

# HOME MOVIE

WRITTEN BY  
MEGAN THOMPSON  
(URGONE4EVER011)

Copyright (c) 2010 This screenplay may not be used or  
reproduced without the express written permission of  
the author

PITCH BLACK. SOMETHING BEEPS.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
THROUGH THE LENS...

We can see AMBER FISHER - 17/18, a peppy young woman with a lot of feist in her - lying on her bed, on a home phone. She's dressed in cotton shorts and a tank top.

AMBER

(into phone; muffled)

So I saw Jake today...

(beat)

Yes! And let me tell you, the girl he was with reeked of Chlamydia.

(beat)

Tragic, I know.

SCREECH... Against the panel of the house. It's obvious. Amber, however, pays no mind.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Well I'm not going to tell him that!

(beat)

You do it, you dirty tramp!

TAP-TAP-TAP...

Amber sits up... looks to the window...

AMBER (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

(then)

I heard something.

(beat)

I don't fucking know! It went tap-tap-tap. What goes tap-tap-tap?

(beat)

Oh yeah, *real* logical.

She keeps her eyes on the window. We're capturing every moment of it. Amber turns and stands up.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I'll call you back.

(beat)

No, I'm NOT going out there. Are you on crack?!

She heads for her vanity table. Takes a seat.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I'll TTYL. Bye.

We MOVE AWAY FROM THE WINDOW... And around to the BACK YARD. The camera wobbles with each move. Ahead of us is the back door of the home. A HAND REACHES OUT. It's covered with a black glove. It turns the knob... opens the door...

INT. KITCHEN

Like the rest of the house, it's shadow ridden and completely black. We can hear shuffling from one of the rooms down the hall. It must be Amber.

Our POV heads down a long, elongated hallway. A LIGHT shines bright against the walls, coming from the occupied bedroom. We move slowly, upping the anticipation...

INT. HALLWAY

POV stands in the doorway of--

Amber's bedroom. She stands at her closet, shifting through shirt... after shirt... after shirt.

IN THE MIRROR

We see our culprit. A male - doesn't seem much older than Amber - dressed in all black. A BLANK, WHITE MASK covers his face, a hood lapping over it. In one hand is the video camera... In the other is a rather large KITCHEN KNIFE.

Amber's unaware. She shuts the closet door and heads for her vanity table. From a basket, she brings out her make-up, setting them down on the table.

We stand in the doorway, silent and waiting...

Amber looks into the mirror... over her shoulder... Her eyes are WIDE... shock and fright. As she turns around--

WE LUNGE AT HER. The knife is aimed high. Amber SCREAMS, jumps aside. POV hits the vanity table with a sudden THUMP. Turns around. Amber is tearing out of the room. No quicker, we run after her.

INT. HALLWAY

Amber doesn't get far. She YELPS as we TACKLE HER TO THE FLOOR. She struggles. She stops. Her eyes dart above the camera. They're terrified.

AMBER

NOOO!!!

Something HITS HER. Amber's frozen. A dead expression overcomes her face.

THE CAMERA FREEZES as we PULL AWAY...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

To a film class filled with nerds of all sorts, with a few exceptions of jocks. They all clap, some more than others. In the middle, we see Amber in full view, wearing a big smile, loving the attention.

We move to the front row where JAKE KELLEY sits. Jake is 17, smart, quiet, a bit charming. We recognize him as the film's killer and director.

Beside the TV stands MR. MACDONALD - film teacher, early 40s - holding the remote. He attempts to hold a stern look, but seems too amused by the video.

MR. MACDONALD

All right, guys, chill out.

The class doesn't respond. They go into off-topic conversations.

MR. MACDONALD (CONT'D)

HEY!

The kids settle down. Their eyes are back on Macdonald.

MR. MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Well, that was... interesting.

(sarcastically)

Amber, nice of you to stay on script.

AMBER

(returning the sarcasm)

As always.

MR. MACDONALD

(to Jake)

Anddd, Mr. Kelley..

(sits on his desk)

Very good opening. I'd say... About a 7 outta 10.

VOICE

(o.s.; low)

For that shit? No way.

Macdonald looks down the row to-

PETER LOWDNES - 17, jock, permanent, cocky smirk.

MR. MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Peter. Haven't heard from you in a while. Care you explain why you feel that way?

PETER

For one, it was about as shitty as the PSYCHO remake.

Before Macdonald can cut him off-

PETER (CONT'D)

This is too generic to be true. He looks into the window... OH NO, she hears a noise. Goes around back to the kitchen... Goes to the bedroom... Stab, stab, the bitch is dead. We were supposed to *reference* a classic film, not fucking rip off of it.

MR. MACDONALD

Despite your Amber-esque outbursts, I respect your opinion.

Jake bites his lip, trying not to comment. He is easily upset. Macdonald looks to him, feeling bad, but needing his word.

MR. MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Jake?

Jake looks to him.

MR. MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Everyone's entitled to their own judgment. What's yours?

JAKE

(thinks a moment)

Let's just leave it at this: Would you rather have a fun, realistic homage to that you can easily identify the movie with? Or see a clearly half-ass made puppet jumping out from underneath a blue carpet, trying to grope a barely dressed Jenny James who obviously cannot act?

Jake turns and looks around to the rest of the class.

JAKE (CONT'D)

And how many of you guys could tell me right off the bat that that was FRIDAY THE 13TH?

This sets Peter off. He tries to contain himself, but fails miserably.

PETER

Jake, one day, and I swear to you,  
that your snarky, Roger Ebert comments  
are gonna get your ass handed to you.

JAKE

Don't try to be so clever. You're a  
jock. Stick to what you're good at.

Peter gets hot. He jumps up. His desk loudly scoots forward.

Macdonald rushes to the back, blocking Peter away from getting  
to Jake.

Jake smirks. He struck a nerve. The class looks on, wide-eyed.

MR. MACDONALD

Take your seat, Mr. Lowndes.

Peter steps back. Jake turns around. His smirk turns into a  
grin. Peter sees Jake.

PETER

YOU'RE SO FUCKING DEAD, KELLEY!

Peter jumps forward again. Jake's grin fades.

MR. MACDONALD

Step outside, Peter!

Mr. Macdonald holds Peter by his shoulders.

Peter's face is now a bright red. He grabs his book bag and  
moves away from Macdonald.

PETER

I'm good. I'm good.

BRRINGGG!!

The students get up... pack their things... and leave out of the  
room. Jake's the last one out... almost.

Macdonald travels back to his desk.

MR. MACDONALD

Jake?

Jake turns around, standing in the middle of the room.

MR. MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Please give me a straight answer.  
Uh... Is Pete bothering you? Are his  
opinions getting to you? Because other  
than this, your work came off as...  
Desperate.

JAKE

Most people call it trying their best.

MR. MACDONALD

I understand that. But there's a fine,  
thin line between hard work and  
fraught work. Try to loosen up a bit,  
kid. Don't spend all your life tied up  
like a puppet.

Jake takes it in. He seems to be used to hearing the advice, but  
coming from Macdonald, it's probably god sent.

JAKE

You're probably right.

MR. MACDONALD

I usually am. Go.

Jake leaves the room with pride, but he's still that unsure and  
hurt young man.

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - MINUTES LATER

Jake walks down the sidewalk. Teens bump by him and shuffle him  
around. Peter walks by. Jake takes a deep breath and speeds up  
his pace.

Peter grabs Jake by his book bag and throws him against the  
brick wall. Jake grabs his shoulder in pain.

JAKE

Ow. Fuck!

Peter barges into a group of girls talking.

LINDSAY SWANSON - 17, nice but has a subtle edge to her - stands  
in between Amber and JENNY JAMES - same age, quiet and insecure  
Peter stands behind Jenny and rests his chin on top of her head.

LINDSAY

And who said you were welcomed?

AMBER

Yeah, asshole, we were talking.

PETER

Blow me, Amber.  
(to Jenny)  
Jennyyy...

JENNY

What do you want?

Jenny turns around and looks up to Peter.

PETER

Can I have five bucks?

JENNY

For what?

PETER

So I can buy you one of those  
chocolate boxes you love so much to  
show you how sorry I am.

LINDSAY

And while we're creating cheesy sub-  
plots to our lives, let me ask you  
this: Didn't you just break up with  
Kitt?

Jenny stares at the two, unsure of what to say.

PETER

(to Jenny)  
Please?

AMBER

Pete, no one fucking likes you! Your  
douche aura is not needed here.

Peter stares at Jenny with puppy dog eyes, ignoring the two  
girls plead.

JENNY

I'll see you later.

Jenny turns around and walks off. Lindsay and Amber quickly  
follow, unsure of where they're going.

Peter huffs then turns the other direction, possibly finding a  
new girl to suck up to.

ON THE GIRLS

Jenny leads them, but at the same is trying to move far away as possible.

AMBER

Jenny, what is wrong with you?! Can you calculate how many bitches he has banged?! With his dick?!

LINDSAY

Amber, we are *not* bitches.

Jenny turns around to the girls, fed up. They immediately stop.

JENNY

I'm a big girl. Despite what you may think about my 'inability' to grasp the truth, I can handle it.

LINDSAY

But you can't handle it when he has his tongue shoved down your throat.

AMBER

Or elsewhere.

JENNY

(scoffs)

You guys are in denial.

Jenny turns around and walks off into the crowd, not giving them any time to say anything else.

AMBER

She'll come around.

LINDSAY

With your honesty, I doubt it.

Amber looks past Lindsay to see...

Jake sits at a picnic table, on his laptop. He seems to be caught up in something until he... looks up at Lindsay and keeps his low stare.

Amber nudges Lindsay eagerly.

AMBER

Someone's joined your fanboy-jizz-cult.

LINDSAY

What?

JAKE'S POV

Amber nods her head in Jake's direction. Lindsay looks Jake's way. Lindsay stares at Jake, her eyebrow cocked.

AT THE PICNIC TABLE

Sitting beside Jake is...

TODD ANDERS - 17/18, Jake's right hand man, laid-back, unkempt - looks at the laptop's screen. Both boys are rather amused.

ON THE SCREEN

...Is what we didn't see in the class. It's a POV shot of...

Amber getting dressed into her shorts and tank top, completely unaware of the camera at her window.

TODD

I hate you for putting this on the cutting room floor.

JAKE

Just enjoy it, man.

TODD

(admires more)

Fucking. Perfect.

TWO HANDS REACH FROM BEHIND THEM. GRABS BOTH BOYS ON THE SHOULDERS. They JUMP and try to quickly close the laptop. But...

RY CONNOR - 17/18, prep, an unmistakably handsome rich boy - leans in between them, catching the screen of the laptop.

RY

HOLY SHIT! Is that Amber?

TODD

Shut the fuck up! God damn...

RY

Oh, man... You'd never believe that under that hardened whore there was a God that cares about her well-being.

JAKE

Don't say anything.

RY

I won't, I won't. I got better things to do.

TODD

Like repressing your feelings for half  
of the lacrosse team?

JAKE

(turns to Ry)

Yeah, what are you anyways?

RY

(smirks)

I'm Ry Connor, motherfuckers.

He pats Jake on the back and slides off of the picnic table,  
heading the other way.

TODD

Some of the most admired people don't  
need to be labeled.

JAKE

Right...

Todd turns to Jake. Onto a more personal conversation.

TODD

You've talked to Lindsay?

JAKE

(a bit ashamed)

No.

TODD

Dude! Why the hell not?!

JAKE

Uh... Because I don't?

TODD

You eye fuck her every day-

JAKE

I don't eye fuck her-

TODD

You get a hard on every time she says  
your name. You need to hit that. And  
quick.

JAKE

And who are you to talk?

TODD

I'm like fucking...  
(thinks for a second)  
I'm awesome. Okay? If you want her so bad, then just talk to her. Whatever you do, don't film her, man. That shit's weird!

THE BELL RINGS. The students begin clearing. Jake and Todd hop off of the table. Jake slides the laptop into his bag.

JAKE  
You just watched - and enjoyed - three minutes of a naked Amber.

TODD  
Fuck you. Just do it.  
(beat)  
Hey, you know Pete's gonna tap it before you ever will, right?!

Jake walks away to the parking lot.

TODD (CONT'D)  
I'm watching you!!

Jake gives him the finger. Todd grins and turns, walking to the other side of the lot.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - KELLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT  
A HAND REACHES FOR A DRAWER. Pulls it open. Inside is a stack of books. On top is a yearbook from 2008. The hand pulls it out.

PULL AWAY  
To reveal Jake. Sitting at a desk, holding the yearbook in front of him. He flips it a few pages, before finally coming to...

ON THE PAGE  
A black and white photo of Lindsay, posing with the cheerleaders. She's in the front row, drawing a huge smile and donning the uniform.

JAKE  
(o.s.)  
What did high school do to you...?

He runs his fingers over the picture. OFF SCREEN, he unzips his zipper... BEAT.

THE BEDROOM DOOR OPENS.

ON THE DOOR

Standing there is MS. KELLEY - early 40's, a bitter divorcee/single mother. She hates herself and Jake as well.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
JESUS CHRIST, don't you knock?

MS. KELLEY  
Should I have a reason to?

Jake doesn't answer her. They obviously hate one another.

MS. KELLEY (CONT'D)  
I'm going out tonight... I expect this house to be cleaned by tomorrow morning.

JAKE  
Who am I? Cinderella? I have school tomorrow.

MS. KELLEY  
Work around it.

Ms. Kelley heads out of the room, and SLAMS the door back.

He looks back down to the picture, saddened.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
HEAVY BREATHING. Other than that, it's completely quiet.

We watch Lindsay walk to her bed, trying to choose her outfit for the next day. She's dressed in a shirt and boy shorts. She admires both outfits, but is having a hard time choosing.

Someone KICKS against the panel of the house. Lindsay looks to the window.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT  
It's a quiet and peaceful home stretch. The houses are spaced out, giving it a country-esque vibe. Birds CHIRP and the sun casts a bright feeling over it.

Jake shuffles down the sidewalk. He's still tired, struggling to keep awake. His ear buds are in.

Beside him, a car begins to slow down. From its radio... RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES BY CAGE THE ELEPHANT. A girl is driving. They roll down their window.

VOICE

(o.s.)

Jake!

Jake doesn't notice. He continues to walk. The car horn BLARES. He takes out his buds and look over to-

Lindsay. She wears a bright smile. Her hair sleeked to perfection. An angel has graced his presence. He's taken by surprise.

JAKE

Hey, Linds.

