

SHRIEK

Written By

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FADE IN:

ON A RINGING TELEPHONE

A hand reaches for it, bringing the receiver up to the face of STACEY DECKER, a young girl, no more than sixteen. A friendly face with innocent eyes.

STACEY
Hello.

MAN'S VOICE
(from phone)
Hello.

Silence.

STACEY
Yes.

MAN
Who is this?

STACEY
Who are you trying to reach?

MAN
What number is this?

STACEY
What number are you trying to reach?

MAN
I don't know.

STACEY
I think you have the wrong number.

MAN
Do I?

STACEY
It happens. Take it easy.

CLICK! She hangs up the phone. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Stacey in a living room, alone. She moves from the living room to the kitchen. It's a nice house. Affluent.

The phone RINGS again.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stacey grabs the portable.

STACEY

Hello.

MAN

I'm sorry. I guess I dialed the wrong number.

STACEY

So why did you dial it again?

MAN

To apologize.

STACEY

You're forgiven. Bye now.

MAN

Wait, wait, don't hang up.

Stacey stands in front of a sliding glass door. It's pitch black outside.

STACEY

What?

MAN

I want to talk to you for a second.

STACEY

They've got dating sites for that.
Seeya.

CLICK! Stacey hangs up. A grin is on her face.

EXT./ESTAB. STACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A big country home with a huge sprawling lawn full of big oak trees. It sits alone with no neighbors in sight.

The PHONE RINGS again.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Popcorn sizzles in a pot on the stove. Stacey covers it with a lid, reaching for the portable phone.

STACEY

Hello.

MAN

Why don't you want to talk to me?

STACEY

Who is this?

MAN

You tell me your name, I'll tell you mine.

STACEY

(shaking the popcorn)

I don't think so.

MAN

What's that noise?

Stacey smiles, playing along innocently.

STACEY

Popcorn.

MAN

You're making popcorn?

STACEY

Uh-huh.

MAN

I only eat popcorn at the movies.

STACEY

I'm getting ready to watch a video.

MAN

Really? What?

STACEY

Just some scary movie.

MAN

Do you like scary movies?

STACEY

Uh-huh.

MAN

What's your favorite scary movie?

He's flirting with her. Stacey moves away from the stove and takes a seat at the kitchen counter, directly in front of the glass door.

STACEY
I don't know.

MAN
You have to have a favorite.

Stacey thinks for a second.

STACEY
Uh...SCARY MOVIE. You know, the
parody of SCREAM and I KNOW WHAT
YOU DID LAST SUMMER. What's yours?

MAN
Guess.

STACEY
Uh...PSYCHO.

MAN
Is that the one where that creepy
guy kills Marion Crane in the
infamous shower scene?

STACEY
Yeah...Norman Bates.

MAN
Norman-that's right. I liked that
movie. It was scary.

STACEY
It was alright, but it wasn't that
scary.

MAN
So, you gotta boyfriend?

STACEY
(giggling)
Why? You wanna ask me out?

MAN
Maybe. Do you have a boyfriend?

STACEY
No.

MAN
You never told me your name.

Stacey smiles, twirling her hair.

STACEY

Why do you want to know my name?

MAN

Because I want to know who I'm
looking at.

Stacey spins around like lightning facing the glass door.

STACEY

What did you say?

MAN

I want to know who I'm talking to.

STACEY

That's not what you said.

MAN

What do you think I said?

Stacey holds up an open copy of the script and the title page is titled "SHRIEK - SHOOTING SCRIPT". She reads from the page she's on.

STACEY

You said, "Because I want to know
who I'm looking at."

As Stacey puts the script down on the counter, she CLICKS on the outside light. A flood light illuminates the backyard. Her eyes survey the grounds, but it's empty. No one's there. She turns the light out.

On the stove, the popcorn POPS.

STACEY (CONT'D)

I have to go now.

MAN

Wait...I thought we were gonna go
out.

STACEY

Nah, I don't think so.

MAN

Don't hang up on me.

STACEY

Gotta go.

MAN

Don't...

CLICK! Stacey hangs up. She checks the glass door making sure it's locked and then moves to the stove as...

THE PHONE RINGS.

She slides the popcorn from the stove, reaching for the phone.

STACEY

Yes?

MAN

I told you not to hang up on me.

STACEY

What do you want?

MAN

To talk.

STACEY

Dial someone else, okay?

MAN

You getting scared?

STACEY

No-bored.

CLICK. She hangs up. The PHONE RINGS again. She grabs it.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Listen, asshole...

MAN

(deadly serious)

NO, YOU LISTEN, YOU LITTLE BITCH.
IF YOU HANG UP ON ME AGAIN, I'LL
GUT YOU LIKE A FISH. UNDERSTAND?

Total silence. He has gotten her full attention.

STACEY

Is this some kind of a joke?

MAN

More of a parody, really.

Stacey eyes the glass doors, then looks up the hallway to the doors...moving to it. It's unlocked. She bolts it.

STACEY

I'm two seconds from calling the
police.

MAN

They'd never make it in time.

Stacey moves her face flush against the door, her eye looking through the peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

A distorted view of the front porch. It is empty. She relaxes a bit, relieved.

STACEY

What do you want?

MAN

(pure evil)

TO SEE WHAT YOUR INSIDES LOOK LIKE.

Stacey's jaw drops as total fear storms her face. She hangs up the phone. Throwing it down on a side table when...

THE DOORBELL CHIMES.

Stacey leaps out of her skin. She turns to the door as it chimes again.

STACEY

(calling out)

Who's there?

Another CHIME. She moves to it.

STACEY (CONT'D)

(louder)

Who's there?

No answer. Fuck this. It's time for the police. She goes for the portable phone. Just as she picks it up...

IT RINGS.

Stacey almost drops it, losing her breath...

She brings it to her ear with trembling hands, saying nothing...listening, waiting...

A long silence. And then...

MAN

You should never say "Who's there?". Don't you watch scary movies? It's a death wish.

Stacey clutches the wall, nearly collapsing. She tries her damndest to hang tough.

STACEY

Look, enough is enough. You had your fun now you better leave me alone or else.

MAN

Or else what?

STACEY'S FACE

Her mind thinking, calculating...

STACEY

My boyfriend will be here any second and he'll be pissed when I tell him...

MAN

I thought you didn't have a boyfriend.

Busted. She holds steady.

STACEY

I lied. I do have a boyfriend and he'll be here any second and your ass better be gone.

MAN

Sure...

STACEY

I swear it. And he's big and plays football and will beat the shit out of you.

MAN

I'm getting scared.

STACEY

I'm telling you the truth. I lied before...

MAN

I believe you...

STACEY

So, you better leave.

MAN

His name wouldn't be Stan, would
it?

Silence. Stacey buckles at the knees, losing it.

STACEY

How do you know his name?

MAN

I read the script. Also, go to the
back door and turn on the porch
light-again.

Stacey, terrified, forces herself to move...staggering to the
kitchen...to the glass doors. Her shaky hand finds the light
switch...she hits it. The backyard is lit.

Sitting in a lawn chair in the middle of the backyard is a
big, linebacker of a guy, her boyfriend...

STAN

Tied and gagged. He's been roughed up, but he's alive.

HIS EYES

Wide in fear...staring at his girlfriend, pleading with her.

STACEY

Oh Godddddd...

Stacey SCREAMS. Her hand moves to the lock on the door.

MAN

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Terror rides Stacey's face. She's petrified.

STACEY

Where are you?

MAN

Guess.

Her eyes search the yard, combing bushes, trees. He could be
anywhere.

STACEY

(begging)

Please don't hurt him.

MAN

That all depends on you.

STACEY
Why are you doing this?

Tears find their way, streaming down Stacey's face.

MAN
I wanna play a game.

STACEY
No...

MAN
Then he dies. Right now.

STACEY
NOOO!

MAN
Which is it?

A long silence. Stacey touches the glass...staring at Stan...this big jock of a guy is crying too.

STACEY
What kind of game?

MAN
Turn off the light.

Her hand goes to the switch...Stan tugs and pulls at his straps...as if begging her...his face sweats and tears...

CLICK.

He disappears in the darkness. Stacey moves away from the glass, back toward the living room, unbelieving, horrified.

MAN (CONT'D)
Here's how we play. I ask a question. If you get it right, Stan lives.

Three curtainless windows line one wall. Stacey crouches down behind the couch, tipping a lamp cord from its socket, darkening the room. Her body quivers.

STACEY
Please don't do this...

MAN
Come on. It'll be fun.

STACEY
No...please.

MAN
It's an easy category. Movie
trivia.

STACEY
(begging)
...please...

MAN
I'll even give you a warm up
question.

STACEY
Don't do this. I can't...

MAN
Name the killer in HALLOWEEN.

STACEY
No...

MAN
Come on. It's a great scary movie.
Remember? He had a white mask, he
stalked the baby-sitters.

Stacey goes silent...a nervous wreck...she can barely speak
much less think.

STACEY
I don't know...

MAN
Come on, yes you do.

STACEY
Please...stop...

Stacey is SOBBING.

MAN
What's his name?

STACEY
I can't think.

Stacey has officially reached hysteria, petrified beyond all
reality.

MAN
Stan's counting on you.

Suddenly...through tears...Godsent...

STACEY
(a whisper)
Michael...Michael Myers.

MAN
YES!

Stacey sighs...relieved.

MAN (CONT'D)
Now for the real question.

STACEY
NOOOO...

MAN
But you're doing so well.

STACEY
Please go away! Leave us alone!

MAN
Then answer the question. Same
category.

Stacey is a blubbering, wet mass on the floor.

STACEY
...please...no...

MAN
Name the killer in SCARY MOVIE.

A mad smile purses Stacey's lips. She knows this. She leaps
up, through tears, screaming.

STACEY
Ghostface! Ghostface! GHOSTFACE!

A slight PAUSE.

MAN
I'm sorry. That's the wrong answer.

STACEY
No it's not. It was Ghostface.

MAN
Afraid not.

STACEY
It was Ghostface. I saw that
goddamned movie twenty times. It
was Ghostface.

MAN

Then you should know the character DOOFY was the killer. It was revealed in the spoof of THE USUAL SUSPECTS scene at the end of the movie.

Stacey is stupified.

STACEY

You tricked me...

MAN

Uh, duh. This is a parody. Lucky for you there's a bonus round. But poor Stan...I'm afraid...he's out.

This implication sends Stacey running to the kitchen...to the glass doors. She flips on the porch lights to see...

STAN

Eyes wide, sitting in the lawn chair...his belly gaping open...a mass of blood and ripped flesh...his insides lay on the ground between his feet...steam rising.

A SCREAM erupts from the bottom of her soul as Stacey collapse on the floor...nearly passing out.

STACEY'S FACE

Pale and ghostly white. She SOBS.

MAN (CONT'D)

Final question. Are you ready?

She doesn't answer. A long, maddening silence. Stacey reaches up and CLICKS off the light, making Stan go away...wishing, hoping...

STACEY

...leave me alone...please...

MAN

Answer the question and I will.

Stacey is curled up on the floor like an infant, rocking slowly back and forth.

MAN (CONT'D)

What door am I at?

STACEY

What?

MAN

There are two doors to your house.
A front door and a back one. If you
answer correctly, you live.

From where Stacey sits, she can see both front and back doors. She deliberates...with her last bit of strength she tries to strategize. Eyeing both, the front door...the back door trying to decide between the two.

STACEY

Don't make me...I can't...I won't.

MAN

Your call.

In the darkness, Stacey crawls to the kitchen counter-she leans up and grabs a long, sharp knife.

Stacey looks around her...she looks down the hall to the front door...then turns back to the kitchen glass door as it suddenly...

...SHATTERS TO BITS...

...as a lawn chair comes flying through it. Exploding glass sprays everywhere.

This incites Stacey like fire. She springs to her feet...bolting out of the kitchen as a SHADOW moves quickly through the shattered door frame.

ON STACEY

Somewhere in the house, back flat against a window, listening to FEET ON CRACKING GLASS. She turns and unlocks the latch, quietly sliding it up. She can hear him move through the foyer...to the front door.

Stacey lifts herself up and puts her legs through the window. She holds the knife in one hand, the phone in the other.

Stacey eases out of the window, fumbling, dropping the knife back in the house. She starts to reach for it. Fuck it, she takes off...

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Stacey is at the back corner of the house.

MAN

I can hear you. I know you're here.

Stacey eases along a narrow path between a tall fence and the side of the house...going for the front yard. She must pass the three curtainless windows. She gets to the first one and peeks in...

The FIGURE has pulled open the foyer closet, searching for her.

Stacey creeps along, to the next window, she looks in...the Figure is completely on the other side of the room moving toward the hall that leads to other parts of the house.

She moves further along the house...squeezing by hedges...to the third window...she peeks in to the Figure...

STARING BACK AT HER...

His face covered with a ghostly white mask, inches from her...his eyes piercing through...soulless...Stacey SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER as a hand...

CRASHES through the glass window grabbing hold of her neck...she beats at him trying to free herself...her nails dig into his arm...she wrenches from side to side...finally breaking free as the hands disappear inside the house...

EXT. CORNER OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Stacey sails around the corner of the house, eyeing the front door. It remains closed. Her eyes cover the sprawling country yard when suddenly...

HEADLIGHTS APPEAR

In the distance, coming down the road toward the house...she recognizes them instantly. Mom...Dad...she tears off across the yard toward them...moving like lightning...

The car turns into the driveway...Stacey SCREAMS, waving madly, rushing by a tree as...

THE GHOST MASKED FIGURE APPEARS

Stacey stumbles back, catching her balance...the Figure moves on her, arm poised high...a flash of silver...and Stacey is struck, across the chest. She looks down to see her shirt blossoming red...a look of bewilderment as she drops to one knee.

The knife rises again...Stacey throws her hand forward...the blade comes down...but it's blocked by the portable phone still in her hand. She turns staggering to...

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A MIDDLE AGED COUPLE emerge from the parked car. They move to the front door completely unaware of what's happening to their daughter, only feet from them.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Stacey stumbles forward...her parents ten feet away...she opens her mouth to scream but no sound resonates...she is beyond words...staggering, swaying...the FIGURE moving behind her.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Her parents approach the door.

FATHER
That fish smelled strong.

MOTHER
I told you to send it back.

The father discovers the front door ajar. A puzzled look. Stacey is right behind them with one arm outstretched. If they'd only turn around...

They enter the house and close the door as...

Stacey collapses on the ground, clutching her bloody chest...the Figure upon her.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

The father sees straight back into the kitchen...the shattered patio door.

FATHER
Jesus...

MOTHER
What is it? Where's Stacey?

FATHER
(calling out)
Stacey? Stacey?

In a split second, they're both panic stricken. The father begins searching the house frantically, starting with the kitchen. The mother is hysterical.

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The father looks all around and sees...

A MANUSCRIPT ON THE COUNTER

His hand picks it up and he looks at the front of the manuscript.

THE TITLE PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT

The title reads: "SHRIEK - SHOOTING SCRIPT".

BACK TO THE FATHER

He is perturbed as to where the script came from.

EXT. FRONT YARD - NIGHT

ON STACEY

She's dragged by her feet through damp soil and then, a football field starting with the fifty yard line...the life going fast from her body...her hand still clutching the phone.

INT. THE FOYER - NIGHT

Back in the house.

MOTHER
Where is she?

FATHER
Call the police.

The mother moves to the phone in the foyer, picks it up...There is no dial tone. She jiggles the base.

FATHER (CONT'D)
(searching)
Stacey? Where are you, honey? Call the police, godammit.

MOTHER
The phone's dead.

The...the softest...faintest voice is heard...

STACEY
(from phone)
...help me...

MOTHER
She's here, God, I can hear her.
Where's my baby?

The husband returns to the foyer finding his wife clinging to the phone.

FATHER
Where is she?

MOTHER
I can hear her. Oh Mother of God, I
can hear her.

The father upturns the living room.

FATHER
Stacey! Stacey!

MOTHER
Not my daughter...not my...

The husband grabs hold of his wife.

FATHER
Get in the car and drive down to
the Griffin's.

The mother throws the front door open and rushes out...the father moves through the house when a SCREAM echoes out. That of his wife. He tears off for the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The father rushes out the door to find his wife, on her knees, bent over, retching. His eyes move beyond to a tree in the front yard...his stomach fails him...his dinner rises...as he bares witness to the single, most horrifying sight he'll ever see.

A BOXER, wearing a pair of red shorts and a pair of boxing gloves is seen as he punches a giant slab of raw meat hung from the oak tree.

BACK TO THE FATHER

He looks kinda sick to the stomach as he looks at...

That of his only daughter as she hangs from the big oak tree...strung up...very much dead...her stomach ripped open.

