

PIZZA PARTY

written by

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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A cartoon pizza slice winks against a weathered, flickering car topper. It glides down a dimly lit street, passing each house like a shark fin.

A muffled, slightly warped JINGLE loops from within the car's archaic sound system.

VOICE (O.S.)

(static-y)

Every day is Friday when yer
treat'd to something nice,
Dial in an order, and we'll de-liv-
er you a slice!
Who'da thought that dinner could
have been such a breeze?
A night becomes a party when you're
given extra cheese!

The vehicle slows to a creep in front of a bungalow. The few interior lights make the house's presence known beyond the skeletal trees.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM

Sparkly neon green nail polish oozes off of a nightstand onto the carpet below.

TIFFANY WARD (17), perpetual scowl, stares at the mess, then to her drying toe nails.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

She eye-rolls to her bedroom door. A collage of string-lit Polaroids rattle with each THUD.

MOM (O.S.)

(through door)

Tiffany?

TIFFANY

(under her breath)

Who the fuck else would it be?

She ever-so-slightly turns down the volume of the music video BLARING from her television.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

What?

MOM (O.S.)
Tiff, we need to talk. This is a serious offence.

TIFFANY
Well, I'm *seriously* offended you don't believe your own daughter.

Beat.

MOM (O.S.)
Have you eaten yet? Come just have dinner with me. Please?

Volume back to full. FOOTSTEPS distance. She prompts a video group chat on her phone.

Pixelated faces pop up like Hollywood Squares on the screen. She continues painting her nails.

TIFFANY
I'm going to curb stomp that maggot-faced wench.

KRISTI (O.S.)
(stressed)
Kat said they're going to cancel prom??

TIFFANY
Not before I cancel them.

RENEE (O.S.)
Are you sure it was Aubrey who told?

TIFFANY
Do you really think her "phone confiscation" and a police locker check happening on the same day was a coincidence?

KRISTI (O.S.)
Is your mom all over you?

TIFFANY
Like fucking latex.

RENEE (O.S.)
What did you say the police?

TIFFANY

Played dumb. Said I was holding for Darryl, and that I didn't know what it was.

KRISTI (O.S.)

What's going to happen to Darryl?

TIFFANY

Who cares?

RENEE (O.S.)

So are you, like, expelled then?

TIFFANY

They are still "deciding my fate."

Car headlights pierce through the openings of the bedroom curtains. Beams flood Tiffany for a moment before disappearing.

EXT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE - FRONT

The pizza delivery truck sits idling in the driveway. The only car. Moths dance around the motion detector light. A dog BARKS in the distance.

A DELIVERY MAN, disguised in a black morph suit underneath a red retro delivery uniform, slowly approaches the front door with a box in hand.

He stops. Stands in front of the front door, breath billowing through his mesh filter into the night air.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM

Tiffany seals her nail polish bottle and inspects her paint job. She places it back on her night stand.

RENEE (O.S.)

Don't worry. We'll make sure she knows she's unwelcome tomorrow.

TIFFANY

Give *her* a locker check.

Tiffany's phone screen is over-ridden by an incoming call.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Gotta go. I think Darryl's here, which means I can't be.

Tiffany hangs up the phone. Dims her lights.

A much more distant KNOCK echoes from the front door.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

Tiffany side-eyes the corner of her room, waiting for sounds of footstep shuffling. She mutes the TV. Silence.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Tiffany GROANS, irritated.

The KNOCKING persists. Tiffany walks up to her window, peers out to see the idling pizza delivery truck.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Are you going to get that?

Tiffany sits back down on her bed.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
MOM??

The KNOCKING stops.

Tiffany pauses.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. The KNOCKING now on Tiffany's bedroom door. Aggressive. A Polaroid and glow-in-the-dark plastic star fall onto the carpet.

Tiffany jerks her head to the door, alarmed.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
(serious)
Mom?

She waits a moment. She hesitantly approaches the door, listening. Cautiously opens it. No one.

Across the house, the front door remains closed but unlocked.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT FOYER

Tiffany walks through the unlit home to the front door. She peers out the stained glass side-window. A skewed object lies on the front stoop.

She opens the door. A box of pizza.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT

Tiffany steps onto the front stoop. The delivery car still sits idling, driver-less.

She picks up the box of pizza. Opens the lid - until distracted by the vanishing spotlight of a motion detector from the side of the house.

She squints through the darkness.

Suddenly, the delivery man comes **RUNNING** from within the house behind her. He wields an over-sized pizza cutter and **SLASHES** it against her back. Blood **SPRAYS**.

Tiffany **SCREAMS**. A fluster of pain.

She falls to her knees, the pizza cutter still lodged in her back. Blood snakes down onto the stone patio steps.

Tiffany unsuccessfully tries to reach for the source of the pain. She winces, spinning around on her knees for answers.

The delivery man stands over her, a grimacing shadow in front of the flickering porch light.

She **SCREAMS** again.

Dogs **BARK** in the distance.

The delivery man walks closer.

He puts a foot to her chest and pushes her back down the steps. She falls backward, the pizza cutter piercing deeper into her back.

Gurgled blood masks her **SCREAMS**, spilling out of her mouth. Her eyes wide as she stares in desperation across the street, upside down.

The delivery man raises his leg for one final **stomp**.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY

A tearaway number "Pizza Delivery" ad flails in the wind taped to a mailbox in front of a rural high school.

TEENAGERS distractedly make their way to the school without any sense of urgency.

MOLLY (O.S.)
You've gotta be fucking kidding me!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

MOLLY (17), sarcasm is her love language, stands mouth agape next to the teacher's desk in a history classroom.

Across stands MR. GRIFFIN (37), a once-cool teacher who's since given up trying. He stares back at Molly, offended.

MR. GRIFFIN
Language! I thought you knew? Is that not why you asked for an extension on your Colosseum project.

She studies him, confused.

MOLLY
What?

MR. GRIFFIN
Because - Tiffany was your partner?

MOLLY
Right.

Molly stands there for a moment, twiddling her fingers in her backpack loops.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
So, the extension *is* granted then?

MR. GRIFFIN
Yes? Take as long as you need -

MOLLY
Dope.

She walks to the door, distracted.

MR. GRIFFIN
And Molly, can we keep this confidential?
(MORE)

MR. GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 For at least the next twenty
 minutes? There's going to be a
 homeroom announcement.

She turns back, news only 35% processed. She nods
 unconvincingly.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The student body leisurely traverses the hallways before the
 morning bell.

Molly fiddles with her combination lock.

PHIL (17), a cuddly stoner with an unsigned leg cast, scarfs
 down a slice of greasy pizza leaning on his crutches against
 the next locker.

PHIL
 Oh yeah, Tiff?

He takes a moment to gulp down his mouthful.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 Patio charcuterie.

MOLLY
 I thought no one knew?

PHIL
 My mom listens to police scanners
 to fall asleep.

Molly, still digesting the news, becomes distracted by Phil's
 open-mouthed chewing.

MOLLY
 Can't believe they're still doing
 "Pizza Day." Feels a bit
 insensitive, no?

PHIL
 Has the caf ever had the best PR
 team?

MOLLY
 I guess not. Have you seen Aubrey?

PHIL
 Outside? I think -

Combination lock success. Molly swings open her locker door
 to - **KASPLAT!!**

A wad of red liquid drips down Molly's squinting face, the result of a makeshift locker condiment bomb. Her smiley face-shaped locker mirror sharpied: "NARC!!!"

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Here.

Phil tries to use his greasy napkin on her cheek.

Giggles echo from RENEE (18) and KRISTI (18) who hold up their phones recording the aftermath.

MOLLY
What is that, ketchup?

Molly licks her cheek. She attempts to open an eye.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
FUCK It's HOT SAUCE!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - BLEACHERS

The student traffic has died down to the remaining stragglers and smokers.

AUBREY (18), decidedly mousy, sits on the back wiring of the bleachers on the verge of a full-blown panic attack, head in hands.

Molly, face still covered in hot sauce and sporting wayfarers to shield the eye-swelling, approaches Aubrey. She sits next to her.

MOLLY
Aub?

Aubrey looks up to Molly, face also covered in hot sauce. Instant sobbing. Molly pours some of a carton of milk onto a napkin.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Here. This helps.

Aubrey ignores. Sobs.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Listen, I have some news that might bring you some... Relief?

Aubrey looks Molly dead in the eye, serious.

AUBREY
I killed Tiffany.

Aubrey bites her lip. Hearing it aloud makes it worse. The sobbing continues twofold.

MOLLY
You already know, too? Am I the
last to find out?

Molly snaps back to reality.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Wait a second. What are you talking
about?!

AUBREY
Remember how we were talking about
how we used to send pizzas to
people's houses as a prank?

MOLLY
Yeah, but -

AUBREY
I knew she was allergic to
shellfish. So, I ordered a pizza to
her house and asked them to cover
the toppings in extra cheese.

Molly tries to hold back a laugh but ends up doing a weird grunt instead.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
(defensively)
I-I didn't want her to die, but I
can't miss school with this
scholarship, and she would have
literally murdered me today. I
didn't know how to keep hiding -

Molly attempts to switch gears to match Aubrey's emotional breakdown.

MOLLY
Aub, Tiffany did not die from a
food allergy.

AUBREY
What?

MOLLY
She was murdered. According to
Phil, quite ruthlessly.

Aubrey can hardly process, but it does offer a twisted shred of relief.

AUBREY
What the fuck?

MOLLY
Question of the day.

Aubrey takes a few deep breaths.

Molly bites her lip. She doesn't want to say it, but she has to eventually.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Uh-Shit.

AUBREY
What?

MOLLY
It was the pizza delivery man who killed her, though.

Aubrey sinks back down into a guilt spiral.

AUBREY
So I *did* kill her?

MOLLY
Dude, Tiffany Ward was an irredeemably shitty person. If she was able to provoke a delivery man to commit manslaughter within the time frame of a za hand-off, that's on her.

AUBREY
But it wouldn't have happened if I didn't make the call.

Molly nods in a "true" kind of way.

BZZZZZZZ. The school bell rings in the distance.

MOLLY
Okay. This isn't your fault, but skipping first period? Not a great look. Got me?

Aubrey nods. She collects herself. Molly helps fix her post-cry look and the two walk together across the football field to the school.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Griffin fidgets uncomfortably at his desk.

DENISE (45), an "over it" small town cop, stands at the head of the classroom.

This is the most attention this class has paid, probably ever.

DENISE

Now, I know this is shocking. So, if anyone knows anything more about the drugs she was dealing, or if you have any questions -

CLASS CLOWN

(mockingly)

What happened to the pizza?

DENISE

Have some respec-

Molly and Aubrey, still caked in crusty hot sauce, walk into the room. All eyes dart to them.

Denise turns to Mr. Griffin.

DENISE (CONT'D)

These the girls who ratted her out?

The girls look to Mr. Griffin, offended. He swivels in his chair, reluctant.

MR. GRIFFIN

(fast)

Yes.

A collective class BOO.

MOLLY

Griff, what the -

DENISE

And what in the hell is all over you two?

MOLLY

(sarcastic)

Oh, you know, we just thought we'd jack off the devil before homeroom.

MR. GRIFFIN

Girls! Seats!

Molly and Aubrey submit. The class sneers at them as they make their way to their seats.

