EXT. PROLOGUE - WOODS - DAY

The screen is dark. A woman’s screams can be heard as the first few opening credits fade on and off the screen.

We open the movie with BECKY, a red-haired teenager, as she struggles and screams while being dragged on the ground by an unseen assailant. She struggles to get away, but no avail.

CAMERA ANGLE. ON THE GROUND. Becky’s face is forced on the ground as she continues to scream. The assailant starts to unbuckle his belt.

BECKY
(Screaming and crying)
You don’t have to do this, please! (A Beat) Please god, forgive me.

SCREAMS.

INT. OLD LAUNDRY ROOM - WOODS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

RANDY, a regular looking teenager, wakes up in an old abandoned laundry room. He’s bleeding from the top of his head. What happened to him? He looks around, gaining conscious to his surrounding only to realize he’s tied up to a chair.

THE DOOR OPENS. In walks the assailant.

RANDY
Who the fuck are you?! (A Beat) Where’s Becky?!

The assailant doesn’t answer.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Your so fucking dead! (A Beat) What do you want?! (A Beat) Speak!

The assailant pulls out a cell phone. He shows Randy an image on his phone that we don’t see. By Randy’s expression, he got caught doing something he should not of been doing. This is the reason why he’s here.

RANDY (CONT'D) (cont’d)
Who sent you that?

Camera angle on the assailant pulling a gun out of his back. Randy sees the gun.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RANDY (CONTD) (cont’d)
(Getting scared)
Hey man, relax. (A Beat) It’s not what you think. Please, she’s someone I know.

The gun cocks.

RANDY (CONTD) (cont’d)
Please, you don’t want to do this. You don’t have to do this.

A close shot of the gun being raised up in the air in slow motion. The gun is now facing Randy. What’s going to happen?

RANDY (CONTD) (cont’d)
I’m sorry! Is that what you want?!
(A Beat) I’m sorry, it’ll never happened again. (A Beat) You don’t have to do this.

3

EXT. OLD LAUNDRY ROOM - WOODS - SECONDS LATER - DAY

We pan out of the laundry room and focus on a red door. A few seconds go by and a gun shot is heard.

TITLE CARD: I SAW

4

EXT. MILLER RESIDENCE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

The movie fades out after the rest of the opening credits end. It’s NIGHT.

The house is calm. It’s a quiet scene: a small little garden, green grass, and a sense of peace and tranquility. Nothing to mirror back EVIL lurking about.

WINDOWS. The lights in the house are on... we see figures. Shadows walking. We watch from the outside.

LAUREN (V.O.)
(Whispering)
I saw what you did, and I know where you live.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Who is this? This is the third time you called my phone. You call again, and I’ll call the cops.

Lauren laughs, and hangs up.
INT. LIVING ROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE

Two girls. LAUREN MILLER (17) Black hair, thin, casually dressed. The last person you’d expect to be a nerd, setting aside the more-than-obvious nerdy stereo-type. On the other side of her, KATHERINE COOPER (17) Brown hair, thin, and is the exact opposite of her best friend, Lisa. She’s dressed very punk. Black from head to toe... black fingernails, black shirt, black Converse. The only thing saving her from being a labeled freak is her beauty. Lauren hangs up the phone... she is laughing hysterically. But she’s met with a face of disapproval.

KATHERINE
Grow up, who does prank calls anymore.

LAUREN
Well at least I know how to keep myself entertained on a very boring Friday night.

KATHERINE
It wouldn’t have been boring, but since you’re a cynic who believes that bonfires are for sluts, jocks, and assholes, we’re forced to be here *prank calling people*.

LAUREN
Oh please, bonfires *ARE* for sluts, jocks, and assholes. There’s no purpose of entertainment in even going to that mess.

KATHERINE
A huh. My argument exactly against your prank calling. Absolutely no purpose.

Lauren sits and stares blankly at the ceiling. Thinking. Deep in thought.

LAUREN
There has to be something we can do that has a purpose.

KATHERINE
We can always watch She-male erotica videos.
Lauren stares at her, disgusted.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Just kidding.

