

**INT. EMPTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The beam of a heavy-duty flashlight plays down the hall and into a living room bare of furniture.

A group of four girls, all about seventeen, enter. SOPHIA leads with her bottle-black hair and patch-covered jacket. Behind her come JESS, blonde and already bored; KATE, tall and athletic; and GINA, short and vibrating with anxiety.

GINA

Do they take away scholarships for breaking and entering?

JESS

It's not breaking if you have the key, dummy. Calm your tits.

SOPHIA

My mom won't notice a damn thing. She was already a bottle deep.

KATE

So glad they tore down that creepy old hospital to build these.

JESS

Yeah, I love identical white boxes.

Kate sticks out her tongue at Jess. The girls sit in a circle on the floor with the flashlight in the middle, facing up.

SOPHIA

OK, think fast: fuck, marry, kill!

JESS

Fuck Hemsworth, marry Evans, kill Pratt. Cake.

KATE

Truth. What about us three?

SOPHIA

I'd fuck Jess because she's feisty, marry Kate because she can reach things on tall shelves, and, well, Gina, I'd have to kill you, sorry.

GINA

That's fine, I totally--

But she's interrupted by HANDS that GRAB HER FROM BEHIND.

She kicks the flashlight and it shorts out. The girls SCREAM.