DENISE

Again, if anyone knows or hears anything, I'll be here all day.

Molly looks to Aubrey who's staring out the window in shock. Molly studies her, confused.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Molly, Aubrey, and Phil lounge routinely across from one another in an outdated computer lab.

An assortment of pizza slices in an unbranded box. Phil lifts himself a slice via crutch.

CONNOR (18), an awkward athlete, slides into the room on a computer chair. Out the window, school buses depart and students flee the perimeters.

PHIL

I don't get what everyone's freaking out about.

CONNOR

You don't?

MOLLY

It's gotta be drug-relate, right?

Molly looks to Aubrey with comfort, but she's still catatonic.

PHIL

Even if it's not, a killer pizza delivery guy? It seems pretty simple to me. If you don't want to die, don't order a fucking pizza.

AUBREY

(quietly)

What if it was someone else who made the call?

Phil thinks about that for a moment mid-chip bite.

CONNOR

Then I'd like to tip on their behalf.

PHIL

I don't think the caf has ever had
this many end-of-day pizza orphans.
Anyone else?

Connor scoffs.

CONNOR

No. Fuck olives.

MOLLY

What? You love olives.

CONNOR

Says who?

MOLLY

Didn't you dress up as an olive for
Halloween, like, three years in a
row?

CONNOR

I was a Teenage Mutant Ninja
Turtle. My mom is just a really
shitty sewer.

Molly bursts into laughter. Phil studies Aubrey.

PHIL

You okay, Aub?

Aubrey nods unconvincingly.

CONNOR

It's not like I expected you to be
running around the halls with
munchkins or anything, but she
especially had it out for you.

PHIL

Yeah, I've gotta say, it's been
nice to have a day off from being
human whack-a-moles.

MOLLY

Clearly you didn't get a fire
facial.

PHIL

I genuinely don't even know where
my locker is.

CONNOR
(re: Phil's cast)
Weren't you supposed to get that
thing off last week?

PHIL
Makes for a good buffer.

MOLLY
You really need to tell Mrs.
Gaffney it was Greg who did that.

PHIL
(defensively)
It was gym class.

CONNOR
Playing badminton...

Aubrey turns to the group.

AUBREY
(chiming in)
I guess it would have been worse.

MOLLY
There she is! If anything, we
should be taking advantage of this
hell hiatus.

CONNOR
And do what?

MOLLY
I don't know. We've spent the past
four years hiding out in this room.
It'd be nice to make at least one
high school memory outside of it.

PHIL
It's Thursday.

MOLLY
So? It's almost summer. Do you
think *they'd* be staying in tonight
if Tiffany hadn't been treated like
an Amazon box last night?

CONNOR
No, they'd probably be going to the
"Lit Pit." I've heard them talk
about it in the locker room.

MOLLY

Okay, the fact that that was their speakeasy branding isn't helping my case, but do you know where it is?

CONNOR

Yeah, I'm pretty sure it's literally just discarded furniture behind Timber Creek.

MOLLY

Let's go! Come on, guys. You're all leaving me next year. Give me one night.

Molly's hype man energy is not translating. The group looks unconvinced.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A confusing combination of childhood girlishness and boy band horniness embodies Molly's bedroom.

She sits in front of a mirror, leaning against a computer chair, straightening her hair mid-rant.

Aubrey sits on her bed, as ready as she plans to be, still gloomily distracted.

MOLLY

I'm thinking about telling Connor tonight. I mean, he's the one leaving. I feel like I'm saving him the trouble. There's just no point. And it's not like I don't like him. It's just I like him more in a Stockholm syndrome-y kind of way, y'know?

Aubrey doesn't respond. She fiddles with a worn piece of folded paper.

The RUMBLING of a car pulling into a nearby driveway. Molly leaps over to her window. Peers through the blinds.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Not my parents. We're good.

Molly pulls out a mystery water bottle and a jug of orange juice and joins Aubrey on the bed.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Just my favorite neighbor, Mr. Griffin. Can you believe him outing us like that today? It's like he gets off by putting bounties on our heads.

Aubrey doesn't even fake a smirk.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Sorry, am I chaise-hogging therapy hour?

Molly looks down at the object of Aubrey's distraction.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 What is that?

Molly snatches the piece of paper from Aubrey's hand. She unfolds it. It's a tearaway pizza delivery ad.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 Are you serious?

AUBREY
 How can I not think I had something to do with this?

MOLLY
 God, what do I have to do to give your guilty conscience a sponge bath? You know what -

Aubrey tries to pull the ad back, but Molly rips one of the tearaway numbers off.

AUBREY
 Molly, no!

Muted RINGING through the phone. Pause.

MOLLY
 (into phone)
 Helllloooo? Hi, yeah, can I get an extra large, extra cheesy pizza delivered to -

She looks out her window for confirmation.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 19 Circle Ridge Drive? I'll be paying at the door. Thank you so much.

She hangs up. Aubrey stares at her, wildly unimpressed. Molly sits back on the bed.

AUBREY
What the actual fuck?

MOLLY
Come on! I'm proving to you that you had nothing to do with this, okay?

AUBREY
What if something happens?

MOLLY
Then no ancient history exam tomorrow?

AUBREY
You're the worst.

Molly fills two glasses from the water bottle.

MOLLY
What can I say? I'm a glass half-full kinda girl.

Aubrey returns her cheers reluctantly. She takes a giant sip, winces.

AUBREY
Ugh, what is that? Tequila?

MOLLY
(shamefully)
And like *four* different ice wines.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Molly and Aubrey stand under the porch light.

Molly sifts for keys in her clanging purse. Aubrey stands, gripping the sleeves of her over-sized sweater for warmth.

An IDLING CAR immediately grabs Aubrey's attention. She looks to see a COURIER walking to his vehicle across the street. They make eye brief yet uncomfortable eye contact.

Aubrey tugs at Molly's shoulder.

AUBREY
(whispering)
Moll. Look.

Molly nonchalantly spins around. The two stand there, trying not to be obvious with their glaring.

The man enters his car, pulls out of the driveway, and veers off the street into the darkened suburb.

Aubrey looks to Molly with discomfort.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP alongside the BUZZING of the overhead streetlamps on an otherwise quiet street.

Aubrey and Molly walk shoulder-to-shoulder as they peer over to Mr. Griffin's house. A light on in the living room. They slow pace.

MOLLY
(whispering)
Is that him?

The two stand on their tippy-toes to get a better view to across the street.

Mr. Griffin sits in view of the living room window, watching TV. He lowers his head to take a bite and bobs back up with a mouthful one would save for the privacy of their own home.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
See?

An immediate weight off Aubrey's shoulder.

Molly sticks up a middle finger - JUST as he turns to notice them. The two turn at lightning speed and shuffle down the street.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Feel better?

AUBREY
He totally saw that.

The two laugh as they zigzag down the car-less road.

INT. MR. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A quaint home with a lack of decoration. The television flickers some old sitcom.

Mr. Griffin sits on his couch with a pile of binder-clipped essays in front of him. In between marking, he scarfs down some Chinese food out of a takeout container.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

Mr. Griffin wipes his mouth with a napkin, looks to a clock on his wall for a time-check. Odd. He walks over to the front door and opens it to: our morph-suit masked delivery man holding a box of pizza.

MR. GRIFFIN

Wrong house. I didn't order this.

A sudden fear of realization overcomes him. He quickly shuts the front door. Locks it.

He looks through the peep hole. The delivery man stands there, motionless.

He whips out his cellphone. Dials 9-1-1. RING. RING.

Mr. Griffin turns away from the door unknowingly as a pizza cutter slips through the mail slot and SLICES his heels. Blood floods out from the back.

He falls to the floor, his phone sliding out of reach. He WALLS in pain as he flips around to see the mailbox slot slip shut once again.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(faintly through phone)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

Mr. Griffin spins back around to his phone, aglow about a meter away.

CRRRSHHHH. The distant sound of a window sliding open.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hello?

Mr. Griffin lunges for his phone, wincing in pain as he throws it to his ear.

MR. GRIFFIN

(distressed)

Someone is atta-

The delivery man comes running down the hall and SLASHES Mr. Griffin across the face with the pizza cutter. The phone falls to the ground.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Hello? Are you there?

Blood oozes from Mr. Griffin's cheek. The pizza delivery man stands over him, he raises his utensil-equipped hand for a fatal swing.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

A clearing off a creek bending through a forest. String lights strategically hung in a section overlooking a weathered couch and camping chairs.

Molly, Aubrey, Connor, and Phil sit among a growing mountain of beer cans.

A NEIGHBOR walking their dog on a distant path through the area looks over disapprovingly as they pass.

PHIL
YOU called the pizza guy on
 Tiffany?

Aubrey looks to Molly, unimpressed.

AUBREY
 Molly, really? It wasn't like that.

Molly holds her hands up, guilty.

AUBREY (CONT'D)
 (spiteful)
 And whatever, *Molly* called him on
 Mr. Griffin's before we left, and
 nothing happened.

Connor and Phil make weary eyes to one another.

MOLLY
 What?

CONNOR
 We actu-

PHIL
 Connor, don't.

MOLLY
What? No. Tell us.

Connor looks to Aubrey, unsure then back to the group.

CONNOR
Okay, after you guys left the computer lab, we decided to do some research to see if we could find anything else about the murder.

PHIL
Granted, this intel is from Reddit, so -

CONNOR
Apparently, there were similar murders just outside of Silvertree. A guy named "Pizza Face."

MOLLY
(unimpressed)
A serial killer named "Pizza Face"?

PHIL
Perslicely.

CONNOR
(story mode)
So everyone at this high school called this Henry kid "Pizza Face." He had really bad acne. Kids are mean but not very original. Didn't help that he worked at his dad's pizza shop. Anyway, these kids tormented him. Made his life a living hell. And one night, they were having a party, and they ordered a bunch of pizzas to force him to go there. They were planning something.

AUBREY
I really don't want to hear this if it's sad.

MOLLY
(interest piqued)
What happened?

PHIL
That's the thing. No one knows. Plan was never executed, because everyone at the party... died.

MOLLY
 (disbelief)
 What?

CONNOR
 He poisoned the pizza. Manages to get away with it, somehow. So, after something like that you'd think the pizza shop would be done for, right? Opposite. Business starts booming, but not because people want to order the food, they want to order something much more sinister -

PHIL
 Like a hit?

CONNOR
 Sure.

He turns to Phil to see him volunteering a joint.

PHIL
 No, do you want some?

CONNOR
 Oh. Yeah, sure.

Connor takes a hit.

MOLLY
 (jokingly)
 That's pretty fucked up. I wonder what brought him here.

PHIL
 (theatrically)
 Someone must've made a long distance call.

Phil does ghostly hands towards Aubrey. Her discomfort is reemerging.

MOLLY
 Where'd you even find the ad?

AUBREY
 It was in my locker.

MOLLY
 What? You didn't tell me that part.

Molly reaches into her bag and pulls out the ad. She reviews it once more. Connor grabs it from her excitedly.

CONNOR

No way. Who do you think tore off the other numbers?

PHIL

You just found this in your locker?

Aubrey stands up defiantly.

AUBREY

You know what? I'm going to go back.

PHIL

Aub, come on!

MOLLY

You can't seriously believe this true cringe podcast.

CONNOR

We're just having fun.