Going back to her thinking.

LAUREN
I should call Mark over.

Katherine puts a furious face.

KATHERINE
You conniving little bitch.

LAUREN
(Questioning tone)
What? He’s cute, and it’s not like we have anything else better to do.

KATHERINE
I’m not going to listen to you moan all night long.

LAUREN
Well it’s either that, or we can continue our little prank calling game.

Katherine makes a mocking face.

KATHERINE
You’re such a bitch.

Lauren picks up the phone.

LAUREN
Takes one to know one.

INT. GUTIERREZ RESIDENCE (KITCHEN)

SANDRA GUTIERREZ, a preppy Latin brunette, sits in her kitchen, smoking a cigarette. She picks up the phone, and dials someone’s number; who could it be? Nobody picks up.

SANDRA
(To Herself)
Where the hell are you.

Sandra dials again. No answer. She hangs up, upset. A few minutes go by, and she hears the sound of car door slamming. She quickly puts out her cigarette and walks out the
CONTINUED:
kitchen. The front door opens, and NESTOR GUTIERREZ, an undercover cop for narcotics, dressed in business attire, walks in. Sandra confronts him.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Where the hell were you tonight? I been calling you all night, and you didn’t answer my phone calls. Where the fuck where you that you come in at this time of the night?

NESTOR
Sandra, I don’t have time for your bullshit tonight, I had a long day and I want to go to bed if you don’t mind.

SANDRA
(Upset)
I do fucking mind! You have the audacity to tell me you had a long day when you know damn well that your lying.

NESTOR
What the fuck are you talking about?

SANDRA
I called the station, and Rob told me he did not see you all day.

NESTOR
Oh now your playing detective? Let me tell you something, it’s not my problem that you have insecurities ever since I caught you meeting with that piece of shit after work. So do yourself a favor, and get off my back. (A Beat) Are we finished? Can I go to bed now?

SANDRA
You was with her, weren’t you? (A Beat) Yeah, I knew it. You been messing with her. How long?

NESTOR
Good night.

Nestor starts making his way upstairs. Sandra, is becoming impatient.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SANDRA
Hello, are you going to answer me? (PAUSE) Fine, then don’t answer me.
I wonder what your going to tell your daughters when they find out you came home this late.

Nestor just stares at her.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Hello!

Nestor disappears up the steps, leaving Sandra clueless.

7 INT. BATHROOM (SINK) - SECONDS LATER
A quick shot of a bloody knife being cleansed by Nestor.

8 INT. UPSTAIRS (HALLWAY) - SECONDS LATER

SANDRA
You know what, Nestor, I’m getting sick of this bullshit.

She stops at the top of the stairs. She sees that her bedroom door is wide open. She also hears the shower water running. She focuses on the water running. She walks down the hallway, and stops in front of the bathroom door. She opens it, and walks into a steamy bathroom. She notices something oddly strange inside of the shower. She opens the curtains to notice the dead body of RANDY her "lover". Seconds later, someone from behind, suffocates her with a plastic bag.

9 INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER
A wide shot of two girls laying in there beds, asleep. One of the girls wake up as she hears thumping noises coming from the bathroom. The camera follows the girl out of the room and into the hallway.

10 INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER
Girl #1 slowly stops in front of the bathroom. She slowly opens it.

GIRL #1
Daddy is that you?
Girl #1 POV: Nestor is standing above his dead wife, Sandra’s lifeless body. Blood drips down her mouth. Nestor, with a sinister look smiles at his daughter. Girl #1 screams and runs off camera. The screen fades black and seconds later two gun shots are heard.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE

Lauren grabs the phone book. She looks for numbers... flipping pages, a predator looking for her next victim.

LAUREN
Ah. Sandra Goo-something. Perfect!

KATHERINE
Lauren, she’ll know it’s you. You use the same creepy whispering voice that sounds oddly familiar to yours.

Lauren sticks her middle finger up at Katherine, who smiles at her.

LAUREN
You try it then.

KATHERINE
Yeah, right.

Lauren picks the phone up once more.

