

'VICTORIA'

74.

A FOOTPRINT. The dogs start pulling them in a certain direction. As the posse takes off at a sprint --

UNKNOWN POV - ON CHARLIE, FROM A DISTANCE

We watch Charlie and the posse move away... REVERSE to find --

JAMES - ATOP A KNOLL, WATCHING THEM

scene #1

Laurent stands next to him. Victoria jogs up.

Start →

VICTORIA
They took the bait.

JAMES
(snickering derisively)
By tomorrow they'll be half way to
Winnipeg.

Victoria lasciviously grabs James' shirt. Pulls him to her.

VICTORIA
I love when men chase me.

/END

He grins, then starts taking off her clothes. They pull each other toward the woods with carnal lust. It barely registers with Laurent, who continues to watch the posse with concern.

INT. FORKS COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Bella hurries in, trying to keep the joy on her face in check... with minimal success. She passes a booth where Mike sits with several of his basketball TEAMMATES.

MIKE
Yo, Arizona. Wait up...
(he rises, pulls her aside)
So. You and Cullen.

She shrugs, non-committal, but can't entirely hide a smile.

MIKE
I don't like it. The guy looks at you
like you're something to eat.

A laugh escapes her. He's miffed. She stifles it.

BELLA
Thanks for the concern. I gotta go.
Chief's waiting.

She hurries to Charlie's booth and slides in.

'VICTORIA'

41.

But his eyes, unlike the Cullens, are a deep, sinister BURGUNDY, and absolutely lethal. His catlike movements are always on the edge of a crouch.

WAYLON

H-how did you do that?

JAMES

Always the same inane questions...

Waylon turns to jump over board, but TWO MORE PEOPLE suddenly LEAP aboard. LAURENT, 28, glossy black hair, olive skin. And VICTORIA, 26, chaotic red hair filled with leaves from the woods. Her eyes shift restlessly. All three wear frayed backpackers clothes, and all three are bare foot.

JAMES

"What do you want?" "Why are you doing this?"

LAURENT

(sighs, slight French accent)
... James, must we?

JAMES

The question should be, "will it hurt?"

Victoria grins and NODS, sadistically. Then with *lightening fast speed*, the three of them VIOLENTLY LUNGE --

SMASH TO BLACK:

BELLA (V.O.)

I tried not to think about him...

FADE IN:

ON EDWARD'S FACE AGAINST BLACKNESS

SNAPSHOTS of his eyes, his cheekbones, his lips...

BELLA (V.O.)

... Not to analyze every word he'd ever said to me.

INT. BELLA'S ROOM - ON HER FACE - MORNING

As she sits in front of her computer, lost in thought. She shakes herself out of it and types into her search engine "Cold Ones." Several beer ads pop up.

BELLA (V.O.)

But I couldn't explain away the things I'd seen... or the way he made me feel.