BLACKOUT!

BEGIN MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

A teenage girl's room. Neat and pinkish. On the bed, amongst age-old stuffed animals lie opened school books. The CAMERA PANS to a desk against the wall where...

SANDY CAMPBELL

A young girl of seventeen, sits, her face glued to the computer monitor in front of her.

HER FACE

Sharp and clever with deep lonely eyes. She's comfortable in a plain, flannel nightgown.

Her hands are at work, typing feverishly, when suddenly...

CRASH-BOOM!

A noise behind her. She turns abruptly, eyeing an open window across the room. A SCRATCHING sound. She stands and moves toward it.

EXT. WINDOW - NIGHT

Sandy sticks her head out the window. The late night wind hits her face as a SHADOW appears just to the left of her, a hand reaches out, grabs her and suddenly a FIGURE is on top of her...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy SCREAMS...pulling away from the figure...breaking free, falling back onto the floor.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey...it's just me.

Sandy looks up to see...

BILLY ULRICH

A young, strapping boy of seventeen. Handsome and alluring. A star quarterback/class president type of guy. He sports a smile that could last for days.

SANDY
Billy? What the...

BILLY
I'm sorry. Don't hate me.

SANDY
What are you doing here?

BILLY
You sleep in THAT?

Billy pulls himself through the window.

SANDY
(whispering)
My dad's in the other room.

BILLY
I'll only stay a sec.

Suddenly...

The bedroom door BURSTS open. The doorknob catches on the open closet door behind it jamming it, holding it in place.

VOICE
(from behind the door)
What's going on in there?

Billy quickly rolls out of sight behind the bed. Sandy unjams the door to reveal...

MR. CAMPBELL, late 40s, a severe presence. A distracted man, nervous and pre-occupied.

MR. CAMPBELL
Are you okay?

SANDY
Can you knock?

MR. CAMPBELL
I heard screaming.

SANDY
No you didn't.

MR. CAMPBELL
No? Oh, well...it must be my
schizophrenia kicking in...I'm
hitting the sack. My flight leaves
first thing in the morning.
(MORE)

MR. CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Now, my psychiatric appointment for
a new experimental drug runs all
weekend so I won't be back til
Monday. There's cash on the table
and I'll be staying at the Perez
Hilton...

SANDY

...out at the airport...

MR. CAMPBELL

...so call me if you need me.

SANDY

Got it.

He gives the bedroom a quick once over.

MR. CAMPBELL

I coulda swore I heard screaming.

Sandy distracts him, giving him a peck on the cheek.

SANDY

Have a good trip.

MR. CAMPBELL

Sleep tight, sweetie.

He gives her a wink and pulls the door closed. Billy
reappears.

BILLY

Close call.

SANDY

What are you doing here?

Billy takes a flying leap on the bed, bounces on it and falls
on the side of the bed where he was hiding from Sandy's
father with a LOUD THUD and as he gets up and rubs the arm he
fell on...

BILLY

Ow! It just occurred to me that
I've never snuck through your
bedroom window.

SANDY

Now, that it's out of your system.

BILLY

And I was home, bored, watching television, CARRIE was on and it got me thinking of you.

SANDY

If this is about the time the girls at school threw tampons at me in the locker room and dumped a bucket of pig's blood on me at the spring dance, they were teasing me about me having my period.

BILLY

I know. And you got even by practicing telekinesis on the entire school. Whew! Anyway, the movie I was watching was edited for TV. All the good stuff was cut out and I started thinking about us and how two years ago, we started off kinda hot and heavy, a nice solid "R" rating on our way to an NC-17. And how things have changed and, lately, we're just sort of...edited for television.

SANDY

So you thought you could sneak in my window and we would have a little bump-bump?

BILLY

No, no. I was hoping that I could give you a little anal sex, but I wouldn't dream of breaking your little underwear rule. I just thought we might do some on top of the clothes stuff.

She snuggles up next to him, planting a kiss on his lips. Passionate and gentle. He, however, reacts like a shark, moving on top of her, his hands everywhere as he presses into her...Sandy breaks away.

SANDY

Time to go, stud bucket.

Billy sits up. His heart isn't racing...it's POUNDING.

BILLY

See what you do to me.

He shows Sandy a major erection in his pants. Sweat has popped out all over his forehead, his breathing heavy.

SANDY
You know what my dad will do to
you?

BILLY
I'm going...I'm going.

He moves to the window. She follows, motioning to his wound.

SANDY
I appreciate the romantic gesture.

She gives him a kiss goodnight. Sweet and simple.

BILLY
(whisper)
Hey...about the sex stuff. I'm not
trying to rush you. I was only half
serious.

She kisses him again as he eases through the window.

SANDY
Would you settle for a PG-13
relationship?

BILLY
What's that?

Sandy pulls her flannel gown open for a few
seconds...flashing a perky left breast. His mouth drops
open...surprise, shock. Their eyes meet. They share a smile.

SANDY
Get outta here.

INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

ON SANDY

Snuggling her pillow, sleeping peacefully when...

THE RADIO ALARM BLASTS from the night table loud enough to
wake the dead. Sandy bolts up.

DISC JOCKEY
(from radio)
...found brutally murdered...

CLICK. Sandy, quick with the reflexes, shuts it off instantly. A car trunk SLAMS shut outside.

Sandy pulls herself out of bed and leans to the window just in time to see her Dad jumping in his car. She half waves down at him but he doesn't see her. He's as good as gone, pulling out of the driveway and disappearing down the road.

A moment as Sandy stands at the window, staring out after him.

EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

A SIGN

"MARLBORO HIGH SCHOOL. HOME OF THE JUMPING BULLFROGS"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a picture perfect small town school. Old and charming. Students come and go, moving about. Nothing unusual, except for the...

...six police cars, four news vans, flashing cameras, and crowds and crowds of lookie-loo's gathered just off campus.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Sandy approaches the school seeing the commotion. Four different REPORTERS stand in front of four different cameras giving four different news reports.

She moves past a policeman looking at the centerfold of a girlie magazine. Her interest peaked, she stops at the first reporter who is...

COURTNEY WEATHERS

Thirties. Her smart face is overshadowed by a flashy smile and a massive mane of chemically enhanced hair.

COURTNEY

(for the camera)

The small town of Marlboro, North Carolina was devastated when two young teenagers were found brutally slaughtered. Authorities have yet to issue a statement but our sources tell us that no arrest has been made and the murderer could strike again...

ON SANDY

Moved, disturbed. From behind, a finger taps her shoulder. She spins around to see...

ROSE KILEY, age seventeen, feisty, carefree.

ROSE
Do you believe this?

SANDY
What happened?

They break away from the crowd and head for school.

ROSE
Oh God! You don't know? Stacey Decker and Stan Jungle were killed last night.

SANDY
No way.

ROSE
And not just killed, Sandy. We're talking splatter, guts on the ground, intestines unraveled in a violent horror movie killed-split open end to end.

SANDY
Stacey Decker? She sits next to me in English.

ROSE
Not anymore. Her parents found her hanging from a tree. Her insides were on the outside.

SANDY
Do they know who did it?

ROSE
Fucking clueless-they're interrogating the entire school. Teachers, students, staff, janitors...

SANDY
They think it's school related?

ROSE
They don't know. Phooey said this is the worst crime they've ever seen. Even worse than...
(stopping herself)
(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

Well it's bad. They're bringing in the feds. This is big. Bigger than Watergate...bigger than Oprah. I mean it's big.

Sandy looks back at Courtney, her face deeply pained.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

A frumpy old woman, MRS. FATE, faces her class. Her hands clasped together. A tragic look upon her face.

MRS. FATE

...a terrible tragedy. An unbearable loss. It's days like today we need prayer in school...

Next to her, a Caucasian Catholic priest, a rabbi, an African American pastor, the Dalai Lama and the Pope stand side by side.

MRS. FATE (CONT'D)

...which is why the school board has brought these men here to give you students some spiritual guidance.

Sandy sits near the rear of the room. The desk in front of her sits vacant. Sandy can't take her eyes off it.

The door OPENS and a student opens with a slip of paper. He hands it to Mrs. Fate.

MRS. FATE (CONT'D)

Sandy. It appears to be your turn.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is at capacity...wall to wall with police, and the like. Some sit, stand, lean, play "Rock, Paper, Scissors"...

SHERIFF TURKE, a round man in his fifties, has the word STRESS on his forehead and he wipes the stress from his face.

SHERIFF TURKE

Who's up next?

A young officer looks at the clipboard. This is DEPUTY KILEY, better known as PHOOEY. He's a big guy, 20s, handsome in a scrubbed-clean boyish way.

PHOOEY
Sandy Campbell.

Sheriff Turke gestures to bring her in. PRINCIPAL WINKLER, 50s, an old codger of a man wearing a sour face speaks up.

MR. WINKLER
Sandy Campbell. She was the daughter of...

PHOOEY
We all know Sandy, Mr. Winkler.

SHERIFF TURKE
How's she doin'?

MR. WINKLER
She's adjusted well. She's an okay girl. Maintains an "A" average...
(thinking about Sandy)
...has creamy white soft skin, ample breasts, firm thighs, a nice, round ass, ears you'd love to stick your tongue into...
(to Sheriff Turke)
You never know she...

Winkler stops short, seeing Sandy in the doorway. He rises and seats her.

SHERIFF TURKE
Hi Sandy.

SANDY
Sheriff Turke. Phooey.

PHOOEY
It's Deputy Riley today, Sand.

SHERIFF TURKE
How's everything?

SANDY
Good.

SHERIFF TURKE
And your Dad? How's he doing?

SANDY
We're fine. Thanks.

MR. WINKLER
We'll be brief, Sandy. The police
have a few questions they'd like to
ask you.

Sandy eyes them all nervously.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - LATER

Students sit at outdoor tables eating lunch. Crowded at one
table is the "gang". This consists of Sandy, Billy and Rose.

Next to Rose, sits her boyfriend, BURT LILLARD, with his arm
draped across her back. He's a Billy wannabe. Almost the
jock, almost handsome, almost cool. He tries way too hard.

Across the table is the fifth wheel, JAMIE SHRIEKS. A tall
and gangly kid with no such Billy-like aspirations. A witty
jokester who elevates from geek to coolness.

ROSE
So, Burt. What did the cops and
Winkler ask you?

BURT
After I joined them in smoking some
weed, they asked me if I liked to
hunt.

ROSE
Hunt? Why would they ask you if you
liked to hunt?

BURT
I don't know, they just did.

JAMIE
Because their bodies were gutted.

Sandy flinches.

BILLY
Thanks Andy.

ROSE
They didn't ask me if I liked to
hunt.

BURT
Because there's no way a girl could
have killed them.

ROSE

That is so sexist. The killer could easily be female-BASIC INSTINCT.

BURT

So, you're saying that the killer may or may not be a bisexual female who writes novels?

JAMIE

And in that movie the weapon of choice was an ice pick. Not exactly the same.

BURT

Yeah, Stacey and Stan were completely hollowed out. Takes a man to do something like that.

ROSE

Or a man's mentality.

SANDY

(quiet, almost to herself)
How do you gut someone?

All eyes turn to Sandy. A serious silence. And then:

BURT

You take a knife and slit from the groin to the sternum. Then, you rip the stomach open and you empty out the small and large intestines, the liver and the kidneys.

Sandy shivers down to her soul. The whole table rolls their eyes at Burt.

BURT (CONT'D)

What? She asked.

BILLY

It's called a rhetorical question, you douche bag.

BURT

Sorry.

JAMIE

Remember in JAWS when they caught the wrong shark at first and Richard Dreyfus cut it open to look for body parts and all they found was a license plate and all this milky white goo.

Burt leans over and socks Andy in the arm.

BURT

You heard Billy. Shut the fuck up.

SANDY

Hey, Burt? Didn't you used to date Stacey?

Burt's taken back, a little off guard.

BURT

For about two seconds.

JAMIE

Before she dumped him for Stan.

Rose turns to Burt, surprised.

ROSE

I thought you dumped her for me.

BURT

I did. He's full of shit.

JAMIE

And are the police aware that you dated the victim?

BURT

(offended)

What are you saying? That I killed her or something?

JAMIE

It would certainly improve your high school Q.

ROSE

Burt was with me last night.

JAMIE

Oooooh...before or after he sliced and diced and gutted---?

ROSE

Fuck you, nut sack. Where were you last night?

JAMIE

Working, thank you.

ROSE

I thought Blockbuster fired you.

JAMIE

Twice.

BURT

I didn't kill anybody.

BILLY

No one's saying you did.

JAMIE

Besides.

(perfect Burt mimic)

"Takes a man to do something like that."

BURT

I'm gonna gut your ass in a second.

JAMIE

(to Burt)

Did you really put her liver in the mailbox? I hear they found her liver in the mailbox.

ROSE

Jamie, you sick fuck. I'm eating here.

Burt nibbles at Rose's neck.

BURT

Yeah, Andy, she might puke up her lunch like Linda Blair in THE EXORCIST.

Rose pushes her tray forward and rolls her eyes because she lost her appetite.

BURT (CONT'D)

She's getting mad. I think you better liver alone.

Burt cracks up at his own joke. The others, except Rose, just MOAN. Sandy is about to crawl out of her skin, trying to ignore it all.

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - LATER

A huge two story country home with a spacious lawn.

A yellow school bus stops in front of the house and Sandy steps off.

The house looks big and lonely as Sandy moves up the front door.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Sandy is on the telephone.

SANDY
(into phone)
You sure I can stay over? My dad
won't be back til Monday.

ROSE
(through phone)
No prob. I'll pick you up after
practice.

SANDY
Tell your mom I said thanks.

ROSE
Yeah, yeah...are you okay?

SANDY
Uh-huh, it's just...you know, the
police and reporters, the
production staff, the producer, the
script supervisor...it brings it
all back.

ROSE
Don't worry. I'll be there by
seven. I promise.

SANDY
Thanks, Rose.

ROSE
Later.

Sandy hangs up. She takes a seat at her computer and boots it up. She sits in front of it staring at the blue screen...her own reflection staring back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sandy comes down the stairs, her arms carrying a change of clothes, toothbrush, make-up...

She sets the clothes down on the sofa and she OPENS the hall closet and sees:

LAURIE STRODE!

BACK TO SANDY

She is perturbed as she looks at Laurie. Laurie steps out of the closet and:

SANDY

What are you doing here?

LAURIE

I'm being stalked by a killer back in Haddonfield. I decided to come to Marlboro to hide out.

SANDY

I thought you did that in HALLOWEEN II.

LAURIE

I was in a hospital recovering from the near slashing I got from the killer. He tried to attack me there.

SANDY

But why are you hiding in my closet in my house?

LAURIE

I'm performing a brief cameo in this movie. I wanted to do a spoof movie for a long time, but I never got the opportunity until now.

Sandy nods her head in agreement and:

SANDY

That makes sense.

LAURIE

Well, I gotta get outta here. I
gotta go somewhere where the killer
won't find me.

SANDY

Good luck. I hope you go somewhere
safe.

LAURIE

Me too. So long.

SANDY

Take care.

SANDY WATCHES Laurie leave and the sound of the front door
OPENS and CLOSES.

Sandy pulls a small overnight bag out of the closet from the
top shelf. Moving into the living room she loads it up,
plopping down on the sofa, hitting the TV remote.

ON THE SCREEN

A news reporter fades in.

REPORTER #1

(on TV)

The entire nation was shocked today
by the teen murders in North
Carolina...

Sandy switches channels.

REPORTER #2

The State Bureau of Investigation
has joined forces with local
authorities to help catch what the
Governor has called the most
heinous...

The channel switches again. Courtney Weathers appears,
standing in front of the school. Her white teeth gleaming.

COURTNEY

This is not the first time the
small town of Marlboro has endured
such tragedy. Only a year ago, Mary
Campbell, wife and mother, was
found raped and murdered...

An old black and white snapshot fills the screen-a woman,
beautiful and familiar.

ON SANDY

Eyes frozen, mesmerized by the image. Suddenly she CLICKS the TV off. Her eyes go to the clock on the end table. 5:45 PM. Her eyes then move to the framed photo next to it...the same black and white photo stares at her...a healthy, vibrant woman. An older version of Sandy.

Sandy curls up on the sofa closing her eyes tight...

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The clock n the end table reads "7:15 PM". Sandy is fast asleep on the couch. The phone RINGS. Sandy leaps up grabbing the portable phone.

ROSE
(from phone)
Practice ran late. I'm on my way.

SANDY
(eyes clock)
It's past seven.

ROSE
Don't worry. Stacey and Stan didn't bite it til way after ten. Remember? They got butchered at the beginning of the movie.

SANDY
I'm not worried.

