

BLACK WIDOW SOCIETY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A MAN (30s) huffs as he runs full-speed through the foliage. He makes frequent glances behind him. His shirt is torn. A gunshot wound to his arm bleeds.

Running footsteps follow him. The sound of a gushing river is ahead.

The man runs in the river's direction. Whoosh! An arrow fired from a compound bow just misses his head.

UP AHEAD

The ground runs out beneath the man's feet. He stands at the edge of a cliff. A river is straight down, a good 50 yards. Jagged rocks poke out of the water near the shoreline.

The man whirls to look behind him. Footsteps from that direction slow to a stop. Terror fills the man's face over something he sees before him. He's on the verge of tears.

MAN

No... please...

Whoosh! An arrow impales his chest. He falls straight back, over the edge.

DOWN BELOW

The river's current carries his body away.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Loud, upbeat music pulsates from within.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - SAME

The place is alive with dozens of PATRONS, socializing and drinking.

AT THE BAR

MORGAN BROOKS (16 but looks 21), sits down with two GIRLFRIENDS who look the same age, mainly due to their heavy make-up and sexy dresses. The BARTENDER steps up to the girls, eyes them suspiciously.

GIRLFRIEND #1

I'll have a Strawberry Daiquiri.

GIRLFRIEND #2

Pink Lady.

MORGAN

I feel bold tonight. I think I'll
have a Long Island Iced Tea.

BARTENDER

I'm gonna need to see some I.D.

Each of the girlfriends fishes a driver's license out of her purse and holds it out to the bartender. One at a time, he takes each license, studies it for a moment, then returns it to the owner.

Morgan is last. The bartender takes extra time studying it, looking back and forth to her face and the picture on the license.

MORGAN

The picture on my first license was
much better. I wanted them to re-
take it but the old hag refused.

The bartender hands her license back. He gets to work making their drinks.

The girls giggle quietly at each other, beaming like they have just pulled the wool over the bartender's eyes.

GIRLFRIEND #2

(whispering)

Charlie sure makes realistic I.D.s.

Her companions nod in agreement.

MOMENTS LATER

The bartender sets a drink in front of each girl. Morgan tosses a 20 and 10 to the bar.

MORGAN

Keep the change.

The bartender grabs the money and goes to the register.

The girls each take a sip of her own drink. Morgan recoils with a bitter face.

MORGAN

It's stronger than I thought.

GIRLFRIEND #1

You'll get used to it.

Still tasting their drinks, the girls swivel on their stools, scoping out the place, especially the available men.

AT A TABLE

LANCE RITTER (22), very attractive, single ear piercing, clean-cut with a dash of dangerous, has a beer with AARON (21). A few empty bottles stand on the table. Each drinks from a new bottle. One extra chair is available.

AT THE BAR

Morgan spots Lance. An instant attraction brews.

MORGAN

Girls, I bid you adieu.

Her drink in hand, Morgan wanders off toward Lance.

The girlfriends giggle.

GIRLFRIEND #2

Adieu? She's taking Spanish.

GIRLFRIEND #1

And obviously failing.

The girls giggle. They sip their drinks.

AT THE TABLE

Morgan comes up behind Lance. Aaron spots her and stares.

MORGAN

Hello, gentlemen.

Lance turns to look. He can't believe his eyes.

MORGAN

Got room for one more?

Aaron jumps up and pulls out the extra chair.

AARON

Sure.

Her attention on Lance, Morgan takes the seat and scoots closer to her target.

MORGAN

First time here?

Aaron sits back down and watches the two with disappointment.

LANCE
Actually, it is. It's Aaron's
birthday.

AARON
First time I'm allowed to drink...
legally, that is.

He laughs.

Morgan remains focused on Lance.

LANCE
We're, uh, students over at
Lanford. What about you?

MORGAN
I work for my daddy's company. No
need for college when you have the
family business to fall on, right?

LANCE
Well, it might still be a good
idea...

Aaron clears his throat loudly, a sign for Lance to silence.

AARON
I don't think the lady is looking
for a guidance counselor.

LANCE
Oh. Right.

Lance and Morgan continue to stare at each other. Aaron
stands.

AARON
I think there's somewhere else I
should be.

He leaves the table.

Morgan smiles at Lance. He returns it.

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A mansion sits back from the road. Someone with money and
class lives here.

INT./EXT. LANCE'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT - SAME

Lance drives. Morgan, drunk, is next to him, her head on Lance's shoulder, on the verge of passing out. The car approaches Morgan's driveway.

MORGAN
Just park at the end.

Lance parks his car at the end of the driveway.

Morgan lifts her head to gaze at Lance.

MORGAN
I had a lot of fun tonight.

LANCE
Me, too.

MORGAN
Think we can do it again sometime?

Lance places an arm around her.

LANCE
That can be arranged.

They come together for a long kiss.

MORGAN
I'll call you.

LANCE
I'm kinda old-fashioned about the calling. Any chance I can have your number?

MORGAN
I don't have a house phone. My sister. She hates sales calls.

LANCE
I know you have a cell phone. I saw you use it at the bar.

MORGAN
Right. 429-6108. But I'll still call you.

Morgan steps out of the car, leans back in to look at Lance with a chuckle.

MORGAN
Bye.