

**BE MINE**

Written By:

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INT. DEVIL TACOS - NIGHT

IN ON the horrific mask of a DEMON, first in line at the register. The cashier, DYLAN, a pretty redhead with striking eyes, remains stone-faced.

DYLAN:  
Welcome to Devil Tacos, what can I  
get for you tonight?

The demon-masked man heaves and reaches for Dylan's throat. She remains calm.

DEMON:  
What do you have?

Dylan casually motions to the overhead menu board with her head, nonchalant.

DYLAN:  
Psuedo-hipster Tex-Mex; it's all on  
the menu. What's your deal?

The Demon lets Dylan go and laughs, unmasking himself. It's only ALAN, her handsome ex-boyfriend with dark hair and scruffy facial hair.

ALAN:  
Overpriced, huh? I dunno, I'm a  
broke-ass Law student with deadbeat  
parents. What was I thinking? Do  
you take Bonus Bucks here?

DYLAN:  
You're ridiculous. Not anymore.  
Sorry. Too many spoiled losers  
like you coming in here, I guess.

Alan feigns hurt and Dylan rolls her eyes.

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
A Brushfire with extra Diablo, a  
side of queso, and a Dr. Pepper--

Then, on Alan's expression--

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
Fine, a LONE STAR. On the house.  
Just don't forget to tip the super  
awesome and ridiculously generous  
staff. For here?

Alan nods.

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
Don't tell Kathleen. She'd kill  
me.

Alan stuffs some bills in the tip jar and steps aside while Dylan takes care of the next masked youth in line, a Bride of Frankenstein.

ALAN:  
I won't. You saved my life.

DYLAN:  
No kidding.

ALAN:  
So, you're going to Pam's party  
tonight, right?

DYLAN:  
I don't know. She invited me.

ALAN:  
Are you off soon?

DYLAN:  
At 11. I told you, I close  
tonight. Is Meryl going?

ALAN:  
Of course.

DYLAN:  
Fantastic.

ALAN:  
Oh, don't be like that. Meryl  
likes you.

DYLAN:  
Sure she does.

ALAN:  
She does. Anyway, just tell those  
guys to hurry up with my food so  
you can get this shit closed up  
already, will you?

DYLAN:  
Right. I totally have that sort of  
authority around here.

Alan's order is shoved at him by Dylan's pretty and bubbly Asian co-worker, LIL.

LIL:  
Lil to the rescue.

DYLAN:  
Thanks.

LIL:  
Sorry about that, I know you must  
be dying for a smoke.

DYLAN:  
Now that you mention it...

Dylan eyes Alan while Lil takes her place at the register. Then she disappears out the back before Alan can muster an apology. Alan takes his food from the counter.

EXT. DEVIL TACOS - ALLEY - INSTANT

In the back alley behind Devil Tacos, Dylan lights a cigarette. She looks up at the massive student living facility paired with a parking garage on the other side of the alley. It stands ten stories tall. Dylan takes a hard drag on her cigarette.

DYLAN:  
It must be nice to come from money.

INT. STUDENT VILLA - LOUISE & JUDITH'S DORM - INSTANT

IN ON the dorm of LOUISE, a young blonde with perky breasts in her bra and panties. FOCUS ON her iPad; she is Skyping with her boyfriend, HANK.

HANK:  
Take off your top.

LOUISE:  
Just the top?

He grins and Louise gives in, stripping to the nude.

LOUISE: (CONT'D)  
You like? Do I get a passing  
grade?

HANK:  
A+! What a perfect specimen of the  
female form...

Louise laughs.

LOUISE:  
Fucking nerd. Are you going to that party at Pam's house tonight?

HANK:  
Actually, there's some shindig just down the street from you; at Oak Hollow or Pine Crest or some shit.

LOUISE:  
Wood Ridge? On east 28th? That's where all the frat houses are; it's nothing but douchebags and prostitutes.

HANK:  
It's my apartment! Besides, it's Halloween and it's Donnie's last week in Austin. He's a fun kid, it can't be all that bad.

LOUISE:  
I guess.

HANK:  
Will I see you there?

LOUISE:  
Maybe. But no costume.

HANK:  
No costume required. Well, I need a shower like major. I stink after bike polo.

Louise smirks.

LOUISE:  
You stink regardless, dirty hippy bastard. Anyway, Judith will be here soon. I gotta go. See you.

Louise signs off of Skype before Hank can respond, turns on a hip electropop tune while she takes her iPad into the adjoining bathroom with her. She sets her iPad down on the vanity, turns on the shower, and grabs a nearby towel. She admires her gorgeous naked form in the mirror.

LOUISE: (CONT'D)  
My milkshake bring all the boys to the yard. My milkshake better than yours.

In the living room, the front door opens, though Louise can't hear it over the music and shower. We get our first view of the STALKER, a young teen in grungy jeans and a plaid shirt; typical hipster garb, but with a psuedo-creepy plastic Marilyn Monroe mask. In the bathroom, Louise plugs in a curling iron and a blow dryer, tests the water, and gets in.

NOTE: INTERCUTS with the Stalker while Louise showers as necessary.

The Stalker shuts and locks the door behind her. She goes into the kitchen. FOCUS ON a wooden butcher's block full of knives. She examines them carefully, then picks one huge chef's knife as well as a smaller steak knife. Then the Stalker looks at the bathroom.

Louise finishes with her shower and draws the curtain, revealing her beautiful naked body. She grabs the towel and dries off, heading into the adjoining bedroom where the STALKER JUST WAS. But she is nowhere to be seen. Louise sifts through her closet, indecisive, and finally selects appropriately slutty attire. She lays it on her bed, grabs a bra and panties from the dresser drawer, and heads back into the bathroom just as the STALKER APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY BEHIND HER; a cheap jump scare. Louise starts to blow-dry her hair. Suddenly, she hears a LOUD COMMOTION from her bedroom. She freezes.

LOUISE: (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Louise turns off the music on her iPad and heads into the bedroom. She gasps at what she sees; her room is a mess. Her dresser is turned over, her T.V. smashed, lights out. Only the bathroom light vaguely illuminates the room. But the Stalker is nowhere in sight.

LOUISE: (CONT'D)  
Jesus motherfucking Christ! Are you kidding me?

More angry than scared, Louise quickly dons her bra and panties and grabs a steel bat from below her bed, storming into the front room. The lights are off.

LOUISE: (CONT'D)  
I've got a bat, fucker, do you wanna play?

Louise goes back to the bathroom and grabs her cell, locking shut the door behind her. She dials her roommate, Judith.

INT. STUDENT VILLA - PARKING GARAGE - INSTANT

Judith, a California-born Asian, posh and fabulous, is just finishing locking up her car when her cell rings.

NOTE: INTERCUTS between Judith and Louise as necessary.

JUDITH:

Yes?

LOUISE:

Are you here?

JUDITH:

I just parked, what's up?

LOUISE:

Someone broke in.

JUDITH:

What?

LOUISE:

Someone just fucked my room up;  
it's a mess, T.V.'s smashed.

JUDITH:

...Is my room okay?

LOUISE:

Shut up! I don't fucking know, I  
didn't check. The lights are out,  
I think they're still here. I'm  
locked in the bathroom with a  
fucking bat.

JUDITH:

Did you call the police?

Louise hangs up and Judith enters the elevator, fumbling through her purse, ensuring she still has a can of mace in there.

INT. STUDENT VILLA - LOUISE & JUDITH'S DORM - BATHROOM - SAME

Louise is already on the phone with 911. It takes a few rings to get through, being Halloween and all.

OPERATOR: (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

LOUISE:  
It's about goddamn time! Someone  
broke into my dorm, they're--

OPERATOR: (V.O.)  
What's your location, Ma'am?

LOUISE:  
Student Villa, the dorms on  
Guadalupe. Right behind the Devil  
Tacos. Room 626, on the 6th floor.  
Hurry, I think they're still here--

SUDDENLY, BOTH KNIVES START HAMMERING THROUGH THE DOOR,  
MAKING QUICK WORK OF IT. LOUISE SCREAMS IN HORROR.

OPERATOR: (V.O.)  
Ma'am, what--

Louise hurls the phone down and SWINGS the bat with all her  
might, hitting the Stalker in the wrist. The Stalker drops  
both knives.

LOUISE:  
Heh, yeah, trick or treat,  
motherfucker!

Louise kneels down to grab the knives when the Stalker GRABS  
her hair through the door. Louise SCREAMS. They struggle  
but the Stalker overpowers Louise. She manages to unlock the  
door and Louise SCREAMS, flailing her bat through the air and  
meeting a STEAK KNIFE THROUGH THE FOREARM.

LOUISE: (CONT'D)  
Who are you?! What do you want?!

The Stalker backhands Louise and stabs her in the side with a  
chef's knife. Louise goes woozy as the Stalker withdraws  
both blades, kicking the bat away. She can barely hear the  
operator over the nearby phone, which the Stalker then  
SMASHES. Louise, slowly bleeding out, sees the bathroom  
window; a faint glimmer of hope. The Stalker watches,  
curious, as Louise crawls in pitiful desperation. FOCUS ON  
the curling iron; the power light glows orange. The Stalker  
slashes Louise in the back.

LOUISE: (CONT'D)  
Fuck...you...!

Then the Stalker grabs Louise's ankle and pulls her closer.  
Louise kicks and screams but is too weak to put up a fight  
while the Stalker yanks her panties down.



LOUISE: (CONT'D)

No!

The Stalker SLAMS a knife down in the floor by Louise's face and reaches for the curling iron. Louise's eyes go wide with terror.

LOUISE: (CONT'D)

Don't!

It's too late, the Stalker shoves the hot curling iron into Louise's nether regions and she lets out a horrific death cry, finished.

INT. STUDENT VILLA - HALLWAY - INSTANT

Judith walks past a loud party on her floor, where old stoner hair metal jams are blasting. Some costumed kids funneling beer wave at her.

KID #1

Want some booze?

JUDITH:

I'm good.

KID #2

Happy Halloween!

JUDITH:

Happy Halloween.

The kids return to partying and soon Judith is right outside the door to the dorm she shares with Louise. She tries the knob; it's locked. She knocks.

JUDITH: (CONT'D)

Louise?

Judith knocks again then gets her keys, unlocking the door.

INT. STUDENT VILLA - LOUISE & JUDITH'S DORM - INSTANT

It's too dark to see anything suspicious but she leaves the door open.

JUDITH:

Louise, are you still here?

Judith reaches for her mace as she enters Louise's room and notices the mayhem in there, the shredded door in particular.

JUDITH: (CONT'D)  
 Christ. Louise, are you in there?  
 Louise?

Judith grabs her cell. She checks her room while on the phone, finding it a total mess as well. The Stalker MOVES IN THE HALL BEHIND HER; another cheap jump scare.

OPERATOR: (V.O.)  
 911, what is your emergency?

JUDITH:  
 Someone broke into my goddamn dorm.  
 They tore the whole place up. It's  
 like they hacked through the  
 bathroom door with an axe or  
 something.

OPERATOR: (V.O.)  
 Location?

JUDITH:  
 Student Villa, it's--

OPERATOR: (V.O.)  
 Ma'am, we recently received a call  
 of a similar nature and police are  
 en route to your location.

Judith braves heading back to Louise's room but the Stalker is not in sight. She looks at the bathroom door, then at her mace.

JUDITH:  
 Well, great. Tell them to hurry  
 the fuck up.

Judith kicks open the door and SCREAMS at the horrific sight before her; Louise propped up against the toilet, her nether regions scorched and blistered, blood all over the floor.

JUDITH: (CONT'D)  
 NO! LOUISE!

OPERATOR: (V.O.)  
 Ma'am?

Judith drops her phone, mortified, when the Stalker BURSTS from the darkness. But Judith sees in the mirror and whirls around, spraying her mace. But it has no effect on the Stalker's mask and she slices her in the arm with a knife. They wrestle to the ground but Judith gets the upper hand and punches the Stalker, fleeing from her dorm.

INT. STUDENT VILLA - HALLWAY - INSTANT

Judith bursts into the hall SCREAMING. She runs, banging on doors. Just as she reaches the only other open door on the floor, the "party room" from earlier, the Stalker TACKLES Judith out of view and onto the floor, wailing at her with a knife. Judith manages to grab the Stalker's wrists, screaming, but cannot be heard over the music. Judith gains the upper hand by knocking the Stalker into the wall and bolts for the nearby elevator. She sees the Stalker already recovering and opts for the nearby stairwell.

INT. STUDENT VILLA - STAIRWELL - INSTANT

Yellow tape and construction signs block access to the lower floors.

JUDITH:

Shit!

Judith bolts up the stairs and as she reaches the landing, the Stalker appears. Judith bolts out the next door she comes to. The Stalker bounds after her, only stopping to break a nearby emergency case to grab the fire axe therein.

INT. STUDENT VILLA - PARKING GARAGE - INSTANT

Judith bolts across the parking garage screaming her lungs out. She looks over her shoulder to see the axe-wielding Stalker in pursuit and screams louder still. Judith runs towards the decline, sticking close to traffic. The Stalker HURLS THE AXE at her but it strikes a car instead, setting off the alarm.

JUDITH:

Missed me, fucker!

The Stalker then hurls the steak knife, stabbing Judith below the shoulder blade. She screams, going down. As she writhes, clutching at the handle, the Stalker grabs the axe she threw. FOCUS ON A NEARBY TRASH COMPACTOR. The Stalker looks at it, then at Judith. Judith notices this.

JUDITH: (CONT'D)

DON'T!

The Stalker approaches Judith and she painfully rips the knife from her back, bringing it up only to have AN ARM HACKED OFF WITH AN AXE. JUDITH SCREAMS. The Stalker tosses the axe aside and looks at her latest struggling victim curiously.