ROSE
Good, 'cause I wanna swing by BLOCKBUSTER and get us a video. I was thinkin' Tom Cruise in RISKY BUSINESS. You know, the scene where he dances in his tightie-whities to the tune of OLD TIME ROCK AND ROLL.

SANDY
Whatever. Just hurry.

ROSE
Bye.

Sandy HANGS up the phone. It immediately RINGS again.

SANDY
(into phone)
Rose?

MAN'S VOICE
(from phone)
Hello, Sandy.

IT'S HIM. THE VOICE FROM BEFORE.

SANDY
Hi. Who is this?

MAN
You tell me.

Sandy thinks, trying to place his voice. It sounds a little distorted.

SANDY
I have no idea.

MAN
Scary night, isn't it? With the murders and all, it's like right out of a horror movie or something.

SANDY
Aha, Andy, you gave yourself away. Are you calling from work? Rose's on her way over.

MAN
Do you like scary movies, Sandy?

SANDY
I like that thing you're doing with your voice, Andy. It's sexy.

MAN
What's your favorite scary movie?

SANDY
Don't start. You know I don't watch that shit.

MAN
And why is that?

SANDY
(playing along)
Because they're all the same. Killer stalks some girl and her friends and the girl's friends end up getting murdered and the girl finds out who the killer is. They're ridiculous.

A brief silence.

MAN

Are you alone in the house?

SANDY

That is so unoriginal. You disappoint me, Jamie.

MAN

Maybe that's because I'm not Jamie.

SANDY

So who are you?

MAN

The question is not who am I. The question is where am I?

SANDY

So where are you?

MAN

Your front porch.

This gives her pause. She moves to the window and pulls aside the drapes.

SANDY

Why would you call me from my front porch?

MAN

That's the original part.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

She can't quite see all of the porch.

SANDY

Oh yeah? Well, I call your bluff.

Sandy goes to the front door. She unlocks the bolt, unsnags the chain, pulls the door OPEN...revealing another door. She unlocks it, pulls the door OPEN...revealing a third door. She unlocks it, pulls the door OPEN...revealing the fourth and final door. She unlocks it, pulls the door OPEN...revealing the front porch...

COMPLETELY EMPTY.

She steps out onto it, phone still in hand. A single light shines overhead illuminating the porch, but little beyond. Darkness is all around.

SANDY (CONT'D)
So where are you?

MAN
Right here.

Sandy peers out into the darkness past the thick shrubs that grow on either side of the porch.

SANDY
Can you see me right now?

MAN
Uh-huh.

SANDY
What am I doing?

She sticks up her middle finger with her free hand. Silence.
No answer.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Good try, Andy. Tell Rose to hurry.
Bye now.

MAN
If you hang up, you'll die just
like your mother.

Sandy stops dead in her tracks, speechless.

MAN (CONT'D)
(deadly)
Do you want to die, Sandy? Your
mother didn't.

His seriousness unnerves her. Sandy flies off the handle.

SANDY
FUCK YOU! YOU CRETIN!

She hangs up on him. Moves back inside the house. Locks,
chains and bolts the door when...

A FIGURE COMES LEAPING OUT OF THE HALL CLOSET

Rushing her, ramming into her side...the phone flies...the
Figure is on top of her as she goes down...SCREAMING...

Sandy looks up to see the Figure, darkly dressed with a pale,
distorted face, white and ghostly...a mask.

Her instincts surface and she kicks up with her foot making contact with his leg...he topples over...coming right at her, his hand finding her neck. Suddenly, a long, silver blade appears above her.

Sandy pulls, jerks, twists...finally she lifts her torso forward knocking the Figure off her...sending him reeling into the living room. Wasting no time, Sandy leaps to her feet.

She moves to the front door, unlocks it...pulls it OPEN...it catches on the chain. Shit! She pushes it CLOSED again looking behind her...the Figure has risen, knife in hand.

Sandy pulls on the chain and then inexplicably turns and...

RUNS UP THE STAIRS. The Figure right behind her.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT

The Figure leaps at Sandy taking hold of her foot, she grabs madly at the wall...her hands grasp a framed painting, a quiet country home, subdued colors, done in oils-she rips it from the wall swinging it behind her...

It catches the Figure head on, smashing against his skull, sending him backwards, tumbling down the stairs. Sandy races to her bedroom...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sandy locks the door shut, then pulls her closet door open, placing the edge right at the door knob just as...

THE FIGURE POUNDS AGAINST THE BEDROOM DOOR...

...ramming it, it rips open, but the closet door catches it in a crazy vice-like hold.

Sandy grabs the desk phone. It's dead...off the hook downstairs.

The figure rushes the door several times...the frame splinters...but won't give.

Sandy is at her computer, she punches at the keypad madly.

ON SCREEN AS WORDS APPEAR

"FAX MODEM

9-1-1 SEND"

The knife slashes through the crack in the door wildly.

ON SCREEN AGAIN

"HELP KILLER ATTACKING

34 AMITYVILLE AVENUE"

Sandy presses "SEND" when it occurs to her-all is quiet. The Figure is gone. A fearful silence. She looks around...the only sound her own rapid, terrified BREATHING.

ON THE SCREEN

"Stay calm. Police are on their way to take the scum down."

Suddenly a NOISE at the window...Sandy looks up to see...

ON BILLY

Her boyfriend, staring at her, surprised.

SANDY

Oh Billy...Please...God...

BILLY

I heard screaming. The door was locked. Are you okay...

SANDY

He's here. He's trying to kill me...

Billy pulls himself through the window. As he does, a small black object falls from his dark jeans. It hits the floor as Sandy eyes it...a sleek, compact cellular phone. Then, a knife with a shiny, silver blade hits the floor and finally, a rubber duckie hits the floor.

Sandy stops in her tracks. Their eyed meet...an eternity. A SIREN is heard in the distance. Sandy bolts...

BILLY

Hey...wait...what's goin'...Whoa, whoa, wait, wait. Wait, Sandy, wait!

Billy reaches for her. Sandy unlocks the bedroom door and tears out of the room.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Sandy nearly falls down the stairs...

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

She rips the chain off the door, pulls it open, coming face to face with a white, ghostly mask.

A massive SCREAM erupts from Sandy's gut as...

PULL BACK to find Deputy Phooey Riley, holding it. He reacts to Sandy's scream as red lights flash, SIRENS BLAST as car after car surrounds the house.

PHOOEY
 Sorry! I found this.
 (to his fellow officers)
 Come on!

As he makes his way into the house...

EXT. FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER

The yard is a whirlwind of activity. An ambulance, squad cars, cops everywhere...

ON BILLY'S FACE

As it SMASHES against the hood of a police car. His hands are being cuffed, his rights are being read.

BILLY
 (screaming)
 I didn't do anything!
 Sand...where's Sand? Ask her,
 she'll tell ya...

PHOOEY
 We got him, Sheriff. Billy Ulrich.

SHERIFF TURKE
 Frank Ulrich's kid? Aw...Jesus...

PHOOEY
 He's her boyfriend.

They approach Billy as he's being placed in a squad car.

BILLY
 Sheriff...I didn't do it...please,
 call my Dad...please...

The squad car disappears with Billy as another car comes to a stop in front of the house. Rose gets out, freaked beyond belief.

Back to the Sheriff and Phooey as they storm across the yard.

PHOOEY

I was the first to respond.

SHERIFF TURKE

What were you doing out here?

PHOOEY

Drive by patrol.

SHERIFF TURKE

How is she?

PHOOEY

She looks pretty bad.

They stop at a FEMALE ZOMBIE, who looks ugly as sin. They look at the Female Zombie as they continue to speak to each other.

SHERIFF TURKE

Damn! She looks like she's been beaten with an ugly stick.

PHOOEY

Ugly doesn't even begin to describe her.

As they leave the Female Zombie...

SHERIFF TURKE

How's Sandy?

PHOOEY

She's tough.

SHERIFF TURKE

She has to be. The shit she's gone through.

Across the yard sits Sandy in the back of an ambulance as PARAMEDICS check her out.

Sheriff Turke and Phooey approach.

SHERIFF TURKE (CONT'D)

We're seeing a lot of you today.

Sandy tries to smile but fails.

PHOOEY

You gonna be able to come down to the station and talk to us a bit?

SANDY

...yeah...

Rose appears, barreling past an OFFICER.

ROSE

What happened? Oh God...

Rose rushes to her, grabbing a hold of her.

PHOOEY

(to Rose)

What are you doing here?

ROSE

Oh, God, Sand, I'm sorry I was late.

PHOOEY

You can't be here, Rose. This is an official crime scene.

SANDY

It's okay. She was supposed to pick me up.

PHOOEY

Does Mom know?

ROSE

Yes, you doofus.

Two news vans come driving up the street.

SHERIFF TURKE

The vultures are coming. Let's get you out of here.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A big, white news van comes to a stop in front of the house. The side door slides open and Courtney Weathers hops out just in time to see Sandy being escorted to a squad car.

COURTNEY

I'll be damned.

Jumping from the driver's seat is BENNY, Courtney's cameraman and flunky. An earnest young chap on the chubby side.

BENNY

What? What?

COURTNEY
Jesus! The camera-hurry!

But it's too late. Sandy is as good as gone. Courtney sees Rose moving quickly to her car.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

Rose looks up to see Courtney Weathers rushing her.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Was that Sandy Campbell they took away?

ROSE
I don't know.

Rose hops in her car, ignoring Courtney.

COURTNEY
What happened to her?

ROSE
I'm not talking to you.

Rose's car peels out as Benny comes running up with his camera.

BENNY
Where'd she go?

Courtney spins around, flashing her pearly whites.

COURTNEY
Look, Benny, I know you miss your previous job filming porn but when I say hurry, please interpret that as...MOVE YOUR SNAIL-PACED, CUMMING EARLY, FAT TUB OF LARD ASS NOW!

Courtney moves back to the van leaving Benny miffed.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A small town station. The bull pen is a little square room with four desks and tonight, it's hopping. Cops everywhere.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sandy sits at a desk drinking a cup of water. She wears the Sheriff's jacket over her shoulders. Phooey approaches.

SANDY

Did you reach my Dad?

PHOOEY

You're sure it was the Perez Hilton?

SANDY

At the airport.

PHOOEY

He's not registered. Could he have gone to another hotel?

SANDY

I don't know. I guess.

PHOOEY

We'll find him, Sand. Don't worry.

Sandy stares blankly, numb.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Billy sits opposite Sheriff Turke. Next to Billy, sits his father, FRANK ULRICH, an older version of Billy.

SHERIFF TURKE

What are you doing with a cellular telephone, son?

MR. ULRICH

It's my phone. He was just playing around with it.

SHERIFF TURKE

You got some ideas of playing around, boy.

BILLY

I didn't call anyone with it. I just took it for fun.

MR. ULRICH

Everybody's got one now. Why don't you check the phone bill for chrissakes. Call my carrier LandFone Comp. They'll have records of every number dialed.

SHERIFF TURKE

Thank you, Frank. We're on it. What were you doing out at Sandy's tonight?

BILLY

I just wanted to see her, that's all.

SHERIFF TURKE

You rode your bike out there?

BILLY

Yes, sir.

SHERIFF TURKE

And last night? Sandy said you crawled through her window last night too.

MR. ULRICH

(surprised)

You were out last night?

BILLY

I watched TV for awhile but then, I felt like going for a bike ride.

SHERIFF TURKE

Did you ride past Stacey Decker's house?

BILLY

No, I didn't. I didn't kill anyone, Sheriff.

SHERIFF TURKE

We're gonna have to keep you, Billy. The governor's got SBI, FBI, ABC, CBS, NBC, FOX, CNN, MSNBC and god knows who else on their way down here.

Billy fights tears.

BILLY

This is crazy. I didn't do it.

Sheriff Turke eyes him up and down, very carefully.

INT. POLICE BULL PEN - MINUTES LATER

Rose has joined Sandy. The sheriff's door opens and Billy is led out by a couple of UNIFORMS. Turke and Phooey appear in the door watching Rose comfort Sandy.

OUT OF EAR SHOT

PHOOEY

That ghost mask is sold at both Party City and WalMart. Neither of which keep purchase records.

SHERIFF TURKE

What about the cellular phone bill?

PHOOEY

They don't keep records of that, either.

Sheriff Turke looks perturbed at Phooey and then:

SHERIFF TURKE

I was talking about Billy.

PHOOEY

Oh. They're pulling Ulrich's account. But it'll be morning before we see something. You think he did it?

SHERIFF TURKE

Twenty-seven years ago I woulda said not a chance. But these kids today...damned if I know.

ROSE (O.S.)

Hey...Phooey. Can we go now?

PHOOEY

Hold up a sec...

SHERIFF TURKE

She staying with you?

PHOOEY

We haven't located her Dad yet.

ROSE (O.S.)

Goddamnit, Phooey!

Phooey turns to her, his face red.

PHOOEY

What did Mama tell you? When I wear
this badge you treat me like a man
of the law.

ROSE

I'm sorry, Deputy Phooey-boy but
we're ready to go.

SHERIFF TURKE

Use the back way. Avoid the circus.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

The door opens and Sandy, Rose, Phooey and a couple of
OFFICERS exit avoiding the horde of REPORTERS and a few
members of an actual circus that can be seen around the
corner waiting anxiously at the front entrance.

PHOOEY

I'll get the car. Wait here.

Phooey takes off. From the darkness of the alley, Courtney
Weathers appears with Benny and his camera. They've been
waiting.

COURTNEY

Hello, Sandy.

Sandy spins around to see Courtney, standing, smiling at her.
Sandy's body tightens and her face goes taut.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Some night. Are you alright?

Their eyes meet in a cold familiar stare. Sandy says nothing.
She's visibly shaking.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

What happened?

ROSE

She's not answering any questions.
Just leave us alone, okay?

SANDY

It's okay, Rose. She's just doing
her job. Right, COURTNEY?

COURTNEY

Yes, that's right.

Phooey, in a squad car, turns into the alley and pulls up. The other news people have wisened up. They begin to flock the alley.

SANDY
How's the book?

COURTNEY
It'll be out later this year.

Sandy tries to contain herself...squeezing a clenched fist.

SANDY
I'll look for it.

COURTNEY
I'll send you a copy.

In a blurred, unexpected instant, Sandy brings her fist forward, SMASHING it hard into Courtney Weathers's face. The impact sends Courtney reeling backwards, knocking into Benny as they both tumble to the pavement.

ON SANDY

...breathing deep, a sense of satisfaction on her face.

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - LATER

A spacious bedroom. Typical. Rose and Sandy lay on the bed. They both wear night shirts.

ROSE
God, I loved it. "I'll send you a copy." BAM! Bitch went down. "I'll send you a copy." BAM! Sand - SuperBitch!

Phooey appears in the doorway holding a bag of ice.

PHOOEY
I thought you might want some ice for that right hook.

As he tosses the bag of ice to Sandy, she tries to catch it with her right hook/hand, but she fails and falls off the bed and onto the floor beside the bed. THUD!

Sandy gets up off the floor, bag of ice in her actual right hand, sits on the bed and puts the bag of ice on her hand.

PHOOEY (CONT'D)
Sorry. I threw it too hard.

SANDY
It's okay. Don't sweat it.

PHOOEY
I'll be right next door. Try to get
some sleep.

Phooey moves back out the door.

SANDY
Any word on my Dad?

PHOOEY
(turning to her)
Not yet, but we're looking. If you
need anything...

ROSE
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Phooey smiles, pulling the door closed on his way out. Sandy
lies back down.

SANDY
Just another sleepover at the
Riley's.

ROSE
Just like old times, ain't it?

SANDY
No, nothing's like it used to be.

Sandy rolls over at her side, away from Rose.

A telephone RINGS somewhere in the house.

ROSE
Do you really think Billy did it?

SANDY
He was there, Rose.

ROSE
I knew this guy was too perfect. He
was destined to have a flaw.

A KNOCK at the door is heard. It opens and a friendly,
graying woman pops in. This is MAMA KILEY. She wears a
comforting smile.

MAMA KILEY
Telephone, dear.

ROSE
Who is it?

MAMA KILEY
It's for Sand.

SANDY
My Dad?

Mama Riley shakes her head sadly.

ROSE
Take a message.

SANDY
It's alright. I'll get it.

Sandy takes off out the door. Mama Riley motions to Rose.

MAMA KILEY
(whispers)
How is she?

Rose shrugs.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sandy grabs the phone at the end of the hall.

SANDY
Hello?

MAN
(from phone)
Hello Sandy.

IT'S HIM. The CAMERA does a Hitchcock as Sandy's entire body goes weak...his VOICE moving through her...invading her. She CRIES OUT.

SANDY
NOOOOOO...

Mama Kiley turns in the doorway. Rose comes bolting out of the bedroom.

