

High School Massacre

by

Jalen M. Smith

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FADE IN

on a mask.

The face of a HORNET. Animated eyes, glistening color. Thin, plastic, something you would buy at a Texco for a dollar.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

HUNDREDS of these similar masks! A crowd. Cheering, stomping. Screaming.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Thunderous cheers. The blazing stadium lights illuminate the pale football field.

The cheerleaders chant, resurrecting more SHOUTS from the crowd. The girls flash us fake smiles. Their breaths visible in the cold.

This is the HOME side. Full of life, cheering, going INSANE.

The VISITORS side, across the field, is a different story. Specs of BLUE are visible from a distance. Slight cheers. Nothing too extreme.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Good evening ladies and gentlemen!
Welcome to the Fuller High School
football homecoming!

The announcer's voice is a cheap imitation of an ESPN episode.

But the Home crowd lets loose, SHOUTING into the night.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(cont'd)

Tonight, the Fuller High Hornets
will take on the Jackson High
Devils!

Finally, the VISITORS side makes an attempt to be heard. The Jackson High cheerleaders wiggle their pom-poms, kick a high kick, and try to look interested.

The Home cheerleaders can't be beat. They're making a pyramid. The GIRL at the top, beautiful, sparkling smile, does an insanely high flip.

The crowd responds with a standing ovation.

(CONTINUED)

Whistles. Screams. Fans attempting to stomp along to *We Will Rock You*.

ON THE FIELD

a platform has been built. It hosts the HOMECOMING ROYALTY. Pretty girls in pretty dresses.

All fake.

But only three girls are present. The queen, who's name is JESSICA, sits in the middle. She wears a tight black dress and too much makeup. Her hair looks completely fried. There's not an ounce of natural beauty to her.

Jessica waves at the crowd, assuming as if it's all for her.

It's nice to dream.

A YOUNG GIRL stumbles up to the platform, breathing hard, sweating. Jessica recoils her hand at the sight of her.

The girl is DONNA NEWMAN (16), skinny, nerdy but sexy, and nothing but natural beauty.

Donna takes a few quick breaths.

DONNA

Coach Sampson said it's almost time.

Jessica stands quickly. She smooths her dress. Unsteady in her high heels. She wobbles.

JESSICA

(to the other two girls)
How do I look?

GIRL #1

I'd totally do you. If I was gay.
But I'm not.

GIRL #2

You look great, Jess.

Jessica, now satisfied, slowly inches down the platform. Her crown stays amongst her frizzy hair.

DONNA

Need any help?

(CONTINUED)

JESSICA

No. Don't touch me. You're sweaty.
Gross.

She certainly is the queen...of Bitchland.

Donna is glad. She turns away, heading to...

EXT. CONCESSION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Donna emerges, inside the crowd.

SMOKE rises from the concession barbecue. A skinny,
dorky-looking boy is at the grill, making a sandwich.

He is ALAN PARKER (16). He comes equipped with glasses and a
pocketful of pens. Everything. Dork Heaven.

ALAN

(to Donna; working)
Tough night?

DONNA

Two words: Queen Bitch.

ALAN

Oh. 'Nuff said.

DONNA

Yeah.
(then)
So what are you doing?

ALAN

Jennifer put me on grill patrol.

Steam spews forth from the open grill. Alan SLAMS the door
to it.

Donna rakes a hand through her hair. Her eyes move across
the crowd.

Alan stares down at her with longing.

A WHISTLE blows.

The shouts and stomping grows louder.

DONNA

Finally. Kick off.

Alan snaps from his Donna-induced trance.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN
Yeah. Finally.

Through the sea of people, a FIGURE struggles forward. Slowly at first, then she emerges.

JENNIFER COLE (16), frazzled, sweaty, and determined. Somewhat distracted, but painfully attractive..

DONNA
Hey Jen.

JENNIFER
(pissed)
Alan! I need that sandwich now! I have a fucking crowd of people waiting in line! I need you quick!

Donna stands up. Stretches a bit. Not worried at all.

Alan hands the sandwich to Jennifer with SHAKING hands. In fear.

ALAN
Sorry.

JENNIFER
(softer)
Alan, would you mind getting some ice from the home ec room? I promise I'll apologize for all of this one Monday.

Donna loops her arm through Alan's.

DONNA
We'll both go. It'll be quicker.

JENNIFER
Thanks, guys. I owe you.

With that, Jennifer blends back into the stream of chaos.

Alan wilts against the wall of the concession building.

DONNA
What is it?

ALAN
That girl is like walking dynamite. I swear.

Donna LAUGHS. She agrees.

DONNA

Come on. Let's go before she explodes.

They start off at a run, leaving the game behind.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's much quieter.

The stadium lights glow in the sky behind Donna and Alan. The cheers from the crowd echo.

ALAN

Thanks for calming Jennifer down a bit back there. She would have had my balls on a platter.

DONNA

Nah. Jen is cool when she's not running the student council.

ALAN

That's true, I suppose, but still...she's scary.

Donna zips her jacket up tighter.

DONNA

She's stressed, Alan. For her to be a member of the God-squad, she's nice. Very nice.

(NOTE: The GOD-SQUAD is a group of jocks, cheerleaders, and other preppy students.)

ALAN

Yeah, I know.

DONNA

Wait, why are you even here? You're vice-president of the student council, aren't you?

ALAN

No, I'm secretary, and I have to be here. Or get kicked out.

Donna rolls her eyes. Typical nerd speak.

(CONTINUED)

DONNA

Only members had to come. Members
and the president.

ALAN

Besides you, me, and Jen, everyone
else is on the God-squad. Jen
needed some help.

DONNA

Awww. How nice of you to oblige.

She ELBOWS him playfully in the ribs. Alan sucks in a sudden
breath and doubles over.

Donna looks horrified.

DONNA

What? I'm sorry!

ALAN

Damn girl. Maybe you're the one I
should be worried about.

He slugs her in the shoulder, also playfully.

They continue walking. The outline of the main school
building is visible. Just a few yards away.

DONNA

Hey..I have an idea.

ALAN

No more hitting.

DONNA

No. Whoever gets to the school
first has to stay after and clean
up.

ALAN

But that...

Donna PUSHES him! She has a head start.

ALAN

Not fair!

He runs like hell after her.

EXT. FULLER HIGH - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Donna CRASHES into the brick wall. Panting. Gasping.

Laughing.

In the REFLECTION of the glass doors to her left, we can see Alan approaching.

ON ALAN

sweating, panting, grimacing. He's badly out of shape.

ALAN
(almost hyperventilating)
You...suck...

Donna wipes the sweat from her brow and pats him on the back.

DONNA
(wheezing)
Don't worry, bud, I'll stay after
and help you clean.

She bites her lip and gives him a "Ha-Ha-I-win" look.

Alan tries to counter her expression, but COUGHS in the process.

Donna slips inside the building.

ALAN
Wait!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. Only light from the door enters.

An empty school is rare, but at night - that's another thing.

Alan is alone.

Where the fuck is Donna?

ALAN
(calling out)
Donna? Seriously. Come on.

Silence.

Alan stops. Abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

Oh, no. No. If you're thinking about playing a fucking prank and jumping out of the shadows, then I'm leaving. You can carry the ice...

DONNA (O.S.)

Come on!

Alan yelps at the sudden presence.

ALAN

For fuck's sake, Donna!

DONNA

Pussy.

Her footsteps RETREAT. Alan hurries in her wake.

INT. HOME ECONOMICS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A full fledged kitchen mixed with a classroom.

Two refrigerators, a stove, and cupboards. Plus desks and chairs for the students.

A large COOLER sits by the doorway.

Donna is the first to enter.

DONNA

Goddamn. Why couldn't they have just brought it over there?

ALAN

I have no clue. Don't really care why. Let's just get it and go.

Donna puts her hands on her hips and studies Alan.

He rubs his arms for warmth. Heart racing.

Awkward silence.

DONNA

Are you afraid?

Her voice is teasing, menacing.

ALAN

I'm not even going to try and shit
you, so yes. I'm afraid.

Donna SMILES. Perfect teeth. Catching smile.

Alan swallows hard. She's so hot.

ALAN

We should get...the cooler...

DONNA

Oh! You're right.

(then)

Grab a...

BEEP! Alan's cell phone blares. He digs it from his pocket
in a rush.

ALAN

(into phone)

Hello?

JENNIFER

(from phone; pissed)

Where are you guys? We are totally
out of ice now!

ALAN

We're on our way.

He glances at Donna and makes a "shoot me" motion with his
hands. She laughs, turns.

JENNIFER

Hurry.

CLICK. The call is over.

ALAN

Even over the phone she's...

(noticing Donna)

What is it?

Donna is staring at the refrigerator that's across the room.

The door to it is OPEN!

ANGLE ON DONNA

Her breathing quickens.

This can't be right? Maybe it was already open.

(CONTINUED)

DONNA
Um. Let's just go.

ALAN
Was that door...?

DONNA
I don't think so. Doors just don't
open by themselves.

ALAN
It was probably already open. No
biggie.

Donna turns away from the open fridge.

DONNA
Do you think we should close it?
Good question. Alan isn't too quick to act.
It's stupid! Don't be afraid...

ALAN
God! There's nothing to be scared
of!

He jogs across the room and SHUTS the refrigerator's door.

Problem solved.

Donna mocks a golfer's clap.

DONNA
Bravo, Fabio. I'm impressed.

Alan sticks his chest out. Pretending.

ALAN
(in a Fabio-heavy accent)
I can't believe I'm so sexy.

Donna does her classic eye roll and turns, when...

A DOOR SLAMS! From the hallway. The sound echoes.

Alan's chest deflates.

DONNA
What the hell?

She backs away from the darkened doorway.

FOOTSTEPS against hard tile, coming down the hallway. FAST!

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

Oh fuck!

The footsteps grow LOUDER.

Donna pushes herself against Alan. Terrified.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

black. Looking into the dark hallway. Clicking footsteps.
Breathing.

Almost upon them.

A FACE!

It's only Jennifer.

ON JENNIFER

sweating, panting. She obviously ran.

She's also pissed. Very pissed.

We HOLD on her as Donna and Alan rush for the cooler.

ALAN

We were on our way! Really!

JENNIFER

Just get the ice over to the
concession stand. Now.

ANGER spills through her words. Her brow is furrowed, but
her gaze is fixed on Alan. She watches him and slowly turns
to leave, when...

A HORNET MASK APPEARS!

*(NOTE: The Mask will ALWAYS wear a Fuller High School
hoodie, which is common amongst anyone. The hood obscures
most of The Mask.)*

From the doorway. From the black.

Jennifer YELPS and jumps back.

ON THE MASK

it floats closer. Into the room.

ON ALAN AND DONNA

they drop the cooler and slowly creep back, eyes trained hard on The Mask.

JENNIFER

What the...?

(catching herself)

Look, we need to get back to...

A gloved hand travels across Jennifer's FACE. She falls back, onto a table.

Unconscious.

Donna LOSES it!

She screams BLOODY MURDER.

The Mask gently closes the door behind him. Turns the lock. All in one fluid movement.

ALAN

Hey! Hey! Stop!

Donna begins to throw FOOD ITEMS at The Mask. Unrelenting.

The Mask glides across the room and opens a drawer. The gloved hands hover over an assortment of utensils, before one is chosen.

A GLINTING STEAK KNIFE is pulled into view!

ALAN

Oh, fuck!

(to Donna)

Run!

She doesn't have to be told twice. Her hands are clawing at the door handle.

The knife SLASHES into her shoulder. She SCREAMS OUT, falls to the floor. Blood gushes through her torn shirt.

Alan and The Mask share a moment. Only a quick second.

But Alan reaches for the door just as The Mask BARRELS into him.

ANGLE ON DONNA

clutching her bleeding shoulder, fumbling with the door handle. The BLOOD on her hands is too slippery to grab anything.

ON ALAN

(CONTINUED)

struggling with The Mask. Knife is raised above his head.
Helpless.

ALAN
(struggling)
Help me! Donna! Jennifer!

He manages to get in a good kick to The Mask's STOMACH. This buys him a valuable second to roll away.

He STANDS.

The KNIFE sails through the air beside his head!

ON JENNIFER

her eyes flutter OPEN. Grunting through pain. Gritted teeth.
She stands, watching Alan struggle with The Mask.

JENNIFER
Donna! Help me! Look for something!

The Mask's head SNAPS to Jennifer.

The DOOR OPENS!

Donna is out, SCREAMING into the empty hallways.

ON ALAN

holding onto The Mask's knife-wielding hand. Inches from his face. The blade digging closer to his THROAT.

ALAN
Noooo...

ON JENNIFER

quick leaps over desks. Her hands fly through drawers.
Utensils fly onto the floor.

She raises a FRYING PAN above her head.

We follow her as she stumbles over herself, frying pan raised.

The Mask turns Alan around, holding him in a death grip.
KNIFE on his throat.

Jennifer STOPS.

JENNIFER
Please let him go.

The Mask's arm is jammed firmly against Alan's throat.
Breathing is out of the question for him.

JENNIFER
(cont'd)
Don't hurt him! We didn't do
anything to you, Goddammit!

Tears SPILL down her cheeks. She takes a tentative step
forward.

The Mask STABS the knife into Alan's chest!

REPEATEDLY.

Blood SPLATTERS.

Jennifer brings the frying pan DOWN. Onto The Mask. He looks
at her. Unaffected.

JENNIFER
Oh, fuck.

Alan's LIFELESS body slips to the floor. Blood gushing
across tile.

Jennifer BOLTS.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Footsteps pounding. SCREAMING.

Jennifer runs. The Mask is hot on her heels.

The front doors are just ahead of her.

A GLOVED HAND grabs her!

She kicks. Screams. Like a mad woman!

A swift SLAP across The Mask's face does it. The thin
plastic mask glides to the floor.

FROM THE SHADOWS...a MAN appears. Knife raised.

The MAN is COACH SAMPSON (45), athletic, handsome, deranged.

Jennifer steps back, disbelief and shock flooring her.

He LUNGES!

Jennifer is too quick. She POUNDS down the hallway and out of the doors.

EXT. FULLER HIGH - CONTINUOUS

She's on the main lawn. Breath visible in the night.

Flashing BLUE LIGHTS!

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Raise your hands above you head!

A blinding light hits Jennifer. A SPOTLIGHT.

Sampson EMERGES, knife raised!

From the mass of blue lights and shouting chaos, DONNA SCREAMS.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Get down!

Jennifer falls to the slick grass. An EXPLOSION of bullets pierce the night.

She SCREAMS.

Sampson collapses, very much dead. His eyes bore into Jennifer's. His go without seeing.

Jennifer looks up. The spotlight on her shuts off, and we....

FADE OUT

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Sunlight filters in through the open windows. Brightly colored walls. Rows of perfectly lined desks. A typical, Grade-A classroom.

Every desk is FILLED. Class is in session.

Near the back corner sits DAVID JONES (16) a Junior, skinny, pale, approaching goth. His mass of tangled hair rises in the back. He's ASLEEP, lightly snoring.

Beside him sits TAYLOR WILLIAMS (16), also a Junior. She, too, appears to be lurking on the dark side. Black eyeliner. Black hair and wardrobe. Total goth.

(CONTINUED)

She eyes David.

At the front of the class, a tall, blond headed teacher rambles on and on about the Russian Revolution. She is MRS. WALLACE. (Only first names known by high schoolers.) But for a teacher, she's surprisingly sexy in a plain kinda way.

Taylor digs a pencil from her folder and THROWS it at David. He stirs.

TAYLOR
(whispering)
Wake up!

DAVID
I am.

He stretches and wipes the sleep from his eyes.

TAYLOR
I hope you had a good rest.

DAVID
It was great.

MRS. WALLACE (O.S.)
Mr. Jones, Ms. Williams, you two
want to share your conversation?

David doesn't answer.

TAYLOR
No, thanks.

MRS. WALLACE
Good, then you won't mind
listening.

Taylor rolls her eyes, not persuaded. David can't stop smiling at her.

She smiles back.

The class bell RINGS.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Students congest the hallway. They shuffle to and fro, tired. The first class of the day is over. They've won half the battle.

A flash of ORANGE jumps into the shot and we stare into the face of a HORNET!

(CONTINUED)

It's only a sticker on the door of a locker.

A GIRL pulls a few books from the top shelf of her locker. She flips her hair over. Looks up with emerald eyes. Fully developed chest.

This girl is KAREN LEE (17), a senior, hot, the token black girl, and considered a whore by others. But who cares? She's nice to look at. Every guys wet dream.

A small mirror is in the door of her locker. Karen stops struggling with a lodged folder to look at herself. It's not one of the, "Am I hot today?" looks, but she's really looking at herself. Like a person.

IN THE MIRROR

we see two mischievous-looking students standing across the hall. Karen grins and turns...

ACROSS THE HALLWAY...

One of the students, a guy, is medium height, has short hair, a pair of thick-framed black glasses, and a rough coating of five o'clock shadow. Meet DANIEL STONE (16). The leader of the nerd clan, the conductor of the high school band. The indie film guru.

Standing next to him is a quirky-but-sexy girl. Gum smacking in her mouth. Bored look on her face. She is none other than KATIE LONG (17). Her gaze WANDERS across the clustered hall. Falling on Karen.

Their eyes meet. Karen winks at her.

DANIEL

...I forgot to pay my cell bill. I still remembered to print it though.

KATIE

(uninterested)

That doesn't matter. Just give me my shit.

Daniel rifles through his messenger bag and pulls out a stack of STAPLED PAPERS.

Katie attempts to blow a bubble, but it deflates.

DANIEL

Here. It's all there.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Whatever.
(walking off)
Freak.

She grabs the papers as she walks by him, then joins Karen. The two girls giggle as they unite.

Daniel's gaze is locked on Katie's ass. Her jeans compliment her well...

DAVID

Yo, bitch.

Daniel jumps, startled.

DANIEL

Hello.

DAVID

So what's the 411 on the Chem quiz?

DANIEL

(distracted)
Hellacious. Ya know how Ms. Allen is.

DAVID

True dat.
(making conversation)
So why were you chatting up Katie?

DANIEL

Just a school project.

DAVID

Ah, so you mean you did her project, huh? What did she give you in return...?

Daniel gives him a skeptical look.

DAVID

(getting a clue)
Oh, I see.

DANIEL

Yeah, and I gotta go. Don't wanna be late.

He shuts his locker and breaks off into the stream of students.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daniel breezes inside just as the BELL RINGS.

The teacher, MR. HUNTER, takes his seat (throne), but not before casting a dreadful look at Daniel.

MR. HUNTER

Daniel, my main man, you're late.

DANIEL

I was inside when the bell rang! I can't get a tardy for be...

MR. HUNTER

Take a seat.

The classroom is full. To capacity.

A HAND waves him over. Daniel squeezes through the close rows of chairs, only to be met with BRANDON TUCKER (17), the God of all Seniors, master of all jocks, and incredibly gorgeous.

BRANDON

Take the seat beside me. It's not the best, but...

DANIEL

Thanks.

He sits down without complaint.

Mr. Hunter begins his sermon on polynomials and other mathematical rules.

ON BRANDON

he's perfect. Clean cut, perfect face, rippling muscles. He must be a total dick then, right? Wrong.

DANIEL

(desperate; to Brandon)

Do you have a pencil? Or pen? I'm out.

Brandon searches through his pockets for a beat. He holds up a mangled pencil. Bite marks gnawed it almost in half.

BRANDON

Sorry. I got a little... bored. It's all I got.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

It's fine.

He takes the pencil. Grateful.

Mr. Hunter, a balding but imposing man, clears his throat once he's finished with a chapter in his extremely LARGE teacher's book. He surveys the class. Like a drill sergeant scopes out his troop.

MR. HUNTER

So... I will give you all a homework free night tonight if someone can tell me the answer to that.

He points to the mother of all equations on the marker board behind him.

A single HAND rises.

Brandon.

MR. HUNTER

Ah. Mr. Tucker. What do ya have for me?

BRANDON

The value of the equation is five over eight.

Such a pretty boy like him must be wrong, right? Wrong! He's right.

Mr. Hunter stands, mouth agape, staring at Brandon.

Daniel looks between the two of them, clearly impressed. Others around him murmur with the restless silence.

MR. HUNTER

(shocked)

Wow. Uh, well, I stand by my promise. Mr. Tucker saved you all a Friday night.

Weak CHEERS from all around.

ON BRANDON

he smiles sheepishly and shuts his notebook, hiding the equation scrawled on his paper. People pat him on the back. Like he just scored a touchdown - oh, wait. I forgot to mention he's quarter back, too.

(CONTINUED)

Daniel holds the pencil out in front of him like an offering.

DANIEL
Here. Thanks.

BRANDON
No prob.

Daniel looks around. Mr. Hunter has planted himself at his desk, sipping coffee. Reading the paper.

DANIEL
So, are you naturally a genius or
are you just really good at
cheating?

Brandon laughs, surprised.

BRANDON
I'm really good at math, just sucky
at everything else.

DANIEL
...except football.

BRANDON
(agreeing)
I have my days.
(then)
Why are you in here? Aren't you a
Junior?

DANIEL
Ding ding ding. I'm a math nerd.

BRANDON
There's nothing wrong with that.

He flashes his perfect smile.

A random classmate strikes up a conversation with Brandon. Daniel pulls back to his desk and stares at the class around him. Everyone is so DIFFERENT. Girls talk in hushed whispers, the guys watch the girls bending forward in their desks. A few odd-balls will stare at the ceiling in absent thought.

Daniel opens a book blocks it all out.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Lunchtime. The best time of day for a typical high schooler.

The hall is dotted with STRAY STUDENTS sitting, eating their sack lunches. Skinny girls munch on crackers. Jocks drink their protein shakes. Teachers walk to the lounge carrying their lunches.

All is right with the world.

THE CAMERA PANS down the hallway until we rest on a large glass window that peers into...

INT. MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Spacious, luxurious. Official. The place of so many things. From detentions to expulsions.

A thin-lipped woman, in her late 40s, sits behind the large desk in the center of the office. She types away on the keyboard. Fingers invisible. Her cheeks are stained pink from too much blush. A nameplate on her desk reads '**MARIE**'.

The office door opens to reveal...

JENNIFER, now seventeen, stands awkwardly behind the desk. Her eyes roam around the room. Remembering. She appears frail, weak. Vulnerable.

Marie stands up, coughing. Smoothing out her dress.

A MAN steps in behind Jennifer. Her father, JOHN, late 30s, handsome, dressed in a pressed business suit.

MARIE

(shocked)

Oh! How... how wonderful! Jennifer.
Oh, goodness. It's great to see you
again, honey! I have missed my
favorite office assistant!

Marie hobbles around and wraps her thin arms around Jennifer.

A small door in the corner of the room opens.

PRINCIPAL RHODES, early 40s, a thin, often distracted man, stands smiling. His cheeks burn red hot.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES
Jennifer Cole.

He lets the name hang in the air.

Marie quickly detaches herself and returns to her computer.

John extends his hand.

JOHN
Principal Rhodes, I don't mean to
push, but I have to be back at work
by 1.

He looks down at Jennifer, eyes soft.

JOHN
(to Jennifer; concerned)
You sure you want to do this?

JENNIFER
One hundred percent.

RHODES
Mr. Cole, I've been working on a
few things for Jennifer myself.
I've arranged for her therapist to
make on-campus visits every
Thursday. Plus, we have a school
guidance counselor.

JENNIFER
(obviously not)
I'm fine.

JOHN
Well, it's all Jen's decision. She
wanted to do it.

MARIE
We're glad you're back, Jennifer.

The trio turn to the old woman. She flashes Jennifer a warm
smile. Assuring her.

JENNIFER
We should get to it, then. What all
does my dad need to sign?

RHODES
Oh, don't worry. We can send them
home. I understand how important a
job is, Mr. Cole. Very. Now, you
go. Jen will be fine here.

(CONTINUED)

John raises an eyebrow, cautious. Jennifer slips her hand into his.

JENNIFER

I'll be fine.

JOHN

I know. Call me when you're out,
I'll pick you up. Love you.

JENNIFER

Love you.

John SLIPS OUT. Jennifer watches him go from the glass window.

Her breathing grows rugged, deeper. Hands are sweaty. Eyes dart around instinctively. The beating of her HEART sings in her ears.

RHODES

You're good now, Jen. C'mon, let's
have a chat in my office before I
turn you loose.

Jennifer snaps aware, turns to Principal Rhodes.

JENNIFER

Let's do it.

RHODES

After you, Ms. Cole.

They retreat to his small office and the door slowly CLICKS shut.

INT. CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

It's jam-packed. Sounds of voices, laughter - blends together. Rows of long tables are spread across the large area.

We float across the lunch crowd until we rest on a table in a secluded corner. David, Taylor, and Daniel sit in silence. None of them have a lunch tray.

TAYLOR

(bored)

Ya know, I really think they should
contact the CDC or something, cause
the mashed potatoes are
radioactive.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Really? I just thought they were gross.

TAYLOR

Gross, radioactive - same thing.

Daniel is absorbed in his book.

TAYLOR

Dan, what the hell are you reading that's so important?

She tilts the book cover up.

TAYLOR

(cont'd)

Wuthering Heights? Really?

Daniel glares at her.

DANIEL

Yeah. It's a good story.

Taylor blows a strand of hair from her face, not convinced.

DAVID

The Cat in the Hat is a good story.

Daniel laughs, but retreats back into his book.

We float back across the cafeteria a few feet until we come to the "God-squad" table. It is bursting with people. No seats are left.

KATIE

I think we should go to that new outlet mall on Main Street tonight.

KAREN

Nah, why not just go to the regular mall?

Katie shrugs.

KATIE

I don't care. As long as I get some new heels.

Brandon is sandwiched between two football jocks. He looks uncomfortable, almost depressed.

CRAIG BARNES, one of the guys beside Brandon and dumb as shit, punches Brandon in the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

(to Brandon)

Didn't know you had two lady
friends. Why don't you let me have
one?

BRANDON

Be my guest, Craig.

Craig smirks, stroking his chin. Katie recoils and hugs
Karen.

KATIE

Sorry bud, but she's mine.

CRAIG

Cool. I've always wanted to try a
threesome.

Everyone in earshot stares at him.

KAREN

God, you're gross.

CRAIG

(oblivious)

What?

Brandon suddenly stands. We follow him and discover what
he's gawking at...

JENNIFER. She slowly enters the cafeteria. People stare her
down as she moves. Brandon waves to her. She looks at him,
relieved.

BRANDON

Hey, over here.

Jennifer approaches. Brandon wraps an arm around her.

Everyone stares.

KAREN

(totally shocked)

Oh my God! Jennifer!

She bolts straight up from her seat and wraps herself around
Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Let's sit down.

She's clearly uncomfortable. So they sit.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

God, Jennifer, you haven't talked to me in months! You wouldn't return any of my calls. Your mom said you weren't feeling well...

JENNIFER

I know. I'm sorry.

KATIE

It's so great that you're back.

She slides her hand across the table and touches Jennifer's arm.

JENNIFER

Thanks.

KAREN

(realizing)

Wait a minute. Are you two...
(motioning to Brandon and
Jennifer)
...together?

Jennifer glances across the cafeteria nervously.

BRANDON

(to Jennifer)

How do you think we should answer this, babe?

He smiles. Jennifer shivers to the core, smitten.

JENNIFER

Yeah, we're together.

KATIE

Oh. Em. Gee! This is great!

Jennifer rests her head on Brandon's shoulder.

JENNIFER

I agree.

KAREN

So why did you come back now? Why not wait until after Christmas?

JENNIFER

Home schooling was not fun, and besides - I didn't want to miss my senior year.

KATIE

Damn straight! We missed you.

The rest of the table realizes Jennifer has joined them and they begin to welcome her once again.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Packed parking lot. Eager shoppers, mainly the elderly.

Outside marquee reads:

"Half price ground beef. All liquor on sale! Get it now for your Fuller County homecoming party!"

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Bright fluorescent lighting. A few slow-moving shoppers.

This is your neighborhood grocery store. Where you can find anything from condoms to milk at a reasonable price.

The workers are decked out in a bright GREEN wardrobe with BLUE vests. So awful.

In CHECK-OUT LANE #7, a girl slowly scans the items rolling in front of her.

DONNA, freshly seventeen, has faded into this: a working class, high school dropout, totally withdrawn young woman. Bags sit under her eyes. Hair hangs limp over her face.

DONNA

That's fourteen eighty-seven.

An OLD MAN, who appears to be on his death bed, slowly writes a check. Donna rolls her eyes.

ERIC, the bag-boy, late 20s, runs up. He quickly begins to sack the items. Donna lets her eyes fall on him.

ERIC

(sacking)

This is fucking ridiculous. Carter didn't even show up, so I'm stuck doing double duty.

DONNA

That sucks.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
(looking up)
You're tellin' me.

The Old Man finally hands Donna the check. She scans it, does her thing, and produces a receipt.

DONNA
(gravely apathetic)
Come again. And remember: smart shopping is cheap shopping.

The Old Man smiles and slowly limps away with Eric, letting him push the cart.

Eric looks helplessly over his shoulder at Donna. She chuckles and turns back to her register.

STRANGER'S P.O.V.

Donna wipes off her station and checks the register. Doing what she always does. Oblivious.

She's being watched.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Soft, orange-colored walls. Bright colors. Posters of chiseled male models on the door. This is clearly a girl's room.

Jennifer sits at the front of her bed. Karen sits at the end. The two of them are surrounded by school books, doing homework.

Karen looks up, distracted.

KAREN
Do you ever wonder why the hell we learn about this shit?

Jennifer chuckles, still writing.

JENNIFER
Nah. I just do it.

KAREN
Ah, that's cause you're too nice.

Jennifer looks up, her attention grabbed.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

I am not!

KAREN

Are too!

JENNIFER

Whatever.

Karen rolls her eyes.

KAREN

Are you still in student council?

JENNIFER

No. Dad wants me to, for the college application stuff, but I just want to finish this year and have it over.

KAREN

(understanding)

I see.

(serious)

So, um...I know this may sound really mean, but...are you going to the homecoming game Friday?

Jennifer's eyes widen.

JENNIFER

THIS Friday?

KAREN

Yeah. I know that it's hard, but you should come. It will be fun! You have to face it sometime.

Jennifer shudders, scared at the thought.

JENNIFER

I don't know.

KAREN

Just think about it, alright? We're supposed to have an assembly tomorrow discussing the new rules that have been implemented this year.

JENNIFER

Really?

KAREN

Yep. Total security overkill, but
it will be worth it. Besides,
Brandon would really appreciate it.

Jennifer debates this, but returns to her paper. Karen shrugs helplessly.

THE CAMERA TURNS...

to the bedroom window, gazing out into the darkness.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Rowdy, loud, full of misfits with no lives. Heavy ROCK MUSIC is all we can hear.

MR. HUNTER (first name, ROBERT) sits in a booth next to a brown-headed cutie. He clears a piece of hair away from her face and whispers something dirty in her ear.

On his hand, a WEDDING RING shines. This brown-headed cutie isn't his wife. Or in his age group.

STRANGER'S P.O.V.

moving closer to the booth. Bar babes rush past The Stranger carrying trays of hard liquor.

Robert DOWNS a shot of tequila and turns back to Miss Brown Babe next to him. (Her name is SANDY.)

ROBERT

(drunken mess; shouting over
music)

Baby, you got the nicest pair of...
ears I've ever seen.

Sandy chuckles and nestles her head in Robert's face. He likes that. He replies with groping and feeling her up.

She likes that.

SANDY

(sexily)

Is that all you like?

The Stranger moves closer... almost on them, when...

Robert JUMPS UP!

The Stranger turns away quickly.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAL P.O.V.

Robert pulls Sandy out of the booth and pulls her close. He KISSES her, tongue sloshing around clumsily. It's gross.

LIPSTICK is smeared across his face when he resurfaces.

ROBERT
Let's get outta here.

SANDY
Yeah, let's hurry.

The two hurry through the crowd, out the doors, and into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Sandy stumbles in her HIGH HEELS. Flowing dress jumps up in the wind. Robert almost falls trying to catch her.

ROBERT
Easy there!

SANDY
Where's your car?

ROBERT
Somewhere...

He pulls out his car keys and pushes a LOCK button. LIGHTS flash in the distance.

ROBERT
Over there, apparently.

Sandy laughs a drunken laugh. They're both in no shape to drive.

STRANGER'S P.O.V.

The bar music has been replaced with HEAVY BREATHING. It's familiar.

It comes from UNDER A MASK!

We watch as Robert and Sandy shuffle on, drunk as hell. Laughing and stumbling.

Drawing closer. Behind a car, waiting. Watching. Hidden.

NORMAL P.O.V.

(CONTINUED)

Robert SLAMS Sandy up against the side of his car. He pulls her close, making out.

They get into it. Groping and grunting. They may not be able to make it to a hotel.

Sandy suddenly STOPS. Robert jerks his head away.

BLOOD stains his face!

ROBERT
What the hell...?

ON SANDY

eyes gone dark, face slack. Blood dripping from her mouth. Knife through her stomach.

BEHIND HER

The Mask!

ROBERT
What the fuck, man?!

Sandy falls to the wet pavement. DEAD! The Mask pulls the STEAK KNIFE from her back and aims it at Robert's throat.

He stares down at Sandy with glassy eyes.

The Mask STABS the knife, but Robert JUMPS to the ground, rolling away.

The knife slices into the hood of his car.

ROBERT
(calling out)
Help me! Help! Fire!

Robert staggers up, unsteady. Running for the BAR. The streetlights cast little light.

He's almost at the bar's entrance. Doors in sight.

Running. SCREAMING.

The Mask is on him, knife glinting in the darkness.

STAB! Once through the back.

Robert goes down, fingernails ripping off against the pavement. Trying to escape. The Mask rolls him over.

STAB! Again, through the CHEST.

(CONTINUED)

Robert's hands fall to his side. BLOOD bubbles from his mouth. Eyes stare up into the HORNET MASK.

Heavy breathing hitting plastic.

ON ROBERT

his face ashen. Color of a corpse. He is slowly dragged away, out of sight.

Off-screen is the voice of Principal Rhodes, over an audience...

RHODES (O.S.)
...May I have your attention,
please?

INT. GYMNASIUM - NEXT DAY

A full house. The murmuring dies down slightly.

THE CAMERA PANS across the bleachers. Students squirm and look restless.

ON RHODES

gripping tightly onto a podium. Sweat dots his forehead. Incredibly nervous.

Beside Rhodes -- OFFICER LEWIS (45), muscular, strong, gruff appearance, and all the more threatening with the gun holstered at his waist.

RHODES
Quiet down!

Immediate silence.

RHODES
(cont'd)
Thank you.
(a beat)
Now, as you all know, that tomorrow
night is homecoming night.

A few cheers and whistles from the crowd.

RHODES
(cont'd)
But we want this homecoming to be
safe and we want each and every one
of you to make safe decisions. So
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RHODES (cont'd)
that's why, this year, a curfew
will be set. After the game.

There's a handful of groans from the audience.

RHODES
(cont'd)
This is all done for your safety.
And today with us, we have Officer
Lewis from the Fuller Police
Department to enlighten you all
with a few extra rules put in
effect for tomorrow.

Rhodes steps away, nerves shot. Officer Lewis brings the
microphone up to reach his face. He clears his throat.

OFFICER LEWIS
Afternoon.

The intensity of his voice shakes the gymnasium.

OFFICER LEWIS
(cont'd)
As Mr. Rhodes said, there is going
to be a curfew at twelve o'clock
a.m. after the game. Also, you will
be given arm-bands when you enter
the game and you must keep them on.
This is to ensure that you have
paid and also that you have been
through a security check. The
perimeter of the concession area
will be the security check
location.

THE CAMERA FLOATS UP...

across a section of kids and teachers, until we reach David
and Daniel.

DANIEL
(whispering)
This is insane.

DAVID
(whispering)
It's not as bad as I thought it
would be.

Daniel nods, agreeing.

ON OFFICER LEWIS

(CONTINUED)

trying to find the words to speak. He glances at Rhodes, who isn't looking at him.

OFFICER LEWIS

Everyone at the Fuller Police Department wants you all to be safe. We hope you have a good homecoming. Thank you.

He steps away from the microphone. There are a few claps, but they suddenly die off. Rhodes steps back to the microphone.

RHODES

Return to your sixth period class.

Voices quickly rise, mashing together.

ON JENNIFER

holding on tightly to Brandon. Katie is behind them.

JENNIFER

You guys seen Karen?

KATIE

Nope.

Jennifer breaks away from Brandon to look over the flowing crowd. She spots Karen...

talking to Craig.

Jennifer smiles and rejoins Brandon.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Towering bookshelves, humming computers. A storeroom of information. Rarely used.

Taylor sits in an armchair, doing homework. The door slams behind her.

It's Katie.

Taylor scoffs, but returns to her work. Katie eyes Taylor heatedly. She breaks her stare and looks around, searching for something.

KATIE

Do you know where the librarian is?

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
(not looking up)
Nope.

Katie turns, staring straight at Taylor. She takes a few steps and falls into an armchair across from Taylor's.

TAYLOR
Is there something you want?

KATIE
Nope.

Taylor glares at Katie. Katie returns it.

TAYLOR
Okay, then.

She goes back to her business.

KATIE
(bitchy)
Why do you dress like that? I'm just curious.

TAYLOR
Dress like what?

KATIE
Like you're going to a funeral.

Taylor looks up again, scowling.

TAYLOR
(seriously)
Why do you look like that?

Katie flinches.

KATIE
Like?

TAYLOR
Like a fake plastic Barbie bimbo.

She lets loose a crooked grin.

TAYLOR
(cont'd)
I mean, don't get me wrong - I used to LOVE Barbie.

Katie stands, pissed.

KATIE

Don't you ever compare me...

The door opens...

It's David and Daniel.

DAVID

Taylor, why weren't you...?
(sensing tension)
What's going on?

TAYLOR

Nothing at all. What's going on
with you?

Katie stalks away, flustered. She stops as she passes
Daniel. He steps away from her.

KATIE

Thanks for the paper, but next
time, I want an A. Got that, bitch?

She lunges forward and PUSHES him into David. Taylor laughs
as the door slams.

DAVID

What the fuck? She's a bitch.

DANIEL

You're telling me.

TAYLOR

(proud of herself)
I called her a plastic-bimbo
Barbie.

DAVID

Oh, well, that explains it all.

He laughs, sitting on the arm of Taylor's chair.

DANIEL

David, do you have my English
folder?

DAVID

No, I gave it to you.

DANIEL

Shit! I think I left it in the gym.

David shrugs it off.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
I don't wanna go alone.

DAVID
Tough, dude.

TAYLOR
Just go with him, David. I gotta
finish this paper, anyway.
(a beat)
Are you coming over tonight?

DAVID
After work, I'll be there.

TAYLOR
Mr. Up-and-coming Bagger Boy. So
cute.

DANIEL
(annoyed)
Come on.

David playfully kisses Taylor's hand. He then rejoins with Daniel as the two slip out of the library.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The bell is ringing. But this is the special bell. It's the
END OF THE DAY bell.

Students are running rampant through the halls. Eager to be
out.

The CAMERA draws into the chaos, until we settle on...

KAREN

trying to shove every book in her locker. No such luck. A
few books fall to the floor, but a HAND reaches to help her
pick them up.

It's Jennifer, smiling like a crazy person.

KAREN
(guilty)
What?

She dramatically takes the book out of Jennifer's hand.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

You and Craig. Spill it. Now.

Karen shuts her locker, biting her lip. Choosing her words.

KAREN

I really think he's cute. And sweet.

JENNIFER

I never saw it coming.

She shakes her head, surprised.

Craig rushes behind Karen, slipping his arms around her waist. She jumps at his presence.

CRAIG

(seductively)

Guess who?

KAREN

(flirting)

Jude Law?

CRAIG

(seriously)

Who? No.

(he turns her around)

It's me. Craig!

Jennifer LAUGHS into her hands. Karen tries to hold it in.

KAREN

We are definitely going to have to have an MTV-watching marathon this weekend.

Craig grimaces.

The CAMERA SWIVELS around the three of them, coming back to Jennifer. Scanning the crowd.

JENNIFER

Craig, where's Brandon?

CRAIG

I think he went home early.

Jennifer pulls her backpack closer to her.

CRAIG
You need a ride? Cause it's...

JENNIFER
No, no. I have a club meeting.

KAREN
What club?

JENNIFER
Student council.

Karen scoffs, then puts her hands on Jennifer's shoulders.

KAREN
Don't overload yourself, alright?

JENNIFER
(amused)
I won't. I'm fine - Scout's honor.

She mimics a salute.

CRAIG
(to Karen)
Well, we better go. Gotta get ready
for the game.

KAREN
The game is tomorrow...

CRAIG
But I still gotta run the plays,
baby.

He tickles her and they walk down the now DESERTED hall,
leaving Jennifer alone.

ON JENNIFER

slightly nervous, jumpy. A familiar feeling bubbles inside
her.

We PULL BACK to look at the hallway...

littered with streamers and banners reading:

'HOMECOMING APPROACHES'

and

'LET'S GO HORNETS. GO, FIGHT, WIN!'

Jennifer takes a shaking breath. Closes her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

It's all gonna be okay, Jen. Pull
it together.

FOOTSTEPS.

Jennifer JUMPS, her moment of self-calm gone.

Katie rounds a corner, in a rush, but STOPS when she reaches
Jennifer.

KATIE

Oh, Jen, sup?

JENNIFER

Not much. Just going to a meeting.
What about you?

The two start off in a casual walk, in the same direction.

KATIE

Me too! Are you going to student
council?

JENNIFER

Yeah...

KATIE

Me too! That's so great that you're
coming back.

She gives Jennifer's arm a brief squeeze of encouragement.
Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

I just hope we have a more
responsible group of kids this
year.

Those words. Katie's eyes WIDEN.

The old Jennifer is starting to peak through.

KATIE

(elated)

Yes! That's what I'm saying!

(then)

Come on. Don't wanna be late.

They hurry forward. We watch them disappear down the
hallway, until they take a sharp turn and vanish from sight.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

The store isn't very busy. A few soccer moms searching here and there for a few odds and ends, but not a big rush.

Donna is sweeping the floor around her check-out lane. Eric comes to join her, his face saying what he doesn't - that it's been a LONG day.

ERIC

So are you going?

He is straight to it.

Donna looks up, knuckles WHITE from gripping the broom.

DONNA

How does 'fuck no' sound to you?

ERIC

Come on. It's supposed to be your senior year, Donna. Live a bit. Since you almost didn't.

Was that a joke? Either way...NOT funny.

DONNA

I have better things to do.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show DAVID stocking a shelf of Twinkies.

Donna glances at him, then shoves the broom into Eric's hands.

DONNA

Just don't mention it anymore.
Kapeesh?

She hurries away.

ANGLE ON DAVID

stocking, working. Mind not focused.

DONNA appears behind him, standing, looking apprehensive.

David turns, feeling her presence.

DAVID

Oh, hey. Something up with your register again?

(CONTINUED)

DONNA
Nah, just needed to get away from
Eric for awhile.

David returns to his Twinkie stocking.

DAVID
That man has the hots for you.

DONNA
(sarcasm)
I know. Another fine achievement I
can add to my marvelous list.

David stops, looking up. He wants to say something, but...

DONNA
(aware)
Let me guess - you wanna see if
I'll go to the game, too?

She squats down next to him and grabs a handful of Twinkie,
helping him stock.

DAVID
Kinda, yeah.

DONNA
I don't want to, but I do want to
just go and face it all down.

DAVID
Ya know, Jennifer came back to
school.

This catches Donna off guard.

DONNA
She did?

DAVID
Yeah, I've seen her around.
Everyone has been talking about it.

DONNA
Good for her.

David watches her for a beat.

DAVID
Do you miss him?

Donna finishes stocking her Twinkies and stares directly at
him.

(CONTINUED)

DONNA

Every day. I blame myself every day
for leaving him.

(then)

Alan was a great person. He really
was.

Fresh TEARS well up in her eyes. David looks away, trying to
spare himself the awkward moment.

DAVID

Don't blame yourself. That's the
worst thing you could do. I just
hope to see you at the game
tomorrow. It'll be fun.

He offers a smile, before standing abruptly.

DAVID

Gotta get more Twinkie.

Donna smiles, wiping her face. She looks over the store,
before catching ERIC.

He's STARING directly at her, until she spots him. He turns
away, quickly vanishing into an aisle.

INT. BACK ROOM - LATER

The place is dark and packed with towering shelves of
merchandise. Eric works, slinging things here and there,
clearly agitated.

Donna steps inside, uniform folded in her arms. She watches
Eric work.

Sweat glistens on his forehead. His muscles are well-formed
in the tight shirt he's wearing. In a way, he's cute.

DONNA

Hey.

Eric stops at the sound of her voice, but quickly resumes
his work.

ERIC

Sup?

DONNA

I've decided to go to the game
tomorrow.

Eric stops again, but this time he's SMILING.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
I'm glad to hear it, sista.

DONNA
Yeah, and I was wondering if you
wanted to come with?

ERIC
Like a date?

DONNA
Uh, sure. Like a date.

He wipes his forehead and grabs the broom at his side.

ERIC
(kidding)
I dunno. I'll have to sweep on it.

DONNA
Ha-ha. You're so funny.

ERIC
(seriously)
I'll text you. It's a date.

Donna smiles, sealing the deal.

DONNA
You know you're not being paid over
time, right?

ERIC
I know. I just don't have anything
better to do.

He returns the smile.

DONNA
(leaving)
See ya later.

The door SLAMS behind her.

Eric grins happily to himself. The room is quiet, until...

BANG! A bag of kitty litter falls off of a shelf.

Eric clasps his chest, in mock-terror.

ERIC
Lord ha' mussy.

There's no reply. He's alone.

(CONTINUED)

ERIC
(care-free)
Hellooo? Anyone around?
(then, kidding)
I'm naked.

He props his broom against the wall and goes to pick up the bag of kitty litter.

We follow him, standing over the kitty litter, only to discover...

It has been SLASHED. The casing has a clean cut running down the middle.

Eric shrugs.

ERIC
Clumsy-asshole truck drivers. Can't even bring the merchandise in one piece...

CRASH! A box falls off a nearby shelf.

Eric flinches.

ERIC
(unnerved)
Okay, seriously. Donna? If you're fucking' with me, you can forget about...

An ENTIRE ROW of boxes begin to FLY off of their shelves.

CLOSE ON ERIC

breathing hard, scared. Eyes trained. Alone.

ERIC
The fuck is this shit?

The CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to a shelf...

IT'S TOPPLING OVER!

Eric DIVES to the side, a SCREAM erupting from him.

Debris and glass fly around him. Dust has been kicked up in the air, making it hard to see.

From the chaos...

THE MASK appears.

(CONTINUED)

Walking casually. Straight for Eric.

ERIC
(coughing; unaware)
What in the world...?

SNAP! The Mask steps on a piece of glass.

Eric turns, startled. Now he's absolutely petrified.

ERIC
Who are you?

The Mask pulls a steak knife from the pocket of the hoodie.

ON ERIC

eyes wide, face flooded with terror.

He stands up, backing away. Straight into the wall.

The Mask steps forward.

ERIC
Donna? Are you doing this? Is this
a joke? What?

Eric grabs the only weapon at his disposal -- the BROOM.

He holds it threateningly.

ERIC
Get back!

Eric stumbles over the fallen shelf. The Mask slowly advances, knife lowered. Waiting for the moment.

Eric SWINGS the room like a ball bat, helplessly.

ERIC
(calling out)
Hey, there's a freak asshole who's
got a knife...

The Mask RAMS into Eric. The glinting blade of the knife sails through the air.

Eric rolls over, dodging the knife. He swings the broom again, and this time it connects with The Mask's head.

Eric bolts for the stock room door, SCREAMING.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Most of the lights are out. The store is empty. It's closing time.

Eric peels out, in hysterics. The MASK is right behind him. Eric looks for any weapon now. He grabs items off of shelves and CHUCKS them at The MASK. Desperate.

ERIC

Get the hell away from me!

The MASK brings the knife down, stabbing directly into Eric's shoulder. He CRIES OUT.

He PUNCHES the MASK, sending him backwards. Eric turns and quickly...

RUNS THROUGH THE AISLES.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS him. The MASK has recovered now, hot on Eric's heels.

ON ERIC

clutching his bleeding shoulder. SCREAMING. The MASK behind him!

ERIC

Stay back!

Eric dives into an aisle, hiding. The MASK creeps along in the aisle adjacent...waiting. Eric pulls out his CELL PHONE. Dialing.

9, then 1, then...

THE MASK APPEARS!

Eric stands and runs blindly. Knocking things over, trying to slow the maniac chasing him. Anything.

He reaches the MAIN DOOR, pulling. It's locked. Shit! He pulls, but it's too late...

THE MASK IS ON HIM

too quickly for him to unlock the door. The long, glistening silver knife blade rises above his head and...

DIVES INTO HIS STOMACH.

The MASK covers Eric's mouth with a GLOVED hand.

(CONTINUED)

Eric falls to the floor, crawling. Bleeding.

ERIC
HELP ME!

But he knows that no one can hear him. The MASK simply stares. That familiar breathing sound emanates into the silence.

BLOOD TRAILS behind Eric as he crawls. He SOBS. The MASK picks up Eric's cell phone.

ON THE MASK

head tilted, enjoying the show.

Slowly, The MASK walks forward, a few feet past Eric, and picks up a broken GLASS PLATE.

Eric drops to the floor, on death's door.

The MASK brings the broken plate down...

INTO ERIC'S HEAD!

Blood splatters on the plastic mask.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK

to rest on the WINDOW. The reflection of The MASK stares at us. Against the black background of night.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Smooth music seeps from unseen speakers, dim lighting. A calm, darkened mood has been set.

Jennifer sits on her bed, furiously typing away on her LAPTOP. Her cell phone rings beside her.

She doesn't take her eyes off of the screen to answer the phone.

JENNIFER
(into phone)
Hello?

BRANDON
(from phone)
Hey, babe. You awake?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Yeah, I'm working on this shit for English.

A brief silence. Brandon takes a deep breath.

BRANDON

Are your parents home?

JENNIFER

My mom is. Dad's at work. Why?

BRANDON

Do you think I can come over? Just for a little while. I need to talk to you.

Jennifer sits up, interest piked.

JENNIFER

(cautiously)

Alright. Yeah, come on over. Mom won't mind.

BRANDON

Thanks.

CLICK. Brandon's end goes dead.

Jennifer lays her phone down, mind racing at Brandon's words.

She closes her laptop and rolls onto her back, exhausted.

CLOSE ON JENNIFER

her eyes soft, barely focused. She bites her lip, nervous as hell.

THE day is drawing closer. Tomorrow, to be exact.

Jennifer sighs, fluffing the pillow behind her head. She looks over to her bedside table. The digital clock reads 10:38 PM. It's late.

TAP-TAP. A knock on her bedroom door.

She rolls over to see...

PAULA, her mother, beautiful and radiant, smiling down at her.

(CONTINUED)

PAULA

Hey, sugar. How you hittin' em?

JENNIFER

(smiling)

How am I hitting what?

She smirks at her mother.

JENNIFER

I'm fine. Just tired.

Paula sits down beside Jennifer. Concern in her eyes.

PAULA

Your father and I were worried sick about you going back to school, you know.

JENNIFER

I know, I know. But it's cool. Everything is fine. The cops are taking big security measures for the game tomorrow. It'll be fine.

PAULA

So you're gonna go?

JENNIFER

I suppose so. It'll be my last homecoming. I want to.

Her eyes falter, resting on the wall across from her. Paula strokes Jennifer's hair with a gentle hand.

PAULA

I hear you. Just be safe, okay?

She stands to leave. Jennifer watches her go.

JENNIFER

Hey, um...

(a beat)

Brandon is going to run by and tell me something. Let him in, alright?

PAULA

Sure.

She leaves.

Jennifer moves to lay back down, when...

The doorbell RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

Brandon's voice is audible.

Jennifer sits up. Her door opens after a gentle knock.

ON BRANDON

pale, sweaty, unnerved. Not his normal appearance. He looks like shit.

JENNIFER

(shocked)

Oh, God - what's wrong?

Brandon closes the door behind him. And locks it. He moves across the room and props himself against the wall.

BRANDON

Mr. Hunter is missing.

Silence. Jennifer eyes him curiously.

JENNIFER

(confused)

So is that why you look freaked out? What's so bad about it? I didn't ever like him.

She tries to smile. It was a joke. Brandon doesn't see the humor. He makes his way to Jennifer. Sits down beside her.

BRANDON

(a whisper)

They think he was murdered.

Jennifer recoils and STANDS. She is jumpy.

JENNIFER

(nervous)

How do you know? Was there a body?

BRANDON

No, but my dad said that blood was found at a bar, one the last places he was spotted.

Jennifer closes her eyes tight. This can't be happening. Not to her. Not now.

JENNIFER

Um, I don't... I'm just really not sure that it has anything to do with...

(trailing off)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER (cont'd)

That.

Brandon stands, wrapping himself around Jennifer. She buries her face in the crook of his neck. TEARS welling up.

BRANDON

I'm sure it's not. I just want you to know and be safe.

Jennifer nods. She pulls away, clutching Brandon's hand tight. Not ever wanting to part with him.

JENNIFER

Don't leave. Stay here for a little while.

BRANDON

Is it okay with...?

JENNIFER

It's fine.

She leads him back to the bed. They sit down. Jennifer pulls closer to him. Their lips meet. She kisses him hard. They fall onto the bed, but we suddenly...

CUT TO:

EXT. FULLER HIGH - EARLY MORNING

Students are bounding up the steps to the school. But something is different.

A sea of ORANGE and BLACK washes over the campus. Cheerleaders wear their uniforms. The football stars are in their jerseys. The band geeks are wearing their outfits.

HOMECOMING DAY.

Masses of face-painted, screaming teens run by. Wearing the HORNET MASK. Having fun.

Daniel and Taylor walk through the chaos, neither decked out in their school pride. Totally non-conformists.

TAYLOR

(re: crowd)

This is fucking shitty. Every year it gets worse and worse.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

I don't mind it. It's the one day
of the year where teachers are
gracious with homework.

Taylor nods in agreement.

TAYLOR

Have you seen David?

DANIEL

Nope. He didn't text me this
morning. Or update his Twitter. He
probably skipped.

TAYLOR

Oh, that bastard. He didn't tell me
about it.

DANIEL

Me either.

WHAM! Craig and an army of jocks rush past Daniel. Almost
knocking him over.

DANIEL

Assholes.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

SHOUTS and LAUGHTER - no work is getting done. Paper balls
and other items go sailing through the air.

MRS. WALLACE is sitting at her desk, reading a book. Letting
the class do whatever.

ON JENNIFER

head rested in her hand. Pencil tapping impatiently on her
desk.

Beside her is KAREN - applying a second coating of makeup to
her face. She is decked out in her cheerleading uniform. All
ready for the night's festivities.

JENNIFER

How do you breathe with all that
shit on your face?

KAREN

Aha, funny girl.

(CONTINUED)

She eyes herself in the compact mirror and turns in her chair. Facing Jennifer. Gossip is ready to spew from her mouth like the green slime from Linda Blair in The Exorcist.

KAREN

Craig told me that Brandon came and visited you last night. Spill it, ho.

Jennifer rolls her eyes, not wanting to say anything.

JENNIFER

He has such a big mouth.

KAREN

Come on. You two are cute.

JENNIFER

Yeah, well, why don't you dish on Craig?

KAREN

What's to dish?

JENNIFER

Maybe one day you'll fall for a guy that something going above the waist.

Karen sticks her tongue out.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

Principal Rhodes appears. Flustered, cheeks boiling hot. Not looking too happy.

RHODES

Mrs. Wallace, can I borrow Jennifer for a moment?

MRS. WALLACE

Sure, sure.

Jennifer gathers her things, hurrying down the aisle. Karen stares after her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer and Principal Rhodes walk side-by-side at a brisk pace. They're almost power-walking.

JENNIFER
Is something wrong?

RHODES
No, you have a visitor.

Jennifer raises a curious eyebrow, heart thudding. She follows in silence.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DONNA sits alone in the Principal's office. Staring around with wide eyes.

The DOOR OPENS...

Jennifer slips inside. Eyes ablaze with shock.

JENNIFER
Woah...

Donna stands. Principal Rhodes appears behind Jennifer.

RHODES
Take all the time you need.

The door CLICKS shut.

Silence.

DONNA
Well, hey. I know this is weird.

Jennifer continues to STARE. That's all she can do. No words form. But finally...

JENNIFER
It's been a year.

DONNA
I know.

Jennifer shuffles forward. Feet moving clumsily. She sits in a chair a few feet away from Donna, like she's a flesh-eating disease walking.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER
(baffled)
Why...are you here?

DONNA
I just wanted to be here again. To talk to you and just get everything out. Since it's homecoming again, I thought it would be the perfect time.

JENNIFER
Today is a good day.

DONNA
I thought so too. I've just been thinking so hard about that night..

Jennifer begins to squeeze her hands together..a therapy technique. Sweat forms on her forehead.

DONNA
(cont'd)
I just want to know how you feel. About everything. A year's worth of nightmares and...

JENNIFER
(emotional)
Don't! You couldn't possibly know what I went through!

Her voice stays calm, even. Donna purses her lips, waiting.

JENNIFER
(cont'd)
For a year I have been in therapy. For a year I have been called crazy. For a year I have lived with what happened.

DONNA
You seem to be fine now. Got a boyfriend. Back in school...

JENNIFER
(suspicious)
How do you know about Brandon...?

DONNA
I hear things.

She stands, moving for the door. Jennifer doesn't watch her. She's shivering. On edge.

(CONTINUED)

ON DONNA

she turns, hand on the doorknob. Determined and fierce.

DONNA

I'm gonna be at the game tonight,
by the way. Hope you're there.

The CAMERA TURNS to Jennifer. Still sitting, slightly hunched. Fingers intertwined around one another.

She releases a single shaking breath.

INT. CAFETERIA - LUNCH

It's much more crowded than usual. Students run wild. Energy is up. The day is fresh.

KATIE

My tits are about to fall out of
this uniform.

Karen inspects it for her. Squinting to get a good view. She disagrees.

KAREN

You look good, babe.

KATIE

Thanks! But not nearly as good as
you.

Craig listens to the two babble on and on. He holds no interest.

CRAIG

Why don't you guys just go naked?

KATIE

Well, if we did that, then what
would be the point of learning a
routine? We're too sexy to NOT look
at.

She giggles.

BRANDON slides in beside Craig, shaking a bottle. His PROTEIN SHAKE.

KAREN

Ew, Brandon, that's so gross.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

Gotta be ready for tonight.

KATIE

But seriously, that shit that
you're drinking smells...like shit.

Karen laughs at Katie's attempt at a joke, but her gaze wanders across the cafeteria. Scanning for Jennifer.

CRAIG

Coach Davis says they're good for
us.

KATIE

Well what would he know?

CRAIG

He's our coach. The man. Almost
like Jesus except less hairy. What
he says goes.

KAREN

You never drank protein stuff when
Sampson was here.

CRAIG

But Sampson was a murdering freak.

The group immediately goes silent. Even Katie doesn't squeak.

KAREN

(to Brandon)

Where's Jen?

BRANDON

Beats me. I looked for her but I
couldn't find her. She might have
left. Too much for her, ya know?

CRAIG

That girl is royally fucked up.

Karen socks him in the arm for that comment.

KAREN

Don't say that!

INT. LIBRARY - SAME TIME

It's quiet - a sharp contrast from the noisy chaos in the cafeteria.

We pan slowly across the empty room to rest on JENNIFER...

reading a book. Enjoying the silence and seclusion.

A few bookshelves over...

is DAVID. Sitting and reading.

Jennifer looks over at him, interest piked at the book he's reading.

JENNIFER

1984 is a really good book.

David looks up, startled. It takes him a moment to place the face. He smiles.

DAVID

Yeah. One of Orwell's best, in my opinion.

(re: Jen's book)

But Fahrenheit 451 is great. I loved it.

Jennifer attempts a smile.

JENNIFER

So why are you hiding out in here?

DAVID

What better day to skip class than homecoming, right?

Touché. Jennifer absorbs this, looking guilty herself.

JENNIFER

I know what you mean.

The DOOR OPENS...

Katie and Karen stumble inside, laughing. Disrupting the peace.

KAREN

(to Jennifer)

Girl! There you are. Where the hell you been?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Hiding.

KATIE

Well come on. We can't do our face painting without you.

Karen nods enthusiastically.

Katie grins for a beat, then spots David in the corner.

KATIE

(to Jennifer)

Ew, were you talking to HIM?

She points to David. Karen giggles.

JENNIFER

Yeah.

(then)

Come on. Let's get going.

She's trying to rush them out. Sparing David.

Katie and Karen are out first. Jennifer gathers her stuff, casting one last glance at David. She smiles. David returns it.

The door SLAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - LATER

Scattered work-out equipment litters the UPSTAIRS PORTION of the gymnasium. The room appears to be vacant.

We PAN across this scene until we rest on CRAIG.

He is bench pressing a modest amount.

ON CRAIG

sweating, beet red, veins protruding from his neck. Teeth bared.

BRANDON is spotting him.

Craig barely manages to get the weights back into the holding rack before his arms fall uselessly to his side.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON

That was great! You're gonna kick
some ass tonight, dude.