Judith clutches her stump in horrified agony and the Stalker grabs her severed limb, heading to the nearby trash compactor with it. She puts it in and presses the nearby button, watching the heavy machinery crush the arm to goo. Judith is disgusted. She screams and struggles as the Stalker approaches but can't win. The Stalker drags her towards the trash compactor by her hair and she screams at the top of her lungs. The Stalker slowly forces her into the trash compactor.

JUDITH: (CONT'D)  
PLEASE! STOP!

The Stalker shuts Judith in the trash compactor and presses the button, watching the machinery go to work. Judith kicks and screams but is soon squashed to blood and guts.

TITLE CARD: BE MINE

EXT. DEVIL TACOS - ALLEY - INSTANT

Dylan finishes her cigarette and flicks it into the street gutter. FOCUS ON a nearby RAIN GUTTER, where JUDITH'S BLOOD trickles from. She is distracted by a sudden surge of police activity; wailing sirens and flashing lights. Suddenly the back door to Devil Taco's opens and Lil appears with a full trash bag in tow.

LIL:  
Closing time! Finally, I thought tonight would never end! I smell like cheese and grease.

DYLAN:  
(re: cops)  
What's going on?

LIL:  
I know, right? Crazy, like four cop cars just went by. Did something happen at Student Villa?

DYLAN:  
I dunno. I heard some screaming and a car alarm but there's a lot of music, too.

LIL:  
It's Halloween, everyone's partying.

Lil throws the garbage away, nonchalant. The police gather in the distance.

DYLAN:  
Seems a bit much for a party.

Lil notices the activity.

LIL:  
You're right. Drug bust, maybe?

DYLAN:  
At Student Villa?

LIL:  
Why not? How do the rich stay  
rich?

DYLAN:  
Money comes from money.

LIL:  
No, drugs. The answer is always  
drugs.

Then the manager, KATHLEEN, pretty but a hard-ass in her late  
20's, APPEARS FROM THE DARK in another cheap jump scare.

KATHLEEN:  
What the fuck are you girls doing  
out here; finger-blasting each  
other? You expect me to close this  
place by myself?

DYLAN:  
Jesus, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN:  
Smoke break's over. Didn't we have  
a talk about this last week?

DYLAN:  
And the week before. Yeah. Sorry.  
I'm just under a lot of stress this  
sem-

KATHLEEN:  
The less time you waste giving me  
excuses, the quicker all of us can  
get out of here.

DYLAN:  
Right. Sorry.

Dylan heads inside.

LIL:  
 Sorry, Kath, this was my fault.  
 Dylan was-

KATHLEEN:  
 Just get in there already.

Lil follows Dylan.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Fuck me.

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS - NIGHT

It's closing time at Urban Outfitters just down the street; there are only a handful of customers left checking out. An attractive girl with long tousled blonde locks and black hipster glasses, MERYL, looks flustered at the register.

MERYL:  
 That's \$122.46.

CUSTOMER:  
 Really? That expensive? But the sign said these jeans were on sale...

MERYL:  
 Well--

Meryl notices her co-worker CLEO folding up a mess of fumbled blouses.

MERYL: (CONT'D)  
 Cleo, where the hell is Audrey?

CLEO:  
 Hell if I know. Probably off on the phone somewhere.

Meryl grimaces.

CLEO: (CONT'D)  
 You hired her.

CUSTOMER:  
 Excuse me? Do I get the sale price or was that false advertising I can show you where the sign--

MERYL:

I know where the damn sign is, I  
fucking work here! Cleo, register.

CUSTOMER:

Well!

Meryl storms off. She flips the sign on the door to "closed" and heads into the back office but can't find Audrey. She checks in the bathroom but she's not there, either. Meanwhile, Cleo takes care of the remaining few customers at the register. Meryl looks in all the stalls in the female dressing room but only finds an attractive brunette, JOANNA, trying on a blouse.

MERYL:

Sorry, Joanna, we're closing.

JOANNA:

No biggie.

As the girl heads off-

MERYL:

Have you seen Audrey?

JOANNA:

Nope, sorry. Good luck with the  
M.I.A.

MERYL:

Thanks.

JOANNA:

See you at Pam's party.

MERYL:

Yeah. See you.

Meryl dials Audrey on her cell. She hears the ring tone from within the store and although Audrey doesn't answer she follows it upstairs into the male's dressing room.

MERYL: (CONT'D)

That ignorant lazy bitch...

Just as the phone goes to voice mail she hangs up, pushes a stall open, and finds Audrey cramming garments into her purse. A slew of ripped off tags lay at her feet.

MERYL: (CONT'D)

Happy Halloween.

AUDREY:  
Meryl, hi.

MERYL:  
You're fired.

AUDREY:  
I--

MERYL:  
You know what, I don't give a shit.  
Just take your shit and get the  
fuck out of my store.

As Audrey leaves in a huff, Meryl stops her, grabbing the clothes from her purse.

AUDREY:  
Hey!

Meryl easily wins the brief struggle and claims the garments. Audrey fumes.

MERYL:  
Get out!

As she's leaving--

AUDREY:  
Everyone says you're a cunt. And  
they're right.

MERYL:  
Tell me something I don't know.  
And try some floss now and then, it  
might get rid of all that built up  
spooage stuck between your snaggle  
teeth.

Then, to herself--

MERYL: (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

EXT. DEVIL TACOS - FRONT - NIGHT

FOCUS ON the comically-satanic neon sign outside the taco shop. Alan smokes a cigarette by his car in the parking lot nearby. Lil leaves through the front doors, trash bag in tow.



ALAN:  
(re: trash)  
The guys won't take that for you?

LIL:  
What guys? You were in there, it's  
just the kitchen staff and us  
girls.

ALAN:  
Why are you taking the long way  
around?

LIL:  
Esther's mopping the hallway.

ALAN:  
(re: trash)  
Let me get that.

LIL:  
Don't patronize me.

ALAN:  
Never.

Alan hands her his cigarette and yanks the trash from her.

LIL:  
It's your funeral.

EXT. DEVIL TACOS - ALLEY - INSTANT

As they stroll down the back alley towards the dumpsters--

LIL:  
So, Meryl's giving Britt a ride  
tonight, right?

ALAN:  
Yeah. How are things between you  
two?

LIL:  
Just peachy. I'm down with the  
swirl.

ALAN:  
You'd make beautiful babies  
together. I mean--

LIL:

If either of us had junk? Yeah, not a fan of kids, anyway. But thanks for the introduce, by the way. She's a doll.

ALAN:

Sure thing..

As Alan throws the trash away, his phone rings. Lil waves and takes her leave so she can help the others close for the night.

ALAN: (CONT'D)

Cody, hey! What's up, man?

CODY: (V.O.)

Dude, I just got in. Huge pileup on 35 south of Dalton. Traffic's insane.

ALAN:

Bummer. You gonna make it tonight?

CODY: (V.O.)

I'd rather die than miss it. We're gonna get so wasted, I brought enough Molly for a bus-load of orphans.

ALAN:

Good to know. You know how to get to Pam's house?

CODY: (V.O.)

I got your text. I'll G.P.S. it. There's gonna be booze, right?

ALAN:

Well, it is a party.

CODY: (V.O.)

True. Well, I gotta drop by my mom's place for a quick shower. I'll meet you guys there. Tell Dylan hi for me.

ALAN:

Yeah, she'll be stoked to see you. Later.

CODY: (V.O.)

Peace.

INT. DEVIL TACOS - INSTANT

Dylan is washing the last remaining dishes. Lil is moving items from the storage to the cooler. Kathleen is at the register counting the drawer. The cook, RICK, stands nearby scrubbing the grills clean. The cleaning lady, ESTHER, is mopping the restaurant floor.

RICK:  
(re: dishes)  
I can get those for you.

DYLAN:  
I'm good, I'm almost finished.

RICK:  
Come on. You've got plans tonight.

DYLAN:  
Thanks, Rick.

He nods and Dylan meets Lil near Kathleen at the register, still counting the money.

LIL:  
Is that everything?

DYLAN:  
I think so.

LIL:  
Can we bail, Kath? Please?

DYLAN:  
Pretty please?

Kathleen doesn't look up from what she's doing.

KATHLEEN:  
Esther, are the restrooms clean?

ESTHER:  
Yes, ma'am.

KATHLEEN:  
Do you need any help back there,  
Rick?

RICK:  
Nah, just gimme five.

KATHLEEN:  
Mmm.

DYLAN:  
Come on! I came in early today.

KATHLEEN:  
Alright, alright, whatever, go.

LIL:  
Yes!

DYLAN:  
Thanks, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN:  
Don't forget to clock out.

The girls grab their jackets and purses, clock out, and hurry off to the bathroom to change and down a line of coke courtesy of Lil. While changing--

LIL:  
So, you and Alan...

DYLAN:  
It's complicated.

LIL:  
Gotcha.

DYLAN:  
Ready?

Lil finishes the line and nods.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - INSTANT

Alan is sitting in his car listening to some dubstep on auxiliary. As he fumbles with his iPod--

LIL:  
Party time!

Lil POPS UP in his window in a cheap jump scare. Dylan enters the passenger seat and Lil sits behind Alan, clearly shaken as he adjusts the volume.

DYLAN:  
Aw, Lil, you scared the shit out of him.

ALAN:  
Did not. You girls ready?

LIL:  
Can we stop off at a gas station?  
I'm low on smokes.

ALAN:  
Sure. Oh, by the way, Dylan, Cody  
called. He said hi, he's gonna  
meet us at Pam's house.

FOCUS ON Dylan's awkward expression.

DYLAN:  
Oh. That's oool.

LIL:  
An ex of yours?

DYLAN:  
Of course not.

LIL:  
Reeaally?

DYLAN:  
Really.

ALAN:  
He went to high school with us.  
He's going to college in Dallas.

DYLAN:  
Okay, so sophomore year I got  
completely shit-faced and may or  
may not have made out with him.  
But then he told half the school a  
very different story.

LIL:  
Whoa, what a dickweed move.

DYLAN:  
Total dickweed move.

ALAN:  
Ah. Yeah. I'd forgotten about  
that. Sorry.

The mood in the car shifts somewhat.

DYLAN:  
Did you invite him?

ALAN:  
No.

LIL:  
You're a bad liar.

DYLAN:  
Tell me about it, I dated this punk  
for three years.

ALAN:  
I'm serious! I didn't invite him,  
it's not even my party to begin  
with and besides, that's in bad  
taste.

DYLAN:  
You invited Meryl.

ALAN:  
She's my +1! And I'm bringing the  
two of you, so.

DYLAN:  
Fair enough.

LIL:  
Awkward...

EXT. CORNER STORE - INSTANT

Alan parks at a pump at the nearby CORNER STORE. Lil heads  
inside and he tries to reason with Dylan while pumping gas.

ALAN:  
I promise you, I didn't invite  
Cody.

DYLAN:  
I'm pretty sure Pam didn't, either.

ALAN:  
Okay, so he read it on my Facebook  
or Twitter or something and asked  
me about it. He was gonna be in  
town this weekend to see his mom,  
anyway.

DYLAN:  
So, you just told him where Pam  
lives. This is gonna be some  
party.

ALAN:  
Don't be like that.

DYLAN:

Like what?

ALAN:

Like this, in a weird mood and on edge and shit. We're going to a party for Christ's sakes. There will be lots of people there. You don't have to even acknowledge Cody if you don't want to.

DYLAN:

Yeah, no shit.

Alan finishes getting gas and gets in the car as Lil returns with cigarettes and two grocery bags full of cans and bottles.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - INSTANT

LIL:

(re: bags)

Backup rations. Beer, Loko, gas station wine. I know it's a party but a girl's gotta be prepared.

DYLAN:

That's true.

ALAN:

Gas station wine is only for those like us with refined taste.

Lil laughs but as Alan starts driving, she picks up on the tension in the front seat.

LIL:

So, what'd I miss?

DYLAN & ALAN:

Nothing.

LIL:

Hmm. You know, you're not such a hot liar yourself, Dylan.

INT. DEVIL TACOS - INSTANT

Kathleen is nearly finished for the night. Esther clocks out while Rick mops the kitchen.

ESTHER:  
All done. Bye, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN:  
You closing tomorrow?

ESTHER:  
Yep.

KATHLEEN:  
Alright, see you then, Esther.  
Have a good night.

ESTHER:  
You, too. See you later, Rick.

RICK:  
Adios.

KATHLEEN:  
Oh, gotta go out the back door;  
front's locked.

ESTHER:  
Okay. Bye, guys.

Then Esther disappears out the back door.

EXT. DEVIL TACOS - ALLEY - INSTANT

Esther adjusts her purse and coat. The alley looks especially ominous; shadows blanket everything. Esther heads towards the nearby parking lot and approaches some custodial storage bins. As she passes them, THE STALKER EXITS THE LAST ONE RIGHT BEHIND ESTHER. She sees nothing as the axe cuts clean through her neck. Her severed head pops off and her body crumples to the ground. FOCUS ON a fresh spray of blood which splatters across the Stalker's Marilyn mask.

INT. DEVIL TACOS - INSTANT

Kathleen is writing down her managerial notes at the counter and Rick is clocking out.

RICK:  
So, you want some company tonight,  
baby?

Kathleen gives him a long blank stare.



RICK: (CONT'D)  
Whatcha say? You thinkin' about  
it?

Rick rubs himself inappropriately and does not break eye contact with Kathleen.

RICK: (CONT'D)  
Come on, honey, how about some  
head?

KATHLEEN:  
How about I fire your sorry greasy  
ass right now?

RICK:  
Whoa, hold it, I was kidding!

KATHLEEN:  
You crossed a line.

RICK:  
I told a joke.

KATHLEEN:  
Very amusing.

RICK:  
So, that's a no on the head?

Kathleen laughs and flips Rick off.

KATHLEEN:  
No head, idiot. Get out of here  
already.

RICK:  
Bye, boss.

Rick disappears towards the back. Moments later, Kathleen hears the back door open again.

