

Brown Sugar

Revision 1

By

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Revision 1

FADE IN:

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT -- DAY

A RAZOR chops yellowish-brown translucent crystals.

SPEAKERS vibrate uncontrollably as Skrillex blares throughout the apartment.

ALLY, a very beautiful blonde in her early twenties, glares at the MDMA with an uncomfortable expression.

The DRUG DEALER licks the tip of the razor while staring at Ally. She awkwardly looks away.

The drug dealer lights his glass bong, and takes a hit.

DRUG DEALER
Do you want some?

The drug dealer holds the bong up to Ally.

ALLY
I um... I don't, I mean..

JENNA, the definition of "gives no fucks," grabs the bong.

There is a SCAR on her inner arm.

JENNA
I'll take one.

Jenna rips the bong, and then looks down at Ally. Jenna slightly motions the bong toward her.

JENNA
Do you want?

Ally stares up at Jenna. Shakes her head no. *

Jenna smirks at Ally. Puts the bong on the table in between her and the drug dealer. *

Jenna plops down beside Ally on the brown, leather sofa.

DRUG DEALER
Jen, you want me to just capsule this since I have the scale out.

JENNA
Yea, that works.

DRUG DEALER

How much you want in each?

The drug dealer clears two vitamin pill capsules, and weighs the Molly.

Jenna locks eye contact with Ally.

JENNA

Just put .4 in each.

Ally squirms at the sound of Jenna's experienced terminology.

ALLY

Where's your bathroom?

Jenna and the drug dealer look at Ally who gives off an uncomfortable smile.

JENNA

I'll show her.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Outdated 90s wallpaper drapes the walls, peeling at the corners. *

The yellow-brown stained toilet seat reeks of urine. *

The sink is covered in clumps of shaving cream and pools of mouthwash. *

ALLY

Jennna.

JENNA

Since when do you say no to free weed?

ALLY

I don't know if we should take these tonight.

JENNA

Classic Ally.

ALLY

I don't like that guy.

JENNA

Brent?

ALLY

Yes.

JENNA

Well, you'll be seeing him tonight.

*

ALLY

What?

*

JENNA

I told you it was a friend of a friends party.

*

*

ALLY

And he's the friend? Are you fucking kidding.

*

*

JENNA

Don't be an asshole.

ALLY

Can we just leave?

JENNA

Seriously.

ALLY

I just don't want you to get back into all this shit again.

Jenna sits on the bathroom sink in front of Ally.

JENNA

It literally lasts like four hours.

ALLY

I just don't think it's worth it.

JENNA

I don't know why you always bring it up if you're just gonna back out.

*

ALLY

I don't like being out of control.

JENNA

You're not going to be.

*

ALLY

Then what's the point.

JENNA

Come here.

Jenna motions Ally closer to her.

She grabs her arm. Lightly strokes it with her fingertips. *

Ally freezes for a second.

JENNA

Does this feel good?

(Pause) *

That's what rolling feels like.

ALLY

I don't know, Jenna.

JENNA

Why not?

ALLY

Ahh. I have no idea why I'm
freaking out. Its just sketchy in
here.

JENNA

He's a drug dealer.

ALLY

Yea, so.

JENNA

We have to buy it, anyway.

ALLY

I know.

JENNA

Ally. You'll love it.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY HOUSE -- NIGHT

RED CUPS coat the green grass in front of the vibrating
suburban home. A maroon Union College flag hangs from the
half detached gutter. Rave lights penetrate the downstairs
windows. There are tiny herds of PEOPLE scattered across the
lawn. *

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ally sits alone on a sofa. The living room is attached to the dance room. She watches as people stumble all around her. *

A COUPLE is ratchidly making out beside her.

She looks down at her HANDS. She rubs her fingers together.

She intensely stares at the people dancing as they all begin to blur together.

JENNA

Ally.

Ally breaks out of her daze, and looks at Jenna who is walking toward her. Ally is flooded with excitement as if she hasn't seen Jenna in months.

Ally has a wild look in her eyes.

Jenna sits down beside her, and places her HAND on Ally's leg.

Voices are distorted and sound echoed.

JENNA(CONT)

Heyy.

Ally slowly rubs her head against Jenna's shoulder. Jenna slightly strokes the side of Ally's cheek.