AUBREY

I don't care. I'm just tired, okay? Molly, didn't you want to have a private convo with Connor anyway?

Molly sends Aubrey eye-daggers.

CONNOR

What?

Aubrey grabs her stuff.

PHIL

Do you want us to at least walk you?

AUBREY

I'm good.

Aubrey walks off. The group looks to one another unsure how to proceed. Connor studies Molly who sits there awkwardly.

CONNOR

Talk about what?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Aubrey walks out of the wooded area leading to a cul-de-sac. She walks down the empty street.

She picks up her pace, her eye-line glued on one house in the distance. She slows as she approaches Mr. Griffin's house. A pizza delivery car in the driveway, idling.

Aubrey stops. She breathes heavily for a moment in contemplation.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she notices the shadow of someone standing on Mr. Griffin's porch, just out of the light, staring.

Aubrey switches gears into a speed walk past the house.

The delivery man makes his way towards her down the driveway, but stops and gets into his car. Aubrey notices, continues to pick up the pace.

She doesn't look back. Sounds of the car reversing in the driveway.

The melody of the jingle starting up like a broken music box.

JINGLE (O.S.)

(static-y)

Every day is Friday when yer
treat'd to something nice,
Dial in an order, and we'll de-liv-
er you a slice!

Aubrey speed walks.

The headlights illuminate from behind her.

She starts walking up the grass.

The car sounds comes closer. Closer.

JINGLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who'da thought that dinner could
have been such a breeze?
A night becomes a party when you're
given extra cheese!

The car passes. The jingle FADES into the night.

Aubrey exhales in relief.

She watches the car creep in front of her and turns down an adjacent road. She stands there, heart racing.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY

BZZZZZZZZ! The piercing school buzzer echoes across the parking lot. A lone cop car sits at the perimeter.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Why didn't you answer me? I had to call your mom to check if you were okay. She asked me a million questions.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Molly studies Aubrey who walks sleeplessly, staring straight ahead. She holds her backpack shoulder straps like a life vest.

AUBREY

(traumatic)

I saw him.

MOLLY

Who?

AUBREY

The pizza guy. Henry.

MOLLY

Pizza Face? Did you recommend him Accutane?

Aubrey stops, serious.

AUBREY

I'm not kidding. He was outside Mr. Griffin's house.

MOLLY

What are you talking about? We saw the delivery guy together -

AUBREY

After I left the pit.

Molly tries to digest what Aubrey's saying but becomes distracted by a sheet taped to a classroom door over her shoulder.

TEENAGER (O.S.)

(excited)

OH FUCK YEAH!

MOLLY

Shitttttt-

AUBREY

What?

Aubrey turns toward Molly's eye-line.

They both read the printed piece of paper: "CLASS CANCELED. PLEASE SIGN-IN IN THE CAFETERIA AND USE THE TIME TO COMPLETE ANY OUTSTANDING ASSIGNMENTS."

Aubrey instantly VOMITS.

Molly steps aside from the splash, and puts her hand on her back for comfort, but can't shake the newly installed paranoia.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Shoes SQUEAK past the off-hour cafeteria. Rows of vandalized tables. Few TEENAGERS hangout in separate areas.

Molly and Aubrey stand mid-line towards a CAFETERIA LADY (72), probably her last year of work (maybe even life), who signs in students.

Molly checks her phone.

MOLLY

Phil and Connor are going to skip and meet us. Connor's not too happy with me, by the way. Did not go well.

AUBREY

We have to tell the cops.

MOLLY

Shhhhh. Can we just talk about this first?

AUBREY

This isn't a fucking coincidence, Molly. I could feel him staring at me.

MOLLY

What do you mean?

AUBREY

(haunted)

Last night. I can still feel it.

Aubrey looks around the room nervously. All but a sunken-faced CAFETERIA WORKER (45) acknowledges her. A JOCK slams down his tray in front of him, food sprays onto his face.

MOLLY

I believe you, okay? But we can't just go to the cops -

GREG (18), a shoe-in for any frat house, nearly body checks through Molly and Aubrey after turning back from the sign in sheet.

GREG

Isn't that your specialty? Fuckin' gilts.

A book drops from Aubrey's grip. She bends down to pick it up. Both of them unphased by the taunt.

AUBREY

Gilts?

MOLLY

It's a female pig. We're dissecting them in bio.

CAFETERIA LADY

Names?

MOLLY

Molly Baker.

AUBREY

Aubrey Scott.

CAFETERIA LADY

I recognize you two.

MOLLY

Really? We're not exactly cafeteria regulars.

CAFETERIA LADY

(ominously)

From the feed.

The lady points to the two of them, eyes squinted.

MOLLY

Oh. Okay.

The girls force a departure smile at the woman.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Molly, Aubrey, Phil, and Connor sit in their usual spots. The computer lab door purposefully shut.

MOLLY

We don't know if he's for sure dead.

AUBREY

The pizza guy was there when I was walking home. I'm not fucking around. I saw him.

Phil and Connor look to each other, unnerved.

MOLLY

Okay, well, what do you want us to do? We can't tell anyone.

AUBREY

(under her breath)
Surprised you'd say that.

MOLLY

Huh?

AUBREY

Well, you're the only one with nothing to lose.

Ouch. Molly recoils. No one backs her up. She looks to Connor. Nothing.

PHIL

Maybe this is her master plan to keep us all here next year.

CONNOR

Trust me. She doesn't care about that.

Connor shoots Molly a scornful look.

MOLLY

What the fuck, guys? Listen, we're the only people who know about the number, right?

The group looks to one another. They nod.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Then ending this is fully within our control.

Molly stands up and pulls the tearaway ad from her backpack.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Let's burn it togeth-

VOICE (O.S.)
What are we burning?

The group turns, startled to see MRS. GAFFNEY (48), school principal with an unwarranted superiority complex that backs it.

PHIL
A CD. It's for a history project on the 2000's.

Molly slides the tearaway ad back into her bag.

MRS. GAFFNEY
Aubrey, you need to come with me.

Aubrey gulps.

AUBREY
What? Why? We have a spare.

MRS. GAFFNEY
Because you puked all over the god damn front hallway is why. We have to send you home, it's protocol.

MOLLY
You saw that?

MRS. GAFFNEY
It's on TikTok.

AUBREY
But -

MRS. GAFFNEY
(sighing)
It won't affect your precious attendance record.

She complies and follows Mrs. Gaffney out of the room. The door closes.

PHIL
She's gonna to go to the cops.
Hands down.

CONNOR
We're all fucked.

MOLLY

No, she won't. We just have to make sure this doesn't happen again.

Molly looks to Phil and Connor who look wildly suspect.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Right?

The two nod, unconvincingly. She looks to a wall clock.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Phil, do you have your mom's car today?

PHIL

I have to have it back right after school.

MOLLY

I'm talking about now. We have like twenty until next period.

PHIL

What are we going to do in twenty minutes?

MOLLY

Let's go past Mr. Griffin's house.

CONNOR

(under his breath)

Sus.

MOLLY

(defensively)

I live across the street. No one's going to ask questions. I can just say I forgot something.

PHIL

I don't know.

CONNOR

You really think Aubrey's lying?

MOLLY

No. That's not what I'm saying. I just- Can we just make sure?

EXT. AUBREY'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

A charming split-level home canopied by two sprawling oak trees, which decorate the roof with unkempt catkins.

LISA (54), Aubrey's mom who's already dressed for the role of grandma, carefully pulls into the driveway.

She slowly gets out of her minivan and pops open the trunk full of groceries.

SOOTHING VOICE (O.S.)
(recording)
Now breathe out. Hold. Breathe in.
Hold. Now take note of any tension
you may be carrying throughout your
body, starting from the top.

EXT. AUBREY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

A small, somewhat disheveled backyard. Most of the patio cushions have been stored away for the season shift.

Aubrey lays, headphones in, on her back in an over-sized sweater on the small wood deck protruding from the backdoor.

SOOTHING VOICE (O.S.)
Do you notice any tension in your
head? Your shoulders?

Aubrey breathes alongside the synthetic nature sounds.

A pizza cutter slowly rises between two wooden planks, a direct line to the top of Aubrey's head. It slowly shark-fins toward her scalp.

SOOTHING VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
As thoughts come into your head,
notice them with awareness -

Closer.

SOOTHING VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And proceed to let them go.

CLOSER. Slicing through her draped ponytail with zero resistance.

SUDDENLY -

AD VOICE (O.S.)
(much louder)
Did you know you could make money
by playing games?! That's right -

Aubrey jolts up to a sit JUST as the blade nearly cut into the back of her head.

AUBREY
(to herself)
For fuck sake!

She immediately rips the headphones out of her ears and throws her phone aside. The blade continues CLOSER. Approaching her tailbone.

She takes a deep breath. Looks over to a cushion-less recliner by the tarped-off pool.

She stands. The pizza cutter blade moving faster toward her heel. She steps off the deck just in time.

She walks over to the recliner and lays down, staring up at the sky. Underneath the deck behind her now a threatening dark void.

She closes her eyes. Breathes.

A dark shadow casts over Aubrey's face. She squints. The sun returns. She opens her eyes. Nothing.

SHINK! Aubrey's eyeline moves to the plastic recliner support strap, which come TEARING open one by one. She looks down - THE PIZZA MAN IS UNDERNEATH HER.

She rolls off of the recliner. The pizza man quickly comes to a stand.

Aubrey, terrified, grabs the recliner and uses it as a shield as he continuously SLASHES the cutter at her. Plastic strips flying wildly.

She props her feet up against the frame bars and KICKS the Pizza Man backward. He stumbles off balance.

She jumps up, spins around to see her mom in the kitchen window, not paying attention.

She goes to SCREAM until he covers her mouth.

INT. AUBREY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Lisa casually de-bags her groceries, moving placidly from fridge to counter to cupboard.

Through the window: Aubrey manages to duck out of the Pizza Man's restraint. She GASPS for air, making direct eye contact to the window ahead.

She starts bolting towards the backdoor. Pizza Man hot on her trail.

Lisa moseys back to the front door. JUST as she shuts it -

- The back door comes barreling open.

Aubrey nearly somersaults onto her back as the Pizza Man looms over her. She SCREAMS.

SLASH!

A line of blood splashes against the lower cupboard doors. She shin-kicks HARD. Stands.

Lisa approaching the front door through the fogged window with more groceries.

SLASH! The Pizza Man deeply cuts her under-knee. She instantly collapses.

He takes one of the grocery bags and throws it over her head, suffocating her as he drags her out of the house.

Lisa enters again. She walks into the kitchen. Drops the bags on the counter. She notices the blood on the cabinet. She crouches down to examine.

LISA
(to herself)
Now what broke?

Through the window: Aubrey is fighting for her fucking life. She's trying to whack the Pizza Man with some abandoned wood plank but she's losing blood QUICKLY.

Lisa makes her way to a stand again.

EXT. AUBREY'S HOUSE - FRONT

Lisa walks outside to grab the final few grocery bags toppled in the trunk. She stops to note the pizza delivery car parked across the street.

She studies it for a moment. Weird.

She goes back to the trunk and grabs the remaining groceries. Shuts the trunk. Heads back inside.

As the door closes - Aubrey's hands come desperately FLINGING over the wooden side gate. She props herself up GASPING for air like she just emerged from water.