MAN
(from phone)
Poor Billy-boyfriend. An innocent
guy doesn't stand a chance with
you.

SANDY
LEAVEMEALONE!

MAN
Looks like you fingered the wrong
guy...again.

SANDY
Who are you?

ROSE
Hang up, Sand.

MAN
Don't worry. You'll find out soon
enough. I promise.

Mama Kiley BEATS on a closed bedroom door.

MAMA RILEY
Phooey! Phooey!

MAN
This is gonna be fun, Sandy. Just
like old times.

CLICK.

Phooey flies out of his room wearing only his boxers holding
his gun.

PHOOEY
What? What?

The phone goes dead. Sandy stands frozen.

EXT./ESTAB. MARLBORO MAIN STREET - DAWN

The morning sun shines high over Marlboro Townsquare. Cars
come to life, townsfolk stir as the picture postcard
community awakens from a restless sleep.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sandy and Rose sit at the kitchen table, dressed and ready
for school as Mama Kiley serves up breakfast. A small
television sits on the counter BLARING.

MAMA KILEY
I think you girls really should
stay home today.

ROSE
Your objection is duly noted.

SANDY
I'd rather be around a lot of
people, Mama Kiley.

From the TV, Sandy hears her name "SANDY CAMPBELL..." All
eyes go to the television.

REPORTER
(on TV)
...who escaped a vicious attack
last night was the daughter of
Pauline Campbell who was brutally
killed last year when convicted
murderer Barton Cleary...

INSERT of BARTON CLEARY, in prison fatigues. A once handsome
man is now haggard and worn.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
...broke into their home and
savagely raped and tortured the
deceased. Barton Cleary is
currently awaiting appeal for the
death sentence handed down after
the young Sandy testified against
him. She was the key witness in the
state's prosecution...

SANDY
It's never gonna stop. Is it?

ROSE
I don't know, Sand. I mean, this
kinda thing will be littered
throughout the entire movie.

Phooey is off the phone.

PHOOEY
Billy was released. His cellular
bill was clean. He didn't make
those calls.

SANDY
Somebody called me, Phooey. I'm not
making this up.

PHOOEY
I know. We're checking every
cellular account in the county.
(MORE)

PHOOEY (CONT'D)

Any calls made to you or Stacey
Decker are being cross-referenced.
It's gonna take time but we'll find
him.

SANDY

And my Dad? Any word on him?

Phooey shakes his head "no".

EXT. SCHOOL STREET - LATER

Once again, REPORTERS line the street attacking students as they make their way to school, asking questions, hungry for that teenage insight.

Phooey's patrol jeep cruises by. Sandy watches from the passenger's window.

INT. PATROL CAR - MORNING

Phooey pulls up in front of the school. Rose hops out while Sandy lingers, suddenly unsure. Phooey takes notice.

PHOOEY

Hey, it's school. You'll be safe
here.

Sandy forces herself out of the jeep as a microphone is shoved in her face...

REPORTER

How does it feel to almost be
senselessly slaughtered?

Phooey leaps from the car, intercepting the reporter.

PHOOEY

Leave the girl alone, will ya? She
wants to go to school.

Sandy eyes the news van that's pulled up behind her. The side door opens and Courtney Weathers steps out.

ROSE

Come on, Sand.

SANDY

Just a sec...I need to talk to
someone.

She heads to Courtney.

EXT. NEWSVAN - STREET - MORNING

Sandy, puts her head down, hiding her face...avoiding other reporters as she makes her way to...

Courtney who sits in the open door, checking her face in a mirror. She tries hard to hide Sandy's handiwork-a swollen black and blue right cheek.

Courtney spots Sandy immediately and leaps to her feet.

COURTNEY
Stop right there.

Sandy throws her hands up in surrender.

SANDY
I'm not here to fight.

COURTNEY
Just stay back.

SANDY
I want to talk to you.

COURTNEY
(calling into the van)
Benny. Camera. Now.

Benny's head darts out from the van.

SANDY
Off the record. No cameras.

COURTNEY
Forget it.

Sandy contains herself.

SANDY
Please. You owe me.

COURTNEY
I owe you shit.

Courtney moves inside the van. But Sandy is relentless.

SANDY
You owe my mother.

COURTNEY
Uh, your mother's dead. I think
paying a dead woman a year old loan
seems a bit redundant.

Sandy look at Courtney quite perturbed.

BACK TO COURTNEY

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Your mother's murder was last year's hottest court case. Somebody was gonna write a book about it.

SANDY

And it had to be you with all your lies and bullshit theories.

COURTNEY

What is your problem? You got what you wanted. Barton Cleary is in jail. They're gonna gas him. A book is not gonna change that.

SANDY

Do you still think he's innocent?

Courtney's interest is peaked. She eyes Sandy suspiciously.

COURTNEY

He was convicted in a court of law. Your testimony put him away. It doesn't matter what I think.

SANDY

During the trial, you did all those stories about me. You called me a liar.

COURTNEY

I think you falsely identified him. Yes.

SANDY

Have you talked to Barton?

COURTNEY

Many times.

SANDY

Has his story changed?

COURTNEY

Not one word. He admits to having sex with your mother but that's all.

SANDY

He's lying. She wouldn't have touched him. He raped her, then butchered her. Her blood was all over his coat.

COURTNEY

He was drunk that night. He left his coat at your house, after your mother seduced him...

SANDY

I saw him leaving wearing it.

COURTNEY

But couldn't it have been someone else you saw wearing that coat? The same person who planted it in Barton's car, framing him? The dame person who really killed your mother?

A long beat. Sandy considers this for the millionth time.

SANDY

No, Barton murdered my mother.

But there's doubt in her voice. Courtney's face lights up.

COURTNEY

You're not sure anymore, are you?

Sandy clams up.

SANDY

No, it was Barton.

Rose comes waltzing up.

ROSE

(to Courtney)

Nice welt.

Courtney ignores her, zeroing in on Sandy, half realizing.

COURTNEY

The killer is still on the loose, isn't he? These murders are related.

ROSE

Yo, let's rock.

Sandy starts to fidget.

SANDY

I'm sorry I mangled your face.

She takes off with Rose. Courtney calls after her.

COURTNEY

Wait, Sandy, don't go...

But Sandy and Rose have already disappeared in the crowd of students moving across campus.

Courtney looks to Benny.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! An innocent man on death row. A killer still on the loose. Benny, tell me I'm dreaming.

BENNY

I don't know what good that will do, but if you want me to do that, I will. Here goes. "You're dreaming."

Courtney looks at Benny, perturbed. Benny on the other hand, looks at Courtney and realizes that his joke was totally inappropriate at this point in time.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Uh...you want to go live?

Courtney's mind races with possibilities.

COURTNEY

No, not so fast. We have nothing concrete.

BENNY

When did that ever stop you? You can't sit on this. This is huge.

Courtney looks at Benny as she sits on a bar stool as she speaks to him.

COURTNEY

I gotta sit. I've been on my feet all day. Besides...if I'm gonna blow this up, I need hard proof.

BENNY

But it's so much easier when we make it up.

COURTNEY

Not this time. I owe Barton that much. Hell, even I thought that man was guilty.

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - SECONDS LATER

Rose and Sandy make their way across campus.

ROSE

Just relax. You're at school now. No one can get you here.

SANDY

But if it wasn't Billy it could be anybody. He could be here at school right now.

They move up the walk as a FIGURE falls in step them, sporting a WHITE GHOST MASK and as they walk past and ignore FREDDY KRUGER, MIKE MYERS, NORMAN BATES and LEATHERFACE as they stand side by side.

ROSE

Serial killers are smart by definition.

ROSE (CONT'D)

They minimize their risk. They plan and pre-calculate everything. Showing up here would be the most lame-brain move he could make.

SANDY

He promised me he'd be back.

As easy as the figure appeared, it disappears-falling out of sight, unseen by either of them.

ROSE

I wouldn't put too much stock in a psycho's promise.

They move up the front steps toward the main doors of the school as the Ghost Masked Figure reappears...standing at the top of the steps...Sandy sees it first, stopping dead in her tracks.

She steps back spins around to find...

A GHOST FACE behind her as well, both of them approaching, closing in on her. Sandy starts to SCREAM when the two ghosts bust up LAUGHING, tearing off across campus.

EXT. STREET - DAY

In front of the school, we catch up a REPORTER doing a live remote. He holds a mask in his hand.

REPORTER

This morning, in an earlier scene in the movie, several students, in what appeared to be a prank, have been spotted wearing masks. School officials have yet to comment but this is the same type of mask worn by the killer. We will now go inside the school where the victim, Sandy Campbell, is talking to her fellow student, Rose Kiley, about her latest situation.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Just before the bell. The hallway is congested with students heading to class. Rose is at her locker with Sandy.

SANDY

This is a mistake. I shouldn't be here.

ROSE

I want you to meet me here after class, okay?

Billy appears in the crowd, with Burt tagging behind. Rose spots him first.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Shit, what is he doing here?

SANDY

He's a member of the cast. I bet he's pissed.

ROSE

Just ignore him. You had good reason to think what you did.

Billy and Burt approach. Billy's face is solemn.

BILLY

Hi, Sand. Can we talk a sec?

Sandy says nothing. She can barely look at him. Tatum intervenes.

ROSE
You know, if I were accused of
carving up two people, I'd take the
opportunity to skip the rest of the
movie.

BURT
Hey, go easy, Rose. He didn't do
it.

BILLY
Talk to me, Sand.

Suddenly, a SCREAM erupts. All eyes go to a GHOST MASKED
STUDENT running down the hall, screaming wildly, running
amuck.

SANDY
Why are they doing this?

BURT
Are you kidding? It's in the
script. You're an actress. You
should know all of this by now.

Billy punches Burt in the side.

BURT (CONT'D)
Owww...

BILLY
You open your mouth and stupidity
pours out.

BURT
Sorry.

Sandy, clearly upset, takes off down the hall. Billy races
off after her.

ROSE
(yelling)
Stay away from her, Billy.

Rose SLAMS her locker door shut as the BELL RINGS.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

With first period underway, the halls have cleared. One or
two struggling students can be seen rushing to class.

Sandy moves quickly down the hall, rounding a corner, running
smack into...

BILLY!

They collide hard catching Sandy off guard, scaring the life out of her. She falls backwards, but Billy catches her fall.

SANDY
Jesus, SHIT!

BILLY
No, I'm not Jesus, it's just me.
Billy.

Sandy pulls away from him quickly. Billy feels the slight.

BILLY (CONT'D)
What? You don't still think it's
me?

Sandy catches her breath.

SANDY
No...I don't...it's just...Oh God,
Billy, someone was there, someone
tried to kill me.

BILLY
The police say I scared him off. It
wasn't me, Sand.

SANDY
I know. He called again last night
at Rose's house.

BILLY
See, it couldn't have been me. I
was in jail last night, remember?

A CORRECTIONS OFFICER, in his late 50s, who is tall and quite slim, walks toward Billy with his hands behind his back and stands next to him as Sandy looks on. As Billy looks toward the Corrections Officer:

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
Billy Ulrich?

BILLY
Yeah?

CORRECTIONS OFFICER
Upon your release from jail, we
have forgotten to return a specific
personal effect to you. I'm here to
return said item.

BILLY

All right. Let's have it.

The Corrections Officer hands Billy a big butt plug, which is in his surgical gloved right hand and Billy takes it as he looks at it with shock. As he looks back at the Corrections Officer:

BILLY (CONT'D)

Uh...thanks a lot.

As he looks back at the butt plug in his hand:

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

No problem. Have a great day.

As Billy and Sandy watch the Corrections Officer as he leaves them alone, Sandy looks back at Billy and:

SANDY

What the hell was that all about?

BILLY

I had a brief encounter while I was in jail. It's no big deal.

(he goes back to his part
of the previous
conversation)

Again, Sand. I scared the guy off.
It wasn't me.

SANDY

I'm so sorry...please understand.

BILLY

Understand what? That I got a girlfriend who would rather accuse me of being a psychopathic killer than touch me?

SANDY

You know that's not true.

BILLY

Then what is it? Is there someone else?

SANDY

No...

BILLY

Is it the sex thing? Am I being too pushy?

SANDY

No, it's me, Billy. I need time.
I'm still adjusting to my mom.

BILLY

It's been a year since she died.

SANDY

(correcting him)
Tomorrow. One year tomorrow.

BILLY

When are you gonna let that go,
Sand? When my mom left my dad--I
just accepted it. This is the way
it is. She's not coming back.

SANDY

(sharply)
Your parents split up. It's not the
same thing.
(she looks away from Billy
as she continues the
explanation)
Your mother didn't have her body
mutilated and she didn't have every
inch of her large and small
intestines...

As Billy listens to Sandy speak, he looks and feels rather
queasy and the sound of Billy's stomach CHURNS as Sandy
speaks.

SANDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...as well as every single one of
her organs being yanked out of her
body. And don't even get me started
on what the killer did with her
bowels.

BACK TO SANDY

She still goes on and still looks away from Billy as the
sound of STOMACH CHURNS are still heard.

SANDY (CONT'D)

The cops told me that the killer
mutilated her body in such a way
and put her organs on full display
that they lost their lunch when
they finally found her body, which
was laying in a big pool of blood.

BACK TO BILLY

He looks rather disgusted and as his STOMACH CHURNS, he turns and he throws up on the floor as his response to what Sandy had said to him.

BACK TO SANDY

As she looks toward Billy, she is shocked as Billy GAGS as he throws up on the floor.

BACK TO BILLY

After the final upchuck, Billy looks toward Sandy and wipes his mouth. He regains his composure and continues the discussion about the death of Sandy's mother.

As he clears his throat:

BILLY

You have to move on, Sand.

Sandy starts to walk away but she turns back and feels quite angry.

SANDY

I'm glad to know you're coping so well with life, Billy. But some of us aren't so perfect. Some of us are just trying to hold on.

Sandy disappears through a door marked GIRL'S BATHROOM, leaving Billy alone in the hallway. He SMACKS his forehead, pissed at himself.

INT. THE GIRL'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Large and spacious. Closed bathrooms stalls line one wall facing a row of sinks and a huge mirror. Sandy enters as TWO GIRLS tinkle and talk--each from their respective stalls.

GIRL #1

She was never attacked. I think she made it all up.

GIRL #2

Why would she lie about it?

GIRL #1

For attention. After all, she is movie's protagonist...and the girl has some serious issues.

Sandy listens with serious intent.

A toilet FLUSHES. Sandy quickly jumps in a stall, hiding, just as GIRL #1 appears from a stall. She looks like that voice--a snotty little twit.

GIRL #1 (CONT'D)
What if she did it? What if Sandy
killed Stacey and Stan?

GIRL #2
And why would she do that?

GIRL #1
Maybe she was hot for Stan and
killed them both in a jealous,
body-full-of cramps type of rage.

Another toilet FLUSHES.

GIRL #2
Why would Sandy want to be with
Stan? She has her own psycho-fuck
boyfriend Billy.

GIRL #1
Maybe she's a slut just like her
mom.

Inside the stall, Sandy listens. Her face weakening.

GIRL #2
You're evil.

GIRL #1
Please, it's common knowledge. Her
mother was a trollop.

GIRL #2 appears from her stall--another twit. They both stand in front of the mirror adjusting two snotty faces.

GIRL #2
Cut some slack. She watched her mom
get butchered.

GIRL #1
And it fucked her up royally. Think
about it. It makes perfect sense.
Her mom's death leaves her
distraught and hostile at a cruel
and inhumane world, she
disillusioned, where God, etc.
Completely suicidal. And one day
she snaps. She wants to kill
herself but realizes teen suicide
is out this year.

(MORE)

GIRL #1 (CONT'D)

And homicide is a much healthier
therapeutic expression.

From the stall, Sandy listens, her heart pounding, jaw
quivering.

GIRL #2

Where do you get this shit?

GIRL #1

Ricki Lake.

The two girls exit. Sandy moves out of the stall, catching
her reflection in the mirror.

SANDY

Pathetic.

Water DRIPS somewhere from a leaky pipe as wind WHISTLES in
from the cracked transom above the bathroom door. It sounds
almost like a whisper, "Sannndy..."

Sandy spins around. What the... She checks out the bathroom.
The doors to the stalls are all closed. She bends down and
scans beneath them, looking for feet. No one. Nothing.

Sandy turns back to the mirror. Suddenly...

MAN (O.C.)

(whisper)

Sannndy...

Unmistakable this time. The VOICE strikes Sandy like a nail
through the eye. It comes from one of the stalls. She stands
thunderstruck, eyeing the stalls through the mirror.

SANDY

Is someone there?

A long, morose silence. And then:

MAN

(softly, simply)

It's me, Sandy.