LINDSAY

Need a ride?

He thinks for a minute. He'd be stupid not to.

JAKE

Yes- yeah. Sure.

Lindsay stops the car. Jake hurries to the other side. He slings his book bag in first and then slides in. As soon as he shuts the door, the car takes off.

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR - ON THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Both teens are silent. It's an awkward situation. Lindsay tries to make the best of it. She goes to open her mouth-

JAKE

How ya been?

LINDSAY

Good. I've been good. Pep squad is on hiatus so...

JAKE

You have nothing to do? That must suck.

LINDSAY

Yep...

(beat)

So... What are you doing tonight?

JAKE

Tonight?

(beat)

Uh... Probably just hanging out.

LINDSAY

With Todd?

JAKE

(embarrassed)

With myself.

LINDSAY

(joking)

I'm sure I can provide more  
entertainment than your hand ever  
will.

As they enter the school's parking lot, Jake grows quiet. Lindsay sees this, starting to feel bad. She puts the car into park.

JAKE

I'll see you later.

He grabs up his book bag and throws open the door, quickly heading for the school.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - SAME

Jake walks through a sea of students, trying desperately to get to class before anyone sees him. Todd runs up beside Jake. His eyes are wide with excitement. Jake stops

TODD

Dude! Did I just see you get out of  
Lindsay Swanson's car?

Jake is shocked and disappointed. He averts his gaze.

TODD (CONT'D)

No fucking way!

JAKE

Todd! Can you shut up? Please.

Jake walks away. Todd follows.

TODD

How the hell did this happen?

JAKE

I don't wanna talk about it.

TODD

We most certainly will.

Jake and Todd stop. Jake turns to Todd.

JAKE  
(happy and scared)  
She fucking asked me out.

TODD  
Well, did you say anything?

Jake walks away into the crowd, avoiding every possible scenario he can.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Jake!

Jake disappears into a classroom.

INT. STUDY HALL - LATER  
Lindsay, Amber and Jenny sit at a table near the back. Other students occupy the room, including Ry and Peter, who hang behind the tall book shelves. We can't tell what they're doing but they're sneaky about it.

JENNY  
So you asked him out?

AMBER  
Someone is *slowly* crossing over to the dark side...

LINDSAY  
(to Amber)  
Okay, you seriously need to drop that film class.  
(to Jenny)  
I don't know what the hell I was doing. I was just being generous. I didn't think he'd run off-

AMBER  
Like a little bitch?

LINDSAY  
Exactly.

JENNY  
I don't see what the big deal is. It's not like you guys haven't talked before.

AMBER

But this is huge. This is high school. Talk isn't just about phone conversations and passing notes anymore. It's about getting shit-faced and fucking the first guy you see, and then *maybe* calling him back the next day. You're stuck in limbo.

LINDSAY

I don't possibly see how you can compare your weekends to my situation, but okay...?

JENNY

Whatevs. We care. We're here... Just not tonight.

AMBER

What's tonight?

JENNY

Pete's taking me out. His way of saying 'sorry'. My way of saying 'Screw you. Where's the free food?'.

LINDSAY

Impressive.

BEHIND THE BOOKSHELVES...

Peter and Ry huddle, sharing a SMALL, BURNING JOINT.

PETER

Too bad you can't join me tonight.

RY

I don't care. Mom's gone every weekend, and this time it's with the dentist. I get the whole house to myself along with a complimentary loaded bar and mom's Xanax stash.

PETER

(a bit jealous)

Life's just dandy, isn't it?

RY

You're god damn right.

Ry takes a small hit. He passes it to Peter.

RY (CONT'D)

Why don't you try hooking up with Lindsay? It's like she's the only girl you haven't gotten in the sack.

PETER

You don't know that.

Peter sucks... inhales... passes.

RY

You know you'd be a God if you really did.

Peter smirks. Ry chuckles and takes another hit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SCHOOL CAMPUS - LATER

Half of the school has already left. A few boys head around the back of the school for club meetings... etc...

Lindsay heads for her car when she sees--

Jake, coming out from around back. He takes the sidewalk.

LINDSAY

I'm sorry if I came on too strong.

Jake stops and turns to her. He's cool with it.

JAKE

It's fine.

BEAT.

LINDSAY

Ya sure?

Jake nods his head.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

You never answered my question.

JAKE

(smiles; thinks about it)

Sure.

LINDSAY

Really?

JAKE

Rosie's at eight?

LINDSAY

I'll see you.

Lindsay smiles, a bit shy, and then hops into her car. Jake trails down the sidewalk, pleased with himself. Lindsay starts the car and drives past him. As she goes by, Jake waves then sticks his hand back into his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Almost every light in the house is on. So is the lamp post shining bright over the driveway. Ms. Kelley - dressed to impress - can be seen getting into her car. Once again, leaving her son.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - KELLEY RESIDENCE - SAME

Jake treads through his room, his nervousness only showing through his face. He holds the phone to his ear, speaking to Todd.

TODD

(o.s.)

So who made the first move? It had to be Lindsay. You're too much of a bitch.

JAKE

(into phone)

You sound like a fucking girl. And you're right.

TODD

(o.s.)

You should film this. Are you gonna bang her?

JAKE

Now you sound like a guy. And no. I'll turn into just another doucebag. Thought I wasn't allowed to?

TODD

(o.s.)

Well I never said you couldn't be classy about it.

JAKE

Look, man, I'm flipping shit over here. Can we please just talk about something else?

TODD

(o.s.)

Yeah, dude, yeah. So... Uh... Working  
on any new projects?

A car passes by the house. BETTER OFF DEAD BY THE SOUNDS blares  
from it. Jake peers out of the window.

JAKE'S POV

It's Amber. She heads towards Lindsay's.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake watches the car speed by intently.

JAKE

Yeah, actually...

EXT. SWANSON RESIDENCE - LATER

We're at a large, one story home with spacious property to  
itself. Amber slams the car door shut. She walks up to the door  
with each pep in her step.

She knocks on the door. No one answers. Amber knocks again,  
growing impatient. She knocks louder.

AMBER

C'mon, you expensive tart! Open the  
fucking-!

MRS. SWANSON - late 30's, suburban housewife-ish - opens the  
door, stern and eyebrow cocked. Amber's busted.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Hi... Mrs. Swanson.

Mrs. Swanson holds her glare.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Ya know, you look exactly like Linds  
when your eyebrow's-

MRS. SWANSON

Come in, Amber.

AMBER

Yes, ma'm.

Mrs. Swanson moves to the side. Amber walks in.

INT. LINDSAY'S BEDROOM - SWANSON RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Lindsay sits on her bed - dressed in jeans and a t-shirt - going  
through old photos of past school years.



LINDSAY

Yeah, I kinda do.

INT. LINDSAY'S BEDROOM

Lindsay turns around to Amber, now covered in bronzer and mascara.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I don't know what it is.

AMBER

It's hormones, dear.

LINDSAY

He's so quiet and cryptic and shit...

AMBER

Basically what you're saying is he's no Pete.

LINDSAY

(cringes)

Yeah.

AMBER

I gotta say, I'm actually kinda proud. You've grown up, from a senseless skank to a clever bitch. I congratulate you.

Lindsay laughs her remark off, but knows that it's true.

EXT. LINDSAY'S BEDROOM WINDOW - CONTINUOUS - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
Amber admires the finishing touches she has made on Lindsay.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Now the question is if he's gonna fuck you.

LINDSAY

If he does, I will *not* let you know.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSIE'S DINER - LATER

It drizzles as Lindsay sits at a booth, looking around and trying not to look stood up.

INT. ROSIE'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay leans back and crosses her arms. She's upset. Obviously have been sitting there for a while.

The bell on the door DINGS.

Around the corner comes Jake, drenched. He slides into the seat across from Lindsay.

JAKE

You look upset.

Lindsay averts her gaze to him. She can't be mad.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I was joking. Sorry I'm late.

LINDSAY

It's fine. I've only been sitting here for ten minutes.

JAKE

I had business to take care of.

LINDSAY

Hmm, a businessman? Isn't that a little early?

JAKE

I'm quite impressive, huh?

Lindsay smiles, taken by Jake's charm.

JAKE (CONT'D)

...Do you remember when we were twelve...

QUICK CUT:

GRAINY, FILM FOOTAGE OF A YOUNGER LINDSAY, SMILING AND WAVING AT THE CAMERA. SHE LAUGHS.

BACK TO:

INT. ROSIE'S - NIGHT

JAKE (CONT'D)

...And our parents used to dress us up ridiculously and make us go on these little play dates...

QUICK CUT:

GRAINY, FILM FOOTAGE OF PRESENT DAY LINDSAY, WISER, SMILING AND FLIRTING WITH THE CAMERA.

BACK TO:

INT. ROSIE'S - NIGHT

LINDSAY

Like we were still children?

(smiles)

Yeah, I do.

JAKE

Sometimes... I wish we could go back to that. Without the pageant costumes from hell, of course. But...

The two are quiet. It's not an awkward silence, but a bonding one.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Let's start over.

Lindsay's mutual. She half-smiles, hope in her eyes. Beat. She slides closer. Her elbows now touch his...

THE BELL RINGS. Someone else enters the Diner...

VOICE

(o.s.)

Hey, Linds.

(a little more bitter)

Jake.

Lindsay and Jake look up to see Peter and KATHERINE 'KITTY' GAINES - 17, messy, party girl hot - standing at their booth.

LINDSAY

Oh... Uh... hi. Kitt, hadn't seen you in a while.

KITT

I've been around.

JAKE

Hi, Katherine.

KITT

(to Lindsay)

You're here with *him*?

Peter chuckles at the sight of these two together. Jake bites his bottom lip, his sign of nervousness.

PETER

So, Lindsay. There's gonna be a party for two after this. Could be three if you'd ditch him.

Lindsay is growing more and more uncomfortable.

LINDSAY

I don't think Jenny would approve.  
(looks to Kitt; still to Peter)  
She was really looking forward to it.

KITT

Okay then.  
(to Peter)  
Babe, I'm gonna go order our food.  
This little reunion? Fun.

Kitt walks away, glad to escape the embarrassed.

Lindsay can't stand this either. She scoots out of the booth and bumps past Peter.

LINDSAY

Jake, come on.

As Lindsay hurries out--

Peter stands in his way and puts one hand on Jake's shoulder. He leans in, face to face with Jake.

PETER

Always remember, whenever you touch  
Lindsay, she'll be thinking of me.  
You'll never get into her head like I  
did.

Jake stares at Peter. Deep down inside he rages. Peter pushed a button.

PETER (CONT'D)

(smiles)  
Have a good night.

Jake pushes past Peter and exits the door.

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Lindsay sits in the driver's side, quietly crying. The heater runs and the radio is turned down low.

As Jake approaches the passenger's side, Lindsay quietly wipes away her tears. She unlocks the doors and Jake slides in, shutting the door with frustration. Lindsay looks at him.

JAKE

That was interesting.

LINDSAY

What did he say to you?

JAKE

Nothing...

LINDSAY

He's such a fucking loser... Poor  
Jenny...

A silent moment passes.

JAKE

This isn't about Jenny, is it?

Lindsay looks to Jake. She doesn't want him to start, but...

JAKE (CONT'D)

What makes Pete so special? Huh?

LINDSAY

Jake, don't.

JAKE

I wanna know.

Lindsay breaks down in tears.

LINDSAY

*He FUCKED me, okay?! Look, it was a  
long time ago! I didn't want anyone to  
know, and I still don't!*

(beat)

I just want him to go away...

JAKE

You can talk--

LINDSAY

No...

JAKE

Lindsay, talk to me.

LINDSAY

(deadpan)

Jake, get out.

JAKE

Please-

LINDSAY

Jake, just get out of my fucking car!

Jake is taken aback.

Lindsay can breathe again. She stares at the steering wheel, in disbelief of her attitude.

Jake gets out and slams the door, charging home in the rain  
Lindsay watches him go. She turns her gaze to the diner.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - KELLEY RESIDENCE - LATER

Jake sits at his computer, frantic. He taps his fingers against the keyboard. Jake stares at the screen, the color on his face wearied.

Ms Kelley opens the door. Jake turns around, startled.

JAKE

Hey.

MS. KELLEY

Have you done your homework?

JAKE

I'm working on it.

MS. KELLEY

Well if I get another call from one of your teachers-

JAKE

-You'll send me to dad's?

MS. KELLEY

I do it for your benefit.

JAKE

You do it because you have no one else to do it to.

Ms. Kelley walks into the room. Jake stands up, blocking his computer.

MS. KELLEY

You think that you can stand up to me?  
...I brought you into this world. I don't think taking you out would be a problem.

Jake stares at her, angered. He tries not to tear up.

MS. KELLEY (CONT'D)

Dinner will be ready in a few minutes.

Ms. Kelley coldly turns around and exits the room, leaving the door open.

Jake grabs a baseball bat from the side of his computer desk and walks to the doorway, but abruptly stops, staring out into the hall, a tear streaming down his face.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Lindsay sits in her desk, writing down notes in a spiral notebook. She looks dead on the outside, possibly on the inside too

Amber sits beside her, staring at Lindsay with concern. Lindsay looks at Amber. Amber smiles, hopeful that she can cheer Lindsay up.

AMBER

Hi.

Lindsay smiles weakly. She continues to write.

AMBER (CONT'D)

How did it go?

As Lindsay goes to speak, it's unrecognizable to her formal self. It's a low, saddened tone.

LINDSAY

How did what go?

AMBER

The date.

LINDSAY

Tragic.

AMBER

Wanna talk about it? Maybe down some Lokos and trash a few rentals?

LINDSAY

(takes a minute)

He knows.

AMBER

Jake? What did he find out?

LINDSAY

About Pete. Last summer, when we were visiting your mom's vacay home.

AMBER

Shit.  
(then)  
And...?

LINDSAY

(turns to Amber)  
And I told him to leave. It's none of his business.

AMBER

Well, dude... If you're going to get into a relationship, sooner or later your murky laundry is gonna come into production.

LINDSAY

I don't think we should discuss this right now.

AMBER

Fine. We'll do it later.

Lindsay focuses on her notebook. Amber slides back around and watches Lindsay from the corner of her eye.

CUT TO:

INT. FILM CLASS - SAME

The room runs off of Macdonald's laid back vibe. The kids can feel it. They sit back in their seats... quiet... listening to what he has to say.

MR. MACDONALD

The media, not to mention the parents, always find one way or another to blame the entertainment for their kids' actions. They never want to believe that somewhere, there was a disturbed and troubled human being inside of their baby. Columbine -- perfect example of entertainment versus media. Who's to blame? The kid with a gun in his hand, or the people who write about it?

TIGHT ON

Jake's face. He's concentrated on the lecture, almost TOO concentrated. Watches Macdonald with admiration in his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - LATER

Jake sits on top of the picnic bench, his face buried in his notebook. Over the lined paper is a piece of printer paper, seemingly a list on it. He's oblivious to what is going on around him.

Lindsay slowly approaches Jake, unsure of what to do. She stands in front of him.

LINDSAY

Hi, Jake.

Jake looks up. He's shocked, but hides it well.

JAKE

...Hi.

BEAT.

LINDSAY

Mind if I take a seat?

Jake doesn't say anything. He turns his attention back to his notebook. Lindsay sits next to him.

Jake groans. He knows she won't go away. He closes the notebook and turns to Lindsay.

JAKE

Last night was a mistake.

LINDSAY

A worthy one at best.

(beat)

Jake, I freaked seriously last night. But I was in a bad spot last summer.

JAKE

I've heard around. I wish I could say that I can relate to what had happened to you but I can't.

LINDSAY

I'm not asking you to understand. I'm asking you to let me consider where this could go. I just... I can't be committed to anything right now. And I'm asking you to not be upset.

JAKE

I'm not upset. What? Do you think I need you?

This stings for Lindsay. The complete opposite of what she wanted to hear.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna be late for class.

He grabs his bag and jumps off of the picnic table.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S BEDROOM - SWANSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT  
Lindsay - dressed in a bathrobe - grabs a pair of shorts and a tank top from the top of her dresser. She walks past an opened window.

A shadow stands in the front yard. Lindsay turns around and peaks out of the window.

LINDSAY'S POV  
Jake stands outside, messing with his video camera. His back is turned to her.

BACK TO SCENE  
Lindsay drops her clothes on the bed and walks out of her room.

EXT. BACKYARD - SWANSON RESIDENCE - SECONDS LATER  
Lindsay walks around the corner of the house, arms crossed. Jake is still in his position, pressing buttons on the camera.

LINDSAY  
Did you get your shot?

Jake spins around. The lens is now focused on Lindsay.

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE  
Lindsay is pissed, arms still crossed.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?

JAKE  
(o.s.; smartass)  
Shooting.

Lindsay scoffs. She jerks the camera away from him.

BACK TO SCENE  
Lindsay examines the camera. She pushes a button...

A TAPE POPS OUT.

Lindsay takes out the tape and throws it on the ground, crushing it with her slipper-covered feet.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Dude, what the fuck?!

Lindsay smirks and tosses the camera back to Jake. He catches it.

LINDSAY  
You just can't decide what you want,  
can you?  
(beat)  
See you at school tomorrow.

As Lindsay turns around-

JAKE  
Lindsay!

She turns around, frustrated.

LINDSAY  
What?

JAKE  
You owe me for that. Tapes are hard to  
find these days.

LINDSAY  
I'm sure you'll live.

JAKE  
I'm serious.

Lindsay rolls her eyes and turns to Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I'm making a movie. Kind of like the  
cast not knowing they're in it. It's  
pretty important.

LINDSAY  
Well, I'm calling 'cut'.

Jake improvises a lie, relying heavily on it.

JAKE  
It's for school.

Lindsay's too struck by Jake's ballsiness to notice he's lying.

LINDSAY  
How much do I owe you?

JAKE  
I don't want your money.

LINDSAY  
I'm not fucking you--

JAKE  
No sex. Just hear me out.  
(beat)  
You could help me.

Lindsay thinks about it.

LINDSAY  
I thought you said you didn't need  
me...

JAKE  
Just meet me after school tomorrow.

LINDSAY  
I'll help you on my time. You were the  
one sneaking around trying to get a  
glimpse of my bare ass.

Jake sighs and looks down at his camera, then back up at  
Lindsay.

JAKE  
Deal.

Lindsay weakly smiles then walks back into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
Jenny stands at her locker. She puts a couple of books away from  
her bag.

On the inside of the locker door, there's a picture of her,  
Amber and Lindsay smiling.

POV approaches her.

JAKE  
(o.s.)  
Hey, Jen.

Jenny turns to the camera, startled.

JENNY

Oh! Hi, Jake. Working on a film assignment?

JAKE

(o.s.)

Something like that. Have you seen Lindsay?

Jenny continues to put away her books.

JENNY

Yeah. She was heading towards the caf last time I saw her.

JAKE

(o.s.)

Thanks.

The camera lingers on Jenny. She turns to the camera, a bit uneasy. She grins. Shuts the locker and walks away.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. FILM CLASS - LATER

Jake is all alone. He sits on a desk, writing in his notebook. Lindsay walks in quietly, looking around at the movie posters and film projects.

JAKE

You're late.

Lindsay looks at Jake, stopping in her tracks. Jake looks up at her.

LINDSAY

No shit. Even contemplated not coming.

JAKE

Then why did you?

Lindsay sits on a desk across from Jake. She softly smiles and bites her bottom lip.

LINDSAY

Afraid I'd miss something worthwhile.

Lindsay looks around, observing the area.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

So, is this where you spend your spare time?

JAKE

Frequently. Yeah.

LINDSAY

It's nice... If you're into this kinda stuff, I guess.

Silence.

JAKE

Uh... here's a list I've composed for my movie.

Jake holds out the notebook for Lindsay to see. She scans over the names on the printed paper.

LINDSAY

(to herself)

Amber Fisher... Pete Lowndes...

(looks to Jake)

This isn't a movie, is it?

JAKE

It's your movie, Lindsay.

Lindsay's stunned. She gets every word he's saying and it digs deep. She truly sees the obsession in his eyes.

LINDSAY

I have to go.

Jake grabs her arm, his knuckles turning white. Lindsay turns to him.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

What are you really doing, Jake?

(beat)

Why is Pete's name on there, Jake?

(beat; shakes her head in denial)

You think you can just make light of this?

(softly)

Do you *love* me or something?

Jake slides off of the desk. He holds Lindsay. Lindsay quickly responds. She buries her head into his shoulder, sniffing.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I just want him to go away... I know  
you know what happened... I fucked up  
bad, Jake. I did...

JAKE

I've got you... I've got you...

Peter passes by the door. He stops and stares at the two.

Jake looks up, eyeing Peter carefully. Pete's irritated. He  
walks away Jake averts his attention back to Lindsay.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR - ON THE ROAD - NIGHT - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
Lindsay drives, looking numb and out of it. On the other side of  
our POV is Jake. You can just hear it in his voice that he's  
excited. It's ridiculous.

JAKE

(o.s.)

Now are you sure he's going to be  
here?

LINDSAY

Positive.

JAKE

(o.s.)

How're you feeling?

Lindsay doesn't answer.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Are you scared?

LINDSAY

Does it matter?

JAKE

(o.s.)

Don't be.

LINDSAY

Why? Have you done this before?

JAKE

(o.s.)

I read up on it. Once you get into it,  
you bring on this whole new persona.  
Trust me.

(beat)

Do you trust me?

Lindsay looks at Jake, then quickly looks back at the road.

LINDSAY

(unsure)

...Yeah.

A silent moment passes in between them.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMES RESIDENCE - LATER - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Set in the middle of a field is a two story home: the basement, and then the basic foundation. There's a truck parked in the middle of the driveway. The house is illuminated, but dimly, for the blinds are closed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JAMES RESIDENCE - SAME

Jenny and Peter lie on the couch, making out. Pete's hands runs along her thigh and up her ribs. He comes across the buttons on her shirt and begins to unbutton them when-

Jenny leans up.

JENNY

It's late.

PETER

That's the whole point...

Peter reaches for her shirt, determined to take it off of her.

JENNY

(warning)

Pete-

There's a knock on the front door. Peter groans.

Jenny sighs of relief. She stands up and pulls her shirt down. She walks to the front door.

Peter sits up, propping his feet up on the coffee table. Jenny opens the door.

Jenny opens the door to reveal--

Lindsay. Her face is drained of color. She seems scared. Jenny doesn't notice.

JENNY

Hey, Linds. Come in.

Pete turns his head. The look on his face couldn't get anymore pissy. Lindsay doesn't dare to look at him, but he keeps his eyes on her.

PETER

Lindsay.

Lindsay looks at him for a split second.

LINDSAY

Hi.

Jenny diverts both of their attentions. She grabs Lindsay by the hand and leads her into the kitchen. Peter leans back into the couch, feeling cheated.

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Lindsay leans against the counter as Jenny pours herself a drink.

JENNY

Want some?

LINDSAY

No. I think I'm good.

Lindsay is getting more nervous with each second that goes by. Jenny puts the drink back into the fridge. Lindsay looks at her, a bit ashamed.

JENNY

(notices)

Don't look at me like that.

Jenny takes a sip of her drink. There's a moment of silence between the two.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I can't get him to leave.

LINDSAY

You sure that's what it is? It's hopeless.

JENNY

You're calling me hopeless?

LINDSAY

I'm calling the scenario hopeless.  
You're just an innocent bystander.

(beat)  
He's with Kitt.

JENNY  
...I know. But what I don't know is  
what to do.

The two girls look at each other. We can see the pain in both of their eyes.

OFF SCREEN, Peter clears his throat.

Jenny and Lindsay turn around to see him standing in the doorway, anxious.

PETER  
Well, girls?  
(beat)  
Lindsay? Room for one more.

LINDSAY  
(to Jenny)  
Uh... I think I should go.

Jenny's disappointed. She eyes Peter then looks back to Lindsay, half-smiles. Lindsay turns and goes past Pete, making her way to the front door. Jenny hurries after her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
Lindsay opens the door but stops. She turns to Jenny.

Peter comes back into the living room, not caring for what they're talking about.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
Call me.

Jenny nods her head, upset. Lindsay smiles, turns and heads out of the house. Jenny shuts the door quietly. She turns to see--

Peter rummaging through the DVD shelf. Jenny watches him. How unbelievable. He finds a DVD, holds it up: SCREAM.

PETER  
Scary?

Jenny shrugs, not caring in the least bit.

JENNY  
Whatever.

Peter puts the DVD into the player and turns on the TV. Jenny plops down on the couch. This is killing her. Pete sits down beside her, forcefully wrapping his arm around her waist.

THE MOVIE STARTS.

Jenny's distant. She watches with lifeless eyes. Peter pulls her in, nibbles on her ear.

JENNY  
(pulls away)  
Pete, stop.

But he dives in anyway, attacking her neck. She pushes him away, nearly drawn to tears.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Don't.

Pete pulls back a bit, looks at her, pissed and confused.

PETER  
You're just gonna leave me with a  
hard-on? Is that how it is?

JENNY  
Believe me, you're going to leave here  
with less than that if you don't get  
off.

Peter pulls her face closer to his, leans in...

Jenny jumps up off of the couch. Flicks the light switch on. Peter turns around.

PETER  
Jenny, please don't be like this.

Jenny jerks his jacket off of the coat rack. Tosses it at him. he catches it, much to her dismay. Peter stands up, falsely apologetic.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry--

JENNY  
Leave.

Jenny stands her ground.

Pete hesitates, then slides his jacket on. He walks to the door, takes one last look at Jenny. He jerks the door open, then SLAMS it. Jenny jumps, a single tear streams down her face.

BEAT.

She turns. Heads into the kitchen.

FROM OUTSIDE

We can hear Peter's truck come to life. The headlights swerve away from the window and turn.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S TRUCK - ON THE ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Pete sits at the wheel, driving slowly down the dusty road. The radio is down low. His face is distraught, completely pissed.

PETER'S POV

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDSHIELD

Behind the dust, a car - LINDSAY'S CAR - comes into view.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete looks closer.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Peter's truck begins to slow down... then stop...

Lindsay's car is parked right in the middle of the dirt road. No one's in sight.

Peter steps out of the truck. Doesn't bother to shut the door. He approaches the car and looks around.

PETER

(calling out)

Lindsay?

No answer.

Peter walks around to the passenger side. It's dark. The car isn't running. He peaks into the back seat window...

Sees NOTHING.

BEHIND HIM...

LINDSAY, HIDDEN BEHIND A BLACK JACKET. THE HOOD TWO SIZES TOO BIG FOR HER. ALL WE CAN SEE IS HER HAIR. HER FACE HIDDEN BEHIND IT.

She lifts up a large log...

BASHING PETER ON THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD.

He falls, holding his head, groaning in pain.

FOCUS ON

Peter, lying in the dirt. His head is quickly pumping with BLOOD. He holds on, squirms. IT HURTS TOO MUCH. The log DROPS beside him.

PETER'S POV

It's blurred. We watch Lindsay as she coolly makes her way to Peter's truck... slides in and SHUTS THE DOOR.

BACK TO SCENE

Peter staggers a bit, watching helplessly as the truck begins to DRIVE AWAY SLOWLY.

PETER (CONT'D)

(calling out)

What the fuck are you doing?!

The truck rolls down the road. BACK TO JENNY'S HOUSE.

Peter puts all pain aside, RUNNING AFTER HIS VEHICLE. He brings to catch up...

He makes it in front of the truck. As he gets in its way... THE TRUCK COMES TO A HALT. He looks into the windshield, pissed.

PETER'S POV

BEHIND THE WHEEL--

Lindsay incognito. Her hands on the wheel. A bitch smirk across her face.

ON THE DASHBOARD...

A SMALL, BLINKING RED LIGHT.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete eyes the red light. The blood still runs on his head. His breathing quickens... He just might be scared.

THE ENGINE REVS... taunting him. He jumps back.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Lindsay grins. We can see her pressing on the gas.

Peter slowly moves back as the truck JUMPS FORWARD.

BEAT.

THE TRUCK STARTS. Peter turns... RUNS... back to Jenny's.

IN THE TRUCK - VIDEO CAMERA POV

We're quickly gaining up on Peter. The bright headlights shine over him. We can hear PUMPED UP KICKS BY FOSTER THE PEOPLE... eerily playing...

Peter runs. We taunt him a bit... SLOWING DOWN THEN CATCHING UP...

SUDDENLY... a revolting THUMP.

Peter disappears underneath the truck.

As he is all the way under... we stop... we can hear...

LINDSAY'S BREATHING. It's slow and steady.

BEAT.

EXT. ROAD - MINUTES LATER  
FROM THE WAIST DOWN...

Lindsay steps out of the truck. Slams the door. In her hand is the video camera. IT'S STILL RECORDING.

PAN OVER TO THE FRONT TIRE.  
Gore. Pieces of fractured bone.

Underneath the truck, we can get a small glance of Pete's mangled body as Lindsay passes us.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - JAMES' RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER  
Jenny enters from the living room. LIGHTS SHINE in between the blinds, blending in with the lights in the living room.

SCREAM IS STILL PLAYING.

Jenny inches closer to the blinds... Separates them...

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMES' RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS  
The blinds quickly shut back.

BEAT.

The front door opens. Jenny steps out.

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE  
Is Peter's truck. The lights blind her. She slowly moves towards it. Looks around.

JENNY  
(calling out)

Pete?!

She approaches the truck. Looks inside...

INSIDE THE TRUCK

The keys dangle from the ignition. The radio at its low level.

Jenny backs away. Looks down to see--

THE GORE RIDDEN TIRES.

Instantly... Something's wrong. Jenny runs for it, back to the front door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JAMES' RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

JENNY SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT, ATTACKING THE LOCK. Her hand runs along the wall, quickly flicking the light OFF. She tries to control herself but the tears begin pouring.

FROM OUTSIDE

The headlights FLICKER OFF... THE MUSIC FROM THE RADIO GROWS LOUDER.

It's driving Jenny crazy. She hangs onto the door knob, burying her face into the door.

SOMETHING BEEPS.

Jenny slowly lifts her head to the other side of the room.

Hidden in a corner... A RED LIGHT... BLINKING...

Her full attention is on it.

Suddenly...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, SOMEONE BEGINS BEATING IT IN WITH NO MERCY. JENNY SCREAMS, TRYING TO HOLD THE DOOR IN. IT WON'T STOP.

JENNY

STOP!!!

BUT THEY WON'T. THE DOOR GIVES IN.

Jenny falls back.

Coming after her...

A MAN (PRESUMABLY JAKE), IN ALL BLACK. THE BLANK, WHITE MASK IN THE BEGINNING OF THE MOVIE COVERS HIS FACE. A BLACK HOOD OVER IT. HE HOLDS IN HIS HAND A LARGE KITCHEN KNIFE.

Jenny's frozen with fear. She slowly backs away on her hands. She shakes her head in disbelief.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
No... No... Please...

VIDEO CAMERA POV  
Jenny slowly passes us on her hands.

BACK TO SCENE  
Jenny lurches up and makes a run into the kitchen--

THE ATTACKER JERKS HER BY HER HAIR AND TOSSES HER BACK. SHE HITS THE COUCH. She SCREAMS. She crawls to the hall...

The Attacker DIVES THE KNIFE INTO HER BACK. Jenny arches up, in excruciating pain. She can't talk, can't scream...

She falls over, still alive. The Attacker flips her over. She tries to push him off of her but...

VIDEO CAMERA POV  
He STABS HER AIMLESSLY. Blood flies onto his mask...

JENNY (CONT'D)  
OH GOD STOP!!! STOP!!! AHHH!!

As he's on his fifth time... Jenny whimpers, slowly going limp. He pauses... SHOVES THE KNIFE INTO HER CHEST ONCE MORE. He stops, holding onto the handle...

The Attacker JERKS the blade out. It's quiet... except for the movie. He stands up, slowly backing away from Jenny's body. The blood hastily separating from her body.

The Attacker hurries to us, crouches down. Presses a button.

CUT TO BLACK.

WE REWATCH PETER'S KILL FOOTAGE... THE TRUCK HITS HIM...

JAKE  
(v.o.)  
God damn! He went down like a bitch.

Lindsay chuckles.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(v.o.)  
You did good, babe. No evidence?

LINDSAY

(v.o.)

We're in the clear.

WE JUMP TO...

JENNY'S FOOTAGE. HOWEVER, WE ONLY SEE HER HOLDING ONTO THE DOOR KNOB. ON THE OTHER END, JAKE FERIOUSLY BEATS IT DOWN.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

You scared her pretty good, huh?

BEAT.

JAKE

(v.o.)

...I would say I'm genius.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SWANSON RESIDENCE - MORNING  
FOCUS ON  
THE TELEVISION. A NEWS REPROT. A female NEWS ANCHOR graces the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

Tragedy has struck the small town of Greenville. Just five hours ago, police were called into the home of Alexander and Mary James--

COMING FROM THE KITCHEN...

Lindsay. Still half-asleep. She stops in her tracks, steadily watching the screen in complete disbelief.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

The victims have been identified as Jennifer James and Peter Lowndes, both seventeen...

Lindsay hurries for a table beside the staircase. Reaches for the phone...

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - KELLEY RESIDENCE - SAME  
Jake lies in his bed, face down, blankets covering him

On his bedside table, his cell phone buzzes. He reaches out from underneath the covers and picks up the phone. He pushes talk and puts it to his ear. Jake clears his throat.

JAKE

(into phone)  
Hello?

TODD

(o.s.)  
Fuckin' a, man! Everyone's dead!

Jake's baffled. Paranoid settles in. How does Todd know? Jake leans up, wiping his hair away from his face.

JAKE

What?

TODD

(o.s.)  
It was on the news. Pete and Jenny.  
(beat)  
Are you still in bed?

JAKE

I'm up, I'm up.

Jake stands up and shuffles to his jeans lying near the bed. He puts them on.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Did the news say anything else?

TODD

(o.s.)  
Quote *it's like something out of a horror film* Unquote. Basically their slashings are memorable.

JAKE

Just don't say that at the memorial...  
(beat)  
Peter Lowdnes? Shit... I mean, I didn't like the guy, but that's horrible.

TODD

(o.s.)  
Well I wouldn't tell too many people that-

JAKE

-I think those too many people already know.

TODD

(o.s.)

They'll question you.

JAKE

They'll question all of us. It's distinctive horror standards now.

TODD

(o.s.)

I know this is your forte, and I appreciate it, but please. Not this early in the day.

(then)

I'll talk to you later, man. I gotta go clean out the garage and mourn.

JAKE

Bye, Todd.

Jake hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SWANSON RESIDENCE - LATER

Lindsay's on the phone, her face a teary mess. She walks down the hall. No one else seems to be home

LINDSAY

Jesus... Why'd it have to be Jenny...?

ON THE OTHER END...

AMBER

(o.s.)

Meek, sensitive... All of the above... Let's face it, she was an easy target. But Pete - I could think of a hundred people who wanted to kill him.

LINDSAY

Oh, God...

AMBER

(o.s.)

I'm dreading film class on Monday. I can hear Jake and Macdonald's banter ringing in my brain. As if they can't get enough of this shit. It's like they breathe it. I don't think I'm gonna be able to take it.

Lindsay's quiet. She slides down the wall to the floor, covering her face with her hands.

AMBER (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Go get some sleep, okay? I'll be over later.

Amber hangs up.

With the other hand, Lindsay hangs up. She drops the phone beside her and continues to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM - KELLEY RESIDENCE - LATER

ON THE FRONT DOOR

WEAK KNOCKS on the other side...

Jake tiredly enters from the living room. He stands by the door, unlocks it.

JAKE

Who is it?

LINDSAY

(o.s.; sad)

Lindsay.

Jake eagerly opens the door...

Lindsay stands on the other side. Her eyes are red and puffy. She's been through some hell. She steps inside. Turns to Jake as he shuts the door back. He turns to her. It's settling in. Something is wrong with Lindsay. All she can do is stare at him in disbelief.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What's w--

LINDSAY

(outburst)

Only one person, Jake! Why the fuck did you kill Jenny?!

JAKE

(rambling)

Every horror movie has their token nice girl. Jenny was the casualty. She had to go. We couldn't have any witnesses.

LINDSAY

(not comprehending anything)

You said you were going to scare her...

Lindsay begins pacing back and forth, freaking out Jake walks to her, wrapping his arms around her. Lindsay pushes him off of her.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

No. Don't touch me.

The front door opens. Ms. Kelley enters, carrying a bag of groceries. She stops when she sees both teens distraught. Jake turns to her. Lindsay stands back.

JAKE

Mom, this is Lindsay.

Lindsay weakly smiles at the woman, unbeknownst of her cruelty.

MS. KELLEY

Hi, Lindsay.

(to Jake)

Jesus, don't you know how to treat a guest?

LINDSAY

(to Ms. Kelley)

-I'm good. I was just leaving.

Lindsay leaves, hurrying out of the door. Jake watches... comprehends for a moment... then follows out the front door before his mother can say anything.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay walks to her car, sniffing and angered. Jake runs up behind her and pins her to the car. He forcefully kisses her.

Lindsay tries to fight him off of her but it does no good. Jake lets go. They're both gasping for air.

JAKE

A killer just doesn't stop. You're a killer now. I'm a killer now. People die, Linds. Jenny was just in the middle.

Lindsay actually begins to consider this.

JAKE (CONT'D)

If we stop now, the police will definitely have a reason to get suspicious.

LINDSAY

...So who's next?

JAKE

We have to have a plan. And as far as anyone is concerned, you and me are just friends. We don't know anything. Just keep acting like you're upset.

LINDSAY

I can't act like I'm upset when I am upset, Jake!

(beat)

How many people do you intend on doing this to? We had a reason to kill Pete. He was the scum of the fucking Earth. No one else deserves this.

JAKE

Who else was at that summer house?

Lindsay's SURPRISED AND HURT he would bring this up.

LINDSAY

How do you know?

JAKE

Just answer my question.

LINDSAY

Amber... Ry...

JAKE

Pete was friends with Ry, right?

Lindsay shrugs. Maybe.

JAKE (CONT'D)

The killer is targeting based on the events of the summer house. It's perfect. You're the Final Girl, Linds. Now all we need is a failed attack and more bloodshed.

LINDSAY

Jake... I love these people. You shared a sandbox with these people... You're exterminating them like they have nothing to live for.

JAKE

What have they ever done besides provide drama and quirky insights into

high school life? Did any of them help  
you at night?

Lindsay thinks about it. To her, Jake is making a good point...

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR - ON THE ROAD - VIDEO CAMERA POV - NIGHT  
Lindsay drives. The window is cracked. Through it, we can see  
trees and woods, with house lights in the distance.

LINDSAY

I have a question.

JAKE

(o.s.)

Yeah.

LINDSAY

What's the point of filming this?  
Like, us driving to the victim's  
house. It'll just be easier for us to  
get caught.

JAKE

(o.s.)

Build up, suspense purpose... and why  
does that matter? We're gonna be dead  
when they find it anyways.

Lindsay presses on the brakes. The car comes to a complete halt.  
She's shocked. Lindsay looks at Jake.

LINDSAY

What?

JAKE

(o.s.)

Please don't tell me you'd rather go  
to jail for the rest of your life than  
die...

Lindsay can't believe her ears. Feeling every ounce of deceived.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Every killer gets caught in the end,  
Lindsay. That's how it works. You're  
my little manipulator, babe. We've got  
this. We're a fucking team. No one  
suspects the grade A, varsity  
cheerleading, beauty queen. Who  
would've thunk?

LINDSAY

So who kills you?

JAKE

(o.s.; on a more serious note)

You do... We kill each other.

LINDSAY

I don't want to kill you. I don't...

JAKE

(o.s.)

Everybody's gonna hate you once this is over. It's going to be even worse if you're alive.

LINDSAY

They'll hate both of us.

JAKE

(o.s.)

They can hate me all they want. It just feels the same as feeling lonely.

(beat)

At least we trust each other. Right?

(then)

You're the only person I trust to put a gun to my head or a knife to my throat.

Lindsay's in a trance. She looks down.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

I just wanted the best for us.

BACK TO SCENE

This starts to get to Lindsay. She focuses on the windshield hard, reminiscing... Lindsay snaps out of it. She feels dizzy, out of reality.

LINDSAY

God... I can't believe we're doing this...

We see Jake, sitting in the passenger seat. He's truly feeling bad for Lindsay. He's lowered the camera.

JAKE

What's wrong?

Lindsay turns on the puppy dog eyes for Jake. He's falling for it. It's hard not to.

VIDEO CAMERA POV

LINDSAY

Nothing...

JAKE

(o.s.)

There's something else, isn't there?

LINDSAY

I wanted something real. Not just... a fuck on a worn out couch, and drunk, and disconnected...

JAKE

(o.s.)

Do you want to?

Lindsay shies away from the camera, knowing she has him in the palm of her hands.

EXT. LINDSAY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She looks out the window. We can see the reflection of the camera.

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR - VIDEO CAMERA POV - NIGHT

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

You can say whatever you want. Everything in front of this camera is make-believe now. It's all one big movie.

Lindsay turns back around to Jake.

LINDSAY

I've never felt so many emotions towards only one person, Jake. I want this one to count.

EXT. WOODS - SECONDS LATER

Jake and Lindsay get out of the car. Jake leads her into the woods sans video camera. They run with Jake leading the way.

EXT. FIELD

Jake and Lindsay stop in the middle of overgrown grass and acres of field. In the distance is a large, rich home. No one seems to occupy it tonight.

BEGIN YOU BY THE PRETTY RECKLESS.

Lindsay grabs him and they make out. Lindsay's out of breath but she doesn't stop.

Jake lies Lindsay down and unbuttons her pants then his. Lindsay unbuttons Jake's shirt. They're tangled together. Lindsay closes her eyes as Jake begins to thrust. Jake leans down to her and kisses her softly. He strokes her hair.

Lindsay slowly opens her eyes and pulls him closer. Jake lies on top of her, only a few inches between them face-to-face.

Jake tries to hold in his moans. Lindsay grabs Jake's back, squeezing and sighing.

Lindsay looks over towards a large house in the distance. She closes her eyes, then slowly opens them.

TOWARDS THE HOUSE...

Peter holds Lindsay by her waist. He smiles a manipulative smile and pulls Lindsay closer. She falls for it, shying herself away from him. Peter kisses her neck.

THIS SEEMS TO BE ALL IN LINDSAY'S HEAD. She watches the scene, trembling...

PETER

(v.o.)

You trust me right?

LINDSAY

(v.o.)

Just don't hurt me.

PETER

(v.o.)

Why would I?

Lindsay closes her eyes again...

Jake's unaware of this. He kisses Lindsay's neck and finishes. He stops. Lindsay turns back to him. They share a deep gaze. Jake bends down and kisses Lindsay on the lips. She barely responds.

LINDSAY

(chokes out)

Thanks...

Jake smiles and places his hand on Lindsay's cheek.

