JUNIE JUNIE

Written by

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INT. JUNIE’S HOUSE - JUNIE’S BEDROOM - DUSK

A WOMAN SCREAMS

A girl with blonde hair and eyes too big to be comforting sits at a desk in a room lit by dim colorful lights. This is JUNIE (18)

PODCAST HOST (O.S.)
Her body was found in 17 different pieces...

She clicks on her laptop screen. From a different angle we see she is learning about the four theories of victimology in serial killers.

PODCAST HOST (O.S.)
...having taken his souvenirs from the brutal murder, the killer simply left the scene...

Her phone buzzes on the desk next to her, nestled between the clutter of fake blood bottles and books. She looks at it and jumps up. She snatches up a worn messenger bad and throws in a DVD, her phone, and a set of keys. She rushes down the stairs.

INT. JUNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

In the dark living room Junie hurries quietly behind the sofa where her parents sit. The light of the T.V. illuminates their blank stares in cold light. They look as though they were built into this living room, perhaps they came with the sofa.

JUNIE’S FATHER
June! Where are you headed?

His eyes don’t leave the screen. Junie looks in his direction, but elects to run to the door without a response.

JUNIE’S FATHER
Hey, they found another body at Clyde park on Tuesday. I know it’s miles away, but you need to be extra careful.

JUNIE
I know.

JUNIE’S MOTHER
Do you still have the pepper spray I gave you?

JUNIE
I lost it.

Both parents sigh.

JUNIE
But I have my pocket knife.

JUNIE'S FATHER
Honey I just don't think you could bring yourself to stab someone if they attack you. The pepper spray is a- WOOHOO!

Something exciting happens on the game show absorbing Junie's mother and father. She waits a moment to see if they will press, but they have already forgotten the conversation.

JUNIE
I'm safe...

She closes the door with a click.

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - FRONT STEP - NIGHT

Junie ascends the two tiny front steps of a small, dingy white house. She wrings her hands together and straightens the collar under the striped sweater she's drowning in.

Before she can knock the door slowly opens inward. As she tries to peer in to see who opened it-

MAN SCREAMS

MILES (19) pops out and scares her. She jumps happily, a little breathless. She laughs nervously.

MILES
Gotcha!

JUNIE
It's scary movie night not scary Miles night.

He moves aside so she can come in.

INT. MILES'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL

MILES
It's ALWAYS scary movie night with you.

JUNIE
Well, they're my favorite. And you haven't seen any of them. It's ridiculous. Who hasn't seen ANY horror movies.

They talk as they walk down the hall to Miles' room. All the rooms in the house are dark, save for the kitchen. The buzzing overhead light flickers a little, casting shadows over and empty fruit basket and a box of cereal.

Junie walks straight through the center of the hallway, eyes forward, holding her bag close to her. Miles, the polar opposite, sways back and forth behind her, joking around.

MILES
Junie Junie sad and spooky...

JUNIE
I'm not sad.

MILES
But you are a bit spooky.Don't Deny it.

MILES' BEDROOM

They enter the glowing blue of Miles' room. The glow is coming from the DVD menu screen on the T.V. opposite the plain twin bed. Junie sits near the edge of the bed and extends her arm, DVD in hand.

MILES
And what do we have tonight?

He grabs the movie and slides it into the player.

JUNIE
Scream. Classic.

Miles scoffs.

MILES
You say that about all of them.

JUNIE
That's because I have good taste. You make popcorn?

He pulls a bag from behind the T.V.

He settles next to her, dumping popcorn in his mouth. He watches casually and she watches intently. He watches her as she stares at the blood on screen.

He chuckles, but she doesn't notice.

MILES
Yeesh. Why would anyone do this?

She responds without looking away.

JUNIE
In this case it was revenge motivated, but the killers are clearly sexual sadists as well. A large portion of serial killers are, often raping the victims pre or post mortem. Sometimes it's just a crime of passion.

She tosses some popcorn in her mouth.

JUNIE
Fear and arousal are incredibly similar autonomic responses in the body. Both leading to elevated heart rate, adrenaline, a rush of blood-

A sexual scene comes on and she breaks her straightforward stare and shifts in her seat.