LAUREN
Looks like I’ll be doing all the talking, chicken shit.

She marks the numbers.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - GUTIERREZ RESIDENCE

PHONE -- It rings. But there’s something rather strange about this phone. This phone is bloody. Like someone’s been struggling to get to it and was met with death. A HAND -- a bloody and disgustingly grimy hand reaches for the phone. The person picks the phone up.

NESTOR
(creepy voice)
Hello.
LAUREN (V.O.)
(Whisper)
I saw what you did, and I know where you live.

Nestor breathes heavily into the phone.

NESTOR
(creepy voice)
Who is this?

LAUREN (V.O.)
(Whispers)
I saw what you did, and I know who you are.

Nestor hangs up the phone. Very slowly.

13 INT. LIVING ROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE

Lauren has a troubled face. She looks at the phone, and then at Katherine.

KATHERINE
What?

LAUREN
That wasn’t Sandra. That was someone else. A man.
(laughs)
A very weird one. He sounded creepy. Very creepy.

KATHERINE
It could have been her boyfriend, you know?

LAUREN
How did you know that?

KATHERINE
What do you mean, know what?

LAUREN
Nothing, never mind.

KATHERINE
No, tell me.

LAUREN
Okay, but promise me you won’t tell anyone.

(CONTINUED)
KATHERINE
Promise.

LAUREN
Sandra has been seeing this one guy for months now, her husband doesn’t know a thing.

KATHERINE
How do you know that?

LAUREN
Because I talk to her. Too much, I’ll say.

KATHERINE
Okay. Well now you know that’s your indication to stop this nonsense.

LAUREN
Oh yeah? And do what exactly? Sit here and die of boredom?

KATHERINE
Well if we were at that bonfire we wouldn’t be sitting here bored, would we?

LAUREN
Kathy, would you please lay off the bonfire.

KATHERINE
Not my name.

LAUREN
Whatever, just please lay off it. I don’t think I could stand another second of your complaining.

(Sighs; pauses)
Maybe I should call her again.

KATHERINE
Why would you do that?

A BEAT.

LAUREN
Just out of curiosity, that’s all. I just want to make sure she’s alright. You know?

(CONTINUED)
KATHERINE
Why don’t you just dry over, she lives three neighborhoods down.

LAUREN
Last call of the night. I promise.

Lauren puts her right hand up, as if making an oath.

KATHERINE
Make it quick.

Lauren picks the phone up again. She dials the numbers.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - GUTIERREZ RESIDENCE
The phone rings. But unlike the last time, there’s nobody home to pick up the phone. Where did they go? We pan over to the floor which is full of blood. We pan over to reveal the two girls covered in blood on the floor.

15 INT. LIVING ROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE
Lauren is confused. She looks at the phone and back at Katherine.

LAUREN
It just rings. Where did they go?

KATHERINE
Lauren, they are a family, they probably stepped out somewhere. Why are you so worried?

LAUREN
Because that voice didn’t sound friendly at all.

KATHERINE
Everything you just told me was circumstantial. It could have been any thing. You’re paranoid for no reason.

LAUREN
Just forget it... I think this prank calling game’s gone too far now.
CONTINUED:

KATHERINE
Finally, one of the wiser things
you’ve said this evening.

LAUREN
Shut up. We still have nothing to
do.

Katherine looks around. She spots something to do. Over on
the living room table there’s a notepad.

KATHERINE
We could write journal entries for
today? No?

LAUREN
Fuck you, Kathy.
(Stands)
I’m calling Mark over.

KATHERINE
Whore.

Lauren walks away and disappears from the screen. Katherine
stays behind. She thinks of something.

KATHERINE (CONTD)
I’m going to get some liquor
downstairs. If we’re going to party
here, we’re going to do it in
style.

LAUREN (O.S.)
Bring something good.

Katherine stands and walks off.

INT. BASEMENT - MILLER RESIDENCE

Katherine walks down the basement stairs and looks around.
It’s not a creepy basement at all. It’s very well put
together. With that sense of comfort, she decides not to go
back up and turn the light switch on. Instead, She walks
towards the back of the basement where the liquor is stored.
Katherine looks around. Then. A NOISE. What is it? Or, who
is it? She looks behind her, nothing. SUDDENLY, out of the
darkness descends a figure. A MAN. He puts his arms around
Katherine. But because of the darkness we’re unable to see
who this man is. Katherine flinches away. Trying to force a
scream but is unable to over the shock. That doesn’t stop
her from SWINGING and PUNCHING at the MAN. THE MAN laughs...
hysterically. Katherine stops punching and swinging.

(CONTINUED)
KATHERINE
Mark?

MARK
Boo. Got you.

Katherine slaps him in the face.

KATHERINE
You jerk.

The lights in the basement go on and on down comes Lauren.

LAUREN
What the hell is going on down here? Mark? I was just calling you... Why didn’t you pick up?

MARK
Too busy scaring your friend here out of her wits.

KATHERINE
(Slapping him in the arm)
You asshole.

Lauren comes towards Mark and kisses him lightly on the lips. She turns around to Katherine.

LAUREN
So are you going home?

KATHERINE
What? Why?

LAUREN
Well... I mean, I don’t want you to feel like the third wheel with Mark being here and all.

Katherine is confused.

KATHERINE
Mark? What does he have to do with anything. I’m staying. It’s 10:46 pm. I’m not going home this late.

Mark leans on Lauren’s back wrapping his arms around her waist.

MARK
We can always have a threesome.

Katherine puts a "grossed out" face. Lauren laughs.
KATHERINE
Keep dreaming.

MARK
What? It’s always good to experiment with your best friend.

KATHERINE
Oh trust me it’s not her I’m worried about it’s you.

MARK
Oh, well, then if that’s the case you’re on your own down here. Second floor is ours for the night.

LAUREN
(Curious)
Wait... how did you get in?

Mark thinks.

MARK
Door was open.

Lauren turns to Katherine.

LAUREN
Someone was supposed to lock it.

KATHERINE
I did, bolted it shut on my way in.

LAUREN
Whatever.
(To Mark)
So? What are we going to do?

MARK
You think of something... I’ll be upstairs.

Mark turns to the stairs. He goes up. Lauren and Katherine remain in the basement.

LAUREN
Are you going to bed?

KATHERINE
While you work your noggin trying to figure out what you’re going to be doing this evening, I’ll be sure to think of something.

(CONTINUED)
LAUREN
Good. My noggin’s already decided on the course of action for tonight.

KATHERINE
...and my smarts have picked up on it.

Lauren laughs.

LAUREN
Good then. I guess we’re settled.

KATHERINE
I guess we are.

They stand silent for two seconds before Lauren breaks it.

LAUREN
Well I have to attend to Mark. He’s probably getting ready for my big idea. I think his smarts picked up on my noggin’s thinking too.

KATHERINE
A male’s train of thought goes that direction all the time. It couldn’t have been that complicated to pick up on it.

LAUREN
K... whatever.

Lauren gives a pathetic attempt of a hand waving gesture and turns to the stairs. Katherine sort of forces a smile on her face, despite the situation she’s in.

KATHERINE
(to herself)
Frantically looking for love with no luck. Most of it due to her interest for the attire people love to hate.

She turns and continues on the path of the basement in search for liquor.
INT. MAIN BEDROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE

DOOR -- Opens and in comes Lauren. Ready for action, although still dressed.

MARK
You know you’re suppose to come into the bedroom undressed and ready to meet your horny boyfriend.

LAUREN
Right.
(She toys around with him on the bed, kissing)
But what about chastity? I mean, we mustn’t have sex before marriage. So, in that respect, I guess we’re not necessarily following binding rules here, are we?

They kiss once again.

MARK
Binding rules? Where do you get this stuff from, anyway?

Lauren smiles.

LAUREN
Come on, Mark... you know I’ve always been book smart. And it’s kind of obvious that if we ever get married, I’ll be the one supplying for us.

MARK
 Says who?

LAUREN
Says I. Sorry, but you are the biggest Douche bag I’ve ever met.