KATHLEEN:  
Forget something?

Silence.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)  
Rick? Is that you?

Kathleen heads to the back of the store but sees nothing out of the ordinary. She checks in the restroom hall and while peeking out the back door, RICK POPS UP BEHIND HER in a cheap jump scare.

RICK:

BOO!

Kathleen screams and Rick laughs. She punches him in the shoulder.

KATHLEEN:

You are such a stupid fuck!

RICK:

You fell for it.

KATHLEEN:

Out. Now.

She forces him out and locks the door. BEHIND HER THE STALKER MOVES INTO THE KITCHEN, though Kathleen is oblivious that she is not alone. Then Kathleen ducks into the restroom and downs a quick line of coke. Upon returning to the back hall, she slips on something wet and looks down. She sees a few red drops.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)

Goddammit, Esther, it's not rocket science, it's--

She notices the sizzling noise from the kitchen and is puzzled.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)

The hell? Hello?

The drops trail into the kitchen and Kathleen slowly follows it towards the source of noise; the deep fryer. It bubbles furiously, the oil a weird shade of red.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)

The deep fryer? How did that happen?

Kathleen turns off the appliance and lifts the jumbo basket up out of the oil and sees the mass; ESTHER'S DEEP-FRIED HEAD. KATHLEEN SCREAMS and drops the basket, nearly scalding herself. She BOLTS off but THE STALKER SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE KITCHEN DOORWAY, AXE IN HAND. Kathleen screams and rushes to the back wall, trapped, and arms herself with the first knife she finds. The Stalker approaches slowly.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

A cat and mouse game ensues around the grills. The Stalker turns on the grills as she passes them. They swing at each other. Kathleen is in hysterics.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)

Please...

Kathleen cowers in a corner and drops her knife from shaking. The Stalker looms over her.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)

I don't wanna die.

The Stalker drops the axe. Kathleen sobs. Hesitation. Then the Stalker grabs Kathleen by her hair. She SCREAMS as she is dragged to the nearest grill. The Stalker starts to force Kathleen's face down to the scorching hot surface.

KATHLEEN: (CONT'D)

NO! STOP!

Kathleen struggles but is too weak and SCREAMS IN AGONY AS HER FACE IS BURNT OFF ON THE HOT GRILL. Kathleen goes quiet. The Stalker rudely tosses Kathleen's corpse to the floor, her face a mess of blood and bubbling blisters.

INT. HOMESLICE - NIGHT

IN ON a bubbling hot cheese pizza delivered to a table full of drunk guys courtesy of BRITT, a gorgeous African-American waitress at a popular pizza place.

DRUNK GUY #1

Pizza!

BRITT:

Alright, you guys enjoy.

DRUNK GUY #2

We will, thanks.

Britt heads behind the counter and approaches a couple behind the counter; fellow waitress, VICKY, and the manager, ROSS.

BRITT:

That's it for my shift. You got my tables, Vicky?

VICKY:

You got it.

BRITT:

So, can I leave now?

ROSS:

Yeah, go.

BRITT:  
Awesome. Thanks, Ross.

ROSS:  
Thanks for a good night. Have fun  
at the Halloween party.

BRITT:  
I'll try.

Britt clocks out and grabs her purse and jacket.

VICKY:  
Have a drink for me.

BRITT:  
Will do. Bye, guys.

Then Britt is out the door.

EXT. HOMESLICE - INSTANT

Britt sits at an empty table right outside the restaurant, lights a cigarette, and dials a number on her cell, leaving it on speaker.

MERYL: (V.O.)  
Hey, Britt! Are you ready?

BRITT:  
Yeah, just finished up.

MERYL: (V.O.)  
Sorry, gimme like ten mins at the  
max, alright? I'm running a little  
behind.

BRITT:  
No worries, I'll be waiting for you  
right out front.

MERYL: (V.O.)  
Be there soon.

Britt hangs up and takes a long drag on her cigarette.

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS - INSTANT

Meryl looks flustered near the register while she finishes counting the drawer and the remainder of her closing time managerial duties. Cleo approaches.

CLEO:  
Who was that?

MERYL:  
A friend. She needs a ride.

CLEO:  
Almost finished?

MERYL:  
Just about. We're shorthanded  
since I had to fire that thieving  
bitch Audrey.

CLEO:  
I noticed. Nice going with that,  
by the way. I never liked her.

MERYL:  
Me neither. But I didn't hire her.

CLEO:  
You want me to finish closing for  
you?

MERYL:  
Would you? That'd be great.

CLEO:  
Yeah, absolutely.

MERYL:  
Thanks, I appreciate it.

Meryl hands Cleo a key.

MERYL: (CONT'D)  
Here's a copy. Just be sure to  
lock up behind you tonight--both  
doors--and don't pull an Audrey and  
swipe a bunch of shit.

Cleo laughs.

CLEO:  
Go. Have fun.

Meryl grabs her purse and jacket and heads out.

MERYL:  
See you Monday. Happy Halloween.

CLEO:  
Happy Halloween.

## EXT. WOOD RIDGE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

IN ON Wood Ridge Apartments, a small complex just a few blocks away from both Devil Tacos and Urban Outfitters. It is a small two-story dwelling blanketed with large trees. A semi-lavish wooden deck, empty swimming pool, and iron gate exit out to a small parking lot. A scattering of drunk teenagers are strewn about the deck, stairs, and upper landing. Indie rock music plays. It's a party. Amongst those on the second landing is HANK, Louise's beau from the opening scene, and his best friend, DONNIE. Hank is smoking a cigarette and drinking a beer.

HANK:

I guess is Louise is a no-show.

DONNIE:

I'm sorry, man.

HANK:

Hey, don't apologize. It's your party. I'm excited for you. Finally starting your own business. I mean, damn. Cheers, Donnie.

DONNIE:

Only 'cause of my dad. It's not a big deal.

Two pretty but drunk-off-their-asses college girls, TORI and ETTA, approach.

TORI:

Great party.

ETTA:

She's plastered. More so than myself.

Hank and Donnie laugh, aware of this.

HANK:

Yeah, no shit. Need some water, Tori?

TORI:

I'm fine. Totally fine. Well, dizzy-ish, verging on puking, but fine.

DONNIE & ETTA:

Totally not fine.

Donnie and Etta exchange looks and laugh.

ETTA:

Jynx.

DONNIE:

You got me.

TORI:

Why is the pool empty?

HANK:

What?

TORI:

Why is no one swimming?

DONNIE:

'Cause it's cold as shit.

HANK:

Yeah, no kidding. It's in the 40s,  
that water is insane.

ETTA:

I told you, she's plastered.

TORI:

Hey, fuck you. It's a party,  
bitch! Who wants to go swimming?

HANK:

I don't think it's a good idea.

DONNIE:

Ease up. Let the drunkie freeze  
her nipples off.

Some loud yelling from a nearby apartment interrupts the conversation. Soon afterwards a hot mess, SUZY, an obvious prostitute, gets thrown out of said apartment and the door is slammed behind her.

SUZY:

FUCK YOU, TOO, YOU NEEDLE-DICKED  
JEWISH MOTHERFUCKER!

Suzy flips off the apartment with both hand as she makes her way through the foursome.

SUZY: (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Then she moves down the staircase, weaves through the crowd on the lower deck, and exits out the iron gate.

ETTA:  
What was that about?

DONNIE:  
Obvious prostitute.

HANK:  
Totally obvious.

ETTA:  
Who lives in that apartment?

DONNIE:  
Harvey.

TORI:  
Harvey?

HANK:  
He's a heroin addict.

DONNIE:  
A real creepy guy, too. Good  
connection for drugs, though.

HANK:  
Dude knows everyone in town.

ETTA:  
Interesting.

TORI:  
Yeah, real interesting. Now who  
wants to go swimming?

ETTA:  
Jesus, Tori.

DONNIE:  
It's cold.

HANK:  
Let's get you some water. Come  
here.

Hank puts out his cigarette and opens the nearby door to a nearby apartment he shares with Donnie. Etta and Donnie follow, dragging Tori with them.

INT. HANK & DONNIE'S APARTMENT - INSTANT

Hank grabs a glass in the kitchen. Donnie turns on the television and Etta sits on the arm of a sofa, easing Tori.



TORI:  
Huh? What the hell, Etta? I'm fine.

ETTA:  
You're not fine.

Hank offers Tori some iced water.

HANK:  
You will be.

Eileen takes the glass and slowly feeds it to Tori.

ETTA:  
Sorry about this. She's so embarrassing.

Donnie is clearly engrossed by the program on television.

DONNIE:  
Hey, check it out.

FOCUS ON the televised news broadcast.

HANK:  
Is that...?

DONNIE:  
Shh.

Donnie turns it up. IN ON the television, where an attractive female reporter, YVONNE, is stationed outside the Student Villa dormitory near Devil Tacos.

YVONNE:  
--made a gruesome discovery here at Student Villa on Guadalupe in what appears to be a crime of passion. Though details are currently scarce, officials have confirmed that the body of a young girl was found murdered in her dorm room.

They're totally fixated.

YVONNE: (CONT'D)  
Police believe this is an isolated incident and the investigation is ongoing. The identity will remain disclosed until family members are notified.

(MORE)

YVONNE: (CONT'D)

Police urge everyone to be careful tonight and if you see anything suspicious, go with your gut. If you think someone is in danger, do it; call 911. You just might save a life. This is YVONNE GRACE reporting, back to you.

The foursome take in what they just saw.

TORI:

Damn.

ETTA:

That's crazy. I wonder what happened?

HANK:

That's where Louise lives.

DONNIE:

A lot of girls live there.

Hank grabs his cell and dials Louise.

DONNIE: (CONT'D)

Hank.

Hank hangs up when it reaches voice mail.

HANK:

No answer.

ETTA:

There's a million reasons why she didn't answer the phone.

DONNIE:

Yeah. Relax. Here, we can have a bowl.

Donnie reaches for a nearby bong.

HANK:

No. I mean, ordinarily, maybe. But she said she was gonna come. Something feels off.

DONNIE:

Dude, chill. This is my party and sorry to sound like a prick but I don't want you bringing it down 'cause of a weird feeling you have.

(MORE)

DONNIE: (CONT'D)

Louise is probably passed out or  
got caught up somewhere.

TORI:

Or, news flash, maybe she's just  
not interested!

ETTA:

Tori.

HANK:

Forget it. Maybe she's right.  
Fuck it. This is a motherfucking  
party. Who wants to go swimming?

Tori squeals in glee.

EXT. WOOD RIDGE APARTMENTS - INSTANT

The foursome bursts from their apartment cheering in triumph;  
typical drunk college kids. The girls are in their bra and  
panties, the boys are in their boxers. Other youths notice  
and whoop and toast beers in acknowledgement. As they  
descend the stairs, they bump into Audrey, a fellow resident  
and the employee Meryl fired earlier.

AUDREY:

Donnie, what the hell?

DONNIE:

It's a pool party!

TORI:

Yeah. As in there is a pool. And  
a party.

HANK:

Wanna join?

AUDREY:

Um, it's colder than a witch's  
titty out here.

ETTA:

C'mon. Live a little.

Audrey rolls her eyes. Then--

AUDREY:

Fuck it.

She shoves her purse in Tori's arms and strips to her bra and  
panties.

AUDREY: (CONT'D)  
Donnie's right. It's a pool party.

More cheers from the crowd. Audrey bolts towards the pool. Donnie, Hank, and Etta are right behind.

TORI:  
Hey, wait for me!

Tori tosses Audrey's purse down, hot on the trail of her friends. Audrey is in front of the pack. As she makes a bounding leap off the edge--

AUDREY:  
Cannonball!

Donnie, Hank, and Etta follow suit, jumping for the pool. Tori is behind.

TORI:  
Guys!

Then it happens. Audrey's cheer of joy goes silent and she is cut in quarters just as she hits the water, sliced in pieces by invisible razor wires placed in a careful web of death across the pool surface. The mood of the crowd does a 180 but it's too late for Donnie, Hank, and Etta. They all exude expressions of mortified terror and scream, their cries amplified by cries of anguish from the crowd as they, too, are severed into multiple chunks, turning the pool into a sea of blood. Tori stops just at the pool's edge, petrified.

PARTY GUY:  
WHAT THE FUCK?!

Screams of horror and shock pierce the night and the entire crowd scatters. Tori can only gasp, clearly in shock. As everyone and everything around her goes to chaos, she manages to make her way to the iron gate, the only exit.

EXT. AUSTIN - INSTANT

Just down the street, the prostitute from before, Suzy, is walking down the sidewalk. The sudden surge of excited noise from the pool massacre goes largely unnoticed because the numerous frat houses across the street are all throwing loud parties of their own. But Suzy can tell something is off from the urgency; droves of youths are either pooling into vehicles and driving off or running away screaming.

SUZY:  
The hell?

As she backs towards the darkness of a nearby alley, THE STALKER'S MARILYN MASK CAN BE SEEN RIGHT BEHIND HER in a cheap jump scare.

SUZY: (CONT'D)  
What happened back there?

Suzy takes a few steps away and the Stalker vanishes in the shadows. Tori runs towards her, still only in her undies.

TORI:  
They're all dead!

SUZY:  
What?

TORI:  
Pieces! Cut to little fucking pieces!

SUZY:  
Honey, calm down. Easy. Try and relax. What's going on?

TORI:  
They're dead! The pool, they--

Before Tori can utter another word, THE STALKER BURSTS from the darkness, plunging an axe into the TOP OF SUZY'S HEAD. TORI SCREAMS IN HORROR. Suzy makes a pitiful noise as she goes down. The Stalker hacks at Suzy's dead body there on the sidewalk until she is in pieces and Tori's SCREAMS go unnoticed. The Stalker rips her axe from Suzy's corpse and looks at the nearest next target, Tori. She SCREAMS and BOLTS across the street, the Stalker right behind her.