Craig jumps up and slaps Brandon's ass. A guy thing.

BEEP! Brandon's cell goes off.

CRAIG

(breathless)

Is that the wife?

Brandon flips him off.

BRANDON

Fuck you.

He takes the call.

BRANDON

(into phone)

Jen? Sup? You alright? I didn't see
you at all today?...Yeah. Yeah.
Okay. You sure you don't need a
ride?

Craig walks over to a row of FULL BODY MIRRORS and admires
his tones physique. He smooths his hair back. A real
charmer.

BRANDON

(to Craig)

I gotta go, man.

CRAIG

What? You ain't gonna lift?

BRANDON

Naw, I gotta get some stuff done
before the game starts. See you
there.

He picks up his gym bag and hurries down the stairs. Craig
walks to the railing.

The CAMERA SWINGS down to Brandon. Digging for his car keys.

CRAIG watches him, until Brandon is gone.

He sighs and returns to his bench. Determined to up himself
in muscle before the game.

He positions himself carefully, then takes the weights in
his hands. Grunting and straining...it doesn't look good.

(CONTINUED)

BEHIND HIM...

a SHADOW passes. It was quick. Unseen if you weren't watching closely.

Craig lifts and he lifts until he can't anymore. He sits the weights aside, sits up, and rolls the tension out of his arms.

CRAIG

Fuck, man.

The SHADOW that passed before passes again, only this time it's a full fledged FIGURE. Blurred in the background.

BEEP! Craig's cell phone goes off.

He reaches down into his gym bag, pulling his cell out.

ON PHONE SCREEN

'KAREN'

A TEXT MESSAGE.

It reads:

"see u at game 2nite good luck"

Craig SMILES, putting the phone back into his bag.

BOOM! A weight topples over.

Craig whirls around to see...

A FOOT disappear inside the coach's office.

ON CRAIG

eyebrows raised, confused. Breathing hard.

Of course he goes to check it out.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Craig pushes the door all the way open, peering inside, not bothering to be quiet. What's there to be afraid of?

CRAIG

Brandon, you forget something?

(CONTINUED)

The office is EMPTY...it seems. But it's too dark to tell. Craig feels around on the wall for a lights switch...and...BINGO! He switches on the lights...

THE MASK IS STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.

He flinches instinctively. Then begins to laugh.

CRAIG

What is this? A costume party?
Fuckin' nutcase.

He shoves the MASK back, but something catches his eye. Something unmistakably BRIGHT...

THE KNIFE BLADE

rushes past Craig's head.

BACK IN THE WEIGHT ROOM

Craig falls on his ass, unprepared. The MASK steps out of the darkened office, knife raised...ready for the fatal strike.

WHAM!!

Craig kicks the bastard in the STOMACH. The knife SKIDS across the floor.

The MASK falls over a box of exercise equipment. Within this box of equipment is a JUMPROPE.

ON CRAIG

stumbling up, ready for a fight. Fists raised.

The MASK stands, holding the jumprope. Craig lowers his fists. Almost laughing.

CRAIG

What do you wanna do with that?
Play jumprope?

The MASK rushes Craig. The two fall to the ground, fighting and clawing. The heavy breathing behind the thin plastic-framed mask grows louder.

They ROLL FORWARD. The MASK comes out on top. The KNIFE is only laying a few inches away.

Craig kicks and punches for all he's worth..which isn't much. The MASK smashes a gloved fist into Craig's face, dazing him for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

Craig groans. The MASK has gotten the knife now, raised above the two of them. Craig's eyes widen before the realization hits him..but it hits him too fast.

The knife goes into his CHEST. Two times.

He grunts.

The MASK drags him across the weight room and ties the JUMPROPE around Craig's neck.

Gurgling ripples from his throat. He's still alive.

The MASK simply PUSHES his body over the railing of the weight room. But it doesn't fall to the floor...it's CAUGHT.

THE JUMPROPE IS HANGING HIM!

He dangles like a fish for a few quick seconds. Face gone purple. Eyes bloody red. Chest soaked with blood..fighting for his life..

Then he goes LIMP. Very much dead.

CLOSE ON THE MASK

the erratic breathing all we can hear. Louder, like a menacing whisper. Suddenly, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. FULLER HIGH - DUSK

The sky is fading into a dark night. The sun sets behind the frame of the school, casting it in shadow. Orange and purple swirl overhead. It's a beautiful sunset...making for a beautiful night.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Officer Lewis sits across Rhodes' desk. Gazing out the window at the setting sun.

Rhodes nervously looks at Lewis.

RHODES

So everything is good?

OFFICER LEWIS

Yep. Got everything secured and officers in place.

(CONTINUED)

RHODES

And has there been any word on
Robert Hunter?

Officer Lewis stands, adjusting his uniform.

OFFICER LEWIS

Not yet, but we're still searching.
His wife has gone to stay with some
family.

Rhodes glances quickly at Lewis, then back down to his messy
desk

RHODES

Okay. Thank you, officer.

Officer Lewis heads for the door, but he looks back. Wanting
to say something. His expression is much softer up close.

OFFICER LEWIS

Have fun tonight, Principal.

He SMILES, perfect teeth glisten.

The door closes behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DUSK

Donna stands at the bus stop. Cell phone in hand. Checking
her phone.

A POLICE CRUISER rolls past her. She can't help but look up.

The CAMERA PANS OVER to the GROCERY STORE where Donna works.
The cruiser is heading for the store.

ON DONNA

a confused expression, interest peaked. Curious.

She hurries across the street, straight for...

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT

Donna arrives in the middle of a CRIME SCENE. Yellow tape
marks off the area. She's about to freak now.

What possibly could have happened?

(CONTINUED)

A uniformed officer steps past her. She STOPS him.

DONNA
What's going on? What happened?

OFFICER
Not allowed to discuss...

DONNA
(pressing)
I work here!

The officer looks torn. Donna tightens her grip on his arm.

OFFICER
There was a break-in here last
night. Things turned over, broken,
but nothing appears missing.

Donna looks completely HORRIFIED. The officer notices and
pulls away from her.

OFFICER
Do you know anything?

DONNA
No. But I was working last night.
I...
(stepping back)
I have to go.

She turns away sharply. The OFFICER stares her down, but
doesn't press further.

Donna flips her cell phone open. Her pace has quickened.
Nerves shot to hell. ERIC'S NUMBER is on her speed dial.
Number 4.

She brings the phone to her ear.

It rings once...twice...three times...four times...THEN...

ERIC
(from phone)
Hey--

DONNA
(into phone, relieved)
Hey--!

ERIC
(cont'd)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ERIC (cont'd)
--you got my voicemail, so just
leave me a message. Chat you up
later.

BEEEP.

DONNA
(into phone)
Hey, Eric. Call me back ASAP. We
need to talk.

She closes her cell, just as...

BEEP! Donna's phone goes off.

ON CELL SCREEN

NEW TEXT FROM ERIC

It reads:

'i am fine. see u at game 2nite'

ON DONNA

she takes in a breath of air, savoring it. Shivering to her core. Relief rushes through her. She slows to a casual walk, and soon she disappears along with the light of the day.

EXT. FULLER HIGH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The place is PACKED. A low murmur rises from the crowd at the bleachers a few yards away. The parking lot is cast mainly in shadow because it is on the other side of the gymnasium.

A large CHEVY TRUCK pulls into a parking spot, tires squeal.

INT. TRUCK

BRANDON sits back. Tightly gripping the steering wheel. Ready for the night ahead. He turns the engine off and opens his door...

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT

He begins to drag his gear out. Slowly.

SCREECH! A keying sound.

Brandon turns.

(CONTINUED)

The CAMERA SWEEPS across the parking lot. Nothing. Just a sea of parked cars. We pull TIGHT on Brandon to see...

THE MASK BEHIND HIM.

At the hood of his truck.

Brandon turns to drop his gym bag on the ground, when he sees the MASK. He stares for a quick beat, but turns away. Continuing to glance out of the corner of his eye.

The MASK stays. Watching him. Breathing coming out from under the thin plastic mask in wisps.

BRANDON

Okay, what's...

THE MASK RUSHES HIM.

They fall into Brandon's truck, STRUGGLING!

We PULL BACK...but the truck is still in our view. It's bumping and bouncing.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Brandon pummels his fists into the MASK. Fighting for his life. The glinting silver blade flashes overhead.

THE KNIFE SLASHES ACROSS BRANDON'S THROAT.

Brandon looks up, eyes shimmering. BLOOD SPURTING. He's dying. The MASK sits back, when...

KAREN (O.S.)

Brandon?

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

Karen is approaching.

The MASK turns the ignition and the truck ROARS to life. The headlights IGNITE Karen's entire being.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Karen is nothing but a silhouette, shielding her eyes against the lights.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

Brandon? What the hell, man? Come on. The game is about...

She squints through the searing lights to see...

THE MASK BEHIND THE WHEEL.

Karen gasps...just as the truck PEELS FORWARD. She RUNS, screaming. The sound of the game crowd grows louder...and louder...until she's almost...there...

WHAM!!!

KAREN IS HIT. PINNED BETWEEN TWO CARS.

She SCREAMS. Blood pours from her mouth as the MASK steps forward, pulling Karen's head off of the hood by her hair.

KAREN

(weakly)

Help...

The MASK doesn't bother pulling the knife out for the final strike. Instead, two gloved hands snake around Karen's neck. The grip tightens. Karen SCREAMS again, blood spurting out of her mouth.

CRACK! Karen's neck is broken with a single twist.

Then, as if the sky had opened up, LIGHTS POUR ACROSS the scene. The MASK does a quick 180.

A POLICE CAR!

The MASK ducks, out of sight.

An officer jumps out of the car, hand rested on the GUN in his holster.

OFFICER

Is there anyone here? Anyone hurt?

He runs around the side of the truck to see...

A DEAD KAREN.

He GASPS...but the MASK rushes him. The knife goes through his back and out of his stomach. He didn't stand a chance.

The officer falls to the ground. DEAD. The MASK takes the gun from his holster. Cleans off the blade of the knife, and vanishes.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

There are no lights on, except for the constant flashing of the television. Daniel sits on the end of his bed, video game controller in hand. Phone at his ear.

DANIEL

(into phone)

I know it's homecoming, David, but you guys will have fun without me.

DAVID

(from phone)

Come on, please? I don't wanna listen to Taylor complain all night.

DANIEL

I don't know. Maybe.

DAVID

You should come.

DANIEL

But this is the only time I get without my parents here. I wanna enjoy it.

DAVID

(aggravated)

Alright, whatever dude. Hope you come though. But I'm gonna get going. See ya whenever.

CLICK. He's gone.

Daniel lets the phone drop to his side. He tries to focus on his game. Eyes barely trained on the screen.

The screen PAUSES. Daniel gets up and walks over to his window.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

A soft, darkened neighborhood stares back. But beyond the quiet suburb background...are STADIUM LIGHTS. From the football field. Just visible over a grove of trees.

ON DANIEL

(CONTINUED)

he presses his forehead against the window. Debating. What else does he have to do? Kill commies on Call of Duty? His friends are waiting.

His decision is made. He turns around and SITS back on his bed. The television unfreezes. All is right with the world, until...

KNOCK-KNOCK! From the front door.

Again, Daniel pauses the game and goes for his door, opening into...

THE HALLWAY

He slowly moves along. The rest of the house just as dark as his bedroom.

DANIEL

I swear to go, David, if that's
you, I'm going to kick your ass.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Daniel goes to the front door, not thinking twice about who could be on the other side. The door swings OPEN to reveal...

Nothing.

BLEEEEEEP! A telephone rings. Daniel rolls his eyes, very pissed. He closes the door. Not locking it.

IN THE KITCHEN

the phone continues to ring. Daniel takes it off the wall mount and brings it to his face.

DANIEL

Yo?

A prolonged silence.

BEHIND HIM

The front door OPENS. Silently.

DANIEL

(into phone)

Hello? David? Stop fucking around.

The MASK is now standing by the door.

Daniel hangs up the phone and turns..

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL
(ohmyfuckinggodd)
Dammit! What the fuck?! Almost gave
me a heart attack.

He tries to laugh it off. The MASK remains silent. Daniel screws up his face in confusion. He takes a cautious step forward..the MASK doesn't move.

DANIEL
David, enough with this House On
Sorority Row shit. I told you I'm
not going to the game, and I'm not
going...

The MASK pulls the officer's GUN from the pocket of the hoodie...and aims it DIRECTLY at Daniel.