SLASH! Her eyes roll back. She falls backward. Her limp arms rattling back over the fence with her dead weight.

A pool of blood starts to form from under the gate door.

INT. PHIL'S CAR - DAY

The repetitive suburban scenery trudges by in Phil's beaten up pass-me-down car.

Phil and Connor sit in the front, and Molly in the back. All try hard to not make eye contact with one house in particular.

CONNOR

There's no police tape.

PHIL

Maybe they haven't found him yet.

MOLLY

Maybe he's not dead.

The pull into Maggie's driveway. Phil makes continual glances at Mr. Griffin's house through the rearview mirror.

PHIL

If you're so confident, go check.

CONNOR

Don't they say to never return to the scene of the crime?

PHIL

It's not like she actually committed the murder.

MOLLY

There was no murder. Someone's just fucking with us.

CONNOR

Uh, did you and Aubrey not make the calls? If anything, you guys are the ones doing all of the fucking.

MOLLY

Fine.

Molly gets out of the car. Phil and Connor watch her cross the street in the rearview mirrors intently.

PHIL

What if he's really dead?

CONNOR

We still don't say anything.

PHIL

But you made a call -

CONNOR

Stop. We were drunk. It was a joke.

Phil sits, uneasy.

EXT. MR. GRIFFIN'S HOUSE - FRONT

Molly makes her way up the stone path to the front door, tense. She takes a deep breath. Knocks.

Nothing.

A second knock cracks the door open an inch. Enough to see splashes of crimson against the foyer wall.

VOICE (O.S.)

Molly?

Molly jumps. Turns to see LORI (56), mid-day chardonnay grip alongside a package, stumbling over from across the lawn.

Molly looks back to the door's peek of blood-splatter. She walks toward Lori, meeting her halfway on the lawn.

MOLLY

Hi. I was just -

Molly notices the package Lori's holding has her surname boldly printed.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 (improv-lying)
 Seeing if my mom's package got
 dropped off here.

LORI
 Oh, I got it. Don't you worry. So
 many deliveries today, huh?

MOLLY
 (concerned)
 Sorry?

LORI
 Aren't you supposed to be in
 school?

Molly grabs the package from Lori, starting to scramble.

MOLLY
 Yeah. Got to get back. Forgot to
 grab a book.

Molly starts darting across the street.

LORI
 Well, you tell your mom it's her
 turn to host cribbage night, will
 ya? When was the last time we -

MOLLY
 (over her shoulder)
 Four years ago.

LORI
 Ha well, you let her know, okay?

Molly darts past Phil's car up to her front door. She looks
 back.

Lori still watching her. Waving.

She opens the door.

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE - FOYER

Molly collects herself once the door shuts. Quiet. She grabs
 a book, any book, from a shelf in the hallway.

She looks around. Notices a pizza box on the counter in the
 kitchen across the way. She gulps.

She approaches it. *Was this always here?* She opens the lid. Crumbs. Nothing threatening.

She looks around her house. Everything looks in place. She hurriedly walks back out the front door.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Molly, Phil, and Connor make their way from the car up to the school. The police car still parked in front of the entrance.

Molly holds her cell phone up to her hear. Distant RINGING. Phil and Connor look back waiting for answers.

MOLLY

Shit. Aub's not answering.

PHIL

We're already going to be late.

MOLLY

Wait. She's typing.

Molly SIGHS of relief.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay, she said her parents are taking her to visit her sister this weekend? She still seems pissed.

CONNOR

So, did you like *see* something at Griff's?

MOLLY

What do you mean? He didn't answer. I told you that.

CONNOR

You're acting kind of sketch.

MOLLY

Let's just get through this day without making any more enemies than usual, okay?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The CRACKLE of the announcement speaker igniting sends the class-bound students' heads up toward the sound.

Molly, Phil, and Connor slow their pace to listen.

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

(static-y)

Attention students. Due to the ongoing investigation and recent developments, we have made the difficult decision to cancel tonight's prom.

DRAMATIC TEEN

WHAAAAT?!

Molly, Phil, and Connor look to each other warily.

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

We will be exploring alternative ways to celebrate and recognize the achievements of our seniors as the year progresses. In the meantime, police have mandated a curfew starting tonight at 7 PM.

MOLLY

We're fucked.

SMASH! Molly gets SLAMMED into a locker face-first by Rene.

Greg and two other STEROID TEENS (18) come SCREECHING around the corner, fists clenched.

Connor bolts, dragging a hobbling Phil. The trio of meatheads chase after them.

Kristi stands by watching, arms crossed. Both girls' hair are in professional, curly up-dos.

RENEE

You guys are fucking senior year cyanide.

Molly holds her face, wincing.

MOLLY

Likewise.

Renee pulls her backpack off, swinging her around.

RENEE

Look at me.

Molly squints an eye open.

RENEE (CONT'D)

You owe us \$340.

MOLLY

For what?!

Kristi points to her hair as if Molly's an idiot.

RENEE

Don't pretend you don't notice -

MOLLY

That your hair's more pubic than usual?

SLAM! Renee pushes Molly against the locker again, tearing her backpack off as she slides to the ground.

Renee takes the bag, unzips it, and dumps the contents of it all over her, including THE TEARAWAY PIZZA DELIVERY AD.

RENEE

What the fuck?

Renee picks up the ad. Studies it. Jaw drop. Passes it to Kristi.

KRISTI

It was YOU?!

MOLLY

I didn't do anything.

KICK! Kristi kicks Molly right in the gut. Molly shrivels up, hair over face.

Denise, our now-life-has-meaning cop from before, rage-strides around the corner, down the hall. She's carrying a cluster of tearaway pizza delivery ads.

Denise spots the ad in Kristi's hand and rips it away - only Kristi manages to grab one of the numbers off of it.

DENISE

Another one? Jesus.

KRISTI

Um, excuse me?

DENISE

Where did you get this?

RENEE

Her!

Renee points to Molly in the fetal position.

DENISE
Miss, where did you get this?

Molly just GROANS in pain.

DENISE (CONT'D)
What's wrong with her?

KRISTI
Period cramps.

DENISE
If you see any more of these,
please bring them to me
immediately.

Denise storms off. We see her rip another one taped to a nearby wall.

Renee throws the bag on top of Molly, she opens an eye.

Kristi flashes the tearaway number.

KRISTI
(threatening)
Don't eat dinner tonight.

RENEE
It's on us.

Kristi and Renee storm off. They start to notice a few of the other teens looking at them... differently.

KRISTI
What did she mean "another one"?

They start to notice a few teens also holding the tearaway ad, making rare eye contact. Their power is suddenly not what it was.

RENEE
(intimidating)
What the fuck are you guys looking
at?

No reaction.

Kristi tugs Renee's shirt to stop. Renee starts to notice all of the ads plastered on the walls.

The two start walking down hall, arm-in-arm, fast.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

The computer lab door swings open. Molly walks in, looking more defeated than usual.

Phil and Connor, black-eyed and bloody-nosed, sit on the computer tables nursing their wounds. The sun in the embossed windows behind them dims by the minute.

MOLLY

I have some really bad news.

PHIL

What?

MOLLY

(sarcastically)

Apparently prom is canceled.

Connor and Phil can't help but laugh-smirk.

CONNOR

You see this?

Connor holds up three of the tearaway ads.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

They're all over the school.

MOLLY

Yeah. What do we now?

PHIL

Actually, that's what we need to talk to you about.

CONNOR

I don't know if we should be a "we" right now.

MOLLY

What?

CREAK. A door opens. The lights shut off outside of the computer lab.

DENISE (O.S.)

(into phone)

It's clear. Oh, wait. There's still a light. One sec.

PHIL

Shit.

DENISE (O.S.)
 (into phone)
 What do you mean you can't trace
 the number? Yes, I've tried calling
 it. It's been BUSY for the past
 hour.

The group looks to one another.

Denise spots the trio. She walks in, pissed.

DENISE (CONT'D)
 What are you guys still doing here?
 School ended an hour ago.

The battered group look at Denise in a "Why the hell do you think?" kind of way. She acknowledges this.

DENISE (CONT'D)
 (strict)
 I need you guys to all go home.
 Now.

They stand and make their way to the door.

MOLLY
 No offense, officer, but that's
 probably the worst advice you could
 give us right now.

INT. RENEE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A basic bitch bedroom with an en suite. Renee and Kristi sit on their knees, facing each other on a pink duvet-draped bed.

They fix themselves up while practicing pout faces.

KRISTI
 Maybe put a black and white filter
 on at least.

RENEE
 Should I put a background on too?
 Or do you think anyone will
 recognize this is my room?

KRISTI
 I think there's few people who
 wouldn't recognize your room.

Renee hits Kristi with a pillow hard.

RENEE
 (stressed)
 This is just precautionary. We're
 going to be fine.

KRISTI
 Is that why your parents got a
 hotel for the night?

RENEE
 (fast)
 THEY HAD THAT PLANNED.

Renee leans over to a phone on a halo light ring tripod and
 hits record. They take a moment adjusting.

RENEE (CONT'D)
 (to the camera)
 We want to apologize to everyone
 that we may have offended over the
 years now that high school is
 coming to a close.

KRISTI
 (improv stumbling)
 We want to take responsibility for
 our actions, and address them.

Kristi nods for Renee to continue.

RENEE
 As you probably know, our best
 friend Tiffany died recently. And
 in that, we have grown to realize
 that we were acting in ways that
 weren't necessarily a reflection of
 us, but of her.

Kristi nods.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

The girls freeze.

KRISTI
 (quietly)
 What the fuck?

Renee quickly jumps to shut off the light. She locks the
 bedroom door.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

The two sit quietly, unnerved.

RENEE
(quietly)
Did you tell anyone you were coming
here?

Kristi shakes her head.

They wait for further knocking. Nothing.

Renee nods to Kristi to get off the bed. She complies. Stands warily behind the bed.

Renee pushes the bed frame to barricade the bedroom door.

Silence.

KRISTI
(quietly)
I think they left.

Renee holds up a finger for further silence. She leans her head against the wood of the door, listening.

Kristi steps backwards.

Unbeknownst to both of them, the window behind them is slowly opening: the Pizza Man crouched like a gargoyle on the second-story roof.

Renee and Kristi remain focused on the bedroom door.

The Pizza Man creeps into the room, pizza cutter in hand. He looms behind Kristi.

RENEE
(scared)
Let's call the guys.

Renee turns to see the Pizza Man behind Kristi. She immediately SCREAMS.

Before Kristi can turn to see, the Pizza Man upper cut SLICES her back. The pizza cutter gets STUCK at her skull.

Renee SCREAMS again. She turns intuitively to the bedroom door but its barricaded. Not enough time.

She spins to the open en suite door just past the Pizza Man.

The Pizza Man flings Kristi on the bed and puts a boot up to her back for leverage. He RIPS the Pizza cutter upwards breaking her head open and decorating the walls red.

Renee BOLTS for the en suite door.

Pizza Man charges after.

She SLAMS the door shut JUST in time.

The Pizza Man body checks it to no avail.

INT. RENEE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

BANG! BANG! The impact on the wooden door echoes throughout the small bathroom.

Renee looks around desperately for a weapon, or an escape. She eyes the tiny bathroom window.

She tugs desperately at the window lift. Stuck.

BANG!

Renee WHIMPERS as she runs to the toilet. Pulls off the tank cover. SLAMS it against the window. Glass SHATTERS.

She throws a shower towel over the shards. Shimmies her way out through the window.

EXT. RENEE'S HOUSE - ROOF

Renee crawls against the slanted shingles. Gravity is not on her side. She manages to grab her bearings. Makes her way to a stand.

The Pizza Man looms above her on the roof peak, shielding the moonlight like a sadistic superhero. A chunk Kristi's hair still dangling from the pizza cutter.

Renee looks up.

RENEE
(shrieking)
NOOOOOOO!!!

She crawls as fast as she possibly can across the roof.

The Pizza Man follows in her trail.

RENEE (CONT'D)
(desperate)
HELP MEEEE!!!!!!

SHWING! The Pizza Man slashes at her but she rolls out of the way. She moves closer and closer to the edge of the roof.

The Pizza Man lowers to her, holding the pizza cutter over his head.

Renee instinctively rolls right off the roof to avoid the next swing.

THUD-CRASH!!

EXT. RENEE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Renee lands knee-first into a wooden Adirondack chair. Her leg fully lodged with shards of wood penetrating her skin all around. She SCREAMS.

Blood trickles onto the grass below.

She tries to lift herself out of the chair's splintery indent. Another SCREAM. Stuck.

Skin tears off her leg with each arm-powered pull up.

She looks back up at the roof. No one.

She looks around desperately for a solution.

She tries to rock back and forth to knock over the chair but the pain is overwhelming.

CREAK.

The patio door opens.

Renee looks to the source of the sound.

The motion detector light turns on revealing the Pizza Man staring at her.

She SCREAMS again.

He walks towards her slowly.

He stops at a large stone patio fire pit. He turns it **on**. Flames erupt immediately.

She SCREAMS again.

He continues his path toward her.

She wrestles against the chair for an escape to no avail.

The Pizza Man grabs both arms of the chair. Lifts Renee as she WAILS.

He carries her over to the fire pit and sits the chair DIRECTLY on top of the flames.

Fire spreads quickly across the chair engulfing Renee in the process.

Her head jolts back in a final blood-curdling SCREAM like some burning wolf of the night.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The weathered parking lot lights HUM. Bugs flutter underneath.

Police sirens WAIL in the growing distance.

Phil's car sits alone underneath one of the light posts.

Phil, speed-crutching, and Connor walk fast towards the car. Molly tries to catch up behind them.

MOLLY

What did you mean we shouldn't be a
"we" right now?

No response.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Guys?

They approach the car.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

Phil and Connor get into the front seats.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

My dad won't be home for a couple
of hours if we want to regroup for
a second?

Molly tries to open the backseat door. Locked.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Guys?

She pulls the handle. Still locked.

Connor rolls down his window a smidgen.

CONNOR

We meant we don't think we should
be around you right now.

MOLLY

What are you talking about? You're
joking, right?

PHIL

You're too big of a target.

MOLLY

What?!

CONNOR

Listen, Molly, we've become really
good at hiding. You, you always
find a way to put a spotlight on
us.

MOLLY

How so?!

CONNOR

Because you piss people off.

MOLLY

By standing up for myself? For us?

PHIL

I'm sorry.

MOLLY

You guys are just going to leave me
here? Seriously?! Where the fuck do
you expect me to go?

Phil and Connor look to each other.

Molly stares at them, flabbergasted.

Connor rolls up the window.

Phil's car putters out of the parking lot.

Molly stands there alone in the barren surroundings of the
darkened schoolyard.

She holds back tears as Phil's car peels out of view.

INT. RENEE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The blood-splattered aftermath of slicing and dicing. Kristi's corpse lays flailed against the bed.

The Pizza Man walks over to the cell phone sitting on the halo tripod, still recording.

He picks up the phone. Turns off the video recording. Swipes to the last picture of Kristi and Renee pouting to the camera. A streak of blood on the phone screen.

He opens a new chat.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Molly walks down a suburban street on the phone. The lights on inside remain dim. A tumbleweed might as well blow by.

MOLLY

(into phone/bad lying)

Yeah, dad. I'll be fine. I'm not sure why she called only me, but grandma does not sound good. I think they might already be in surgery if she's not answering. I'll sleep at Aubrey's. It's fine. But yeah, you should go. I know it's a long drive, so I don't want to hold you up any longer. Okay. Love you.

Molly CRINGES as she hangs up. She continues walking.

DING.

She checks her phone.

A text message from Renee. She tilts her head. Opens it.

The picture of Kristi and Renee. A paragraph of instructions headed by "SECRET PROM TONIGHT!"

Molly looks at who it was sent to. A long list of phone numbers.

Texts start pouring in the group chat: "HELL YEAH!" "SEE YOU ALL SOON." "LET'S GET FUUUUUCKED."

MOLLY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

You know what? Fuck this.

Molly holds the phone to her ear again.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hi, yeah, can I get a cab to the
 Silvertree bus station? Or, how far
 will you take me?

Molly squints ahead at a nearby address.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 91 Spooner Street. How long? Okay,
 thanks.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A premature frat house. Parents are clearly not home enough to care.

TANNER (19), our previous meathead now dons a tuxedo. He sits ripping a bong on the couch.

Greg gets ready leisurely while nursing a beer, going from the bathroom to his bedroom in a towel.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

TANNER
 (stoned)
 Shit.

Greg stops in his tracks. They both look at the door.

BANG! The door bursts open to reveal BRODY (18), holding two 40s of beer, wearing a tuxedo t-shirt.

BRODY
 LET'S GOOOOO!!!!!!

Greg and Tanner immediately smile.

BRODY (CONT'D)
 Guys, almost ready? Ride's almost here!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Two girls in prom dresses await eagerly crouched behind a fence. A light comes on at the side of the house.

A window opens. CANDACE (17), comes ungracefully sneaking out of the window in a frilly gown holding a giant bottle of vodka.

The girls all huddle in excitement quietly. They start running down the empty street. Heels CLACKING against the pavement.

INT. PHIL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Phil sits on a ratty old couch, tapping his unbroken leg feverishly. A paintball gun sits across his legs.

Connor stands on a chair peering out the basement window blinds, also with a paintball gun in hand.

PHIL

Are you sure no one knows where you live?

CONNOR

Not unless Greg somehow memorized my address from a fourth grade birthday party.

PHIL

Do you really think people hate us *that* much, though? That they would actually want us... dead?

CONNOR

I think some of them have quite literally said so before.

PHIL

Sure, but that's mostly online. People are uglier behind screens.

CONNOR

Exactly.

Connor shakes his phone to Phil. He squirms in his seat.

DING!

Connor looks at his phone.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 Why is Renee Evans texting me?
 "Secret prom"?

Phil looks at his phone.

PHIL
 At the school? Why would they
 invite us? This isn't even our
 entire grade.

CONNOR
 (reading)
 Hashtag safer together.

PHIL
 Molly's number is in the group.
 Dude, we shouldn't have left her
 there.

CONNOR
 What if we are the only people who
 aren't there?

PHIL
 And then they order a pizza here?
 Molly knows where you live, and
 something tells me she might be
 willing to let those digits slip
 right now.

CONNOR
 Shit.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Molly sits in the back seat of the cab. The prom-ready girls drunkenly stumble by the window. Molly watches them.

The CAB DRIVER (40s) puts an arm around the passenger seat headrest and turns his head slightly.

CAB DRIVER
 We've got one pick-up along the
 way. Won't affect your fare.

Molly shakes her head in disbelief.

MOLLY
 What?!

CAB DRIVER
 Sorry. Money talks.

MOLLY

Can you not do it after? I called you first.

CAB DRIVER

Listen, it's Friday night. The only one I make a dime on in this shit hole. Not to mention, you're making me drive 30 minutes out of town, where I doubt I'll have anyone coming in during a mandated curfew.

MOLLY

I'll pay extra.

CAB DRIVER

I'm already giving you a very generous flat rate.

Molly GROANS. She sinks in her seat.

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

A fairly unkempt ranch-style house. A football lawn sign.

Brody stands outside on the front porch smoking a cigarette. He walks down to the end of the driveway.

An extra large pizza box sits near the middle of the desolate road.

Brody flicks the butt. Sparks and ash hit the concrete. He notices the pizza box. Laughs to himself under his breath.

BRODY

(to himself)

Which one of you fucks -

Brody walks over to the pizza box. Kicks it BUT it doesn't budge. Stuck on the pavement. Weird.

BRODY (CONT'D)

What the?

He tries nudging it again with his foot. The pizza box remains in fixed position.

He bends down, studying it curiously. He places a finger carefully at the lid, slowly opening it.

SLICE! The Pizza Man BURSTS OUT THROUGH the BOTTOMLESS pizza box, which is directly over an open MANHOLE.

The Pizza Man SLASHES back and forth against Brody's neck. Blood showers him.

Brody falls to the ground backward. He tries to worm away as blood fountains from him.

The Pizza Man anchors both hands on the pavement and ominously emerges from within the manhole onto the road to a stand.

He walks over to Brody. Picks him up.

The Pizza Man watches through his mesh mask as Brody's eyes vibrate into the back of his head.

He holds his near-lifeless body over the manhole and DROPS him down it casually.

He shuts the pizza box lid with his foot.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tanner waits watching a pizza pocket spin and inflate in the microwave. He takes a sip of his beer.

CREAK. The front door opens.

Tanner doesn't acknowledge it.

The Pizza Man enters in the reflection of the microwave.

Tanner checks his phone.

TANNER
(over his shoulder)
We'll be out in a minute.

THUD. The front door shuts.

The Pizza Man walks closer.

BEEP! Tanner opens the microwave. Feels the middle. He rolls his eyes.

Closer.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Dude, your microwave sucks.

He shuts the microwave again. The Pizza Man is no longer in the background. He throws another minute on.

Tanner walks over to the fridge. Grabs another beer.

The Pizza Man walks over to the microwave, unnoticed. He places something on the counter below and disappears.

Tanner pops the beer bottle lid with his teeth. He walks over to the microwave. Watches the spinning pizza pocket.

He puts his beer bottle down when he notices: TWO PIZZA TABLES sitting plastic legs upward.

He looks at them quizzically.

Suddenly, the Pizza Man emerges from behind him and SLAMS his face down onto the counter.

Tanner SCREAMS.

GREG (O.S.)
(yelling)
Let it cool down you god damn
stoner!

He lifts his head up, both pizza tables lodged into his eye sockets. He spins around blindly, reaching for anything.

The Pizza Man watches him suffer, nonchalant.

Tanner trips and falls face-first onto the ground. Another WAIL of pain.

The pizza pocket inflates beyond usual proportion in the microwave in the background.

The Pizza Man walks over to Tanner. He lifts a boot over the back of his skull, and just as he's about to STOMP -- The pizza pocket EXPLODES against the microwave window.

INT. GREG'S BEDROOM

Greg adjusts his tie in a mirror. Quick hair wax check.

BEEP.

BEEP.

The microwave CHIRPS from the kitchen.

GREG
Tanner, make me one of those, will
ya?

No response.

GREG (CONT'D)

Tanner?

Greg looks at his open bedroom door. Suspicious silence.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

The cab slows down. The cab driver squints to read the passing house numbers.

Molly notices the football sign on the lawn. She rolls her eyes and hugs the side of the vehicle preemptively.