TORI: (CONT'D)  
SOMEBODY HELP ME!

LOUD MUSIC and a rowdy crowd of DRUNKEN FRATS at a nearby frat house are having too much of a good time to pay attention. Tori darts off to a nearby house and bangs on the door furiously.

TORI: (CONT'D)  
I'M BEING ATTACKED!

Nothing. Tori keeps banging and tries the doorbell several times. Behind her, the Stalker approaches the front lawn. Tori SCREAMS and hurries through a hedge to the house next door. And just as she reaches the other side, the Stalker swings the axe from across the hedge, striking her hard in the back. Tori goes down and cries. The Stalker walks around the hedge and Tori struggles to get up but can't.

TORI: (CONT'D)

STOP IT!

The Stalker stops and watches Tori. She tries again to get up but the best she can do is crawl. FOCUS ON the pet door of the garage just a few feet away. She drags herself towards it, the Stalker walking slowly behind her, axe in hand. Tori wriggles through, almost completely in, when she feels the axe come down on her leg, severing it.

INT. RESIDENTIAL GARAGE - INSTANT

Tori SCREAMS in agony. It's dark in the garage and hard to see. She clutches her bloody stump, crying.

TORI:

BASTARD! YOU FUCKING BASTARD!

FOCUS ON the pet door she just crawled through. No sign of the Stalker. Tori manages to make out where the door is and crawls towards it. She forces herself up on the stairs and turns on the light. She looks at her stump and cries. She tries the door; it's locked so she bangs on it.

TORI: (CONT'D)

Please, help. Someone's trying to kill me.

Nothing. THEN TORI'S SEVERED LEG COMES FLYING THROUGH THE PET DOOR. Tori SCREAMS as the Stalker starts crawling in after it.

TORI: (CONT'D)

NO! GO AWAY!

Tori is in full panic mode, hammering at the door, in no condition to do anything else. Then the Stalker enters and Tori lets out an earth-shattering SCREAM. FOCUS ON the wall of power tools. The Stalker ditches her axe and scans her selection. Then she finds something better. FOCUS ON the table saw. The Stalker turns it on and it BUZZES TO LIFE. Tori screams and the Stalker grabs her severed leg and slides it through the spinning blade, splitting it in half. Then the Stalker approaches Tori. She screams and struggles as the Stalker grabs her by the hair and drags her towards the table saw.

TORI: (CONT'D)

PLEASE!

Tori screams as her face is pressed closer and closer to the spinning blade.

TORI: (CONT'D)

STOP!

Then she goes silent as a splash of BLOOD SPRAYS ACROSS THE STALKER'S MASK.

INT. URBAN OUTFITTERS - INSTANT

Cleo swipes cash from the register and then shoves a nearby handful stolen garments into her purse.

CLEO:

I fucking love working here.

Then Cleo goes to the back offices to lock the back door. Back on the selling floor, she turns off the lights. The store looks spooky in the dark. All of the mannequins appear to be watching her. Cleo grabs her things and while heading to the front door, a LOUD CRASH from upstairs startles her.

CLEO: (CONT'D)

Christ! Hello? Meryl? Joanna?

Cleo strains to see what caused the noise. She goes upstairs. As she investigates, she finds a couple of mannequins on display with their limbs missing.

CLEO: (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Cleo looks around a little and finds the missing parts nearby. She tries to put them back on. In the background, the Stalker darts amongst the mannequins. Cleo can sense that something is amiss.

CLEO: (CONT'D)

Who's there?

Cleo moves cautiously amongst the mannequins. One of them is the Stalker posing with a large pair of garden shears. Then, as she passes by, the Stalker moves and Cleo SCREAMS, throwing a hand up in defense, only to get a few FINGERS SNIPPED OFF. Cleo SCREAMS and the Stalker plunges the shears into her shoulder. Cleo runs towards the stairs. The Stalker follows, hurling her through a nearby display. Crumpled on the floor, Cleo tries to get her bearings when the Stalker approaches and stabs her a couple times in the back. Cleo cries and the Stalker grabs her.

CLEO: (CONT'D)

NO!

The Stalker drags her towards the enormous glass windows. Cleo struggles and SCREAMS but cannot get away. Then the Stalker HURLS HER THROUGH THE WINDOW.

EXT. URBAN OUTFITTERS - INSTANT

Cleo CRASHES through the glass. Students and pedestrians watch in horror on the sidewalk. Cleo SCREAMS as her body plummets and then goes silent when she smashes through a car windshield. Chaos ensues.

INT. ALAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Dylan, Alan, and Lil pass a pipe amongst themselves. Dylan takes a hard rip and starts coughing.

LIL:

Good?

Dylan nods.

ALAN:

We're getting close.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - EXACT

IN ON Pam's house, an impressive two-story home decked out with festive but tastefully-done Halloween decor. A large crowd of DRUNK COLLEGE KIDS, some in costumes, are scattered about. A ROARING BONFIRE blazes outside, situated near a grove of big Texas oaks strewn with hanging skeletons.

In the car--

LIL:

This might be fun.

DYLAN:

Yeah, maybe.

ALAN:

We've arrived, ladies.

Alan parks down the street and as they get out, a drunk blonde in a sexy bunny costume, EVELYN, approaches with a red cup she probably shouldn't be having.

EVELYN:

Did you hear what happened?!



DYLAN:  
Hi, Evelyn. You mean at Student  
Villa?

LIL:  
We saw cops.

EVELYN:  
Oh, that's nothing, just some dumb  
bimbo got killed in her dorm.  
Probably a psycho ex or something.  
That's why you don't sleep with  
crazy people. I'm talking about  
the apartments at Wood Ridge!

LIL:  
What happened?

EVELYN:  
Some kids were having a party and  
they jumped in the pool and got cut  
into pieces.

DYLAN:  
Oh my God.

ALAN:  
You're kidding.

EVELYN:  
No way.

DYLAN:  
Cut into pieces? How did that  
happen? I don't--

EVELYN:  
There was like a web of razor wire  
across the surface.

On their skeptical expressions--

EVELYN: (CONT'D)  
It's on the fucking news! The cops  
are going apeshit.

LIL:  
Are you serious?

ALAN:  
That's like some "Saw"-type  
bullshit right there.

DYLAN:

No shit.

EVELYN:

Anyway, it's a HALLOWEEN PARTY!  
Come on, Pam will be excited you  
guys are finally here.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - EXACT

Inside, more drunk students are drinking and smoking; typical party stuff. Dance music plays from a nearby room. The Halloween decorations look just as impressive as they do outside.

DYLAN:

Wow, it must've taken Pam forever  
to do all this.

EVELYN:

Are you kidding? Lorraine does all  
of that shit. You think Pam'd risk  
breaking a nail with a hammer?

ALAN:

And you would?

EVELYN:

My dorm doesn't have shit. I got  
dressed up for this, more than I  
can say for you two bitches!

LIL:

And you look great. You're just  
dying for a motorboat.

Lil goes for it and a crowd of nearby GUYS whoop in approval. Evelyn is caught off guard and laughs. LORRAINE, an attractive older woman with blonde hair, enters from a side room, smirking.

LORRAINE:

We have plenty of bedrooms upstairs  
for that.

EVELYN:

Not interested. She bats for your  
team, though.

LORRAINE:

That's good to know. But I'm  
taken. Hi, guys, glad you could  
make it.

DYLAN:  
Yeah, us too.

LORRAINE:  
It's so good to finally meet you.  
Pam's told me a lot of stories.  
I'm Lorraine.

LIL:  
Lil, fellow carpenter.

DYLAN:  
Dylan.

ALAN:  
Alan, nice to meet you.

LORRAINE:  
Pam's in the den.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - DEN - EXACT

The den has an old Americana sense about it with antique furniture. A vicious-looking COMPOUND BOW is displayed on a wall above a ROARING FIRE in the fireplace. The mood is slightly calmer as there are far less drunks in here. PAM, a stunningly-beautiful brunette woman, sits near the fire smoking a joint, staring at the blaze.

LORRAINE:  
Pam.

Pam turns.

PAM:  
Finally! Happy Halloween, guys.

DYLAN:  
Hey, sorry about the delay. The party looks great.

PAM:  
Oh, that's all Lorraine.

ALAN:  
Nice bow.

PAM:  
Thanks. Yeah, I used to be pretty good at archery when I was younger. It's surprisingly easy to pick up. So, food's in the kitchen, booze and pot are just about everywhere.

LIL:  
Love it.

ALAN:  
Time to get wasted!

EVELYN:  
Already beat you bitches to it.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - EXACT

Meryl and Britt exit Meryl's car just down the street. Meryl's co-worker from before, Joanna, approaches as a se kitten with her douchey frat boyfriend, DAVE, in pirate garb.

JOANNA:  
Shit's nuts, right?

MERYL:  
Huh?

JOANNA:  
The pool jigsaw massacre.

DAVE:  
Sup, mateys.

JOANNA:  
Oh, this is Dave.

MERYL:  
Meryl, I'm Joanna's boss. I'm sure she's told you nothing but good things about me.

JOANNA:  
That's right. Very nice things.

DAVE:  
Dave, good to know you.

BRITT:  
Hi, Britt.

JOANNA:  
Joanna.

MERYL:  
So, what were you saying?  
Something about a massacre?

JOANNA:  
You mean you haven't heard yet?

BRITT:

No.

DAVE:

It's awesome. These kids were having a party and when they jumped into the pool they got hacked to bits by a bunch of razor wire.

MERYL:

Some party.

BRITT:

That's crazy. Like something out of a bad slasher movie.

JOANNA:

It's true, it's all over the news. We saw it on the news. It happened at the apartments at Wood Ridge.

MERYL:

The ones here in Austin? No shit?

JOANNA:

No shit.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EXACT

Dylan, Alan, Lil, and Evelyn are sitting on sofas in the living room drinking with a crowd of other YOUTHS. Alan has a plate full of pizza. Lil swipes a slice. A bong and numerous joints are being passed around. THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE plays on a big flat screen, barely audible over the music and drunken chatter.

EVELYN:

This movie is crazy because this shit really happened.

DYLAN:

Did not.

EVELYN:

It's true, in the 50s some psycho redneck cut up a bunch of teenagers with a chainsaw.

LIL:

You lie.

ALAN:

Actually, it was inspired by the infamous Ed Gein case. He was obsessed with taxidermy and robbed a bunch of graves in Wisconsin in the 50s. He liked making furniture and clothing out of skin and bones, but he was only ever convicted of two murders, neither of which involved a chainsaw.

CODY:

The man speaks the truth. Damn, you know your cryptic shit, bro.

IN ON a hippie-type college kid, CODY, standing in a nearby doorway sipping on a red cup.

ALAN:

Dude, Cody! You made it!

Cody finds a place near them.

CODY:

I told you I would. Good to see you, Dylan.

DYLAN:

Hi, Cody.

CODY:

So--

EVELYN:

I'm Evelyn. I'm a bunny.

CODY:

I see that.

LIL:

Lil. Asian.

ALAN:

What've you been up to? How's Dallas treating a crazy little shit like you?

CODY:

It's been fun, I like it. A lot of hard work and a lot of unstable junkie kids but it's good. My parents seem to have a lot of faith in me. We'll see.

ALAN:  
Well, I wish you the best.

DYLAN:  
Yeah, good luck with that.

ALAN:  
How long are you in Austin?

CODY:  
Just the weekend.

Then Meryl, Britt, Joanna, and Dave enter the room; Meryl and Britt now have booze as well.

ALAN:  
Over here.

Meryl and the others join their friends.

MERYL:  
Hey, sweetie.

LIL:  
Babe, you made it.

BRITT:  
Yeah, finally. Thanks to Meryl.

MERYL:  
Naturally.

BRITT:  
Sorry if I smell like pizza.

LIL:  
I love pizza.

ALAN:  
I'll drink to that.

DYLAN:  
There's plenty in the kitchen.

BRITT:  
I'm good, I eat too much of it at work.

MERYL:  
What's this I hear about kids getting killed in a pool?

CODY:

Man! It's insane, right? I didn't believe it till I saw it on T.V. Four or five of 'em, I think. I bet the people who saw it happen shit themselves.

ALAN:

I would've.

LIL:

Yeah, no kidding. It's quasi Tarantino mixed with Eli Roth. Must have been a total gorefest.

DAVE:

I wish I had been there. Sounds fucking sweet.

JOANNA:

You're sick.

DYLAN:

What if it had been you? Or Joanna?

DAVE:

But it wasn't.

ALAN:

Well, regardless, this will be a Halloween to remember.

EVELYN:

Agreed. Even I'll remember this one.

LIL:

That's debatable.

DYLAN:

Didn't some girl get murdered at Student Villa, too? Evelyn said something about it.

CODY:

Oh, totally.

JOANNA:

A friend of mine interns at the news station downtown. I dunno who it was, but apparently her dorm was broken into and she got stabbed up burned in her snatch.



ALAN:

Ouch!

MERYL:

Oh, I bet that hurt. She didn't have a very Happy Halloween.

BRITT:

I can't even--

CODY:

It's true.

DYLAN:

My God.

EVELYN:

Wow, I didn't know all that. That's much more interesting.

DAVE:

That's some kinky shit right there.

JOANNA:

The perks of having connections. She's been texting me but haven't heard back since the pool. Busy night at the station, I bet.

MERYL:

Oh, for sure. Looks like we've got a killing spree just in time for Halloween.

DYLAN:

You think it's a serial killer?

DOROTHY:

Dylan! Is that you?

IN ON a dazzling college-aged beauty with dark hair, DOROTHY; she approaches with a very drunk blonde bimbo, CICI, who makes Evelyn look like Einstein.

DYLAN:

Dorothy? Wow, long time no see.

DOROTHY:

I know, imagine running into you here. Seriously messed up stuff going on out there tonight.

MERYL:  
It's Halloween. It brings out the  
crazy in people.

