Willie12

by

Oney Mendoza

OVER BLACK:

A loud, shrill SCREAM.

A CHOKE...a GURGLE...a panicked GASP for air.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Daybreak dew covers the ground and plant life around. Early morning sunlight shines through large cottonwood trees.

Silence, except for the various sounds of animal life.

Scattered FOOTSTEPS, leaves CRUNCH, branches SNAP -

Seemingly out of nowhere, 5-6 POLICE OFFICERS appear. They make their way, frantically searching through brush, eyes darting in all directions.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The cops' footsteps and voices are off in the distance now.

A GIRL lies facedown behind a cluster of trees, motionless and silent. Dirt and leaves litter her messy brown hair.

CRUNCH. Footsteps through leaves approaches...

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) Hey! Over here! I've found her!

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - PATIO - MORNING

Wood patio furniture fill the small backyard-like patio. A canopy structure covers the few customers below.

Sitting on a bar stool is LAUREN PAXTON, 21, a well restrained, pretty brunette with large, expressive eyes. There's something simple but elegant about her.

Across from her is HARLEY LEE, 23, a bushy haired, hippy-type quy.

He talks to her with intensely glazed red eyes. This guy is totally baked.

Lauren nods along, not really paying attention. Bored and not amused.

HARLEY

...and 30 million use it daily -

Lauren makes a disapproving face as she cuts him off -

LAUREN

I don't think that's true. That's a whole lot of people smoking pot.

HARLEY

The World Drug Report would prove you wrong.

LAUREN

Really now?

HARLEY

Well, I'm also talking about worldwide numbers -

LAUREN

I kind of picked that up -

HARLEY (CONT'D)

 and most use it for medicinal purposes.

She CACKLES; this guy is a doofus.

LAUREN

(off his stoned look)
By your overpowering smell, you're obviously a fan of it? Do you use it for medicinal purposes or are you a straight-up pothead?

HARLEY

I don't like that word.

LAUREN

What pothead? I like that word. Pothead. Pothead. It has a nice zing to it.

Lauren smiles to herself as she watches Harley shift in his chair, growing uncomfortable. She's hit a nerve.

HARLEY

It helps me calm down -

LAUREN

Calm down from what? Do YOU have A-D-D or some anxiety issue?

HARLEY

Nope.

Lauren rolls her eyes, sighs. She's had enough of this conversation and this guy. Harley eyes her, senses this.

HARLEY

What's your deal?

LAUREN

Sorry but I don't find a 20 minute conversation about pot stimulating in any way.

HARLEY

So, you're like not one of the 30 million college students who uses?

LAUREN

I party. Your life just apparently revolves around it.

Harley tilts his head with an "I don't give a f---" look. Lauren looks to be losing her patience.

LAUREN

Do you have any other hobbies?

HARLEY

Music, art, bar hopping -

LAUREN

Classy guy. What's your major?

HARLEY

Major?

LAUREN

Do you not attend school?

HARLEY

No way. That's for the conformists.

LAUREN

Conformists? What are you?

HARLEY

I'm on an alternate path -

LAUREN

Alternate?

HARLEY

Alternate.

LAUREN

Alternate to what?

HARLEY

An alternate path from a conformist lifestyle.

LAUREN

(dry, very dry)

Right. Okay.

Lauren shakes her head.

LAUREN

I didn't know I was getting set up on a date with such a rebel.

HARLEY

I didn't know I was getting set up on a date with such a bitch.

He CHUCKLES to himself.

LAUREN

Don't call me a bitch.

HARLEY

You're kind of being a bitch with all your judgemental-ness.

LAUREN

(realizing...???)

I'm trying to understand you...

HARLEY

By being a judgemental bitch?

LAUREN

You're an asshole.

Awkward silence follows.

LAUREN

(in total bitch mode)
So, you're essentially kind of like
a local burnout that only really
smokes pot because you have no real
aspirations in life and you fill
that void by being stoned all the
time because you're not man enough
to deal with a "conformist"
lifestyle which includes oh maybe
going to school and getting a
decent job?

LAUREN (count'd)

Do you even work? I bet you don't even work!

Harley is noticeably sucker punched by her rant. He takes a drink from his frap, mouthing "whoa", but keeping his cool.

HARLEY

What would you like to talk about?

LAUREN

Are you actually suggesting we change the conversation?

HARLEY

What kind of music are you into?

He smiles politely. Lauren notices, breathes, regains herself.

LAUREN

I'm really big on Taylor Swift at
the moment -

Harley throws up "2 thumbs down" and makes a FART noise with his mouth.

HARLEY

Her music totally makes me want to queef.

That's it, Lauren's had enough. She stands up, grabbing at her bag.

HARLEY

Are we done?

Lauren politely holds out her hand.

LAUREN

It was really nice meeting you Harley. I'm sooooo glad Vanessa set this little thing up.

Harley stands, shaking her hand.

HARLEY

What do you say we meet up for coffee another time?

LAUREN

I'm sorry. No offense...I don't mean to be rude, but I don't think we have a lot in common.

He cocks his head, confused.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Our lifestyles seem completely opposite from one another. I think we're both looking for something different in life.

(beat)

I guess you could say we're more like on "alternative" paths -

Harley YELPS with a laugh. She smiles at her own dumb joke.