JENNA(CONT)

Looks like someone's rolling.

Jenna moves her hand to scratch the back of Ally's head. Ally's eyelids slowly blink until they close completely.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Think Black Swan club scene.

MONTAGE.

The lights rapidly change colors as Jenna and Ally dance to the blaring music.

Ally grabs Jenna's HAND and pulls her to an empty hallway where the music is slightly lower.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jenna rests against the wall. Ally faces Jenna with her hand on the wall, slightly leaning on her. *

Both girls are panting.

Ally looks up at Jenna.

ALLY

I want more.

Jenna stares down at Ally, observing her. A faint smile begins to form on Jenna's face.

JENNA

Okay.

Jenna grabs Ally's HAND and walks back into the dance room.

INT. DANCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jenna whispers in a GUY's ear as Ally stands beside her, observing.

The guy nods.

He points at another GUY as if to say "come here."

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ally and Jenna enter the door. FOUR BOYS sit on two sofas; they turn around to stare at the girls. *

The table in the middle of the room is scattered with various baggies, scales, bongos, red cups and tablets.

The room is lit by various red Christmas light strands that dangle from the ceiling.

The girls squeeze together onto one of the sofas, practically sitting on top of one another.

Jenna's gaze locks on a NEEDLE AND VILE sitting on the table.

Ally begins to tell the boys what they want. All sounds are muffled as Jenna stares at the items. *

INT. DAYDREAM -- CONTINUOUS

This should not appear as a daydream. It becomes apparent after Ally interrupts. *

Jenna picks up the vile and begins to fill the needle. She INJECTS herself, and a sudden happiness flood over her.

ALLY
(Muffled)
Jenna.

ALLY(CONT)
Jennnaa.

CUT TO:

Jenna breaks out of her daydream. She turns to Ally, and then to the vile which sits on the table: untouched.

ALLY(CONT)
Here.

Ally hands Jenna a tablet as she puts one in her mouth.

Jenna looks down at the tablet, confused.

JENNA
What is this?

ALLY
It's Molly.

Jenna looks up at the boys now.

JENNA
What did you just give her?

ALLY
Jenna, calm down, it's just Molly. *

Jenna looks at Ally. She is still holding the tablet out for her.

JENNA
No it's not. That's a tab.

ALLY
Isn't that the same thing?

Jenna turns back to the boys.

JENNA
What's in that!?

BOY
Chill, its just MDMA.

Ally turns toward Jenna. She talks to her in an almost whisper.

ALLY
Just take it.

JENNA
Ally, you don't know what's in that.

ALLY
Come on Jen.

JENNA
Ally.

Ally moves closer and whispers in Jenna's ear.

ALLY
It's gonna be fine.

Jenna stares into Ally's eyes, still concerned. She holds eye contact as she grabs the pill and takes it. Ally smiles.

BLACKNESS.

INT. APARTMENT -- MORNING

Jenna's EYES abruptly open to a loud banging on the front door.

She lies in the middle of her living room floor still wearing her clothes from the night before. *

Her purse, keys and heels lay scattered on the floor in front of her.

She sits up clutching her throbbing HEAD.

She walks to the door.

As she twists the knob the sunlight illuminates her cave-like apartment. For a second she can't see anything until her eyes adjust to the light.

TWO POLICEMEN stand in front of her.

POLICEMAN 1
Are you Jenna Brown?

Jenna stares at the men with utter confusion.

JENNA

Yes.

Policeman 2 holds up a PHOTO OF ALLY.

POLICEMAN 1

Do you know this girl?

Jenna reaches for the photo and grabs it.

JENNA

Yea, that's my best friend. Is something wrong? Is she alright?

The policemen look at each other exchanging an unsaid conversation.

Policeman 2 nods at policeman 1.

POLICEMAN 1

Ally Sessler was murdered last night.

All sounds mute.

All that is heard is a sharp ringing noise.

Jenna is frozen.

Tears pour from Jenna's eyes.

The policeman keeps talking, but we only see his mouth moving.

We slowly get further and further away until the three characters are a distant blur.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The BLACK NIGHT is visible through the living room window.

Everything is idly sitting. Waiting.

The DOORKNOB twists.

Jenna enters.

