

PSYCHO TEACHER

Written by

Vicky L. Neal

FADE IN:

EXT. SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA - CLIFFS - NIGHT

High above the crashing waves of an ocean. The sound seems closer than it is. The road is deserted until a pair of headlights appears. A blue convertible with the top up pulls off the road and parks.

We see a pair of non-gender shoes belonging to the driver as they get out and move to the trunk. Gloved hands use a key to open it. Inside is the body of a young woman (late 20s) with long, blonde hair. A mark across her throat indicates possible strangulation.

The figure, wearing a hooded black jacket with the hood up, strains to lift the body. He/she drags the body to the edge and rolls her off.

The body crashes onto the rocks below. Waves come in and carry her out to sea.

The figure returns to his/her car and closes the trunk. Gets in behind the wheel and speeds off.

INT. UNDISCLOSED APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

From the rear, we watch as a dark-haired WOMAN wearing gloves adds blonde hair dye to her long locks. She squirts the solution on it one strand at a time.

On the counter, propped up to face her as a reference, is a driver's license for the dead woman - Michelle Langford.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - HIGHWAY - DAY

The blue convertible with the top down moves along the busy highway leading into L.A. TIFFANY HARRIS (34), looking nearly identical to the dead Michelle Langford, is behind the wheel, her long, blonde hair flowing behind her. She wears sunglasses and a tight little dress that shows moderate cleavage.

The car's radio plays rock music, fitting for the image. A few bags of luggage are in the back seat. The vehicle takes the next exit toward downtown L.A.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Several stories tall in a busy area with abundant shops and stores. A parking lot by the structure is for tenants only.

Tiffany pulls her car into the lot and parks.

PARKING LOT

Tiffany raises the top of her car before she gets out. She grabs one bag from the back seat, locks the doors with her fob, and heads around to the front entrance.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

A furnished one bedroom apartment on the fifth floor. A sliding door leads off of the living room to a small balcony with two chairs, overlooking a grassy area. A kitchenette is open to a small dining area with a table and two chairs.

A key turns in the lock and the door opens. Tiffany removes her sunglasses as she steps inside and studies her new place. Disappointment comes to her face. She sets her bag down.

LYDIA PARKS (mid 20s) starts to pass by the open door but stops to observe Tiffany.

LYDIA

Hello.

Tiffany whirls around, a little startled.

TIFFANY

Hi.

LYDIA

I'm Lydia from 507. We're practically neighbors.

TIFFANY

I should really go grab my things.

Tiffany steps out to the...

HALL

She locks the door behind her.

LYDIA

I'd be happy to give you a hand.

TIFFANY

That isn't necessary.

LYDIA

What are neighbors for?

Tiffany grins uneasily. She heads down the hall. Lydia follows.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Tiffany and Lydia grab the bags from the car. Lydia holds one while Tiffany juggles the other two.

LYDIA

Nice car.

TIFFANY

Thanks.

They head to the building. Tiffany nearly drops her bags. She sets one by Lydia.

TIFFANY

Would you mind?

LYDIA

Not at all.

Now it's Lydia's turn to juggle two bags as they continue.

LYDIA

Where are you from?

TIFFANY

Tennessee.

LYDIA

Your tags say California.

Tiffany's face tightens.

TIFFANY

I'm originally from Tennessee but I just moved from up state.

LYDIA

Ah.

They enter the building.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Tiffany and Lydia set the bags in the center of the room.

LYDIA

I guess I should be going. If you need anything...

TIFFANY

Michelle.

LYDIA

If you need anything, Michelle,  
just yell.

Lydia leaves. Tiffany looks inside one of the bags and produces a laptop and a folder. She sits down on the couch and opens the laptop. Pulls up Michelle Langford's email account.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

Tiffany clicks on an email from the principal of Goshen High School, congratulating Michelle for joining the school faculty. Principal Carter looks forward to seeing her for orientation on August 18.

BACK TO SCENE:

Tiffany sits back and smiles to herself.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A handful of cars are parked in the lot.

PRINCIPAL CARTER (O.S.)

I was very impressed with your  
resume, Ms. Langford.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY - SAME

Right outside the offices. Tiffany steps out with PRINCIPAL CARTER (40s).

TIFFANY

Thank you. Teaching means the world  
to me.

PRINCIPAL CARTER

Good to hear. Your room is right  
over here.

Principal Carter leads Tiffany across the hall to room 103, in the front of the building.

ROOM 103

Standard classroom with a chalkboard behind the teacher's desk. Tiffany takes it all in.

TIFFANY

It already feels like home.

PRINCIPAL CARTER

Take your time getting familiar with everything. There's a teachers' meeting at two in the cafeteria. Just make sure to be there on time.

TIFFANY

Absolutely.

PRINCIPAL CARTER

And welcome to our team.

Principal Carter leaves. Tiffany looks all around her as she goes to her desk. She sits down behind it and does a twirl in her chair.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 5TH FLOOR HALL - NIGHT

Tiffany walks up to Lydia's door, carrying a bottle of wine. She knocks. Moments later, Lydia opens the door. Tiffany holds up the bottle.

TIFFANY

Care to join me?

Lydia gestures inside.

LYDIA

Come on in.

Tiffany enters. The door closes.

INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Lydia steps into the open kitchen and grabs two wine glasses from a cupboard.

LYDIA

What's the occasion?

Tiffany sits on the couch and opens the wine bottle.

TIFFANY

My last night of freedom before I start teaching at my new job.

Lydia has a puzzled look as she sits in a chair across from Tiffany.

LYDIA

Aren't teachers supposed to love teaching?