MARK
...and you’re the biggest cunt I’ve ever met.

LAUREN
Thanks.

Mark smiles.

(CONTINUED)
LAUREN (CONT'D)
Now that that’s out of our systems, shall we begin our love making?

Lauren smiles. They kiss some more and get under the sheets.

18 INT. KITCHEN - MILLER RESIDENCE

Katherine sits on her own in the kitchen... angry for obvious reasons. One being that she didn’t find the liquor she wanted. She picks up her messenger bag from the floor and digs inside it. She pulls out her I pod and begins to listen to music. The phone RINGS -- Katherine is alarmed. She gets up to pick it up.

KATHERINE
Hello? (PAUSE) Is anyone there? (PAUSE)

Suddenly an answer.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Have you been calling my house?

KATHERINE
No. Who is this?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Your last prank call. You know you have a lot of nerve prank calling me. Now that I know who you are, you better stop calling this house if you know what’s good for you!

KATHERINE
Sure, whatever ma’am... goodnight.

Katherine hangs up the phone. She looks around the kitchen. There’s really nothing she can do. She turns off the lights and exit’s the kitchen, clearly indicating that she’s going to bed.

19 INT. MAIN BEDROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE

Lauren and Mark just finished their moment of love making. Lying on the bed, they’re looking up in wonder.

LAUREN
If I had the guts to, I’d probably kill you right now. Can’t believe your condom snapped.

(CONTINUED)
MARK
I didn’t feel it. I swear.

LAUREN
Shut up. Do you have any idea what my mom will do to me if I end up pregnant?

MARK
She’ll kill you?

LAUREN
If only that wasn’t an understatement.

Long pause.

MARK
I wonder what our baby will look like.

Lauren is annoyed. She looks over to the other side of Mark. There’s a lit candle. She grabs it.

LAUREN
I need to go to the bathroom. I’ll be right back.

MARK
I’m in need of a drink, I’ll be right back too.

Lauren remains in the bed, looking at Mark with an angry expression on her face. OFF-SCREEN -- We can hear the sound of a belt as Mark slips his pants on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE

From the living room angle, we see Mark coming down the stairs. Everything’s dark, and the only light being provided is that of the moon. An eerily faint blue light. Shirtless, Mark goes from the living room to the kitchen. We keep the angle on a corner -- it’s almost faint through the darkness, but still visible. It becomes clear to us that there is someone standing amidst the darkness. Someone with a threat. Someone waiting to strike. Who could it be?
INT. BASEMENT - MILLER RESIDENCE

Katherine unfolds a couch into a bed. She pulls sheets out of a closet. Unfolds that too. Suddenly a LOUD THUMP is heard. It’s coming from the kitchen. Katherine quickly looks up.

KATHERINE
What the fuck was that?

She walks through the basement, still looking up. She hears another thump.

KATHERINE (CONTD)
What the fuck?

INT. KITCHEN - MILLER RESIDENCE

The figure that stood in the shadows, silent in the dark corner, is now dragging the lifeless body of Mark. He was viciously stabbed, and although the wounds are not visible, the blood gives away the brutality of it all. Blood drips out of his mouth. He’s dead.

INT. BASEMENT - MILLER RESIDENCE

Katherine stands by for a moment. Then she ignores the fact that she’s just heard a rather peculiar loud thump coming from the kitchen. She goes back to her previous commitment.

INT. HALLWAY - MILLER RESIDENCE

We hear the toilet flush. Out of the bathroom comes Lauren. She has a sheet wrapped around her nude body. She looks around and doesn’t see Mark. She doesn’t care. She goes back to the room, but hears something else in the hallway as she’s walking to the main bedroom.

LAUREN
Mark? (PAUSE) Katherine?

No response. Who made the noise?

LAUREN (CONTD)
Hello?