Her mascara-smearred, ghost white face seems hollow - lifeless.

She walks zombified to her sofa.

She sits down and stares. Stares at nothing. Just stares.
Stares.

Stares.

Her FISTS slam on the glass coffee table in front of her.

JENNA

Ahhhh!

Shoves BOOKS off the table.

Hysterically begins thrusting everything off the table.
Papers, books, her computer. No longer sitting.

Picks up a book and slams it against the flimsy glass.

Slams it again.

AND AGAIN.

In tears.

JENNA

Why did I make her go. *

Her moans and cries become elevated. She is in hysterics. *

She sobs as she glides down the front of the sofa onto her
wooden floor.

She curls her legs in, clutching the book.

Sobbing uncontrollably.

Hyperventilating.

She gets up. A wild look carved onto her tear drenched face.

She reaches above her TV stand for a high shelf. On her
tip-toes.

The basket she is trying to reach falls onto the floor.

A few shot glasses break, scarves flutter through the air,
pens scatter across the floor. Everything goes every where.

She falls beside the basket, and searches through whats left
inside.

Picking up a brown, long sock. She unravels it.

Pulling out a NEEDLE and VILE. HEROIN.

She stares at the two items, clutching them in each hand.

Her grasp grips harder as she brings her hands to her head, and breaks out in another crying fit.

She places the items on the floor.

EXT. APARTMENT -- A WEEK LATER

NEWSPAPERS sit idly outside the front door. *

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT -- EVENING

Three GARBAGE BAGS lay leaking on the kitchen floor.

Ally's voice is heard. Jenna is listening to an Iphone video of the two of them. Jenna is alone. *

ALLY
Yuhh partaa...

DISHES protrude from the top of the sterling silver sink.

ALLY
Am I suppose to be doing something?

CHINESE takeout clutters the living room table.

ALLY
What do you want me to do?

The CLOCK reads 6 o'clock.

ALLY
What can I say, I'm just chillen
with my betches.

PICTURES of Jenna and Ally are scattered across the glass table.

ALLY
(Laughing)
Okay, I'm done.

The items Jenna threw on the floor a week earlier lay untouched.

ALLY
(Playfully)
Jenna turn that off.

Jenna still wearing the clothes from last week is pacing back and forth in front of the TV with an Iphone in one hand and a half drunken Whiskey bottle in the other.

Her eyelids are swollen. Hair untamable. Eyes bloodshot.

ALLY

Give me that, you suck!

The video stops.

She glances down at the HEROIN. Keeps pacing.

Plays IPHONE VIDEO again.

She stops. Starts chugging bottle.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY HOUSE -- SAME NIGHT -- LATE

The outside is an equal level of party scene trashed, but this time no people.

INT. PARTY HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A loud bang penetrates the semi-vacant downstairs.

Jenna is extremely wasted as she slams her fist against the wooden front door.

JENNA

Open.
 (Knock)
The.
 (Knock)
Fucking.
 (Knock)
Door.

The drug dealer hastily opens the entrance.

DRUG DEALER

Jenna?

She uses all her drunken force to push him out of the way.

JENNA

Where the fuck is he?

She sprints towards the dance room. The drug dealer chases her.

DRUG DEALER

Jenna, what are you talking about?

JENNA

That brown headed boy, where is he?

DRUG DEALER

Who?

JENNA

That brown headed boy!

Her yelling has traveled, and the six male house has slowly evacuated their rooms to watch.

DRUG DEALER

Jen, I don't know what you're talking about. *

Jenna begins throwing things on the floor out of frustration. Glass items break upon impact of the hard tile.

The various boys watching make their way over to stop her.

Jenna makes direct eye contact with the boy that gave her and Ally the tab.

JENNA

You!

She uncontrollably runs toward the boy.

Hitting him in the stomach as he tries to restrain her arms.

JENNA

You killed her!

BOY

Get off me!

The boy pushes Jenna who flies backward onto the hard solid floor. Her hands land in the scattered glass, and her head thumps the ground.

The drug dealer runs over to make sure she's okay.

DRUG DEALER

What the fuck, dude.

Jenna is sobbing wildly.

JENNA
(Searing noise)
You killed my best friend!