Sandy spins around. Fuck no! HE'S HERE. Terror floods her
face. She eyes the exit door, then the row of stalls she must
pass to get to it.

She checks under the stalls again. Nothing...where the fuck
is he? She takes a step forward when...

TWO FEET step down from a toilet onto the floor in the last stall. Sandy's face draws tight as the stall door begins to CREAK open. She bolts forward, making a break for it...but slips on the wet floor...her feet flying out from under...

Sandy reaches out...grabs hold of a sink...saves herself from falling...she glimpses a GHOST MASK in the mirror coming for her. A hand grabs her shoulder as she SLAMS her body through the exit door...narrowly escaping.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sandy flies out of the bathroom door SCREAMING...burning up the hallway, not looking back. A TEACHER, hearing her SCREAM, peer out from an open doorway...as Sandy sprints by him, not stopping...running madly.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A red-faced Principal Winkler as he reads someone the riot act.

MR. WINKLER

I'm sickened. Your havoc-inducing,
thieving, whoring generation
disgusts me.

Two GHOST MASKED STUDENTS stand at attention. Mr. Winkler rips the mask off of one of the student's heads.

MR. WINKLER (CONT'D)

Two students have been savagely
murdered. And this is how we
express our compassion and
sensitivity?

He rips the mask off the other student.

MR. WINKLER (CONT'D)

We throw on a mask and dance around
campus just hoping someone else
gets butchered before we get bored
again.

He walks toward a NIXON MASKED STUDENT and rips the mask off him.

MR. WINKLER (CONT'D)

And obsessing over a president who has embarrassed himself and the entire United States and set politics back half a century. You three are expelled.

The GHOSTS and NIXON doth protest...

GHOST #1

Aw, come on, Mr. Winkler, it was just a joke.

GHOST #2

Yeah, that's not fair.

NIXON

Yeah...and by the way...he was not a crook and that whole Watergate scandal was just a conspiracy theory.

A deep rooted hostility has taken over Mr. Winkler's face. Neither student budges, scared to even breathe.

MR. WINKLER

No, it's not fair. Fairness would be to rip your insides out and hang you from a tree and expose your fandom for the scandalous so you can be exposed for the desensitized, heartless little shits that you are.

Suddenly the door BURSTS open and Sandy appears, hysterical.

SANDY

(crying)

He's here...I saw him...he's here...

Mr. Winkler rushes to her, arms outstretched.

MR. WINKLER

Easy child.

Sandy collapses in his arms.

EXT. SCHOOL STREET - MINUTES LATER

Phooey's patrol jeep is parked in front of the school. He stands in the open driver's door talking on the radio.

SHERIFF TURKE

(from radio)

She's okay. Looks like some boys were teasing her. Winkler's shutting down the school though. I want you to take a look around.

PHOOEY

Yes, sir, Sheriff.

Phooey shuts the jeep door and heads for campus when Courtney Weathers appears, her fake face aglow.

COURTNEY

Hi! Courtney Weathers. Field Correspondent, Full-Time Hottie, All Around Sex Goddess, INSIDE STORY.

PHOOEY

I know who you are, ma'am. How's the eye?

COURTNEY

Productive. So they're closing down the school?

PHOOEY

Well...uh...yes, ma'am. For the time being.

Phooey heads for the school building. Courtney scurries along side him flirtatiously.

COURTNEY

And why is that? Has something happened?

PHOOEY

You're not supposed to be here, ma'am.

COURTNEY

I know. I should have been covering O.J. Simpson's first post trial video interview following that eight-month long murder trial back in October of '95. I mean, the evidence was damning and the man was obviously guilty and he got off on an acquittal, but who knew? Please call me Courtney. You look awfully young to be a police officer.

Phooey's eyes wander down to Courtney's long legs, the way her hips move as she walks...he's clearly distracted.

PHOOEY'S BIG BULGE IN HIS PANTS

It is also obvious that he is quite turned on right now.

He looks down at it and he looks back at Courtney, rather ashamed of the situation

PHOOEY

I'm twenty-five years old, ma'am.

COURTNEY

Twenty-five, huh? In a demographic study I proved to be most popular amongst males, 11-24. It seems like an adult in the front of your pants.

Phooey looks at Courtney, a little taken aback by what she had said. He and Courtney clear their throats and go back to their conversation.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Uh...does the force require that you work out?

Phooey looks away, blushing a bit.

PHOOEY

No, ma'am. Because of my boyish good looks, muscle mass has increased my acceptance as a serious police officer.

Phooey's eyes wander down to Courtney's long legs, the way her hips move as she walks...her chest, which is voluptuous on sight and supported by an affordable bra...he's clearly distracted and he is also turned on...big time.

PHOOEY (CONT'D)

I'm twenty-five years old, ma'am.

COURTNEY

Twenty-five, huh? In a demographic study I proved to be most popular amongst males, 11-24. I just missed you. Of course, you don't look a day over twelve, except in the upper torso area. Does the force require that you work out?

Phooey looks away, blushing a bit.

PHOOEY

If you'll excuse me, ma'am.

COURTNEY

Am I keeping you? I'm sorry.

PHOOEY

Actually, I broke wind. It was one of those silent but deadly farts. If I may say so, ma'am, you're much prettier in person.

Phooey starts up the school's front steps as the BELL RINGS.

COURTNEY

So, you do watch the show?

He turns to her earnestly as STUDENTS come pouring out the front doors.

PHOOEY

I just turned twenty-five. I was twenty-four for a whole year.

COURTNEY

You are precious. Please, call me Courtney.

She smiles deliciously, gives him a wink, then struts off as Phooey, like a nervous little school boy watches her go.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

School is clearing out. The halls have begun to empty as Rose escorts Sandy down the hallway.

ROSE

It was just some sick fuck having a laugh.

SANDY

It was him, Rose. I know it.

Rose wants to believe her but...

ROSE

You are not to be alone again. Is that clear? If you pee--I pee. If you fart--I fart. If you have your period--I will suffer the cramps and the heavy flow.

Burt appears as he holds a vanilla ice cream cone.

BURT
Is this not cool or what? Hey,
Sand. What happened?

ROSE
For once, Burt, drop it.

BURT
Okay. I don't know what good it
will do, but all right.

He literally drops the ice cream cone...

...and it hits the floor between them.

BACK TO BURT

He looks back toward Sandy.

BURT (CONT'D)
Whatever you did--the entire
student body thanks you.

Burt moves to Rose and gives her a kiss.

BURT (CONT'D)
And to celebrate this impromptu
fall break, I propose we have a
party. Tonight, my house.

SANDY
Are you serious?

BURT
My parents are out of town. It'll
be like my hurricane bash last
year. Nothing extreme. Just a few
of us hangin'.

Rose warms to the idea.

ROSE
This could be good. What do you
think, Sand?

SANDY
I don't know...

ROSE
Come on. Pathos has it's perks.

Sandy considers trying hard to be good spirited.

BURT
Remember, there's safety in
numbers.

SANDY
(giving in)
Yeah, okay...whatever.

BURT
Cool. See you guys tonight. Bring
food.

Burt speeds off, sliding down the empty hallway.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Mr. Winkler sits at his desk starting at a leather jacket and the ghost masks before him. He picks one of them up, snickering.

MR. WINKLER
Damn...

He stands and moves to the closet next to his office door. He pulls it open to reveal a mirror hooked inside the door. He tries the mask on, pulling it over his face, looking in the mirror when...

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR stops him. He rips the mask off his head, turns to his office door and OPENS it to reveal...

AN EMPTY DOORWAY. He pokes his head into the outer office area and looks around...but no one's there.

MR. WINKLER (CONT'D)
Yes? Hello?

The place is empty. A little suspicious he CLOSES the door, catching his reflection in the closet mirror. He looks at the mask in his hands. Jesus, even he's jumpy. Two seconds later..

ANOTHER KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Winkler grabs the door quickly, this time throwing it open. Again no one's there. He steps out into the outer office determined to catch a prankster.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Completely empty. Mr. Winkler moves through the outer office and into the school corridor. The overhead lights have been turned off and the corridor is now dark and deserted.

He looks up and down the hall. Only a JANITOR is seen in the distance pushing a broom.

MR. WINKLER
Little shits.

Mr. Winkler returns to his office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Winkler reenters his office, moving to his desk, when he spots the closet door NOW CLOSED SHUT.

This gives him a pause-he had left it open. Hadn't he? Suddenly, he can't remember. He shifts uneasy, reaching for the door knob, pulling the door open to reveal...

AN EMPTY CLOSET. He stands still a moment, suddenly realizing someone could easily now be standing behind the open closet door. Nervously, he pushes it shut to reveal...

NOTHING. Winkler shakes away his jitters, realizing he's spooked himself. He continues to his desk, pushing his office door shut when...

A GHOST MASKED FIGURE lunges from behind it...knife in hand. Quick and easy. Three quick jabs to the stomach and Winkler goes down. The GHOST MASKED FIGURE towering above him.

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - LATER

Rose and Sandy rock on the front porch looking out into the small town neighborhood. Phooey's patrol jeep is parked in the driveway.

Despite loud music, BLARING from an inside stereo, this is a quiet moment.

ROSE
Maybe Barton Cleary is telling the truth. Maybe he was having an affair with your mom.

SANDY
So you think my mom was a slut too?

ROSE
I didn't say that, Sand. But you know there were rumors. Your dad was always out of town on business. Maybe your mom was a very unhappy woman.

SANDY

If they were having an affair, how come that Barton couldn't prove it in court?

ROSE

You can't prove a rumor. That's why it's a rumor. In fact, the situation with Barton Cleary and your mom is the textbook definition of the word "rumor".

SANDY

Which has been created by that little tabloid twit Courtney Weathers.

ROSE

(delicately)

It goes further back, Sand. There's been talk about other men.

SANDY

And you believe it?

ROSE

Well...you can only hear that Richard Gere-gerbil story so many times before you have to start believing it.

A long silence as Sandy agonizes over all of this. She stands up and moves to the edge of the porch and stares out onto the neighborhood.

SANDY

If I was wrong about Barton, then he's still out there.

ROSE

Don't go there, Sand. You're starting to sound like some John Carpenter flick. Don't freak yourself out--we've got a long night ahead of us.

SANDY

You're right. I'm cracking up. Ignore me.

ROSE

Come on, let's rock.

Sandy follows Rose inside the house never seeing the GHOST MASKED FIGURE that stands across the street, under a tree. His presence is so subtle and unobtrusive you'd have to see this movie a second time to know he was there all along.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

Burt is moving along Main Street when Billy comes barreling up next to him.

BILLY
How'd you do?

STU
Piece of cake. She'll be there.

BILLY
Thanks, butt munch. You did good.

BURT
So you gonna try and make up with Sand?

BILLY
Duh...that's quick.

BURT
I was just asking. Why are you always yelling at me?

BILLY
Because I'm trying to build your self-esteem. You're far too sensitive.

BURT
Oh....

Billy thumbs Burt's forehead.

BILLY
You ready to party hard tonight?

BURT
You know it.

They come to a building centrally located in the heart of Main Street. A huge, blue monstrosity that's bigger than the local bank and post office combined. The sign in front reads BLOCKBUSTER.

INT. BLOCKBUSTER - CONTINUOUS

Your typical Blockbuster--huge and crowded. Jamie, in his Blockbuster get up, is busy reshelving returns when Stu appears--knocking the videos out of his hand.

BURT

Jesus, this place is packed.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- DIFFERENT VIDEO AISLES

-- In the sci-fi aisle, a Luke Skywalker type and a Darth Vader type have a fight with light sabers.

-- In the comedy aisle, two men, one with a pie in his hand, are in the aisle. Then, the man with a pie in his hand puts it in the face of the other man.

-- In the western aisle, two cowboys stand across from each other and get ready to draw their guns.

JAMIE

(picking up videos)

We had a run in the mass murder section.

BURT

You coming tonight?

JAMIE

Yeah, I'm off early--curfew you know.

(looking off)

Now that's poor taste.

BURT

What?

Jamie refers to Billy who stands down the aisle talking to TWO GIRLS. (The twits from the bathroom perhaps.)

JAMIE

If you were the only suspect in a senseless bloodbath, would you be standing in the horror section?

BURT

It was all a misunderstanding. He didn't do anything.

JAMIE

You're such a little lap dog. He's got killer printed all over his forehead.

BURT

Then, why'd the police let him go?

JAMIE

Because, obviously they don't watch enough movies. This is standard horror movie stuff. PROM NIGHT revisited.

Jamie moves down the aisle, reshelving videos.

BURT

Why would he want to kill his own girlfriend?

JAMIE

There's always some stupid bullshit reason to kill your girlfriend. That's the beauty of it all. Simplicity. Besides, if it's too complicated, you lose your target audience.

BURT

So what's his reason?

JAMIE

Maybe Sandy wouldn't have sex with him.

BURT

She's saving herself for you.

JAMIE

Could be. Now that Billy's tried to mutilate her, you think Sand would go out with me?

BURT

I think her father did it. How come they can't find his ass?

JAMIE

Because he's probably dead. His body will come popping out in the last reel somewhere...eyes gagged. See, the police are always off track with this shit, if they'd watch PROM NIGHT they'd save time. There's a formula to it. A very simple one. Everyone's always a suspect--the father, the principal, the town derelict...

BURT
Which is you...

JAMIE
So while they're off investigating
a dead end, Billy, who's been
written off as a suspect, is busy
planning his next hunting
expedition.

BILLY (O.C.)
How do we know you're not the
killer?

Jamie spins around to find Billy right behind him. Busted.

JAMIE
Uh...hi, Billy.

BILLY
Maybe your movie-freaked mind lost
its reality button?

Jamie shrugs, laughing it off.

JAMIE
You're absolutely right. I'm the
first to admit it. If this were a
scary movie, I'd be the prime
suspect.

BURT
And what would be your motive?

JAMIE
It's 1995--motives are incidental.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LITTLE LATER

Phooey's patrol jeep makes its way down mainstreet. It's
almost dark.

The street is close to deserted.

INT. PATROL JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Phooey's behind the wheel having a heated conversation with
Rose while Sid stares out the window.

PHOOEY
A party? Mom's gonna kill you. Then
me.

ROSE

Don't be so self-righteous. It's just a little blow out--we'll be perfectly safe.

Sand stares out the window. CLOSED SIGNS fill the storefronts, a few people rush to their car, in a hurry to beat the curfew.

SANDY

God, look at this place, it's THE TOWN THAT DREADED SUNDOWN.

PHOOEY

Hey, I saw that movie. True story, 'bout some killer in Texas.

ROSE

Hey, Sand. Just think if they make a movie about you. Who's gonna play you?

SANDY

Oh, god...

Phooey comes to a stop, parking the car in front of the police station. He looks to Sand with a brotherly smile.

PHOOEY

I see you as a young Meg Ryan myself.

SANDY

Thanks, Phooey. But with my luck they'd cast Neve Campbell.

EXT. PATROL JEEP - CONTINUOUS

They pile out of the jeep. Phooey heads for the station.

PHOOEY

I'll just be a few minutes. Don't go far.

The girls take off for the local supermarket that sits across the street.

SANDY

Is Billy going to be there tonight?

ROSE

He better not be. I told Burt to keep his mouth shut.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

I think we can live without
EVERYBODY'S ALL AMERICAN for one
night.

They approach the grocery store. Small and simple. Sand and Rose grab a shopping cart from the bin and enter the store, pushing the cart through two sliding glass doors.

A lone CHECKOUT LADY behind the counter, big and frumpy, looks up from counting money.

CHECK OUT LADY

You girls gonna have to hurry it
up. We're under curfew.

ROSE

Two minutes tops.

They make a bee-line for the junk food section just as the automated doors slide shut behind them and a...

GHOST MASKED FIGURE appears, out of nowhere, standing just outside, watching, quietly through the glass store windows.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Sheriff Turke's face heats up as Deputy Riley marches in, hurriedly.

SHERIFF TURKE

Phooey! Where the hell you been,
boy?

PHOOEY

Keeping my eye on Sandy.

SHERIFF TURKE

Listen up, Phooey, because it's
bad. Real bad. Aircomp just faxed
us. The calls were listed to Neil
Campbell--Sandy's father. He made
the calls with his cellular phone.
It's confirmed.

PHOOEY

Couldn't his cellular number have
been cloned?

SHERIFF TURKE

There's more. Guess what tomorrow
is? The anniversary of his wife's
death. It all fits. He's our man.

PHOOEY

Have you contacted the bureau?

SHERIFF TURKE

They believe he's out of state by now. We'll keep roadblocks and curfew in effect through the night. If he's not picked up by morning-- we'll do a house to house.

PHOOEY

You think he could still be in town?

