Yeah, man. They were good. Only. Do you think it makes sense for the story if Wilkins is the one that gives you the shovel? Shouldn't it be one of the women? Girl power, right?

Olivia gets a little sullen.

OLIVIA

Oh. Yeah. Maybe. I mean. Wilkins is the one who does it in the book.

SAMMI

This is our thing, Liv. It's our story and we can tell it however the fuck we want. This is me and you we're talking about.

She puts her arm around Olivia. Olivia perks up.

OLIVIA

You're totally right. Whatever the fuck we want.

The word "fuck" sounds awkward on her tongue.

OLIVIA

Oh oh! Did you finish up the sketches for the graveyard?

Sammi takes a BIG LEATHER SKETCH BOOK out of her bag. It's tied closed. She waves it around for emphasis.

SAMMI

I started to but man. Perry came over last night and we got down to it pretty much right away.

Olivia stares at the sketch book as it moves through the air with Sammi's gestures. It's like she's willing it open.

SAMMI

Girl, my cooch is sore as fuck. It was totally awesome. I think I got him off like three times. Maybe four.

OLIVIA

Oh. Um.

SAMMI

I know you don't hook up, but you totally should. Sex is amaze.

OLIVIA

Sammi.

Olivia squirms. Her cheeks redden. She looks down.

SAMMI

Hey, I'm sorry. It's only fun if you're in to it. Not doing it is cool too. I didn't mean to brag. I'm just super psyched on Perry, that's all.

She hops to her feet. Her cigarette dangles between her lips. She holds her hand out.

SAMMI

Come on. I'm hungry as fuck. Let's get some eats.

Olivia looks at her hand.

SAMMI

Come on, girl.

She reaches for her hand. Slowly. The second it makes contact Sammi pulls her up and hurries her away.

They disappear from view. Olivia's tennis equipment sits abandoned. The racket slips to the ground.

FOOTSTEPS sound. Olivia runs to her equipment, grabs it, and rushes back to Sammi.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Olivia and Sammi sit outside a major chain fast food joint. A tray FILLED WITH FOOD sits between them.

Sammi stuffs her face. Olivia nibbles on a french fry. Sammi shoves the tray closer to her.

She nods at Olivia. Olivia grabs a burger and holds it in front of her face. She takes a bite.

Her face drowns in the flavor. To look at her you'd think it was the best thing she's ever eaten.

Sammi opens a chocolate milk and lights a cigarette. Olivia polishes off the burger and reaches for a chicken sandwich.

EXT. ARROYO SECO PARK - TENNIS COURT - DAY

Olivia stands with her head down. The Instructor reams her out. She looks up. He yells more.

Her hand grips the racket. Tighter and tighter the more he yells and yells.

She snaps. Her hand darts to the ground and grabs a tennis ball. She tosses it in the air.

THWACK. She wails it at her instructor.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - EVENING

Sammi sits on the wall outside the station. She stares at a crowd of TEENAGE BOYS on the far side of the Farmers Market.

She wears the same outfit yet again. Her hoodies is tied around her waist. A bra strap hangs down her shoulder.

Olivia paces back and forth in front of her. She holds a cigarette in one hand and a chocolate milk in the other.

She never once smokes the cigarette.

OLIVIA

How fair is that? I bust my ass off every day for practically my whole life and the one time I show up unprepared he loses his shit on me. And my mom? My mom never says she's proud when I bring home a trophy, but when Coach suspends me for a week? Oh, she has a lot to say then. You better believe it. It's totally messed up, right?

She looks at Sammi, who reaches for the cigarette. Sammi stares at the Boys.

SAMMI
What do you think of Andy?

Olivia follows Sammi's line of sight.

OLIVIA
The guy in green jumper? I don't know. He doesn't go to my school.

SAMMI
I heard he goes down on chicks for like half an hour.

OLIVIA
Sammi. Were you even listening to me?

SAMMI
Yeah, of course. Tennis sucks. That's why we have the game. Speaking of which, did you make the necklace guy Asian? It's kind of a big deal.

OLIVIA
Why, because you say it is?

Sammi shoots her full attention at Olivia.

SAMMI
Hey, hey. I'm not the enemy here. I'm just trying to help you out. We got to challenge the status quo. Right? It's kind of our hook. Otherwise we're just making another atypical survival horror.

OLIVIA
Well. Yeah. But. I like survival horror.

SAMMI
I know you do. That's why you have me. Wonderful ol' me.

She flashes a grin and poses. It softens Olivia. A little.

OLIVIA
Well. Yeah. But, OK. It would really help if I could see some of your sketches. So I have a better idea of the world we're building.

SAMMI

Oh shit. I meant to show you today but I totally forgot my book. Tell you what. Let's meet here first thing tomorrow. At like seven. Just me and you. With no distractions.

She motions at the boys. Olivia relents.

OLIVIA

OK, yeah. That sounds good. We can get down to the nitty gritty.

She motions at ANDY, the boy in the green jumper.

SAMMI

I'd like to get down to his nitty gritty.

OLIVIA

You think? He's pretty chubby.

It's true. He is.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Olivia sits on the wall. Alone. She checks her phone. It's quarter to eight.

No sign of Sammi. Olivia clutches her notebook to her chest. Her eyes wander to a pile of cigarette butts on the ground.

Half of them have lipstick on the filter.

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sammi sits at a mirror. She applies thick black lipstick. She's in her usual outfit.

SAMMI

I told you I was sorry like a thousand times. What do you want me to say? I overslept.

OLIVIA

I was late for practice.

SAMMI

Shit, that old chestnut? I thought you were pretty much done with tennis.

OLIVIA
I never said that.

Sammi puckers her lips at herself in the mirror. She moves to the window and cracks it open.

She takes out a cigarette.

OLIVIA
No. No way.

SAMMI
Oh come on. You let me smoke in here before. I'm all jittery about meeting up with Hank. I need to relax.

OLIVIA
My mom's home. She'll freak.

THUMP. Sammi slams the window.

SAMMI
You know. I really thought I was helping you grow some balls.

She grabs her phone and moves to the door.

SAMMI
No dude is gonna want to hook up with a Momma's girl.

She huffs out the door and BANGS it shut. Olivia looks around her room. Sammi's bag sits on the bed.

The sketch book pokes out. She eyes the door. She eyes the bag. She eyes the door again.

She jumps on the bed and grabs the sketch book.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Olivia stands on the platform in her tennis gear. She watches a video of Serena Williams SLAYING on her phone.

An EXPENSIVE BMW pulls into the parking lot. Sammi gets out, in her usual outfit. She SLAMS the door.

She gives the car the finger as it pulls away. Olivia moves out of her line of site.

CUT TO BLACK: