

ACID WASH

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EXT. GORGON SWAMP - DAY

Deep mist covers the primordial landscape. A labyrinth of serpentine exposed roots crawls across the bubbling swampland like gnarled fingers.

A spinning silver disc no bigger than a quarter whirls like a coin being tossed through the toxic fog and expands in a flash of neon.

As the color fizzles out and the smoke from the landing clears, the silhouettes of three buxom SPACE VIXENS (early 20s) appears in its stead. Their metallic bodysuits look like liquid metal. The lead vixen in the middle appears to have been dipped in melted GOLD. Her busty compatriots wear similar suits in WHITE and BLACK, respectively.

Gold Vixen places the spaceship coin in her pocket and takes off her glove. With her gloved hand, she carefully traces the lines in her palm.

GOLD VIXEN:

The Temple of the Gorgons is nearby.

Black Vixen throws a dart that imbeds itself into a massive tree trunk a kilometer in the distance. From the dart, a perfect REPLICA of herself appears. Channeling both her original body and the copy, she examines the murky swampland through a visor that covers her eyes.

BLACK VIXEN:

The area's clear but it won't be easy to move in this terrain.

White Vixen unhooks a rod from her utility belt and presses a button with her thumb to extend a foot long crackling reservoir of electricity. With a wave of her thunder wand, a glowing orb encapsulates the women in a bubble of light with a large radius.

WHITE VIXEN:

Stay in the force field, lest you wish to remain a statue on this godforsaken exoplanet for the rest of time.

Within the safety of the barrier, the vixens stay close together as they venture deeper. From a distance, it looks like a big white ball rolling through the bog.

Gold Vixen leads the way by reading her own palm. Black Vixen throws another projection dart into the marshland from which another decoy flickers to life. White Vixen maintains control of the energy shield.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THE GORGONS - DAY

Broken marble columns are scattered haphazardly around the decaying ruins of a once great temple. A place of worship in ancient times, now but a relic losing the battle against nature. Overgrowth of vegetation closes in on the sanctuary. Leafy vines encircle every man-made structure as if the swamp wants to take everything back for its own.

One of Black Vixen's projection darts WHISTLES through the air and a replica appears at the bottom of the stairs leading up into the temple. The copy checks the area with her visor.

REPLICA VISOR VISION - POV

Infrared imaging scans the temple grounds for other lifeforms but finds none.

BLACK VIXEN:

Nobody's home.

WHITE VIXEN:

That's impossible. The computer on the ship picked up bogeys when we did the pre-landing scan above the terrasphere.

GOLD VIXEN:

The only way forward is to see things for yourself.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE GORGONS - DAY

Pitch black blankets the temple interior. Flashlight beams cut swaths through the void. Roots and branches from the surrounding swamp fight for dominance among the dank, decaying architecture.

As soon as the vixens enter the temple, the spherical force field flickers off as White Vixen's energy wand powers down. Without missing a beat, she rips off a dead nano-generator from the bottom section of the rod, replaces it with a new one, and pockets the old one.

The barrier with torches piercing out of the front of it resembles a mystical photon beast crawling between the broken pillars as the vixens quietly approach the inner sanctum.

Three rays of light flash against ancient, tattered murals and weathered, broken statues of giant snakes and naked women, all mostly covered in foliage.

The cavernous ceiling is a canopy filled with swirling roots and exotic flowers. A little waterfall trickles through a hole in the ceiling and pours into a hole in the floor.

Within the deepest dark of the temple, they find what they came for:

A frightfully intricate statue of Medusa, the most famous of the Gorgons, commands a fearful presence. The snakes in place of her hair are poised in deadly curls to attack from every possible direction. Her face is contorted with rage. The Magic Crystal, a diamond-shaped jewel the color of the ocean glows with luminescence in the center of her forehead.

Black Vixen and White Vixen look at Gold Vixen, who nods her consent. They take point. White Vixen holds her rod steady as Black Vixen goes for the blue gem, using a chisel to release it from the statue.

WHITE VIXEN:

Avoid eye contact. Even in this form, her gaze turns organic matter to stone.

BLACK VIXEN:

Obviously.

Behind them, Gold Vixen holds her hands up and examines the lines in her palms with awe and nostalgia.

GOLD VIXEN:

One of us is fated to die here. I don't know who.

White Vixen looks back at her gold-clad boss.

WHITE VIXEN:

Did you say something?

As soon as Black Vixen pries the Magic Crystal, the MEDUSA statue comes to life with an ungodly WAIL that echoes throughout the bowels of the decrepit temple. The many snakes on the top of her head HISS as Medusa breaks through the force field and rips the jewel from Black Vixen's hand.

She struggles in the Gorgon's death grip. With lightning reflexes, Black Vixen procures a dart with her free hand and brings its sharp prong into the side of Medusa's throat.

Medusa reaches for the foreign object jetting out of her neck but Black Vixen grabs it, twists it, and then throws it into a thicket of vines near the temple entrance, where a copy appears.

White Vixen springs into action, slamming the electric tip of her scepter into Medusa's face, only to be flung through the air in a flash of light. She is flung into a totem and crumples to the floor as the force field shuts down.

Gold Vixen pulls out a coin and flips it to reveal its true form: a state-of-the-art pulse rifle with plasma rounds in a sleek gunmetal finish.

GOLD VIXEN:

Get your filthy hands off of her,
you repugnant Gorgon bitch!

With dark green blood cascading from the wound in her throat, painting her sheer white gown, Medusa grabs Black Vixen's eye visor and smashes it.

Black Vixen closes her eyes and Medusa grabs her throat and starts to squeeze the life out of her while snakes bite her face and head relentlessly.

Gold Vixen fires a laser beam from the pulse rifle that hits Medusa in the left shoulder and turns that entire arm black with electric burns.

Medusa lets out an ear-piercing SCREAM of agony as her arm turns to ash. The magic crystal drops to her feet.

The snakes continue to bite Black Vixen, who looks up to meet her killer's gaze in her death throes, and is instantly reduced to a lifelike statue. Then Medusa shoves it down and Black Vixen shatters into a million little pieces and a puddle of blood.

The replica Black Vixen dissipates.

Gold Vixen lets out the rousing battle CRY of a berserker as she fires a barrage of rays.

White Vixen blinks awake in a woozy state and notices the bits of marble and gore nearby.

Then she sees the energy wand and goes for it when something moves in the darkness.

She stares at the shadows and soon a massive rubber snake, an oversized prop, slithers out of the black abyss with puppet strings leading it toward her.

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Several cars are parked at a drive-in movie theater where a cheesy sci-fi flick is playing on a crisp autumn night on the edge of a small American town circa late 1980s.

[On Screen: White Vixen SCREAMS bloody murder as the laughably cheap monster snake "slithers" closer.]

INT. WADE'S CAR

A lanky teen, WADE (16) and his pretty girlfriend, ROBIN (16) are watching the movie in the front seat of his car.

[On Screen: Gold Vixen blasts Medusa to smithereens with a well-timed laser blast to the face.]

ROBIN:

Your taste in movies really sucks.

WADE:

You're bonkers. It's a classic.
(off Robin's look)
A camp classic.

ROBIN:

This is seriously the stupidest
shit I have ever been subjected to.

WADE:

Well...

ROBIN:

Well, what?

WADE:

Wanna play a game of sneak the
sausage? I'll let you win.

ROBIN:

I think I'd rather be skinned
alive.

WADE:

Ouch.

ROBIN:

I'm gonna get some popcorn.

Wade shakes the box of popcorn in his hand.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)

That's your popcorn. I want my
popcorn.

WADE:

If you want *your* popcorn then maybe you should have brought *your* money.

ROBIN:

I guess you feel like playing sneak the sausage solo for the next six months.

WADE:

I might as well, I'm reigning world champ.

Robin rolls her eyes and starts to get out of the car when Wade grumbles something to himself and shovels a few bills in her palm.

ROBIN:

You want anything?

WADE:

Do you have to ask?

ROBIN:

I meant from the concession stand.

Wade tears open a box of Sno-Caps, pours them over his popcorn, and tosses the empty container out the driver side window.

WADE:

Get me another box of Sno-Caps.

Robin departs and Wade watches her in the rearview mirror as she heads for her brightly lit destination.

WADE: (CONT'D)

Cheap bitch. She's lucky she's a total babe.

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

Robin approaches the concession stand where a big marquee up front reads:

UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA
FRIDAY NIGHT DOUBLE FEATURE:
8:00 Werewolves on the Moon
10:00 Space Babes vs. Snake Queen

Cartoon cutouts of a popcorn man, soda lady, and a pizza slice are plastered around the windows at the order counter, with the left side marked "Order" and the right marked "Pickup."

Nobody is working at the counter. Robin peeks her head in the window and can't see anyone elsewhere inside, either.

ROBIN:

Great customer service. Hey! Anyone still working tonight? I've got some of my boyfriend's money to spend.

Robin waits impatiently.

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

From the shadows, someone watches Robin as she disappears around the corner of the concession stand.

INT. WADE'S CAR - NIGHT

Wade is gobbling down handfuls of popcorn and melted Sno-Caps and watching the movie when FOOTSTEPS approach his side of the car.

WADE:

Did they have any more Sno-Caps?
Robin?

When he doesn't get an answer, Wade turns just in time to see a baseball bat fitted with nails ala a pin cushion of death coming down into his face again and again and again.

INT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

Robin enters the lobby through the front entrance. She passes theatrical posters for "*Werewolves on the Moon*" and "*Space Babes vs. Snake Queen*" plastered on a bright yellow wall as she makes a beeline for the abandoned refreshments counter. There doesn't seem to be anyone around.

ROBIN:

You guys suck as bad as the movie.

Robin throws a few dollars down on the counter and then helps herself to a box of popcorn and a box of Sno-Caps when she hears a door SHUT nearby.

She stops and looks in the direction where the noise came from and a bloody handprint on the restroom sign.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Robin walks over and examines the crimson palm up close and scoffs at it.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)
Nice try. It doesn't even look
real.

A big trail of blood leads around the corner. It looks like something was dragged along the floor. Robin follows. The blood leads into the women's restroom. Robin stands outside the door where another bloody handprint is smeared across the familiar skirted woman logo.

Robin is unimpressed.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)
It's a bit much. Maybe Uncle Chuck
should focus less on decorations
and marketing and more on playing
movies that aren't flaming bags of
dog shit.

She knocks on the restroom door.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)
Is anybody stacking a slug in
there?

INT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Robin goes inside and sees the big streak of blood leads into the last stall. A sign on the wall near the sinks reads: ALL EMPLOYEES MUST WASH THEIR HANDS.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)
Y'know, leaving the register
unguarded like that is a really
great way to get robbed.
(beat)
In the restroom? Seriously? Totally
overboard on the crappy gore, you
guys, it's way grody.

Robin follows the blood to the last stall and hesitates for a moment. She looks at the bloody handprints on the stall and holds her own hand up to compare: it's the same size. Up this close, it actually looks real.

Robin pushes the stall open and reacts appropriately to the horrific, inexplicable sight before her:

A human arm has been shoved down the toilet, the hand frozen in a claw, as if trying to climb out. The toilet, walls, and floor are covered in blood. Indiscernible gore and other severed body parts (a leg, a are strewn about. Robin bolts out of the bathroom.

INT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

Robin runs alongside the blood trail from the bathroom back into the main lobby and out the door.

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE IN CINEMA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Robin hurries back to Wade's car while *Space Babes vs. Snake Queen* plays on the movie screen.

[On Screen: Outside the temple ruins, Gold Vixen holds the Magic Crystal up in the air in glorious triumph.]

INT. WADE'S CAR - NIGHT

Robin leaps into Wade's car where he is slumped over in the driver's seat.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)
We have to leave. Now.

He doesn't respond.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)
Wade?

She leans over and shakes his shoulder.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)
Wade, c'mon. What the hell is wrong with you?

She shakes his shoulder once more and his face turns toward her. It is drenched in blood and covered in many rows of tiny bloody holes. His nose has been broken off completely and one of his eyeballs has ruptured. His teeth have been reduced to jagged shards.

Robin SCREAMS and lets go of Wade and his corpse leans against the steering wheel with the endless HONK of the car horn.

Then a taught whip is flung over her head from the backseat like a makeshift noose by an unseen assailant.

Robin GASPS and claws at the whip as it tightens around her throat. As the life is strangled out of her by the stranger hiding in Wade's backseat, Robin's eyes flutter until she goes limp in the passenger seat. Her arms fall by her sides.

The whip loosens and a yellow leather gloved-hand caresses her face. Robin immediately springs to life, bites the thumb, and throws the whip over her head before she bolts.

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Robin runs from Wade's car just as the back door on the passenger side swings open.

She scurries over to the truck in the next parking spot over and throws the driver's side door open only for a DEAD BOYFRIEND (16) to spill out onto the pavement with two syringes partially jammed in his eye sockets.

Robin SCREAMS as a something sharp flies right by her face, blowing through her hair and grazing her cheek. It bounces off the side of the truck and falls to the pavement by Robin's feet. It is a syringe filled with a mystery toxic solution. She grabs it and crawls over the dead teen and gets in his truck.

INT. DEAD TEEN'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Robin slams the driver's side door behind her and locks it just in time to see her pursuer right outside the window looking back at her: KILLER BEE, a woman wearing a form-fitting black bodysuit with yellow leather gloves. A realistic bee mask covers her entire head.

Robin holds the syringe up in the window in a meek attempt to appear threatening. In the window, Killer Bee reveals one of her own syringes in such a way that it appears she is flipping Robin off.

Robin reaches for the ignition to find the keys are missing.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)

Shit!

She notices the dead teen's DEAD GIRLFRIEND (16) slumped in the passenger seat with a syringe jetting out of her neck, her eyes and mouth frozen open in a death gaze.

Robin starts HONKING the steering wheel repeatedly. In the window, Killer Bee dangles the truck keys. Robin tosses the syringe aside and slams both hands down on the lock.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)

Leave me alone!

Killer Bee shakes her head and starts to unlock the door. Robin scrambles over the corpse in the passenger seat just to see a nail-covered baseball bat swinging into the window and shower her in broken glass.

SEX KITTEN, a blonde woman in a silver 80's-style sequined minidress with a creepy cat mask covering her visage, uses the bat to clear the window of glass before reaching in.

Robin grabs the syringe and tries to stab Sex Kitten with it but instead finds the bat slamming into her hand. The needle drops to the floorboard and Robin sees that Killer Bee is about to open the driver's side door.

Robin slides the back window open and wriggles through just in time.

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Killer Bee and Sex Kitten come around both sides of the truck just as Robin jumps over the tailgate and bolts for the concession stand in the distance.

As she makes her way in-between the vehicles, she finds that everyone else at the drive-in has been slaughtered. Corpses with bashed in faces, gouged throats, and syringes jetting out are strewn about the parking lot, some still in their vehicles.

Killer Bee pulls a syringe out from her boot and rests it on her wrist, where a custom spring-loaded mechanism is mounted. She pulls a switch and the needle flies through the air and strikes Robin in the small of her back.

She struggles to get it out and sees Killer Bee and Sex Kitten coming toward her. She pulls it out, looks at it in horror, and drops it by her feet.

Woozily, Robin enters the concession stand.

INT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

Robin holds the glass door shut with all her strength and looks outside to see her pursuers standing outside. Killer Bee tilts her head. Sex Kitten waves her fingers, which have carpentry nails fixed on her fingernails.

ROBIN: (CONT'D)
Fuck you both!

Feeling weak even from just the little bit of Killer Bee's poison that entered her system, Robin hobbles around the refreshments counter and goes for the phone.

She holds the receiver up to her ear but there's no dial tone. The phone cable has been severed.

Behind her, a nearby door opens.

Robin hears this and turns to find ACID DRAGON, a hulking mass of a man wearing coveralls and two cylinders of a highly corrosive substance like a backpack. A long hose with a nozzle runs from the acid tanks and up through the polygonal dragon mask covering his face. In one hand, he holds a massive bloody hatchet about three feet long, and the other he holds a severed arm. He waves the limb at her.

Robin drops the phone just as Acid Dragon steps forward and brings the large blade into her face, bisecting it. Unfortunately for her, the blow merely maims her. Using her attacker's shoulders for leverage, Robin pushes away from him, messily removing her split face from the blade.

Robin walks around the counter and starts to spasm as she limps toward the door, leaving a blood trail of her own from the red river rushing down her front. She tries to speak but can only manage a strained GURGLING noise. She pushes the door open, leaving a bloody mark from her hand on the glass.

Acid Dragon follows his prey out the front door.

EXT. UNCLE CHUCK'S DRIVE-IN CINEMA - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT

Robin limps along the outside wall of the concession stand, streaking her blood in the process. Then she starts to spasm and falls on the pavement where she convulses from the strychnine attacking her nerves.

Acid Dragon stands at the ready and opens the angular maw on his striking disguise. He pulls a cord and then his acid backpack WHIRS to life as it begins to PUMP into the cord running through his mask.

Acid Dragon "breathes" a wide spray of concentrated sulfuric acid all over Robin. Her hair falls off and her skin melts to a sludge consistency as she lay dying in a puddle of blood.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A kid in *Teen Titans* pajamas, KIP BARCLAY (10) is sitting on the floor in front of a TV where an 80's horror movie is playing.

[On Screen: Acid Dragon examines his latest handiwork. Killer Bee and Sex Kitten join his sides.]

A cute and spunky teen, PIPER WILKES (16) is on the sofa scrolling through her Instagram with her phone and listening to dreampop music with earbuds in.

There are many photos of Piper's life on her social media.

A pic of her smiling with a white and gray cat in her arms.

A pic her doing a split in mid-air in a purple cheerleader uniform with gold trim at a football game.

A group pic of her and four girlfriends smiling in their prom dresses:

The pretty girl next door type, JUSTINE HALE (16.)
The hottest girl in the entire school, LIBBY LOGAN (16.)
The cute bookworm with glasses, MEI ZHOU (16.)
The life of the party, ZARA BALLARD (16.)

When Piper looks up from her phone, the TV screen is showing the ooey goey skeletal sludge of a murder victim. She pulls her earbuds out and sits up.

PIPER:

What are you watching?

KIP:

I don't know. This station plays weird stuff every Saturday night. Do you know what a "lost" movie from the 80s is?

PIPER:

It's something that could get me banned from this house forever if your parents find out. Turn it off.

KIP:

Oh, c'mon. I'm not scared.

Piper gets up and turns the TV off herself.

PIPER:

That's not the point. It's past your bedtime. You should be in bed.

KIP:

Piper!

PIPER:

Get your rear in gear. Your parents will be home any minute and they're still under the impression that I'm a responsible babysitter. Let's not destroy the illusion.

Kip rolls his eyes.

KIP:

Whatever.

Piper ushers Kip out of the room.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Piper stands at the bottom of the stairs and watches Kip ascend them.

PIPER:

Brush your teeth. And you better not watch it on the TV in your room. There are serious repercussions for disobeying your babysitter.

Kip hangs his head over the landing on his way up the staircase and looks down at Piper.

KIP:

Like what?

PIPER:

Like those masked psychos from that horror movie you were watching are gonna show up tonight and get you.

Kip GROANS.

KIP:

You're so lame.

PIPER:

I try.

He disappears down the second floor hallway.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Piper walks into the kitchen and grabs a glass from a cupboard. She uses the refrigerator ice dispenser to fill her glass halfway and grabs a cold bottle of water from the fridge.

She goes over to the island where a bowl of lemons rests in the center. She takes a lemon, places it on the nearby cutting board, and uses a knife from the cutting board to cut it in half.

She opens the bottle of water and pours it over the ice. Then she squeezes the lemon halves into her glass of water and drops them in and takes a big gulp.

Her phone RINGS in her pocket and Piper takes it out. The notification shows that Justine is calling. She answers it.

PIPER: (CONT'D)
Speak.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Where are you?

PIPER:
Where do you think?

Piper walks over to a window and looks outside at the woods surrounding the house.

EXT. BARCLAY HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Piper presses her face up against the glass. Behind many throngs of trees, she can vaguely see the lights of another house far off in the distance.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Do you need a ride over?

PIPER:
It's just down the road.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
You don't even like to walk to class.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Piper makes sure the back door is locked. Then she walks over to the island and the nearby liquor cabinet catches her eye. She takes a swig from a bottle of Grey Goose.

PIPER:
One of Kip's parents will take me when he gets here. They'll be back soon.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Well, we're gonna order a few pizzas. What do you want on your half?

PIPER:
Mushrooms and olives.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Gross. I'll pass it along.

PIPER:
Appreciate it.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
See you soon.

PIPER:
Later.

Piper hangs up and takes another swig of vodka.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - KIP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kip is watching the 80's horror flick on the TV in his bedroom.

[On Screen: Killer Bee, Sex Kitten, and Acid Dragon approach the lights of a house in the woods.]

The bedroom door suddenly BURSTS open.

PIPER: (CONT'D)
Gotcha!

Kip tries to play off his surprise. Piper turns the TV off.

PIPER: (CONT'D)
Didn't I tell you to go to bed?

Kip crawls into bed and pulls the blankets on top of him.

KIP:
My parents let me watch scary movies.

PIPER:
That's not the point. Who's in charge here?

KIP:
Is that a trick question?

PIPER:
Go to sleep, you little shit.

Kip gives Piper a thumbs up.

PIPER: (CONT'D)
G'night.

Piper leaves the room and shuts the door behind her.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - ROAD - NIGHT

Autumn leaves dance through the abyssal dark of nightfall deep in the Black Hills.

Headlights from a SUV carve a path through the darkness on a road that seems to go on forever as if a pillar to another plane of existence.

INT. THEO'S SUV - NIGHT

At the wheel of evidently the only vehicle in the world is a beefy man with a full beard named THEO BARCLAY (mid 40s.) An unlit cigarette dangles from his lips.

His wife, ELENA BARCLAY (early 30s) is quietly elegant. Half-asleep in the passenger seat, her forehead is pressed up against the window.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - ROAD - NIGHT

The soft orange glow of a big flame flickers somewhere far off in the forest. A tower of smoke ascends into the heavens.

INT. THEO'S SUV - NIGHT

Elena's gaze is transfixed on the fire.

ELENA:
Do you see that?

THEO:
See what?

ELENA:
Fire.

Elena TAPS on the glass.

ELENA: (CONT'D)
Right over there.

Theo only glances for a moment when he lights his cigarette.

THEO:
It looks like somebody is burning trash.

ELENA:
At this time of night?

THEO:
Sure. Why not?

Elena notices the lit cig and SIGHS disapprovingly.

ELENA:
Do you mind?

Theo looks at her, then at the cigarette he's smoking.

THEO:
Shit, I'm sorry. I didn't even
realize I was doing it.

He puts the burning end out with his fingertips and puts the
used cig in the ashtray.

ELENA:
It's a tough habit to break if you
keep going back to it. How many do
you have left in that pack, anyway?

THEO:
Three.

ELENA:
Please, try not to smoke them in
the vehicle or the house.

THEO:
Yes, dear.

Elena kisses her fingertips and then pats Theo's face with
them lovingly when her cell rings.

THEO: (CONT'D)
Piper?

ELENA:
Yeah. I'm sure she's wondering
where the hell we are.

She answers the phone.

ELENA: (CONT'D)
Hi, Piper. We'll be there in ten
minutes. Did Kip give you any
trouble?

PIPER: (V.O.)
No, he's a sweetheart.

ELENA:
Are we talking about the same kid?

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Someone is watching Piper walk around in the kitchen. She
stands at the glass back door and peers out into the darkness
as she talks into the phone.

PIPER:
He never gives me any trouble.

ELENA: (V.O.)
I think that's just 'cause he's
kinda sweet on you.

PIPER:
Well, I could do a lot worse.

Piper walks off and Acid Dragon's mask is reflected in the glass surface.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Piper is snooping through the liquor cabinet. She swipes a couple of mini bottles.

PIPER: (CONT'D)
I'm going to stay the night at
Justine's. I--

ELENA: (V.O.)
Need a ride, I know. Theo will take
you. Is Kip in bed now?

PIPER:
Affirmative.

ELENA: (V.O.)
We're almost home.

PIPER:
Great. I'll be here.

Piper hangs up and looks at the darkness from which Acid Dragon is watching her. She can't see anything except for trees.

INT. HALE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Five sleeping bags are spread out in a circle on the floor of a spacious living room in a posh two-story house.

Justine, Libby, Mei, and Zara are CHATTERING amongst themselves. Justine is making a paper fortune teller. Libby is painting Mei's nails purple. Zara is dancing to a vaporwave tune BLASTING from her phone.

MEI:
Why did they break up?

LIBBY:
She found out he was a power
bottom.

ZARA:
You're full of shit.

LIBBY:
He has a Grindr.

JUSTINE:
Your stepdad?

LIBBY:
Mmm-hmm.

MEI:
That's gross.

ZARA:
Show me.

Libby signals with her hands at Mei's half-finished nails on
the coffee table.

LIBBY:
I'm kind of in the middle of
something here.

ZARA:
Liar.

LIBBY:
I told Mommie Dearest it was
between them but she insisted on
sending me the screen shot. He has
to be out of the house by the end
of the month. I'll be in therapy
for the rest of my life.

ZARA:
Absolutely.

MEI:
That has nothing to do with him.

LIBBY:
The artist is at work. Don't test
me.

Justine's phone RINGS.

JUSTINE:
It's Piper.

She answers it.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)
What's up?

Justine signals for Zara to turn the music down. Zara responds by shaking her ass in Justine's face. Justine puts an arm up to guard her head from Zara's advances as she speaks into the phone.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)
I can't hear you.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Piper is at the kitchen sink washing the glass, knife, and cutting board she used. Her phone is on speaker mode on the counter nearby, just out of splash range. Piper speaks loudly in the direction of her phone to compensate for the faucet.

PIPER:
Did you talk to the guys tonight?

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Libby did.

Piper puts the dishes in the drying rack and dries her hands on a cup towel before she picks up her phone.

PIPER:
Any word?

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
She told them to stay the hell away unless they bring a dowry. I'm sure they'll try to show. They did at the last slumber party.

Piper heads back to the living room.

PIPER:
Perfect. I would kill for some herbal supplements after that geometry quiz. I'm dying over here.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Piper stands by a window and peers at the darkness.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
The Barclays haven't made it back yet?

PIPER:
No. It's all part of that Friday
dinner date ritual thing to save
their marriage.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Are you positive you don't need a
ride?

The TV is still playing the horror movie, although Piper is more focused on the phone call.

[On Screen: Killer Bee slinks through the darkness of a basement and approaches a fuse box.]

PIPER:
Theo or Elena will have the honor.
Did you talk to the guys tonight?

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Libby did.

[On Screen: Killer Bee flips the breaker, plunging the house in darkness.]

EXT. BARCLAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Piper jolts as all the electricity in the house turns off.

PIPER:
Shit.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
What?

PIPER:
The power went out.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
(spooky)
Ooooooooooh...

PIPER:
You're so weak.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Everything is peachy at my house.
Check the fuse box.

PIPER:
Right. Okay, I'll see you in a few.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Ta-ta.

Piper hangs up and utilizes the flashlight app on her phone to cast a beam of light.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Piper hesitates at the top of the stairs leading down into the basement. She aims her light at the darkness below.

She SIGHS.

PIPER:
You got this.

Piper descends into the void one step at a time, lighting her way as she does.

At the bottom of the stairs, she casts her torch around the cluttered room. An unused air hockey table is centered around cardboard boxes full of sports equipment and holiday decorations.

PIPER: (CONT'D)
I know it's down here somewhere.

Piper navigates the path through the clutter. When she aims the cone of light at the fuse box Killer Bee is standing in front of it, staring at her.

Killer Bee lunges and Piper drops her phone.

Piper topples a stack of Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas decor on top of Killer Bee and scrambles for the stairs.

Killer Bee quickly recovers and chases Piper up the steps.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - KIP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hearing the commotion downstairs, Kip jolts up in bed. He flies over to his door and locks it.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Piper bursts out of the basement and runs for the front door. She starts to unlock it but Killer Bee is already on her ass wielding a syringe like a knife.

Piper dodges and Killer Bee stabs the door, bending the needle.

Piper darts up the staircase in bounds and leaps. Not missing a beat, Killer Bee unhooks the whip coiled at her hip and lashes it, missing Piper's heel by a millimeter.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - KIP'S ROOM - NIGHT

Piper bangs on the locked door to Kip's room.

Kip is huddled behind the clothes in his closet with his eyes closed and his hands over his ears.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - 2F HALLWAY - NIGHT

Piper notices Killer Bee reach the top of the stairs down the hall and runs in the other direction.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Piper runs into the master bedroom and locks the door shut behind her.

Within seconds Killer Bee begins slamming into it with all her strength.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Piper locks herself in the master bathroom just as Killer Bee bursts into the adjoining bedroom.

Piper goes for the window but it's too small to squeeze through.

Killer Bee starts slamming into this door, too, making rather quick work of it.

Piper draws the shower curtain shut and then runs over to the vanity cabinet and climbs inside it, pulling the doors closed behind her just as Killer Bee enters the room.

Killer Bee scans the room. She goes over to the shower curtain and pulls it open.

Piper scrambles out from the cabinets underneath and Killer Bee turns around. They both go for the door.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Piper runs into the bedroom and is almost back into the hall when Killer Bee whips her in the back. Piper falters in pain.

Killer Bee grabs Piper by the hair and throws her onto the bed, where she straddles her waist.

Killer Bee encircles the whip around Piper's throat like a vice and starts to choke the life out of her.

Piper tries to remove the binding from her neck but her fingers can't get in-between the leather and skin.

Piper GASPS desperately.

A lava lamp on the nightstand is just within reach, Piper extends her arm and goes for it just as the last of her air shrivels up in her raisin lungs.

Piper grabs the lamp and swings it up to the side of Killer Bee's fuzzy big head.

Killer Bee yanks it from Piper's grip and takes it in both hands. She smashes its metal base into Piper's face repeatedly, knocking out teeth and destroying cartilage.

Soon there is a hole where Piper's face is and the lava lamp sits in the bloody mush, its vivid multi-colored glow bubbling within the carnage.

EXT. BARCLAY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

An SUV comes to a stop in front of the Barclay house. Theo and Elena exit and notice that their home is cast in blackness.

ELENA:

Why are all the lights off?

THEO:

Beats me. Maybe Piper decided it wasn't worth twenty bucks and bailed.

ELENA:

That's not like her. Maybe the power went out?

THEO:

There was still light at the Hale house.

Somebody watches from behind a spruce in the front yard as the Barclays enter their home.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Elena gives the front door a disappointed grimace.

ELENA:

I told her to keep the doors locked when we aren't here.

THEO:

You're paranoid.

ELENA:
I'm careful.

Elena tries the light switch to no avail.

ELENA: (CONT'D)
Lovely.

THEO:
I'll check the breakers.

Elena calls into the darkness.

ELENA:
Piper?

THEO:
You're gonna wake our son up.

Theo grabs a flashlight from the utility closet and heads for the basement.

Elena looks up at the stairs, visibly worried.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - 2F HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elena tries the door to Kip's room and finds it locked. She KNOCKS on the door.

ELENA:
Kip? Are you asleep?

A door further down the hall CREAKS open. Elena gazes at the open door at the end of the corridor.

ELENA: (CONT'D)
Piper? Is that you?

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

In the advanced dark of the basement, Theo casts his flashlight about as he navigates the clutter. The ray of light settles on a pile of cardboard boxes that have toppled over, spilling plastic jack-o'-lanterns, seasonal wreathes, and Christmas tinsel.

THEO:
Damn. I'll clean it up tomorrow.

His light focuses on the fuse box and he moves over to it, not seeing Piper's cell phone lying amongst the holiday decorations.

Theo opens the fuse box to find the breakers have all been switched off manually.

THEO: (CONT'D)

Huh.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Just as Elena enters the bedroom she shares with Theo, power is restored throughout the house and she loses her shit over what she sees:

Piper's corpse is lying on the bed with her legs together and her arms stretched out at her sides. A lava lamp's colorful glow bubbles where her face should be.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Theo looks up at the ceiling at his wife's horrified SCREAMS, unaware that Acid Dragon is behind him with his massive hatchet at the ready.

THEO: (CONT'D)

Elena?

He turns just in time to see Acid Dragon swinging the large blade into his neck and severing his head from the rest of his body.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elena is still in the doorway SCREAMING when Killer Bee appears behind the door, closing it shut.

Killer Bee pounces on Elena with a flurry of stabs with something sharp. Elena holds her hands up to block the blows. The needle stabs her exposed palms several times.

Feeling a noxious anomaly developing within her bloodstream, Elena hobbles toward the window. Killer Bee stalks behind her.

Elena tries to open the window when Killer Bee helps her by grabbing her by the back of her head and forcing her face through the glass.

Then Killer Bee shoves the rest of Elena's body through the window, breaking a considerable amount of glass in the process.

EXT. BARCLAY HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Elena's body falls through the night air in a shower of glass and lands at an awkward angle on the grass below.

Sex Kitten slinks over to her, dragging the spiked bat behind her. Elena has a broken arm and a broken leg but she's still alive.

Sex Kitten looks up at the broken window. Killer Bee looks down at her and tilts her head.

Elena looks up at Sex Kitten weakly, who brings her spiked bat up like she's about to hit it out of the park.

ELENA:

Why?

Sex Kitten brings the spiked bat down into Elena's lower jaw with so much force it is knocked off of her face, leaving her tongue flapping in a gory empty maw. The severed jaw is stuck to a cluster of bloody nails on the side of the bat.

Sex Kitten rips Elena's jaw off of her spiked bat and examines it curiously. She looks up at the broken window again. Killer Bee is no longer there.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - 2F HALLWAY - NIGHT

Killer Bee stands outside the door to Kip's room. She tries the knob. She presses her insect head against the door.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Sex Kitten walks through the front door to find Acid Dragon walking up the stairs carrying Theo's head.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - KIP'S ROOM - NIGHT

In his closet, Kip is still standing behind his clothes with his eyes closed and his hands over his ears when someone breaks into the bedroom.

Multiple sets of FOOTSTEPS inch closer to the closet door.

Then the closet door is opened and the clothes are pushed aside.

Kip pisses himself. The puddle grows until it reaches a dirty pair of men's work boots, black leather boots, and metallic high heels.

Kip opens his eyes and sees his father's face staring back at him in Acid Dragon's hand. Killer Bee and Sex Kitten stand by the hulking sides.

Then Acid Dragon's polygonal maw opens and sprays a surge of deadly acid all over him.

INT. HALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A shaken can of Blue Moon sprays open as Libby rushes to the kitchen sink to minimize the mess.

LIBBY:
Shit! Sorrysorrysorry.

Mei and Zara are stuffing their faces with pizza at the kitchen table while looking at their phones.

Justine looks down at her untouched slice. Zara looks up from texting and notices.

ZARA:
What's with you?

JUSTINE:
I thought Piper would have made it here by now.

Libby wrings out her soaked shirt in the sink and takes a swig from the can.

LIBBY:
Who cares? More pizza for us. Do you have a shirt I can borrow?

JUSTINE:
Help yourself.

Libby leaves the room.

Justine gets up from the table and goes to the broom closet. She comes out with a Swiffer and begins to clean up the spilled beer.

Zara recoils at what Mei is watching on her phone:

A graphic video on a shock and gore site of a DEAD YOUTH (late teens) on an operating table in a third world country with a hole where his face should be.

ZARA:
What the fuck are you watching?

MEI:
It's a gore classic. Ole no-face here tried to impress some girls by jumping off a cliff into the water but he didn't quite stick the landing.

ZARA:
You're demented.

MEI:
This kinda stuff doesn't phase me.

JUSTINE:
Doesn't that nominate you most
likely to be serial killer?

Mei rolls her eyes.

MEI:
I'm gonna be an ER surgeon.

ZARA:
The two aren't mutually exclusive.

Justine puts the Swiffer back.

JUSTINE:
Well, if you do become an ER
surgeon, I hope you don't film
videos of your patients and upload
them to shock sites.

MEI:
No, any videos I film will be added
to my personal collection.

Justine sits back down and takes a bite of pizza. She wipes
her hands on a napkin and then grabs her phone.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Piper's phone RINGS on the basement floor in the clutter of
cardboard boxes and holiday decorations.

INT. BARCLAY HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Sex Kitten is about to join her murderous companions walking
out the front door when she hears a noise coming from the
basement.

INT. HALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Justine is holding the phone to her ear.

JUSTINE:
C'mon, Piper. Pick up.

ZARA:
I bet she's busy boinking that dilf
next door.

JUSTINE:
No, she ended that.

Mei and Zara exchange surprised glances.

PIPER: (V.O.)
Hey.

JUSTINE:
Hey. Is everything cool?

PIPER: (V.O.)
Sorry. Did you say something? Say
it again after the BELCH.

Justine SIGHS.

JUSTINE:
She really needs to change that
voicemail greeting.

She hangs up and redials.

INT. HALE HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sex Kitten follows the RINGING down the stairs, across the
toppled boxes, and picks up Piper's phone.

She examines it curiously. She has never seen anything quite
like it. She taps the screen and a voice come out of the
small device.

JUSTINE: (V.O.)
Piper? What's going on over there?
Are you coming to my house or not?
C'mon, I can hear you breathing.

INT. HALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Justine is at the kitchen window looking at the lights of the
Barclay house in the distance.

JUSTINE:
Do you need a ride, after all? It's
just down the road, remember? Can
you hear me? Hello?

The call comes to a sudden end.

MEI:
Did she change her mind?

Justine sits back down at the table.

JUSTINE:

I don't know. She didn't say anything.

ZARA:

It's sorta hard to talk when you have a cock in your mouth.

JUSTINE:

I just have this weird feeling in the pit of my stomach.

MEI:

That's gas. Just let it rip, you're among friends.

JUSTINE:

No, something's wrong.

Mei pats Justine's hand condescendingly.

MEI:

There, there. Piper's a big girl.

ZARA:

If she chose bros over hoes, it's her loss.

JUSTINE:

Maybe.

ZARA:

Cheer up. When the guys get here we'll get you nice and stoned and you'll be all better.

Justine knows her friends mean well so she tries to feign the best almost happy face she can and takes a bite of pizza.

INT. HALE HOUSE - JUSTINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Libby takes off her wet shirt over her head.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Someone watches Libby walk around Justine's room topless through the windows.

INT. HALE HOUSE - JUSTINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Libby opens Justine's closet and browses through all of her tops with a look of disdain.

LIBBY:
No. Never. Not a chance.

Libby SIGHS and tries the dresser drawers.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Don't you own one cute thing?

She finally settles on a dark purple tee with a cat on it and puts it on. After she gets it on over her head, she runs her hands through her hair and checks herself out in the vanity mirror.

In the reflection, she sees someone watching her from the window. She SCREAMS and turns around to find a scruffy teen, NOEL LOWE (16,) waving in the glass.

NOEL:
(muffled)
Purple is your color.

Libby is visibly annoyed as she opens the window to see Noel standing on the ivy-covered trellis.

LIBBY:
You're early.