FADE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

FILM CLASS. Few students are still left. Probably doing leftover class work. Jake lingers over a table, examining broken film equipment and other knick knacks left behind. Macdonald approaches him. He doesn't seem to be in the cheeriest of moods but he shields it pretty well.

MR. MACDONALD

Ya know, I was like you at a young age.

JAKE

You were?

MR. MACDONALD

I was curious about the world.

(picks up a camera)

This thing went everywhere with me. I could've sworn I was gonna be the next Stanley Kubrick. Obviously that didn't work out so well.

JAKE

Mr. Macdonald?

MR. MACDONALD

Yes?

JAKE

I'm fine.

MR. MACDONALD

Oh, I know. But it might not last long. You teenagers are way more complicated than I can ever remember being, but I get it. You have problems, I can see it. Honestly, you're the only one I have faith in, kid. I don't want to see you lose all of that potential because of tragedies or personal issues.

Jake looks to Macdonald. He feels a little bad, but doesn't show it. He takes in the advice, pushing it further.

JAKE

I like the way you think, Macdonald.

MR. MACDONALD

I thought you would.

Macdonald gives Jake a fatherly pat on the back before heading to some students in the back. They silently cry over the loss of their classmates.

TIGHT ON

Jake's face as he looks back down to the cameras. He smirks to himself... admiring the different models.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

It's unknown as to what class this is. It's a mourning period, basically. A young, female teacher sits at her desk in the back, on the computer. Few students are in there, chatting away, but it's still very SOMBER.

Towards the back, Amber and Ry sit side by side in their desks. They seem to be totally immersed into the conversation. Ry seems shaken. Amber's the complete opposite. Calmed and chilled.

RY

Dude, I'm starting to not like this.  
I'm getting nervous as fuck.

AMBER

You're not next-

RY

Amber, I'm a preppy guy who gets drunk every weekend. I'm the go-to party dude, which makes me the go-to cliché of slasher films.

AMBER

Maybe we should switch sixth block.  
You'd be well appreciated in there.

RY

This isn't funny. You'd be on the list too.

AMBER

Duh. What movie have you seen where the bitchy best friend lives? I'm doomed for death! Besides, you were barely local to either Pete or Jenny. You're just a small supporting character who happens to get caught up in it all.

RY

That's comforting.

AMBER

I try my best.

Ry and Amber exchange looks. BEAT.

AMBER (CONT'D)

So who's the main character?

RY

Shouldn't we be focused on who's the killer?

AMBER

No. Because if we find out who the main character is then we can easily find out who the killer is.

RY

Whether you know it or not, you have watched way too many slasher films.

AMBER

(rolls her eyes)

It's recommended in Macdonald's class.

Ry's eyes light up.

RY

What about him?

AMBER

Macdonald?

(then)

What would be his motive?

RY

Pissed off that his salary didn't get raised?

AMBER

(scoffs)

No. If Macdonald was the killer then Jake would be the main character. He practically sucks his dick. But that's not possible. If anything, Jake would be the key suspect.

FOCUS ON

Todd sits in the back with another student. Their conversation catches his attention, but he doesn't say anything. Just listens...

BACK TO RY AND AMBER  
Amber leans in closer.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
When I saw Lindsay today, her skin  
glow practically screamed I JUST GOT  
LAID.

RY  
Aww, my little Lindsay. You know who  
the lucky guy is?

Amber cocks an eyebrow. Ry's mouth nearly drops. Amber subtly  
nods her head.

RY (CONT'D)  
(a lower whisper)  
Judas! She's fucking Jake?!

TODD  
(o.s.)  
Who's fucking Jake?

Todd takes a seat behind Ry. A smirk plastered across his face.

AMBER  
My bitch is fucking your bitch. Care  
to explain?

TODD  
(confused)  
Really now?

RY  
You knew nothing about this?

TODD  
Despite what you guys may think, I  
don't. But what I do know, is that  
Jake didn't kill anyone. So just...  
back off.

AMBER  
Why? Because we want to save our  
asses?

TODD  
No. Because I know for a fact he is  
way too stable for that shit.

AMBER

Same was said for Dennis Raider and John Gacy.

RY

No one's safe.

TODD

Just saying. Maybe you guys need to develop different suspects.

RY

Maybe we should start pointing our fingers at you.

Amber raises her eyebrow.

TODD

...Fuck it. You guys are ridiculous.

Todd gets up and walks away just as... THE BELL RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - KELLEY RESIDENCE - LATE EVENING  
Jake sits at his computer, typing. The door swings open. Jake quickly minimizes the document and whirls around to see Todd walking in.

JAKE

Scared me for a second.

TODD

Hey to you, too.

Todd lingers around the room for a minute, taking notice of the film books and other things associating with movies trashing the room. He turns to Jake, who's nervous about him.

TODD (CONT'D)

It's been a while since I've been in here.

Jake nods. Everything is just awkward...

TODD (CONT'D)

You don't... Know anything about Pete and Jenny... Do you?

JAKE

...No.

Todd smiles to himself, trying to keep the spirit light. Jake's not buying it.

TODD  
Where were you Wednesday--

JAKE  
Fuck, Todd! Who are you? The LAPD of  
douchebags?

Todd's taken aback by his snappiness. Jake leans back in his  
chair, calming himself.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I was with Lindsay.

TODD  
(puzzled)  
Swanson?  
(beat)  
Wow.

Jake nods his head.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Now that I know from the source  
himself...

JAKE  
Who else did you hear it from?

TODD  
(hesitates)  
Amber Fisher and Ry Connor...  
(then)  
They think you did it.

JAKE  
They think I killed Peter and Jenny?

Todd looks away, embarrassed he just told.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
What did you tell them?

TODD  
I told them the truth. That you didn't  
do it.

JAKE  
Well, I may be sick, but I am  
rational.

BEAT.

TODD  
Fuckin' Lindsay Swanson... Wow!

He heads for the door...

JAKE  
Is this the only reason you came over  
here?

Todd turns around.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Y'know...

TODD  
...Just making sure my best friend  
isn't some closet psycho killer.

Todd smiles, unsure and uneasy.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Treat her right, man.

Todd turns and heads out of the room. We can hear him hurrying  
down the stairs.

MS. KELLEY  
(o.s.)  
Todd, you're not staying?

TODD  
(o.s.)  
No. My dad's gonna be pissed if I'm  
not home on time again.

MS. KELLEY  
(o.s.)  
It was nice seeing you. You should  
come back more often.

The front door opens...

TODD  
(o.s.)  
Yeah, maybe. Have a good night, Ms.  
Kelley.

The front door slams shut. As Jake hears it, he approaches the  
window overlooking the street.

FOCUS ON - OUT THE WINDOW

Todd walking down the sidewalk, crossing his arms, shielding himself from the cold.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake exits the room.

INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Jake walks down the stairs, trying to sneak past Ms. Kelley, who is in the kitchen.

MS. KELLEY

(o.s.)

Jake!

Jake spins around. His mother stands in the doorway of the kitchen. Jake prepares for his scolding.

MS. KELLEY (CONT'D)

Where the hell do you think you're going?

JAKE

I'm going out.

MS. KELLEY

You're not going to see that girl, are you?

JAKE

Maybe.

Jake turns and heads for the front door, until...

Ms. Kelley comes after him and grabs his wrist, TWISTING him around.

MS. KELLEY

If you dare speak to me in that tone again, I will pack your things and send you off to your father's.

(beat)

God knows what you see in that tramp.

JAKE

The same thing dad saw in you.

Ms. Kelley loosens her grip. She can't wait to get rid of him now.

MS. KELLEY

Don't be late.

She lets go. Jake opens the front door and storms out, SLAMMING the door behind him with all of his might.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S BEDROOM - SWANSON RESIDENCE - LATER  
The room is dimly lit. Lindsay takes out her earrings and sets them on her bedside table. She's dressed in a small nightgown, ready for bed.

Her cell phone BUZZES, nearly falling off of her dresser. She catches it quickly. Answers it.

LINDSAY  
(into phone)  
Speaking.

JAKE  
(o.s.; scared)  
We're fucked.

LINDSAY  
Jake?  
(beat)  
Stop hyperventilating, Jesus. You're making me nervous.

JAKE  
(o.s.)  
I think people know we're in on it.

LINDSAY  
What?!

JAKE  
(o.s.)  
Meet me on the corner of Willow.

LINDSAY  
Jake, I'm about to go to bed. I can't.

Lindsay nearly pushes END when-

JAKE  
(o.s.)  
-Don't hang up on me...

Lindsay is shocked. She holds the phone back to her ear, tense.

LINDSAY  
(into phone)  
You're already outside?

JAKE

(o.s.)

Yep.

OUTSIDE LINDSAY'S BEDROOM WINDOW...

Lindsay turns to the window, her eyes are alert. She looks down into the yard... She presses END.

EXT. BACKYARD - MINUTES LATER

Lindsay walks out of the back door, keeping her eyes peeled... The porch light glows down on her.

As she turns a corner...

A HAND REACHES OUT. GRABS HER SHOULDER.

Lindsay spins around. It's JAKE. His face is pale. He shakes with fear and confusion. He knows they're fucked.

LINDSAY

Jake, what's going on?

JAKE

Todd fucking knows... He- He stopped by...

LINDSAY

Calm down, calm down... How does he know?

JAKE

Your fucking friends, Lindsay. He said Amber and Ry were talking and somehow my name came up.

LINDSAY

Just don't believe it. There's no way they could know.

JAKE

We have to do something!

LINDSAY

Like WHAT?! You said we can't stop!

JAKE

And we won't.

BEAT.

LINDSAY

Who else's life are you planning to end this time?

JAKE  
(shakes his head)  
We need to take the blame off of me.

LINDSAY  
Then we stage an attack with you.

Jake grins. He's thought of something.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
I'll get my mask. You go to Todd's.  
It's perfect.

JAKE  
No, I'll take care of it.

LINDSAY  
How?

JAKE  
You'll see.

LINDSAY  
I'll see? Jake, we're in this together. You can't just keep me in the dark!

JAKE  
And I won't. But you need to lay low. After this, I'll be the casualty no one saw coming. *Could you fucking imagine?*

LINDSAY  
...You know, I haven't spoken with Amber in a while. I haven't gone shopping... All I've been doing is this... with you. I just want to be normal again.

JAKE  
(calm; deadly)  
You want a break?

Lindsay grows quiet. Jake gets closer, his eyes threatening.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Everybody will know what you did if you don't go along.

Lindsay's nearly moved to tears. She can't believe what she has gotten herself into... How manipulative this boy is... She moves past Jake and walks back into the house, shutting the door behind her. The porch light shuts off.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM - KELLEY RESIDENCE - LATER  
Jake shuts the front door behind him. In the distance, we can hear Ms. Kelly washing dishes.

FROM THE LIVING ROOM...  
The Late Night News is on.

As Jake is about to go up the staircase--

MS. KELLEY

(o.s.)

You're late.

(beat)

Could you come in here for a moment?

Jake sighs. He steps down and goes to the--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Kelley breaks from washing dishes. She turns around to Jake, who is standing in the doorway, not up for anything.

MS. KELLEY (CONT'D)

Well don't just stand there! Put the dishes away. You missed dinner.

Jake ignores her. Ms. Kelley turns back around to the sink. She's just about had it.

MS. KELLEY (CONT'D)

...Cannot believe you came out of me... Jake, put them away...

Jake shuffles into the kitchen and walks up next to Ms. Kelley. A knife sticks out of the rack, almost as if it's pointing to Jake. He looks at his mom, then back to the knife.

Ms. Kelley doesn't notice. She's angered. Jake jerks the knife out of the rack.

JAKE

(to himself)

...Works in the movies...

MS. KELLEY

Jake, I'm not going--

Jake SHOVES THE BLADE INTO HIS MOTHER'S BACK. Ms. Kelley presses against the counter, screaming. Blood pours over Jake's hands and the knife's handle... He pushes deeper then SLOWLY PULLS THE KNIFE OUT. Ms. Kelley grips onto the counter. She grows weaker and grits her teeth.

JAKE

Mom, I can't believe I came out of  
you, either... You heartless bitch!

He STRIKES AGAIN, digging the knife deep into her back. His face is only inches from his mother's.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ya know, the funny thing is... I don't  
feel a fucking thing. You're dead to  
me.

Ms. Kelley drops. She bleeds out onto the wooden floor. Jake looks around, nearly panicking. He walks to the back door and busts the window panes with the knife.

He holds the knife up in front of him, biting his lip... With the other hand, he feels the side of his stomach. He lowers the knife... presses it firmly against his shirt and DIGS IN, SLICING OPEN HIS SKIN... DRAGGING IT ALONG. We can't tell if this just to cover his ass or if he feels any pleasure from it. Could be a mixture of both.

THE BLOOD DRIP... DROPS ONTO THE TILE BELOW. As Jake removes the knife, he STUMBLES a bit, his breathing slowly weakening...

Jake spots a dish cloth lying on the counter. He grabs it and wipes the knife's handle off with it, then tosses it into the sink filled with soapy water. Jake throws the knife beside Ms. Kelley's body and grabs the phone.

He dials 911 and leans over the counter, trying not to puke.

OPERATOR

(o.s.)

911, what is your emergency?

Jake plays it up, acting WOUNDED AND FRIGHTENED.

JAKE

(into phone)

I need the police, an ambulance,  
something!! Just get whoever out here  
now!! Someone killed my mom!

OPERATOR

(o.s.)

Is the attacker still there? Are you  
in a safe place?

JAKE

They ran out. I- I don't know. I don't  
know if I'm safe!

OPERATOR

(o.s.)

What is your address?

JAKE

238 Willow Spring Road.

OPERATOR

(o.s.)

Okay, sir. Just stay put. Are you  
injured?

JAKE

They stabbed me.

OPERATOR

(o.s.)

I'll have the police and an ambulance  
present shortly.

Jake hangs up. He slides down the side of the counter with the  
phone still in his hand... turns his head towards his mother's  
body... and smiles. Jake can't believe what he's accomplished.  
Almost ecstatic about it.

FADE TO:

EXT. KELLEY RESIDENCE - LATER

A COUPLE OF POLICE CARS... AN AMBULANCE... EMTS ROLL A GURNEY  
INTO THE FRONT DOOR. THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

NEIGHBORS come out of their homes to peek. It's a quite scene,  
but filled with murmurs of emotion no less.

An Officer escorts Jake out of the house, who puts on the face  
of a soldier. His wound is bandaged up. Only dried blood cakes  
his shirt.