She walks further down the hall... unaware of her fate. She looks into one of the other rooms. Nothing -- She walks further down... but behind her we notice something. Something that stands in the main room. We see it. It’s not

(CONTINUED)
moving... The figure moves and hides somewhere elsewhere while Lauren looks through the second room. She turns back towards the main bedroom. But then hears something behind her again. She turns quickly. CLOSER ANGLE ON LAUREN -- Tight on her face, we can only see a little bit of movement behind her. Then suddenly: WHACK! The figure stabs her viciously in her back. She opens her mouth wide as blood spills out of it. The figure pushes her and she falls flat on the floor, gasping for air, spitting out blood. CLOSE ON THE KNIFE -- A bloody thing. It is a butcher knife. BACK ON LAUREN -- Who gasps for air. From behind her we see the figure pick up her legs and drag her to the main bedroom. She fights by struggling, but it isn’t enough! He closes the door.

25 INT. BASEMENT - MILLER RESIDENCE

Katherine is lying down on the guest bed. She is concerned about the loud thump she heard. She has a lit candle beside her. She grabs it and stands. Where is she going? With no concern about what could have caused the loud thump, she goes up the stairs... remorseless.

26 INT. KITCHEN - MILLER RESIDENCE

The kitchen door leading into the basement opens very slowly. The door creaks increasingly loud, though Katherine makes an effort to be unnoticed. Steadily and quietly she walks past the door, to the kitchen and into the living room.

27 INT. LIVING ROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE

She looks around the living room... there’s nobody there.

KATHERINE
(To herself)
What the hell?

BEHIND HER IS THE FIGURE MOVING slowly towards her. Although it is not clearly visible you can tell he’s opening his arms to attack her. WHOOSH! He wraps his arms around her in a choking position. She lets out a shriek.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
(Choking)
Let go!

She drops her candle on the floor.

(CONTINUED)
KATHERINE (CONT'D) (cont’d)

Help....help!

She tries to break free, but the man who’s got her on a
choke hold is much too strong. She bites his arm and he
releases. As she tries to escape he grabs her hair and tugs
her back. Once back he pushes her to the floor and grabs her
feet. He starts to drag her to the stairs leading to the
second floor. Katherine is struggling away hoping to get
from him. The figure grabs her hair again and slams her face
into the floor. She’s almost unconscious, but still has some
strength left in her to struggle while he drags her up the
stairs. She’s bleeding from the mouth.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

No... please... No! Please don’t do
this please.

He continues dragging her up the stairs while she’s still
struggling to get away.

28 INT. HALLWAY - MILLER RESIDENCE

Once on top of the flight of stairs, the figure grabs
Katherine’s hair and drags her into the room where he has
Mark and Lauren. Mark’s on the bed and Lauren’s on the
floor, lifeless. The figure drops the almost unconscious
Katherine on the floor to see her best friend dead. He goes
over to the bed where his knife is lying. Katherine sees the
knife and tries to run...

KATHERINE

No!

She tries to run from the room, but the figure grabs the
back of her shirt and slams her back to the floor. She
shrieks from the pain. The killer grabs her by the hair and
threatens with the knife, about to slice her throat. In an
attempt to stop him, Katherine grabs his arm before he
manages to slit her throat. She elbows him in his groin
area. He flinches back. At the same time, Katherine bites
hard on his hand to get the knife. THE KNIFE FALLS --
Katherine makes a swift move and grabs it quick. She gets up
and shields herself in one corner of the room. Knife in
hand.

KATHERINE (cont’d)


The killer stands. Without response. We’re unable to see his
face. The lack of light forbids it.
He stands -- THEN HE STRIKES AT HER -- In one final attempt, Katherine stabs the killer in his chest. The killer just falls back. Dead. Frantic Katherine leans against the wall in horror of what just happened. She’s scared. Very scared. She walks past the body and leaves the room. Knife in hand.

29

INT. LIVING ROOM - MILLER RESIDENCE

Katherine walks down the stairs and reaches for the front door. She stops at the sound of the phone ringing. She turns towards the kitchen.

30

INT. KITCHEN - MILLER RESIDENCE

She slowly walks towards the kitchen, she reaches for the phone. Picks it up.

KATHERINE

Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)

(whispers)

I saw what you did, and I know where you live. You killed my brother!

She stares blankly as the suspense music rises and we...

SMASH CUT:

END CREDITS.