He smiles, watching her explain.

MILES
You're a weirdo.

He sneakily leans behind her and lifts his arms up.

MILES
And you need a boyfriend.

He grabs her shoulders and she jumps a foot in the air and yelps. Miles' laugh is full bodied and warm. Junie's is breathless.

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - FRONT STEP

Miles leans on the doorframe as Junie exits.

MILES
Same time tomorrow?

JUNIE
I have to help my mom with something but it shouldn't take long.

MILES
Shoot me a text when you're on your way?

JUNIE
Done.

Junie nods and turns with a curt smile. Miles calls after her with a sing-songy voice.

MILES
Bye Junie!

She shuffles down the street. Miles shakes his head with a smile and disappears into the house.

Junie walks down the dark street, disappearing around the corner.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A young woman with long black hair, VICTIM #1, walks along a path in the woods. Streetlights peek through the trees, but not enough to illuminate much of her surroundings.

She looks better dressed for a date than a midnight stroll through the brush. Her eyes scan the path ahead, more searching than weary. A footstep sounds behind her.

She whips around with wide eyes but they quickly soften. She knows this person.

VICTIM #1
Hey! I usually don't do this, I just-

She is cut off by her own sharp inhale and the sound of slicing flesh, eyes wide in shock as we see her throat was just slit. Blood gushes from the fresh wound as she falls to the ground.

Her lifeless body is dragged out of frame.

INT. JUNIE'S HOUSE - JUNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Junie lays on her bed, watching the ceiling. True crime podcasts play in her head as she sits.

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PODCAST HOST (O.S.)
Understanding the sexual sadist has been a key part in the study of serial killers and murderers...

She sits up abruptly, leaning over the edge of the bed and pulling out a locked purple box. She pulls a key shaped earring from her ear and unlocks it. Inside is a pile of old trinkets and photos. A butterfly barrette, a tube of lip gloss, a locket necklace, etc. She pulls out the pictures.

Up close, we see they are pictures of Junie and Miles on Halloween over the span of a decade. Luna Lovegood and Harry Potter, Beetlejuice and Barbara, Shock and Barrel.

She stops on the most recent. Miles is dressed as Patrick Bateman, covered in blood, and Junie is a murder victim.

She stares at it for a while, something working behind her furrowed, nearly concerned brow. She twists around and yanks the cord of the lamp, drowning the room in darkness.

INT. MILES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Miles is washing something in the sink. His phone buzzes on the counter next to him. He peeks over, a text message from Junie reads: T MINUS 20

He goes back to scrubbing in the sink. As we close in to the sink, we see he is scrubbing a shirt.

It’s splattered with blood.

EXT. WOODS - THE DUMP SITE- AFTERNOON

Junie turns abruptly off the path, carefully climbing behind a dense thicket of trees. Sliding down the slope on the other side, she lands by a tangled mass of large roots, the earth eroded from under them. Stepping down next to the opening of the tangled web, she stops and looks.

Opposite her, hidden by the root system, is a dark tarp, barely visible in the shadows. She pulls the tarp to the side, revealing the corpse of Victim #1, the woman from earlier.

Her face is completely blank, unphased. She shuffles the tarp aside a little more, and reaches down. She quietly analyzes the girl before her, something processing. She searches the pockets of the girl, and pulls out a deep red lipstick, matching the dead girls lips. Junie pockets this, replaces the tarp, and climbs out of the ravine.

INT. MILES'S HOUSE - MILES' ROOM - EVENING

Miles and Junie sit on his bed, identical to how they sat for their last movie, but Junie's lips are blood red. Now they are watching The Shining. Junie, shifting in her seat, peels her eyes from the gore on the screen.

JUNIE
Do you like this lipstick?

MILES
Hmm?

JUNIE
This lipstick color. Does it look good on me?

Flashes of blood splattering across rooms intercuts with the deep red of Junie's moving lips as she speaks.

MILES
Oh I didn't notice. Yeah it's cool.

Junie turns back to the screen, disappointed. A flash of rage shines in her eyes, nearly glistening with tears.

