HOMECOMING

by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

A joyful LITTLE GIRL, no more than six years old, lies happily on the carpeted floor, a box of crayons and a few coloring books spread clumsily in front of her.

She colors some, but she can't help but to glance behind her at the massive mantle of a stone fireplace. At each end of the mantle rest two antique-looking kerosene lamps, small flames glowing gloriously within the glass.

The little girl smiles and continues coloring.

Sitting in a recliner in the corner of the room is a shy, meek looking BABYSITTER, her face buried in a novel, oblivious the the little girls existence.

Suddenly, the front door of the home BURSTS open. The little girl jumps in surprise, but immediately relaxes.

An undeniably pretty OLDER GIRL, seventeen years old, enters the room. Her arms are clenched around the waist of a HANDSOME BOY her same age. The older girl is giggling as her boyfriend tickles and teases her waist.

The little girls eyes widen in delight as she sees the rhinestone tiara that sits securely on top of the older girl's head.

LITTLE GIRL

You won!

OLDER GIRL

(laughingly)

Was there even any doubt?

The little girl's gaze continues to focus on the tiara.

LITTLE GIRL

It's so pretty.

The babysitter closes her book and rises from the recliner.

BABYSITTER

(staring down at the floor)

I'm going home now.

The babysitter quickly exits the house.

OLDER GIRL

Jesus. Why do mom and dad let that basketcase babysit you? She's scary. Doesn't she scare you?

The older girl releases her grip from her boyfriend and glides to the fireplace.

OLDER GIRL (CONT)

And I see you got her to light those ridiculous lamps for you. Mom and Dad probably wouldn't be too happy to know that your babysitter was lighting matches in their living room.

The little girl flinches.

OLDER GIRL (CONT)

You know, it's not the 1800's. We do have electricity. We don't need to live by candlelight.

LITTLE GIRL

(defensively)

They're pretty.

OLDER GIRL

Whatever you say. So when are mom and dad suppose to be home?

LITTLE GIRL

Not til late. They went out with Aunt Paula and Uncle Tim.

The older girl smiles mischeviously at her boyfriend, who returns the grin.

OLDER GIRL

And where is you know who?

The little girl shrugs.

LITTLE GIRL

I dunno, I haven't seen her.

The older girl walks to her boyfriend and gently grabs hold of his hand.

OLDER GIRL

Well, me and Brad are, uh, going to my room to celebrate. So don't bother us! Understand? The little girl nods.

OLDER GIRL (CONT)

And this thing, as pretty as it may be, is pinching the hell out of my skull.

She untangles the combs of the tiara from her flowing main of blond hair.

She places the tiara on the mantle of the fireplace. The glowing flames of the kerosene lamps sparkle brightly off of the rhinestones.

OLDER GIRL (CONT)

Color me a nice picture. That'll keep you busy.

The older girl and her boyfriend giggle down the long hallway leading off of the living room and disappear into the last door, closing it behind them.

Seconds later, the loud BLARE of music explodes from behind the closed door.

The little girl continues her coloring, but can't help but to stare and her sister's beautiful tiara that teasingly stares back at her from atop the mantle.

She gazes down the hallway at he closed door of her sister's bedroom. Light moans are now heard faintly beneath the music.

The little girl rises from the floor and moves in front of the fireplace.

She cautiously reaches for the tiara, but her short height just won't allow her to grasp it, even on her tip toes.

Nervously, she scans the room for something that could add just an inch or two to her height.

Her gaze lands on her plastic crayon box. She retrieves it and places it in front of the fireplace.

She timidly stands atop the plastic box and reaches for the tiara once again.

Her fingers now grasp the tiara, but at the instant the plastic crayon box crumbles under her weight.

The little girl frantically tries to keep herself from

falling backward by gripping the mantle tightly with her small fingers.

Slipping and frightened, she suddenly flays her hands frantically, causing a tall glass vase on the mantle to tip over and CRASH into a lighted kerosene lamp.

The little girls lets go of the mantle and allows herself to fall back onto the floor, landing painfully on her back.

The kerosene lamp follows her lead and CRASHES explosively onto the floor, mimicking a small bomb in its reaction.

A large fireball engulfs the carpet and quickly spreads up the side of the living room sofa.

Stunned and in pain, the little girl remains on her back for a moment.

The hellish fury of the flames engulf the sofa and everything near it.

The little girl slowly rises and is hypnotized by the flames around her.

Tears stream down her faces and she focuses on her older sister's bedroom door, the music still BLARING loudly behind it.

LITTLE GIRL (sobbing)
Becky! Becky help me!

The only response from behind the closed door is the music.

The little girl watches helplessly as the entrance to the hallway leading to her sister's room becomes blocked by the eager and hungry flames.

Panicked, the little girl battles her way to the front door and stumbles out onto the porch.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

She loses her balance and trips down the stairs of the porch, landing viciously onto the concrete sidewalk.

Her small face is now full of tears and blood from the fall. She painfully lifts her head and looks helplessly toward the street.

Masqueraded behind a small shrub, she sees a faint, blurry

figure watching her and the flames that are now erupting from the house.

She loses consciousness.

INT. HOOVER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

TEN YEARS LATER

A typical looking interior of an American high school.

The hallway is empty; classes are in progress.

A FEMALE VOICE interrupts to quietness of the hallway as it comes over the school intercom.

FEMALE VOICE (OS) Attention students and faculty, this is Mrs. Olson and I have an announcement that I am sure all of you are very interested in hearing, so please quiet down and listen. I am about to reveal this year's Hoover High Homecoming Queen candidates. The following Senior girls were nominated by their fellow classmates. Voting will take place next week after a formal presentation of the candidates, and the winner will be announced next Friday at the Homecoming dance. After this announcement, I need each candidate to come to room 107 for a short meeting. Now, this years candidates are: Nicole Brown, Lakesha Hibbs, Stacy Kendall, Lindsay McCollam, and Kabrina Ryan. Congratulations to each of you. Teachers, please dismiss these five young ladies to room 107.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A stout older lady, MS. TIMMONS, leads the classroom in a cheerfull applaud and congratulatory session targeted at a very attractive brunette, KABRINA RYAN, seated at the front of the class.

MS. TIMMONS

You better get down to 107. You have the homework assignment copied down?

Kabrina nods.

Obviously flattered and overwhelmed with the applause, she rises and heads out of the classroom, blowing a childish and purposely dramatic kiss to her classmates on her way out.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

As soon as Kabrina enters the hallway, she is greeted by an attractive and sleek looking African American girl, LAKESHA HIBBS, who seems even more excited and overwhelmed than Kabrina.

LAKESHA

Kabrina! Girl, can you believe this?

Lakesha approaches Kabrina and the two embrace tightly.

KABRINA

God, I dunno...I think I am still in shock.

The two girls begin the journey to room 107.

LAKESHA

Please! Everyone knew you were gonna make it, Ms. Student Body President. Me, on the other hand...that's a shock.

KABRINA

Oh...look who is modest all of a sudden. I know a lot of people that nominated you. Hell, you're the most athletic girl in the school, Drama Club President, and Minority Club President. Those three things alone give you more exposure than what you think they do. Not to metion, you are my personal best friend. That right there alone sealed the nomination.

The girls approach room 107 and pause outside the door for a moment.

LAKESHA

First off, every black girl is the most athletic in her school. And I hardly thought that being president of the Minority Club would qualify me to be Homecoming Queen considering there are only five minorities in this whole school!

KABRINA

Well at least you know you have their votes.

The two laugh.

KABRINA (CONT)

It doesn't matter anyway. Everyone knows who is going to actually win. We have since the tenth grade.

LAKESHA

(sarcastically)

Lindsay McCollam.

KABRINA

Exactly. Now let's see how good she is at faking her surprise at being nominated.

They enter room 107.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

LATER THAT DAY

The hallway is crowded with teens anxiously trying to leave school for the day.

Kabrina Ryan makes her way through the crowd and approaches her locker.

She fumbles with the combination lock.

A nice looking, boy-next door-type, slender boy, ANDREW SIGLER, approaches behind her. She doesn't notice.

Kabrina opens her locker and rearranges a few of her books.

Andrew grins and goes unnoticed.

ANDREW

(loudly)

A-Hem!

Kabrina jumps and turns around quickly, hitting her head on her locker door.

Andrew can't help but to chuckle.

Kabrina smacks his shoulder agressively.

KABRINA

I'm glad you find that funny, Asshole!

She rubs her head.

ANDREW

My...such language for a future Homecoming Queen.

KABRINA

Right. I think you know as well as I do that your little slut Lindsay is going to win that title. After all, isn't that what screwing the whole male population of the school gets you?

ANDREW

You can't knock her for being ambitious, Rina. And besides, you know that is not really why she is going to win. If you hold a glorified popularity contest, obviously the most popular is going to win. Simple logic.

KABRINA

What do you want anyway?

ANDREW

To congratulate you, of course. Just because we aren't together anymore doesn't mean I don't care about you.

Kabrina laughs.

KABRINA

You amaze me, Andy, you really do. I catch you screwing Lindsay in your car and now you have the nerve to approach me like nothing happened?

ANDREW

Hey, you know things were going bad between us. It was only a matter of time before ONE of us moved on to something better.

Kabrina flinches, a flash of hurt briefly appears across her face.

KABRINA

I have to go Andy. Really.

She shuts her locker and starts to walk away.

Andrew makes a move and blocks her path.

ANDREW

Oh, c'mon Kabrina! Quit being like this! I am trying to be nice.

Kabrina pushes her way past him.

KABRINA

I'm sure Lindsay appreciated your kind gesture last week, but right now it is doing NOTHING for me!

Kabrina storms away from him.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Focus in on a giant colonial style house nestled among tall leafless trees and gaurding shrubs.

The house is dark, obviously nobody is home. A loud ochestra of CHIRPING crickets adds to the lonliness of the scene.

Suddenly, the bright beams of a car's headlights illuminate the paved driveway.

A white sedan eases to a halt parallel to the home's front door.

A rather petite girl, seventeen years old, emerges from the car, a seemingly heavy overnight bag flung clumsily over her shoulder.

LINDSAY MCCOLLAM makes her way toward the front door of the house.

At the steps leading to the door she stops, reaches down and turns over a single brick to reveal a shiny silver key.

She climbs up the steps to the door and inserts the key into the lock and turns it. The turns the knob and enters the house.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

As Lindsay enters into the house, the loud JANGLE of a telephone is heard.

LINDSAY

Jesus Christ! Let me get in the fucking door first.

She fumbles for the light switch and flips it on to reveal a large, immaculately decorated kitchen.

She lets her overnight bag drop to the floor.

The phone continues to RING.

A large orange cat sits curiously in the middle of the kitchen floor with its eyes intensely focused on Lindsay.

LINDSAY

I can't believe I came over here to babysit a damn cat.

The cat meows in protest and scuttles away.

The phone continues to RING.

LINDSAY

Ok!

Lindsay rushes to the screaming phone anchored to a small wall space next to the refridgerator.

She picks up the phone.

Hello?

There is no answer at the other end.

LINDSAY

(louder)

Hello?!

Still no answer. The person on the other end slowly hangs up.

Puzzled, Lindsay slowly hangs the phone up.

It RINGS immediately after it hits the base.

Lindsay jumps, startled, and answers it again.

LINDSAY

Yes? McCollam residence?

A male voice responds.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Hey Babe, How's the pussy?

Lindsay smiles, recognizing the voice.

LINDSAY

It's hungry and it needs fed.

JOE RANDALL laughs on the other end.

JOE (OS)

I still can't believe that you broke our plans tonight to say with your grandparent's cat.

LINDSAY

Hey, that cat is like their child. Besides, it's the least that I can do for them, with Grandpa being sick and all. But, listen, I just walked in the door. Let me feed the cat and I will call you right back.

JOE (OS)

Whatever you say. I'll be here all alone if you change your mind and want to go out.

I'll keep that in mind.

She hangs up the phone.

At the same instant, the doorbell RINGS.

LINDSAY

Dammit!

The cat MEOWS.

LINDSAY

Sorry Rascal, you are going to have to wait a minute.

Lindsay moves to the door and peers out the window.

Nobody is there.

Puzzled and somewhat apprehensive, she turns the door handle to make sure it is locked.

She focuses her attention on the meowing cat and pours some dry cat food into it's dish.

He purrs and digs in.

She picks up here overnight bag from the floor and exits the kitchen.

Seconds later, she comes back into the kitchen.

The phone RINGS again.

Lindsay sighs.

She answers the phone.

LINDSAY

Dammit Joe! I told you I'd call you back. I....

A voice interrupts her. An unknown voice. An unusual voice. Almost childlike.

VOICE (OS)

Did you find the key...under the rock....where I saw your bitch of a grandma hide it this morning...

Lindsay's eyes widen.

The voice laughs menancingly and hangs up.

Lindsay confusingly stares at the phone.

Suddenly, a large CRASH erupts from the basement.

Lindsay SCREAMS and drops the phone.

Without hesitating, she sprints toward the door, flings it open and runs outside, slamming the door behind her.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lindsay frantically talks on a pay phone as gas-pumpers try to eavesdrop on her conversation.

LINDSAY

Dammit, Joe, just come and pick me up! I am freezing!

There is a pause as she impatiently listens to his response.

LINDSAY

Yes! At the gas station just up the road from my grandparent's! I will explain when you get here. Just hurry!

EXT. LINE/FIELD - NIGHT

A long line, predominately high school and college aged kids. Rowdiness, laughter, and impatience hover heavily on the crowd.

Scan to the point of orgin. A large, unkept, and unpleasant looking barn-like structure. The structure is colorless, it obviously has been neglected for quite some time.

Above the loud CREAKY door that the line is being led into, there is a large brightly painted sign the reads:

ANNUAL JEFFERSON COUNTY HAUNTED HOUSE

The BUZZING of chainsaws and loud SCREAMS escape from the barn.

Lindsay McCollam and Joe Randall stand impatiently in the line. Joe is well built, short and stocky, with a puppy-dog innocent look to him.

LINDSAY

This is ridiculous! This line hasn't moved in an hour.

JOE

Oh, quit being so dramatic. We have only been here for like ten minutes.

LINDSAY

Dramatic? This is the last place you should've brought me after I tell you that there was someone in my grandparent's basement doing or waiting to do god knows what!

They move forward a few steps.

JOE

Oh come on! There was nobody in that basement. I think it was just a plot for you to escape that cat so that you could spend time with me. Having me drive all the way over to get you, when you could have easily hopped in your own car and took off. Awfully suspicious if you ask me.

LINDSAY

(defensively)

I ran out of the house as soon as I heard the noise in the basement and took off. Wasting time grabbing keys is precisely how people end up getting outlined with chalk.

JOE

Something probably just fell. You overreacted. But listen, I'm not complaining...I get to spend time with you. And when we leave here, we can go back to my house and you can sleep with me instead of that cat.

He wraps his arms around her waist.

We'll have to wait and see about that. Unlike you, the cat actually is perfectly content just to cuddle.

(a beat)

Anyway. What's with this? It's what, only the beginning of October and the Haunted House is here already?

JOE

They make a hell of a lot of money off us kids.

(a beat)

So you excited about Friday night? You're gonna be Homecoming Queen, you know that, don't you?

Lindsay tries to conceal a smile.

LINDSAY

Of course I know that! I haven't worked my ass off in high school for nothing.

JOE

You mean fucked your ass off.....

Lindsay smacks his shoulder.

LINDSAY

Eat shit! I haven't heard any complaints from you.

JOE

Well, all I am gonna say about that is that you have my vote, baby!

They move forward. In front of the line, a person in a green jump suit and hockey mask sways a flimsy plastic machete at people in the line.

JOE

Gee, do you think that is the maniac from the basement? That machete looks like it could do some damage.

Ha Ha! Hey, all this excitement has made me have to pee. Save my spot in line.

JOE

You are actually going to take a piss in one of those nasty outhouses?

LINDSAY

Well, it's either pee in there or pee down your leg when we get inside that stupid thing. Your choice.

JOE

I'll save your spot.

Lindsay exits the line and trots down a slight slope to the Porta-Potty, which is located next to a gathering of trees, quite some distance from the line.

In the line, Joe is chatting with TWO YOUNGSTERS.

FIRST YOUNGSTER

Yeah, this one is pretty scary, especially the maze at the end!

SECOND YOUNGSTER

Yeah, we were lost in it for at least an hour last night!

Joe smiles.

BACK TO:

Lindsay is a few yards fromt the outdoor toilet. She glances back at the line and sees Joe talking to two younger kids.

All of a sudden, a FIGURE emerges from the outhouse. It is a fast, suddent incident that startles Lindsay and she SCREAMS.

The figure is oddly disguised, wearing a shiny nylon black raincoat, the hood secured tightly around the figures head. It's face is covered by a grotesque mask in the form of a wrinkled, and appearing to be extremely burned or scarred female face.

The figure stands still and stares malevolently at Lindsay.

God Damn! You scared the shit out of of me!

(regaining her composure)

On break, are you? You know, it's going to make the experience much less scary seeing one of the monsters from inside come out of an outhouse.

It just stares at her.

LINDSAY (CONT)

Excuse me. Can I use the restroom so I can get whatever piss you didn't scare out of me into the toilet where it belongs?

It does not move.

LINDSAY (CONT)

Um, Okay.

Lindsay tries to step around the figure, but it moves with her direction to block her path.

LINDSAY (CONT)

Dammit! Come on....I really have to piss!

Lindsay tries once again to step around the figure, but it again blocks her path.

Suddenly, someone grabs Lindsay's shoulder from behind. She SCREAMS loudly and whips around to see Andrew Sigler.

LINDSAY

Fuckin' Shit! Don't do that you asshole!

Andrew laughs.

Lindsay turns back around.

The figure is gone.

LINDSAY

I think I was about to be attacked or something! What do you want? Why are you here?

ANDREW

To have some fun. Saw you in line with Stud-Boy. Figured I'd say Hi.

LINDSAY

Stud-Boy? Cute. Joe's a good guy who happens not to still be hung up on his ex-girlfriend like someone I know.

ANDREW

(chuckling)

That's because you are the first girl to ever give him any sort of attention.

LINDSAY

You know that's not true. And why are you hating on him all of the sudden? He's your friend. Just because he is seeing me now? Come on Andy, grow up. I'm starting to see why Kabrina was getting fed up with you. How is Kabrina anyway?

Andrew flinches at Kabrina's mention.

Lindsay smiles.

LINDSAY

I really need to use the bathroom now.

She turns away from Andrew and enters the outhouse.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Lindsay reenters the line and wraps her arms around Joe's muscular body. There is now only four more people ahead of them in line.

JOE

What took you so long? I almost had to go without you.

LINDSAY

It wouldn't be the first time.

They approach the entrance doors to the barn.

A frumpy looking MIDDLE AGED WOMAN is seated at a stool, taking tickets.

Joe hands the woman two tickets.

JOE

(to the woman)

Exactly how scary is this going to be?

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

(smirking)

Well, let's just say that very few make it out alive.

LINDSAY

(sarcastically, under her breath)

Wonderful.

The woman opens the entrance door.

Joe and Lindsay enter the attraction.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

Enjoy!

INT. BARN - NIGHT

It's very dark. Glow in the dark, flourescent paint is splattered sporadically on the walls.

Joe and Lindsay slowly make their way down the narrow hallway and enter into a room filled with swirling smoke.

A MONSTER emerges from the corner and lets out a loud growl.

Lindsay screams.

EXT. LINE-NIGHT

The crowd is as impatient as ever.

Loud conversation and laughter penetrates the cool night air.

INT. BARN-NIGHT

Lindsay is screaming and the BUZZING of a chainsaw is following her.

JOE

(laughing)

Go! Hurry! Hurry!

They enter into a narrow, pitch black hallway.

JOE

Fuck! This must be the maze that they were talking about.

LINDSAY

Maze? Great! I think I am going to piss myself already.

JOE

Now just try to keep hold of me. I don't want to lose you.

LINDSAY

I've got you, now just move so we can get the hell out of here.

A loud THUD.

JOE

Ouch! Mother fucker!

LINDSAY

Jesus! Watch out for the wall! Maybe I should lead.

JOE

This place is pitch black. Gimme a break.

Laughter and screams of other patrons lost in the haunted house can be heard.

LINDSAY

Shit. My shoe is untied. Wait a second.

Lindsay stops and fumbles in the darkness to tie her shoe.

Joe continues, believe that Lindsay is still behind him.

After a second, Lindsay rises and continues.

LINDSAY (CONT)

Joe? Where did you go?

JOE

I'm up here. Come on.

LINDSAY

That helps! Like I can see you.

A dark figure appears in front of her.

LINDSAY (CONT)

There you are! Now don't leave me again!

She takes hold of the figure's arm.

It leads her throught the darkness until they hit a deadend.

The figure breaks its hold from Lindsay.

LINDSAY

Now what are you doing? We're stuck!

LINDSAY (CONT)

Shit. Joe?

Lindsay suddenly hears Joe's voice calling her from a distance.

She feels her way around the darkness.

Suddenly, the figure appears in front of her, the faint glow of a flashlight illuminates its masked face.

It is the same grotesquely disguised figure that blocked her path to the outhouse.

Lindsay screams and huddles against the wall, only to chuckle seconds later at her silliness.

LINDSAY

Shit! You really want to scare the shit out of me, huh?

A loud SWOOSHING noise is heard.

The flashlight beam illuminates the glistening blade of the hunting knife.

Lindsay screams.

SLAM! The eight inch jagged blade of the knife enters into Lindsay's shoulder.

She grunts loudly in pain and collapses against the wall.

Joe must hear her scream.

JOE (OS)

Lindsay?

Lindsay in huddled on the floor.

She brings her hands to her face. Covered in blood!

She lets out another agonizing scream.

SLAM! The blade enters her abdomen.

She hovers on the floor, shocked and confused, in extreme pain.

Now flat on the floor, she crawls as fast as she can.

LINDSAY

(weakly)

Help me!

She feels through the darkness, frantically trying to escape her attacker and escape the darkness of the barn.

Suddenly, a hand grabs her hair and lefts her upper body off the floor.

SLAM! The knife enters Lindsay's upper abdomen.

She falls back to the floor.

She uses both elbows to crawl away from another attack.

She then spots light! The exit!! Only about ten feet away.

She moves faster.

Five feet....two feet....

CRUNCH! A boot slams down on her arm!

The figure grabs her hair and lifts her head.

SLAM! The blade enters the back of Lindsay's neck and exits her throat.

The figure slams her head back down to the floor.

EXT. BARN-NIGHT

Joe and numerous other patrons stand outside the exit door.

JOE

Dammit Lindsay! Come on!

A chainsaw REVS up somewhere in the background.

People scream.

Suddenly, a loud CRASH.

The group's attention focuses to the source of the scream: the exit door.

Lindsay's blood soaked, lifeless body comes flying through the unsteady wooden exit door.

It lands with a lound THUMP only a few feet away from Joe.

His eyes widen in terror and he lets out a gut wrenching scream.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Kabrina Ryan lies peacefully on her Queen size bed, her comforter lazily exposing half of her body.

The sudden JANGLE of the telephone that sits on her night stand causes her to stir, but she ignores the phones cry.

It continues to RING.

Kabrina furiously rolls over and picks up the phone.

KABRINA

Yes?!

The familiar voice of Lakesha Hibbs answers on the other end.

LAKESHA (OS)

Hey girl! Did I wake you up?

Kabrina rubs her eyes and looks at her digital alarm clock that is next to the phone.

It displays 6:52 a.m.

KABRINA

As a matter of fact, you did! Call me back in a half hour.

LAKESHA (OS)

Oh no you don't! This is definitely worth being woken up for. Some big news. You ready for this? Lindsay McCollam was murdered last night!

Kabrina sits up in her bed.

KABRINA

What?

LAKESHA (OS)

You heard me. She was at the haunted house last night with Joe and....

KABRINA

(interrupting)

Haunted house? Joe?

LAKESHA (OS)

Tell you what...get dressed or whatever you need to do. I'll be right over.

KABRINA

Yeah, okay.

Kabrina hangs up her phone.

She rises from her bed and adjusts her nightgown

She moves to her dresser turns on a small television set that sits atop of the dresser, hoping to catch a newscast about Lindsay.

Some morning cartoons appear on the screen.

She changes the channel.

A repeat of a basketball game.

She changes the channel again.

More cartoons.

Frustrated, she turns off the television.

The doorbell CHIMES.

Kabrina hurries out of her bedroom and down a flight of stairs.

INT. FOYER-DAY

Kabrina unlocks her front door and opens it. Lakesha stand anxiously on the front porch.

KABRINA

Come on in. You got here quick.

Lakesha enters the house.

LAKESHA

Yeah, I told you to get dressed. I only live three houses away, remember?

KABRINA

Come on in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

KABRINA

You want some breakfast?

Lakesha shakes her head.

KABRINA (CONT)

Good, I didn't feel like making anything.

They both take a seat at a small breakfast table.

KABRINA (CONT)

Now what is this about Lindsay? I hope your not joking around.

LAKESHA

Hell no. She was really murdered last night. At the haunted house with Joe...stabbed to death, apparently.

Kabrina shifts uncomfortably in her chair.

KABRINA

By who?

LAKESHA

Nobody knows. She was with Joe, though.

KABRINA

God! He didn't do it, did he?

LAKESHA

Oh no...not to worry. He's clear.

(a beat)

So, have you got your Homecoming dress yet?

Confusion flashes across Kabrina's face.

KABRINA

Excuse me? You're gonna ask me about a dress after you tell me that Lindsay was murdered last night?

LAKESHA

Oh please, Kabrina. I'm not going to pretend that I'm heartbroken. Lindsay was constantly a bitch to everyone, particularly me, and I believe that bitches eventually get what they deserve.

KABRINA

Jesus, nobody deserves to be murdered, Keesha!

Lakesha rises from her chair and helps herself to a bottled water from the refridgerator.

LAKESHA

You know what I meant. Besides, you're the one who said that you were gonna kill the bitch last week after finding her fucking your boyfriend of two years.

KABRINA

(defensively)

Well, I didn't mean it! I was pissed at her.

LAKESHA

I guess it's sad and all that, but it should defintely make the Homecoming Queen election a little (MORE)

LAKESHA (cont'd)

more interesting.

KABRINA

What?

LAKESHA

(extending her

hand)

Let me now say good luck fellow Queen candidate. We are officially now in the running!

Kabrina hesistantly shakes Lakesha's extended hand.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe Randall sits in a zombie-like trance behind a large, cluttered desk. A reverent looking man in his mid-forties, LT. TIMOTHY JENSON, observes him sympathetically from the other side of the desk.

Lt. Jenson takes an uncomfortable sip from his coffee mug.

He sets the mug down and folds his hands in front of him.

LT. JENSON

(in a soothing

tone)

Why don't you go home, Joe? Get some sleep. Staying here is not going to solve anything.

JOE

(somberly)

I am waiting for you to catch Lindsay's murderer.

Lt. Jenson sighs.

LT. JENSON

Joe, that could take days, weeks, realistically we may never know who killed Lindsay or what their reasoning was. My men found no clues...I mean nothing at the barn to point us to a suspect. No murder weapon, no witnesses to the crime..nothing. The murderer simply seemed to slip in and as a spectator and nobody around seemed to see anything, at least that are (MORE)

LT. JENSON (cont'd) willing to telling us now.

JOE

You don't think I killed her, do you?

LT. JENSON

We've been through this already. There were sufficient witnesses that placed you outside the barn for at least three minutes before Lindsay's body was thrown...uh...discovered.

Joe cringes at the memory.

LT. JENSON (CONT)
Additionally, there was zero
physical evidence on you or your
clothing. Lindsay was stabbed
pretty visciously. Whoever did it
would have been a mess with blood.

(a beat)

I know this is a traumatic experience for you, but you need to go home. Your parents are worried sick about your well being. We will do everything we can to find who did this to Lindsay. You're our greatest ally right now, so we will keep you posted if anything comes up, or we need any other information about last night. Now, do you need a ride home?

Joe hesistantly nods.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Kabrina Ryan, Lakesha Hibbs, NICOLE BROWN, and Andrew Sigler sit quietly at a small circular table, their lunches barely touched.

Lakesha, however, eagerly eats her french fries.

Nicole Brown, a tall and pencil then red head, finally breaks the silence.

NICOLE

I can't believe that they aren't going to postpone the dance! Talk about insensitive.

ANDREW

Get real. The dance has been planned for months. There was no possible way they could have postponed it. Don't get me wrong, I feel totally shitty about Lindsay, but you gotta do what ya gotta do. We deserve to have our Homecoming dance.

Lakesha nods her agreement, feeding another fry into her mouth.

Kabrina slowly breaks her gaze from her untouched tray of food and looks at Andrew.

KABRINA

That's not true. They could have postponed it. I should know...I helped organize it.

ANDREW

Then why didn't they?

KABRINA

Because heartless assholes like you would bitch about it!

Kabrina rises from the table and storms away from the group and out of the cafeteria.

LAKESHA

Well, I guess that answers that.

ANDREW

What the fuck is her problem? I didn't know her and Lindsay were such great friends all of a sudden.

NICOLE

You two just don't get it, do you? Lindsay was murdered and nobody around here even seems to give a fuck! I mean, they are going ahead with the candidate presentation today and everything.

LAKESHA

Nicole, nobody is glad that Lindsay was killed. But things have to go on. Not everyone liked or even knew Lindsay in this school. So why should they have their plans altered?

NICOLE

(disgusted)

Because! Lindsay was....

LAKESHA

(interrupting)

If you are so upset that the Homecoming activities are still going on, just don't go! Drop out of the Queen election and be done with it. But please, don't preach to the rest of about how we should feel or react!

(a beat)

Now, I need to go get ready for the presentation aud. I suggest you make your decision about what you want to do.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

The gymnasium bleachers are packed full of rowdy students.

In the middle of the gym floor are five chairs.

MRS. OLSON, the school principal, approaches a podium that sits just a few feet back from the chairs. She is a regal looking woman, dressed sharply, able to demand respect with a simple glance.

MRS. OLSON

Students, please quiet down! I need to have your full attention immediately.

A sudden hush falls over the gymnasium and the students focus their attention to the podium.

MRS. OLSON

Thank you. As you are all aware, we lost a very special member of our student body over the weekend in a very senseless and brutal act (MORE)

MRS. OLSON (cont'd) of violence. Lindsay McCollam was a bright, friendly, and well liked young lady who brought a sense of pride to the halls of Hoover High. To her many friends, she was a role model, and to her teachers, she was the model student. condolescenses go out to Lindsay's family and many friends. We have counselors available all week for grieving students who need to talk to someone about dealing with this tragic event. Now, our only hope can be that the horrible person who took Lindsay away from us will be caught so that justice can be served.

It is a shame that we need to start this presentation on these terms. The purpose of this presentation is to kick off Homecoming week by presenting you with your Homecoming Queen candidates and allow you to vote for the young lady you who believe is the most worthy to win. the your nominated candidates was Lindsay McCollam. After much consideration and debate, including input from the McCollam family, we have decided to keep spirits bright and leave Homecoming week as scheduled. dedicate this week to Lindsay's memory, for we know that she would be excited that we are carrying on in her honor. I just ask the you keep the McCollam family in your prayers.

And now, the reason we are gathered here this afternoon. I present to you this years Hoover High School Homecoming Queen candidates. Each young lady will be escorted by an outstanding member of one of our varsity sports teams.

First up is Nicole Brown, escorted by Andrew Sigler.

Nicole enters the gymnasium from the lobby doors.

She is wearing an elegant formal dress and Andrew, in a suit, securely leads her to the first chair in the middle of the gym.

The crowd of students applaud enthusiastically.

INT. GYMNASIUM LOBBY-DAY

The three remaining queen candidates wait nervously in the lobby with their escorts close at hand.

Mrs. Olson's voice is heard O.S. rambling off Nicole's high school accomplishments.

Lakesha approaches Kabrina.

LAKESHA

Hey...I just want to say that I'm sorry if I upset you earlier. I really am upset about Lindsay. I mean, damn, how could I not be? Acting like I don't care is just my defense mechanism, I guess. But I do care, and I am sorry.

KABRINA

(smiling)

It's okay. The whole thing just kinda scares me, that's all. I mean, it could have been any one of us. And knowing that her killer is still out there. God, I don't even want to think about it.

Lakesha embraces Kabrina sympathetically.

MRS. OLSON (OS)

Lakesha Hibbs, escorted by Ryan Feldman....

Ryan, a fierce looking 17 year old, takes Lakesha's hand and escorts her into the gymnasium.

Seconds later, CLAPS are heard after Lakesha enters the gym.

Kabrina SIGHS and shifts nervously as JUSTIN DIXON, a slender, well built, boy with a friendly demeanor takes her arm.

JUSTIN

Relax, will ya. It's going to be alright.

Kabrina forces a smile.

JUSTIN (CONT)

So who are you going to the dance with? You know, since you and Andy split up?

MRS. OLSON (OS)

(interrupting)

Stacy Kendal, escorted by Scott Young.

STACY and SCOTT enter into the gymnasium, with only a quick smile flashed to Kabrina.

KABRINA

Justin, do you have any feelings at all about Lindsay being murdered?

JUSTIN

(shifting

uncomfortably)

Yeah, I do. But I dunno. It's not like there is anything any of us can do about it. As much as she was looking forward to the dance, I think she would've wanted us to continue Homecoming week, you know?

KABRINA

I guess.

JUSTIN

Not to change the subject or anything, but is there any chance that you might want to go to the dance with me?

KABRINA

Well, me and Kesha are planning to go together, now. But you are welcome to join us. I'd feel bad blowing her off now

JUSTIN

Well, if all I gotta do to be able to take you to the Homecoming dance is to go with you AND (MORE)

JUSTIN (cont'd)

Lakesha, then I'm there. Besides, it could prove to be interesting.

Kabrina LAUGHS.

MRS. OLSON (OS)

And finally, Kabrina Ryan, escorted by Justin Dixon.

Kabrina sighs and puts on a huge smile. With Justin escorting her, she enters the gymnasium.

INT. GYM-DAY

The crowd of immediately erupts into clapping and whistling.

At the podium, Mrs. Olson fumbles with her script cards.

MRS. OLSON

In her Sophomore year, Kabrina was class treasurer, a cheerleader, participated in basketball, and was a member of the Spanish Club.

Kabrina makes her way across the gym floor, smiling graciously at her cheering classmates.

At the podium, Mrs. Olson again rearranges the cards.

MRS. OLSON

In her Junior year, Kabrina was class president, Spanish Club President, Drama Club Secretary, participated in Varsity cheerleading, basketballm and was on the newspaper staff.

Kabrina reaches her destination; the only empty chair left in front of the podium. She stands in front of it and Justin moves behind it, waiting to sit until Mrs. Olson is finished reading Kabrina's accomplishments.

At the podium, Mrs. Olson once again fumbles with the script cards until she has the one she is looking for.

MRS. OLSON

In her Senior year, Kabrina you will soon die just like Lind---OH MY GOD!

Mrs. Olson quickly covers the microphone and frantically waves the Assistant Principal to the podium. She is visibly shaken and upset by what she just read.

Kabrina is stunned, not yet quite sure what to make of the situation. She looks around the gymnasium confusingly as the students in the bleachers begin to loudly react to what was read.

Lakesha rises from her chair and comforts Kabrina.

At the podium, Mrs. Olson is furiously waving the card at MR. YOUNGERS, a balding, older gentleman who is trying to calm her, though appears just as shaken as she is. Her hand still covers the microphone.

Seconds later, Mr. Youngers takes charge of the microphone.

MR. YOUNGERS

Students! Please calm down! It appears that we have had a little prank pulled on us this afternoon. Please proceed to your homeroom classes and cast your vote for the Homecoming Queen. Quietly!

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Lt. Jenson sits calmly behind Mrs. Olson's large and neatly organized desk. He taps the end of his ballpoint pen on the desk.

Still visibly shaken, Kabrina sits in a chair in front of the desk.

LT. JENSON

So, you cannot think of anyone who would want to scare you or play a downright sick and cruel joke like this?

Tears are flowing down Kabrina's cheek.

KABRINA

I already told you, no.

LT. JENSON

Hmmmm. You don't find it strange that this person who rigged the cue cards made the connection between you and Lindsay?

(MORE)

LT. JENSON (cont'd)

Obviously, there is SOMETHING that connects you two, or at least in our mystery prankster's eyes.

KABRINA

What are you getting at? If you know something, I'd just wish you'd tell me!

LT. JENSON

I know about as much as you do, to be perfectly honest with you. But my job requires me to try to find out more, particularly when it involves the murder of a teenage girl.

(a beat)

What do you know about Lindsay's murder?

KABRINA

(wiping her cheek)

Nothing, why?

LT. JENSON

No theories or ideas about who may have killer her?

KABRINA

You just got done telling me that it was your job to find that stuff out.

Lt. Jenson chuckles.

LT. JENSON

Your sister was Homecoming Queen here about ten years ago, wasn't she? Rebecca I believe her name was?

Kabrina straightens in her chair, surprised at the question.

KABRINA

What the hell does that have to do with anything?

LT. JENSON

It might not have to do with anything, but still thought I'd ask. Make sure that my facts and recollections are in order. Make connections. Remember, that's my job.

Kabrina shakes her head in disbelief.

The tears return to Kabrina's cheeks.

LT. JENSON (CONT)
She was killed that night, wasn't she. Your sister, I mean. In a house fire?

KABRINA

This is crazy! This has nothing to do with someone threatening my life in front of the entire school! You need to be focused on catching this sick fuck instead of badgering me about my sister! Just do your fucking job!

Kabrina rises and storms out of the office, slamming the door behind her.

Seconds later, Mrs. Olson enter the room, concern plastered sharply across her face.

MRS. OLSON

I can assume that your meeting with Ms. Ryan didn't go smoothly, as made clear by her explosive exit out of here? Did you get anything out of her? It'd be very helpful to get some clue as to who put that note in with the script cards so that I can use disciplinary action to the fullest extreme. You should probably interview the students on the Homecoming committee who were responsible for writing and securing the cue cards. With that group there is no telling how many hands those cards passed through.

Lt. Jenson remains seated behind the desk.

LT. JENSON

I will definitely do that. I certainly can't say that I did find anything important out from Kabrina. She says she has no idea who would have left her that type of note, even as a joke.

MRS. OLSON

And you got nothing from Andrew Sigler?

LT. JENSON

He'd be an obvious suspect, wouldn't he? But after questioning him, I highly doubt he has the intelligence or the will to pull of such a stunt.

MRS. OLSON

Do you believe Ms. Ryan?

LT. JENSON

Honestly, I don't know. Kabrina? But I can tell you from my twenty-plus years of police work, and unless I need to reread my textbooks, someone is not connected to a situation like this without reason or at least some, even if it the faintest, idea of who the perpetrator is and their motive. Whoever did this, even if it was a sick joke, connected Kabrina to Lindsay McCollam and I am very hard pressed to believe that Kabrina has zero knowledge of who might have done this.

(a beat)

Would you like your desk back?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Andrew Sigler, Scott Young, Kabrina Ryan, Nicole Brown, and Stacy Kendal sit at large table, a beverage in front of each of them.

ANDREW

ANDREW (cont'd)

party

NICOLE

What are you talking about?

Andrew takes a sip of his soda.

ANDREW

Well, after the dance, we're going to have a little get together at Scott's farm.

Scott smiles wildly and nods.

SCOTT

It'll be great! Parents are gunna be gone and all that good stuff. But, we have to keep it small. I don't want a lot of people there.

ANDREW

Yeah, we just want the Queen candidates and us guys. We have all grown up together and this is gonna be one of the last chances we'll have to all be together, even if some of us don't get along so great anymore.

He looks directly at Kabrina.

STACY

Sounds good to me...as long as we keep it limited to just us! I'll be fucked if I get busted at some farm party because you asses invite the whole god damn school and everyone gets drunk and...

SCOTT

We get the point, babe. It is going to be just us. Trust me.

STACY

Well you know I'll be there then. Not like there's anything better to do in this town. What about you, Nicole?

NICOLE

I'm not sure.

(a beat)

(MORE)

NICOLE (cont'd)

I've been thinking about it and I might not even go to the dance tomorrow.

Kabrina looks up from her drink at Nicole.

STACY

(shocked)

What? Are you crazy? You're a queen candidate. You have to go!

NICOLE

I'll decline my nomination. I don't care. That's not what's important.

STACY

Then what is?

NICOLE

Guys, Lindsay was one of my best friends. I know it is hard for some of you to believe, but I liked her. We knew each other since we were five. I even remember the day we met after I moved here. We went to the playground about a block from our houses. I thought I'd show off to the neighborhood kids and climb across the monkeybars. Well, I fell off and broke my arm. other kids just laughed at me because I was crying. But Lindsay was frantic. It was something to see a five year old girl acting like a concerned mother. She put me in her wagon that she was pulling her dolls in and begged some of the other kids to help her pull me home to my mom. Right then I knew that I had a true friend. Yeah, we may have had our disagreements lately, but she was still my friend and an important part of my life. It just feels wrong to go on with this dance without her.

The group is silent for a moment.

ANDREW

Nicole, nobody is going to blame you if you don't go. We'll understand. I just think that we all really believe that Lindsay would have wanted us to continue. Hell, remember how important this whole week was to her? We have been hearing about it since the end of last school year. It's important to all of us and I don't think Lindsay would want any of us missing out on it on her behalf.

NICOLE

I dunno. I'm trying to buy into that. I'll think about it, but that's all I can promise right now.

SCOTT

You alright Kabrina? You're too quiet.

KABRINA

Um yeah, I'm Okay.

STACY

Are YOU gonna come to the party?

SCOTT

Yeah, you're the only other one who hasn't decided. Lakesha and Justin already know about it and both are coming.

STACY

You told them two about it before you even told me?!

KABRINA

Of course I'll be there.

SCOTT

Great!

Oh shit! Look who just came in!

The group focuses their attention on the entrance of the restaurant to Joe Randall coming their way.

SCOTT (CONT)

(whispering)

Shit, I haven't seen or heard anything from him since Lindsay got killed.

Joe approaches the table.

ANDREW

Hey, Joe! Have a seat.

Nicole rises and offer Joe a hug. He accepts.

The both sit down.

SCOTT

How ya doin', man?

Nicole offers Joe her soda.

JOE

I'm okay. Just tired.

SCOTT

When ya comin' back to school?

Joe sips the soda.

JOE

Shit guys, quit acting like nothing happened!

Everyone flinches.

JOE (CONT)

Did that shit really happen at the presentation with you, Kabrina?

KABRINA

Yeah...

Joe SLAMS his fist on the table.

JOE

Fuck! Something really fucked up is going on around here! Someone really wants to fuck with us.

SCOTT

Wait a second, calm down. Everything is cool.

JOE

You know that night, the night Lindsay was killed, she called me. She was supposed to be at her grandparent's house to take care of their cat. But she called me.

NICOLE

What are you talking about?

Everyone focuses on Joe.

JOE

She thought someone was after her, in the house. She got a weird phonecall.

NICOLE

Did you tell the police this?

JOE

Shit, of course I did! I'm not stupid. I shouldn't even be telling you guys this! They didn't find anything at her grandparent's house to prove anyone was there. But it's really fucked up. Lindsay wouldn't have called me unless she was really scared about something, and now Kabrina gets a death threat. Some weird shit is going on around here.

ANDREW

I saw Lindsay the night she was murdered. At the haunted house. I talked to her.

Attention focuses to him.

JOE

What? You're just now telling us this? Have you talked to the police?

ANDREW

I didn't think it was important. I talked to her for like thirty seconds.

NICOLE

Andrew, you should have said something! It makes it look like you are hiding something.

JOE

Fuck yeah it does! Especially since you were caught by your girlfriend fucking Lindsay the week before! Kabrina broke up with you because of Lindsay! Maybe I should get on the phone right now and call the police. Have them question you!

ANDREW

Go ahead! Do what you need to do, big guy! If I had anything to hide, do you think I would even be telling you now? Just because I fucked her doesn't mean I had anything to do with what happened to her!

Kabrina suddenly rises from the table.

KABRINA

I have to get outta here. I'll see you all tomorrow.

She hurries out of the restaurant.

NICOLE

Guys, you both need to calm down!

Andrew, you should have mentioned this sooner! You really need to go to the police and tell them you talked to her that night!

ANDREW

I don't want to get involved in this!

NICOLE

You already are!

ANDREW

Fine! If it will make you guys happy, I will talk to the police. Fuck, they already questioned me about what happened with Kabrina today.

(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)

Will that make you happy?

Joe hesitantly nods.

SCOTT

Alright, we are changing the subject as of now. So Joe, again, when are you coming back to school?

Joe flashes him an angry look, but then looks around at the table at the others who are gazing questionably at him.

He relaxes.

JOE

Tomorrow, man.

STACY

And you're going to the dance?

Joe does not answer.

STACY (CONT)

Oh, come on Joe! You need to get out and have some fun with friends to get your mind off all this. It's the first major event of our Senior year, ya know.

JOE

(hesitating)

Yeah, I'll be there.

SCOTT

Awesome then. That's settled. We should all be excited now. We're gonna have a blast!

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Lakesha Hibbs flips the lights off in the quant little used bookstore that she works part-time at and exits the building, fumbling to lock the door behind her.

EXT. PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Lakesha makes her way to her car, humming softly to herself. The lot is fairly well lit and as she approaches her car, she digs into her purse for her car keys. At the same moment that she pulls them out of the handbag, she hears a

loud SLAMMING noise coming from the direction of the store.

Startled, she immediately looks toward the story. Nothing. She gazes around the parking lot. Nothing. She shakes her head and proceeds to open her unlocked car door.

She opens her car door and tosses her purse into the passenger's seat.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

As she prepares to put her key in the ignition, she glances back at the story and sees that the interior lights are now on.

LAKESHA

What the hell?

She hesitates a moment and then, with a loud SIGHT exits the car

EXT. PARKING LOT-NIGHT.

Lakesha begins walking back toward the store. However, after taking a few steps, she suddenly freezes in her tracks.

From Lakesha's P.O.V., a dark figure is peering out at her from inside the store. It is entirely too dark inside to make out who it is, but it clutches a hunting knife it its hand. It backs away and vanishes out of her view very quickly.

Lakesha gazes around the parking lot, but it is empty. No car that would hint at the identity of the person inside the store.

She looks back at her car, then back at the store. No sign of the figure. Slowly, she resumes walking toward the store

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

From the mysterious person's POV: Out of her sight, it watches Lakesha slowly returning to the store. It looks down to admire the shiny blade of the butcher knife that it is firmly grasping.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Lakesha approaches the door and inserts the correct key into the lock and turns. It CLICKS and she pulls the door open and enters the dark store.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Lakesha FLIPS the light switch on, but nothing happens. The interior remains dark.

LAKESHA

Hello?

She FLIPS the light switch a few more times more rapidly. The store remains dark.

LAKESHA (CONT)

Come on! Who's in here? You can't be doing this. This shit could get my ass fired!

No one verbally answers, but there is a loud THUMP from a heavy book hitting the floor that echoes from the back of the small store.

LAKESHA (CONT)

Dammit! You better fucking answer me!

Silence.

Lakesha slowly makes her way toward the back of the store-the origin of the noise. The only light in the store comes from the exterior storefront lighting, which barely provides any illumination. Lakesha is forced to blindly use the shelves as her guide to the back of the store.

We slowly scan behind Lakesha and see the dark figure dart to the right.

Lakesha nears the end of the aisle.

Suddenly, a hand grabs her left shoulder!

Lakesha lets out a loud scream and spins around quickly to reveal Kabrina.

LAKESHA

Jesus fucking Christ! You scared the absolute shit out of me! What the hell are you doing?

Suddenly, the interior lights of the store flicker on brightly.

KABRINA

Sorry! Didn't mean to scare you! Calm down.

What were you doing in here with all the lights off anyway?

LAKESHA

I bet you think this is pretty funny, don't you? I should bitch slap your ass.

KABRINA

What are you talking about?

LAKESHA

Trying to scare my ass sneaking back in here after I leave! How the hell did you get in? Were you hiding in here when I locked up?

KABRINA

I have no clue what you are talking about. I just got here! I pulled in just as you were going back into the store. I was afraid you'd already be gone. Sneaking in to scare you? Seriously Keesh, you know me better than this

Lakesha makes her way around Kabrina and goes back to the front of the store. Kabrina follows.

LAKESHA

Well somebody was here! I saw them.

Kabrina shrugs.

LAKESHA (CONT)

What are you doing here then if you weren't trying to scare the shit out of me?

KABRINA

I just left the gang at Rudy's. I just wanted to swing by to see if you are really going to Scott's party tomorrow after the dance.

Lakesha hurries to the front door of the store and flips the light switch off. Kabrina hesitantly follows.

KABRINA

You in a hurry or something?

Lakesha exits the store and holds the door open as a signal for Kabrina to follow.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LAKESHA

Yes....I want to get the hell out of here! I'm totally freaked out now.

(LOUDLY)

And if anyone is still in here, you need to take your ass out the back security doors because I am locking this shit down!

And yeah, of course I am going to Scott's party..with or without the crown.

Lakesha shuts the glass door and fumbles with the key until the door lock CLICKS.

KABRINA

Great then. All I needed to know. I will definitely be there now. I better get going...I'll see you tomorrow.

Kabrina walks to her car, which is parked directly in front of the bookstore. She unlocks the door.

LAKESHA

Sure thing.

KABRINA

And hey, I'm sorry for scaring you in there. You need to relax though. Quit letting your imagination run wild. There seems to be a lot of that going on around here lately.

Kabrina enters her car and seconds later pulls away.

Lakesha flashes her a smile and a wave.

Lakesha makes her way to her car and enters is once again.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lakesha puts the key into the ignition and starts her car.

She flashes one final gaze into the window of the store.

Kabrina's image stares back at her from inside.

Lakesha confusingly glances around the parking lot. Kabrina's car gone.

She looks back at the store. Nothing. The image is gone.

LAKESHA

Fuck my imagination!

She puts the car into drive and pulls away.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Kabrina shifts uncomfortably in a small desk in her Calculus class, her attention focused solely on the large clock about the blackboard at the front of the room. It reads 3:17.

An older gentleman, MR. WALKER, preaches the weekend homework assignment from behind his desk located directly below the ticking clock.

Kabrina turns her gaze to Lakesha, who is seated directly to the left of her.

Lakesha smiles and then writes something quickly on a piece of notebook paper and passes is discreetly to Kabrina.

Kabrina unfolds it and reads:

You promise you weren't just trying to scare me last night?

Kabrina looks impatiently at Lakesha and nods her head.

Lakesha shrugs.

MR. WALKER

Okay class, have a great and safe time at the dance tonight. But I still expect everyone to have their homework ready to turn in first thing on Monday. You are dismissed.

The class rises and excitedly moves into the hallway.

Lakesha and Kabrina rise simultaneously, and Stacy Kendall approaches them at the same time.

STACY

God this class is so fucking boring. I want to be a cosmotologist...I doubt I will ever have to know all this shit to color someone's hair.

The three girls exit the classroom.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway is filled with anxious teens trying to leave the school as fast as humanly possible.

KABRINA

Sooo...did you end up getting that dress you liked at the mall?

STACY

Hell yeah I did. It was made for me. Fits like a glove and makes my tits look bigger.

LAKESHA

I can't believe you spent three hundred dollars on a dress that you're going to wear for an hour before it ends up in a crumpled ball on the floor of Scott's barn.

STACY

Well, some of us can afford nice things.

LAKESHA

Wait wait wait...some of our DADDIES can afford nice things....

STACY

Oh and who's you're date again?
Oh...that's right..you don't have one since our basketball team is all white.

Kabrina stops in front of her locker.

LAKESHA

Oh Hell no! At least I----

KABRINA

(interrupting)

That's enough! Please?

LAKESHA

(hesitating,

staring at Stacy)

Well I have to get going. I have to pick up my dress before four. I guess I'll see you tonigh.

KABRINA

Sounds good. Be careful.

STACY

(mockingly)

Later, hun.

Lakesha walks away.

KABRINA

Wow. You two are something else.

Kabrina opens her locker door and exchanges some books.

STACY

She knows I am just fucking with her. We have that love-hate thing going on. So you're going with Justin, eh? Lucky you.

KABRINA

What's that supposed to mean?

STACY

Nothing sarcastic at all. I had him last year, so I seriously mean lucky you. And I would imagine that he has..uh..grown since (MORE)

STACY (cont'd)

then..if that's possible. Wow..real lucky you!

Kabrina shakes her head.

STACY (CONT)

Oh please, Kabrina. Like you haven't had sex. Ahem...Andy Sigler...Ahem.

KABRINA

Well whatever happens happens. I'm not saying I'm perfect. I'm just not as open or blunt about my sex life as you are.

Kabrina shuts her locker.

Suddenly someone grabs Stacy from behind and spins her around. She yelps.

It's Scott Young.

STACY

Fuckhead! Don't do that!

Scott laughs.

SCOTT

Hey now! I just wanted to let you know that I will pick you up around six-thirty. That Okay?

STACY

Yeah, yeah, great.

SCOTT

And how are you doin' Kabrina?

KABRINA

No complaints.

SCOTT

Awesome. I gotta get goin'. Cheer up Kabrina. After all, tonight is Homecoming!

INT. KABRINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kabrina gazes at herself in the full lenght mirror that is secured onto her closet door. She looks undeniably

beautiful, wearing a sparkling silver sequined dress. Her hair cascades in lustrious strands down her back.

There is a soft KNOCK on her door.

KABRINA

Come in!

KABRINA'S MOTHER, a petite, slender woman with peroxide dyed hair and excessive make up enters the room.

KABRINA'S MOTHER

Wow. Look at you! I told you that was the dress for you, didn't I? We probably should have went with the other shoes though. Either way, this Justin is one lucky boy.

KABRINA

Thanks mom.

KABRINA'S MOTHER

Now you know that Dad and I are very proud of you, right? You totally deserve to win and I am so sorry that we can't be at the coronation. You know Dad and his damn client dinners. He always seems to schedule them at the most inappropriate times.

KABRINA

It's okay. Really. You and Dad have fun. I'm probably not going to win anyway.

KABRINA'S MOTHER

Aww..there's my insecure girl. You always think the worst. Either way, tell the other girls that I wish them luck as well.

KABRINA

I will.

The CHIME of the doorbell interrupts.

KABRINA'S MOTHER

Looks like your date is here. This Justin better look as good in his tux as you do in that dress I picked out for you.

Kabrina smiles and they exit the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM/ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

Kabrina's mom opens the front door to reveal Justin waiting nervously on the front porch. He is dressed in a traditional black tuxedo.

KABRINA'S MOTHER

Wow. You must be Justin! I'm Kabrina's mom. You look great. If only I was twenty years younger. Well, come on in.

Justin enters.

KABRINA'S MOTHER

(CONT)

Kabrina is here somewhere...oh here she is.

Kabrina enters the entry way with her school jacket draped around her shoulders.

Justin smiles.

JUSTIN

You look...very nice.

KABRINA

Thanks. So do you.

KABRINA'S MOTHER

Go ahead and kiss if you want! Don't be shy on my account.

KABRINA

That's Okay Mom. We should get going.

Kabrina hurries Justin to the front door.

KABRINA'S MOTHER

Well you two have fun! Good luck tonight, Baby.

JUSTIN

Bye Mrs. Ryan. It was nice meeting you.

Kabrina and Justin exit.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

KABRINA

Sorry about that. I never claimed to have a normal, typical mother.

JUSTIN

Hell, don't worry about that. None of us have normal moms.

They approach his car, and he unlocks and opens the passenger side door for her.

KABRINA

(entering the car)

Thanks.

Justin smiles at her.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Olson, Hoover High's Principal, enters the classroom.

Mr. Youngers and MRS.GORDON are eagerly counting Homecoming Oueen ballots.

MRS. OLSON

So who is going to be our next Queen?

Mrs. Gordon laughs.

MRS. GORDON

I'm shocked! You know that we are obligated to keep that information confidential.

MR. YOUNGERS

...but since you are the wonderful and respected Principal of this school, we can certainly give you a hint.

MRS. GORDON

Yes, let's just say that it's very close between the Ryan girl and Lakesha Hibbs.

MRS. OLSON

The Ryan girl? That's interesting. We've never had sisters win before. You know, ten years ago her sister Rebecca was (MORE)

MRS. OLSON (cont'd)

Homecoming Queen. I don't know if either of you remember, but she was such a wonderful, goal-oriented young lady. It's really a shame what happened to her. She would have had a bright future, but Kabrina is great in her own right. But as the old cliche goes, may the best gal win. Just remember, John, that you need to meet me in the gymnasium in a half hour to help chaperone. We have a wild bunch this year.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Justin and Kabrina enter the gymnasium, which is extensively decorated with purple, silver, and gold streams, balloons, and foil stars. Several small circular tables are set up, each with a brightly glowing candle and vase. The table set up creates a large, open area in the center of the gym which is obviously reserved as the dance floor, a huge disco ball spinning widly above it, creating hundreds of dancing spectrums.

LOUD POP MUSIC is blaring from the DeeJay station at the front of the gymnasium. Several couples are already making their way to the dance floor.

Kabrina spots Lakesha and Nicole.

KABRINA

(waving her hands)

Keesha! Nicole

Kabrina hurries toward the two girls and Justin has no choice but to follow.

KABRINA

Oh my god! You two look great! I told you that you would find a great dress Nicole!

Nicole smiles.

NICOLE

We are just waiting for Scott to show his stupid ass up. He is supposed to fill us in on what is going on with this party thing tonight...oh look...speak of the (MORE)

NICOLE (cont'd)

devil.

Scott Young, Joe Randall, Andrew Sigler, and Stacy Kendall all approach in a small herd.

SCOTT

Hey fellow party goers! Good to...glad to see the gang is all here.

The four girls ignore Scott and begin to verbally admire each other's outfits.

SCOTT (CONT)

Uhh...'scuse me ladies. Attention is on me...this isn't fashion hour.

They hesistantly focus their attention on Scott.

SCOTT (CONT)

Thank you. Now this is very simple and I am only gonna repeat it once so pay close attention.

After one of you lovely ladies is announced Homecoming Queen here in a bit, you do your traditional prance and dance and then we head out and meet at my house. Quick and painless. Any questions?

LAKESHA

Yeah, I have a question.

SCOTT

Shoot.

LAKESHA

Where did you find shoes the match that color, Nicole?

Scott rolls his eyes.

SCOTT

Well, I think me and Stacy are gonna go...uh...mingle for a bit. You know, make our presence known. Remember, my house shortly after the crowning. Don't hang around here any longer than you have to.

Scott takes Stacy's hand and leads here into the crowd.

Joe and Justin begin their own conversation off the the side, and Lakesha and Nicole move to the refreshment table.

Andrew approaches Kabrina.

ANDREW

You look great.

KABRINA

(hesistatingly)

...Thanks.....so do you.

He boldly approaches her and puts his arm around her.

She pushes him away.

KABRINA

Don't!

He stumbles backwards.

KABRINA (CONT)

Aren't you suppose to be here with Nicole?

ANDREW

You know I am. Just as friends though...

KABRINA

Is that why she told me that you two have a motel room reserved for later? Tell me, Andy, is is your goal to fuck every girl in this school, or just my close friends?

ANDREW

Hey....I'm good at it. Certainly never heard any complaints from you. Hell, you used to beg for it.

In a swift motion she SLAPS his face and storms away.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Youngers still sit at the desk counting the Homecoming Queen ballots.

Mr. Youngers looks up at the clock.

MR. YOUNGERS

Oh Christ! I need to go out and help Sylvia chaperone! I'm already late.

Mrs. Gordon smiles.

MR. YOUNGERS (CONT)

You only have a few more to count. Just write the winner's name on the card, put it into the envelope and bring it to the gymnasium at 8:30.

Mr. Youngers ignores her rant and exits the room.

MRS. GORDON

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I am a big girl. I think I can handle that. Just because I teach Sculpture and not Math doesn't mean I don't listen to or can't follow....

She sighs loudly and continues through the remaining ballots that are left, putting a tally mark next to the corresponding name on a piece of paper in front of her.

She counts the last vote and again sighs loudly.

MRS. GORDON (CONT) About time. Nothing but a damn popularity contest anyway.

She glances at the tally sheet. We see only about ten more tally votes for Lakesha than Kabrina.

MRS. GORDON (CONT)

Well congratulations Lakesha. A deserving winner for once. Not like the little tramps who usually win..

She retrieves the small announcement card and writes Lakesha's name in neat letters with purple marker and then seals the card into the envelope.

She scoots her chair back to get up when an arm, covered with the sleeve of the black raincoat, wraps around her face. She tries to scream, but the arm is pressed firmly across her mouth.

The stranger's other hand flashes in front of Mrs. Gordon's face. It is grasping a hunting knife!! Mrs. Gordon's muffled, terrified screams get louder.

With one quick motion, the blade of the hunting knife glides violently across Mrs. Gordon's throat, opening a deep gash that immediately erupts with a stream of crimson. The figure releases its hold of Mrs. Gordon. Her body hits the floor with a loud THUMP.

The masked figure reaches down and retrieves the sealed envelope.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Justin sits at a small table by himself, periodically sipping from a small glass of punch.

Kabrina approaches with a cup of punch and sits down at the table.

JUSTIN

Where did you take off to?

She takes a sip of punch.

KABRINA

Huh? Oh...I was looking for you. I got into it with Andy. Couldn't find you so I decided to get some punch.

JUSTIN

What do you mean got into with Andy? What happened? Are you Okay?

KABRINA

Oh yeah...me...I'm fine. Just Andy being his same old asshole of himself.

JUSTIN

You know, when I asked you to this dance, I was hoping that it would be enough for you to forget about Andy Sigler for at least one night. I saw how happy you used to be in the hallway with him, and I wanted you to be that happy again..only with me...

KABRINA

Andy and I were together for almost two years, Justin. My entire high school experience has included him in some aspect. I can't turn all of that off, no matter how much I may want to. I still love him.

JUSTIN

But he cheated on you! He used you. How could you want someone like him back when there are so many other guys around that would never think of doing that to you.

KABRINA

Like you, I suppose? I didn't say I want him back. I don't. Not after all he has done.

(a beat)

Look, I didn't know that accepting your invitation tonight mean we were a couple. I just wanted to have fun. I like you, Justin. Just don't push it. Let's see what happens tonight and leave it at that. My faith in teenage guys needs to be restored before I even think about getting into another relationship.

JUSTIN

Well I'm honest. I'd always be truthful with you.

KABRINA

Really? Then how come you never told me about you and Stacy?

JUSTIN

Oh my god, Kabrina! That was last year. It was nothing except on one night thing. You're gonna hold that against me? You have never asked me about my past so I never felt obligated to tell you. It's not like I am trying to hide anything.

Kabrina is silent for a moment.

KABRINA

We both know you have a point and that you are absolutely right.

(a beat)

You've never had the person you love cheat on you and destroy all the trust and effort you put into the relationship, have you?

Justin solemnly shakes his head.

KABRINA (CONT)

Well, let me be the first to tell you that it fucks a seventeen year old girl up. You know, I look around at all the girls in the school-freshmen, sophomores, juniors, it doesn't matter-walking down the hall holding hands with their boyfriends--they look so happy. In 9th grade I longed to be one of those girls, Now, after going through this with Andy I can only feel sorry for them. They have no idea what they are getting themselves into.

JUSTIN

Look....I didn't mean to...

KABRINA

(interrupting)

No...it's allright.

We are here now. I really want to have a nice time with you. Let's just talk about something else...I don't care. You pick.

Justin hesistates a moment.

JUSTIN

Umm....so what are you planning on doing after graduation?

KABRINA

College. Isn't that the only logical choice for a high school graduate these days. Don't you need a college degree to even work (MORE)

KABRINA (cont'd)

at Burger King now?

JUSTIN

Nah...not necassarily the only choice. I, for example, am moving down to Florida and work for my grandpa's landscaping business. I can make more doing that than most jobs that you have to go to college for.

KABRINA

Well yeah...if that is what makes you happy. Most people who go to college don't do it to make a lot of money, I don't think. I think they do it to get into a career that they will enjoy. That is why I am doing it anyway.

JUSTIN

You know something? I am sorry that I didn't get to know you better, Kabrina Ryan.

KABRINA

Justin, we have known each other since the fourth grade.

He smoothes her hand with his.

JUSTIN

I know that. I said better.

She smiles and rises from her chair.

KABRTNA

I'll be right back, Okay? I need to use the restroom.

JUSTIN

I'll be here.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We see a car parked at the very edge of the school's parking lot. It's a fiery red sports covertible with the nylon top up. The windows are slightly fogged and the car rocks slowly up and down.

INT. CAR BACK SEAT - NIGHT

Scott Young, his dress slacks pulled down around his ankles, is vigorously having sex with Stacy Kendal. She is on bottom, her arms clenched tightly around Scott's waist. They are both MOANING heavily.

STACY

Oh....Scott....yeah....Oh...we have...to....go...oh yeah....inside....announce the queen..

Scott continues to thrust.

SCOTT

Ohh....I'm close babe....just a minute...

We hear a loud THUMP outside the car.

STACY

Wait....someone is out there...did you hear that? Ohhh...this isn't a good idea....in the school parking lot...

Scott ignores her.

She attempts to push him off.

SCOTT

Wait....I'm going to come.....

The THUD again.

STACY

Get up! Someone is out there!

Scott begins to thrust harder and moan loudly.

SCOTT

Fuck..I'm coming....Oh yeahhhhh.....

At that instant, a spear-like object tears through the vinyl roof of Scott's covertible. It comes down rapidly, viciously, and tears into Scott's back.

Stacy SCREAMS hysterically as the spear is forced deeper

into Scott's flaying body, blood oozing from his mouth and pouring onto Stacy.

STACY

(hysterical)

Nooooooo!

Realizing what will happen if she does not get out from underneath Scott, she frantically tries pushing Scott off of her. Scott is convulsing and wriggling like a fish on hook.

STACY (CONT)

(frantically pushing)

GET OFF ME!!

Suddenly, the spear is quickly pulled from Scott's body and almost just as quickly is thrusted back down, entering the back of Scott's skull with a distinct popping noise, causing blood to spray liberally throughout the vehicle..

Stacy wriggles and is able to slide Scott's body off her her. She reaches around her for the door handle and desperately tries to pull it open,

Again, the spear is lifted and brought down again, missing Stacy's head by only inches.

She screams and finally flings the door open. She scoots out of the back seat and allows herself to clumsily fall onto the cement of the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Quickly, she pulls herself off of the pavement in time to see the masked figure in the black raincoat make it's way around the car and toward her, spear in hand.

Stacy screams and turns and runs back toward the school, her Homecoming gown soaked with Scott's blood and hanging loosely off her shoulders.

Swiftly and deliberately, the figure follows after Stacy, maintaining perfect focus on her. Through the figures P.O.V. we see Stacy frantically sprinting toward the gymnasium hallway doors. The figure moves faster toward her.

Stacy stumbles toward the gymnasium doors and throws herself against them. She turns around to see the figure moving

quickly toward her with the bloody spear still clenched tightly in its hand. She SCREAMS and pulls the handle of the door toward her.

It doesn't budge! It's locked from the inside!

She frantically begins pounding on the steel door with a maddening fury.

STACY
(sobbing,
hysterical)
HELP ME! SOMEBODY! OPEN THE
DOOR! PLEAAASSE!

The only response is the sound of the MUSIC being played inside the dance.

Stacy turns and sees the figure fastly approaching! Twenty feet away.....fifteen....ten...

In a sudden and surprising movement, Stacy lurches at the figure before it has time to react. Her body aggresively collides with the figures', knocking it to the ground. A load GRUNT escapes the figures mask and the spear escapes from it's hand and crashes to the ground. Stacy kicks the figure forcefully in the chest before she flees the scene and sprints around the side of the school. The figure curls in pain.

CUT TO:

Stacy approaches a side door to the school. Panting and with tears streaming down her face, she pulls the handle and.....it opens!

With a sigh of relief she enters.

INT. SCHOOL-BACKSTAGE AREA - NIGHT

The loud MUSIC from the dance immediately rings our ears. It's pulsating and echoing loudly.

Stacy realizes she is backstage, behind the stage in the gymnasium. It's extremely dark, the only light provided is from the glowing red exit sign above the door. It's a cluttered area, with old set pieces from past school plays and broken desks and chairs ominously surrounding her.

She moves quickly past the clutter and toward the music. It gets louder and louder as the curtain-the only thing separated her from the rest of the Homecoming patrons-comes

into view.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, a grunt of relief and hope escapes her throat. Stacy moves quickly through the backstage area, the music getting even louder as she gets closes to the curtain. Closer...louder....closer...less than five feet..she can almost touch it...she can see the kids dancing through the small crack between the two curtains. She reaches out..almost through when...

Suddenly a large rope drops down in front of her. She screams and slowly looks up to reveal...

The masked figure!! It is standing directly above her on the catwalk of the stage! Before Stacy has time to react below, the figures drops the spear.

Stacy barely has time to scream when the spear comes at a dizzying speed from above and impales itself through her skull with such force that it emerges from between her legs and the pointed end embeds into the wooden floor below.

Beyond the curtain, the music stops.

INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Mrs. Olson makes her way to the stage, a cue for all the kids on the dance floor to slowly make their way back to their tables and focus their attention on her.

CUT TO:

Kabrina returns to the table where Justin has been patiently waiting.

JUSTIN

Wow. You're back! I thought maybe you decided to ditch me after our last conversation.

KABRINA

Not quite. Besides, I wouldn't just leave. No, I ran into Nicole and we got to chatting about a few things.

JUSTIN

Things? Anything specific?

KABRINA

Girl things. You wouldn't understand.

Justin chuckles.

Mrs. Olson's voice interrupts from the stage at the front of the gym and our attention focuses on her.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

MRS. OLSON

May I have your attention! Ladies! Gentlemen! I am about to do the honor of announcing this year's Homecoming Queen. Will the four candidate please join me up on stage.

CUT TO:

Kabrina slides her chair back and rises.

KABRINA

Well, I guess that is my que.

Justin quickly rises from his chair.

JUSTIN

Hey, good luck. I really hope that you win.

He moves in and opens his arm for a hug. Kabrina accepts. He leans in for a kiss, and hesistantly, Kabrina accepts a brief peck, but quickly pulls away.

KABRINA

Thank you.

She turns and makes her way to the stage, immediately joining up with Lakesha.

CUT TO:

Kabrina, Lakesha, and Nicole are standing side by side on stage.

At the microphone Mrs. Olson confusingly looks at a piece of paper and then at the girls.

MRS. OLSON

We are missing someone, are we not?

A male voice from the audience answers.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Stacy Kendal!

MRS. OLSON

Oh, of course. Stacy Kendal. Stacy, are you here? Has anyone seen Stacy?

Nobody responds.

MRS. OLSON (CONT)

Stacy? Please come up on stage dear.

Lakesha smiles to herself.

LAKESHA

I saw her leave with Scott Young a little while ago.

MRS. OLSON

Oh. Well we really can't wait any longer. It's getting late. I need the envelope please.

She turns and looks at the curtain behind her.

No one appears.

MRS. OLSON (CONT)

AHEM! I said all I need is the envelope please!

With that, a single hand emerges from behind the curtain, waving the envelope teasingly at Mrs. Olson.

Mrs. Olson retrieves the envelope from the hand.

MRS. OLSON (CONT)

And thank you Mrs, Gordon and Mr. Youngers for counting the ballots and getting the results to us.

A brief APPLAUSE from the students.

She returns to the microphone.

MRS. OLSON (CONT)

Okay. Now the moment we have been waiting for. The announcement of Hoover High's Homecoming Queen. I'm not sure what to do is Stacy Kendal is the winner, but are we (MORE)

MRS. OLSON (cont'd)

ready?

The girls on stage tense and the audience is at a stand still.

Mrs. Olson opens the sealed envelope.

MRS. OLSON (CONT) Okay....your Homecoming Queen is.....Kabrina Ryan!

The audience erupts into a loud CHEER and APPLAUSE.

On stage, Lakesha and Nicole embrace Kabrina.

Mrs. Olson makes her way to Kabrina with a silver rhinestone tiara in hand. Nicole and Lakesha push Kabrina toward her.

She embraces Kabrina secures the tiara into Kabrina's mane of hair and the guides her the microphone.

Overwhelmed and trembling, Kabrina approaches the microphone.

KABRINA

Oh wow....I.....this.....I didn't expect this at all....Thank you all!

From Kabrina's P.O.V., we see Justin in the audience clapping enthusiastically.

She smiles at him and gives him an innocent little wave.

From her P.O.V., she stares out into the applauding crowd and pauses for a moment before speaking again.

KABRINA (CONT)

I really feel that I need to mention Lindsay McCollam.

The crowd silences.

KABRINA (CONT)

She should have been in this position tonight. I just want to ask that we not forget her and vow to keep her in our thoughts and pray that whoever did that to her is caught.

(MORE)

KABRINA (cont'd)

(a beat)

Again, all I can say is thank you and enjoy the rest of the dance.

The crowd erupts into a loud applause again.

Kabrina moves away from the microphone and rejoins Lakesha and Nicole for another embrace,

After a few moments, the girls break up and make their way together off stage.

CUT TO:

Kabrina makes her way through the crowd, receiving several congratulations along the way.

She spots Justin and approaches him.

JUSTIN

Well hey! I guess my vote for you did count! Congratulations!

KABRINA

It's so weird. I never thought I'd win. I feel kinda numb. But I can't help but to think that this really belongs to Lindsay.

She wipes a tear from her cheek and then unexpectedly embraces Justin tightly. He is surprised, but is more than willing to return the hug.

At that moment, Andrew Sigler and Joe Randall approach the embracing couple.

Joe taps Kabrina on her shoulder. She releases her grip from Justin and turns around. Joe offers an embrace and she accepts.

JOE

I just wanted to tell you that I thought it was very cool of you to mention Lindsay like that. I think you're the only with enough class to do that.

She pulls away and looks at him, tears flowing down her cheek.

KABRINA

She was my friend too, you know. Just because she....

She looks at Andrew.

KABRINA (CONT)

She didn't deserve what happened to her.

Andrew moves in and tries to comfort her.

She backs away.

Andrew sighs.

ANDREW

You know, given the situation I would think that you could at least let me congratulate you.

She looks at Justin and Joe, who both give her an approving look.

She sighs and hesitantly hugs Andrew, leaning her mouth close to his ear.

KABRINA

(whispering)

It didn't have to be this way, Andy. You only have yourself to blame.

She pulls away.

JOE

Well, we need to think about getting out of here and heading to Scott's. Him and Stacy must have left already because his car is gone. Why don't you guys gather the others and figure out who is riding with who. I have to take a piss and them I'm heading out. I'll just see you guys there.

KABRINA

You aren't riding with one of us?

JOE

No, I have to stop home really quick. I'll be there shortly, don't worry.

ANDREW

Well, let's go find Nicole and Kesha.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Joe is the only one in the restroom. It's a fairly small restroom, with three urinals and two stalls, both of which have their doors closed.

Whistling, Joe approaches a urinal, unzips his trousers, and urinates.

Moments later, he zips up, flushes, and moves to the sink and begins washing his hands, admiring himself in the mirror.

He shuts the water off, sniffles and reaches for a paper towel dispenser. It is empty.

JOE

Figures.

He turns and approaches the left stall and pushes the door. It is locked.

JOE (CONT)

(puzzled)

Anyone else in here?

Silence.

He shrugs and moves to the other stall.

He pushes on the door. It slowly SQUEAKS open.

He makes he move to enter the stall when, before he has time to react, the masked figure emerges from the it and SLAMS the blade of a hatchet deep into Joe's chest.

Joe stumbles backwards, his body smashing into the sink. He slowly slides to the floor, blood oozing heavily from the wound caused by the embedded tool.

The masked figure stares at Joe's lifeless body.

EXT. FARM DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A pair of headlight beams illuminate a stereotypical Midwestern farmhouse. It is a large, white structure surrounded by seemingly endless fields of corn. A few hundred feet beyond the house sits a weathered and tired looking barn.

The bright security lights that guard the home's massive wrap-around porch glow proudly and we see Scott's red convertible parked near the house.

The origin of the headlight beams, a four door Sedan, halts and the lights click off.

Seconds later, Justin emerges from the driver's seat. Kabrina then exits from the passengers side and Lakesha from the back.

Moments later, a bulky sports utility vehicle pulls up the drive and halts inches from Justin's car, music pulsating loudly from it's stereo.

The engine is killed and Andrew emerges happily from the driver's door and makes his way around to the passengers door, opening it for Nicole. She graciously steps out.

We see a look of disgust flash across Kabrina's face.

ANDREW

So, any sign of Scott?

JUSTIN

His car's here, so I guess we just need to go up to the house. Knowing him, he's busy with Stacy as we speak.

ANDREW

Well great. I always like to be the one to crash parties, and since some people already think I am an asshole, come on.

He makes his way toward the front porch. Lakesha and Nicole follow.

KABRINA

Call 'em as I know 'em.

Justin gently takes hold of Kabrina's arm.

JUSTIN

Hey...forget about him, will you?

She forces a smile and knods.

They follow the others onto the porch.

Andrew BANGS loudly on the screen door.

ANDREW

Hey Scott! Come one dude! We are here..ready to paaaarrrrty!

There is no response from inside the house.

Nicole uncomfortably gazes around the property.

NICOLE

Maybe they're in the barn.

ANDREW

Hey....yeah....no better place for a little roll in the hay, eh?

Justin moves in front of Andrew and KNOCKS louder on the door.

JUSTIN

Hey asshole! Come on! It isn't exactly summer out here!

Still no response.

LAKESHA

(impatiently)

Is the door unlocked?

Justin pulls open the screen door and turns the knob to the entrance door and pushes.

It opens.

LAKESHA

Lucky I was here. You guys would have been out here til five in the morning before any of you thought of that.

NICOLE

Let's just get inside. I'm freezing.

The group, led by Justin, enter the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The foyer of the house is spacious and sparkles with cleanliness. Country decor dominates and a massive staircase rises only a few feet from the entrance.

JUSTIN

Scott? You here?

Kabrina sighs. obviously annoyed.

NICOLE

This isn't very host like of him. You know, I wasn't even going to come tonight, but I had to let him talk me into coming because of the whole nostalgia of the old gang being together again. Christ, none of us can hardly stand each other anymore.

The group silently stares at Nicole for a moment.

LAKESHA

Um...Okay. Anyone else want to share their feelings with us? And by the way, Nicole, evaluate your little outburst and you'll understand why none of us can stand you anymore.

JUSTIN

Alright...come on now. We are all a little irritated, but lets not start on each other.

Let me do a quick scan of the house. If he is here, I will find him. This place was practically my second home as a kid.

NICOLE

Well hurry up! And if you don't find him, we're leaving!

Ryan nods at her and veers off into a room to the left of the group.

ANDREW

And just how do you expect to leave? Because I am staying put, and if I remember correctly, I drove.

NICOLE

I'll walk!

ANDREW

Well you could use the exercise...you are getting a little beefy around the thighs.

NICOLE

Fuck you! You weren't complaining when you were down there eating me out on Wednesday!

Kabrina's jaw drops and she looks accusingly at Andrew.

Lakesha is trying to keep from laughing.

KABRINA

(to Andrew)

Jesus Christ, you really have fucked every girl at school, haven't you?

LAKESHA

Eating her out? Wow....this is some crazy crazy shit.

ANDREW

Oh please. She is such a liar.

NICOLE

A liar? You're denying that you came over to my house on....

Lakesha withdraws from the confrontation and opens the screen door, peering out into the darkness.

KABRINA

Okay! I think we have all heard enough.

LAKESHA

Scott? Stacy? Hello?

No answer.

She shuts the door at the same time Justin enters back into the foyer.

JUSTIN

Well they aren't down here. I can go check upstairs real quick.

Before anyone can respond, Justin trots up the staircase.

ANDREW

Shit. I suppose if they aren't here we can always head over to Brandon Stark's party.

Lakesha sighs and shakes her head.

LAKESHA

They have to be here! His car is here, and the door was unlocked.

KABRINA

Well...maybe Joe beat us here and they took off somewhere with him? I don't know.

Justin trots quickly back down the stairs.

JUSTIN

Not upstairs either. Not even in his bedroom.

NICOLE

I still say someone should check the barn. That is the only other place they could be.

ANDREW

Fuck. I'll go out and check the barn. You guys wait here.

Andrew exits the house.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Andrew approaches the barn timidly. It is extremely dark and there is not a hint of life or movement near or in the barn.

He slowly lifts the wooden latch on the heavy barn door pulls it open.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Andrew peers into the pitch-blackness of the barn's interior and sees nothing but darkness. He steps in.

ANDREW

Scott? Man, you in here?

He hears the shuffling of some hay and then a macabre giggle coming from the barn's loft.

He takes another step.

ANDREW

Fuck you Scott! Quit screwing around! The other's are getting really pissed! They want to leave now.

There is no response.

Andrew steps deeper into the barn's darkness.

Suddenly, from the loft, the bright beam of a flashlight hits his face. Andrew instinctively shields his eyes with his hand, trying to make out the person responsible. He fails.

He quickens his pace toward the ladder of the loft that is now visible to him.

ANDREW

You and your fucking pranks! You're not ten anymore, dude. Hell this shit wouldn't even be funny if we were ten!

He reaches the ladder and begins to climb toward the loft. At the same time, the flashlight clicks off.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The four remaining teens wait patiently for Andrew's return.

NICOLE

Where the hell is he? It's been ten fucking minutes. This is so ridiculous. I am going out to find his ass and then we are out of here. Tell Scott thanks for a whole lot of fucking nothing!

Nicole turns in a fury and exits from the house into the darkness.

KABRINA

This just isn't like Scott. He seemed so excited about this party. I just have a feeling that something isn't right. In fact, I've had this strange feeling all (MORE)

KABRINA (cont'd)

night. I mean, first Stacy not coming on stage for the coronation and now this? Where was she? She wouldn't have skipped out, not when she knew she had just as much change of winning as any of us.

JUSTIN

Nothing is wrong. His car is here, so obviously they made it here. They are probably just fucking with us.

LAKESHA

Well all I know for sure is that I'm hungry. Where's the kitchen in this place?

Kabrina and Justin look at her disapprovingly.

LAKESHA (cont'd)

What? You've never been hungry?

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Nicole forcefully approaches the barn door.

NICOLE

Andrew? Where the hell are you? Have you found Sco---

Something catches her eye in the field beyond the barn. It is the bright glow of a flashlight.

She gazes back at the house and then hesitantly make her way toward the edge of the cornfield.

NICOLE

Andrew? What are you doing out there?

There is no verbal response, but the light moves quickly in left to right motions, as to summon Megan.

She enters the cornfield.

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

Nicole enters into the seemingly endless miles of skeletal stalks that surround the property.

As she nears the light, she realizes that it is shining near what appears to a scarecrow, hung clumsily on a wooden cross.

Slowly, she continues walking. Only a few dozen yards between her and scarecrow. She moves closer.

Suddenly, the flashlight beam goes out.

She stops in her tracks, surrounded by darkness, the dead cornstalks brushing against each other with the light breeze.

NICOLE
Andrew? Scott? Stacy?

No answer.

She cautiously continues her journey toward the now barely visible scarecrow. Closer....closer.

She is now only a few feet from the scarecrow. She lets her eyes adjust to the darkness so that she can examine the creepy figure.

She takes another step closer. Her eyes adjust. She looks at the scarecrow hung on the cross. She let's out a gut-wrenching scream.

We see Andrew Sigler's lifeless body tied hastily to the wooden cross with rusted barbed-wire. Blood oozes from his throat where a single string of wire has been viciously wrapped around it with such force that he is nearly decapitated and his bowels ooze out from deep vertical gash in his abdomen. A floppy straw hat sits mockingly on his head.

Hysterical, Nicole takes a few steps back from the ghastly sight and turns to run back toward the house.

The figure in the black raincoat and eerie mask blocks her path.

Nicole screams and before she can even think about dashing past he figure, it plunges the five prongs of a pitchfork deep into her stomach.

Nicole instinctively grasps the prongs and stumbles backward, landing hard on her back,

She whimpers as the figure approaches. She watches as it grabs the wooden handle that is protruding from her stomach

and pushes down on it with such force that the prongs exit Nicole's back and dig deep into the soil that she lies on.

As her vision goes dark, the last thing Nicole sees is Andrew's mutilated body hanging grotesquely on the scarecrow pole.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lakesha and Justin sit and a dinette table, each munching from an open bag of potato chips.

Suddenly, the sound of an ENGINE starting is heard from outside and the high beams of headlights glow just outside the kitchen window.

JUSTIN

Shit!

Justin rises and bolts to the window.

JUSTIN (cont'd)
It's Scott! That fucker! It
looks like he is pulling his car
toward the barn. I'm going out
there and find out just what kind
of shit he thinks he is trying to
pull.

Lakesha rises and joins him at the window.

JUSTIN (cont'd)

See, I told you nothing was wrong. Wait here for Kabrina to get done in the bathroom

Justin heads out of the kitchen.

LAKESHA

Okay. Just be careful.

He turns and looks at her questionably.

JUSTIN

Of what?

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Justin jogs from the porch toward Scott's convertible, which is slowly creeping toward the barn.

JUSTIN

Scott, you asshole! You better stop!

The car continues at the slow pace.

Justin jogs toward it.

JUSTIN

Stop! What the fuck is your problem?

The car stops.

Satisfied, Justin makes his way to the passengers side door. The car's headlight's cease.

Just peers into the driver's seat from outside and sees a figure slouched ridiculously low in the seat.

Justin lifts the handle. It is locked.

JUSTIN

What the hell are you doing in there?

The car lurches forward toward the barn, startling Justin.

JUSTIN

Shit, man! What is your problem?

The car inches forward once more.

Visibly angry, Justin darts in front of the car, blocking its path.

JUSTIN

Now quit fucking around and get your ass out of the car! We are all about ready to say fuck it and take off. This shit is way past being funny anymore. We've already wasted half the night looking for you!

Suddenly, the high beams of the car ignite, blinding Justin for a moment. He glares into the windshield and then SLAMS his fists onto the hood.

JUSTIN

Fuck you!

Unexpectedly, the car leaps forward with incredible force as if the pedal was pushed to the floor. A small GRUNT of surprise escapes Justin's mouth before the car crushes his body against the frame of the barn. His body spasms and an eruption of blood sprays from his mouth. He gazes into the windshield and see the evil masked figure glaring at him,

His lifeless body collapses onto the hood.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lakesha jumps from the table.

LAKESHA

What the hell?

Kabrina rushes into the kitchen and joins Lakesha at the window.

KABRINA

What was that noise?

LAKESHA

I'm not sure. It sounded like something crashed.

(gazing out the window)

Oh shit! Scott crashed into the barn. He must be pretty drunk...that explains a lot. Come on...we need to get out there to see if he is hurt.

Kabrina shakes her head in disbelief.

KABRTNA

My God what a night? What next?

Lakesha laughs.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Kabrina and Lakesha approach the crashed car. It's empty and Justin's body is gone.

LAKESHA

Where's Justin and Scott? Guys?

KABRINA

This does it. Something very weird is going on here. I think we should go back inside and call the police.

Lakesha sighs, frustrated.

LAKESHA

Shit! Maybe you're right! But what if this is all some big prank? Maybe Justin was in on it? We could get in deep shit if the cops come out to some teenage party for a prank?

KABRINA

Jesus, Keesh! THIS is not a party! Nicole and Andrew have been missing for at least a half hour! Nobody has seen a trace of Scott or Stacy since the dance. And now his car is crashed into the barn? Think about it...would he actually damage his car for a prank? Something is very very wro...

A mysterious giggle from inside the barn interrupts her.

LAKESHA

Shit. What was that?

The two girls stare at the barn.

Suddenly, we hear a faint voice calling from inside.

VOICE (O.S.)

Help....me...help..

KABRINA

That sounds like Justin! Oh my god...look!

Kabrina points to the hood of the convertible. It is wet with a shiny wet substance.