NOEL:
You're disappointed.

LIBBY:
I told you to call me when you get here.

NOEL:
The guys took a vote. This was more fun. Aren't you gonna invite me in?

LIBBY:
Justine's parents are still awake. If they catch you here, you're dead.

NOEL:
Well, I'll just have to be very, very careful.

LIBBY:
Where are the others?

NOEL:
Parked in the van at the end of the drive.

LIBBY:
At least they can follow
instructions.

NOEL:
Won't thou fairest maiden grant me
thine fine china for a bit of
crumpet?

LIBBY:
Well, when you put it that way...
No.

Noel pulls out a sack of weed from his purple and yellow
Varsity jacket.

NOEL:
Isn't there anything I can do to
change your mind?

Libby considers.

LIBBY:
I'll meet you out front.

NOEL:
Righteous.

Libby kisses him and shuts the window.

INT. HALE HOUSE - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A half-finished statue of Medusa is being worked on in an
artist's workshop filled with tools of multiple crafts:
marble for sculpting, wood for carving, canvases for
painting.

Many other works of various states of completion dot the
room. There is an obvious running theme of mythological women
feared by men: Gorgons, Sirens, Harpies, etc.

Numerous pairs of eyes from snake-haired crones, man-eating
mermaids, and fine-feathered fiends pierce into the soul of
those brave enough to look long enough. An ornamental Medusa
mask is especially stunning.

The artist at work is a classic beauty, VIOLET HALE (early
40s.) She steps back and looks at the white marble Medusa's
empty visage.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

VIOLET:
It's open.

LYLE HALE (early 40s,) an attractive middle-aged man, enters the room carrying a couple glasses of wine and a couple of pepperoni pizza slices on paper plates.

LYLE:
But a small peace offering.

Violet looks at her husband and then looks back at the Medusa sculpture that's been troubling her lately. She absently motions with her hand toward a nearby table.

VIOLET:
Just put it over there.

Lyle complies.

LYLE:
You'd better eat it while it's still hot.

VIOLET:
How can I eat when there's still so much to do?

Lyle takes a big bite of pizza.

LYLE:
Simple. Just like that.

VIOLET:
I don't have much of an appetite. You know how I get when there's an exhibit.

Violet shapes a serpentine tendril of Medusa's venomous locks with her fingers.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
Is that better?

LYLE:
You're the artist.

Violet takes a step back to examine the Medusa statue she has been working on. She grimaces and takes a sip from the wine Lyle brought.

VIOLET:
I wonder.

Lyle looks around at all the unsettling art looking back at him. He finishes his glass of wine in a single swallow.

LYLE:
Is something bothering you?

VIOLET:
Why? Is my mythological hag art really that disconcerting? I thought you'd appreciate all the tits.

LYLE:
Hey, do you hear me complaining about the tits? It's the snakes and fangs and talons that kill my boner.

Violet grins.

VIOLET:
I might have a cure for that.

They kiss.

LYLE:
All better.

VIOLET:
Good.

Violet returns her attention to the Medusa sculpture.

LYLE:
I know I don't say it very often but I really am proud of you.

VIOLET:
Some things don't have to be said. What are the girls up to?

LYLE:
They're on a pizza cleanse.

VIOLET:
I should have known.

Lyle finishes his slice.

LYLE,
That hit the spot. I'm gonna try and get some work done. Can you survive out here without me?

VIOLET:
I'll try.

INT. HALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Libby comes into the kitchen with her booze-soaked shirt.

LIBBY:
The guys are here.

ZARA:
Already?

MEI:
They're early.

LIBBY:
No shit.
(to Justine)
Do you mind if I throw this in the
wash?

Justine gets up and takes the top from her.

JUSTINE:
I got it.

LIBBY:
I'll come with.

They head to the laundry room.

INT. HALE HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Justine turns the light on in the laundry room and tosses Libby's shirt in the washing machine. Libby lingers nearby.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Thanks and sorry.

JUSTINE:
No sweat.

Justine starts the wash.

LIBBY:
Seems that's all I ever seem to say
to my mom: "thanks" and "sorry."

JUSTINE:
How's she handling the divorce?

LIBBY:
About as well as the last one.

JUSTINE:
That bad, huh?

LIBBY:

Yeah. What can you do? She's crazy as a loon.

JUSTINE:

Well, at least we know where you get it.

LIBBY:

Genetics. It's sad, I don't have anything to talk to her about except when I need money for something.

JUSTINE:

If you want your relationship to get better, you have to do something about it.

LIBBY:

I hate being the adult. I'm no good at it. All this stress is giving me wrinkles. I could pass for a college student.

JUSTINE:

You sound like Piper.

LIBBY:

Sorry she bailed.

JUSTINE:

It's not really bailing if she didn't show up in the first place, is it?

LIBBY:

Semantics.

Libby can tell something is bothering Justine.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)

Does it seriously bother you that much?

JUSTINE:

Something's wrong.

LIBBY:

Like what? Mrs. Barclay walk in on her when she has Mr. Barclay's wang in her penis fly trap?

JUSTINE:
I don't know.

LIBBY:
She's probably smashed. Cheer up.
Our dudes are waiting for us. Let's
get stoned and drunk and laid.

Libby takes Justine's hands in hers.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
C'mon. This is supposed to be a
party, remember?

Justine fakes a smile.

JUSTINE:
Yeah. Okay.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Justine, Libby, Mei, and Zara depart the house through the front door.

Justine has a flashlight. She casts it around the shrubs bordering the front patio.

LIBBY:
Noel?

Justine and Libby venture off of the patio. Mei and Zara linger near the front door.

Someone emerges from behind the bushes and squeezes Libby's ass.

She reacts with a swift backhand against the side of Noel's face.

NOEL:
Mayday. Sheesh, you're stronger
than you look.

LIBBY:
You're not.

Noel slinks his arm around Libby's waist and brings her in for a bear hug.

NOEL:
My broken heart. Let's get going.

Mei looks at Justine.

MEI:

Are you sure your parents are cool
with this? I mean, what if they
find out?

Zara SCOFFS.

ZARA:

Fuck them!
(to Justine)
No offense.

JUSTINE:

They won't find out. Let's go.

The five friends begin the long walk down the driveway.

INT. BRADY'S RV - NIGHT

A preppy stoner in a captain's hat, BRADY CONRAD (16) takes a rip from a glass beaker-style bong, about a meter long. Then he passes it to a handsome nerd, MAX MARCHI (16.)

BRADY:

It's still cherry.

They're sitting on the sofa in the front area of Brady's RV while watching a horror film on a box television set.

[On Screen: Sex Kitten takes selfies with the dead bodies of Piper and the Barclays.]

Brady masterfully exhales a slow plume of pot smoke. Max breaks into a fit of COUGHS. The RV door swings open and Noel enters.

NOEL:

Yo.

Brady takes the bong from Max and approaches the doorway and holds his hat over his chest.

BRADY:

Welcome aboard.

Libby peeks her head inside and takes a whiff. She winces and waves a hand in front of her nose.

LIBBY:

No way. It reeks of old jizz and
broken dreams in there.

BRADY:
You dare insult a king in his
castle?

LIBBY:
Some castle! You keep this piece of
shit parked in front of your
parents' house.

BRADY:
What's your point?

Max waves sheepishly at Justine.

MAX:
Always a pleasure, Justine.

Justine smiles.

JUSTINE:
Hi, Max.

NOEL:
Look, watever, let's just go to the
regular spot.

BRADY:
Fine. We'll meet you guys there.

NOEL:
I'll get the fire started.

Noel tosses a peace sign as he slinks an arm over Libby's
shoulders. They depart with the girls.

Brady turns off the TV and fills a backpack with pot and
miscellaneous stoner necessities like pipes, papers, and a
grinder.

Max loads a portable cooler with cans of soda and bottles of
booze and pours a bag of ice from the fridge on top of it.

Brady eyes Max suspiciously as he puts a backpack strap over
a shoulder.

BRADY:
(re: cooler)
You sure you got that?

Max struggles to carry the cooler with both hands.

MAX:
Yeah, no problem.

BRADY:

Okay. Well, you only have to walk a half mile with it. Try not to drop it and spill the ice all over the place 'cause that would really fucking bite the big one.

Brady motions with his hand out the door.

BRADY: (CONT'D)

After you.

Max awkwardly maneuvers out the door with the cooler.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Lyle is playing catch up in the home office. Paperwork is scattered about haphazardly.

He is typing furiously at a PC keyboard while a 70's rock vinyl BLASTS.

He bobs his head and HUMS along to the music, unaware that Acid Dragon has opened the door behind him and is standing in the doorway, watching.

VIOLET: (O.S.)

(muffled)

Justine? Girls?

Acid Dragon turns in the direction of Violet's voice. It is mostly drowned out by the tunes.

Lyle doesn't notice a thing. He is totally immersed in his work.

Soon Violet appears in the doorway and KNOCKS on the frame.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)

Hey.

(louder)

Hey.

Lyle finally notices.

LYLE:

Hey. You done for the night?

Violet raises her empty wine glass.

VIOLET:

I came in for a refill.

Lyle eyes his own half-empty glass and downs the remainder.

LYLE:
Good idea.

VIOLET:
Where is everybody?

Lyle gets up and turns off the record.

LYLE:
Dunno. Did you check upstairs?

Violet thinks for a moment and SIGHS.

VIOLET:
It's those goddamn boys again.
Sneaking over here like we're a
bunch of numbskulls. I'll put a
stop to this.

LYLE:
You don't wanna do that.

VIOLET:
The hell I don't.

LYLE:
You don't wanna be the kinda parent
that causes any unnecessary trouble
for your kid. You know how people
are. Just have some more wine. If
she isn't back in an hour, call
her.

VIOLET:
Always the voice of reason.

INT. HALE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Violet and Lyle enter the kitchen. The washing machine from the nearby laundry room is still going.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
(re: machine)
Are you washing something?

LYLE:
Me? Do laundry?

VIOLET:
You're right, I'm a fool to ask.

The laundry machine BUZZES.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
It's destiny.

Violet goes into the laundry room. Lyle pours the wine and helps himself to a slice of pizza.

LYLE:
You sure you don't want another piece?

VIOLET: (O.S.)
One's plenty. I'm craving something else.

Lyle smirks.

LYLE:
Oh, is that so?

Violet peeks her head in the doorway.

VIOLET:
Easy, tiger. I didn't mean you.

INT. HALE HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Violet takes Libby's shirt out of the washing machine and puts it in the dryer.

LYLE: (V.O.)
What did you have in mind?

Acid Dragon is standing at the back door watching her every move. Violet clearly sees him and pays no mind.

VIOLET:
You'll see.

EXT. GROVE - NIGHT

A campfire is burning in a secluded grove of spruce trees. It casts an orange aura like a forest lantern. The teens are paired off in a circle around the CRACKLING blaze while drinking from red plastic cups and passing a joint clockwise.

Max is awkwardly flirting with Justine.

Noel's resting his head in Libby's lap.

Zara and Brady are sharing the bong.

Mei is nursing a bottle of Jack Daniels.

They're all tipsy and stoned by now.

MAX:

(to Justine)

Did you catch any of that scary movie on Saturday Shocker?

JUSTINE:

Not this week. What was it?

MAX:

I dunno. I only watched a little bit. It was an eighties slasher.

JUSTINE:

Well, that narrows it down.

Noel exhales a steady cone of pot smoke and hands the joint to Libby. She takes a long drag and passes it to Justine, who puffs and passes to Max. After he hits it, he offers it to Mei.

MEI:

I saw some of it. It sucked.

LIBBY:

All those stupid movies are the same tired shit rehashed with a different mask and interchangeable nobodies getting killed one by one until the last girl standing gets so tired of being subjected to the hopeless stupidity of it all that it ends, mercifully.

ZARA:

What, are you an expert on the genre, all of a sudden?

LIBBY:

Please, I grew up on that shit. I watched the first *Nightmare on Elm Street* when I was three.

JUSTINE:

That explains a lot.

NOEL:

The same can be said about everything, really. Superheroes and remakes and ghosts and Pixar have a monopoly on the market.

ZARA:

Hey, *Coco* was cute!

JUSTINE:
I prefer Studio Ghibli, myself.

MEI:
You left out movies based on books.

MAX:
And terrible Amy Schumer movies.

BRADY:
God, she is insufferable, isn't she?

NOEL:
Whatever. The point is, pretty much everything has been done to death and in most cases, it was already done better. Probably many, many times. Nostalgia is very in.

Mei takes a long swig of whiskey and washes it down with a sip of Cola.

MEI:
I love movies.

Justine's phone CHIMES. She eyes it.

JUSTINE:
It's Piper.

Justine's mild surprise turns into disgusted bewilderment.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)
What is this?

The text message she just received is a slideshow consisting of four gory pics in which Sex Kitten is posing with the corpses of Piper, Theo, Elena, and Kip.

MAX:
What is what?

Justine just keeps staring in horror as the pictures play when Libby reaches over and grabs the phone.

LIBBY:
That's gross.

Then Noel gets a look at it and the phone makes the rounds until everyone sees and it winds back up in Justine's trembling hands.

NOEL:
Is that kid melted? Gnarly.

BRADY:
Where does she find this stupid
shit?