He stumbles over himself to get away...but the only exit is past the MASK.

DANIEL
What the FUCK?!

The MASK continues to point the gun, now stepping inside the kitchen. Daniel moves around the main table and attempts to PUSH IT FORWARD...

PINNING THE MASK AGAINST THE WALL

Daniel bolts. The MASK aims the gun and FIRES!

The shot SHATTERS a glass vase. Daniel doesn't miss a beat as he goes...

RIGHT OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Daniel's bare feet slap against the frigid pavement. His breath visible in the nighttime chill.

IN THE DOORWAY

The MASK appears! Gun AIMED...

DANIEL
(calling out)
Someone help! Please! I'm being
attacked!

Another GUNSHOT. Daniel stumbles as the ground beside him SPARKS with the impact of the bullet. He RUNS to...

(CONTINUED)

THE SIDEWALK

The MASK still hot on his trail. The two are gunning it down the deserted street. The CAMERA follows along behind them.

ON DANIEL

breathing hard, almost hyperventilating. SCREAMING.

The MASK is wielding the KNIFE now, lashing out at Daniel's BACK.

Daniel takes a sharp right and runs straight into...

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A neighbor's yard. Daniel doesn't stop screaming, his throat raw. The lights are OFF. No car in the driveway.

The MASK takes a running LEAP and tackles Daniel to the slick grass.

DANIEL
(struggling)
Get the fuck off me!

He KICKS the MASK in the head, crumpling the thin plastic. Daniel stumbles up and RUNS...runs until he comes to a CHAIN LINK fence. He JUMPS over it and falls to his hands and knees.

ON THE OTHER SIDE...

The MASK stands, watching. Daniel crab-crawls backwards, finally standing.

DANIEL
(breathless)
What do you want?

Daniel backs away, deeper into this stranger's yard. His pants are torn from his leap over the fence. His hair is full of leaves.

The MASK suddenly JUMPS...

Clearing the fence, landing in front of Daniel. He spins out on the slick grass, but rights himself.

The chase is back on as the two of them race through ANOTHER backyard.

The CAMERA does a full sweep until it stops DEAD on...

(CONTINUED)

STADIUM LIGHTS

In the distance. The football game.

Daniel falls behind a tree, the school campus only a few yards away..but he realizes...

THE MASK IS GONE. Nowhere in sight.

Daniel pushes himself tighter against the tree, chest heaving. The ROAR of the football crowd is distant, but sounds so promising. He's so close.

Daniel moves around the tree...just as a GLINTING SILVER BLADE flashes in front of him!

THE KNIFE GOES THROUGH HIS MOUTH, OUT THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, PINNING HIM TO THE TREE!

The MASK steps into view now. Blood spurts onto the clean hoodie.

ON DANIEL

eyes vacant, staring ahead. Dead.

The MASK takes the knife out and Daniel's body FALLS to the ground in a BLOODY HEAP.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CONCESSION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

David is waiting in an extremely long line. Alone. A SHADOW rushes up to him...it's Taylor. She's wearing a HOODIE, just like the MASK.

Taylor laughs at David as he jumps a few inches out of his skin.

TAYLOR

I scared you! Ha-ha!

DAVID

(playing along)

Oh, that was a good one.

(then)

Did you fall in the toilet? You were gone forever.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR

There was a huge ass line. I had to wait.

DAVID

Ahh, I see. Didn't wanna go behind a tree.

Taylor socks him in the arm.

TAYLOR

No. I'm not an animal.

DAVID

If you say so--
(whiny)

You wanna wait in this line? Cause I need to go find a way into the gym.

TAYLOR

Sure. I'll be kind.

She takes David's money with a beaming smile.

DAVID

Thanks. I want a Coke.

TAYLOR

Gotcha covered, captain.

David pulls away from her and playfully blows a kiss in her direction.

A few yards away...DONNA waits near a group of rowdy teens. They push and shove at one another. Each of them wear the MASK of the killer. Donna looks as if she'd rather be anywhere but here.

DONNA

(to herself)

I swear, Eric...

Her gaze lands on DAVID wandering through the crowd. Donna TEARS OFF after him.

DONNA

David! Hey, David--it's Donna.

David turns to the sound of her voice. Utter shock washes over him.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Hey! Glad to see you made it.

DONNA

Yeah, um, is it okay if I hang out with you tonight? I was supposed to come with Eric, but he bailed.

DAVID

Sure. Taylor's getting us some food right now. I was just heading over to the gym to find a place to warm up.

DONNA

I'll come with you.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

David and Donna approach the looming structure. It appears much more menacing in the dead of night. Donna is in the middle of recounting her story of the break-in at the grocery store.

DONNA

...but all the policeman said was that stuff was broken.

DAVID

And it happened on your shift?

David tries the main doors but they're LOCKED. Of course.

DONNA

Try the side doors.

(back to her story)

But yeah, right after I left I guess. Good timing.

DAVID

So you haven't talked to Eric about what happened?

DONNA

He just texted me. I've called and called but he won't return them.

They go around to the side of the gym. Two small doors come into view. David twists the handle and the doors swing OPEN. He looks at Donna.

(CONTINUED)

DONNA
Good thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCESSION AREA

Taylor pays for her tray of food and goes on her merry way, towards the gymnasium. The sounds of the football crowd becomes muffled the farther she heads back.

A SHADOW passes behind her. She turns quickly.

TAYLOR
Yo, assholes, watch where you're going.

But no one is there.

From inside the CROWD...the MASK watches Taylor.

She continues on, but the MASK follows her.

ON TAYLOR

she's attempting to keep the tray in her hands upright. Her attention is heavily focused on walking, not what's behind her.

The MASK draws closer. Taylor senses the presence and TURNS...

THE MASK RUSHES HER.

They fall into the shadows.

The food splatters to the ground and Taylor begins to SCREAM BLOODY MURDER. An ear-splitting scream.

The MASK pulls the knife out and SLASHES HER FACE.

Taylor BARRELS her fist into the MASK'S STOMACH. This buys her a few minutes to stand...running for the gym. Shouting and bleeding.

The MASK is on her in an instant, COVERING HER MOUTH with gloved hands. The KNIFE COMES FORWARD...

TAYLOR GRABS IT! Struggling...keeping it away from her...

THE MASK THROWS HER DOWN.

(CONTINUED)

She tries to crawl away...but the MASK STABS her in the BACK. Over and over. The blade comes down on her...until Taylor is quiet. Not even breathing. Clearly DEAD.

PULL BACK TO SHOW...

The gymnasium.

The MASK emerges from the side, storing the bloody knife into the hoodie's pocket. A few people pass by, oblivious.

The MASK walks on, into the crowd.

EXT. BLEACHERS - MOMENTS LATER

Hungry football fans are cheering and going nuts. This all closely resembles the opening scene. Maddened fans, screams, laughter.

PULL IN CLOSER TO REVEAL...

Jennifer sitting smack dab in the middle, decked out in the SAME hoodie as Taylor...and the killer. She stares at the football field in search of something...or someone. Probably Brandon.

A rowdy fan FALLS over on her. She jumps back, realizing that he's wearing the MASK.

FAN
Chill, bitch.

He runs off.

Jennifer has had it with these fuckers.

She stands up, slowly making her way down the bleachers. Carefully, when suddenly...

A HAND GRABS HER!

The CAMERA SWIVELS to focus on KATIE, dressed in her cheer gear and a light jacket. Jennifer, on the other hand, almost falls at the fright.

JENNIFER
Goddammit, Katie! You scared me.

KATIE
Oh, I'm sorry!

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

It's fine.

KATIE

Where are you going?

JENNIFER

I'm just going to look for Brandon.
I don't see him playing.

KATIE

Okay, good, cause I can't find
Karen.

Jennifer grips the railing tightly. The cold chill running through her bones isn't from the low temperatures. It's something else.

The two girls make their way down and into...

THE CONCESSION AREA

bustling with game-goers. No sign of clearing out soon.

Beyond the concession crowd is a barrier of POLICE OFFICERS. Standing and watching the game.

Jennifer's eyes roam around the place. Katie looks at her, concerned.

KATIE

Hey, you, you alright?

JENNIFER

I'm find. Just a little deja vu.

KATIE

Don't worry about it, Jen. We
should be having fun.

JENNIFER

I'll feel a hell of a lot better
when I find Brandon and Karen.

KATIE

I haven't seen them since school
let out. I can't find Craig,
either.

JENNIFER

Craig isn't on the field, either.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

They probably got drunk and are
passed out somewhere. Don't worry.

BEEP! Jennifer's phone goes off.

ON PHONE SCREEN

BRANDON

A TEXT MESSAGE reads:

'im in the gym'

Jennifer sighs, pissed. A little confused. Katie looks over
Jen's shoulder curiously.

JENNIFER

He's in the gym. You're right. He
is probably drunk. God! I can't
believe he'd do something like
that. Come on.

They head off in the direction of the gymnasium.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to...

OFFICER LEWIS

He's walking through the chaos and away from the game.
Straight for the parking lot...

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Only one section of lights are on. The rest of the gym is
shrouded in DARKNESS.

David and Donna sit in the middle row of the bleachers. The
other end of the gym is completely black.

DAVID

(aggravated)

Where the hell is Taylor? Dammit.
She probably decided to go home.

DONNA

Well, you can stay here with me. We
both got dumped.

David stands, ready to leave, when...

BEEEP! Donna' cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

DONNA

Oh, I bet it's him. Let's just see
what his excuse is.

ON PHONE SCREEN

Donna opens the message to see...

A PICTURE OF ERIC'S BLOODY FACE. VACANT EYES.

BACK ON DONNA

it takes her a moment to understand what she's seeing.

DONNA

What the hell?

DAVID

What?

Donna closes her phone, appalled.

DONNA

(infuriated)

That asshole! He's fucking with me.

BEEEP! David's phone goes off this time.

ON PHONE SCREEN

It's a VIDEO MESSAGE.

David opens it to see...

DANIEL running through his neighborhood. Screaming at the top of his lungs for help, then hiding by a tree. The camera shakes as it draws closer to Daniel, but we see the fear in his eyes. His foggy breath. The KNIFE BLADE...

ON DAVID

he DROPS his phone.

DAVID

Oh my God.

SLAM!! A door closes, echoing in the silence..

Suddenly, the lights begin to SNAP ON. Eventually they illuminate the other end of the gym, revealing...

CRAIG'S BODY, HUNG ON THE RAILING!

(CONTINUED)

David and Donna totally LOSE IT! They run down the bleachers, almost falling numerous times, only to run into a FIGURE...

It's JENNIFER!

JENNIFER

Woah--!

Katie is behind Jennifer.

DONNA

MOVE!!

JENNIFER

Wait, is Brandon...?

Jennifer looks up and sees Craig's body. She covers her mouth and GASPS.

David and Donna are KICKING at the main doors, but they won't open.

DONNA

(flipping out)

HELP US!! PLEASE!!

David rushes back into the gym, only to FALL over a BODY...

The CAMERA PANS down to see...

JENNIFER LYING UNCONSCIOUS.

DAVID

Oh, God...

He crawls away, but a FOOT connects with his face, knocking him out instantly.

Donna races back in, but she stops mid-run to see...

KATIE

holding onto the BLOODY KNIFE.

DONNA

No....

Donna can't move a muscle. She's terrified. Her nightmare is coming true. Her eyes are stuck to Craig's body.

LAUGHTER rolls from deep within Katie.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
Surprise.

DONNA
What did you do?

Katie takes off her jacket and throws it into the bleachers.
All too casual.

KATIE
Nothing much. I'm just about to
finish what was started.

No! It's true! Katie is the MASK...Katie is the killer.

Donna slides out of the doorway and against the wall. Tears
rolling down her cheeks.

Katie SMILES a wicked smile.

DONNA
Don't do this.

Katie keeps the knife extended as she walks around to
retrieve a GYM BAG. She pulls out a ROLL OF DUCT TAPE.

Donna continues to slide away.

KATIE
STOP!

Katie pulls the GUN out from the back of her cheer skirt.
Donna FREEZES.

KATIE
If you move, so help me GOD I will
spray this place with your fucking
brains.

Katie begins to tie Jennifer and David together, while
keeping the gun aimed at Donna.

DONNA
Please don't...

KATIE
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Her voice ECHOES. She finishes the last of the tying and
throws the roll of duct tape over her shoulder.

Donna hasn't moved.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Now, what should I do with you?

She says this more to herself than to Donna.

DONNA

Katie, please...