Jake eyes the crowd, but his eye stops on...

LINDSAY. She stands in the midst of it all, feeling ridiculed  
and lost. They lock eyes.

The Officer strays from Jake to another Officer. It's his opportunity. Jake makes his way to Lindsay, who waits. As he approaches her--

JAKE

I move in with dad in a few days.

LINDSAY

(trying to not cry)

What kind of sick shit are you pulling?

Jake's taken aback. He tries his best to keep his sympathetic composure.

JAKE

Lindsay, I had-

Lindsay is in tears. She begins to break.

LINDSAY

I can't do this anymore, Jake. I want to love you, but I can't. What have you become?

Jake can't answer this. Even he doesn't know.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

I won't tell, but you have to swear that this is gonna stop. That nobody else is going to get hurt. We can't sacrifice our lives for something so... meaningless now. It's not worth it. Not anymore.

JAKE

I just lost my mom and you're going to walk away?

Lindsay can see what's going on and she's disgusted. Although his eyes look promising, he's just putting on a show. Lindsay closes her eyes and shakes her head.

LINDSAY

Goodbye, Jake.

Lindsay turns and walks away. She hangs her head low as she shuffles down the sidewalk. Jake watches on, proud of what he's done.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Lindsay walks down the hall towards her locker. Numerous students are heard gossiping about Jake and Ms. Kelley. Lindsay's annoyed, and it oh so obviously shows.

FOCUS ON

Kitt and Ry stand at the corner of the exit. They seem to be in some kind of heated conversation.

RY

I don't care what you want. You're not coming.

KITT

I was close to Pete too, Ry. You can't keep me from mourning!

RY

You fucked him twice! That's barely knowing him. That's knowing his dick. And the only reason you wanna go is to free-load off my parents' stash.

KITT

That's not true.

RY

It so is. And you with your loud drinking and obnoxious slutting is gonna get us all killed.

Kitt rolls her eyes, pushing past Ry.

Ry chuckles and sees Lindsay at her locker. He runs up to her side.

RY (CONT'D)

Lindsay! Girl, I have missed you and your sunny exterior!

Lindsay can't help but laugh.

LINDSAY

Hey, Ry.

RY

So where have you been sneaking about at?

LINDSAY

I've just been staying at home. Mom's paranoid I might end up six feet under next.

RY  
Speaking of... Did you hear about  
Jake?

LINDSAY  
Yeah...

RY  
Sad, huh? I actually thought the loser  
was behind it too.

Lindsay shoots a look to Ry.

RY (CONT'D)  
I guess no one's safe.

LINDSAY  
You sound awfully calm about it. Are  
you sure you should be pointing  
fingers?

RY  
Silly, no! I'm harmless! Not unless  
I'm inebriated-

Ry leans closer into Lindsay's face

RY (CONT'D)  
-Then I tend to get a little frisky.

LINDSAY  
Now how could I be able to resist?

Ry and Lindsay smile.

THE BELL RINGS - interrupting their moment. Ry walks past  
Lindsay and turns around.

RY  
I'll meet you after school. Me, you  
and Amber. We have some catching up to  
accomplish.

LINDSAY  
'Kay.

Lindsay feels a bit better. Sadness still hints in her eyes,  
though.

INT. LINDSAY'S CAR - ON THE ROAD - EVENING

CUT TO:

Lindsay drives down the street without any worry on her mind. She feels like she's in a better place...

HER PHONE BUZZES.

Lindsay looks down onto the passenger seat.

FOCUS ON

The phone buzzes again. It's Jake.

Lindsay reaches for it... PRESSES IGNORE. Then throws it back down.

EXT. FISHER RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER

Lindsay pulls into a circle driveway. The house is large, surrounded by bushes and gates.

The car cuts off. Lindsay gets out and shuts the door. She lets herself into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FISHER RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay shuts the front door quietly. She walks through the living room. The house is empty. Lindsay looks out of the patio door

FOCUS ON

Ry walks around outside. Guzzling down a beer. Checking his text messages.

AMBER

(o.s.)

Breaking and entering could earn you a year, ya know.

LINDSAY

As long as I have don't have to wear the ugly orange jumpsuit.

Lindsay turns around to Amber, who is holding an opened soda. Happy to see her best friend.

AMBER

Something tells me they'll give you a special, sparkly purple one.

(beat)

C'mon.

Amber grabs Lindsay's hand and opens the patio door, leading her outside.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Amber approaches Ry. She seems to be affectionate towards him. He barely pays any mind. Lindsay hurries to catch up.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Look who decided to step out of her coffin.

RY

I told you she's show.

Ry gives Lindsay a big hug. Trying to balance his drink as well.

LINDSAY

You guys just sitting around here all day?

They part ways.

RY

She is. I'm actually doing something with my day.

Ry holds up the beer.

From inside, the HOUSE PHONE RINGS. Amber turns and runs back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Amber picks up the phone, feeling chipper.

AMBER

(into phone)

Amber's House of Doom and Gloom.

JAKE

(o.s.)

Hi, Amber.

AMBER

(suddenly feels bad)

Hi... Jake.

JAKE

(o.s.)

Is Lindsay around?

AMBER

She certainly is. How're you doing?

JAKE

(o.s.)

Just taking one day at a time. Coping.

AMBER

That's good. Hold on, 'kay?

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Amber pokes her head out of the door, holding out the phone and interrupting Lindsay and Ry's conversation.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Linds, phone!

Lindsay walks to Amber and grabs the phone. Amber turns around and shuts the door, walking into the house. Lindsay holds the phone up to her ear.

LINDSAY

(into phone)  
Hello?

JAKE

(o.s.)  
Miss me?

Lindsay's eyes grow wide. She spins around so Ry can't see her. She moves away behind a fence.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)  
How're you playing up your role, babe?  
Ready to retire?

LINDSAY

How did you know I was here? Are you filming me?

JAKE

(o.s.)  
That's such a strong accusation.

LINDSAY

Don't ever come near me, Jake. At school, don't talk to me. Don't even look at me. If you see me in town, turn around and walk away, or I'll crack. I'll tell everyone. Understand?

JAKE

(o.s.)  
Don't forget to mention that you killed Pete. His blood is on your hands. You can't wash that away no matter how hard you try.

The other end goes dead. LINDSAY'S SHAKEN... She hangs up. Walks back to Ry, feeling paranoid.

LINDSAY

(to Ry; hands him the phone)  
I gotta go. Tell Amber I'll ring her up later.

RY

Lindsay, is something wrong?

Lindsay walks away, back to the front yard. She wants to crawl under a rock, but she refuses to break.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - SCHOOL CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Lindsay walks along the sidewalk, ignoring just about everyone who looks her way. She passes Todd and Jake. Todd looks her way.

TODD

Hey, Linds.

Lindsay smiles at him, completely ignoring Jake in the process. As they completely pass, we can see Jake and Todd engage in a conversation -- probably about Lindsay.

Through the crowd, Amber runs up behind her, almost out of breath.

AMBER

Lindsay!

Lindsay spins around. Amber nearly knocks into her as she stops.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Ry told me to tell you that you're in the VIP for the memorial service.

LINDSAY

Memorial service?

AMBER

Yeah. A subjective social for the grieving. You, me, Ry, Todd and the occasional bitch who's never invited.

LINDSAY

I... I don't know. What time?

AMBER

Well I'm going at ten. Talk to your ride.

LINDSAY

Who's my ride?

AMBER

Dude, you are so out of the loop today.

(beat)

Your boyfriend...

Lindsay's still not registering...

AMBER (CONT'D)

...Or fuck buddy?

LINDSAY

Oh... We're not together. Not anymore.

Amber's eyes open wide. This catches her attention. Surprised of Lindsay's bluntness.

AMBER

(whisper)

Linds, his mom just croaked-

LINDSAY

I know. But it was mutual. I don't think he's all for a party right now.

Amber can tell something is wrong. She sighs, pushing it off.

AMBER

Well, give him my condolences, soldier. I'll meet ya there at ten.

Amber leaves, still a bit baffled. Lindsay waves to her, trying to force the happiness through. Her eyes are rimmed with red.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SCHOOL CAMPUS - LATER

Jake and Todd sit on the hood of Todd's car, watching the students walk by. There's a pause between the two. Jake seems out of it, in a whole other world...

TODD

I don't know if this essentially on topic, but did you hear about Ry's party?

JAKE

Nope.

TODD

Well, it's not really a party...

(beat)

Yeah, I guess it's a party... But you know... Like a gathering, for the deceased, I guess. People are upset so, I guess the normal response would be to cry hysterically and get shit-faced. At least, that's what my mom did after Aunt Carla bit it.

JAKE

(abruptly)

I'm not going.

Todd nods. He understands.

TODD

...Man, I don't see how you can even stay in that house. Doesn't it bother you, even with your grandma there?

JAKE

It can't bother you if you don't think about it.

Todd takes a minute then slides off of the hood. Jake follows his lead, only a bit slower.

Todd gets in the car and cranks it up. The engine REVS as Jake walks by. Todd rolls down his window and leans out.

TODD (CONT'D)

Ya know Lindsay's coming. Your one chance at redemption, if that means anything.

Jake stops in his tracks. Her name brings a different meaning now. Todd stares at him in anticipation.

JAKE

I'll talk to you later, Todd.

Jake walks away, his head hanging. Todd huffs and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDSAY'S BEDROOM - SWANSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT  
IN THE MIRROR

Lindsay sits at her vanity table, applying mascara. She does it with no life.

Her stereo softly plays SHADOWS BY DEV.

The door creaks open...

It's her mom. Mrs. Swanson enters quietly. She crosses her arms. Leans against the wall.

MRS. SWANSON  
Are you going out tonight?

LINDSAY  
Yep.

MRS. SWANSON  
You don't want to stay home with your  
father and I? Maybe watch some movies?

Lindsay doesn't respond. She's too focused on trying to make herself feel pretty.

MRS. SWANSON (CONT'D)  
Lindsay--

Lindsay turns around. There's something off about her. Something strange. Mrs. Swanson notices.

MRS. SWANSON (CONT'D)  
-I just wish you'd stay home. It's not  
safe.

LINDSAY  
I'm just going to Ry's. It's gated...  
Safe...

Mrs. Swanson can only imagine the changes her daughter has gone through. She approaches her, wraps an arm around.

MRS. SWANSON  
You're still my baby girl?

Lindsay looks at herself in the mirror. Her eyes drop to the floor. She doesn't answer. She doesn't know how to.

FADE TO:

EXT. CONNOR RESIDENCE - LATER  
TWO CARS - one belonging to Lindsay - come into view from a road hidden by woods. They pull up to...

A darkly colored brick French Country home set in front of a field. Two cars are parked near the garage.

In the distance is a familiar field. One that we had visited earlier... a large area of weeds, and a barn.

The first one out of their car is Todd. He walks up to the house.

Lindsay steps out of her car. She catches up with Todd, but tries to not make it obvious. He notices her. SMILES.

TODD

Hey. You got the invite for disaster too?

LINDSAY

Uh-huh.

(beat)

No offense but why are you here?

TODD

Ry told me about it. We're pretty cool with each other... And I heard Kitt was going to be here.

LINDSAY

From who?

TODD

Kitt.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNOR RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Todd and Lindsay enter, unimpressed by the richness of the home.

The living room is wide and affluent. It spreads out to the right into the kitchen. Wide stairs lead up to the second floor. Beside it, a hallway leads to the back door and into another entry of the kitchen. The wrap around couch sits against the darkly red walls. The flat screen plastered onto the wall. A big entertainment system follows along the wall next to the TV. The stereo quietly plays.

Ry sits back on the couch. He's already plastered, yet chugging down a glass of Tequila.

IN THE B.G. OF THE KITCHEN...

Kitt walks around, searching in every cabinet she comes across.

Lindsay stands by the kitchen entryway next to Todd. She doesn't want to be here. But she doesn't want to be alone.

TODD

(to Ry)

Not much of a party.

RY

It won't be. Everybody's dead.

Kitt stomps into the living room. Practically pissed to no end.

KITT

Where the hell are all of your glasses?

RY

You don't need a glass. You're such a schoolgirl.

KITT

You have a glass.

Ry holds it up to his eye level.

RY

Well then.

Kitt scoffs and walks back into the kitchen.

LINDSAY

Have you guys seen Amber?

RY

Supposedly, she's supposed to be coming.

LINDSAY

Oh, well that answered my question...

Todd walks over to the stereo and turns IT UP. A modern pop song BLASTS.

Kitt comes back into the living room carrying two glasses and a brand new bottle of Vodka. She's no longer a sour little bitch. She's ready to party.

KITT

Now it's a fucking party!

RY

(r.e: the glasses)  
Where'd you find those?!

KITT

Where you didn't look.

The front door swings open. Amber enters: the queen bee. In both hands are two grocery bags of ALCOHOL.

AMBER

(observant)

Music up, drinking's on, sluts are here... Yep, we are definitely grieving.

Lindsay grabs a grocery bag from Amber and they walk into the kitchen...

LINDSAY

About time you showed.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As they sit the groceries down and sort them out...

AMBER

What can I say? Life hates me. First, they were out of Rum so I had to settle for Gin. Fantastic, right? Well, fuck me running! *Then* the retarded gate wouldn't open so I had to park on the side of the road and climb over the damn thing. The whole time I was thinking... I shouldn't even be here!

Lindsay holds out the bottle of Gin to Amber.

LINDSAY

Drink the pain away.

AMBER

Oh, baby, you know the way to my heart.

...As she takes the bottle away. The two girls head back into the living room...

THROUGH THE WINDOW

JAKE. A hood over his head. A pissed off malevolence look to him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amber hangs by Lindsay's side. She drinks down the Gin, then makes a sour-like face.

TODD

Is it good?

AMBER

Yum.

Kitt dances around the room to INTERNET KILLED THE VIDEO STAR BY THE LIMOUSINES. She grabs Ry's arms and drags him up, grinding against him. Ry tries to move but fails miserably.

AMBER (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Jesus... Just give it up.

Lindsay looks to Amber, feeling a little sad for her.

AMBER (CONT'D)

(to Lindsay)

She's bullshit. I cannot believe this!

LINDSAY

If you want to go make your move, then do it!

Ry almost falls, but Kitt catches him, pulling him closer.

Amber hands over the bottle to Lindsay and approaches the two, grabbing Ry's shoulder, turning him around.

Ry turns around, nearly stumbling into Amber.