JUNIE

I wonder how they recover.

MILES
Hmm?

JUNIE
The actors who play these roles.

Intercut Junie talking with slasher clips. Her eyes stay dead ahead.

JUNIE
It must take a lot to get into the mindset. Of a killer. Of someone who gets pleasure from causing pain, from watching the life drain from someone's eyes. To be able to embody the darkest sins imaginable with a smile... That can't be a feeling you can just undo, right?

Miles looks at her blankly.

JUNIE
The rush from watching someone run from you, bleed for you...
(MORE)

JUNIE (CONT'D)
Taking every thing away from them in one swift movement... It’s gotta be hard to resist afterwards. If the opportunity arises.

She absently scratches her neck while she stares at the screen.

JUNIE
There must be things that trigger those feelings again.

She swipes the back of her hand across her lips, smearing the lipstick slightly.

JUNIE
Right?

Miles snaps his arm around her shoulder and whips her around to face him. There is a shadow behind his blank eyes, unreadable, but his hand is firm on her shoulder.

She inhales sharply and meets his gaze.

After a tension filled moment of held breath and locked eyes...

He reaches for her face...

And wipes the lipstick smear off her face.

MILES
You know if you’re gonna start wearing lipstick, you can’t be touching your face all the time.

He leans back with a chuckle, throwing back a handful of popcorn.

Junie’s face melts into a silent rage. She angrily swipes her lipstick into a smeared mess again and gets up from the bed.

MILES
Junie? You ok?

She grabs her bag without looking at him and storms out of the room.

MILES
Where are you going?

EXT. MILES'S HOUSE - FRONT STEP - NIGHT

Junie speed walks down the walkway, her mouth pulled tight into a static line.

MILES
Are we gonna finish the movie?

She does not turn back.

INT. JUNIE'S HOUSE - JUNIE'S BEDROOM

Junie slams the door to her bedroom. She stands still, gritting her teeth, a single tear falls to the ground.

She pulls the locked box off its shelf, taking the key from her ear and unlocking it. She throws the lipstick in and locks it.

She viciously digs through her bag and pulls out headphones. She puts them on and quickly opens her phone and puts on another true crime podcast.

She takes a deep breath and sits mechanically into her desk chair, opening her laptop. She clicks the bookmarked web pages drop down menu.

All her bookmarked pages are disturbing. She scrolls through them.

Why do I want to feel fear?

Psychology of fear.

Serial killers motives.

Victimology of serial killers.

Possessive serial killer kidnaps you ASMR

Psychology today therapists near you

How to get therapy without insurance

Exposure therapy

Haunted houses

Full contact haunted houses

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She clicks the last one. It brings her to the page of a local full contact haunted house, The Devil's Doorstep. We see flashes of descriptions.

"must be 18 or older, waiver required"

"you will be touched, pushed, pulled, forced places, split from your group"

"safe word is doorbell"

"made a US marine cry"

Etc.

Junie's phone lights up, it's a text from Miles. It reads:

Hey are you okay? I finished the movie without you, hope you're not mad.

She looks at the haunted house website, back to her phone.

She texts back:

You're good, I've seen it 20 times already. I just remembered something I had to do that was late. Do you want to go to a haunted house?

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Miles and Junie walk up to the gates of the haunted house. Swirling red lights and bright gory decor flashes in Junie's wide eyes. She swallows hard.

MILES
You know this isn't like your little slasher flicks right? They're actually gonna touch you. Are you sure you want that?

JUNIE
Of course.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

They both hand their paperwork to a woman at a folding table. She nods them along towards a doorway covered in heavy black plastic curtains. Junie takes a deep breath.

MILES
Ready?

JUNIE
I've been ready.

They walk through the curtains side by side.

IN THE HAUNT:

Montage of the first few minutes of the haunt. Men in masks popping out, grabbing them both. Shoving them to their knees. Miles laughs a little as this happens, Junie is stressed. Bags are put over their heads, and removed once they are tied to two different rolling chairs. Junie is panicked, everything swirling around her with intercuts of Miles' face looking nonchalant and the actors looking menacing. The two are pulled in separate directions.