SHERIFF TURKE

He'd have to be crazy. Where's Sandy?

PHOOEY

She's with my sister. Should I bring her in?

SHERIFF TURKE

Hold off for now. Just stay close to her.

PHOOEY

She'll be with her friends over at Burt Lillard's tonight.

SHERIFF TURKE

Watch her. Don't let on--just keep your eyes out.

PHOOEY

Yes, sir.

INT. SUPERMARKET - FEW MINUTES LATER

Sandy and Rose push a basket through the junk food section. The store is completely empty. The girls gab freely.

SANDY

Billy's right. Whenever he touches me, I just can't relax.

ROSE

You have a few intimacy issues as a result of your mother's untimely death. It's no big deal. You'll thaw out.

SANDY

But he's been so patient with me, Rose. You know, with all the sex stuff. How many guys would put up with a girlfriend who's sexually anorexic?

ROSE

Billy and his penis don't deserve you.

Sandy grabs some chips and salsa from the shelf. Down the aisle, through the storefront window the GHOST MASKED FIGURE still stands watching their every move.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Sand pushes the cart out of the glass door with Rose riding it. The GHOST MASKED FIGURE is nowhere to be found.

SANDY

What do you think about when you're having sex?

ROSE

With Burt, there's little time to stop and reflect. But sometimes before, to relax and get in the mood, I think about Grant Goodeve.

Sand pushes the cart and Rose across the street.

SANDY

Who?

ROSE

Grant Goodeve-the oldest brother on EIGHT IS ENOUGH. Remember that show? He was the one who lived off alone. He would come around every now and then with his guitar and sing "Eight is enough to fill our lives with love..." He had all these brain dead sisters and that idiot brother from CHARLES IN CHARGE. God, I was in love with Grant, he was so hot. The show came on every day after school right during my puberty years. Grant Goodeve was very instrumental in my maturing as a woman.

SANDY

How does that get you in the mood
with Burt?

ROSE

During foreplay, I sing the theme
song to myself. "Eight is enough to
fill our lives with love..." It's a
real turn on.

SANDY

No way.

ROSE

Grant wrote the song himself. I'm
convinced the lyrics had a secret
meaning, "Eight is enough..."

Sand pushes the cart up to Phooey's jeep. Rose hops off.

SANDY

What secret meaning? Like a
Satanical thing?

ROSE

Watch the show, Sand. His basket is
biggest than the one you're
pushing.

SANDY

ROSE!

ROSE

Oh, Sandy. WHAT? A guy can talk
tits til he's dead but the minute
you mention an eight inch weenie.
Watch out.

Sandy stops just short of a laugh. Rose pulls the back jeep
door, loading the groceries in. Behind her, the GHOST MASKED
FIGURE appears, just out of their sight, behind the jeep's
open back door.

ROSE (CONT'D)

There's that sense of humor. I knew
it still existed. Ohh, Sand, let's
have some fun tonight.

SANDY

Deal.

Sandy moves to the back door and closes it shut, when from
behind...

PHOOEY stands. Sand jumps, startled.

PHOOEY
You girls ready?

SANDY
Yeah.

PHOOEY
Looks like I'm your personal
bodyguard tonight, Sand.

ROSE
No, Phooey. You'll ruin the whole
night.

PHOOEY
Sorry, police orders. I'll stay out
of the way, I promise.

ROSE
Shit.

Rose kicks the shopping cart out of the way, blindly. It rolls down the road by itself, gaining speed on a decline running smack into the GHOST MASKED FIGURE who stops the cart cold with one hand.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Phooey's jeep makes its way down a long, winding road. Headlights illuminate the thick woods that line each side. Following behind them at a discreet distance is a huge white newsvan.

Phooey comes to the end of the road. It dead ends at...

BURT'S HOUSE which sits alone in a clearing, big and ominous with no neighbors in sight. A huge old home just ripe for a night of fun and...terror.

From the looks of things the party has already started. Music is BLARING. A few KIDS hang on the porch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

A big room with KIDS sprinkled throughout-smoking, drinking, cutting up. A stereo BLASTS music while the TV airs around the clock killer coverage.

Rose and Sand enter with groceries. Various FRIENDS greet them.

ROSE
Caterer's here.

The girls carry bags through a hallway that opens up onto an enormous kitchen. Burt and some GUYS are leaning over the sink drinking beer through a funnel.

ROSE (CONT'D)
That's mature.

BURT
Where you guys been? We had to start without you.

EXT. BURT'S HOUSE - ROAD - NIGHT

The news van pulls up and parks unobtrusively on the side of the road a few feet down from the front yard.

INT. NEWS VAN - NIGHT

Benny and Courtney move around inside the van. Benny hovers over a control panel complete with video monitors.

BENNY
What's the plan?

COURTNEY
Prep the compact, we'll hide it in a window and tape all of tonight's festivities.

Benny picks up a compact video camera the size of his fist. He checks its battery pack.

BENNY
The control board's glitched. You know we can't carry a live picture.

COURTNEY
What's the delay?

BENNY
About thirty seconds.

COURTNEY
As long as it records I don't give a shit. We're not doing a remote.

Courtney slides open the side door and steps out into the darkness, not seeing the FIGURE that stands behind her.

A hand grabs her shoulder, Courtney's heart stops as she spins around to find...

Phooey, smiling, extremely pleased to see her.

PHOOEY
Evening, ma'am.

COURTNEY
Deputy...good evening.

PHOOEY
What brings you out to these parts?

GALE
You never know when or where a story will break.

PHOOEY
Not much story here. Just a bunch of kids cutting loose.

COURTNEY
Then what are you doing here?

PHOOEY
Keeping an eye on things. Checking the place out.

COURTNEY
Mind if I join you?

Phooey considers for a whole two seconds.

PHOOEY
Not at all.

Courtney leans in the van, grabs the camera from Benny's hand and throws it in her bag. She gives Benny a wink.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a microwave. Popcorn POPS inside. CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL...

Sand, Burt and Rose moving about the kitchen, preparing a junk food feast. Other TEENS pop in and out. Jamie appears amongst them. He carries an armful of videos.

JAMIE
I thought we'd make it a BLOCKBUSTER night.

He lets the videos splatter across the kitchen counter. Burt and Rose dive in.

BURT
I thought everything was checked out.

JAMIE
I had 'em hid in the foreign section.

Sandy peruses the videos.

SANDY
HALLOWEEN, TERROR TRAIN, PROM NIGHT--How come Jamie Lee Curtis is in all these movies?

JAMIE
She's the Scream Queen.

BURT
With that set of lungs--she should be.

ROSE
(to Sand)
Tits--see.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

The party is going strong. Ten maybe fifteen people stand, sit, lean. Some crowd around the floor in front of the television. Jamie is taking a vote.

JAMIE
How many EVIL DEADS?
(hands go up)
How many HELLRAISERS?

Hands go up. BICKERING AD-LIB, etc.

The doorbell RINGS. Burt goes for it.

BURT
I got it. Rose get me a beer. They're in the fridge in the garage.

ROSE
What am I? The beer wench?

BURT (O.C.)
Hey, guess who's here? It's that
chick from INSIDE STORY!

They look up the hallway to see Phooey and Courtney standing
in the foyer.

ROSE
Shit, Phooey!

Everyone perks up, eyeing Courtney.

ROSE (CONT'D)
What is she doing here?

PHOOEY
She's with me. I just wanted to
check on things.

The GUYS in the room are drooling over Courtney. Including
Burt. They are drooling like waterfalls.

Courtney has quickly become the focus of the party. All eyes
are on her.

SOME TEEN
I watch your show regularly.

BURT
This must be big news to be on
INSIDE STORY.

COURTNEY
Huge.

ANOTHER TEEN
Wanna interview us?

JAMIE
We could be like two grief stricken
students and we'll say really nice
things about our good friends who
were slaughtered senselessly.

BURT
I can cry on cue.

Courtney eyes the bookshelf above the television.

COURTNEY
Maybe later?

Suddenly, Courtney starts to COUGH.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Can I trouble you for some water?

BURT
How 'bout a beer? Jamie--get the
lady a beer.

JAMIE
You get it.

Courtney slips the camera from her bag--hits the ON switch
and holds it behind her...waiting for the right moment.

BACK IN THE FOYER

SANDY
Have they found my father?

PHOOEY
Afraid not.

SANDY
Should I be worried?

PHOOEY
Not yet.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rose is alone in the kitchen. She empties popcorn into a
bowl, then pulls open the refrigerator...looks quickly, then
remembers...

She moves through the adjoining laundry room to the...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The kitchen door opens and light floods the darkened garage.
Rose stands in the doorway searching for a light switch.

She looks down at her breasts and the erect nipples poking
through her blouse and as she breaks the fourth wall:

ROSE
Hey, you men and boys in the
audience...
(she points to her face)
...my face is right here.

She puts her hand down and continues to stare and her facial expression says to the boys and men in the audience to keep looking at her face. And then...

She finds a button and hits it. BRRRRMMM! The electric garage door starts to rise. Wrong switch. She hits it again and it closes.

She finds another switch. CLICK. A small light bulb overhead comes on, barely lighting the large two car garage, leaving pockets of shadows along the wall.

Rose spots the refrigerator against a far wall and heads for it, not seeing the kitchen door, quietly, slowly, closing behind her, sealing her off from the rest of the house.

Rose stumbles to the refrigerator and throws it open. Its light casts a glow across her face.

CRASH-BOOM!

Rose jumps, spinning around just in time to see a cat escape through a large pet door that's built into the garage door. She smiles at her jumpiness.

She turns toward the refrigerator again and:

CRASH-BOOM!

Rose jumps again, spinning around just in time to see a lion. It lets out a small roar and walks toward the large pet door. Rose is shocked at her jumpiness.

She turns toward the refrigerator again and:

Rose loads up with as many beers as her hands will carry and heads back to the kitchen.

At the kitchen door, she juggles the beer, reaching for the knob. It's locked.

ROSE (CONT'D)

SHIT!

She KICKS it with her foot several times.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Hey, Shitheads!

A moment. No answer.

ROSE (CONT'D)

OH, SHIT PISS!

Rose leans over and with her elbow, hits the garage door button. BRRRMM! It begins to rise.

She moves towards the rising door, beer in hand. Suddenly, CRR-BRRRM! The garage door RESETS, reversing direction, moving down, closing.

ROSE (CONT'D)
What the...

Rose spins around to see...

THE GHOST MASKED FIGURE

Silhouetted in the dark, next to the kitchen door, his hand on the switch. Rose at once GASPS, taken back, but then relaxes.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Is that you, Randy? Cute.

The FIGURE stares at her, blankly.

ROSE (CONT'D)
And what movie is this from? I SPIT
ON YOUR GARAGE.

Rose takes a step towards the FIGURE.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Lose the mask. It's too Michael
Myers. Besides, if Sandy sees it,
she'll flip.

The FIGURE shakes his head slowly from side to side.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Oh, you wanna play psycho killer?

The FIGURE slowly nods.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Can I be the helpless victim?

The FIGURE slowly nods again.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Okay, let's see. "No, please don't
kill me, Mr. Ghostface. I want to
be in the sequel."

Rose takes a step to move around the FIGURE, but he steps too, blocking her.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Cut, Casper. That's a wrap.

Rose moves again, sidestepping the FIGURE, but he's faster and cuts her off.

Rose juggles the beer against her chest with one hand and with the other pushes the FIGURE hard, knocking him aside.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Jamie--will you stop?

But as the FIGURE intercepts, lunging forward grabbing her wrist hard, Rose stumbles...beer cans hit the floor, spewing...

ROSE (CONT'D)
You little shit.

Rose yanks hard, releasing his hold when a flash of silver catches her eye. She looks down, glimpsing a long sharp blade as it darts forward, cutting into her forearm...

Rose pulls back, horrified, as the moment turns deadly serious.

The FIGURE advances on her--knife out, ready. She staggers backwards, holding her bloody arm, backing into the refrigerator, SCREAMING.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

The FIGURE lashes out with the knife. Rose dodges it, leaping back against the fridge. The FIGURE advances. Instinctively, she rips the top freezer door opens BASHING the FIGURE in the face, sending him backwards, reeling.

Rose bolts to the...closed garage door. In a panic, she BEATS and PULLS on it, trying to make it lift. She eyes the FIGURE...he's recovering...

She goes for the pet door, dropping to the floor, diving for it...she wedges her upper body through, her head, shoulders, torso just as the...

FIGURE pounces, grabbing hold of her feet. Rose goes crazy SCREAMING and KICKING trying to get through.

EXT. GARAGE DOOR - NIGHT

Rose is half in/half out of the pet door. She BEATS and JERKS wildly, unable to see the FIGURE on the other side...

A true fighter, Rose kicks hard, making direct contact with the FIGURE, knocking him away.

She takes the moment to pull herself through further...but she stops...stuck. She pulls and tugs, but can't move. She listens but hears nothing. Where did he go? An agonizing silence. And then...

CRR-BRRRM! The garage door is activated. It begins to rise upward, taking Rose with it. She SCREAMS MADLY.

ROSE
N00000000.....

Rose's arms and legs fly about violently as she tries to free herself from the door, but it moves too fast carrying her up...

She looks above to see where the door rolls back into the garage rafters just as her neck hits the first beam, SNAPPING instantly.

INT. FOYER - MINUTES LATER

It's getting late and SOME KIDS leave through the front door, muttering, "parents and curfew", etc. The door hangs open wide. Sand moves to close it when....

BILLY appears in a classic fake scare.

SANDY
Billy? Jesus, you scared me.

Burt appears.

BURT
(with a wink)
Dude. What are you doing here?

BILLY
I was hoping Sand and I could talk.

SANDY
If Rose sees you--she'll draw blood.

BURT
You guys can go up to my parents' room. To talk and...whatever.

BILLY
Subtlety, Burt. Look it up.

SANDY

It's okay. We need to talk.

Sand grabs his hand and leads him up the staircase. Jamie appears from the kitchen just in time to see Sand and Billy disappear upstairs.

JAMIE

What's Leatherface doing here?

BURT

He came to make up.

JAMIE

There goes my chance with Sand.

BURT

Like you had one.

INT. NEWSVAN - NIGHT

Benny fidgets at the control board. He hits a couple of buttons, bangs the side of the monitor and a picture emerges...the living room. The camera is positioned just above the television...

ON SCREEN

The party is in full swing. Several TEENS sit right in front of the television. Because of the camera's position they appear to be staring right into the lens.

Suddenly, the van's side door slides open and Courtney pops in.

BENNY

Got a picture. Perfect placement.
We can see everything.

Courtney is ecstatic.

COURTNEY

Tell me, Benny, has a cheesy
tabloid journalist ever won the
Pulitzer?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large, master bedroom with glass doors that lead out onto a balcony.

Sand and Billy stare at each other for a loong moment.
Awkward.

SANDY

So...

BILLY

So...I'm sorry. I've been a selfish
shit and I'm sorry.

SANDY

No, Billy. I'm the one who's been
selfish and self-absorbed with all
of my post traumatic stress.

BILLY

You lost your mom...

SANDY

But you're right--enough is enough.
I can't wallow in the grief process
forever and I can't keep lying to
myself about who my mom was.

Billy bows his head quietly, knowingly.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I think in some weird analytical,
psychological bullshit way I'm
scared I'm gonna turn out just like
her, you know? Like the bad seed or
something...

BILLY

Oh Sandy...

SANDY

Everytime I get close to you I see
my mom. I know it doesn't make
sense.

BILLY

Sure it does. It's like Jodie
Foster in SILENCE OF THE LAMBS when
she kept having flashbacks of her
dead father.

SANDY

But this is life. This isn't a
movie.

BILLY

Sure it is, Sand. It's all a movie.

THE PRODUCTION STAFF

Everyone from the Sound Engineer to the Boom Operator and everyone in between are doing their jobs making the movie.

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The Sound Engineer is right there.
 The Script Supervisor is sitting
 right there. There's the First and
 Second AD, the Boom Operator...

BACK TO SANDY AND BILLY

They break the fourth wall and then, they look back at each other. Billy moves to her. They embrace, tenderly.

SANDY
 I wanna let go. I do...

BILLY
 Sssh...everything's gonna be okay.
 I promise.

Sandy takes the initiative, acting on impulse, kissing him long and hard. She breaks away passionately, out of breath.

SANDY
 Why can't I be a Meg Ryan movie?

Billy nibbles her neck.

BILLY
 Sshh...it's okay.

SANDY
 Or even a good porno.

BILLY
 (shocked)
 What?

She stares at him, her eyes sexually charged.

SANDY
 You heard me.

BILLY
 (incredulous)
 Are you serious?

SANDY
 (surprising herself)
 Yeah...I think so.