AMBER

Hey! You wanna go upstairs? Hit some shots? Maybe off of each other?

RY

I... I w-will.

AMBER

Ry!

Amber jerks his arm towards her.

KITT

Fuck, Amber! BACK OFF! Stop being such a buzz kill!

AMBER

I will once you stop being such a sperm-guzzling, back alley WHORE!

The fun is lost. Kitt stops dancing, mouth dropped. Ry begins to back away, knowing that a cat fight might ensue.

RY

Did I just hear that right?

He looks over at Todd. Todd is frozen in his place, trying his hardest to not laugh.

LINDSAY

Oh shit...

Amber turns to Ry.

AMBER

You want her?! You're just as pathetic as she is then.

(beat)

Why the fuck am I even here?

(scoffs)

Hope you enjoy your funeral.

(to Kitt)

And as for you, I wish the worst - and I mean worst - possible death out there for you, hon. You're nothing but a lay, and I bet you it kills you inside.

Amber regrettably hands the bottle to Kitt... turns around and walks out the front door, slamming it behind her.

RY

...And for a minute there I thought someone was gonna get hit... *fuck*.

Without saying a word, Kitt charges out the back door, drinking down the Gin. Her fun has officially ended.

Ry looks over at Todd and Lindsay... lonely and glazed, upset that the party has practically ended. Todd walks over to the couch...

LINDSAY

(sighs)

Since no one else will do it...

She opens the front door, exiting the home...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Amber stomps towards her car, wiping away tears. Behind her, the gate is locked shut. She mumbles to herself, angered.

AMBER

(to herself)  
Yeah, Ry. It's all peachy... No, no,  
everything's fine... Just go and get  
sloshed, flirt with cum-dumpster-Kitt,  
I don't care.

(beat)  
Doesn't even wanna fuck me...  
Asshole...

Something catches her eye. Amber turns to her left to see-

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE  
Amber stares at us, caught off guard.

BACK TO SCENE  
We focus on...

A human figure in the woods. They hold a video camera in front  
of them with one hand... SOMETHING IN THE OTHER... SOMETHING  
SHARP.

BACK TO SCENE  
Amber doesn't let this bother her. She continues to walk to her  
car.

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE  
Behind her, we inch closer...

BACK TO SCENE  
Amber approaches her car. She takes a single key out of her back  
pocket out of frustration. Amber becomes more impatient as she  
can't see where to put the key in.

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE  
We're closer behind Amber. We can hear her mumbling obscenities  
to herself.

BACK TO SCENE  
Amber rolls her eyes, giving up. She can hear us behind her...

WIDE SHOT...  
Amber turns around. The figure is... JAKE. He hides behind the  
camera, a white light shining from it. Amber's a bit blinded by  
it.

AMBER

(jumpy)  
God, you scared me.  
(beat)  
Could ya help me? I can't see what I'm  
doing.

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE  
NO ANSWER.

Amber chuckles. This is actually scary?

AMBER (CONT'D)  
Really? You're such a fucking drip,  
dude. Here. Shine that light over my  
way.

Her eyes pan down to...

BACK TO SCENE  
A BUTCHER KNIFE. IN JAKE'S HAND.

She looks back to Jake, nervous...

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE  
Jake laughs a bit.

JAKE  
(o.s.)  
What? Do I make you nervous or  
something?

Amber can only stare at us. Confused, uneasy.

BACK TO SCENE  
Jake runs the knife along Amber's chest... down her stomach.  
Teasing her. His sick idea of foreplay probably.

Amber backs away. Only inches though. She's caught in between  
Jake and her car.

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE  
Amber looks down at the knife, shaking.

AMBER  
Jake, I- I need to go home.

She tries to move. The knife holds her back.

JAKE  
(o.s.; coolly)  
Amber, I'm not really satisfied with  
us, with our movie. I don't know. I  
don't think it felt... authentic  
enough.

Amber doesn't know how to react. She's had enough. She looks  
away from the camera.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

You like to be noticed. I can tell...

He moves the camera down... to her cleavage... down her torso... then back up... The knife slowly moves along her collarbone... Back down to her stomach. We see it disappear...

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

You're never satisfied.

AMBER

Fuck you--

QUICKLY, WE HEAR A SQUISH... GUSHING... AMBER'S FACE TURNS TO SHOCKING AGONY... A LOW SCREAM EXITS HER MOUTH...

BACK TO SCENE

WIDE SHOT

Jake pulls the knife out of Amber's stomach. Her hand moves down to the wound. Jake's not fazed at all.

He backs away, STILL FILMING, as Amber runs for THE GATE. She cries. She's too shocked to scream out anything.

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE

We stand still. Watching...

Amber tearing down the long dirt road. She begins to cross upon the gate separating her and the house. Amber practically jumps on the gate. She pulls on it.

BACK TO SCENE

It's locked. Amber throws herself onto it. The blood falls from her stomach and onto her shoes, MAKING HER SLIP.

AMBER (CONT'D)

No!

Fuck this. She takes off into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Amber runs for her life. Faster. Faster. She pushes branches out of her way. She trips but catches herself.

EXT. BARN - VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE - CONTINUOUS

We watch from a close distance as...

Amber crosses into the maze of the field and quickly makes her way out. She runs for the barn. Faint and out of breath.

EXT. BARN - BACK TO SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Amber gives up. Her fingers claw onto the barn, while her blood-ridden hand feels around her pockets. They stop at the back pocket...

She pulls out her phone. It nearly slips out of her hand.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FIELD...

THE PORCH LIGHT FLICKERS ON. Lindsay walks off of the porch... searches around the house...

BACK ON AMBER

As she presses the second 1...

ON THE PHONE

NO SIGNAL.

AMBER (CONT'D)

FUCK!

BEHIND HER

THE CAMERA LIGHT COMES CLOSER.

She looks up to see Lindsay. Her eyes wide with hope.

AMBER (CONT'D)

LIN--

--CUT OFF BY A SHRIEK.

THE PHONE DROPS TO THE DIRT.

FROM BEHIND AMBER...

JAKE'S IS CHEEK TO CHEEK WITH HER. HE HOLDS THE CAMERA CLOSE TO HER FACE. HIS OTHER HAND IS PINNED TO HER BACK.

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE

TIGHT ON

Amber's face. Filled with pain. She's close to death. We can easily tell.

JAKE

(o.s.; cheery)

And here we are! Up close and personal with AMBER FUCKING FISHER! The world's biggest cunt!

O.S. He jerks the knife out.

Amber collapses to the ground. We see the blood gushing from the gaping hole in the middle of her back. She can barely move. Beside her -- THE PHONE... IT'S BUZZING.

The camera views the phone. We bend down. IN FULL VIEW OF THE CALLER I.D. IT'S LINDSAY.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Ohhh Lindsay: The World's Biggest Tease...

He presses END.

We PAN OVER TO...

AMBER -- crawling away. Groaning.

JAKE BRINGS THE KNIFE DOWN. CONNECTING IT TO HER BACK AGAIN. Amber squeals, cries...

The knife repeatedly enters and exits her body.

Jake SCREAMS, livid. We get a sense that's he's crying...

JAKE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

I fucking loved you! I loved you!! You bitch!!

He sniffles. Stops...

BACK TO SCENE

TIGHT ON

The pale, lifeless face of Amber Fisher. Her eyes are wide open. Blood trickles down the side of her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay - bewildered and suspicious - inches towards the field. She looks around. SHE'S ALONE.

A hand reaches out. SPINS LINDSAY AROUND. She turns, startled. It's only Todd, drinking from a beer can.

TODD

Did you find her?

LINDSAY

I tried calling her... She hung up.

TODD

Let the bitch sulk.

He can tell something's wrong. Lindsay looks to him. She doesn't bother hiding it.

TODD (CONT'D)

You wanna go home?

LINDSAY

I'm fine.

TODD

Well I'm not gonna let you linger around this place alone. It's dark.

He takes her hand. She flinches, but grows a little comfortable.

TODD (CONT'D)

C'mon.

He tugs on her hand. She controls herself, letting them go along for the ride. Todd lures her around the house, disappearing into the dark...

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

Kitt walks around the backyard, texting on her phone. In the other hand is the bottle of Gin. She slides the phone into her pocket and chugs down the Gin. She turns around--

BUMPS INTO JAKE. In one hand is the camera. It's pointed down. The other hand is hidden in the jacket pocket. His hood is down. He seems thrilled.

KITT

(stunned)

Fuck! Where'd you come from?

JAKE

Oh, I was around. Thought I'd stop by and check things out.

KITT

Yeah, well, you just missed the life of the party.

Jake nods.

Kitt looks down at the camera. Back up to Jake.

KITT (CONT'D)

Film your little home movies with that thing?

JAKE  
(glances at the camera)  
Yep. It's like it never leaves my  
side.

Kitt takes another sip of the alcohol.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I've been a little deprived the past  
few days. Whatdaya say we make  
something out of this camera?

Kitt smirks. She giggles, looks down to her feet. Jake waits for  
a response.

She lifts her head back up... She lifts up the video camera to  
her face.

VIDEO CAMERA POV - GRAINY NIGHT FOOTAGE  
Kitt looks at us, her drunken impression of her slutty usual  
self.

KITT  
Meet me upstairs in five.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME  
Lindsay and Todd walk along the outskirts of the woods, looking  
around and enjoying each other company. You can tell they like  
each other.

TODD  
Jake has really been starting to  
bother me lately.

Lindsay wants to avoid this at all costs. But she sucks it up.

LINDSAY  
How so?

TODD  
Well... no offense to you, obviously.  
But--  
(beat)  
Ever since you and him starting  
hanging out, I just got this different  
vibe from him. Especially after Pete  
and Jenny were killed. I know I  
shouldn't just accuse him of murder,  
but...

LINDSAY

(guilty)  
It's okay.

TODD

No, it's not okay. It makes me feel really shitty, Lindsay. After his mom died, I couldn't act the same around him.

(beat)  
Why'd you guys break up?

LINDSAY

(shrugs)  
Because I know how you feel. I couldn't take it anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNOR RESIDENCE - MINUTES LATER  
Ry walks in from the kitchen, another glass filled with alcohol. He takes the shot. Lets the glass down on the counter next to the stereo. He messes with the stereo's volume, finally cutting it down.

RY

(singing to himself)  
All alone... I'm drunk... and all alone...

Kitt stumbles in from the back door. She walks around Ry. Plays with his hair as she heads for the stairs. The empty bottle hangs from her hand.

RY

Where's Lindsay and Todd?

KITT

Probably fucking.

Kitt staggers up the stairs.

RY

Tell me, princess. Where does that leave me?

KITT

(leans over the banister)  
With a bottle.

She drops the bottle down to Ry. He catches it.

KITT (CONT'D)

Shove it up your ass.

Kitt continues back up the stairs. Ry chuckles, taking all of this in too light-heartedly.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Ry sets the bottle down on the counter. He reaches for fridge. He opens it, looks inside. Stumbles for a minute but regains his balance.

O.S. The back door opens... then shuts.

Ry doesn't seem bothered by it.

Someone tinkers with the stereo as it plays POST BREAK-UP SEX BY THE VACCINES. The volume goes UP, then drops back down...

RY

(calling out)

Kitt, stop fucking with my stereo!  
Shit's expensive...

He looks up to see--

Jake leaning against the doorway. We can now see in the full lighting that Jake's jacket is soaked in blood. Camouflaged by the black color. His right hand is caked in dried blood. Amber's blood.

Ry doesn't know what to think of this. He stands by the counter.

JAKE

Sorry I showed up on such short notice.

RY

Nah. It's okay.

(sarcastic)

Party was just getting started.

(r.e.: Jake's hand)

Cut yourself?

JAKE

Yeah, I do it all the time. Maintains my sanity.

Ry nervously laughs. He doesn't know how to take this whole confrontation. Jake approaches him, leans against the counter.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You haven't seen Lindsay, have you?

RY  
(uncomfortable)  
I have. Uh... I'm sorry for the  
inconvenience, but...

JAKE  
But, what?

Jake runs his hands along the counters. Comes to a drawer. Pulls out an unused kitchen knife. It gleams under the hanging lights. He examines it. Runs it along his hand.

RY  
(blurts out)  
She's with Todd, dude.

Jake looks up to him, eyebrow cocked.

RY (CONT'D)  
I don't know why... Or... How...

Jake smirks. He holds the end of the blade towards Ry.

JAKE  
Ry... Buddy.  
(beat)  
I should tell you something...  
(beat)  
I haven't been faithful either. I  
mean, I'm about to go upstairs and  
fuck Kitt right after I'm done with  
you, no pun intended.

RY  
(clears his throat)  
All right... Jake, I think you need to  
go home. Go cry, masturbate. Do  
something. Just please. Get the fuck  
outta my house.

Jake moves closer. Ry can't help but to look at the knife. Jake sets it down on the counter. Holds his hands up in surrender.

JAKE  
I just wanna know where Lindsay is.

Ry moves to the living room. He's finally had enough.

RY  
(calling out)  
Kitt!

Jake brings out his butcher knife from his pocket... raises it... STABS IT INTO RY'S BACK.

Ry HOWLS OUT IN PAIN. He stumbles around... PUNCHES JAKE ACROSS THE FACE.

Jake falls back, staggers against the counter. Ry charges after him, the knife still in his back. As Ry falls into Jake... Jake GRABS THE KNIFE OFF OF THE COUNTER. THROWS IT INTO RY'S CHEST.

Ry stops, gasping. Jake pushes the knife deeper. Ry drowns in a puddle of his own blood. Jake holds the handle of the knife as he drops to his knees. Jake slides down with him.

RY  
(chokes up)  
You fucking...dick!

Jake doesn't respond. He slowly watches him die.

CUT TO:

INT. RY'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

A wide, white room. Filled with expensive furniture. It's more of a show-off/hangout than an actual sleeping area. To the right is an oversized window, taking up most of the wall space. It overlooks the woods. Below it, a slight glimpse of a SUN ROOM can be seen.

Kitt paces around the room. Her intoxication is slowly wearing off. She fingers the random things lying around on Ry's dresser.

FROM OUTSIDE

We can hear slight giggles... People talking...

Kitt moves to the window, peering out.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Todd and Lindsay walk through the woods, hand in hand. They disappear into the dark.

KITT  
Lindsay, you skeezy little slut.

THE BEDROOM DOOR OPENS.

Kitt spins around...

Jake stands in the doorway. His jeans are soaked in Ry's blood. Looks like he's been skinning a deer. He holds the camera in his left hand. Not bothering to film anything.