JUNIE
No! Stop! No!

Miles is pulled just out of sight, watching Junie with concern in his eyes.

JUNIE
Doorbell!

The masked actor stops pulling her chair.

HAUNT ACTOR 1
Man, third chicken in an hour.
Exits behind the meat hook.

He unties Junie, who rushes out.

Miles hears this and frantically does the same.

MILES
Doorbell!

This actor also seems disappointed, but unties him regardless.

HAUNT ACTOR 2
Damn man, you're the chillest I've seen all night. Coulda given that marine a run for his money. Why you chickening out?

MILES
I'm worried about my friend asshole move faster.

HAUNT ACTOR 2
Sheesh. Exit is behind the meat hoo-

Miles bolts out the exit after Junie.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSE - NIGHT

Junie has stepped away from the line of eager haunt enthusiasts. Miles catches up to where she stands, hyperventilating.

MILES
Hey hey hey it's ok. It's ok. Junie- breathe.

He puts his hand on her back and takes a deep breath, urging her to follow. After a few breaths her breathing regulates.

MILES
Damn. I told you you wouldn't be able to handle it.

He chuckles awkwardly. Junie's effort is mostly focused on regulating her breathing, the rest is focused somewhere else entirely.

JUNIE
No. No I had to.

MILES
Seriously, people chicken out of these things all the time. Don't you remember the marine who-

JUNIE
No!

She shouts, causing heads in the entry line to turn.

JUNIE
No I had to. It was the only way. With you. And that same feeling... And, and it was supposed to feel... Just.. No!

Miles is more concerned than he was when she couldn't breathe.

JUNIE
What? Junie what are you talking about?

JUNIE
I have to go.

She turns abruptly and hurries off in a speed-walk that would shame even the most practiced house wives. Miles looks after her, confused and a little annoyed. He storms away from the attraction.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Miles walks alone down a gray city street. Bursts of the haunted house flash on screen. He rubs his temples.

He spots a woman, VICTIM #2, in an alleyway next to him, alone. He follows her.

INT. JUNIE'S HOUSE - JUNIE'S BEDROOM

Junie runs into her room, pacing frantically as she tries and fails to regulate her breathing. Her eyes are welling up, with rage or sadness, it is impossible to tell. She rips out the little box from earlier and throws it open.

She digs through the abandoned trinkets furiously. Pulling out old tubes of lipstick that have dried up.

JUNIE
No- no- no- no. No! What is it?!

She throws the box. Runs back out of the room, not bothering to shut the door behind her.

EXT. WOODS - THE DUMP SITE

Junie stumbles down the tree roots into what we know to be the dumping site. She rips the tarp up to see the body of the girl we saw in the alley.

She reels back.

Hesitantly, she puts her hand against the corpse’s cheek.

JUNIE
Still warm...

She places her hands on the corpses arm.

JUNIE
Barely an hour... He did this as soon as I left? AS SOON AS I FUCKING LEFT?!

She beats her fists against the corpse in a jealous rage. Tears stream down her face. She sits back on her heels, burying her hands in her hair and squeezing fistfuls of it.

Robotically, Junie slowly pulls her head up. Her wide blank eyes stare through her brows at the body. Something snapped behind those eyes.

We see the body.

Junie looks determined.

INT. MILES'S HOUSE

Miles is looking through his sparse cupboards, unsatisfied with the single can of chili he finds. His phone vibrates in his pocket.

Pulling it out, there is a text from Junie on the screen. It reads:

Spontaneous movie night to make up for my haunted house shortcomings? See you in 15.

He shrugs, and replies:

Sure, I'll set stuff up. Front door's open just come in.

Miles abandons his hunt for real food and retreats to his room. He casually fixes up his room, making his bed and turning on the DVD player. He turns to leave and nearly runs headfirst into Junie, standing in the doorway.

MILES
Jesus christ... You can't sneak up on me like tha-

He takes in the sight of Junie, horrified. Mascara tears stain her face, her hair is a mess, she has lipstick smeared on the back of her hand. She looks utterly unhinged.