ZARA:
Mei got her hooked on those fucking
disgusting shock sites. Their
brains are way warped. What's with
the stupid mask, anyway?

MEI:
I kinda like it.

MAX:
Weird. It kinda looks like the
killer from that eighties movie
that was on.

JUSTINE:
Is this real?

MEI:
It could be. Hard to tell. I'm
walking that fine line between
buzzed and shitfaced.

NOEL:
It's either fugazi or some Russian
piece of trash on Krokodil.

JUSTINE:
This is freaking me out. That
severed head looks just like Mr.
Barclay.

BRADY:
Relax. It's just some stupid
pictures for fuck's sake.

JUSTINE:
Why would she send me this shit?

LIBBY:
'Cause she's a loser and a moron
and a bimbo and a bad friend and a
bad babysitter and... need I go on?

ZARA:
If it bothers you that much, call
her bitch ass.

Justine does so and presses the phone to her ear.

Then Piper's ringtone CHIMES from somewhere in the nearby woods.

Everyone exchanges confused glances. Justine gets up to approach the persistent melody as it gets increasingly louder. Max follows her.

JUSTINE:

Piper?

Justine follows the noise and finds Piper's phone sticking out of the ground at the base of a spruce in an odd makeshift grave.

Justine reaches down to pick it up and a nearby twig SNAPS.

She looks up to see Sex Kitten bringing a spiked bat down and throws an arm up to protect herself. The nails on the bat surface impale her palm and the force from the blow messily breaks her hand backward.

MAX:

Justine?

The others quickly rush over to the commotion as the chaos escalates and are shocked at what they see:

Max goes to help Justine pull her broken hand off of Sex Kitten's weapon and is met with the spiked bat slamming into the side of his face so hard it knocks his glasses off his face.

LIBBY:

Omigod.

NOEL:

What the actual fuck?

Max clutches the side of his face and then stares at his bloody palm in disbelief.

Brady makes a mad dash for Sex Kitten, despite Zara tugging on his arm in staunch protest.

BRADY:

You're dead.

ZARA:

Brady, don't.

Brady punches Sex Kitten in the nose and knocks her on her ass. The nail-covered bat falls from her grip and lands at Brady's feet. Sprawled on the ground, Sex Kitten notices Piper's phone still half-buried in the dirt nearby.

Brady picks up the gnarly weapon and is about to bring it down onto Sex Kitten when a syringe suddenly appears in his throat. He pulls it out and looks at it in confusion.

BRADY:

Dude. Fuck.

Libby and Noel drag Justine and Max away. just as Sex Kitten rises to her feet and takes her weapon back out of Brady's hand.

Another syringe flies through Mei's hair.

MEI:

This crazy psycho bitch isn't alone. There's someone else out there.

She runs off in the direction of the RV. Libby and Noel help a wounded Justine and a wounded Max follow her trail.

Brady is wild-eyed.

BRADY:

What's in the needle?

Brady lunges at Sex Kitten with the syringe.

Zara watches in anguish as Sex Kitten gleefully brings the spiked bat into Brady's knee, breaking his leg out from under him. He goes down.

ZARA:

Brady?

Zara goes to help Brady only for another pair of syringes to fly through the air. One narrowly misses her and the other sticks in her palm.

She takes it out and looks at it in confusion and horror.

Then she clutches it like a dagger and moves to stab Sex Kitten when something suddenly lashes out from the dark and the trees and hits her in the face, leaving a bloody mark across her cheek.

Killer Bee emerges from the shadows. She strikes Zara again with the whip, this time hitting her in the eye.

Zara turns to run and Killer Bee tackles her from behind.

Brady tries to drag himself back across the forest floor as Sex Kitten slinks toward him, dragging her bat

The campfire glow casts a haunting aura against the surrounding trees as Sex Kitten pulls Brady's pants down a little and she slides her hand in the opening of his boxer briefs and begins fondling his dick.

BRADY:

What the fuck are you doing?

Brady tries to throw a woozy punch at Sex Kitten but she breaks his wrist with the spiked bat.

Zara watches Sex Kitten molest Brady to arousal as Killer Bee binds her wrists behind her back with a whip.

Brady throws a woozy punch at Sex Kitten but it barely taps her mask.

Zara struggles against her bindings in futility. Killer Bee grabs both sides of her head and forces her to watch as Sex Kitten straddles Brady's waist and mounts his erection.

Brady begins to convulse as the poison floods him and Sex Kitten thrashes wildly.

She takes out Piper's phone and begins to record the heinous act.

ZARA:

Why are you doing this? You two are so way beyond fucked.

After Brady inadvertently orgasms inside her, Sex Kitten stands up.

Killer Bee still has her yellow gloved hands on both sides of Zara's skull, her fingers forcing her eyes open so she can watch the bizarre nightmare unfolding in front of her by campfire light:

Sex Kitten trades her nail-covered bat for the bong resting against a tree stump nearby. She lights the bowl and takes a hit through her mask.

Taking the long glass tube in both hands, she holds it like a golf club and swings it down into the side of Brady's face so hard that the bong shatters. Clutching the long cylindrical mouthpiece, Sex Kitten drives its jagged end down into Brady's mouth and violently crams it all the way down his throat until he chokes to death. A plume of pot smoke wafts from the bloody mouthpiece in-between his lips.

Sex Kitten takes a pic of Brady's corpse. Then she looks at Zara and starts recording.

Zara is overcome with despair as Killer Bee drags her over to the campfire.

ZARA: (CONT'D)

Please! I'll do anything!

Zara's pleas fall on deaf ears. Killer Bee shoves Zara's head into the flames. Her hair burns up and her skin blisters to a crisp. Her agonized SCREAMS echo against the trees.

INT. BRADY'S RV - NIGHT

Mei barrels through the door of the RV and tears the place apart looking for a medical kit.

Libby and Justine are right behind her.

Noel drags Max in last and lays him on the sofa.

MEI:

Do you hear that? They're killing them.

LIBBY:

Most likely.

JUSTINE:

I guess Piper and the Barclays really are dead.

LIBBY:

Do you need to go over and check for a pulse?

Libby dials 911 and presses the cell to her ear and paces like a tiger in a cage.

Libby finally gets an answer and talks a million miles a minute into the phone:

LIBBY: (CONT'D)

There's been an attack out in the woods at the Hale place. My friends are hurt.

Mei finds a medical kit in an overhead cabinet and plops down on the floor by Max.

NOEL:

Is it bad? It's bad, isn't it?

MAX:

I'm still conscious, you fuck.

MEI:

We have to stop the bleeding.

Mei takes some bandages and gauze and wraps Max's head the best she can.

JUSTINE:
Can I help?

MEI:
Your hand is broken.

JUSTINE:
No shit.

Mei bandages and wraps Justine's hand.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)
OWOWOWOWOW...

MEI:
I know it hurts.

Noel plops down in the driver's seat and looks for a key. He checks behind the visor and beneath the seat.

NOEL:
Where does Brady keep the key to
this piece of shit?

Noel opens the glove box and starts shuffling through maps and paperwork.

Libby finishes her phone call just as Justine receives a text message.

LIBBY:
Don't open it.

Justine does and sees the video of Sex Kitten raping Brady.

JUSTINE:
Brady.

MEI:
What happened to Zara?

Justine's phone CHIMES again from another text.

She goes against every fiber of her being and opens it to see a video of a bong being broken in Brady's face and shoved down his throat.

Then it shows Killer Bee forcing Zara's entire head into the campfire.

LIBBY:
That's what happened. Do you want
the same to happen to us? Let's
move it!

Noel's hectic search comes up empty-handed.

NOEL:

I can't. Did that fuck seriously
take the key with him?

Then a spiked baseball bat slams into the driver's side window, sending a cloud of shattered glass all over Noel. He leaps out of his seat as Sex Kitten starts crawling through.

Mei goes for the door and throws it open to see Killer Bee standing right outside the RV. She brings her syringe down like a dagger and catches Mei's jacket sleeve, narrowly missing flesh underneath.

Mei kicks Killer Bee in the face, pulls the door shut, and locks it.

Libby runs to the back of the RV and throws open the emergency exit screen. She helps Justine crawl out first.

At the front of the RV, Sex Window has climbed in through the shattered window.

MEI:

Hurry!

Libby and Mei climb out at the same time.

LIBBY:

C'mon!

Sex Kitten inches her way through the RV toward the back exit, smashing everything along the way.

Noel tries to help Max out of the window first but he stays put.

In a mirror on the wall, Max sees his bandaged reflection and brings his hand to his maimed face.

NOEL:

Max?

Sex Kitten is nearly upon them. Noel crawls through the exit screen just in time.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Justine, Libby, Mei, and Noel watch through the back window of the RV as Sex Kitten brings her spiked bat into the middle of Max's face. He goes down.

JUSTINE:

Max!

LIBBY:

He's done for.

Sex Kitten brings her weapon down again and again and again. The emergency screen is splattered with Max's blood.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)

See?

Sex Kitten looks at the teens and waves her fingers.

Mei cranes her neck around the back of the RV. Killer Bee is no longer outside the door.

MEI:

Where did that other psycho go?

NOEL:

Who cares? Move it!

The four teens make a mad dash down the driveway in the direction of Justine's house.

Behind them, a loud HONK makes them turn.

In the windshield, Sex Kitten dangles the key for the RV. Then she turns it on.

LIBBY:

Oh, that's just fucking fantastic.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The teens cut wide swaths across the lawn as Sex Kitten gives chase in the RV.

Their headlights cast wide beams of light to silhouette the teenagers.

MEI:

Split up!

Justine and Libby run for the front door of the house.

Mei and Noel run down the drive toward the artist workshop in the garage.

Sex Kitten in the RV takes no time to catch up to the two girls as they run through the front door of the house.

INT. HALE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Justine and Libby slam the door behind them and bolt up the stairs.

JUSTINE:
Mom! Dad!

The RV bursts through the wall in an explosion of broken glass and splintered wood.

It comes to a stop at the foot of the staircase with a violent smash. Sex Kitten's masked face slams into the steering wheel.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Mei and Noel gawk at the back at the RV sticking out of the front of Justine's house. Smoke wafts from the jagged hole in the wall.

NOEL:
Oh, fuck.

Noel starts for the RV but Mei grabs him by the arm.

NOEL: (CONT'D)
Libby?
(louder)
Libby?

MEI:
Don't.

Noel easily shakes Mei off.

NOEL:
Why the hell not?

MEI:
They can fend for themselves. Cat bitch is in there and bee bitch is out here and who knows how many more there are? I don't wanna die tonight. Do you?

The lights are on in the workshop.

MEI: (CONT'D)
Mrs. Hale must be in there.

She runs off.

NOEL:
Mei? Damn it.

Noel begrudgingly follows.

Killer Bee steps out from the darkness cast by a nearby tree and watches.

INT. HALE HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

At the top of the stairs, Justine and Libby gawk at the destruction just a few feet below them.

LIBBY:
Holy shit.

Sex Kitten is out cold in the driver's seat.

JUSTINE:
Is she dead?

LIBBY:
Of course not. But she will be.

Libby grabs the biggest chunk of broken wood amongst the smoking wreckage and holds it in both hands as if it were broadsword.

JUSTINE:
What are you doing?

LIBBY:
I'm going to kill the bitch.

JUSTINE:
No. Just wait for the police.

LIBBY:
We could all be dead by then.

Libby carefully maneuvers down the ruined staircase. Justine stands at the top of the stairs with bated breath. She clutches her bandaged hand.

Balancing on a precarious beam, Libby approaches the shattered driver's side window.

Sex Kitten is still slumped against the steering wheel.

JUSTINE:
Be careful.

Libby brings the board down into the top of Sex Kitten's skull with the savagery of an amazon.

Her blonde locks are reduced to a crimson pulp.

Libby is HEAVING. She looks at the bloody piece of wood in her hand.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)
How does it feel to kill?

LIBBY:
I just came a little.

Sex Kitten inexplicably springs to life and grabs the board in Libby's hand.

Libby releases her grip on the makeshift weapon and nearly slips off of the splintering wood of the ravaged stairs into a pit of broken glass and jagged boards. She holds onto what's left of the railing.

Justine takes a step forward.

Hanging halfway out the shattered driver seat window of the RV, Sex Kitten wildly wings the board with one hand and the spiked bat with the other.

As the spiked bat is about to come down into Libby's fingers, she lets go and drops down into the demolition area below.

She tries to cover her head as she lands on a pile of broken lumber. The floor collapses around her with a deep GROAN in a cavernous hole that swallows her.

JUSTINE:
Libby!

Sex Kitten looks down the new hole in the floor and then looks at Justine.

Justine bolts.

INT. HALE HOUSE - 2F HALLWAY - NIGHT

Justine runs down the hall as Sex Kitten crawls out of the wreckage and chases after her.

INT. HALE HOUSE - JUSTINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Justine slams the door and locks it behind her.

She tries to push her dresser in front of the door to barricade it but with a broken hand she finds this task impossible.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She leans her back against the side of the dresser and pushes all of her weight against it.

Sex Kitten tries the knob and begins hammering the door down with both her weapons.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)

C'mon!

It takes every ounce of strength Justine has to slide the dresser in front of the door.