Lakesha moves to the car and slowly reaches her hand down to touch the substance. She pulls her hand away and slowly to her face and realizes it is blood. LAKESHA

Oh my god! That does it! Let's go inside the house and call the cops!

KABRINA

You go! I need to see if Justin is hurt! Just hurry back.

LAKESHA

Fuck them! They are clueless! Let's just get the hell out of here. I'm not getting in trouble for any of their bullshit!

KABRINA

Lakesha! I am not leaving a friend who may be hurt! Hurry up and go call the police!

Lakesha nods and sprints toward the farmhouse.

Kabrina stands alone in silence.

She looks at the barn uncomfortably and suddenly hears the voice from inside the barn again. This time it is calling her name.

VOICE (O.S.)

Kabrina....help.....me

KABRINA

(frightened)

Who is that?

VOICE (O.S.)

Helllppp me...

With slight hesitation, Kabrina enters the barn.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Lakesha is scouring the rooms for a telephone and finally spots it on a coffee table.

She picks it up. There is no dial tone. She taps the disconnect button. Still no dial tone.

She scans the cord and sees that it has been cut at the phone jack.

Her eyes widen in fear.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Kabrina slowly makes her way into the dark barn, trying to follow the origin of the mysterious voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh god....help.....me.....

It comes from the loft.

Kabrina quickly moves toward the loft ladder, led only by the moonlight that creeps through the cracks of the old barn.

KABRINA

Scott? Justin?

No answer.

Kabrina begins to climb slowly up the ladder. As she reaches the top, there is a terrible RUSTLING noise in the hay above her. She looks up to see Justin's blood-caked body roll from the loft. It knocks her from the ladder. She SCREAMS and when she hits the hay her head strikes a concrete brick, knocking her unconscious.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Lakesha frantically makes her way toward the front door of the house.

LAKESHA

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

She reaches the front door and carelessly pulls it open.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

She dashes down the steps of the porch and dashes in the direction of the barn. She approaches the barn.

LAKESHA

Kabrina! Kabrina! Come on!! We need to get the fuck outta here now!

The only answer is eerie silence.

Lakesha slowly approaches the barn door, looking around nervously.

LAKESHA (CONT)

Kabrina? Are you in there? Come
on. Don't do this to me!

Still no answer.

Just as Lakesha begins to open the barn door, a loud SQUEAKING noise begins, coming somewhere from the near distance. It's a familiar sound, almost like the protest of an door being opened for the first time in years. However, that is not it; this noise is continuous.

Lakesha turns toward the direction of the familiar noise. It is coming from near the side of the barn. She abandons her attempt to enter the barn and begins to move cautiously toward the noise.

SQUUUEEEAAAK. SQUUUEEEAAAK.

The sound gets louder as Lakesha moves closer toward its origin.

As she creeps farther beyond the barn, she begins to faintly see the origin of the noise: a tire swing tied to the branch of giant oak tree. As the tire swings slowly back and forth, the chain attaching it to the tree moans in displeasure, causing the squeaking sound.

However, what instantly catches Lakesha's attention is that there is actually someone on the tire swing, swinging lazily back and forth.

LAKESHA

Kabrina?

No answer, except for the constant SQUEAKING of the tire swing.

Lakesha continues toward the figure.

She can't make out who it is because the figure is facing away from her.

She inches closer.

It is very obviously a female.

Lakesha is less than five feet away.

The tire swing SQUEAKS in angry protest.

Lakesha recognizes the figure.

LAKESHA

Nicole?

She grasps the tire swing and turns it toward her.

Nicole's bloodied body faces her; her neck tied carelessly to the chain of the tire swing to keep her body secured on the swing.

Lakesha lets out a blood curling scream and violently backs away.

Suddenly, the masked figure emerges from behind the tree, only a few feet away from her, a shiny ax clutched tightly in its hand.

Lakesha screams again and before the figure can make a move, Lakesha dashes back toward the farmhouse.

The figure quickly follows.

Lakesha dashes up the porch stairs and enters the farmhouse.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Lakesha darts up the stairs of the house and enters the first door at the top of the stairs that she comes to.

INT. FARMOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

She slams the bathroom door shut and clicks the lock. Only seconds later, she hears loud footsteps pounding up the stairs.

Suddenly, the figure begins POUNDING on the bathroom door.

Lakesha screams and slides into a crouching position on the bathroom floor.

The figure begins pounding more aggressively. After a few seconds, it stops. Silence for a moment.

Lakesha glances up at the door.

Suddenly, the blade of the axe splinters through the locked door. Lakesha screams and rises away from the door.

The figure swings the axe again and the door breaks into several splinters.

Now sobbing hysterically, Lakesha sees a door just to her left, and in a fit of hope, opens it. It leads her into an attached bedroom. She dashes through.

From outside the bathroom, the figure continues its quest to enter the bathroom.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lakesha dashes through the adjoining bedroom and breathes a small sigh of relief. She trots through the room and quickly throws the bedroom door open and enters the hallway.

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lakesha enters the hallway and dashes to the staircase, frantically running past the costumed figure who is still hacking away at the bathroom door.

Lakesha runs down the staircase and out the front door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Lakesha jumps the steps of the porch and runs directly to Justin's car. She lifts the handle, but the door is locked. She runs to the passenger side and tries the handle. Locked!

She peers inside the car and sees her keys dangling teasingly from the ignition!

LAKESHA

FUCK!

She dashes away from Justin's car and goes to Scott's car, which is resting near the barn.

She reaches it and tries the door. It opens! She makes her move to enter, but sees Scott and Stacey's lifeless bodies sprawled across the front seat, a bloody mess.

Lakesha SCREAMS and steps backward. She immediately regains her composure and hops into the driver's seat, looking for keys.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

There are no keys.

She shuts and locks the car door and now sees the figure, ax still in hand, emerge onto the porch.

She crawls into the back seat and cowers; straddling the seat and floor, out of view.

She closes her eyes and clenches her arms tightly to her body.

There is silence outside the car.

She opens her eyes.

For what seems like minutes, there is nothing. No sound whatsoever.

Then, suddenly, the axe crashes through the back windshield.

Lakesha screams and tries to get up, but before she can, the figure has hold of her hair and is trying to pull out of the broken window.

Lakesha screams and stuggles wildly, but the figure will not give. Before she knows it, the figure's entire body is almost inside the backseat with her and it is wailing ferociously on her.

Lakesha continues to struggle with all her might, and then her eye catches something on the floor of the car.

A screwdriver!

With all her strenght, Lakesha reaches onto the floor and tries to grasp the handle of the screwdriver.

The figure yanks Lakesha's hair in a furious motion and pulls her back up to the seat.

In almost a blind fury, Lakesha holds the figure's arm and digs her teeth deep into the jacket.

The figure moans and releases its strong hold on Lakesha.

Lakesha promptly reaches and grabs the screwdriver from the floor and plunges it deep into the figures shoulder.

The figure lets out a cry of pain and Lakesha quickly opens the car door and jumps out.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Lakesha runs into the night and finally stops when she reaches the back of the barn.

She drops to the ground in an uncontrollable sob.

She lies into the fetal position and closes her eyes.

TATER:

Lakesha opens her eyes. It is still dark out, but a hint of brightness graces the sky.

She rubs her eyes, realizing she must have fallen asleep.

The reality of the massacre hits her and tears begin to stream down her face.

She rises off the ground and at that moment hears footsteps coming toward her.

She immediately moves to the barn and pins her back against it. The footsteps stop for a moment, then continue toward her.

Bravely, Lakesha slowly peeks around the corner of the barn to see.....

Kabrina!

Lakesha dashes from behind the barn.

Kabrina sees Lakesha and smiles.

They run toward each other and embrace.

LAKESHA

I thought you were dead! They are all dead!

Lakesha rests her head on Kabrina's shoulder.

Kabrina's grip tightens around Lakesha.

KABRINA

I know, I know.

LAKESHA

We have to get out of her!
Justin's keys are in his car. We
just need to get in and go.

Lakesha raises her head a little and feels something wet on her cheek. She looks confusingly at Kabrina's shoulder and sees a bleeding wound.

Lakesha's eyes widen and she tries to pull away.

Kabrina smiles with an evil grin and then shoves the blade of the screwdriver into Lakesha's stomach.

Lakesha grunts and immediately slides to the ground.

LAKESHA

No! Not you.....why?

Kabrina continues smiling and raises the screwdriver again, moving toward Lakesha.

A voice interrupts.

VOICE (O.S.)

Noooooo!

Kabrina and Lakesha look toward the voice.

They both see...

Kabrina!

Kabrina...wearing the same outfit, her hair the same style, blood streamed down her face.

Lakesha confusingly lays her head back down.

Kabrina with the screwdriver smiles.

The other Kabrina approaches.

KABRINA

Oh my god! Not you! Katherine? You're suppose to be away!

Katherine licks the screwdriver.

KATHERINE

Away? Because I'm crazy I suppose? Is that it? Because I killed my older sister?

Katherine cackles.

KABRINA

You....how could you....kill? My friends?

KATHERINE

Well, after the first one, it was easy. Trust me. I was not crazy when I admitted into that home, but rest assured I am now. You can't imagine how I was treated in there and as much as I hate you and blame you, I wouldn't wish the experience on you.

But let's not stall, sis. Let's talk about what this is about. Let's talk about what happened on Homecoming night ten years ago. Surely you remember, don't you? Always daddy's little princess, you were. And with that you just couldn't help trying to play with Becky's tiara, could you? A future Homecoming queen wannabe.

She takes a step toward Kabrina.

KATHERINE (CONT)

You couldn't help yourself and you burnt your older sister to a crisp.

But that isn't really what this is about...not at all. I could have lived with that! This is about what you did after that! You know I saw you that night, from the bushes.

Kabrina whimpers and FLASHBACK to the night of the fire. Kabrina falling onto the cement and seeing the figure in the bushes.

KATHERINE (CONT)

You set the fire, yet who did you blame? Me! Me because I was an easy target. I couldn't talk. Everyone thought I was nuts anyway because I couldn't TALK! Strange things happen when she is around, they'd say. She kills animal, though would say. So you blamed me and got away with it. Even convinced them that I did it on purpose! So they committed me to that institution!

Well, sis, I have had a long time (MORE)

KATHERINE (cont'd)

to plan this revenge. Ten long years, with even some consultation while I was in there. You'd be surprised how smart some of those inmates are.

Kabrina sobs and slowly backs away from her approaching twin.

KABRINA

I'm sorry! I.....I....why!! Why
this!!

Katherine laughs.

KATHERINE

I simply took away from you what you took from me, Kabrina. never had a chance to grow up with friends. God knows mom, dad, or you never visited me. I never had a chance to go to football games or school dances, to have boyfriends or be Homecoming queen. YOU took all that away from me. Can you blame me? The way I see it, we are even now. Except for one thing. You are going to die too. Oh, I thought about letting you live with the fact that your friends were dead because of you, but I realized that I wanted to know what it was like to live a normal life. So it occurred to me....I kill you and become you. I will simply say you are me and recount the whole story of how my psycho twin escaped from the nut house and killed my friends. can play the lying game, sis.

KABRINA

You're fucking nuts!

A look of rage overtakes Katherine's face and she leaps onto her sister with the screwdriver raised.

Kabrina screams and they both fall to the ground.

Katherina tries to force the screwdriver into Kabrina's throat, but Kabrina holds her own and keeps it away.

They both struggle wildly and the screwdriver changes positions many times.

Katherine grabs hold of Kabrina's hair and gives her head three hard smashes against the ground.

Kabrina is stunned and Katherine raises the screwdriver high above her head. She is ready to bring it down when the blade of an axe is brought down from behind her, the blade embedding itself deep into Katherine's skull.

Kabrina lets out a scream of surprise as she is sprayed with her sister's blood.

Katherine's body falls off of her sister into a lifeless heap on the ground.

Kabrina looks up and sees Lakesha.

Lakesha sobs and drops next to Kabrina. The two embrace.

KABRINA

God, I am so sorry!

They both sob hysterically.

KABRINA

You alright?

LAKESHA

I'm fine. It hardly hurts.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Several police officers and paramedics walk he premises as body bags are put in the back of ambulances.

A PARAMEDIC leads Lakesha, who is on a stretcher, into an ambulance.

LAKESHA

Kabrina!

Kabrina approaches.

KABRINA

I'm here. Don't worry. I am going with you. I don't want you to be alone.

The paramedic slides Lakesha into the back of the ambulance and helps Kabrina get in. He hops in and closes the door.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Lakesha hold's Kabrina's hand tightly.

LAKESHA

What a crazy night, eh? Happy Fucking Homecoming!

She begins to weep.

Kabrina nods and as the ambulance pulls away, she stares out at the yard of the barn and at two police offices carrying a body bag.

An evil smile slowly stretches across her face.

FADE OUT.