CICI:  
Meryl! I didn't know you wear  
glasses? They're adorable!

MERYL:  
Hi, Cici. Oh, yeah. Well, I've  
had them on every time you've ever  
come into Urban. Kinda need them  
to see.

CICI:  
So, what happened there tonight?  
Break-in? Customer go berserk?

JOANNA:  
What are you talking about?

MERYL:  
Something happened at Urban? My  
Urban? On Guad?

CICI:  
Someone got killed there.

MERYL:  
What?

DOROTHY:  
Apparently someone was thrown from  
the upstairs window and landed on a  
car.

DAVE:  
Awesome.

JOANNA:  
Seriously?

DOROTHY:  
That's what some kid was saying  
outside.

DYLAN:  
I guess it really is a serial  
killer.

MERYL:  
Fuck me. As if I didn't have to  
deal with enough shit already!

ALAN:  
Relax. Just toke a little to ease  
your nerves.

LIL:  
I'll toke to that.

BRITT:  
Most definitely.

CICI:  
It's crazy out there.

EVELYN:  
Never seen Halloween decorations  
before?

MERYL:  
Or a bonfire? You're alright.  
It's contained. Your implants  
won't melt.

CICI:  
Eat me, Four Eyes.

DOROTHY:  
I think she means the mass  
hysteria. People are leaving the  
party to go see the murder and  
mayhem.

DYLAN:  
Carnage junkies.

DAVE:  
Can't say I blame 'em. I'm fairly  
tempted, myself.

JOANNA:  
We are NOT leaving this party so  
you can meet your blood and guts  
quota. There's a thousand plus  
poorly-made movies for that.

MERYL:  
Not like it would do you any good,  
anyway.

ALAN:  
Yeah, I'm sure the cops are out in  
full force looking for this guy.

BRITT:  
They've probably got roadblocks all  
over the place.

LIL:  
Not to mention--

Just then, a drunk guy dressed as MICHAEL MEYERS appears with  
a cheap fake knife and a red cup--

MICHAEL MEYERS:  
WE GOT TWO MORE BODIES!

CHEERS from partying kids. Michael's girlfriend, a drunk  
skank done up as a BLOODY VICTIM, toasts her cup.

BLOODY VICTIM:  
TO WEST CAMPUS!

Most of the crowd bolts from the house excitedly.

DYLAN:  
Jesus.

On Dave's longing expression--

JOANNA:  
I said, "No!"

DAVE:  
Damn.

CODY:  
(Makes a whip sound.)

ALAN:  
Wow. Watch 'em go.

Pam enters.

PAM:  
What's going on?

DOROTHY:  
More murders, apparently.

MERYL:  
They're really dropping like flies  
now.

BRITT:  
You said it.

PAM:  
 What? Well, what's with everyone leaving? I seriously doubt one nutcase stands a chance against a house full of people. And it's a party. Free drugs; need I say more? For crying out loud!

LIL:  
 You don't watch many horror movies, do you?

EVELYLN:  
 They left to try and check it out, the nosy little bastards.

From the open doorway--

LORRAINE:  
 Babe?

PAM:  
 I know.

Lorraine heads outside.

DYLAN:  
 Don't worry, Pam. None of us are going anywhere.

PAM:  
 Thanks. Hang tight.

Pam follows Lorraine.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - EXACT

Pam joins Lorraine on the porch by a slew of JACK-O-LANTERNS. The few remaining kids are leaving. Some hurry into vehicles and drive away, others run off on foot down the street into tree-laden obscurity. Very few vehicles are left behind on the shadow-covered street.

LORRAINE:  
 Are you alright?

PAM:  
 I will be. Just a little disappointed is all. This party isn't exactly going as planned.

LORRAINE:  
 There's always next year.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EXACT

The mood of the house is drastically different with far fewer people in it. The party atmosphere is subtle at best while the grim conclusion of The Texas Chainsaw Massacre plays. Cici groans at her empty red cup and throws it down.

CICI:

This party blows! I can get drunk  
and high at my house.

MERYL:

Don't be a bitch.

CICI:

Look who's talking.

MERYL:

Good point.

DAVE:

There's pizza in the kitchen.

JOANNA:

And tons of vodka in the freezer.

CICI:

Well--

Cici gets up, weighing her options.

CICI: (CONT'D)

Okay, not only are Pam and Lorraine  
loaded, they've got refined tastes.  
So, it's gotta be either Belvedere  
or Grey Goose for sure. Right?

JOANNA:

Right.

ALAN:

There's a literal shitload of booze  
in the liquor cabinet, too.  
Bulleit bourbon, gin if you're into  
that. Quality stuff, for sure.  
It's like living in a fully-stocked  
bar. Sheer Heaven.

DYLAN:

It is pretty nice.

CICI:

Fine, you've convinced me. But I stand but what I said, this party blows! Doesn't even feel like one. Bunch of burnouts. If you guys aren't doing a terrible dance number or having an orgy when I get back, I'm out.

Cici leaves for the kitchen.

MERYL:

She's not too bright, is she?

LIL:

What's wrong with a terrible dance number and an orgy simultaneously?

DOROTHY:

Is that even possible?

JOANNA:

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I agree with Cici. This party is stale since everyone bailed.

DAVE:

You heard the bimbo. I vote orgy.

BRITT:

Eh, you're not really my type. You and Joanna have at it, though.

DAVE:

What say you, my beautiful pearl?

JOANNA:

Mmm. I say "yes," despite you calling me that.

DAVE:

He shoots. He scores.

JOANNA:

See you guys in five minutes.

DAVE:

Hey!

JOANNA:

Okay, ten minutes.

DAVE:

That's more like it.

Joanna leads Dave out the doorway. Lil and Britt prep a bowl on a bong while Alan switches the music to classic stoner rock jams, cranking it up, and Cody changes the T.V. to a baseball game on ESPN.

EVELYN:  
Lovebirds, those two. Makes you  
wanna puke your guts out.

MERYL:  
I never got what she saw in him.  
Or cared, really.

DOROTHY:  
So, Dylan, let's catch up.

The awkward expression on Dylan's face speaks volumes.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EXACT

FRIDGE DOORS swing open. Cici mulls over her choices, a vast selection of frosty bottles in the freezer side.

CICI:  
Decisions, decisions...

She decides on both the Belvedere and Grey Goose and grabs a red cup from an open bag of them on the island nearby. Then she notices the liquor cabinet Alan mentioned.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
Even more decisions.

Cici grabs a few more bottles and then fills her cup with ice from the dispenser, humming a tune. THE STALKER STANDS IN AN OPEN DOORWAY BEHIND, WATCHING HER. When Cici faces the island to fix her drink, the Stalker is nowhere in sight. Cici pours a little from each of the many bottles she picked.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
A little of this, a little of that.  
You are so gonna regret this in the  
morning.

Cici takes a sip and immediately spits it out.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
Good God, that's terrible. Needs  
more cowbell.

She opens the fridge again to find a mixer; there's lots of soda and juice. She opts for lemonade and when she shuts the door is FACE TO FACE WITH THE STALKER. Cici is unfazed.



CICI: (CONT'D)  
Nice costume.

Cici starts pouring lemonade in her drink when the STALKER SUDDENLY GRABS HER BY THE ARM, forcing her to spill.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
Dude, what's your problem?

She struggles but the Stalker doesn't let up.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
Alright, Mr. Demille, I'm ready for my close-up. Cute prank. Real cute. Now let go.

The Stalker won't.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
I said, "LET GO" of me you creep!  
Are you deaf?

Cici tries to wriggle free but can't and the Stalker HURLS her into the fridge. Various items fall from it and crash onto the floor at her feet. It all happens so fast.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
WHAT--

Cici struggles and screams as the Stalker attacks, SLAMMING THE FRIDGE DOORS ON HER REPEATEDLY. Cici SCREAMS and SHOVES with all her might, knocking the Stalker back. Cici darts around the island and to the doorway when--

CICI: (CONT'D)  
NO!

The Stalker GRABS Cici by her hair and FLINGS her into the island. She hits it with her back at a bad angle and goes down. Woozy, Cici tries to gather her bearings while the Stalker stands over her menacingly with a big BOTTLE OF VODKA in hand. Cici puts a hand up and SCREAMS AS THE STALKER BASHES HER OVER THE HEAD.

Seconds later, Cici comes to in a daze. She looks around and realizes the Stalker is dragging her towards the kitchen counter. She struggles but is too weak. Then the awful WHIRRING SOUND as the garbage disposal ROARS TO LIFE.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
DON'T!

Cici fights with all her might as the Stalker forces her hand closer and closer towards the spinning blades of death. Then she SCREAMS AS HER HAND IS MANGLED BY THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EXACT

Evelyn is slowly warming up to Cody grinding on her as they listen to slow jams and share a joint. Lil is dancing on the table while Britt tosses dollar bills at her. Alan and Meryl are nestled on a sofa sharing a joint. Dorothy and Dylan are making small talk when Dylan faintly hears Cici's screams over the music and BOLTS UP--

DYLAN:  
You guys hear that?

ALAN:  
Nope.

DYLAN:  
It sounded like a scream.

MERYL:  
Has it really been that long for you? You know, sex?

DYLAN:  
What--no!

EVELYN:  
Chill, Dave's just pounding Joanna.

Dylan sighs but sits back down and faces Dorothy.

DYLAN:  
So, you were saying?

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EXACT

IN ON what's left of Cici's hand, a horrific shredded mess up to her wrist. She's barely coherent as the Stalker drags her towards an OPEN OVEN TURNED TO 500 DEGREES. Cici's eyes go WIDE WITH TERROR and she puts up a brief struggle as the Stalker picks her up--

CICI:  
NO! PLEASE, DON'T!

It's no use, she's weak and can only SCREAM IN AGONY as the Stalker PUTS HER INTO THE HOT OVEN AND SHUTS THE DOOR. Cici SCREAMS and BURNS, kicking at the door kept shut tight by the Stalker.

CICI: (CONT'D)  
I'M BURNING! I'M DYING!

The Stalker coldly watches through the oven door until Cici's screams go mercifully quiet.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - EXACT

In a semi-lavish upstairs bedroom, Joanna and Dave lie in bed naked. She looks agitated and he looks embarrassed.

DAVE:  
I'm sooo sorry.

JOANNA:  
Yeah, that pretty much sums it up.  
Nice try, though.

DAVE:  
Am I really this terrible at sex?

JOANNA:  
Not always.

DAVE:  
Thanks, I think?

JOANNA:  
Still, you're not the best.

On his pained expression--

JOANNA: (CONT'D)  
Sorry, hon, I promise I'm not  
trying to crush your ego--

DAVE:  
Well, that's a relief! Shit, it's  
like you're not even TRYING to make  
me feel better.

JOANNA:  
Excuse me? What am I, just a hole  
with tits here?

DAVE:  
Technically, you're three holes  
with tits.

JOANNA:  
Okay, you know what? Bite me,  
asshole.

DAVE:  
Don't mind if I do--

He kisses her neck and she giggles, relenting.

JOANNA:  
Someone's ready for round two...

Then an electronic signal BUZZES. It's Joanna's iPhone on the nearby nightstand.

JOANNA: (CONT'D)  
Baby, hold on. Ease up. It's Heather. From the news station.

DAVE:  
I don't care if it's Ryan Gosling.  
Let's get physical.

JOANNA:  
Relax. It's a text.

DAVE:  
So?

As she reads it--

JOANNA:  
Oh, my God.

DAVE:  
What?

JOANNA:  
I don't even know where to start!

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EXACT

PAM POPS UP in the doorway in a cheap jump scare. The scene in the living room is much the same as it last was.

PAM:  
Hey, sorry for such a letdown of a party.

LIL:  
I'm not complaining.

DYLAN:  
It's fine. Really, I've been to a lot of lame parties. This wasn't one of them.

MERYL:

Eh, well...

PAM:

Thanks. Anyway, I just came in here to tell you all good night.

DOROTHY:

What?

ALAN:

Calling it a night so soon?

PAM:

You'll see what it's like after you hit 30.

EVELYN:

What about Lorraine?

PAM:

Probably fast asleep by now. She went upstairs after she put out the bonfire. I'm not rushing you off or anything. By all means, my home is your home so help yourselves to anything. We stay in the room at the end of the hall, but any of the other rooms are fair game.

BRITT:

What about the music? Won't it bother you?

PAM:

Oh, not at all. No, I sleep like a rock and Lorraine uses ear buds every night. Don't you worry about waking us.

DYLAN:

Aw. Well, alright. Thanks for inviting us and thanks for the party.

CODY:

And thank you for the hospitality. Way better dro than what I buy in Dallas.

PAM:

And thank you all for coming. Good night, maybe I'll see some of you in the morning.

DYLAN:  
Good night, Pam.

LIL:  
Sweet dreams.

ALAN:  
Peace.

After she's gone--

MERYL:  
Bummer. The creepy old lady went  
to sleep. Stevie Nicks called.  
She wants her everything back.

DOROTHY:  
You're so mean.

MERYL:  
And who the fuck asked you?

Before Dorothy can respond and a needless cat fight breaks  
out, Dylan grabs her by the hand--

DYLAN:  
Dorothy, I could really use a  
cigarette. What do you say we go  
out back?

DOROTHY:  
Uh, yeah, sure.

Meryl's and eyes remain locked with Dorothy while Dylan drags  
her out the door by the wrist and just as they're leaving,  
Meryl flips the bird in their direction.

MERYL:  
Who the hell is that bitch? She's  
just as creepy as the old one!

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - EXACT

Back upstairs, Dave is loading a pipe with weed on the  
nightstand while Joanna paraphrases from her phone.

JOANNA:  
Okay, so, apparently those two  
victims on West Campus got  
butchered pretty good.

DAVE:  
Naturally.

JOANNA:

Heather says it's horrific stuff. With that crazy deathtrap in the swimming pool and the latest attack at Urban, the cops are basically fucked right now. No clue when or where he'll strike next. Same for the news station, they're in a panic. Don't know where to send reporters next.

