Here's a brief sample from EVERGREEN...

If you would like to request this script, please feel free to email us at **ray@raycrites.com**

FADE IN:

INT. NOEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Dank. Hot Topic dejour. SKULLS in every corner. CANDLES spread everywhere else. BLACK LACE litters the room and piles of BLACK CLOTHES scattered across the floor. The kind of room that wreaks of cloves and patchouli oil.

Faint beams of MOONLIGHT creep through heavy drapes, illuminating the edges of --

A DELICATE HAND

Pale. Elegant. Dangling over the edge of the mattress.

A BEAD OF BLOOD snakes from the wrist into the palm... down the finger... to the tip of a long black nail... where it hangs for just a moment... before it falls...

TO THE FLOOR

...and explodes into a RUBY RED CROWN.

Silence fills the air... still... stagnant... then...

PLOP! PLOP! PLOP!

Three more drops hit the floor.

INT. NOEL'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

PAM BRANDT (30's, nervous as she is nice) hustles down the hall, laundry basket attached at the hip.

She stops at --

NOEL'S BEDROOM DOOR,

"KEEP OUT!" scrawled in angry red letters.

She knocks softly.

PAM
Sweetie? I've got your laundry.

Silence.

She knocks again.

PAM (CONT'D)
Honey?

Still nothing.

PAM (CONT'D)
Okay... I’m coming in.

She turns the knob. The door creaks open to --

INT. NOEL'S BEDROOM

The laundry basket crashes to the floor.

Pam gasps.

PAM
(panicked)
Oh, my God, Noel!

She takes a step in -- eyes scanning -- fear gripping her throat.

NOEL (17, a mystery wrapped in heavy eyeliner and messy magenta hair) sits on the end of the bed, shaking, her head hung low, her face shadowed by her hanging hair.

Pam doesn’t see Noel's tears... or her streaked eyeliner.

She only sees Noel's wrist -- pale, half-covered, stained with blood.

Noel jerks her sleeve down, fast -- but it's too late.

PAM (CONT'D)
(soft, breaking)
Oh, Noey...