The boy has a sudden recollection. He knows exactly what Jenna is talking about.

He freezes.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE -- Later than late *

The outside is a deep blue tint. Rain drips softly from the sky. Headlights peer through the foggy air as a car pulls into the drive way.

INT. PARTY HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The house is silent. Jenna sits curled up in a corner rocking back and forth. Her breathing is heavy.

The boy sits on the living room sofa, staring. He occasionally glances down at Jenna.

The drug dealer paces in front of the front door, keeping an eye on the two of them.

A black-hooded MAN emerges from under the doorway. *

MAN
Brent. *

DRUG DEALER
Hey, you got the shit. *

MAN
I don't do house calls, man. *

DRUG DEALER
I know, I had no chose, alright. *

MAN
You owe me. *

The man hands over a brown paper sack. He leaves. *

Brent motions toward the ball formation that is now Jenna.

He places his hand on Jenna's back, and she jolts her head up. *

There are numerous cuts on her face. Blood stains smeared across her skin.

DRUG DEALER
I got you something. *

He hands the brown sack to Jenna. *

JENNA
What is this? *

DRUG DEALER
Just take it. *

Jenna grabs the sack with her swollen glass penetrated
HANDS. *

She looks inside. *

JENNA
I'm not fucking taking this. *

She pushes the sack away from her. *

DRUG DEALER
Jen, it will make you feel better. *

JENNA
I stopped doing that shit. *

Her eyes lock onto the brown sack, longing. *

DRUG DEALER
No one ever stops. *

He pushes the sack toward her again. *

Jenna is annoyed. Hard to tell if its because of Brent or
her internal desire for what's in the sack. *

DRUG DEALER
Take it! *

Jenna clenches her jaw. She gets up, pushing past Brent. *

JENNA
I hope your friend burns in hell. *

Jenna and the boy exchange one last look as she exits the
house. *

DRUG DEALER
Jenna! *

INT. OLD GREEN SUBARU -- CONTINUOUS

The rain trickles against the car rough.

Jenna is driving along a dark abandoned road. *

She looks down at Ally's contact in her Iphone favorites. *

She presses the call button. *

Ringng penetrates through the tiny speaker. Ringng. *

Ringng. *

BEEPPP. *

OPERATOR *

Hello, the person you are trying to *

reach is no longer available. *

Please hang up and try your call *

again. *

She presses call again. *

Ring. Ring. *

OPERATOR *

Hello, the per.. *

She tosses her phone against the passenger door. *

The muffled operator is heard under the seat. *

She gazes at the raindrops colliding with the glass. *

INT. DANCE FLOOR -- FLASHBACK

The electronic music blares to the spectrum of colors illuminating the room.

Jenna and Ally are drenched in a midst of sweat as they dance closer and closer to one another.

They are a synchronized item. Beating as one.

There breaths are enhanced and slower.

Two boys approach the girls, breaking up there joined motions.

The brown hair boy faces Ally, and blows on her neck. The two kiss.

A boy talks to Jenna. She watches Ally. Ally disappears into the dark back hallway.

INT. APARTMENT -- LATER THAT DAY

Jenna is hyperventilating as she tosses and turns on the living room sofa. *

Her eyes widen with fear.

Her face is filled with sadness as she reaches for the Whiskey bottle on the coffee table.

There is nothing left.

Jenna sits up and fiercely strokes her fingers in her scalp. *

She looks up and sees the HEROIN.

She stares.

She grips her head once more.

INT. HALLWAY -- FLASHBACK

Jenna moves through the hallway frantically searching for Ally.

The walls morph around her, and she stumbles into them.

She finds Ally naked, face-down on a bare mattress. *

The world spins around her as she rushes to help Ally.

BOY

Hey, get outta here.

The boy Jenna was with on the dance floor grabs her. He drags her out of the room. Jenna kicks desperately.

The room fades in front of her.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Jenna has a shirt tied around her arm.

She is injecting the needle with the savory brown solution.

TEARS roll down her eyes as she places the NEEDLE to her arm.

She injects herself until the vile is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAUTIFUL PARK -- DAY -- HEROIN FANTASY

Jenna is sprawled on the rich green summer grass. She opens her eyes to see Ally's beaming smile gazing at her.

ALLY

Hey... I missed you.