Justine goes to the window and throws it open and looks down at the trellis. She eyes the bloody bandages around her broken hand. Then she eyes the dresser in front of the door shaking precariously as Sex Kitten begins breaking her way in.

Justine hides in the closet and quietly closes the door shut.

Sex Kitten breaks into the bedroom and looks around. She goes over to the open window and peeks out at the ivy-covered trellis leading down below.

Sex Kitten scans the room once more.

Justine covers her mouth and closes her eyes.

Sex Kitten pulls Piper's phone out and presses redial.

Justine's cell RINGS in her pocket and she struggles to turn it off.

Sex Kitten bolts for the closet door and grabs the knob.

Inside the closet, Justine pulls the knob with all her might and SCREAMS at the top of her lungs.

Sex Kitten easily wins the struggle over the door and it swings open.

Justine grabs an umbrella propped up against the corner and opens it just as her attacker brings the board and the spiked bat down into it, easily tearing through the thin fabric.

Justine uses the tattered umbrella like a shield and shoves past Sex Kitten. She throws the tattered umbrella at Sex Kitten and goes for the bedroom door.

As Justine reaches the door, Sex Kitten is right behind her.

Justine squeezes in-between the dresser and the door and leaves the room just as Sex Kitten brings her weapons down into the dresser, knocking off a big chunk of wood.

INT. HALE HOUSE - 2F HALLWAY - NIGHT

Justine runs to the door at the end of the hall as Sex Kitten gives chase.

INT. HALE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Justine locks the door behind her tips a bookshelf over in front of it.

She reaches under the bed and pulls out the large gun case from underneath. It's locked. She checks the underside of the case. Nothing.

Sex Kitten is banging on the door.

Justine checks the nightstand and finds the key just as Sex Kitten starts smashing through the door.

Justine unlocks the gun case and grabs the shotgun and shells therein.

Justine sits on the floor with her back to the bed and faces the door that Sex Kitten is shredding through like scissors through silk.

Resting the shotgun on her broken hand, Justine engages the barrel breach lever and lowers the barrel from the body. She loads the gun and brings the barrel back up and closes the break with a definitive CLICK.

She aims the loaded shotgun at the door just as Sex Kitten breaks into the room and pulls the trigger. Hurting her broken hand, the BLAST only grazes Sex Kitten's shoulder.

Sex Kitten slams her nail-covered bat down into the carpet right in-between Justine's thighs.

Justine brings the shotgun up to meet the wooden plank coming down toward her face. Justine backs up against the bed and crawls across it.

Sex Kitten slams both her weapons into the mattress and the pillows, narrowly missing Justine's feet as she scrambles to the other side of the room.

A blizzard of swirling little white feathers turns the bedroom into a snowglobe.

Justine runs for the window and puts her arms over her face as she jumps into it with a loud CRASH.

She falls through the air and tries to protect her head when she lands on the hard ground several feet below. The impact knocks the wind out of her.

She looks up at the broken window she just fell out of in a daze. Sex Kitten looks down at Justine as her vision goes blurry and then fades to black.

INT. HALE HOUSE - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Mei and Noel enter the workshop to find it abandoned.

MEI:
Kill the lights.

Noel complies.

Mei uses a flashlight app on her cell to provide light. Noel uses a lighter.

Violet's art of mythological female beasts carries an ominous presence. Paintings and statues stare at the two terrified teens.

The pièce de résistance is the impressive white marble statue of Medusa in the middle of the room, which is inexplicably completed. A mystical blue gem is centered in the forehead. There is something beautifully unsettling about it.

MEI: (CONT'D)
Mrs. Hale?

NOEL:
Nobody's in here.

MEI:
We should arm ourselves and wait for the cops.

NOEL:
Arm ourselves with what? Palette knives?

Mei locks the door and scans the room. She sees that an artist's workshop isn't much of an armory. She grabs a meterstick.

NOEL: (CONT'D)
(re: meterstick)
There has to be something better than that.

MEI:

Maybe there are a few power tools
in here somewhere. Look around.

Noel complies. He sticks at the front of the room and searches through various paints, brushes, and scrapers. Nothing looks even remotely effective in close combat.

Armed with a meterstick, Mei ventures to the back of the room where old wooden student arm desks are crammed against the wall near a bookshelf haphazardly filled with art books and miscellaneous tools.

Noel finds a pair of scissors under some charcoal drawings of Medusa. He checks the sharpness with his thumb. Decent enough.

NOEL:

I found some scissors.

MEI:

Great.

Noel looks at all the creepy artwork in the room and wonders if it is looking at him as well.

NOEL:

This place gives me the creeps.
Justine's mom is really weird.

Mei looks through the desks.

MEI:

That's pretty much the general
consensus.

In the last desk in the back corner of the room Mei finds a VHS box and an old yellow book with an ancient insignia carved on the cover.

Both items give off a weird, tangible energy.

She picks up the VHS case first and examines it closely. The cover reads *Acid Wash* and shows 80's-style poster art for a slasher film featuring three masked killers:

A woman in a realistic bee mask with a whip and syringes.
A woman in a creepy cat mask with a nail-covered bat.
A man in a polygonal dragon mask with an acid tank backpack and a giant hatchet.

MEI: (CONT'D)

What is this?

Noel approaches her.

NOEL:
Find something?

She looks at the back cover and sees a few pictures scattered around a synopsis:

A shot of the space vixens in Medusa's temple.
A shot of the three killers standing together.
A shot of the main set of teens around a campfire.

MEI:
(reading)
When a cursed movie from the eighties is played, the masked killers therein are released into the real world to terrorize a teen and her friends at a slumber party.

At the bottom credits, she sees her name and the name of her friends as the cast.

Mei and Noel just look at each other, totally flabbergasted.

NOEL:
That doesn't make any sense.

MEI:
You think?

Mei picks up the book while Noel examines the VHS tape.

NOEL:
Could this possibly be some kind of really out there art project?

MEI:
Ever the optimist. Does that explain our friends being slaughtered like livestock? I've read enough of those Nancy Drew books to know that Mrs. Hale is in on this somehow.

Mei flips through the old yellowed pages in the book and sees many grotesque sketches:

Different versions of a bug-headed woman, an animal-faced woman, and an acid-spraying beast man.
Hooded cultists worship a giant Medusa head.
A naked woman is strung up and gutted over an ancient sigil.

Her fingers trace over the relic text and bizarre drawings and fill her with a pit of dread.

Upon finding a detailed drawing of a static-filled box TV sitting on a complicated magic symbol surrounded by dead teens, she finds the first page of comprehensible text on the adjoining page and reads aloud:

MEI: (CONT'D)

(reading)

Three furies. Three fates. Three devils for six doors for nine gates.

NOEL:

What does it mean?

MEI:

A spell, maybe.

NOEL:

A spell? As in magic? Get real.

MEI:

There's more to the world than what we can see with our own eyes. It's all too bizarre to be a coincidence.

NOEL:

I don't buy into that shit.

MEI:

(reading)

The ritual will be complete if these are the words you speak: Give your blood back to the earth and you will witness your own birth.

A shotgun BLAST comes from somewhere in the house.

NOEL:

Did you hear that?

MEI:

What?

NOEL:

I thought I heard something. It sounded like a shotgun.

Noel goes over to the door and holds the scissors defensively.

MEI:
What are you doing?

NOEL:
Listening.

MEI:
(re: book and VHS box)
I'm taking this. It's the key to
all of this, I'm sure of it. I
wonder what Mrs. Hale will have to
say for herself?

NOEL:
Something weird, probably.

Mei pockets the book and the VHS box in her jacket.

Suddenly the knob starts turning and then there is a loud,
furious series of BANGS at the door.

Noel drops the scissors to hold the door shut with both
hands.

Mei rushes over and picks up the scissors. She stands at the
ready with both the scissors and the meterstick.

Noel is struggling with the door and Mei is ready to strike
whoever is forcing their way in when the giant blade of a
frighteningly oversized cleaver splits the door in two.

Noel leaps away before the blade severs his hands.

Mei drops both weapons in the chaos.

Mei and Noel flee to the far corner of the room as Acid
Dragon walks through the broken door.

There's a window that would easily accommodate both
teenagers.

MEI:
The window.

Mei and Noel pick up a student desk and heave it through the
window, SHATTERING it.

Acid Dragon pursues the teen. He is practically on top of
them.

Noel kicks away the remaining jagged glass. He helps Mei
through the broken window just as Killer Bee appears outside
and pulls her out.

NOEL:

Mei!

Acid Dragon swings his cleaver and Noel ducks out of the way as the large blade cuts through the open window and imbeds in the bottom sill.

Noel tries to go for the door but Acid Dragon grabs him with both hands and throws him across the desks and into a half-finished painting of a siren as if he were a toy doll.

Acid Dragon grabs cleaver from the window and approaches Noel, who is sprawled on the floor near the Medusa statue. Noel uses the statue for leverage to stand up.

Violet's unsettling artwork is the captive audience to the imminent bloodshed. Drawn, painted, sculpted eyes of harpies, sirens, and Gorgons watch with a quiet, eternal anticipation that is soon to be satiated.

Acid Dragon swings his meter-long cleaver at Noel, who ducks just in time. The Medusa statue isn't so lucky. The blade severs Medusa's head, which falls to the concrete and breaks into hundreds of little pieces. The blue gem that adorned her forehead is left intact.

Acid Dragon kicks Noel in the face, breaking several teeth and sending him flying.

Woosily, Noel looks up to see Acid Dragon standing over him. Noel puts up an arm up in protest, only for it to be severed with a mighty swing of a meter-long cleaver.

Noel sprays a row of blank canvases red with his bloody stump as he drags himself across the bloody concrete floor. The headless Medusa statue is sprayed with a torrent of gushing crimson.

Acid Dragon follows his wounded prey, dragging his cleaver behind. Noel leans against a painting of a harpy tearing a man to shreds.

NOEL: (CONT'D)

Just kill me.

Acid Dragon brings his blade down into Noel's waist with such ferocity it bisects him.

Then the masked maniac picks up Noel's lower half and dangles it as if it were a fish.

Noel gazes in wonder as his innards pool around him. He tries in futility to stuff his guts back into his abdomen.

NOEL: (CONT'D)
 (weakly)
 I'm still alive, nut gobbler.

Acid Dragon's polygonal maw opens and a surge of acid washes over Noel's upper torso, melting him as well as the surrounding paintings.

Acid Dragon throws Noel's lower half on top of his melted, skeletal upper half.

Then the draconic butcher picks up the strange blue gem from the pieces of Medusa's head and examines it curiously.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Mei thrashes about in Killer Bee's grasp.

MEI:
 Let me go! Get your fucking hands
 off of me!

Killer Bee drags her over to Violet's nearby car and slams her head into the roof three times to knock her out.

Then she pops open the trunk and throws Mei in. Justine and Lyle are already in there, both unconscious with their hands and feet bound and duck tape over their mouths.

Killer Bee does the same to Mei and shuts the trunk.

INT. HALE HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Libby comes to on top of a big pile of debris in the basement. She looks at all the splintered wood and broken glass around her and rubs her temples.

She looks up at the big hole in the ceiling she fell through. Light pours into the room from it.

Libby carefully maneuvers around the sharp edges of wood and the large pieces of glass as she gathers her bearings.

She looks at her phone and sees that it was smashed in the impact of the fall.

LIBBY:
 Shit.

Libby looks around the room. It is a half-finished man cave with a fully furnished bar and a pool table. A large gilded family crest of a green snake encircling a red shield set with a blue gem. A suit of armor stands in the corner with a sword.

A big flat screen television is playing warbled static intercut with flashes of Killer Bee, Sex Kitten, and Acid Dragon on the prowl in an infinite loop.

Libby hobbles over to the stairs and ascends them.

She tries to open the door but the RV and surrounding wreckage against the other side makes it impossible.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Libby goes back down the stairs and as she approaches the big pile of debris, Violet calls to her from the hole in the ceiling.

VIOLET: (O.S.)

Libby?

Libby looks up.

LIBBY:

Mrs. Hale?

VIOLET:

You're still alive?

LIBBY:

Huh?

VIOLET:

You're tougher than I thought.

LIBBY:

Are you hurt?

VIOLET:

Don't make me laugh.

LIBBY:

I'm not. A lot of people are dead.

VIOLET:

Everyone plays their part.

Violet begins pouring gasoline from a canister down into the pit. Libby gets out of the way.

LIBBY:

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

VIOLET:
Fulfilling your destiny. You'll
just fuck it up.

Violet lights a match.

LIBBY:
Don't you dare, you crazy bitch!

VIOLET:
I'll set fire to this house of
horrors and rise from the ashes
like a Phoenix.

LIBBY:
No!

Violet drops the match.

Libby runs to the back corner of the basement just as an inferno blazes within the middle of the room, catching the wooden railing and creating a hellish staircase of fire as the flames begin to spread like a virus.

Libby sees the little basement window just out of reach is her only hope out of the firestorm. She also sees there is precious little time and even less oxygen.

She pushes a coffee table against the wall and stands on top of it and tries to open the window. It won't budge. She unlocks it and pushes the window flap open there isn't enough room to squeeze through.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Oh, God!