KATIE

Maybe I should just shoot you...

Donna FLIES just as the gun EXPLODES in the silence. Splintered wood blows up in the spot where Donna was standing, but she's RUNNING...

The gun is FIRED again... it hits the wall near Donna. She runs up the stairs to...

THE WEIGHT ROOM

Katie is hot on her heels.

BLAM!! Another shot of the gun. SHATTERS a mirror. Donna falls to the ground and picks up a discarded weight. She HURLS directly at Katie..hitting her in the head.

Katie stumbles back, dazed. Donna makes a run for it, back for the stairs, but...

KATIE GRABS HER, knife now in hand.

Donna fights and claws...but the knife dives into her CHEST!

DONNA

NOOOOOOOOO!!

Katie pulls the knife from Donna and PUSHES her down the stairs.

Donna's body flips and tumbles until it reaches the gym floor. Blood begins to collect around her.

Katie walks down each step casually. Right for Donna's body.

ON DONNA

a single breath escapes her. She rolls over, beaten and bloody. Katie's eyes meet Donna's. Before anything can happen, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Officer Lewis patrols, doing his thing. Checking for any rule-breakers. He shines his flashlight around at all of the vehicles...until a something catches his eye. He walks a few feet.

He comes face-to-face with Brandon's WRECKED TRUCK.

OFFICER LEWIS

Jesus!

He runs forward, straight to the open driver's-side door, only to see...

BRANDON'S BODY. Most of the interior of the truck has been sprayed with his blood.

And on the hood of Brandon's truck is...

KAREN.

Officer Lewis falls against a parked car and pulls out a walkie-talkie holstered at his side.

OFFICER LEWIS

(into walkie-talkie)

We need back-up at Fuller High School! There are two bodies in the parking lot! I repeat--two bodies in the parking lot!

There is a hissing wave of static from the small device, and we...

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM

Jennifer and David are tied together, the other unable to move. Katie sits in the bleachers, about middle-row, staring down at her kill.

David's eyes POP OPEN. He begins to WAIL at the top of his lungs and Katie stands, stretching. She makes her way down the bleachers.

Jennifer awakens with a start and struggles against her bounds.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE
Shut the hell up.

David looks up at Katie, almost surprised to see her.

JENNIFER
(exhausted)
I can't believe this.

KATIE
Oh, you better believe it, baby.

Jennifer tries to break free again, but Katie is dragging another body across the gym floor.

TAYLOR.

David begins to SCREAM again, but he soon breaks off into choked sobs.

Jennifer's eyes are wide with an animal-like fear.

JENNIFER
What the fuck are you doing?!
Katie!!

Katie goes to the supply closet and pulls out a LARGE PLASTIC CONTAINER.

DAVID
(sobbing)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

Katie looks up. She knows exactly what she's doing.

KATIE
I'm punishing you.

JENNIFER
Enough with this! Why are you doing this? Katie... Katie, look at me!

Jennifer is determined, but Katie is off, in another world. Her face looks different. We haven't seen her like this before. Her eyes glisten, almost totally glazed over.

Katie begins to pour a LIQUID over Taylor's body. She sits the container down and pulls a LIGHTER out of her pocket. She winks at David.

DAVID
Don't do it! Please! I'm begging you... WHY?!

(CONTINUED)

Katie brings the small flame from the lighter closer, until...

TAYLOR'S BODY IGNITES.

Into a flaming inferno. Katie begins to LAUGH uncontrollably.

JENNIFER
(to David)
Don't look.

Katie goes back to Jennifer and David, bending to their eye level.

KATIE
It's your turn.

JENNIFER
What the fuck is your problem?

David is sobbing silently to himself, unable to so shuddering. Jennifer doesn't break eye contact with Katie.

KATIE
I'm punishing the guilty. I'm
punishing people like you, and
Donna, and--
(a beat)
Brandon.

Jennifer's eyes go WIDE with shock.

JENNIFER
No!

KATIE
(mocking)
Yes! I did.

JENNIFER
We didn't do anything.

KATIE
Oh, Jen. It's amazing how stupid
you are. I mean, here I was pulling
off the dumb blond act for ages and
yet you still come out to be the
one without a clue.

DAVID
Fuck you!

Katie's gaze snaps to him.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

(cont'd)

I bet you wonder why I killed your little girlfriend, huh? I bet you wonder why you're next! Well, it's simple--you were there. Last year. You and Taylor and Daniel, that little perv had it coming. Last year when THIS BITCH--

Katie points to JENNIFER.

KATIE

(cont'd)

When this bitch took my baby away from me!

JENNIFER

What are you talking about?

KATIE

You know what I'm talking about!
ROY!

DAVID

Coach Sampson?

KATIE

His name was Roy!

She SLAPS David.

BEHIND KATIE... Taylor's body continues to burn. Crackling and smoking like a bonfire.

KATIE

He was my everything but Jenny here had to go and get him killed.

JENNIFER

Why did he kill Alan?

KATIE

Because Alan knew about us, about our relationship. He was going to tell, but I persuaded Roy to get to him first. So he did, but then you and Donna got in the way.

DAVID

You're fucking crazy!

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

Well, yeah, that's kinda a given.
(then)
But I never stopped blaming you,
Jen. You killed him.

JENNIFER

He tried to kill me! The cops shot
him!

Her voice is shaking, close to a meltdown.

DAVID

So you're blaming us?

KATIE

No. You're each guilty in your own
way. Craig knew about our
relationship, too. Things get out
around here. And Karen was FUCKING
Brandon.

Jennifer looks up, shivering with a suppressed sob.

KATIE

(cont'd)

Yeah, hurts, doesn't it? What makes
it worse is that Brandon was
fucking me, too! That boy sure got
around. Infidelity is a crime. Just
like witnessing a murder.

Katie looks at David, her eyes red with madness.

KATIE

(to David)

You and Taylor and Daniel didn't
come clean. You saw what happened.
And Eric--Eric was Sampson's
nephew. He was digging into the
whole thing deeper and deeper, and
he got closer and closer to the
real story.

DAVID

If you were there that night, then
you're just as guilty.

Katie flinches. She straightens herself and brings the GUN
into view.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

You know how with an antidote, there is always a little of the poison in it? It helps you get better. And that's what I am--I'm the poison. But I'm making it all better.

Katie brings the gun forward, aiming it at David's head. Jennifer begins to BUCK wildly, until the tape around her COMES LOOSE.

David falls forward.

Jennifer TACKLES Katie. They become one being. Kicking, clawing, scratching. It's a cat-fight.

Katie jerks her arm back and SMASHES her fist into Jennifer's face. Jennifer falls back. Katie jumps up and grabs the GAS CONTAINER.

She begins to sling around the liquid until it's all empty.

The CAMERA DOES A FULL 360 SWEEP around the gymnasium. Katie lights her lighter. David pushes himself against the bleachers, too stunned to move.

KATIE

You're all coming with me.

She lights the fire.

There's a sudden ROAR as the fire comes to life, eating at the aged wood of the floor and the fire slowly moves to the WALLS.

Jennifer stirs, rolling over coughing. David stands, unflinching, face slack, almost catatonic. All emotion gone.

KATIE

This is the perfect ending! I get my revenge, punish the guilty. Everything a girl could want!

DAVID

Who are you to judge us?! YOU ARE GUILTY!

David's voice is a deep growl and Jennifer JUMPS UP.

The gun falls out of Katie's hand. David DIVES for the gun and pulls it within his grasp.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
Stop! Both of you stop!

Katie hides behind Jennifer, holding her as a shield.

KATIE
You shoot her, then you're getting
the blame. It'll be all your fault.

BOOM!!

A GIANT LIGHT FIXTURE COLLAPSES FROM THE CEILING!

Jennifer tears away from Katie's grasp as SMOKE and PLASTER
fly around them. The flames lick at their faces,
illuminating the world.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The cavalry has arrived and a crowd has gathered now, being
escorted away from the game.

OFFICER LEWIS is in the middle of talking to another
officer, when the SMOKE from the gym becomes visible.

OFFICER LEWIS
Fuck! Johnny, call the fire
department! Now!

JOHNNY, the officer Lewis was talking to, nods and runs into
the crowd.

Officer Lewis runs for the burning gym.

He POUNDS on the main door. No luck. He pulls the gun from
his holster and FIRES at the lock.

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

David continues to aim the gun at Katie.

OFFICER LEWIS ENTERS, gun drawn.

OFFICER LEWIS
Drop it, son.

DAVID
She's the killer! She killed them.

(CONTINUED)

KATIE

I don't know what's going on!

Jennifer falls apart, SCREAMING at the top of her lungs.

OFFICER LEWIS

Drop the gun and move over to me.
This place is going to go any
minute.

Officer Lewis takes a tentative step inside. David doesn't drop the gun.

Katie is smiling now.

JENNIFER

FUCKING SHOOT HER, DAVID!!

The entire room has been tinged ORANGE now, due to the fire. Everything creeks and groans. The building is about to crumble.

OFFICER LEWIS

Put the gun down!

Katie brings the KNIFE into view, the smile still plastered to her face.

OFFICER LEWIS

Put the weapons down!

KATIE CHARGES FOR DAVID!

BLAM!!

Katie COLLAPSES.

Officer Lewis rushes to Jennifer's side, pulling her up. She's still trembling.

OFFICER LEWIS

(to David)

Come on. We have to go.

David walks forward, gun still in hand, and stands over Katie. A clean bullet hole is situated in the center of her chest. Her eyes are CLOSED.

OFFICER LEWIS (O.S.)

Come on!

David doesn't listen. He bends down and takes the knife from Katie's loose grasp. His hand shakes as he raises it over his head.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
Burn in hell, bitch.

He brings the knife down, right into KATIE'S HEART. Her body goes rigid and David rights himself.

JENNIFER
Come on...

David slowly walks forward and Officer Lewis wraps an arm around David's shoulder.

More light fixtures begin to fall. The mirrors in the upstairs weight room begin to shatter.

EXT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Officer Lewis emerges with David and Jennifer at his side, arms around both of them.

OFFICER LEWIS
You'll be alright now.

ON JENNIFER

bloody, ash-covered, and beaten. She is shaking uncontrollably.

JENNIFER
If you say so.

ON DAVID

like Jennifer, ash-covered and beaten, he turns to look while the GYMNASIUM BURNS.

The roof of the gym COLLAPSES INWARDS. The crowd that has gathered moves backward as a collective wave of "Ooooooh..." emanates from them.

FIRE TRUCKS, POLICE CRUISERS, and EMTs soon arrive. Their lights play on the gruesome scene.

Jennifer glances over at David. His eyes are still trained on the fire.

JENNIFER
You okay?

David nods his head "No".

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I can't believe this happened.

Jennifer drops her hand in David's, squeezing it tight. These two strangers now closer than anyone in the world.

JENNIFER

Let's get outta here.

They both turn and are escorted through the crowd, which parts like the Red Sea before them. Soon, they are swallowed up by the wave of motion around them and we turn to...

THE BURNING GYMNASIUM

The rest of the structure collapses.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The day is gray and bleak, like what funerals are supposed to be like. The CAMERA TURNS to show a group of mourners standing on either side of a casket.

The preacher is just wrapping up his sermon. The group makes their way up to the casket for final goodbyes.

Soon, most of the crowd has gone. A few stick around and visit with one another, but one person remains at the casket.

DAVID.

His face is scratched and bruised. He's dressed in a black suit, which isn't any different from how we've seen him.

He stares at the casket, eyes hollow.

ON THE CASKET

is a picture of TAYLOR, her face is shining bright and radiant. The Taylor we remember.

Someone steps across from David.

It's JENNIFER. Tears leak from her eyes. Unable to contain herself.

Their eyes meet. No words are exchanged. Jennifer slightly nods her head at David and he returns the gesture.

(CONTINUED)

Slowly, he moves to Jennifer, but lets his hand slide over the casket's cold surface as he moves.

The two look on at the casket in a darkened silence. Jennifer puts her arm around David's waist and slowly, he turns away, but continues to look over his shoulder.

It's as if he's saying he will be back to visit tomorrow, and the next day, and many days to come.

THE CAMERA DOESN'T FOLLOW DAVID AND JENNIFER.

We watch as they walk through the cemetery, around the gravestones. Together.

David and Jennifer slowly fade over the crest of a hill and are soon gone from out sight.

The sun emerges behind a cloud and light is cast over the dark day. Maybe it's one of those supernatural signs from beyond. Or maybe it's not.

We'll never know.

FADE OUT...

THE END