

CAMILLA

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - COURTYARD - MORNING

Everyone else has left. DAYNA smiles -- she sees her opportunity and decides to make her move. She scoots closer to LUCAS on the bench, who pretends not to notice.

DAYNA

Oh, c'mon, Luc. Look me in the eye.

Dayna puts her hand under Lucas's chin and gently spins his head to face her.

DAYNA (CONT'D)

I know you and Camilla have been going through problems lately, and... I just figured you could use someone to talk to?

LUCAS

I appreciate the offer, but it's something Cam and I have to discuss with each other.

DAYNA

Did she cheat?

(not even giving him a chance to respond)

I knew it! I bet she pulls the whole "get drunk, sleep with as many guys as you can, and pretend not to remember them" schtik. She's got it written all over her face.

CAMILLA

Oh, do I?

A young woman suddenly sprawls out on top of the table, in a suggestively sexy pose. She's got her icy eyes locked onto Dayna.

This is CAMILLA POTTS. Twenties, raunchy, and definitely trashy, but she attempts to hide it with a faux air of complexity and sophistication.

Lucas shoves Dayna away, plumping her back into her seat. She grabs for her bookbag and goes to leave.

DAYNA

I think I'll leave now, Lucas. Nice seeing you Camilla.

Camilla grabs for Dayna's arm, stopping her in her tracks.

CAMILLA

Dayna, we've had this little chat before haven't we? I know you think that I'm this generation's Maureen Prescott or something. But I haven't slept with everyone in town, okay?

(beat, proudly)

Not even half of everyone.

(gets closer to Dayna,
menacingly)

So if I were you, I'd stay away.

Dayna keeps her eyes locked on Camilla, who waits for some sort of snappy response.

CAMILLA (CONT'D)

Got anything to say, Landry?

DAYNA

(beat)

No.

Camilla loosens her grip on Dayna.

CAMILLA

Thought so.

Dayna shuffles away quietly. Lucas looks up at Camilla.

LUCAS

Camilla, what are you doing here?

CAMILLA

...I miss you. It's been ages since the two of us really got some time to... talk. Maybe now's a good time?

LUCAS

Not exactly. I have to get to class.

CAMILLA

Do you remember the good old days when you'd skip class with me all the time? What's happening to you, Lucas?

LUCAS

Have you even watched the news, Cam?

CAMILLA
(suddenly concerned)
Why... Did something happen?

INT. REED RESIDENCE - LUCAS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LUCAS opens the door, slipping inside his bedroom. Definitely a geeky room, he's got posters of his favorite movies plastered all over the walls.

On his bed, lies CAMILLA.

LUCAS
Camilla, how'd you get in here?

CAMILLA
The same way I always do. The patio stairs.

LUCAS
It's not smart to be sneaking around. Not now. We've got a cop downstairs, she was just attacked--

CAMILLA
(doesn't care)
We were supposed to talk and you didn't come to me, so I figured I'd come to you.

LUCAS
We can talk about this later...
Call me or something. If the cop catches you here...

Camilla saunters over to Lucas, grabbing him. She kisses him like an ANIMAL. He's not an idiot, so of course he doesn't fight back... She spins him around and pushes him onto the bed, still kissing.

She pulls away - grinning. Lucas is speechless. He gives a smirk.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
I thought you wanted to talk...

She begins to take off her shirt -- Lucas stares, he's hypnotized by her.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
...Not that I'm complaining or anything...

Just as Camilla's about to unstrap that bra of hers, there's a SCREAM from downstairs. Both of them are startled.

CAMILLA
Shit!

She begins to struggle putting her shirt back on. Lucas looks her in the eye -- SNATCHES a baseball bat from beside his bed.

LUCAS
You should go. Sneak out the way
you came in.

CAMILLA
What about you?

LUCAS
Don't worry about me. I've got
survivor blood in me, don't you
remember?

Camilla gives a soft smile. Lucas moves for the door and leaves Camilla alone in the room.