Libby considers breaking it open with her fist but thinks better of it than to bust open an artery.

She looks at the flames drawing closer as smoke fills the room. Her eye catches the suit of armor and she runs for it and grabs the sword in its grasp.

She drags the blade with both hands back to the coffee table just as the flames are about to consume it.

She brings the longsword into the window and smashes it. She uses the blade to discard the jagged glass along the sill and wiggles out through the broken window just as the flames crawl up the wall.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Libby COUGHS violently.

She gets to her feet and holds the blade as she leaves the incinerator. She looks like--is--a badass teenage woman warrior leaving a burning castle in her wake.

She collapses to her knees and drops her sword and looks up at the stars in the sky as the smoke from the firestorm blankets them.

She looks at the burning house through tears streaking her ashen face.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Noel? Noel!

She gets to her feet and thinks to, wants to run into the blazing structure but knows it would only spell her doom.

The entire back yard is cast under a flickering orange haze.

Across the yard, the broken door of the workshop beckons her.

As she approaches it, she hears a car door SLAM. In the distance down the drive, she sees the back of Violet's car getting smaller and smaller.

She watches the little red pair of eyes disappear around a wooded curve.

INT. VIOLET'S CAR - NIGHT

Violet is at the wheel. Headlights illuminate the long way down the drive. She eyes the inferno in the rearview.

At the end of the driveway, telltale flashes of red and blue color the treetops.

A police cruiser is parked at the end of the drive.

OFFICER HOLLOWAY (late 40s) exits the vehicle and flags her down. Violet drives up and rolls her window down with a smile.

VIOLET:
Good evening, officer.

HOLLOWAY:
You're out kinda late.

VIOLET:
What brings you here?

HOLLOWAY:

What's this about an attack in the woods?

Violet feigns surprise. She coyly reaches for the knife handle wedged in-between the driver seat and the center console.

VIOLET:

First I've heard of it.

HOLLOWAY:

Really? Dispatch said the caller gave a detailed account of someone in a mask had hurt her friends.

Holloway shines a spotlight on Violet's face with the flashlight in his hand.

HOLLOWAY: (CONT'D)

You sure you don't know anything about that?

Violet opens her mouth to answer when something BANGS from inside the trunk.

Holloway shines his light on the trunk.

HOLLOWAY: (CONT'D)

What was that?

VIOLET:

What was what?

More BANGS.

HOLLOWAY:

That.

VIOLET:

There are three bodies in my trunk.

Holloway doesn't seem to hear as his attention has turned to the orange sky.

In a flash, Violet grabs the hidden butcher's knife and brings it across Holloway's throat. Blood sprays her eyes and Holloway's fingers go for the red waterfall flowing down his throat in futility as he drops to his knees.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Violet exits her vehicle and plunges her knife into Holloway many more times.

Then she pops open the trunk and goes to see that Lyle has woken up from his stupor. He looks at her with equal parts confusion and fear.

She holds the bloody knife up to his face.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
Do you see the blood on this knife?

Lyle nods.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
Do you want yours on it, too?

He shakes his head.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
Then don't try anything like that again or so help me I will put this blade all the way through your face.

She SLAMS the trunk.

INT. HALE HOUSE - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Libby enters the workshop through the broken door and flips on the light switch.

She sees all the blood and holds out her sword, leading with it as she follows the crimson to the badly burned remains of Noel.

LIBBY:
Is that...?

The grim realization sets in.

She vomits.

EXT. HALE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Libby walks down the drive. The sword dragging behind her leaves a trail in the gravel.

When she sees red and blue flashes on the trees, her walk turns into a jog and then that becomes a run.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Help? Help!

Then Libby runs around the curve and finds Officer Holloway's corpse in a puddle of blood.

Libby looks at the trees. Anyone could pop out from behind one at any second.

Libby checks the cop's body.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Sorry, dude.

She takes his handgun and his baton.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Libby puts the sword, handgun, and baton in Holloway's police cruiser and then jumps in after them.

She grabs the mic off of the radio equipment and brings it to her lips.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Help. I'm outside Justine Hale's house on Harper Road. Her psycho mother just tried to set me on fire. There have been multiple murders by really fucked up people wearing masks. I think all my friends are dead.

Libby sits in silence, waiting for any sign of life from the other end.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Is anybody there?

Acid Dragon appears just outside the open car door and swings his cleaver.

Libby leaps into the passenger seat as the big blade shreds the driver's seat cushion and destroys the mic.

With her back against the passenger side door, she takes the handgun in both hands and FIRES it haphazardly into Acid Dragon's face and torso. After six shots it runs out of ammo and Acid Dragon finally falls back. Libby pulls the trigger for a few more CLICKS.

Libby slides over to the driver's seat, reaches out over Acid Dragon's body to grab the car door handle, and SLAMS the door.

She throws the car in drive and tosses up rocks with the spinning back wheels as she gets the hell out of there.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights from a police car cut through the spruce trees that guard the mountain road like green knights.

Through the windshield, Libby SOBS at the steering wheel.

The road twists and turns through the black hills. When the police car curves around a thong of trees, two flashing yellow lights blink like a pair of eyes further up the road.

Violet's car is parked on the side of the road with the emergency lights on.

Someone is standing on the other side of the vehicle waving their arms.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Libby slows down as she approaches the car and sees that Mei is flagging her down.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
God, Mei!

The tires SCREECH to a stop.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - ROAD - NIGHT

Libby gets out of the police car.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
What happened to you?

When she gets a good look at Mei, she sees that something is off.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Mei? What's wrong?

It isn't really Mei that flagged her down at all. Killer Bee is standing right behind the unconscious teen and controlling her arms manually as if she were a puppet.

Killer Bee throws Mei to the ground and shoots a needle at Libby.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Libby ducks behind the cop car and crawls back in it just as Sex Kitten appears from the darkness and grabs her ankles. The cat-faced psychopath starts pulling her back out of the car.

Libby wildly kicks her legs and manages to kick Sex Kitten square in the face. Once. Twice. Thrice.

Sex Kitten finally lets go of her ankles and falls out onto the road just outside the open car door. Libby reaches outside over her and shuts the car door.

Killer Bee approaches the passenger side door. Libby grabs the sword. Killer Bee throws the door open and Libby slams the blade through her big fuzzy insectoid head.

Killer Bee tries to drag herself off of the long red sword.

Libby twists the blade and the bee-headed bitch from hell HOWLS in agony. It sounds like a woman's SCREAM with a mouthful of bees.

Killer Bee finally manages to slowly pull herself off of the sword impaling her cranium and crumples to the road.

Libby reaches out, grabs the sword out of her face, and slams the door shut.

Through the windshield, Acid Dragon stands in the middle of the road. He is clutching the mysterious blue jewel.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)

No. You can't be alive. I fucking killed you.

She throws the car in drive.

The gem casts an ethereal azure gleam across her eyes that transfixes her.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)

That light. What is that light?

Libby is still focused on the jewel when Sex Kitten leaps on the hood of the car and slams her bat into the windshield.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - THEATER - NIGHT

Justine comes to with a GASP when something is injected through a needle in-between her toes.

Violet stands over her with a syringe that squirts fluid when she applies pressure to it.

JUSTINE:

Mom?

VIOLET:

Mother will make everything better.

Justine tries to move but finds that she is strapped to her seat in the front row of a makeshift movie theater out in the middle of the woods.

Libby is to her left and Mei is to her right, both in the same predicament.

Lyle is up front and center, strapped to a student desk facing toward Justine and the others. He's been badly beaten.

The rest of the movie AUDIENCE, about fifty people or so, is made up of men in tuxedos and women in evening gowns. Their identities are hidden with the paper bags they wear over their heads.

A red carpet runs down the center of the forest clearing, dividing the audience evenly. The carpet leads from a burning pyre to a massive white screen strung up in-between two trees.

A VCR is plugged into a projector which is hooked up to a portable generator. Shock and gore footage is being streamed onto the movie screen:

YOUTHS hanging themselves and shooting themselves.
PRISONERS are beaten to death with metal pipes.
AFRICANS are necklaced with tires and set ablaze.

The footage is intercut with footage of all the kills committed by Killer Bee, Sex Kitten, and Acid Dragon.

The anonymous audience members masturbate to the carnage.

JUSTINE:
What is this shit?

Justine notices Lyle.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)
Dad?

He looks at her woozily. He still has tape over his mouth. He MUMBLES incoherently.

Violet uses the syringe to wake up Libby and Mei. They look around in confused horror.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this?

VIOLET:
Why does there have to be a reason for everything? Maybe I'm just a deeply disturbed person.

Libby is seething.

LIBBY:

Bitch. You fucking loon! You've lost it. You won't get away with any of it.

Violet holds the syringe up to Libby's eye.

VIOLET:

You were supposed to burn. You'll wish you had.

JUSTINE:

Leave her alone!

Mei struggles against her bindings.

MEI:

I found your book.

VIOLET:

You really shouldn't go looking through other people's things. You might find something you shouldn't.

JUSTINE:

I don't understand.

VIOLET:

Your father never understood me, either.

Violet approaches Lyle, who looks up at Violet with the horrified eyes of a man who knows too well his time is limited.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)

Isn't that right, dear? So many disappointments. Enough for multiple lifetimes. I just had to find a way out. You for a husband.

She looks back at Justine with disdain.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)

You for a daughter. Everything will change. It only takes but a moment.

Killer Bee, Sex Kitten, and Acid Dragon emerge from the trees.

The three girls freak out in their seats.

LIBBY:
What are they?

Libby looks at Violet.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
What are you?

MEI:
A witch. The book of spells I read
had something about nine gates. The
VHS. It's all connected, isn't it?
It's all part of a ritual.
(beat)
We're gonna be sacrificed out here.

LIBBY:
The hell we are!

VIOLET:
If you seek, you will find.

JUSTINE:
For the love of God, please let us
go.

Violet is insulted.

VIOLET:
God? There's never been any God
here.

Violet looks at the masked killers as they surround Lyle.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
There have been a few devils,
though. Alright. Do it just like I
told you.

Killer Bee takes an empty syringe and uses Acid Dragon's
concentrated acid canisters to fill it. She repeats the
process three more times.

Meanwhile, Sex Kitten takes off Lyle's shoes and socks.

JUSTINE:
Dad? Dad! What are you gonna do to
him?

Violet approaches Lyle.

Killer Bee hands her an acid-filled syringe. Violet kneels
down as Sex Kitten and Acid Dragon hold Lyle's legs out.

VIOLET:
This may hurt a lot.

Violet injects the syringe in-between his big toe and his second toe on his left foot.

Lyle looks down in horror at his foot as the skin starts to slide off of it, revealing the bone beneath.

He SCREAMS against the duck tape.

LIBBY:
Don't look!

The audience members now have some new footage to masturbate to.

Killer Bee takes the used syringe and hands Violet another once with acid in it, which she then uses to repeat the process on his right foot.

JUSTINE:
Dad! Oh, God! Dad!

Then Violet injects the remaining two acid syringes into Lyle's wrists. The skin on his hands melts just like the skin on his feet did.

Violet looks as if she just had the best fuck of her life.

VIOLET:
I've been wanting to do that for a long time.

Lyle gazes at his skeletal hands and feet as death throes begin to rock his body in a frenetic series of violent spasms.

The audience is still masturbating to the chaotic onslaught.

Justine is inconsolable in her hysteria.

MEI:
I don't wanna die.

VIOLET:
Die? No, not that easily, I'm afraid. Not when I've still plans for you.

Violet touches Mei's cheek with her palm.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
There's still more to your story.

She looks at Libby and then at Justine.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
 What will your story be?
 Disappointment? Honor? Vengeance?

Violet reveals the mysterious blue jewel in her hand.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
 You're about to go on an adventure.
 An adventure to the center of the
 self. At the center of the self,
 there is a voice. A voice that
 guides you like a light in the
 dark. Do you have what it takes to
 listen?

MEI:
 I don't understand.

VIOLET:
 If you want to understand, words
 are never a problem.
 (beat)
 You're about to find out what makes
 a devil a devil.

Violet eyes her masked minions and then signals to Justine, Libby, and Mei.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
 (re: teens)
 Finish 'em.

Violet walks down the red carpet into obscurity beyond the burning pyre.

Killer Bee takes a syringe filled with some vile-looking substance and approaches Justine. Sex Kitten follows.

JUSTINE:
 Don't! No, you don't have to do
 this!

LIBBY:
 Justine!

Killer Bee injects Justine's arm, filling it with the unknown drug. Sex Kitten squeezes an eye dropper into Justine's mouth.

Justine goes limp in her seat for a moment and then begins to thrash as if there were a million volts running through her body.

MEI:
It's all a dream. None of it
matters.
(beat)
None of it matters.

Then Killer Bee and Sex Kitten do the same to Mei.

When they approach Libby, she is quite resistant.

LIBBY:
Don't you touch me! Don't you
fucking touch me!

They drug Libby and she, too, succumbs.

INT. HONEY HIVE - BEDROOM - DAY

Mei wakes up in a bedroom she doesn't recognize. Sunlight pours in through a window.

In the distance, children LAUGH. Dogs BARK.

She gets out of bed and looks through the glass to see a normal, sterile city street in suburbia.