Dave takes a hit on the pipe and passes it--

DAVE:

This is a Halloween for the fucking history books.

JOANNA:

I'll say.

DAVE:

Your hit.

She puffs, passes, and goes back to her iPhone--

JOANNA:

You'll like this; I think they found another victim besides "hot twat" at Student Villa.

DAVE:

Oh, yeah?

JOANNA:

Well, what was left of them, anyway. They were crushed in a trash compactor.

DAVE:

Damn. There probably wasn't very much left of them, then.

JOANNA:

No, probably not. It's gruesome, though, right?

DAVE:

Yes, absolutely.

JOANNA:

It's almost like it doesn't even feel real.

DAVE:  
You know what feels real?

JOANNA:  
What?

Dave disappears below the blankets and before she knows it his head is between her thighs and she moans her approval.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Evelyn and Cody are full-blown making out. The others are on the sofa, gawking in wonder. BEHIND THEM, THE STALKER PASSES THROUGH THE DOORWAY in a cheap jump scare, seen by no one.

LIL:  
Get a room, you sluts. There's plenty of 'em upstairs.

EVELYN:  
Sounds like a plan.

Evelyn leads Cody out of the room and he whoops an arm triumphantly as they vanish out the door.

ALAN:  
Did Cici bail?

BRITT:  
Most likely.

MERYL:  
Knowing her stupid ass, she's probably lost in the house or passed out drunk somewhere. That bitch is a hot mess.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - EXACT

Dylan and Dorothy are smoking cigarettes and drinking in the back yard. It is flanked with big trees, much like out front, and a barb wire fence at the far end leading out to a field obscured by darkness. The only light is offered by the faint glow of city lights around them.

DYLAN:  
Sorry about Meryl. She isn't exactly the most social person.

DOROTHY:  
Yeah, I kinda got that. No harm done.



DYLAN:

I really am sorry, though. That was totally uncalled for.

DOROTHY:

You don't have to apologize for her behavior. Besides, it's a party. She was probably drunk.

DYLAN:

Mmm, no, Meryl's always like that. She's Alan's girlfriend.

DOROTHY:

Lucky him.

DYLAN:

If you say so.

DOROTHY:

So, what's up? I haven't seen you since we took Psyche together, what, three years ago?

DYLAN:

That sounds about right. Not a lot, honestly. I just work and that's it. God, I'm so boring!

DOROTHY:

I wouldn't say that. As I seem to recall, you were quite the devil in the sheets!

DYLAN:

Well, maybe back then I was. I don't know anymore.

DOROTHY:

Is everything cool? I mean, you're acting sorta awkward all of the sudden.

DYLAN:

Awkward? Me? No, sorry if I seem out of it, I just don't think my brain's even begun to process all of the crazy shit happening tonight.

DOROTHY:

Tell me about it. I never could've imagined anything like it.

DYLAN:

It's just that if there really IS a serial killer on the loose out there, which is fairly fucking obvious at this point, and he's managed to kill so many people in a matter of few hours...

DOROTHY:

Yeah?

DYLAN:

It just makes you wonder, who's next?

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - EXACT

Joanna and Dave are having sex. After they both finish, he rolls off and lies beside her.

DAVE:

How was round two?

JOANNA:

Much better.

Dave puts his eye patch back over his eye.

DAVE:

I'm a pussy pirate.

JOANNA:

You're a moron.

Joanna leaves the bed with only a cat ear hair band and heads for a nearby door.

DAVE:

Where are you going?

JOANNA:

Bath time.

DAVE:

I like that idea. Bath time it is.

As he gets up, Joanna stops him from the doorway.

JOANNA:

Sorry, a girl needs her alone time. I'll only be a few minutes. My phone's right there, you can use it if you want.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GUEST BATHROOM - EXACT

Joanna closes the door and turns on the shower. While the water reaches temp, she checks herself out in the mirror a little. Then she starts snooping through the medicine cabinet.

JOANNA:

Wow. Fucking pharmacy in here.  
Let's see...Valium? Jackpot!

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - EXACT

Dave is lying in bed nursing a bottle of beer and playing PLANTS VS. ZOMBIES on Joanna's iPhone when there is a KNOCK at the bedroom door.

DAVE:

Occupado.

Another knock.

DAVE: (CONT'D)

Someone's in here!

Yet another knock.

DAVE: (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

Annoyed, Dave puts the iPhone on the nightstand and storms to the door in only a pair of boxers and eyepatch. As he SWINGS the door open--

DAVE: (CONT'D)

I SAID--

Dave stops mid-sentence at what he sees, THE STALKER STANDING WITH THE HUGE COMPOUND BOW FROM PAM'S DEN AIMED RIGHT AT HIM.

DAVE: (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Then the Stalker SHOOTS AN ARROW INTO DAVE'S CHEST with such force he stumbles back and drops his beer on the floor. The Stalker enters the room FIRES OFF A COUPLE MORE ARROWS into Dave while she stalks towards him. He writhes on the floor, staring in horror at the arrows grossly imbedded in him, when the Stalker STRADDLES HIM AND CROUCHES DOWN CLOSE, aiming her bow RIGHT IN HIS FACE. She tilts her head and then PAINFULLY TWISTS AN ARROW. HE YELLS IN ANGUISH.

DAVE: (CONT'D)  
YOU BITCH!

The Stalker BACKHANDS Dave, then reaches behind her for the bottle on the floor and SMASHES IT AGAINST THE NIGHTSTAND, breaking it and turning it into a vicious weapon which she then HOLDS UP TO DAVE'S THROAT. He swallows, staring at the jagged broken bottle right against his flesh.

DAVE: (CONT'D)  
N-no. Look, y-you don't have--

The Stalker traces the bottle over his neck and across his face, tormenting and terrorizing him. Then she PUSHES THE BROKEN BOTTLE INTO DAVE'S CHEEK A LITTLE, drawing blood.

DAVE: (CONT'D)  
NO! P-please. Please. Please.

Then the Stalker SHOVES THE JAGGED BOTTLE INTO DAVE'S EXPOSED EYE, GOUGING IT OUT. Dave's body convulses on the floor as he dies. The Stalker stands up, Dave's eyeball now held in the broken bottle, and tosses it to the floor.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GUEST BATHROOM - EXACT

Meanwhile, in the bathroom next door, Pam is looking very relaxed from the Valium she just took and checking out her face in the mirror. The shower is still on full blast and now the room is filled with steam.

JOANNA:  
Meow.

Then the bathroom door CREAKS OPEN a little, startling her.

JOANNA: (CONT'D)  
Jesus! You scared me. Dave?

No response. Joanna just stares at the tiny CRACK OF VISIBILITY in the doorway, straining to see into the room, but it's no use.

JOANNA: (CONT'D)  
Dave?

Joanna takes a second and then SWINGS the door to the guest room open, but doesn't notice anything unusual other than Dave's absence.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - EXACT

Joanna enters the guest room, noticing her iPhone on the nightstand, and takes a few steps forward.

JOANNA:  
Dave? Are you in here?

IN ON her bare FOOT AS IT SQUASHES DAVE'S EYEBALL. She looks down at her foot, confused and disgusted.

JOANNA: (CONT'D)  
What the hell? What IS that?

Then Joanna hears the FLOOR CREAK and looks up. THE STALKER EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY CLOSET, BOW DRAWN. Joanna SCREAMS in horror and BOLTS for the bathroom, just narrowly avoiding an arrow that imbeds in the door frame.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GUEST BATHROOM - EXACT

Joanna SCREAMS while she holds the knob in a death grip and struggles to get the door shut. The Stalker stands at the other side doing the same.

JOANNA:  
GO AWAY!!!

Then the Stalker KICKS the door and it KNOCKS JOANNA BACK. The Stalker BURSTS in and Joanna SCREAMS A BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK OF TERROR. The Stalker slowly stalks towards Joanna, bow drawn, while she cowers near the vanity.

JOANNA: (CONT'D)  
NO! DON'T! YOU GET AWAY FROM ME!

The Stalker roughly grabs Joanna's hair and SLAMS HER HEAD into the vanity, knocking her out cold.

When she comes to moments later, Joanna first realizes that she is still in the guest bathroom. Then she realizes that she is lying in the tub and her hands and feet are bound together tight with dental floss. And then she realizes that she is not alone when the STALKER BURSTS INTO VIEW. Joanna struggles but it's futile.

JOANNA: (CONT'D)  
What do you want from me? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

The Stalker tilts her head and then reaches into the tub and turns on ONLY THE HOT WATER. It starts filling the tub quickly and Joanna SCREAMS IN PAIN AND HORROR.

JOANNA: (CONT'D)  
 LET ME GO! LET ME GO YOU CRAZY  
 FUCK! SOMEBODY, HELP ME!

Joanna continues to scream and cry as the scalding hot water fills the tub. Her flesh starts to BLISTER and she SCREAMS while she tries to break free from her bindings. But it's no use and as the water begins to cover her face it turns pink from small pieces of melted skin. Then the last of her oxygen bubbles at the surface as she simultaneously drowns and burns to death.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - EXACT

In a tiny and modestly-decorated spare bedroom upstairs, Cody is grinding into Evelyn on top of a bed. He's only in a pair of jeans and she's in her bra and panties and bunny ears. They are making out when a faint SCREAM is heard in the background.

EVELYN:  
 Dave must be really showing Joanna  
 a good time.

CODY:  
 Sounds like.

EVELYN:  
 They've been in there for at least  
 an hour.

CODY:  
 What's your name again?

EVELYN:  
 Evelyn.

CODY:  
 Cody.

EVELYN:  
 I don't care.

They continue making out. Cody breaks away, reaching in his pocket.

CODY:  
 I've got some Molly.

EVELYN:  
 You serious?

He reveals a couple of white pills in a plastic bag.

CODY:  
Wanna roll?

EVELYN:  
Absolutely.

They drink a beer to take the Molly and get back to making out.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EXACT

Lil is giving Britt a playful lap dance while Alan and Meryl share a joint and dance.

LIL:  
So, what's up with that Dorothy chick? Do you know her, Alan?

ALAN:  
I've seen her a couple times.  
Can't say I know her, though.

BRITT:  
Dylan sure seems to.

MERYL:  
She gives me the creeps. And how long does it take to smoke a goddamn cigarette, anyway?

LIL:  
Yeah, it's been a hot minute. I'll check on them.

After Lil leaves the room, Meryl turns to Alan and Britt on the sofa--

MERYL:  
So, after she gets Dylan, you guys wanna leave? I sure as hell don't wanna stay the night in the house of some weird ass older lady I don't even know.

BRITT:  
You're my ride, so whatever you want is cool with me.

ALAN:  
Yeah, sounds good.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EXACT

Lil enters the kitchen and while walking towards the back door, she notices BLOOD SMEARS on the floor.

LIL:  
Whoa, Pam and Lorraine really go  
all out on this decoration shit.  
It almost looks real.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - EXACT

Lil goes outside but Dylan nor Dorothy are anywhere to be found.

LIL:  
Dylan? Dorothy?

Lil looks puzzled.

LIL: (CONT'D)  
The fuck?

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - EXACT

Cody and Evelyn are hot and heavy when she quickly pulls away from him.

EVELYN:  
I don't feel so--

CODY:  
Gotta puke?

She nods and BURSTS from the room. Cody laughs and lights up a joint.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - EXACT

Evelyn runs down the hall and through a nearby doorway into a bathroom. BEHIND HER, THE STALKER MOVES FROM A DOORWAY AND INTO THE SPARE ROOM SHE WAS JUST IN.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - EXACT

Cody takes a long drag and exhales a huge cloud of smoke. A FIGURE APPEARS, OBSCURED BY SMOKE.

CODY:  
That was fast.



Then the Stalker QUICKLY BURSTS FORWARD, CHOKING CODY WITH RAZOR WIRE. He drops the joint and reaches at the wire cutting into his neck but just cuts his fingers. He struggles and looks up at the Stalker's mask. Within moments, CODY'S HEAD POPS OFF. The Stalker tilts her head.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EXACT

Lil returns.

LIL:  
They weren't out there.

MERYL:  
What?

LIL:  
They're gone. Should we try calling her?

BRITT:  
They're probably off lezzing out somewhere.

ALAN:  
I dunno. Let's give her a few minutes.

MERYL:  
What the fuck is this, a brothel?

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - INSTANT

Evelyn washes her mouth out and checks herself in the mirror.

EVELYN:  
Much better.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - INSTANT

Evelyn leaves the bathroom and heads into the spare room.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - INSTANT

Only the top of Cody's head is exposed, the rest of his body remains under the blankets, situated to appear sleeping.

EVELYN:  
Sorry about that. Cody? Done rolling already? Loser.

Evelyn heads over to a window and notices the bonfire still roaring outside.

EVELYN: (CONT'D)  
 Didn't Pam say Lorraine put the bonfire out? It's still going. Isn't that dangerous?

No response from Cody.

EVELYN: (CONT'D)  
 Getting shy on me all of the sudden? What's your deal?

Still nothing.

EVELYN: (CONT'D)  
 Dude, what the fuck?

Exasperated, Evelyn LIFTS THE BLANKETS AND SCREAMS IN HORROR CODY'S BLOODY DECAPITATED BODY.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EXACT

Evelyn's screams can be heard downstairs.

LIL:  
 That sounded like Evelyn.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - EXACT

Evelyn BOLTS from the room SCREAMING and runs down the hall towards the stairs.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EXACT

Evelyn appears in the doorway with a mortified expression and Alan turns off the music.

EVELYN:  
 CODY'S DEAD!

MERYL:  
 What'd you do, show him your tits?

ALAN:  
 What?

EVELYN:  
 He's DEAD! His fucking head's chopped off!

BRITT:  
Oh, my God.

EVELYN:  
We have to get out of here!