They smile at each other.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The camera sits on the book shelf lodged between two knickknacks, completely inconspicuous. The CAMERA WIDENS to reveal several TEENS watching the TV--the horror diehards.

TEEN #1

Look here it comes. SPLAT!

TEEN #2

The blood's not the right color.
Why do they do that? It's too red.

JAMIE

Here comes another...

TEEN #3

Predictable. Knew he was going to bite it.

BORED TEEN

How can you watch this shit over and over?

JAMIE

Shhhhh.

BURT

I wanna see Jamie Lee's breasts.
When do we see Jamie Lee's breasts?

JAMIE

Not until TRADING PLACES in '83.
Jamie Lee was always the virgin in horror movies. She didn't show her tits until she went legit.

BOY TEEN

No way.

JAMIE

That's why she always lived. Only virgins can outsmart the killer in the big chase scene in the end.
Don't you know the rules?

Burt finishes his beer.

BURT

What rules?

Jamie hits the pause button on the remote and stands in front of the television, explaining.

JAMIE

There are certain rules that one must abide by in order to successfully survive a horror movie parody. For instance: One: You have to start with a genre to parody. In this case, this movie is a parody of SCREAM. This is also a horror parody. Two: In horror parodies: characters speak their lines and jokes in dramatic tones. If the punch lines in the script are verbally forced--you're as good as gone and the movie won't be good. And number three: Never, ever, ever, under any circumstances, acknowledge the joke going on in the background when two characters in a scene are speaking to each other.

Burt walks over to Jamie and he and Burt face each other. Behind them, two teens, a dealer and a customer, are making a drug deal. Burt and Jamie talk to each other and are oblivious to what is going on behind them.

BURT

Wanna another beer?

JAMIE

Yeah.

BURT

What kind? Light or malt liquor?

The obliviousness is interrupted when Burt looks at what is going on behind them. The customer snatches his money back from the dealer, punches the dealer in the stomach and the dealer falls to the floor as the customer takes the money and the drugs and walks to another part of the room.

JAMIE

Light.

As Jamie looks at Burt looking at the teens behind them and Jamie himself is still oblivious to teens:

Everybody "ooohhs".

BACK TO JAMIE AND BURT

Jamie is still oblivious to the teens and looks toward Burt who goes and gets Jamie's beer order.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
(he points to Burt)
There he goes folks--a dead man.
Wave bye-bye.

INT. NEWS VAN - CONTINUOUS

Courtney and Benny watch the monitor. The party is clearing out some.

A RAP at the van door. Courtney pulls it open to see Deputy Kiley standing, his face all smiles.

PHOOEY
Sheriff just radioed me.
(he shows her an actual
radio)
I'm gonna check out a possible
lead. Thought you might like to
join me.

COURTNEY
What kind of lead?

PHOOEY
A car was spotted in the bushes a
little ways up the road.

COURTNEY
I'd love to. If you're sure it's
alright.

PHOOEY
Ma'am, I am the Deputy of this
town.

COURTNEY
Can I bring Benny?

PHOOEY
(too quickly)
NO! I mean...I should probably take
just you.

Courtney steps out of the van turning back to Benny.

COURTNEY
I'll be back.

She slides the van door closed.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Courtney heads for Phooey patrol jeep.

PHOOEY

Actually, I thought we could walk.
It's not far.

Courtney appears skeptical, but smiles anyway. She's genuinely smitten by this young guy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SCARY MUSIC fills the room. The party is reduced to the diehards in front of the television.

JAMIE

(pointing to the TV)

Look, here comes the obligatory tit shot.

OTHER GUYS

Beautiful! Finally!

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Sandy are going at it...passionately. He has his head. She fumbles with the clasp of her bra as the...

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on her breasts. Just as Sand's bra straps slide off her shoulders, she takes it off revealing her perky breasts as Billy moves in front of the CAMERA, pulling his jeans off...blocking Sidney from view.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Back in the living room, the horror fest continues when the phone RINGS. Everyone ignores it. It RINGS again.

Finally, Jamie grabs the receiver from the side table.

JAMIE

Hello? Yeah...HOLY SHIT.

Jamie, freaked, drops the phone, finds the TV remote and pauses the movie, the others protest "Hey, put it back..." etc.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Listen up. They found Principal Winkler dead.

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

He was gutted and hung from the
goal post on the football field.

This stills the room. Complete silence as the news sinks in.
On different faces...a moment of devastation...disbelief. And
then:

TEEN #1

So what are we waiting for?

TEEN #2

Let's get over there before they
pry him down.

And in seconds the room is empty as everyone bolts for the
door...HOOTIN' and HOLLERIN'...leaving Jamie, near drunk,
alone in the living room. He returns to the movie.

JAMIE

We were just getting to the good
part.

INT. NEWS VAN - MINUTES LATER

Benny is barely watching the monitor, he reached boredom some
time ago. He finds a bag of Cheetos and chows down when he
hears SCREAMING from outside. He peers out the window to see
the last of the PARTY KIDS gile into two cars and race off
down the road.

He chews a Cheeto slowly, his interest piqued.

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

The sex is over...and both Sand and Billy are dressing
respectively. That post-sex awkwardness.

Sand brushes out her hair as her eyes come to rest on the
telephone on the nightstand...it puzzles her as a stark
revelation crosses her face. She turns to Billy who sits on
the floor, putting on his shoes.

SANDY

Who did you call?

BILLY

What?

SANDY

When you're arrested-you're allowed
one phone call. Who did you call?

BILLY
I called my dad.

SANDY
No, Sheriff Turke called your dad.
I saw him.

BILLY
Yeah...and when I called no one
answered.

SANDY
Uh-huh.

BILLY
You don't still think it was me?

SANDY
No, but if it were you, that would
have been a very clever way to
throw me off track. Using your one
phone call to call me so I wouldn't
think it was you.

Billy stands up.

BILLY
What do I have to do to prove to
you I'm not a killer?

He makes a move toward her when...from behind, in a split
instant, from the open balcony doors comes...

THE GHOST FIGURE

SANDY sees the FIGURE immediately, SCREAMING. Billy tries to
calm her, oblivious to the advancing GHOST.

SANDY
BILLY WATCH OUT!!!!

Billy barely turns as a long steely blade rises high in the
air. It strikes down with force...hitting his chest as blood
sprays the air.

ON SIDNEY as red crimson splatters across her face...as the
knife is thrust in and out of Billy who tries hard to put up
a fight...but it's useless...he never had a chance. His body
falls to the floor...lifeless.

ON GHOST

He watches Billy's body comes to a still before quietly,
calmly turning his attention to...

Sandy who stands, numb...scared to death. And only when the GHOST takes a step forward does Sandy break. She takes off like a rocket...leaping over the bed and out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sandy tears out the door and down the hall, coated in Billy's blood.

ON THE GHOST

He catches up with her, grabbing hold of her collar. She pulls away from him...her shirt ripping down the back.

Her hands find a door knob and she goes for it, pulling the door open...moving quickly inside...locking it behind her.

INT. DARK SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Total darkness. Sandy's hands scour the wall for a light switch. The doorknob turns...the lock holds...as the door is nearly SHAKEN from it's hinges...and then...

NOTHING. All goes silent. Only Sandy's rapid BREATHING fills the space around her.

Sandy, trembling, shaking, reaches above her, feeling, until she finds a string. She pulls it...as a lightbulb SWITCHES on overhead.

She's in a small box of a room. The door is on one side, a small, narrow staircase on the other. She eyes the doorknob, then the staircase...contemplating...but it's an easy decision.

There's no fucking way she's going up to the attic.

She unlocks the door and pushes on it. But it won't give...she pushes on it again. It's locked from the other side. Shit. She turns to the staircase.

EXT. DARK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A long, deserted country road. In the distance, a single flashlight beams ahead, the only light in the black night. Courtney and Phooey can be heard.

COURTNEY

So is Phooey your real name?

PHOOEY

David. Phooey was something I got stuck with a long time ago. It's what my mother said when she gave me life.

COURTNEY

I like it. It's...sexy.

PHOOEY

Nah...it's just this town's way of not taking me seriously.

COURTNEY

What about Courtney Weather? I sound like a meteorologist...

CLOSE ON Courtney and Phooey, walking closely, side by side-flirtatiously. Courtney is surprisingly nervous.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

People treat me like the Antichrist of television journalism.

PHOOEY

I don't think you're so bad.

Courtney smiles.

COURTNEY

Are all the local boys as sweet as you?

Phooey blushes. He starts to say something when headlights appear behind them. They both spin TWO CARS loaded with KIDS come racing right at them.

Phooey grabs Courtney and pushes her off the road...just as the case speed by, oblivious to them.

IN THE DITCH

Courtney lands face up with Phooey on top of her. He steals a glance in her eyes before rolling off her.

PHOOEY

You okay?

Something takes Courtney's attention.

COURTNEY

What's that?

Phooey looks to where Courtney points. He finds the flashlight and aims it into the bush. The tail end of a car is just visible.

PHOOEY
Looks like a car.

Phooey helps her up and they move to it. He shines the flashlight on the plates but it's already obvious to the CAMERA. This is the same car that we last saw Sandy's father driving away in.

PHOOEY (CONT'D)
Shit. It's Neil Campbell's car.

GALE
Sandy's father?

PHOOEY
We gotta get back. Jesus. He's here. What the fuck is he doing here?

Phooey is panicked. He grabs Courtney and they race off down the road.

INT6. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamie continues to watch TV. He is now sloppy drunk, completely involved in the movie on the screen.

SCARY MUSIC SWELLS, filling the room.

JAMIE
(to TV)
No, Jamie. Look behind you! Watch out! Behind you!

And if he followed his own advice, he would see the GHOST MASKED FIGURE that stands directly behind him...knife poised.

INT. NEWSVAN - CONTINUOUS

Benny finishes off a soda and crushes the can in his hand. He tosses it to the floor when a movement from the monitor catches his eye.

ON THE MONITOR is Jamie, still on the couch, engrossed in the movie. Directly behind him...the GHOST. Kenny does a double-take. No fucking way. He watches as the GHOST stands still, unmoving, knife raised.

BENNY
JESUS...FUCK...

The GHOST takes a silent step forward.

BENNY (CONT'D)
(screaming at the monitor)
BEHIND YOU! LOOK BEHIND YOU!

This kid needs help. Benny bolts out of his seat and goes for the side door. He slides it open and sticks his head out as...

A LONG, SHARP BLADE

comes at Benny, fast and furious...slicing into his throat. Benny falls forward...out the door as the GHOST MASKED FIGURE is upon him.

THE CAMERA PANS TO THE MONITOR

just in time to see the GHOST MASKED FIGURE turn away from Jamie, leaving him unharmed, moving instead, out the front door, on a thirty second walk to the newsvan.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

The attic is long and narrow...cluttered with furniture, boxes, and the likes...moonlight filters in through a small raised window on the front wall of the house.

Sandy moves through the attic...BUMPING into this, KNOCKING over that...she passes a dusty mirror, jumping at her own reflection. She cringes at her image, drenched in Billy's blood.

She stares long and hard...something about the blood, the redness of it. She moves on, determined. She eyes the raised window above her...a way out...if she could only reach it...

EXT. FRONT YARD - SUNSET

Courtney and Phooey come running up the drive, frantic.

PHOOEY
I'll call for backup.

GALE
I'll get my camera.

They split up. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Courtney as she rushes to the newsvan, throwing open the door.

COURTNEY
Benny! Camera! Quick!

The van is empty.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Benny?

A CAR HORN goes off. Courtney spins around. It came from the patrol jeep in the driveway.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Phooey? Where are you?

A look of pure dread comes over Courtney.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Sandy has stacked object after object building a ladder to the window. She climbs to the top, holding onto the window frame.

She spots Courtney almost immediately. She SCREAMS OUT, looking for the window latch. But there's not one. It doesn't open. Sandy starts beating on it...trying to break it...

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Courtney, hanging tough, approaches the front door, unable to hear Sandy's SCREAMS three floors up. Courtney reaches for the door just as she hears LOUD, HORRIBLE SHRIEKS from just inside. She back away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AN EAR-CURDLING JAMIE LEE CURTIS SCREAM BLASTS through the empty living room as the horror movie on TV comes to its horrifying climax.

Jamie is now gone.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Courtney races across the yard putting distance between her and the house. She moves back to the van...

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Sandy has found an old tennis racket. She swings a solid forehand at the window.

THE WINDOW SPRAYS GLASS

Sandy moves quickly, lifting herself up over broken glass and pulling herself through the window frame.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - SUNSET

Sandy wastes no time. She looks for Courtney, SCREAMING, but Courtney is gone. Sid lowers herself down the ledge, sliding down a sloped portion of the roof onto...

THE MASTER'S BEDROOM BALCONY.

Then she eases herself over the railing and lowers herself, letting herself hang as low as she can...then she lets go, free-falling the rest of the way...but in a split instant...

THE GHOST APPEARS

grabbing her wrists in midair.

Her body hangs, dangling against the side of the house. The GHOST begin to lift her, pulling her back onto the balcony.

Sandy jerks, pulls, twists...but the HANDS have her, hoisting her up...Sandy SCREAMS MADLY...yanking one last time, freeing herself.

SHE DROPS TO THE GROUND, a good seven feet, landing on her back, hitting hard. She grabs at a pained leg and brings herself upright.

INT. NEWSVAN - CONTINUOUS

Courtney is frantic. She starts the engine up and hits the headlights when she discovers she can't see out of the windshield.

Courtney rubs at the glass. Sure enough, something is on the windshield outside, blocking her sight. Courtney hits the wipers as BLOOD SMEARS across the glass, it drips down from above.

Courtney SCREAMS as a HAND reaches in through the open window...she looks up to see...

JAMIE, staring at her madly.

JAMIE
What's going on?

A sheer moment of fear as Gale hits the gas plummeting the car forward, into a ditch. She hits the BRAKES. Jamie is thrown forward, away from the van.

Courtney reverses, backs up, hits the brakes again...just as Benny's face comes sliding down the outside of the windshield...eyes wide, face distorted, blood everywhere.

Courtney hits the gas, and yanks the wheel, sending Benny's corpse flying off the top of the van.

Courtney spins the van around, onto the road, hits the gas madly, gaining speed just as...

SANDY APPEARS

in the middle of the road, drenched in blood, very much resembling a young Sissy Spacek.

Sandy, hysterical, locks eyes with the FIGURE as he moves to the door, Sandy leaps on it, holding the lock button down, making it impossible to unlock.

Her face is pressed against the glass...inches from the MASKED FIGURE.

She uses every ounce of strength when suddenly, the GHOST DISAPPEARS, dropping down, below the window, out of her view.

Sandy moves to the center of the jeep, trying hard to listen over her own RAPID BREATHING, every sound AMPLIFIED.

Then she hears it, the soft JINGLING of keys near the passenger's side door. She pounces on the lock, holding it down, securing it.

This is beyond nerve-racking. Sandy is certifiable.

Her eyes spot the police radio for the first time. She grabs the mouthpiece and hits the switch.

SANDY
Help! Please! I'm at Burt Lillard's
house on Turner Lane. Please, HE'S
GONNA KILL ME!

EXT. FRONT OF JEEP - SECONDS LATER

ANGLE through front windshield. Sandy RANTING into the police band. She doesn't see the...

GHOST FIGURE opens the tailgate door of the jeep and slowly crawls in behind her.

The GHOST FIGURE reaches out and grabs hold of Sandy's neck.

Sandy, with surprising strength, spins around and attacks the GHOST. She falls back against the dash, legs out, kicking wildly at him.

Her hand reaches for the door, finds the lock, the door lever, she pulls...The door swings open...Sandy falls out of the door, hitting the ground.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Sandy, on her stomach, squirms away from the jeep. She brings herself up to her hands and knees, looking behind her to see nothing...

THE GHOST HAS DISAPPEARED.

Sandy's eyes roam the yard but he's nowhere. Completely gone. Vanished. Sand crawls to the front porch where...

PHOOEY'S BODY LAYS

Thinking quickly, precisely, she reaches to Phooey's holster and grabs his gun when a VOICE ECHOES behind her...

VOICE (O.C.)

Sandy!

She turns to see Jamie racing to her, limping. He appears stone cold sober.

JAMIE

Jesus, Sand. We gotta get out of here.

Sandy throws the gun forward.

SANDY

Stop. Right there.

JAMIE

Don't shoot. It's me.

SANDY

Don't come any closer.

JAMIE

Listen to me, Sand. I found Rose.
She's dead, she's been killed...I
think Burt did it.

He takes a step forward when another VOICE SPEAKS UP.

VOICE (O.C.)

Don't believe him, Sand.

Sandy spins around to see Burt moving up the walk.

