

# MR. MOLINA

12.

ANGELA  
Maybe he'll adopt me.

Bella laughs, liking her... then sees the last Cullen to enter --

EDWARD, 17. Lanky, with untidy, bronze colored hair. He seems inwardly turned, mysterious. More boyish than the others. But the most striking of all. Bella can't take her eyes off him.

BELLA  
Who's he?

JESSICA  
That's Edward Cullen.

Suddenly, Edward looks over, as if he heard Jessica from across the room. His eyes meet Bella's. But he seems... confused. Bella quickly looks away.

JESSICA  
He's totally gorgeous, obviously.  
But apparently, no one here is good enough for him. Like I care.  
(she obviously does)  
Anyway, don't waste your time.

BELLA  
I wasn't planning on it.

But Bella can't help but peek at Edward again. He's staring at her outright now, with a slightly frustrated expression that unnerves Bella. She hides behind her hair.

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

Scene #1

A room of black-topped lab tables. Two to a table. Bella and Mike enter the back of the room. Mike takes his seat and points her toward MR. MOLINA, the bearded, Birkenstocked, enthusiastic science teacher at the head of the class. As Bella moves to the teacher with her class slip, she notes --

EDWARD -- his back to her, sitting at a front table. But as she passes Edward's table...

SLOW MOTION -- the breeze she creates when she passes lifts a piece of paper next to Edward. We're still on his back as he inhales -- then abruptly stiffens. He grabs onto the edge of the table, crumpling it slightly. No one notices.

Mr. Molina takes Bella's class slip.

MR. MOLINA  
Welcome, Ms. Swan. Follow along as best you can till you get caught up.

Start →

Mr. Molina gestures to the only empty seat... next to Edward. But as Bella approaches, she's taken aback when --

ON EDWARD'S FACE - he slowly looks up at her, his eyes coal black with repulsion, fury. If looks could literally kill...

Bella knocks someone's book bag off their chair. Replaces it, mumbling an apology. Then slinks reluctantly into her seat. Edward jerks away from her to the extreme edge of his chair.

MR. MOLINA

(to the class, animated)  
Today we'll be observing the behavior of planaria, a.k.a flatworms.

As Mr. Molina distributes two petri dishes per table --

MR. MOLINA

We're going to cut them in half, then watch them regenerate into two separate worms...

Bella glances at Edward who averts his face, holding a hand over his nose as if he smells something horrible.

Bella, shrinking, subtly sniffs the air, smells nothing. Then she sniffs her hair. It's fine. She's perplexed. Mr. Molina hands Edward two petri dishes.

MR. MOLINA

... Yes, folks, zombie worms! They just won't die.

Edward takes a dish, then slides the second one across the table to Bella as if she had Ebola. She takes her dish, and makes a dark curtain of her hair between them.

She can see EDWARD'S HANDS under the table. Clenched into fists. Off Bella, utterly baffled, and deeply insecure...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

-- as the BELL RINGS, Edward bolts out the door. Other kids and Bella exit a moment later. Bella looks down the hall; he's gone. She leans against a wall. Mike exits beside her.

MIKE

Need a hot escort to your next class? Or will I do?

He smiles flirtatiously, but she's too shaken to notice.

BELLA

I... um, have to turn in some paperwork to the office.

/END

2/3

EDWARD  
(prompting)  
... You're Bella.

BELLA  
I'm... yes. And there's snow. In  
my... shirt.

scene #2

Feeling like an idiot, she quickly sits. He abruptly moves to the extreme edge of his seat. She's even more baffled now.

Start →

MR. MOLINA  
(to the class)  
Onion root tip cells! That's  
what's on your slides. Separate  
and label them into the phases of  
mitosis. The first partners to get  
it right, win... the golden onion!

He excitedly holds up a spray painted onion. Everyone just looks at him. He's disappointed by their apathy.

MR. MOLINA  
Come on, people. Tick tock.

END

Everyone sets to work. Edward pushes the microscope to Bella, keeping his distance, his voice controlled.

EDWARD  
Ladies first.

She grabs the microscope defensively and snaps the first slide in, adjusting the lens. She's curt as she addresses him.

BELLA  
You've been gone.

EDWARD  
Out of town. For personal reasons.

She glances at him but he just leans far away, his face tight. She looks back into the microscope.

BELLA  
Prophase.

She begins to remove the slide.

EDWARD  
May I look?

She slides him the microscope. He glances through the lens.

EDWARD  
Prophase.