MOLLY

I will double my rate if you keep driving right now.

THUMP!

Suddenly, Molly's corner of the vehicle jolts lower.

The cab driver presses the gas to an off SCREECHING sound. They don't move. Stuck.

CAB DRIVER

What the hell is going on?

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

The cab's back wheel spins in place, caught in the open manhole turning into the driveway.

The cab driver gets out of the front seat to inspect. He crouches down at the sunken wheel.

CAB DRIVER

You've gotta be kidding me.

He waddles back over to the front seat slumps back in.

INT. CAB

The cab driver reaches for his phone from a cup holder.

Molly SIGHS.

She leans back, putting her head against the window.

She looks up at the night sky until she lowers to notice the winking cartoon slice on the car topper parked in the driveway.

Molly jolts back upright.

MOLLY
(dead serious)
We have to go, NOW!

The cab driver looks back, unimpressed.

CAB DRIVER
You're gonna have to catch the next
bus, sweetie.

MOLLY
No, you don't understand!

Molly looks over to the front door, which is now swung wide open. Light pouring out onto the front steps.

CAB DRIVER
(frustrated)
Want to get out and help me push?

Molly locks the door beside her. She leans over to reach the lock on the other side of the door when BAM! Greg's bloody hands SLAP against the window.

Molly SCREAMS.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)
What the fuck?!

The cab driver looks in the door mirror to see Greg trying to crawl up the car, the lower half of his body a butchered mess.

MOLLY
(shrieking)
Lock your doors!

Molly looks back to the front door. The Pizza Man slowly walks out, wiping his weapon clean.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
LOCK THE DOOR!!

The cab driver locks his doors.

The Pizza Man approaches.

Molly shifts to the other side of the car in fear.

The Pizza Man lowers and then raises Greg's convulsing face against the window as a threat.

Molly unlocks her door against her weight.

EXT. STREET

Molly spills out of the back passenger seat facing away from the carnage. She quickly makes her way to a stand.

The Pizza Man drops Greg's body. Another blade wipe. She stares at him for a moment in disbelief.

CHGGGGGHH. The cab driver desperately tries to get the car in motion with no luck.

Molly looks around for a viable escape. Fuck it. She starts BOLTING down the street.

She runs up to a neighboring home with lights on.

BANG! BANG! BANG! She pounds the door. A light goes off inside. Curtains close.

MOLLY

Oh, fuck you!

Molly raises two middle fingers at the door.

She looks back. The Pizza Man is no longer by the car.

Headlights turn on. The delivery car slowly pulls out of Greg's driveway, headlights beaming toward Molly.

JINGLE (O.S.)

(static-y)

Every day is Friday when yer
treat'd to something nice,
Dial in an order, and we'll de-liv-
er you a slice!

Molly looks across the street. A wooded trail leading to the school. Car stopper poles block the pedestrian way.

Molly SPRINTS across the street.

The delivery car SPEEDS toward her.

Molly makes it into the bushed area.

The car backs up, parks to ensure the headlights LIGHT the wooded area.

INT. WOODED PATH - NIGHT

Molly hides behind one of the barren trees. The headlights send skewed shadows of branches across the way.

JINGLE (O.S.)
Who'da thought that dinner could
have been such a breeze?
A night becomes a party when you're
given extra cheese!

Molly crouches down, terrified.

The car engine stops. Quiet.

She tries to make a movement but the dry leaves below CRUNCH to no avail.

PIZZA MAN (O.S.)
(creepily)
Molly?

Molly's eyes widen. What the actual fuck? She remains hidden.

Footsteps CRUNCH in the leaves. His shadow darts around the rows of trees like a zoetrope.

CRUNCH.

Closer.

CRUNCH.

Closer.

Silence.

Molly remains frozen for what feels like forever.

The footsteps start to fade.

The car engine starts up again.

The headlights veer back toward the road. Sounds of the sputtering engine grow further.

Molly EXHALES in relief. She looks back toward the wooded area. The high school peaks through the winding pathway across the football field.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRCASE

A flood of light sun dials in as Molly creeps into a side door to a forlorn side staircase.

Music PULSES on the ground floor. Molly eyes it, dreading. She slowly makes her way up the stairs.

Some shitty Amazon disco lights gleam through the narrow window to the hallway. Shadows of kids dance-fucking.

Molly peers in for a moment.

She continues up the stairs to the next floor.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB

Molly walks into the computer lab. The light on. She looks around at the empty space with a mix of extreme emotion.

JINGLE (O.S.)

(distant)

Every day is Friday when yer
treat'd to something nice,
Dial in an order, and we'll de-liv-
er you a slice!

Molly slowly approaches the window. She looks down to see the delivery car pulling up to the school.

The car stops. Molly watches.

The Pizza Man eerily contorts his head close to the dashboard to look up and make direct eye contact with Molly.

Molly immediately recoils.

Out the window: The delivery car drives around the corner of the school. Out of sight. A moment later Phil's car veers into a parking spot. Kills engine.

INT. PHIL'S CAR - FRONT

Phil sits sweating under the dim overhead car lighting. He's wearing a tie. His crutches, clumsily thrown across the back seat.

Connor, wearing a "I'm kind of trying" polo taps his fingers on the dashboard anxiously.

CONNOR

So, are we just going to keep driving around the school until we've parked in every single parking lot?

Out the back of their windshield: The pizza delivery car is parking in the far outside the vision of streetlights. The flickering car topper goes dark.

PHIL

I need your help, so why don't you get out and I'll follow?

Connor sneers.

CONNOR

You have never needed my help getting out.

PHIL

(excuse-y)

Well, I think it got worse after Greg beat us up for getting prom canceled.

They look outside at the bustling prom.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Though, I guess we didn't do a very good job.

They look at each other. Take a deep breath.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB

Molly stands away from the window. She stares out at the darkness in a stunned state.

She nervously backs up until she hits the parallel wall.

She shuts off the light. Darkness - EXCEPT for a TINY RED DOT piercing through the darkness.

MOLLY

(to herself)

What the fuck?

Molly looks at the dot, quizzically. She grabs her phone from her pocket. Flashlight mode on.

The shallow light illuminates the red dot on one of the computer screens. She approaches it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT

Cars parked without care across the lot. A few TEENAGERS of various prom dress-up attire drunkenly walk up to the school.

Connor and Phil reluctantly walk/hop toward the high school.

The computer lab window upstairs catches Connor's eye. The phone flashlight reflection gleams off and on against the window pane.

Connor hits Phil, nearly pushing him over.

PHIL
(annoyed)
WHAT?

CONNOR
Look!

Connor points up to the computer lab window. The two look at each other, mutual worry.

They start running/speed-hopping toward the school's side staircase.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB

Molly stares down at her phone's highlighting of the fuzzy black screen of the monitor. She turns it on. CLICK.

The screen fades from black to a desktop background, further illuminating the room. A standard, default background. School-centric apps. WAIT. Molly looks closer.

The slightest edge of an open window to the right of the screen. She timidly moves the mouse to drag it into view.

A live stream. Recording.

A mirror image of the computer lab where her and her friends sat. The other end of the video chat: a dimly lit kitchen.

Molly backs up from the screen. There's recognition. She looks back out the window and sees the Pizza Man's car is gone.

STAIRCASE

Molly descends the staircase again with caution.

She passes the party floor. Still raging.

She descends to the ground floor, keeping her eye fixated on the side door. She courts it as best as she possibly can, backing her way to the hallway door without breaking focus.

Molly peers through the narrow window into a dark hallway. She slowly opens the door.

The side door comes slowly creeping open.

Molly bolts down the hallway.

The door remains open. No one. A moment.

Phil hops in, his arm around Connor who was holding the door open for him.

They slowly fumble their way over to the stairs where Connor helps Phil awkwardly crutch every step in a sloth-like panic.

CONNOR

Okay, one.

Connor looks back at the side door nervously.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Two.

HALLWAY

Moonlight reflects off of the rows of paint-chipped tin lockers providing the only light.

Plumbing RATTLES with the pulse of the muffled bass-heavy music above.

Molly runs down the hall. She turns back to see the door hasn't opened. No one's in pursuit.

She slows her pace to a brisk walk. She has her eye on one door ahead.

CAFETERIA

SWING-CLICK. The heavy door echoes throughout the empty cafeteria. A wall of panel windows lighting the room from the parking lot.

Molly looks around, guardedly.

She eyes the cafeteria kitchen door.

She slowly walks toward it.

STAIRWELL

Phil and Connor make it up to the next floor. Connor, clearly agitated by their pace.

PHIL
 Maybe I should try to blend in here. And you bring Molly back down.

Connor thinks about it for a moment.

CONNOR
 You sure?

PHIL
 "Safer together" or whatever, right?

Connor thinks for a moment.

CONNOR
 I don't know how much you're going to blend in. They have black lights. Your cast is literally going to glow.

PHIL
 Just go. I'll be fine.

Phil leans open the hallway door and nods into the MDMA-sweaty gyrating of teens. The music BLARES into the stairwell.

CONNOR
 (loudly)
 Okay, I'll be really quick.

PHIL
 (hopeful)
 Plus, it's not like one killer is gonna storm into a high school to take on everybody.

CONNOR
 Have you ever watched the news?

Phil shrugs his shoulders. The two look at each other. A "it's go time" nod.

Connor stop mid-run up the stairs. Looks down to Phil reluctantly making his way toward the music.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Hey.

PHIL

What?

CONNOR

Go break a leg on the dance floor.

Phil instantly flips a bird.

CAFETERIA KITCHEN

Darkness. Light barely makes its way through the circle window of the cafeteria door.

Molly blindly finds a light switch. CLICK.

The room becomes jarringly illuminated by eye-sore LED lighting, further reflected off the tin appliances.

She makes her way over to a row of greasy hanging aprons. She walks closer until notching the name tag: Henry.

She trembles like a cold wind just passed.

A lone computer sits in the corner of the room near stacks of old files. She approaches it. Top-middle red light aglow.

She turns on the monitor. Clicks "End Meeting". A pop up: "RECORDING HAS FINISHED: 196 HOURS"

She opens the recording. Her, Phil, Aubrey, and Connor all sitting happily together as they routinely do.

She presses play.

PHIL (V.O.)

(recording playback)

I don't get what everyone's
freaking out about.

CONNOR (V.O.)

(recording playback)

You don't?

MOLLY (V.O.)

(recording playback)

It's gotta be drug-related, right?

PHIL (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 Even if it's not, a killer pizza
 delivery guy?

Molly scrubs backwards on the video timeline. Multiple days
 zoom past on rewind. She stops.

AUBREY (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 What's Tiffany's address?

MOLLY (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 Why? Are you going to have her
 assassin-ed?

PHIL (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 Can we get a combo deal?

LAUGHS that turn into unintelligible speed-SCRUBBING. Molly
 stops the cursor in its track.

MOLLY (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 You remember that sleepover in
 grade 9? When we made that guy who
 broke up with you over Tumblr pay
 for like 20 extra large pizzas?

AUBREY (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 (through laughter)
 Thank god his dad paid. You thought
 we were going to go to jail.

Molly stops the recording.

Molly opens a file folder. Scrolls. THOUSANDS of icons with
 preview images of the computer lab.

INT. PROM-TAKEOVER HALLWAY

The prom crowd is getting drunker with each awfully produced
 bass drop.