She watches a CYCLIST ride his bike into obscurity behind some autumn trees.

MEI:
Where am I?

Mei looks around the room. There are numerous empty picture frames on the walls and dressers.

An empty birdcage hangs by a window.

Mei goes for the door and swings it open.

The hallway outside the door is made entirely out of honey. The sticky golden stuff drips from the ceiling, down the walls, in a shiny amber-colored cavern that seems to go on forever in a vertigo-inducing spiral.

Something BUZZES.

Mei looks up and notices several massive beehives jetting out in clusters amongst the honey.

A swarm of bees gathers into a glittering cloud that shoots at the open doorway in which Mei is standing. She slams the door shut and turns to see Killer Bee stabbing a syringe down at her.

Mei leaps back into the door which turns into honey as she slides through it and into the hall outside.

INT. HONEY HIVE - HALLWAY - DAY

Mei collapses into the honey.

She covers her head as the bees swarm about and she sinks into the floor. She tries to crawl away from Killer Bee but the honey consumes her like quicksand.

Something sharp pokes her hand and she recoils in pain. She tries to move forward and something sticks her other hand.

She takes her arms out of the honey and sees that they are both completely covered in syringes that are jetting out from every direction.

Killer Bee catches up to Mei and slams her into a wall.

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

Killer Bee slams into Mei with so much force it knocks her out of a ground floor window in a typical suburban home.

Mei gets up in a daze and bolts across the yard and down the busy sidewalk. Killer Bee gives chase.

MEI: (CONT'D)

Help me! Somebody help me!

PASSERBY pull out their phones and record video as Killer Bee brings her whip into Mei's back.

Mei grabs the shirt of a JOGGER as Killer Bee's whip stings her back again and again.

Mei wanders into the street. People circle around, their phones recording the violence. The fabric of her jacket is ripped by the furious blows. Her shirt is shredded, too, and then her bare flesh is sliced open with an endless, brutal storm of lashes.

Mei is driven to her hands and knees in the middle of the street, crawling to a stop as Killer Bee whips her until her spine is exposed and she keeps on whipping long after.

INT. SEXPOT - MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Libby comes to in a grimy men's restroom. The overhead lights are flickering. Tiny filthy tiles cover the room. She is staring at her haggard reflection in the mirror.

LIBBY:
You have to wake up.

One of the stall doors swings open and Libby sees a bloody arm sticking out of a toilet. Then another arm soon joins it as the dead VICTIM begins to emit a terrible WAIL and inexplicably crawl out of the toilet.

Libby bolts out of the room.

INT. SEXPOT - BAR - NIGHT

Rock music fills the room.

Libby finds herself in a seedy strip joint filled with old DRUNKS. She sticks out like a sore thumb but nobody seems to see her.

The word "Sexpot" is written on a brick wall in hot pink neon letters.

A trashy female DANCER takes off her top and swings around a stripper pole with an empty, soulless expression. As she saunters across the stage, Sex Kitten emerges from behind the curtain of silver beads.

All the drunken patrons are lifeless zombies glued to their phones and their drinks. Nobody so much as lifts their head up.

Libby waves frantically at the dancer.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Behind you! Behind you!

The dancer doesn't notice anything until Sex Kitten slams her nail-covered bat into the back of her skull.

She falls to the floor and Sex Kitten pounces, beating her face to a crimson pulp. The drunks all take pics and tape the brutality.

Sex Kitten waves at Libby.

Libby runs for the front door just as Sex Kitten leaps off the stage.

EXT. BLOOD WOODS - NIGHT

On the other side of the door, Libby finds herself in the middle of a forest where the sky is the color of blood.

She turns around to find the door she just came out of has vanished.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
What is going on?

Libby sees a strange azure glow in the distance.

She takes a step toward the light and Sex Kitten steps out from behind a tree and takes a swing. Libby ducks and the spiked bat lobs off a chunk of bark instead of her skull.

Libby scrambles away as Sex Kitten yanks her weapon out of the tree trunk and gives chase.

Libby runs toward the purple light in the distance.

Sex Kitten stays close, slamming her bat into many more trees along the way.

Once Libby reaches the source of the violet aura, she stops. Sex Kitten is no longer anywhere to be seen within these cursed woods beneath a scarlet sky.

A massive head of Medusa, standing ten feet tall and made out of weathered stone, is tucked in-between the gnarled fingers of a cluster of trees reaching up into the hellish landscape like a claw.

The big sculpted snakes growing out of the head slither up the tree trunks and get lost in the mangled foliage.

In place of Medusa's right eye, a large red gem shimmers like crystallized blood. In her left, a blue gem radiates like a sapphire sun. Together, they give off a purple glow.

Libby gazes at the jewel eyes and falls to her knees.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
I don't understand. What am I
supposed to do?
(beat)
What am I supposed to do?

Something deep in the woods give off an unholy WAIL that sounds like the earth itself is waking up from an ancient slumber.

Libby is chilled to the bone.

EXT. LAKE ACID - UNDERWATER - DAY

Justine is underwater. Endless blue encompasses all. Down here, she is a child again, an embryo in the womb of the mother.

She can hear MUFFLED LAUGHTER.

She looks up to see a spark of sunlight stretching its rays like a sunfish and swims toward it.

EXT. LAKE ACID - DAY

Justine breaks the water surface to find herself in the middle of a lake in a strange realm where the sky is green and the earth is blue.

On the nearby floating dock, are all her closest friends, even the dead ones (Libby, Mei, Zara, Piper, Noel, Brady, and Max) alive and well and wearing their bathing suits and soaking up the alien emerald sun.

Piper is sitting on the edge of the dock with her legs in the water. She and Justine make eye contact.

PIPER:

You finally came up for air. I thought you were gonna buy a house down there.

Justine swims over to the edge of the dock.

JUSTINE:

You're just a figment of my imagination.

PIPER:

Some friend you are.

Justine climbs out onto the dock. She almost looks as good as Libby in her bathing suit. She rings out her hair.

MAX:

Brady was telling a story.

ZARA:

Brady tells a lot of stories.

NOEL:

About you, especially.

Justine sits down. She looks at the shore in the distance. There seems to be some sort of disturbance. It's hard to make out.

LIBBY:

Whatcha lookin' at?

JUSTINE:

I dunno. Where are we, anyway?

MEI:
Are you high?

JUSTINE:
Yeah. Maybe.

PIPER:
You're a weirdo.

BRADY:
Like I was saying, that family that moved in next to the Barclays is into some really weird shit. The mom made a pact with a demigod.

LIBBY:
The devil?

BRADY:
No, a demigod. Totally different thing. Two gods boink and the resultant spooge-stooge is a demigod. Dig?

LIBBY:
Whatever.

NOEL:
Well, I mean, it's all a crock, right? It's just some bullshit story. There are no gods or demigods or devils or demons or deities of any kind whatsoever. Never has been, never will be.

BRADY:
Maybe not that we can see. Maybe not in this reality at all. Maybe there are doors, gates to other planes of existence.

MEI:
Maybe this story sucks.

PIPER:
The Barclays think they're in a cult.

ZARA:
Some family.

JUSTINE:
What family?

MAX:
Your family.

Justine feels as if she's just been punched in the stomach. All her friends are smiling at her with vacant, soulless expressions of empty joy.

She looks at the shades of blue on the shore and puts a hand over her eyes to block the verdant blinding light and focus at the little moving figures.

In the distance, she can see Acid Dragon slaughtering VACATIONERS left and right on the shore.

Entire families are dismembered.

Loved ones are maimed by gushing sulfuric torrents.

JUSTINE:
Oh, my God.

PIPER:
Yeah, it's pretty fucked up, isn't it?

Justine looks at Piper and sees that her legs have been reduced to the bones underneath. They're still sizzling in the acid lake that has somehow replaced the water. Piper doesn't seem to mind.

JUSTINE:
Piper, your legs.

PIPER:
What is with you? You look like you've seen a ghost.

Brady picks Justine up and throws her in the lake of acid and she burns.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - MEDUSA SHRINE - NIGHT

Violet is walking through the deepest dark of the Black Hills. She uses the blue crystal to light the way through the forest.

The burning pyre is a tiny spark.

She stops when she comes across the giant Medusa head from Libby's hallucination. It is nestled within a forest alcove, the snakes on her hair slithering up the trees and getting lost in a labyrinth of branches. Her red jewel right eye glows. Her blue gem left eye is missing a piece.

VIOLET:
Everything in its place.

Violet places the blue crystal in the eye and it fits like a puzzle piece.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
I was right to place my faith in you.

Violet embraces the Medusa head.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)
Take me home.

She gets to her knees and repeatedly bows to the giant sculpture in a state of frenetic transcendence.

An ancient gate, lost in the abyssal swirl of snakes and branches, begins to open.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - THEATER - NIGHT

Justine blinks awake to find she is still tied to her seat in the forest theater. The movie screen plays warbled static fuzz.

In front of it, Mei has been strung up with her back to the audience.

Killer Bee is whipping Mei's back and has been for some time, as there is no longer any skin there.

Sex Kitten and Acid Dragon stand guard on opposite sides of the screen, which has now been turned into a torture chamber.

LIBBY:
Mei! What is wrong with you fucked up people?

JUSTINE:
We have to get out of here.

LIBBY:
You think?

The masked psychopaths look past the two girls, past the audience, past the pyre.

As if hearing some invisible force calling them, they leave the screen and walk down the red carpet and into obscurity.

The audience members sitting in the furthest seats to the right in every row pull out gasoline canisters from underneath their seats and douse themselves before passing to the left.

The girls writhe violently against the ropes digging into their wrists.

LIBBY: (CONT'D)
Nononononono.

The smell of gasoline is strong and some has splashed on the girls.

Then the audience members in the right seats take out a match and set themselves a light. The entire audience goes up in a wave of fire that rolls to the left and crashes in a massive bonfire.

Embers singe Libby's rope enough for her to wriggle an arm out and free herself.

Justine looks up as Libby gets out of her seat.

JUSTINE:
Help me.

Libby considers but can only look at the blaze as the audience succumbs to the flames of death.

JUSTINE: (CONT'D)
Libby?

LIBBY:
I can't.

JUSTINE:
What?

LIBBY:
I can't. Your mom did all of this.
You'll do it, too. It's in your
blood, Justine. You're one of them.

Libby runs off and nearly runs into Mei's corpse strung up on the movie screen.

JUSTINE:
Libby? Libby, get back here, you
fucking bitch!

A flame has burned a hole in the screen which Libby goes through.

Justine is still stuck to her seat and the empty seat beside her in which Mei was sitting is now burning.

The heat from the fire emanates in a flickering invisible wave that is so hot it creates little blisters on Justine's skin. The flames inch closer and closer.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - MEDUSA SHRINE - NIGHT

Violet is still praying to the Medusa head at the shrine in the woods.

The secret gate up in the snakes and the branches is open. Behind the intricate stone carvings of its weathered visage, covered in vines, a misty vortex flashes a rainbow of colors.

In the nightmare void, the outline of a DEMIGOD can be seen walking in the spectral fog. It is a tall humanoid covered in fur with a cluster of several deer antlers growing out of an elongated skull.

Violet, utterly ravaged by bliss, looks up at the opening.

VIOLET:

For this, too, I will atone.

Killer Bee, Sex Kitten, and Acid Dragon walk past Violet and begin to climb up the roots covering the Medusa head.

Once they enter the abyss, the gates begin to close.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)

No! I gave you everything! It won't be for nothing!

Violet tries to climb up just like the masked killers did. As she works her way up the Medusa head, it springs to life for but a moment.

Medusa's blue eye watches with resigned agony as Violet crawls up her face.

VIOLET: (CONT'D)

You will not deny me!

Beyond the gate, the many-antlered thing watches Violet with three glowing eyes as the psychopaths venture deeper into the flashing mist.

Violet climbs up a snake encircling a branch like a staircase.

She tries to squeeze through the gate. She forces a leg, and arm, and her head in-between the closing stone slabs.

It's too late. The gate shuts on her body, severing a leg and an arm and decapitating her.

Violet's headless corpse falls off the Medusa head and lands in a bloody puddle right in front of it.

Myriad little roots grow from under Medusa's chin and entwine around Violet's body parts.

The roots drag her leg, arm, and head toward the huge sculpted face and disappear in the undergrowth below it.

The giant stone face watches in silence. There is no evidence of a gate ever having existed.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - FOREST - NIGHT

Libby is running like hell through the trees of the forest. The inferno of the theater is so far away it looks like the flame of a candle.

She can sense an ancient, invisible evil chasing her. She darts from tree to tree in a deranged panic.

Libby has become a wild animal, having been driven completely mad by this night of terror.

Lightning flashes in the thunderheads above.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - THEATER - NIGHT

The flames reach Justine's right arm and burn it along with the rope. She uses her badly singed fingers to free herself and nearly runs into her father Lyle's body.

She stands among the rolling flames of the burning theater. It has turned into an apocalyptic wasteland.

Her body, mind, and spirit all have been shattered.

LIBBY: (V.O.)
It's in your blood, Justine. You're
one of them.

Justine looks at the inferno. The blaze casts a warm orange glow on her face.

Her lips curl into a faint smile.

THE END.