BURT

He's lying. He killed Rose. And
Billy.

Burt moves closer to Sandy.

SANDY

Stay away.

She aims the gun in his direction.

BURT

His movie nut mind has snapped,
Sand. He's gone psycho.

JAMIE

Don't listen to him. He's the one.

Sandy has lost it, she doesn't know who to trust. She aims
the gun at Burt...then Jamie...then Burt...

BURT

Come on, Sand, Give me the gun.

JAMIE

No, Sand.

They both move toward her. There's no time. She must act now.
Finally...

SANDY

Fuck you both.

And with that, Sandy step back into the house and SLAMS the
front door shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Sand locks and bolts the door. From the other side she can
hear Jamie SCREAMING.

JAMIE
NO, SAND. OPEN UP. PLEASE...HE'S
GONE CRAZY.

His fists POUND against the door. Sandy, stumbling in the darkness, rushes to the phone in the living room. Just as she reaches for it...it RINGS. It scares the life out of her.

She SCREAMS, yanking it up.

SANDY
Please! God! Help me!

VOICE
(from the phone)
Having fun Sandy?

Sandy falls apart, SCREAMING.

SANDY
NOOOOOOOOO!!!

She throws the phone down, disconnecting the call.

Sand moves back to the door. JAMIE'S SCREAMS ARE MADDENING.
She eyes the lock, deliberating.

SANDY (CONT'D)
(at the door)
GOAWAYLEAVEMEALONE!

CLUNK! A NOISE UPSTAIRS.

Sandy looks up the staircase, into the darkness, her face SHOCKED to see...

BILLY emerging from the shadows, stumbling down the stairs.
Very much alive.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Oh God. Billy!

He's blood-soaked and dazed. Sandy meets him in the landing, grabbing him, holding him...

SANDY (CONT'D)
I thought you were...

BILLY
I'm alright. Gotta...get...help.

Billy goes for the front door.

SANDY
He's out there.

Jamie continues POUNDING ON THE DOOR, SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS.

JAMIE
(through the door)
Please, you gotta let me in. He's
gonna kill me.

Billy goes for the door. Sandy blocks him.

SANDY
NO! Don't believe him.

Sandy hands him the gun. Billy turns and unlocks the door, opening it. Randy rushes in, grabbing Billy, pleading...

JAMIE
Help me...

BILLY
(calming him)
Shhhh. It's okay.

JAMIE
Burt's flipped out. He's gone mad.

Slowly, a small smile creeps across Billy's face.

BILLY
"We all go a little mad sometimes."

Jamie squints, confused, as Billy aims the gun at Jamie and pulls the trigger. The BLAST throws Jamie's body against the wall before sliding to a heap on the floor...still.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Anthony Perkins--PSYCHO.

BILLY TURNS TO SANDY

Who stands only feet away, face aghast...

Fuck, no...this can't be happening. Billy's eyes are on her, unmoving.

He sticks his tongue out and slowly licks the blood dried to his face...tasting it.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Strawberry syrup. Same stuff I use
on my pancakes at IHOP.

Sandy is dumbfounded. Slowly, she takes a step back, moving into the dark refines of the kitchen.

Billy, lurches forward in a fake-out, baiting her. She takes another step back--petrified.

BILLY'S FACE.

It is no longer familiar to Sandy. There is something inhuman now about his features. His expression is pure evil.

She takes another step back, shrinking into the dark kitchen.

THE CAMERA TAKES A MOMENT TO ADJUST TO THE DARKNESS as the outline of a FIGURE appears...STANDING RIGHT BEHIND SANDY.

She continues to back up, moving right into the arms of...

STU!

Sandy spins around...her mouth open in speechless horror.

SANDY

Burt...please...help me...

Burt stares back at her, eyes wide, lips curled in a subtle smile as he holds a small compact CELLULAR PHONE up to his face.

BURT

(whispering into phone - a woman's voice)

Surprise.

(looks at the phone with concern - hits the phone and speaks into it again - whispers into phone again - in his own voice)

Surprise, Sandy.

His VOICE sounds affected now...the VOICE of the killer.

Sandy looks back to Billy, then to Burt, then to Billy again. It becomes all too clear.

She stands between them, her mind racing, calculating...

SHE BOLTS INTO THE LIVING ROOM

If for no other reason than to put space between her and them...they stand in the entryway, trapping her in.

BILLY
Where ya going? It's not over yet.
We've got one more surprise--Burt,
I believe it's your turn.

BURT
Oh yeah.

Stu disappears into the kitchen.

BILLY
(to Sandy)
What's wrong? You look like you've
seen a ghost.

Sandy stands, trying hard to hold a calm resolve. A NOISE comes from the kitchen. A low dragging sound. Burt reappears from the front hall...wrestling with something...someone...

ON STU

...he has a body in tow, he thrusts it forward and it rolls into the living room. Sandy looks down to find...

HER FATHER

bound and gagged. His eyes wide in fear, very much alive.

SANDY
Daddy!

She starts for him.

BILLY
Close enough.

Burt places the cellular phone in Mr. Campbell's shirt pocket.

BURT
Guess, I won't be needing this
anymore.

SANDY
Why are you doing this?

BURT
It's all part of the game.

BILLY
It's called GUESS HOW I'M GOING TO
DIE!

SANDY

Fuck you.

BILLY

We already played that game. You lost, remember?

BURT

You have to play, Sand. Don't want to disappoint your dad. He's been waiting around all night.

BILLY

It's an easy game. We ask you a question. If you get it wrong--you die.

BURT

And if you get it right--you die.

SANDY

You'll never get away with this.

BILLY

Tell that to Barton Cleary. You wouldn't believe how easy it was to frame him.

Sandy looks to her dad, sees the tears in his eyes. She looks back to Billy, unflinching...a determined look on her face.

SANDY

Why did you kill my mother?

BILLY

Why? WHY? Did you hear that, Burt? I think she wants a motive. Hmmm...I don't really believe in motives, Sid. I mean, did Norman Bates have a motive?

Burt plays along, shaking his head.

BURT

Nope.

BILLY

And did they really ever explain why Hannibal Lecter liked to eat people? Don't think so. You see, it's scarier when there's no motive, Sand.

(re: Sandy fights tears as she listens to Billy)

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

We did your mom a favor, Sand. The woman was a slut bag whore who flashed her shit all over town like she was Sharon Stone or something.

BURT

(laughing)

So, we put her out of her misery. I mean, let's face it, your mom was no Sharon Stone.

Burt cracks up over this while Billy turns very serious.

BILLY

Is that motive enough for you? Or how about this? Did you know your slut mother was sleeping with my dad and she's the reason my mom moved out and deserted me.

A sudden silence. Sandy is rigid with shock, his words resonant with truth.

SANDY

What?

Even Burt is surprised with his seriousness.

BILLY

Think about it. On the off chance I get caught-a motive like that could divide a jury for years, don't you think?

(a brief pause)

You took my mother, so I took yours. Big sympathy factor. Maternal abandonment causes serious deviant behavior.

(a brief pause)

It certainly fucked you up. It made you have sex with a psychopath.

BURT

That's right and now that you're no longer a virgin. You gotta die-- those are the rules.

Billy sits the gun on the table near the foyer and then, moves to Sandy with the butcher knife in his hand.

BILLY

Pretend this is all just a scary movie, Sand. How do you think it's going to end?

Sandy doesn't respond.

BURT
(excited)
This is the best part, Sand.
Billy's got it all figured out. Why
do you think we kept your father
alive so long? We killed her
exactly one year ago today.

Billy turns to Burt with the knife. They eye each other.

BILLY
Ready?

BURT
Yeah...

Billy pulls the knife back and brings it forward quickly,
slicing into Burt. He stumbles to his knees, WINCING in pain.

BURT (CONT'D)
Jesus...

Sandy SCREAMS...as blood gushes...real blood, a dark, deep
red. Burt inspects the wound to his side...then he smiles...

BURT (CONT'D)
Good one. My turn.

He takes the knife from Billy.

BILLY
Don't forget to stay to the side
and don't go too deep.

Burt stabs at Billy's belly, puncturing him...Billy doubles
over...

BILLY (CONT'D)
Jesus...fuck, that hurt.

SANDY
Stop it!

BILLY
(squelching the pain)
Got the ending figured out yet?
Time's running out.

BURT
Come on, Sand. Think about it. Your
father is the chief suspect.
(MORE)

BURT (CONT'D)

We cloned his cellular. The
evidence is there.

Billy takes the knife and slashes at Burt's arm, two quick
cuts...he doubles over...

BILLY

What if your father snapped? Your
mom's anniversary set him off and
he went on a murder spree, killing
everyone...

BURT

(in major pain)

Except for me and Billy...we were
left for dead...

BILLY

And then he killed you and then
shoots himself in the head. It's a
perfect ending.

BURT

Everyone dies but us. We get to
carry on and plan the sequel. Let's
face it, these days--you gotta have
a sequel.

Burt takes the knife and cuts at Billy.

SANDY

You sick fucks--you've seen one too
many horror movies.

Billy looks at her, bent over, crazed.

BILLY

Oh Sand, don't blame horror movies.
Horror movies don't create psychos.
Horror movies make psychos more
popular in horror movie franchises.

Burt staggers a bit.

BURT

That's it, Billy. I can't take any
more. I'm feeling woozy.

BILLY

Get the gun. I'll untie Pops.

Billy moves to Sandy's father.

BURT
Where'd you put it?

Burt is searching the foyer for the gun.

BILLY
It's on the table.

BURT
No, it's not.

Billy hobbles over. The gun is gone.

BILLY
Where the fuck is it?

VOICE
(off camera)
Right here, asshole.

Billy and Burt look up in unison to see...

COURTNEY WEATHERS--CORRESPONDENT FROM INSIDE STORY standing in front of the doorway, gun in hand. Her body tattered and bloody. Her hair is a mess.

BILLY
I thought she was dead.

BURT
She looked dead. Still does.

Courtney holds the gun firm, in total control.

COURTNEY
I've got an ending for you. The reporter left for dead in the news van comes to, stumbles upon you two dipshits, finds the gun, fumbles your plan, and saves the day; not to mention, giving the studio ample opportunity for a possible franchise.

Sandy steps forward.

SANDY
I like that ending. And I'm sure that Kevin Williamson is also proud.

Billy lunges at Courtney, but she holds steady. Billy and Burt eyes each other.

BILLY
She can't get both of us.

BURT
Odds are--she'll miss anyway.

In a mad rush, they storm Courtney, heading straight at her. She pulls the trigger, but nothing happens...the safety is on.

Billy charges forward, grabbing hold of the front door, SLAMMING IT SHUT. It catches Courtney in the face, knocking her backwards out the door. She goes down...out.

BURT (CONT'D)
Cool move.

Billy steps out the front door and retrieves the gun from where Courtney lays. Then, he turns back inside the house to find...

SANDY GONE.

BILLY
Where'd she go?

Burt looks around, staggering now, bleeding heavily...Sandy has completely disappeared. Only her father, bound and gagged remains in the living room.

BURT
I don't know, Billy but I'm hurtin'.

BILLY
Where the fuck did she go?

Suddenly, the phones RINGS. Billy and Burt look at each other. Completely surprised. Billy scrambles over to the phone.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(picking up phone)
Hello?

SANDY
(from phone)
Are you alone in the house?

Billy looks to Mr. Campbell. The cellular phone is gone.

BILLY
You bitch--where the fuck are you?

SANDY

Not so fast. We're gonna play a little game. It's called GUESS WHO JUST CALLED THE POLICE AND REPORTED YOUR SORRY MOTHERFUCKIG ASSES?

Billy looks around the living room.

BILLY

Find her.

Billy is fuming now...slightly staggering...and starting to lose it. He SCREAMS at Burt who has fallen to his knees.

BILLY (CONT'D)

FIND HER YOU DIPSHIT!

BURT

I can't...I'm bad off, Billy. You cut too deep.

Billy throws the phone at Burt. He mouths to him, so Sand can't hear. "Talk to her..." Then Billy takes off for the kitchen. Burt takes the phone.

SANDY

(aware)

So, Burt, what's your motive? Billy's got one. The police are on their way. What are you going to tell them?

BURT

Peer pressure...I'm way to sensitive.

Billy flies back into the room, grabbing the phone from Burt. He's completely nuts now, staggering, bleeding, totally insane.

BILLY

(SCREAMING in phone)

I'm gonna rip you up bitch. Just like your slut whore mother.

SANDY

Gotta find me first, you pansy-assed Mama's boy.

Billy starts ripping up the room up, overturning furniture in a mad fit of rage...when he notices the hall closet. Touche! He smiles deliriously, heading for it, ripping it open as...

A GHOST MASKED FIGURE strikes from within, with an umbrella, the sharp end hitting him in the chest as it fans out. Billy stumbles back, stunned, as the GHOST comes at him again...the umbrella lodges in his chest, and he goes down.

Sandy rips the GHOST MASK off her head. She looks at Billy, disgusted, throwing the mask on Billy's now still body. A movement behind her sends her reeling around to find...

JAMIE slowly sitting up. His body drenched in blood. He's alive...barely. He looks to Sandy...through pain...

JAMIE

You know what I hate about horror movies? The final scene...it just goes on and on...and it gets so stupid...

Jamie manages to stand when a FIGURE COMES LEAPING at him, completely unexpected...it's Burt...barreling into him...they fall back into the living room. Sandy grabs the gun next to Billy and turns to the living room to find...

Jamie and Burt rolling across the floor in a dead lock, fighting, both seriously injured...Sandy tries to find aim when a...

HAND GRABS HOLD of Sandy's ankle, toppling her to the floor...once again she finds Billy on top of her...

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jamie and Burt pound at each other, beating and clawing...

ON SANDY as she fights viciously, attacking with everything she's got...

Jamie is desperately trying to pry away from Burt...he grabs hold of the television set and tries to pull himself off the floor out of Burt's clutch...

His hands find the top of the TV...the VCR...he yanks on it, gripping it with his hands, bringing it around with force-CRASHING the VCR into Burt's head. Burt stops.

ON SANDY as she digs her hand into Billy's open chest wound. He CRIES OUT BLOODY MURDER. Her other hand brings the gun up to his face...but he head butts it out the front door...suddenly a flash of silver appears above Sandy.

Billy has grasped the butcher knife...he rises it high above Sandy ready to strike...when a bullet RIPS THROUGH THE FOYER striking Billy knocking him back into the living room.

Sandy looks up to see...

COURTNEY WEATHERS, holding the gun in a death grip as smoke rises above the gun's chamber.

Sandy sits up as Courtney moves to her, helping her. Their eyes meet. A life truce.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Burt lay face up, head to head. Sand and Courtney move over them, staring down. Jamie joins them.

JAMIE

Sand, you found me out...I'm a virgin. And pretty happy about it right now.

Sandy nudges their bodies. They both stir.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Careful. This is the moment when you think the killer's dead, but then he springs back to life for one last scare.

Sandy grabs the gun from Courtney.

SANDY

Not this time.

She positions her foot on Burt's chest and aims.

SANDY (CONT'D)

This is for my Mom, asshole.

She SHOOTS him in the forehead, a clean and perfect shot. Then, she aims the barrel at Billy whose eyes suddenly open, blinking up at her, blood bubbling from his lips.

He's not dead yet. Their eyes lock.

SANDY (CONT'D)

And this Billy stud-bucket is for having an incredibly small weenie.

She FIRES another perfect shot. They're both goners.

SANDY (CONT'D)

And this is for scaring me shitless throughout the entire movie.

She FIRES another perfect shot.

SANDY (CONT'D)
And this is for attacking Courtney
Weathers.

She FIRES yet another perfect shot.

SANDY (CONT'D)
And this is for bringing disgrace
to a spoof of a Kevin Williamson
film.

She FIRES one last perfect shot.

Sandy drops the smoking gun, standing silent over the bodies.
A quiet moment when suddenly...

A FIGURE LUNGES AT THEM

Both Sand and Courtney and Jamie SCREAM in epic, final scare
proportions as Mr. Campbell leaps forward, still bound and
gagged.

Sand catches her breath, relaxing.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Oh Daddy...

She rushes to him...while Courtney moves to the bookcase and
retrieves the hidden camera.

COURTNEY
I wanna close-up.

Jamie appears by Sandy's side, helping her untie her father.

JAMIE
Maybe catch a movie?

A long moment as Sandy's face goes from disbelief to
resignation to the slight trace of a smile.

SANDY
Only if it's not a Wes Craven
movie.

JAMIE
You got it.

He smiles at her...watching as Sandy grabs a hold of her father, holding him tight as Courtney Weathers, with camera in hand, gets one hell of an ending to this SCARY MOVIE.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS ROLL AS MUSIC PLAYS.

FADE OUT.