Phil stands awkwardly against a locker, anxious. No one pays
 any attention to him.

MOLLY (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 (serious)
 (MORE)

MOLLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Phil, you have to go to Mrs.
 Gaffney. They put you in a cast.
 There's initiation and then there's
 just plain assault.

AUBREY (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 I wish I had an older brother who
 was home from college this weekend
 who could just go kick all of their
 asses.

INT. LIBRARY

The computer lab at the end of a hallway of books sits in the
 darkness. The shielded light of one computer monitor inside.

Connor makes his way hesitantly toward it.

PHIL (V.O.)
 (recording playback)
 I wish your big brother was Jason
 Voorhees.

(O.S.) LAUGHTER recording playback from the group.

CONNOR (V.O.)
 I'm glad this room brought us
 together. At least.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Connor turns on the light. The computer lab is empty. He
 whips his head and forth in surveillance to make sure.

The one lit computer monitor grabs Connor's attention. He
 walks over to it. Adjusts his eyesight.

On the computer screen: live feed of Molly in the cafeteria
 kitchen, back to the camera.

Connor looks at the screen, confused.

CONNOR
 Molly? What the -

On the computer screen: The Pizza Man is now directly behind
 her.

Connor GASPS. He freezes.

INT. CAFETERIA - KITCHEN

Molly can sense someone behind her. She pauses the video stream.

She turns around, slowly.

The Pizza Man stands, panting from a long night of slicing and dicing. He lifts his bloody weapon like a trophy.

Molly, frozen in fear, trembles as she tries to court him to make a clear run toward the door.

PIZZA MAN
Why aren't you happy?

His voice a creepy combination of gravelly and child-like. He tilts his head like a confused dog.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
Molly?

Tears well in Molly's overtired eyes.

MOLLY
(shaky)
What?

PIZZA MAN
I've been watching you all for the past four years.

He moves closer.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
Every day.

Closer.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
Every lunch.

Molly shakes her head. Boogers jiggle.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
You created me.

Another head shake. Another step closer toward a door b-line.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
I just want to help. We've spent four years together.

MOLLY
(desperately)
No. Please stop.

PIZZA MAN
Isn't this everything you wanted?

MOLLY
I don't want any of this. Please.

PIZZA MAN
And now that Aubrey's spot's open -

MOLLY
(crying)
What???

PIZZA MAN
You'd be surprised who called me on
her.

Molly makes it another inch closer.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
You'd be surprised who called me on
you -

Close enough.

Molly tries to BOLT toward the kitchen door but the Pizza Man GRABS her arm and whips her back around. Mid-spin, she lunges and grabs a Wok hanging from over a counter.

WHACK! The Pizza Man almost falls out of balance. A direct hit to the head. It's enough to lose grip.

Molly knees the Pizza Man. He winces into a release.

Molly backs up, still in shock.

The Pizza Man flinches through the pain. Grips his pizza cutter. LUNGES at Molly.

She flips her body toward the door.

The Pizza Man SWINGS the slicer. It manages to cut deep into her upper arm. A clean slice.

Molly SCREAMS.

Blood starts avalanch-ing out of her wound. No time for that. Molly SPRINTS for her life through the door.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Connor, who has not moved an inch since spotting the stream, stands there watching the screen. Mouth agape.

On the computer screen: The Pizza Man standing there alone. Looking out at the cafeteria door. He follows in pursuit.

Connor looks around, terrified. He cowers underneath the computer lab desk.

CONNOR
(to himself)
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

INT. CAFETERIA

Molly runs desperately through the poorly lined up rows of cafeteria tables. Blood spills out of her arm like she was sprinting with a can of open red paint.

The Pizza Man runs after her. His pain, wearing off. Faster with each stride.

Molly looks back.

To her arm.

To the Killer.

She winces as she pushes to run faster.

She makes it to the door. Body checks it open.

INT. SCHOOL FOYER

Molly KICKS the door shut.

The Pizza Man bolts towards her through the "BE A BUDDY, NOT A BULLY!"-decaled door window.

Molly sees a broom against a wall across the way. Does she have enough time?

She sprints toward the broom. Looks back at the window. PIZZA MAN IS VERY CLOSE.

She LUNGES toward the door at the same time. She slides the broom stick through the D-type pull handle, locking the cafeteria doors.

BANG! BANG! The doors RATTLE and the broom stick SQUEAK-CRACKLES with every THUD.

Molly runs to the front door of the school.

THUD! It's locked. FUCK. Molly turns back.

The broomstick doesn't have many more THUDs left in it.

She bolts up the school's grand main entrance staircase.

The cafeteria doors BURST open. This did not buy her much more time.

INT. SECOND FLOOR FOYER

Molly makes it to the top of the staircase. Her run interrupted by the sea of teenagers partying in the darkened hallway. Laser lights reflect wildly off the lockers.

MOLLY
(SCREAMING)
HEELLPPP MEEEEEE!!!!

Maybe one or two people notice her through the BLARING music. Bleeding arm and all, no one does a second glance. One couple might actually be having sex.

A bad remix of "Vitamin C - Graduation (Friends Forever)" ironically BLARES from the speakers

VITAMIN C (O.S.)
(singing through speaker)
*As we go on, we remember.
All the times we had together.
And as our lives change, come
whatever.
We will still be friends forever.*

Molly looks back. The Pizza Man is at the top of the stairs.

MOLLY
(SCREAMING)
MOVE!!!!!!

No one does.

Molly SCREAMS as she runs through the crowd of dancing people.

Phil stands mid-hallway. His cast indeed aglow under the black light. He recognizes the scream.

PHIL

Molly?

Too late. Molly has already SCREAM-RAN right past him.

Phil quickly collects his crutches. He looks down the hall to see what she was running from.

A symphony of SCREAMS.

Teenagers barrel down the hallway. A few with crimson-covered slices across their prom outfits.

PHIL (CONT'D)

OH FUCK!

Phil mounts himself on his crutches.

Enough people pass to show the Pizza Man slicing the head off of a frilly-dressed TEEN.

Phil starts power-crutching down the hallway. With the congestion of people, he's actually keeping up.

He looks back again in fear. The Pizza Man is now on the panicked crowd's trail.

Phil squeezes through a row of people. He's never going to be able to push ahead. He looks towards a side staircase. Runs for it. He crouches to the ground behind the half-wall railing.

The group of people storm past him. No one notices his swift departure.

He sits there, terrified.

The Pizza Man chases after the crowd. He slows. He looks over to Phil, trembling.

PIZZA MAN

(eerily)

Hi Phil.

He waves with the bloody slicer.

PHIL

(whimpering)

Waaahaat??

The Pizza Man returns to his pursuit. He chases after the group of teenagers. Out of sight.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 WHAT?!!

He gets up. Starts crawling up the steps with his crutches.
 He holds one up like it's a gun on the lookout.

Distant SCREAMS.

VITAMIN C (O.S.)
 (singing through speaker)
*Will we think about tomorrow like
 we think about now?
 Can we survive it out there? Can we
 make it somehow?*

Ahead of the crowd, Molly pushes to the front of the crowd,
 but she's losing energy as fast as she's losing blood.

The crowd starts to envelop her. She's too weak to win this
 rat race.

She looks over to an open door in the hallway. She runs
 toward it. SLAMS the door behind her and shuts off the light.

INT. BIO CLASSROOM

A darkened classroom. The shadows of microscopes set up along
 each double-desk.

Molly stays low to the ground. She winces repeatedly in pain.
 She continuously looks back and forth at the door window.

FOOTSTEPS approaching. Quick.

A cheetah-print sleeve sweater hanging out of a desk drawer
 catches Molly's attention.

The FOOTSTEPS slow pace, sensing.

Molly feverishly wraps the sweater around her arm, but the
 sweater takes down an open makeup kit simultaneously.

CLASH! Hairspray, lip gloss, tiny cracked makeup mirror
 shards confetti-ed.

The FOOTSTEPS stop.

Molly cringes. She ducks underneath the desk.

INT. SECOND FLOOR FOYER - STAIRS

Phil has bum-climbed his way to the top of the stairs. He's just about to prop himself up to a stand when -

Across the lower hall, a women's bathroom door casually swings open.

Candace, an obliterated prom-goer, stumbles out of the bathroom. She wipes her mouth drunkenly as she focuses in on the fact that everyone is gone.

CANDACE
(SLUR-YELLING)
WHEEEEEEE DID EVERYBODY GO???

Phil silently SIGHS.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
Are you all mad at me?

Candace drunk stumbles in a sudden near-cry. More-so crocodile tears.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
(SLUR-YELLING)
STEVEN?????! STEVEN!?!?

Phil lowers his head in her direction.

PHIL
PSSST!!!

Candace JUMPS. She looks around, uncoordinated.

CANDACE
Who said that? Steven, was that you?

PHIL
PSSST!!

CANDACE
(woozily to herself)
I need to stop mixing tequila and K.

Candace squints her eyes to get Phil, at the top of the stairs, into focus.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
Ew. Aren't you that guy who broke his leg playing badminton?

She scoffs.

PHIL
(mouthing)
HIDE!!!!

CANDACE
(screaming)
WHAT?!

Phil frustration-cringes.

PHIL
(mouthing)
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

Candace isn't catching on. In fact, she looks incredibly offended.

Phil motions for her to come toward him in a panic.

CANDACE
You think just because school is
over I'm going to sleep with you?

PHIL
(confused)
What?

CANDACE
Well, you're wrong. I'm not that
girl anymore, okay? I'm getting out
of this school.

Candace stumbles and then catches herself. BURPS.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
(defiantly)
I'm gonna be a fucking nurse.

Candace flips her hair and confidently stumbles down the direct path of the killer.

Phil SIGHS.

He looks up to the next flight of stairs to the library.

INT. BIO CLASSROOM

CHIRPING of crickets through a singular window that's been cracked open. Molly crawls toward it as quietly as possible.

The CLACKING of heels.

Molly looks back toward the classroom door. The window remains empty.

Suddenly, Candace's face goes CRACKING OPEN with a power-SMACK against the door window. Blood and teeth slide down the panel.

Molly nearly screams but stops herself.

The classroom door SWINGS OPEN. Candace's arm SLAPS onto the ground alongside her fresh corpse.

The blood-caked boots of the Pizza Man STOMP into the room.

Molly freezes.

She looks around desperately.

The boots follow the trail of blood around the rows of desks.

Molly's makeshift bandage starts to slide down her arm. She quietly tightens it. Nearly SCREAMS in pain. A sudden resistance.

The boots continue to survey the room.

Molly instantly starts feeling for something within her sweater-bandage that's causing her pain.

She reaches into a side pocket. Pulls out a lighter. She looks at it with slight hope.

She looks back to the ground at the scattered makeup bag belongings - As she does, the Pizza Man a few rows over, SWINGS his head down to look under the desks.

They make eye contact.

SLAM! The Pizza Man throws one of the desks between them out of the way.

Molly falls on her back, both hands full under the desk.

The Pizza Man looms over her.

He takes the desk she's hiding under and THROWS it across the room.

Molly SCREAMS as she struggles to collect the items in her hand. A lighter and hairspray.

She props the lighter in front to the hairspray. Presses both. Unsuccessful.

The Pizza Man looks down. He raises his pizza slicer to the moon.