LIL:  
What about Dylan?

EVELYN:  
Fuck Dylan! I'm leaving!

ALAN:  
Hey!

Evelyn heads for the front door, the others follow after.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - EXACT

Evelyn hurls the front door open and steps out. THE STALKER STANDS ON THE SIDEWALK WITH COMPOUND BOW AIMED FORWARD.

EVELYN:  
What the--

The Stalker FIRES AN ARROW INTO EVELYN'S GUT. Behind her, Alan, Meryl, Lil, and Britt watch in horror from the doorway. Evelyn is SKEWERED WITH MULTIPLE ARROWS until she drops down, dead. Then the Stalker starts shooting arrows at the others.

MERYL:  
SHUT THE DOOR!

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - EXACT

Alan, Meryl, Lil, and Britt slam the door shut just in time for it to get SKEWERED with numerous arrows until it looks like a pin cushion.

ALAN:  
Jesus, what kind of a bow is that?

LIL:  
A really strong one.

BRITT:  
Clearly.

Meryl whips out her iPhone.

ALAN:  
Who are you calling?

MERYL:  
The police, duh.

DYLAN:  
I just did.

Dylan appears from a nearby doorway.

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
They should be here any minute.

Meryl puts away her iPhone.

ALAN:  
Dylan!

MERYL:  
Where the hell have you been? Lil  
looked for you outside.

DYLAN:  
We were attacked in the back yard.  
I hid in the garage and called the  
cops. I think that bastard got  
Dorothy.

LIL:  
And Cody and Evelyn.

BRITT:  
So, what, we're supposed to just  
hang around and wait for the cops  
to finally show up? We're sitting  
ducks in here.

ALAN:  
What are you getting at?

BRITT:  
When one door closes...

Britt darts down the hall towards the kitchen, the others  
follow behind.

LIL:  
Britt!

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EXACT

Britt sprints towards the open doorway.

BRITT:  
Another one op--

BRITT IS CUT IN HALF AT THE WAIST FROM RAZOR WIRE IN THE DOORWAY. Her friends SCREAM IN TERROR. Lil is beyond mortified. Britt's upper torso tries to drag itself when THE STALKER SUDDENLY APPEARS FROM THE DARKNESS AND STOMPS HER FACE IN.

LIL:

BRIT!!!

EVERYONE SCREAMS AND RUNS as the Stalker casually steps under the wire and inside the house, FIRING ARROWS into the cupboards.

PAM'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - EXACT

Lil BOLTS for the arrow pin cushion front door. Dylan, Alan, and Meryl are close behind. The Stalker lurches towards them. Lil tries the knob but the door is jammed.

MERYL:

HURRY UP!

LIL:

IT'S STUCK!

DYLAN:

RUN!

Dylan, Alan, and Meryl RUN UPSTAIRS as the Stalker traps Lil at the door. She tries to escape but it's no use and soon the Stalker is upon her. SHE GRABS LIL AND STARTS PUSHING HER BACK TOWARDS THE COUNTLESS ARROWS IMBEDDED IN THE DOOR.

LIL:

NO! PLEASE!

Lil struggles and then SCREAMS IN AGONY AS SHE IS FORCED BACK ONTO THE MAKESHIFT BED-O-NAILS AND DOZENS OF ARROWS IMPALE HER BODY. The Stalker steps back and admires her handiwork.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - EXACT

Dylan, Alan, and Meryl are running down the hall when Meryl suddenly stops.

MERYL:

I think Lil is dead.

ALAN:

Fuck!

DYLAN:

We have to keep going or we'll be next.

MERYL:

Go where, exactly? And shouldn't the cops be here by now?

DYLAN:

We can't rely on them to save us. This way.

Dylan opens a door at the end of the hall and the others follow after her.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EXACT

They enter the quasi-creepy master bedroom. It's relatively dark but amongst the most immaculately-furnished rooms in the house. It is adorned with expensive-looking furniture, a shag carpet, and a luxurious canopy bed WITH SOMEONE LYING IN IT, their identity obscured by the canopy curtains.

MERYL:

Some people can sleep through anything. Even bloodbaths, apparently.

ALAN:

I don't think they're asleep.

DYLAN:

Who is it?

MERYL:

Oh, for fuck's sake!

Meryl tosses open the curtains and SCREAMS AT WHAT SHE SEES-- PAM'S SKINNED BODY LAY IN A BLOOD-DRENCHED BED, a horrific gory mess.

ALAN:

Is that Pam?

DYLAN:

I think so.

MERYL:

It's hard to tell. She doesn't look so good.

ALAN:

Hey, what's that?

DYLAN:  
What's what?

ALAN:  
Outside, look.

Dylan and Meryl join him at the window and peer outside. Dorothy is strung up with rope and dangles precariously close to the BLAZING BONFIRE. The Stalker stands nearby next to some trees, the rope in her hands, slowly lowering Dorothy to the fire.

DYLAN:  
Is that--

MERYL:  
Didn't you say Dorothy was dead?

DYLAN:  
I thought she was.

MERYL:  
Well, she will be soon.

ALAN:  
We gotta help her.

Alan heads for the door.

MERYL:  
Actually, we don't.

But Alan is already out the door.

MERYL: (CONT'D)  
Alan! Goddammit, Alan, don't be a  
hero! Alan!

Meryl heads after Alan. Dylan follows suit but as she passes the bed PAM JOLTS UP AND GRABS HER THROUGH THE CURTAINS. Dylan SCREAMS and STRUGGLES as Pam begins to STRANGLE her.

PAM:  
YOU...

Dylan COUGHS and SPUTTERS, reaching for anything. She grabs a pair of scissors from the nightstand AND JAMS THEM INTO PAM'S THROAT. Then she stands up, rubbing her bloody throat, a dark gleam in her eyes.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL - EXACT

Alan and Meryl come across Lil's body at the front door.

ALAN:

Oh, no...

MERYL:

Poor Lil. Must've hurt like hell.  
Can you get it open?

Alan tries but can't.

ALAN:

It's sealed tight. Must be jammed.

MERYL:

Fantastic.

ALAN:

That girl is gonna get burned alive  
out there.

MERYL:

Most likely.

ALAN:

Let's try a window and get out that  
way. But be careful.

MERYL:

Right behind you.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - DEN - EXACT

The bow is missing from its wall rack. The fireplace is still roaring. Alan tries to open a window but its jammed. Meryl gets the same results with another. Alan grabs a nearby poker and SMASHES a window open. He clears out the remaining jagged glass from the frame. He gets in the windowsill and offers Meryl his hand--

ALAN:

Come on.

She takes it and they get out together.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - EXACT

Now outside, Alan, still armed with the poker, and Meryl start across the yard towards the bonfire where the Stalker is lowering Dorothy into the blaze.

ALAN:

HEY!



The Stalker looks at Alan but does not stop leading Dorothy to the flames. Her mouth is taped shut.

ALAN: (CONT'D)  
LET HER GO! YOU WANNA FIGHT, I'M  
RIGHT HERE!

MERYL:  
Alan, don't.

Dorothy is CONSUMED by the flames. HER FLESH BUBBLES AND  
MELTS and she keeps wriggling until she finally goes still.  
Only then does the Stalker release the rope. Alan is  
mortified. Meryl less so.

ALAN:  
Who the hell are you? Why are you  
doing this to us?

The Stalker simply stands there, watching Alan and Meryl, her  
mask illuminated by the flames to ominous effect.

MERYL:  
I'm fucking serious, don't.

ALAN:  
It ends here. You wanna take me  
on?

MERYL:  
Enough with the macho badassery  
bullshit already, I swear to God!  
Christ, where are those FUCKING  
cops at? And where the fuck is  
Dylan?

DYLAN:  
Right here, bitch.

Dylan suddenly appears from the darkness and WHAM--HITS MERYL  
IN THE HEAD with a big tree branch. She goes down.

ALAN:  
MERYL!!! Dylan, what the FUCK?!

Dylan says nothing, simply staring at Alan with no  
expression. Then she motions with her head to the Stalker.  
Alan faces the masked assailant just in time to be STRUCK IN  
THE SHOULDER with an arrow. He flies back and lands near  
Meryl. He writhes on the grass as Dylan stands over him.

ALAN: (CONT'D)  
Dylan, what are you doing?

DYLAN:  
I'm inviting you to a party.

Then she KICKS ALAN IN THE FACE. EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER

Alan awakes in a woozy state at one end of a long dinner table in a garage set up like a grimy makeshift dining room, complete with candles and creepy Halloween decorations. Alan's mouth is taped shut and he notices Meryl in the same situation directly across from him, bound to her chair and looking terrified. Then he notices everything else--THE CORPSES OF ALL THE VICTIMS FROM PAM'S HOUSE SEATED AT THE OTHER CHAIRS IN A DINNER PARTY FROM HELL. On the wall behind Meryl, the words "BE MINE" are written in blood. ALAN AND MERYL SCREAM AGAINST THE DUCK TAPE AND FIGHT AGAINST THEIR BINDINGS, BEYOND MORTIFIED. Then a door opens and Dylan enters with Lorraine, the two of them carrying a huge tray which they then sit on the table, serving two portions.

LORRAINE:  
Dinner is served.

DYLAN:  
Looks like our guests have finally come to.

Alan and Meryl look in disgust and confusion at what has just been presented to them on the table--some sort of odd cooked meat.

LORRAINE:  
They look grossed out, don't they?  
Really, some people just don't have  
a taste for the finer things.

DYLAN:  
Don't you recognize her? It's  
Cici.

Alan and Meryl GO TO HYSTERICS. Lorraine reveals the infamous MARILYN MONROE MASK from nearby.

LORRAINE:  
I guess they're expecting some sort  
of reason.

DYLAN:  
Closure. Yeah, I get that. I  
would, too, if the shoe were on the  
other foot.

Dylan grabs the BLOODY SCISSORS from her pocket and Lorraine picks up a STEAK KNIFE from the table.

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
Okay, we'll take the tape off your mouths. I think you know what happens if either of you do anything stupid like scream. Got it?

Alan and Meryl nod their compliance. Dylan takes off Alan's tape while Lorraine does the same for Meryl.

ALAN:  
Dylan. Please. You don't have to do this. This isn't you.

DYLAN:  
SHUT UP! You don't know me. The real me. The Dylan you know, I hate that girl. HATE HER!

MERYL:  
You're crazier than I thought you were.

Lorraine STABS MERYL IN THE ARM and she SCREAMS.

ALAN:  
MERYL!!!

MERYL:  
Fucking bitch...

Meryl cries in pain and Lorraine hands Dylan the mask. She puts it on.

DYLAN:  
I've always had to wear a mask, ever since I was a little girl. But thanks to Lorraine here, I found one that feels right.

MERYL:  
Sounds like a Dr. Phil special. You're fucking NUTS!

Lorraine holds the steak knife against Meryl's throat.

ALAN:  
DON'T!!!

DYLAN:

Lorraine, relax. She's a feisty one, always has been. She'll keep talking shit till the very end.

Lorraine nods and lowers the blade but stays close.

MERYL:

I always knew there was something off about you. Always. Ever since the day I met you. And not just the greasy hair and ugly clothes.

ALAN:

Dylan. Lorraine. Please, this is crazy.

MERYL:

That's putting it mildly. Makes the Manson Family look like the fucking Brady Bunch!

Dylan approaches the wall behind Meryl where "BE MINE" is written and holds her arms up, "framing" the bloody message with her hands.

DYLAN:

The main reason, I guess, is this. Pretty simple stuff.

ALAN:

Be mine?

Meryl looks confused.

DYLAN:

Yeah. Why won't you? Why am I not good enough for you anymore? What's wrong with me all of the sudden?

MERYL:

For one thing, you're INSANE!

ALAN:

Meryl--

DYLAN:

That's a little harsh. I'm not insane. No, in fact, I've remained very sane and composed and rational throughout this whole ordeal. I'm just...damaged.

Dylan steps in front of Lorraine and hands her the mask. Now she puts it on.

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
But now I finally have the repairs  
I need so I can grow strong again.  
Everything will be alright.

Dylan starts passionately kissing the mask on Lorraine's face. THEN SHE QUICKLY GUTS LORRAINE WITH THE SCISSORS. Lorraine drops her knife and goes down and while trying to hold her insides together, Dylan takes the mask and puts it on once again. Then Dylan straddles Lorraine and gets up close to her face.

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
Everything will be alright.

THEN SHE SNIPS OFF HER NOSE WITH THE SCISSORS. She picks it up and stands.

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
Got your nose.

She throws it on the table.

ALAN:  
Jesus Christ, Dylan!

MERYL:  
Oh, you're DEFINITELY not insane.

DYLAN:  
A necessary evil. It had to be  
done or she would turn on me just  
like Pam did.

ALAN:  
Pam?

DYLAN:  
Pam was dangerous. Far too  
dangerous to be trusted. So, I had  
to put her down like an animal.  
You saw what I did to her upstairs.  
It got pretty messy, to say the  
least.

MERYL:  
You're sick. BEYOND sick. SO far  
beyond.

DYLAN:

It was their idea. They've killed before. They've paid money to do it lots of times on their world trips. There's an underground network for things just like this.

ALAN:

So, we were set up? This whole party was a scam for you to kill off your friends? Lil? And Britt? Why them?

MERYL:

Um, HELLO! Because she is a PSYCHO!

Dylan gets on the table and crawls towards Alan, her mask looking particularly eerie as she gets right in his face.

DYLAN:

They were expendable. That's all. It's not as if I feel no remorse. But like I said, everything will be alright.

DYLAN SLAMS THE SCISSORS DOWN TOWARDS ALAN--

MERYL:

ALAN!!!

--AND STOPS JUST BEFORE HIS FACE. He stares at the blades millimeters in front of his eyes.

DYLAN:

They sensed it in me. Lorraine and Pam could see my darkness before I saw it myself. They told me that Halloween was the perfect night to wear a new mask and kill people. They said it would set me free.