KITT (CONT'D)  
Jesus, what happened?

Jake ignores the question. He shuts the door behind him. Walks over to Kitt.

JAKE  
Ready?

KITT  
You're not serious, are you?

Jake shows her the camera. It's recording.

KITT (CONT'D)  
I'm not your fucking whore.

Kitt moves past Jake but he pushes her back. She's starting to get mad.

JAKE  
You're not getting out of this one.

Kitt doesn't answer. Jake points the camera to her face, filming her.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Look into the camera and tell me that you lied.

KITT  
I didn't lie--

JAKE  
(louder)  
Look into the camera and tell me that you lied.

KITT  
Fine.  
(closer to the camera; looks into the lens)  
I lied.  
(to Jake)  
Now get the fucking camera out of here and let me leave.

JAKE  
Now take your shirt off.

KITT  
(scoffs)

No!

JAKE

Are you too good for me...?

KITT

You want me to answer that one to the camera too?

(beat)

Fuck you, Jake.

Kitt moves for the door...

In one swift motion--

Jake DROPS THE CAMERA, DIVES FOR KITT AND THROWS HER AGAINST THE WALL, WRAPPING HIS HANDS AROUND HER THROAT.

Kitt fights back. Struggling. She grabs for Jake's hands. Tries to pry them off but fails.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay and Todd lie against each other on the ground snuggling and smiling at each other.

BACK TO:

INT. RY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake throws Kitt back to the bed. She lands against the bed post. Jake hurries to her... SLAMS HER FACE INTO THE WOODEN POST BEFORE SHE HAS TIME TO REACT.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Lindsay and Todd get closer... The feelings growing stronger...

BACK TO:

INT. RY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake grabs Kitt. She holds her nose. It's just a bloody pulp now...

He throws her against the dresser. He's angrier. Kitt tries to beat him off of her, but it doesn't work. Jake throws Kitt to the window...

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

LINDSAY AND TODD KISS. A TRAGIC, SWEET MOMENT...

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - SECONDS LATER

KITT BURSTS OUT OF THE WINDOW, FACING BACKWARDS. SHE SCREAMS.  
GLASS SHATTERS OVER HER. HER BODY FLIES DOWN TOWARDS THE SUN  
ROOM BELOW...

INT. SUN ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
AND VIOLENTLY CRASHES DOWN ONTO THE CHAIRS AND TABLES.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - SECONDS LATER  
Lindsay breaks away from the kiss. Stares off towards the  
house... She stands up, slowly walks its way. Todd hurries up  
and grabs her arm.

TODD  
No, no, no. Lemme go first.

Lindsay turns to him. Tears welling up in her eyes. Todd  
notices. Tries his best to calm her down.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Chill out. Hey, Ry probably broke  
something.

LINDSAY  
(everything's coming back)  
It's not.

Todd waves it off as pure intoxication. He turns and heads for  
the house...

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
(blurts out)  
Don't go in the house, Todd!

Todd keeps walking...

Lindsay runs up to him. Pulls him back to her.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
(hysterical)  
NO!

TODD  
Lindsay! Calm the fuck down. Nothing  
is wrong.

LINDSAY  
Everything's wrong. *Everything's all  
wrong...*  
(beat)  
It's Jake... Todd. Jake wants to kill  
me.

Todd's baffled. He stares at her. Poor girl. She cries her eyes out.

TODD  
Did he tell you this?

LINDSAY  
(shakes her head)  
We killed Pete and Jenny.

Todd's face: A mixture of FRIGHT AND DISGUST.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
I didn't want him to kill Jenny but he did... He killed his mom... Now he wants to kill me and he might be here.

Lindsay steps back, knowing Todd doesn't want anything to do with her.

TODD  
(scared)  
You... killed Pete?

Lindsay nods her head in shame. Todd turns around, heads for the house. Lindsay runs after him.

LINDSAY  
TODD!!

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS  
Todd stops in front of the sun room, sickened...

BEHIND HIM  
Lindsay comes out of the woods, slowing down her pace.

TODD  
Lindsay, stop.

She doesn't. Todd turns around to shield Lindsay from the mess.

LINDSAY  
I wanna see.

Lindsay walks past Todd. He grabs her, holding her back.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
Let me see!

Lindsay pushes past Todd. She stops once she gets close enough.

ANGLE ON SUN ROOM

Blood mixes with the glass on the floor...

Kitt is unrecognizable.

Glass sticks out of her entire body. PARTICULARLY A LARGE SHARD OF GLASS THAT GLISTENS OUT OF HER LEG. Blood soaks over the floor. Over the glass... Over the furniture.

Lindsay begins to cry, well aware that this is all her fault. Todd stands by, slowly and quietly freaking out.

Lindsay turns to Todd.

LINDSAY

We gotta do something...

TODD

(shakes his head)

Like what? Jake's fucking crazy. He's gonna kill us too.

LINDSAY

Then leave. You don't have to stay here. This is between me and him.

TODD

I'm not leaving you, Lindsay.

LINDSAY

... I have to take care of this.

She turns and heads for the back door. Todd tentatively follows. The paranoia is slowly weaving its way in.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONNOR RESIDENCE - SECONDS LATER

Lindsay shuts the back door. It's quiet and lonely.

FROM THE LIVING ROOM

The stereo still plays. However, the audio is almost non-existent.

Lindsay crosses into the--

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She stops, looking down. She crouches down over...

Ry's body. The blood has seeped throughout the kitchen. Lindsay tears up inside... She grabs the handle of Jake's knife. JERKS IT OUT OF RY'S STOMACH.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Todd stands guard. His back turned to the woods. He looks around the large yard, a tense wreck.

BACK TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONNOR RESIDENCE - SECONDS LATER

Lindsay comes out of the kitchen... Makes her way to the hall...

As she reaches the back door... IT FLIES OPEN.

LINDSAY STRIKES TWICE, UNFLINCHING.

As the body comes into the light...

JAKE DROPS A KNIFE-RIDDEN TODD ONTO THE FLOOR. Todd gasps in shock and ache.

Lindsay steps back, staring in complete and utter dismay.

Jake shuts the door behind him...

JAKE

Oh, look. You still have it...

LINDSAY

No... No... You fuck!

Lindsay backs away, drawn to tears.

JAKE

(mockingly)

Remember, Linds. None of us would be here if it weren't for you.

He steps over Todd's body. GRABS THE KNIFE FROM HIS STOMACH.

Lindsay turns and TEARS THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM. Jake charges after her wildly--

He TACKLES HER, DIGGING THE BLADE DEEP INTO HER SHOULDER.

Lindsay howls in pain. They wrestle. Lindsay thrashes around, nearly winning.

JAKE DIGS THE KNIFE DEEPER.

Lindsay begins to feel woozy. She starts to blink quickly, going into a panic state.

Blood gushes onto the floor... HER EYES FLUTTER... THEY CLOSE...

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONNOR RESIDENCE - DAWN  
TIGHT ON

Lindsay's body. She lies on the floor, dried blood caking over her shoulder wound. Lindsay slowly opens her eyes. She squints. The rising sun floods the room.

EXT. CONNOR HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Lindsay steps out onto the front porch. She scans the property...

Jake's nowhere in her sight. Everything's quiet. Nothing has changed.

Lindsay steps off of the porch and shuffles along the driveway, still watching her back.

THROUGH THE FIELD

A body lies by the barn, its back to us.

Lindsay thinks. She has nothing to lose. She hurries across the field... through the weeds...

Lindsay's cautious. She slowly walks to the barn, clenching her fist, ready to strike.

She inches closer to the body... Lindsay crouches down and turns the body over.

IT'S AMBER. She's stiff. Covered in blood.

Lindsay fights back tears. Lindsay strokes her hair, saddened.

LINDSAY

Shit...

ANGLE ON LINDSAY

We watch as someone closes in on her. Lindsay looks up. Notices someone's behind her. She turns...

IT'S TODD. HE DRAGS HIS FEET. BLOOD STILL SOAKS FROM HIS SHIRT. He's been recently injured.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Todd!

Todd nearly falls into Lindsay's arms. She holds him tight. Todd mumbles but it is inaudible.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Todd... Todd... Shh...

Todd mumbles again, still incomprehensible.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

What is it?

TODD

He got me... He fucking got me...

Lindsay is puzzled. She looks around them. Her eye catches...

THE KNIFE HANGING OUT OF TODD'S BACK. Tears swell in her eyes.

LINDSAY

No... NOOO!!!!!!

(beat)

Stay with me... Stay with me...

Todd doesn't answer...

LINDSAY

TODD!

He closes his eyes. A goner.

Lindsay softly lays him on the ground. She looks up. Pissed. No one else is around. She grabs the knife out of Todd's back. Pulls it out. She stands back up.

JAKE STANDS BEHIND HER. Nothing has changed about him. He still has on the jacket. In his hand is his signature blood stained knife.

Lindsay walks back into the field, careful to step over the weeds...

JAKE FOLLOWS HER.

Suddenly...

BEGIN NO WAY BY THE NAKED AND FAMOUS.

Lindsay spins around, THROWING THE KNIFE INTO JAKE'S ARM. Jake STABS HIS KNIFE INTO HER VISIBLE SHOULDER WOUND.

Lindsay SCREAMS. They both descend into the weeds. STUGGLING WITH ONE ANOTHER. Jake lies on top of Lindsay. He's enjoying this. He teases the knife along her neck. Lindsay wiggles away...

SHE THROWS THE KNIFE INTO HIS BACK. Jake arches up, SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER. Lindsay jerks the knife out...

SCURRIES UP AND RUNS. She whacks the weeds out of the way as she runs towards the field.

Jake crawls up, knife in hand. He chases after her. Getting closer and closer with each stride.

Lindsay's fresh wound pumps out the blood. She cries. Tries to not let it hurt her...

THEY BOTH HIT THE FIELD. BOTH ADRELINE IS PUMPING.

LINDSAY TURNS AROUND. JAKE COMES STRAIGHT FOR HER. She holds the knife out...

Jake hits her... They're chest to chest... knife to knife...

Lindsay and Jake's faces are one of the same. AGONY AND DECEIT.

PAN DOWN TO...

THEIR STOMACHS. BOTH KNIVES ARE IN ONE ANOTHER. DOUBLE CROSSES...

JAKE

(chokes up)

You bitch!

Lindsay pulls away, releasing herself from his knife. She holds onto the handle of hers, running into Jake. He falls back. She lands on top of him.

Jake slices her across her chest. She cries out. But doesn't give up.

Lindsay pulls her knife out... AND SHOVES IT BACK INTO HIS STOMACH.

Jake reaches up... SHOVES THE KNIFE INTO HER STOMACH. But she's practically immune to the pain. She holds it in. Her blood flows down onto him. He pulls the knife out weakly.

JAKE

Movie's over...

LINDSAY

I guess you got what you wanted, huh?

JAKE

You're dying.

LINDSAY

Yeah, I figured I would.

Lindsay holds her hand over her chest, trying not to cry. With her shaking hand. She can see he's suffering. He starts to shiver...

She reaches for the knife, starting to feel weak herself... AND PLUNGES IT INTO JAKE'S THROAT.

Jake chokes on his own blood... Lindsay watches, bittersweet. It slows down. Jake's dead.

Lindsay looks away, out into the property. She begins to WHEEZE. The pain is too much to bear. Lindsay slowly crumbles down. Next to Jake. She lies on her side, knife still in hand.

Lindsay looks over to Jake. Her breathing shortens... THEN STOPS. EVERYTHING'S STILL...

WE PAN UP...

Across the property we see THE LEGACY OF JAKE AND LINDSAY. IT'S BEEN A LONG NIGHT.

Directly below us, they lie together. DEAD.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

GRAINY VIDEO FOOTAGE:

EXT. VACATION HOME - 2010 - AFTERNOON - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
THE LAST GOODBYE BY THE KILLS SETS THE MOOD. It's SUMMER TIME.  
We're by a lake. In a FLASH--

A YOUNG MAN DOES A CANNONBALL FROM THE PIER AND INTO THE WATER... He comes back up. Recognized as RY.

A GIRL HURRIES ONTO THE PIER, but slips and falls into the water. She must be drunk.

IT'S JENNY. Both of them laugh.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. PIER - AFTERNOON - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
Lindsay, Amber, and Jenny. All are sitting by the pier. Lindsay holds a camera. They try their best pose. FLASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - EVENING - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
Peter and Lindsay - both dressed in swim gear - hold onto a thick, long rope. They stand on a rock, ready to cascade into the lake. We can tell Lindsay's scared.

PETER

You trust me right?

LINDSAY

Just don't hurt me.

PETER

Why would I? Come on.

It's all innocent fun.

RY

(o.s.)

Ready?! One, two...!

They jump off of the rope. Both Peter and Lindsay dive into the water. We can hear OFF SCREEN Ry and Amber CHEERING.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - VACATION HOME - EVENING - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
It's a large room. Made of wood and marble. Amber and Lindsay stand by a large bar. Both are chugging down their alcoholic drinks.

AMBER

He said he wants to fuck you.

LINDSAY

What?!

Ry comes into scene, a basketball in hand, shirtless.

RY

Who's having an orgy?

AMBER

We are. Tonight.

LINDSAY

No, we're not. Don't listen to her.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - VACATION HOME - NIGHT - VIDEO CAMERA POV  
The lighting has DIMMED. The footage becomes GRANIER.

AT THE BAR--

Peter mixes Lindsay a drink. He hands it to her. Then puts his hands on her. She sips at it. Puts it down on the counter. He makes his move. Running his hand down her back. She tries to push him off.

LINDSAY

Pete, I'm tired. I'm sorry.

PETER

C'mon, don't be such a tease. Unbutton your shirt.

She doesn't respond. He does it for her.

LINDSAY

You're drunk. Just... Stop.

He leads her to the couch.

PETER

I'm not gonna do anything. Calm down.

He sits down on the couch. Brings her down with him.

LINDSAY

(lower tone)

I don't wanna do this...

PETER

(matches her tone)

What are we doing? Huh? We're not doing anything. Look. No one's around but us. We can hang out... And be ourselves...

He lies her down on the cushion... Then lies on top of her...

A ZIPPER UNZIPS.

LINDSAY

Pete, please. We shouldn't...

PETER

(forcefully)

Just shut up. I know what I'm doing.

As he leans down into her...

CUT TO BLACK.

BEGIN GIMME SYMPATHY BY METRIC

END CREDITS...