PHSSHHHHHHSSSHSHH. The hairspray catches the lighter fluid and ERUPTS into flames - a direct blaze to the Pizza Man's morph suit mask.

Fire spreads instantly across the mesh. The Pizza Man WAILS. He desperately tries to pat it out to no avail.

PHSSHHHHHHSSSHSHH. Again, she sprays for good measure. The flames ROAR.

The Pizza Man runs around the room rampantly.

Molly watches in horror.

She looks back toward the window. Fuck this. She HURLS one of the fallen chairs and SMASHES through it.

Molly hobbles her way through the window the best she can.

WAILS come from inside.

The Pizza Man scurries until he finds hold of the bio classroom's eyewash station. Water SPRAYS. He lower his flaming face into the fountains.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Molly gets herself up off the ground from the window plunge. She winces in pain.

She victoriously stumbles her way through the parking lot. She made it.

The light of the fire in the window behind her suddenly goes out. Uh oh.

She looks back. Fuck it.

She continues making her way through the parking lot.

VOICE (O.S.)
(whisper-yelling)
MOLLYYYY!!!!!!

Molly stops in recognition.

She turns back to see Connor waving desperately from the upstairs computer lab window.

The computer room light switches on and off. SOS-mode.

She looks back in the direction she was escaping to. A serious debate.

CONNOR

MOLLY!

Molly stands there, staring back at him like "What?"

CONNOR (CONT'D)

DID YOU KILL HIM?!?!?

She looks back down to the bio room. It's empty.

Molly SIGHS, annoyed.

MOLLY

(to herself)

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

Molly turns back toward the school. She heads toward the front entrance in a heroic rage.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT FOYER

SCHWING! The school doors fly open: Molly behind them. She's pissed. Also very wounded still.

She lets the doors close behind her. CLICK.

She eyes the foyer for movement. Nothing. She looks ahead at the main school staircase: water-bloody boot prints walking up the vinyl steps. A trail of ash.

Molly starts to survey her surroundings for any sort of weapon. The entrance to the gymnasium catches her eye.

INT. GYMNASIUM

The moonlit gymnasium's bleachers cast shadows stretching across the empty court.

Molly searches around. She revolve-scans the room from the middle of the room.

She stops in her orbit as she spots the weight room.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Molly enters the disheveled, musty weight room. She turns on the light. A barbell catches her eye.

She walks over to it. Kicks off the weights of one end of the barbell, adds it so the weights are on the same side.

She hoists the lopsided barbell like it's a giant hammer over her good arm-shoulder. Let's fucking go.

INT. STAIRCASE

Phil is halfway up the last flight of stairs to the library.

PHIL
(whispering)
Connor?!

He scoots up the next step.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(whisper-yell)
CONNOR?!!

CLICK. A distant door. Downstairs.

Phil tenses up.

THUD. It shuts.

Silence.

Phil GULPS. He cocks his head to try and see around the below and around the corner of the staircase.

A few disco lights aimlessly beam.

SCRATCHING.

CLOSE SCRATCHING.

VERY CLOSE.

Phil looks around to find the source.

SCRATCHING. SCRATCH. SCRATCH. It's coming from below him.

Phil looks down under this stair below him through the open slot between steps: the Pizza Man's FIRE-BURNT FACE. A combination of mesh and bubbling skin.

Phil YELPS.

He falls down a couple of steps revealing the Pizza Man carved "HENRY" with the cutter on his cast.

Through the open staircase, the Pizza Man walks around to the bottom of the stairs.

Phil grabs his crutch, holds it up to say "STAY BACK!"

The Pizza Man slowly walks up the stairs, taunting.

Phil pulls his body up the stair as fast as he can using the handrail.

The Pizza Man steps closer. Closer. He raises his pizza cutter.

SMMAAAAAACK!!! A computer chair goes FLYING over the stairs and WHACKS the Pizza Man. He tumbles down to the nearest landing.

Phil looks up in relief: Connor staring down at the Pizza Man in shock.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

CONNOR
Hurry! Get up!

Connor leans down to help Phil over his shoulder and to a stand.

Connor keeps an eye on the Pizza Man. He gets up to a stand. His rage-filled eyes glaring through torn mesh. His burnt cheek nearly sliding off his face like pizza cheese.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Shit.

The Pizza Man starts RUNNING up the staircase.

Connor and Phil run as fast as they can.

SLICE! The Pizza Man nabs the back of Connor's shoulder. He SHRIEKS in pain.

INT. LIBRARY

Connor and Phil are nearly within reach for another slice. They throw themselves down the aisle of books.

The Pizza Man raises his weapon-equipped hand back once again.

Phil STABS his one crutch down to the Pizza Man's knee. It works. He falters. The crutch drops to the ground. Time bought.

Connor and Phil charge into the computer lab.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Phil falls to the ground and crab-walks backward to a corner in fear.

Connor SLAMS the computer lab door shut. He locks it.

Large plexiglass windows separate the computer lab and library.

Connor barricades the door with a computer chair and whatever he can grab, continually scanning the interior windows.

He stops. Peers out into the dark sea of books.

Phil uses the wall to come to a stand. He looks over to the one lit computer monitor. Sees the live feed.

PHIL
What is this?

Connor ignores. He focuses on the window.

Phil follows his eyesight back to the darkened library.

The two breathe heavily in fear. Beads of sweat forming.

No motion whatsoever.

INT. STAIRCASE

Molly makes her way up the staircase, gripping her lopsided barbell weapon. She listens for movement. Nothing.

Another step upward.

She eyes the library sign. Squints to try to get a visual read of the computer lab.

JINGLE. What was that?

Molly freezes.

Suddenly, the Pizza Man walks past the staircase. He doesn't notice Molly. He's sifting through a ring of KEYS.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Connor and Phil are standing as far as humanly possible from the computer room door.

JINGLE.

FOOTSTEPS.

The two tense up.

The Pizza Man mockingly holds up the keys.

CONNOR

Fuck.

PHIL

What the hell are we going to do?

They look at each other like it's the last time they will.

CLICK. The Pizza Man smiles through bloody teeth in the door window.

The door UNLOCKS.

SLAM! The Pizza Man kicks the door to push through the barricaded items. It holds for maybe half of a kick.

The door SLAMS open hitting the opposite wall with an echoed THUD!

The Pizza Man slowly enters the room. Eeny, meeny, miny, moe.

Phil and Connor cower, defenseless.

He raises his pizza cutter with both hands. 2-for-1 deal.

WHAAAAACK!!!! Molly SMACKS the barbell weight across the Pizza Man's head. He instantly collapses.

The Pizza Man, face up, starts choking on his blood. He makes desperate eyes toward Molly. No sympathy.

Molly goes for another WHACK! The weights impale the Pizza Man's face. Molly goes limp for a moment. Exhausted.

CONNOR

Uh--

PHIL

Moll-

One more WHACK for good measure. Blood SPRAYS across Phil and Connor. A little gets in Phil's mouth. He gags.

Molly tries to lift the barbell weight but the Pizza Man's melted face is stuck to the bottom of it.

She tries to pull it but the skin is sticking creating the most disgusting flesh cheese-pull you've ever seen.

She drops the barbell. THUD.

 CONNOR
Holy shit!

 PHIL
Dude, you saved us.

Connor and Phil look to Molly like she's Xena.

Molly catches her breath.

 MOLLY
FUCK YOU TWO.

 PHIL
What?!

 MOLLY
You assholes left me to die.

 CONNOR
Uh-

 PHIL
We didn't -

BZZZZ.

BZZZZ.

The dead Pizza Man's pocket lights up. The trio look at each other, confused.

Molly crouches down. She pulls out the phone and car keys. She takes a second, reading.

 MOLLY
No way.

 PHIL
What?

MOLLY
Natalie ordered a pizza to
Reggie's.

CONNOR
Aren't they dating?

PHIL
I saw him leave with Ashley.

CONNOR
Yikes.

Molly searches through all of the texts. A lot of them.

PHIL
So, uh, who was that?

Phil awkwardly nods to the corpse drenching the carpet with
crimson between them all.

MOLLY
Pizza Face.

CONNOR
Our number one fan, apparently.

PHIL
I'm sorry?

Connor points to the lit computer screen.

MOLLY
How did you know that?

CONNOR
Saw your showdown.

MOLLY
Thanks for the help?

PHIL
He was watching us? Who? The
cafeteria guy?

MOLLY
Serve and... protect, I suppose.

Molly continues reading the phone.

PHIL
Do you want a ride home?

Molly rage glances at Phil. She looks to the car keys in her other hand.

MOLLY

I don't think we should really be a
"we" right now.

Connor cringes.

CONNOR

Where are you going to go?

MOLLY

I'm gonna get the fuck out of this
town.

PHIL

Did you get in somewhere finally?

Molly rage glances to Phil.

MOLLY

I just survived a pizza delivery
serial killer massacre. I can get
in wherever I want. Schools will
want me for the press alone.

Connor shrugs in a "true" kind of way.

Molly searches in the texts an address. Her address. 8
highlighted messages.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Mother fuckers.

Connor and Phil look at each other, confused.

CONNOR

We should get you to a hospital.
Your arm looks really bad.

Molly fiddles with the phone.

BEEP. WHIRS.

Connor and Phil look around, startled. The printers in the
room all start printing.

Phil grabs one of the sheets. It's a text screenshot.

PHIL

What are these?

Molly throws the phone on the ground. Walks toward the door without making eye contact.

MOLLY
Receipts.

Molly stops halfway through the door. She looks back, pissed.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
At least have the decency to call.

PRE-LAP: A shoddy ENGINE erupting to life.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The Pizza delivery car tears out of the parking lot into the street with reckless abandon.

Multiple police sirens WAILING in various distance areas.

The car JINGLE emerges, but this time it's a victorious badass rock version.

JINGLE (O.S.)
(belting)
EVERY DAY IS FRIDAY WHEN YER
TREAT'D TO SOMETHING NICE -

INT. CAR

Molly stares ahead at a town exit sign in the far distance. Speeds through the streets. No cars in sight.

JINGLE (O.S.)
(belting)
DIAL IN AN ORDER, AND WE'LL DE-LIV-
ER YOU A SLICE!

Molly looks down to the passenger seat. There's a few boxes of pizza. She opens a lid, grabs a slice. One-hand downs its.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - NIGHT

Connor sits in a computer desk nursing his surface wounds. He desperately calls various numbers on his phone to no avail.

Phil sits at the lit computer, focused.

Pizza Man is still dead as can be in the middle of the room.

JINGLE (O.S.)
(belting)
WHO'DA THOUGHT THAT DINNER COULD
HAVE BEEN SUCH A BREEZE?

Phil tenses up. Turns to Connor.

PHIL
Uh-

CONNOR
What?

Phil stares at the computer screen. Connor looks up to his phone, reading his unease.

PHIL
Come here.

Connor walks over. The two look at the blood-sprayed screen. Phil opens a window on the feed.

PHIL (CONT'D)
He wasn't the only one watching.

The two look at each other in fear.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Pizza delivery car goes zooming past the town exit sign. Molly's pizza crust flies out the window, hitting the ground.

JINGLE (O.S.)
(belting)
A NIGHT BECOMES A PARTY WHEN YOU'RE
GIVEN EXTRA CHEESE!

Another car follows.

CUT TO BLACK.