ALAN:

Did it?

DYLAN:

Hmm?

ALAN:

Did it set you free? Did killing your friends set you free?

Dylan studies Alan for a moment and then SLAMS THE SCISSORS DOWN INTO--

MERYL:

NO!!!

--THE TABLE.

DYLAN:

Your girlfriend is rubbing off on you. I don't like it.

ALAN:

This can end now. You can just let both of us go. Leave town.

DYLAN:

Hmph. We know that's impossible at this point. Even the dumb blonde.

MERYL:

Excuse me, Firecrotch?

ALAN:

It's not. Dylan, listen to me. I'm your FRIEND. We grew up together! You're not like Lorraine and Pam. You're better than this.

MERYL:

Is she? Is she REALLY?

DYLAN:

There are only ten different types of people in the world. It's how we respond to crisis and conflict that separates us. That's it.

ALAN:

So, prove yourself now. It's never too late to start again, Dylan, you DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.

MERYL:

Why even bother trying to reason with her? She's CLEARLY psychopathic.

ALAN:

Dylan, PLEASE.

Dylan hops off the table. She grabs a fork and stands by Meryl, HOLDING THE FORK UP BEHIND HER GLASSES, RIGHT BELOW HER EYEBALL.

ALAN: (CONT'D)

DYLAN, DON'T!!!

DYLAN:  
I've got a funny idea. You know  
what, Alan, maybe you're right.  
Maybe I can let you two live.

ALAN:  
Right. Good. Yeah, of course you  
can. Dylan, I love you. Don't do  
this to me.

DYLAN:  
Meryl, how much do you love Alan?

Meryl CLOSES HER EYES as Dylan PUSHES THE FORK DANGEROUSLY  
CLOSE. SHE SCREAMS.

ALAN:  
STOP IT!!!

DYLAN:  
How much?

MERYL:  
V-very much. More than anything.

DYLAN:  
Good. Let's make a deal.

MERYL:  
I'm listening.

DYLAN:  
You see that food on your plate?

ALAN:  
DYLAN--

MERYL:  
You mean Cici? I mean, you  
said...That IS Cici...right?

DYLAN:  
That's right. If you finish your  
plate, then I won't stab your eyes  
out with this fork and I won't cut  
your boyfriend into tiny little  
pieces. Deal?

ALAN:  
MERYL, NO--

MERYL:  
Oh, GOD! UGH!



Dylan pokes Meryl's eyes a little with the fork and she SCREAMS.

DYLAN:  
DEAL?

MERYL:  
DEAL!!!

ALAN:  
Oh, my fucking God...

DYLAN:  
Good. Are you a big girl? Can I trust you not to do anything stupid if I free your hands? Or do I have to force-feed you like a fucking infant?

MERYL:  
I can do it myself. Just fucking cut these ropes so I can get this over with, okay?

DYLAN:  
Fair enough.

ALAN:  
Meryl, you DON'T have to do this. Dylan, STOP IT.

DYLAN:  
We made a deal, Alan. Keep quiet.

Dylan grabs a nearby knife and brings it to Meryl's left wrist, tied to the chair's arm rest--

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
Remember, don't do anything rash. You don't wanna wind up like the others.

MERYL:  
I won't, I swear.

Dylan frees Meryl's left arm, then the right. She then stands behind her, holding a knife and a fork under both of her eyes.

DYLAN:  
Bon appetit. No puking.

ALAN:  
MERYL--

Meryl grabs a fork, hand shaking, as she takes a piece of Cici and brings it to her mouth, quivering.

ALAN: (CONT'D)  
OH, FUCK--

MERYL TAKES THE BITE AND FORCES HERSELF TO SWALLOW.

DYLAN:  
That's it. Eat up if you like to see, even with these stupid-looking glasses of yours.

ALAN:  
DYLAN, STOP THIS!!! NOW!!!

DYLAN:  
HEY! You might wanna shut it over there or I'll put a fucking arrow through your face.

MERYL:  
It's fine.

Meryl takes another bite. And another. Alan can only watch in disgusted anguish.

DYLAN:  
You've got a taste for it now.

Meryl finally finishes the plate.

MERYL:  
So...?

DYLAN:  
So.

DYLAN USES THE KNIFE AND FORK TO--

ALAN:  
MERYL--

--RIP MERYL'S GLASSES FROM HER FACE.

MERYL:  
WE HAD A DEAL, CUNT--

DYLAN:  
I was right about you, blondie.  
Always talking shit, right up till the very--

DYLAN STABS BOTH THE KNIFE AND FORK INTO MERYL'S SHOULDERS.  
SHE SCREAMS.

ALAN:  
HEY!!! DYLAN, YOU'RE FUCKING  
NUTS!!!! BRING IT!!!

DYLAN:  
If you insist...

Dylan heads for Alan.

NOTE: FOR THE REMAINDER OF THIS SEQUENCE, THE AUDIENCE VIEWS  
IT FROM MERYL'S BLURRY P.O.V.

MERYL:  
ALAN!!!

DYLAN STARTS STRIKING ALAN IN THE FACE REPEATEDLY, KNOCKING  
HIS CHAIR BACK.

DYLAN:  
LOVE HURTS, DON'T IT, ALAN?!

Dylan continues striking Alan and Meryl SCREAMS AS SHE RIPS  
THE KNIFE AND FORK FROM HER SHOULDERS. Dylan is still  
beating the hell out of Alan as Meryl cuts the bindings on  
her legs.

NOTE: END BLURRY VISION.

DYLAN: (CONT'D)  
HOW DOES IT FEEL?! WHAT DOES PAIN  
FEEL LIKE TO YOU?! JUST FUCKINY BE  
MINE ALREADY--

MERYL STABS THE KNIFE AND FORK INTO DYLAN'S HEAD. SHE  
STAGGERS AROUND A LITTLE, WOBBLING, CONVULSING UNTIL SHE  
FALLS DOWN, DEAD.

MERYL:  
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU BITCH! HAPPY  
HALLOWEEN, YOU FUCKING CRAZY ASS  
PSYCHO SACK OF SHIT!

Dylan collapses. Then she kneels down by Alan. His face a  
bloody mess, his nose broken, both lips busted.

MERYL: (CONT'D)  
Oh, Alan. Oh, GOD--

Meryl BURSTS into tears just as ALAN BURSTS TO LIFE, SCARING  
THE SHIT OUT OF HER.

MERYL: (CONT'D)  
ALAN! You're alive--

ALAN:  
How do I look?

MERYL:  
Never better.

She cuts his bindings.

ALAN:  
I'm sorry.

MERYL:  
For what?

ALAN:  
For ever getting you involved with  
any of this. All I can say is that  
I'm just so sorry.

He starts sobbing and Meryl cradles him, hushing him and  
kissing his bloody face.

MERYL:  
Don't. DON'T. Look, you need to  
go to the hospital.

ALAN:  
Right. Okay. Come on.

Alan tries to get up but can't. Meryl struggles but  
eventually gets him up.

ALAN: (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

INT. PAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EXACT

Meryl and Alan hobble into the kitchen. She has her glasses  
on again. He leans against the island while she grabs a  
nearby phone.

OPERATOR: (V.O.)  
911, what is your emergency?

MERYL:  
Send the whole fucking squad. It's  
a goddamn massacre here.

OPERATOR: (V.O.)

Ma'am--

MERYL:

Just do what I said, okay? My boyfriend and I have both lost a lot of blood. We need an ambulance. Quick. Aster Brook Road, there's a bonfire outside.

OPERATOR: (V.O.)

Yes, paramedics are on the way. You said a massacre?

MERYL:

YES! JUST HURRY THE FUCK UP!

OPERATOR: (V.O.)

Understood. Ma'am, responding offers are en route to your location at this time and should arrive momentarily. Is the perpetrator still at your location?

MERYL:

Yes--well, they're dead. They're the ones responsible for all the murders tonight. There were three of them but they're all dead.

OPERATOR: (V.O.)

Ma'am, just stay on the--

THEN LORRAINE BURSTS INTO THE KITCHEN, COVERED IN BLOOD AND UNSTABLE BUT WITH COMPOUND BOW AT THE READY.

ALAN:

GET DOWN!!!

ALAN DIVES AND TAKES MERYL DOWN WITH HIM JUST AS AN ARROW GOES WHIZZING PAST HIS EAR. From the nearby phone--

OPERATOR: (V.O.)

Ma'am? Ma'am?

LORRAINE FIRES OFF MORE ARROWS INTO THE CUPBOARDS AND WALLS WHILE MERYL AND ALAN COWER ON THE FLOOR BEHIND THE ISLAND--

LORRAINE:

YOU BITCH!!! LOOK AT MY FACE!!!  
I'M A MONSTER!!!

Meryl grabs a nearby arrow and tries to pry it from the cupboard--

LORRAINE: (CONT'D)  
YOU! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

--and Lorraine FIRES AN ARROW, narrowly missing Meryl when she ducks just in time. SHE SCREAMS!

ALAN:  
MERYL--

Meryl pops right back up and fully pries the arrow, clutching it to her breast and ducking to barely miss another arrow which imbeds itself above her.

LORRAINE:  
FUCK YOU!!!

Lorraine heads towards the island--

MERYL:  
Actually, FUCK YOU--

MERYL POPS UP AND STABS THE ARROW THROUGH LORRAINE'S THROAT. LORRAINE GURGLES ON HER BLOOD AND STAGGERS A BIT, DROPPING THE BOW AND COLLAPSING NEXT TO IT, DEAD.

ALAN:  
Wow.

MERYL:  
She was begging for it. No nose about it.

He laughs through the pain.

ALAN:  
You're amazing.

MERYL:  
Naturally.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - LATER

Meryl helps Alan out through the broken window of the den as the blue and red flashes from incoming cop cars and ambulances illuminate the area. A POLICEMAN and POLICEWOMAN rush up to them.

POLICEWOMAN:  
MEDIC! We need to get these two to a hospital ASAP.

A MEDIC approaches and attends to Meryl and Alan.

MEDIC #1:  
Easy. You're fine now.

POLICEMAN:  
What happened here?

MERYL:  
Check the garage. That's where the bodies are. Just make sure no one goes in through the back door, it's booby-trapped. Those bitches were fucking batshit crazy.

ALAN:  
Be careful.

POLICEWOMAN:  
Roger that.

POLICEMAN:  
Move out!

They lead a SQUAD towards the house while A NEWS VAN appears and a second MEDIC approaches with a stretcher.

MEDIC #2:  
Everything will be alright.

MERYL:  
PLEASE--don't say that. Just get us to a hospital.

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Meryl and Alan hold hands while a medic tends to them in the ambulance en route to the hospital.

ALAN:  
I love you.

MERYL:  
I know. I love you, too.

MEDIC #2:  
Looks like you two have had quite an eventful night.

MERYL:  
You don't even know the half of it.

EXT. PAM'S HOUSE - EXACT

Yvonne, the reporter seen on T.V. much earlier, stands in front of the infamous house of death and fixes her hair while her CAMERAMAN readies the shot.

YVONNE:  
How do I look?

CAMERAMAN:  
Like a professional.

YVONNE:  
Okay, great. In 3, 2, 1.

Her camera gives her a thumbs up.

YVONNE: (CONT'D)  
Here goes. In what was meant as an innocent celebration for a group of college-aged friends on Halloween night led to death and bloodshed for a group of friends at this house of horrors on Aster Brook Road. It started as an innocent cry for help from a student in her dorm room and ended here, with a staggering body toll with mostly young victims and a vicious brutality that can only be described as animalistic.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Alan and Meryl lie in two separate beds in a hospital room. Alan is verging on sleep, woozy from medication. An episode of "I LOVE LUCY" plays on the T.V. The door is open.

ALAN:  
You saved the day.

MERYL:  
It was nothing. A bitch's gotta do what a bitch's gotta do. But no more Halloween parties.

Alan laughs.

ALAN:  
No more Halloween parties.

Meryl notices the T.V.



MERYL:

Oh, this is a funny one. I haven't seen this show in forever, it--

Meryl notices Alan is now drifting to sleep.

MERYL: (CONT'D)

Aw, baby. It's been a long night. Morphine'll do that to you. See you in the morning.

Meryl turns off the T.V. and light and tries to go to sleep when she overhears a conversation from the hall--

FEMALE DOCTOR: (O.S.)

...anything like it.

MALE DOCTOR: (O.S.)

Are you certain?

FEMALE DOCTOR: (O.S.)

Positive. Patient is in the E.R. right now.

MALE DOCTOR: (O.S.)

But how is that even possible? In all my years--

FEMALE DOCTOR: (O.S.)

Only God knows. Just get down there. Now. I'm right behind you.

The man doctor bolts off. Seconds later, the woman doctor makes an announcement over the intercom--

FEMALE DOCTOR: (V.O.)

All available medical personnel report to the E.R. on the third floor immediately. I repeat, all available medical personnel to the E.R.

As the female doctor heads past Meryl's open doorway, a NURSE stops her--

NURSE: (O.S.)

Doctor, what--

FEMALE DOCTOR: (O.S.)

It's the most remarkable thing--

NURSE: (O.S.)

They were talking about it in the office, it's all over--

FEMALE DOCTOR: (O.S.)  
It's unheard of. I don't know how  
or if we'll be able to secure all  
the grafts she needs, but--

Meryl's expression changes from innocent curiosity to  
mortified anguish. They can't mean--

NURSE: (O.S.)  
It's a miracle. I mean, the  
severity of her injuries, paired  
with a neck wound--

FEMALE DOCTOR: (O.S.)  
Medical science can't explain it.  
It must be her will to live.  
Almost none of her original skin  
remains in tact. Essentially, she  
was flayed alive--

MERYL JOLTS UP AND LETS LOOSE A BONE-CHILLING SCREAM OF  
ABSOLUTE TERROR.

END.