And worst of all, she is wearing the clothes of the corpse.

MILES (CONT'D)
Junie. Where did you get those clothes.

She takes a step towards him.

JUNIE
Do you like them? I thought you would.

They are dirty and covered with blood stains. Miles' face is unreadable.

MILES
I said where did you get those.

JUNIE
It's not important Miles. Do they incite anything in you?

Her eyes are desperate and searching his for any reaction. His are dark. Too dark.

MILES
Stop fucking around where the HELL DID YOU GET THOSE?

He screams this into her face. She smiles, almost laughing as he does.

JUNIE
Where do you think? You think you're so secretive? You think you're so sly? I know about ALL of them.

She laughs.

MILES
You know... So why. What are you doing? What the hell is going on why are you wearing her fucking clothes Junie this is sick-

JUNIE
Oh I'M sick? Don't you call me sick you fucking psychopath. You've been killing girls for months and I've stuck by your side. I don't care. I just wanted to be... I just want-

MILES
What Junie? What the FUCK do you want?

She breaks, screaming back at him.

JUNIE
I just want to be one of them! One of your beautiful fucking dead girls! I did everything I could, everything to make you want me. Make you want to hurt me like you did them.
(MORE)

JUNIE (CONT'D)
I wore their lipsticks, I learned about their mannerisms I studied your victimology obsessively. And you still won't look at me like you do them.

Miles eyes shift around the room, aware that he has been caught, but also somehow still worried for his friend.

JUNIE
(through tears)
I just want you to kill me is that so hard? I'm so sick of this bullshit why can't you just end me like you did to the others? I thought the haunted house might make me feel better or satisfied or something but it didn't work. It didn't work. It wasn't YOU. It has to be YOU.

She grabs his hand and puts it around her throat.

JUNIE
Please, I'm begging. Just kill me. I want to be one of them. I want to be done.

For a moment Miles' eyes go dark again, slightly squeezing his hand before he snaps out of it and yanks away.

MILES
No!

He steps back and shakes his head.

MILES
This is crazy. This is fucking crazy. YOU'RE crazy.

JUNIE
Me? You've been MURDERING PEOPLE MILES. Why is it crazy that I want that but not that you do? Are you really gonna sit there and tell me that in a world constantly feeding us bloody gory torture porn that I'M crazy for wanting it? Why won't you do it why aren't I good enough?

MILES
Because you're my friend! You're my best friend in the world and the only one who understands me.
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)
I can't live without you why would I kill you? How could I kill you?

Junie's eyes fall to the floor.

JUNIE
You mean it? You won't do it?

Miles is breaking down.

MILES
No! I will never under any circumstances kill you. Junie you're the only person that's important to me, the only one I could never hurt.

He shakes his head.

MILES
Maybe this is the sign I needed. I... I don't want to be affecting you like this. I-I should turn myself in. I should get locked up forever so I can't hurt anyone anymore.

Miles and Junie's eyes meet.

MILES
I could never hurt you Junie.

A moment of silence-

JUNIE
Then you'll never hurt anyone again. And since that's all I wanted... I guess I have nothing else to live for.

Looking Miles in the eyes, she pulls out a knife.

And slits her own throat.

MILES
NO!

He wails and catches her as she slides to the ground. Blood pours from her neck as she coughs and sputters. He weeps over her, rocking back and forth.

MILES
No no no no... Junie no... No.

SIRENS wail outside and red and blue lights flash through the window.

Miles is curled around Junie, slowly becoming soaked in her blood as he weeps.

Three POLICE OFFICERS rush into the house. OFFICER 1 pulls Miles from Junie.

MILES
NOOOO! STOP IT LET ME HOLD HER!

OFFICER 2 checks for a pulse. He shakes his head.

He screams into the heavens as the OFFICER 1 cuffs him, leads him out of the house.

OFFICER 3

Who is she?

OFFICER 2
No wallet. But something tells me this is the girl who sent an anonymous tip about an hour ago. June Walters.

They both look down at Junie's now lifeless body with sadness.

OFFICER 2
But to him... She was probably just another dead girl.

THE END

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