HARLEY

Was that a joke? You totally tried to be funny.

Lauren forces a smile.

HARLEY

Well, see you around funny lady. Sorry for calling you a bitch, didn't mean to push that button.

LAUREN

Sorry for my tirade.

HARLEY

No worries. I hear that all the time from my parents.

She can't help but smile.

LAUREN

I bet.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Lauren enters from the patio area.

She walks across the busy shop towards the front counter where a barista stands, stocking bags of coffee onto an end-cap. The barista is -

VANESSA AUTRY, 21, a mocha-skinned girl who is not particularly gorgeous but pretty in an off-beat way.

LAUREN

I hate you.

Vanessa turns to Lauren, her friend.

VANESSA

Hello there!

LAUREN

What in that eccentric mind of yours were you like "Um, Lauren and Harley would be perfect for each other"?

Vanessa LAUGHS.

LAUREN

You knew this would be a complete, epic fail, didn't you? You're guilty as shit. I smell it.

VANESSA

You don't like Harley? He's a doll!

LAUREN

He's a goon.

They turn towards the patio area and through the glass doors they see Harley, still sitting. He BELCHES loudly, smirks to himself.

VANESSA

He's so gorgeous. I'd hit it.

LAUREN

All looks and no brains, seriously.

VANESSA

Work with what you got, that's my motto.

LAUREN

I was a bitch to him. I'm never a bitch.

VANESSA

You can be sometimes.

LAUREN

Oooo burn.

VANESSA

True story, sorry -

LAUREN

He had this way of annoying me -

VANESSA

Remind me to never set you up again, geeze.

LAUREN

Thank you. I didn't want a blind date in the first place. I'm perfectly capable of meeting guys on my own.

VANESSA

Oh, right. We've seen how successful that's been so far.

LAUREN

Ouch. Burned again.

VANESSA

Just giving you a hard time. Looooove you.

LAUREN

No hard feelings.

VANESSA

(changing the subject)
Party tonight! I can't wait.

LAUREN

Eh, it's going to be nothing more than a total stressful social situation.

VANESSA

Oh! Try saying that three times.

Lauren spots Harley tossing his cup into a nearby trash. He turns to enter the coffee shop.

LAUREN

Alright! I'm gone! See you later!

Lauren bolts, leaving the coffee shop. Vanessa turns her attention to a nearby TV. A news report:

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

This morning, police found the body of 18-year-old Annie Miller, who was reported missing just over two months ago. The body, which was identified through dental records, was found in a small ditch just outside the town of Riverton Falls; (MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)

20 miles east from her hometown. For the parents, this brings the statewide search for their daughter to a devastating end. Matthew Bauer is on scene in Riverton -

ON TV: A new's reporter rushes up to a pair of detectives who obviously don't want to be bothered.

REPORTER

Any word yet if the disappearance of Eden Bartel is connected in any way?

DETECTIVE

No comment.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Are you considering a possible online serial killer? Both girls seemingly went missing after meeting someone they met from online. Isn't this true? Wouldn't this explain the numerous missing girls across the state? Have any arrests been made? -

DETECTIVE

All I can and will say at this time is that this is an on-going investigation. -

REPORTER

Is it true there are several leads?

DETECTIVE

No more questions.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

Doors open from a bus as it comes to a halt.

With a backpack strapped on and carrying a large duffel bag, AMBER REEVES, 18, staggers onto the sidewalk with her heavy luggage. She's a natural curly-haired blonde beauty with an innocent charm.

The bus doors close and it departs, leaving Amber looking around with a perplexed expression.

She looks to her right - looks to her left. She sighs dramatically...lost. Amber begins to walk to the right - where the most traffic moves.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Downtown is just out of sight behind Amber. She treks through an upscale neighborhood of large, older homes.

A LOUD muscle car pulls up alongside Amber. The window rolls down, revealing a driver just as arrogant as the car is -

LEO SALDANA, 22, a muscular senior jock with crazy good looks and a killer smile, is plopped behind the wheel.

Keeping up with her pace, he slowly follows Amber. She knows he's there but doesn't acknowledge him.

LEO

What's up good looking?

AMBER

Do you want something?

LEO

Do you need a ride? I can give you a nice, long ride.

He grins over at Amber suggestively. She digs her hand into the pocket of her hoodie, gripping something.

AMBER

(mimicking Leo)

Do you want some mace? I can spray you with my nice, long can of mace.

LEO

Just trying to nice babe.

AMBER

Not in the mood for creepers, so please piss off.

LEO

Piss off? Fuck you, bitch!

The douchey muscle car peels off. Amber continues walking as if the encounter never happened.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pregnancy test...

JOLENE SMITH, 22, holds the stick with a trembling hand. Tears form in her hazel eyes as she stares down at the "+". She breathes heavily, borderline hyperventilating.

Removing her glasses and placing them on the counter, she wipes her eyes clean of tears.

She is a pretty girl (prettier than she realizes) with a pixie haircut and a demeanor of a gentle soul.

HONK! HONK! HONK! A car is heard, idling outside. She dismisses it - not taking her eyes off that "+" symbol.

She lets out a CRY.

JOLENE

(under her breath)
Please, no...God, please.

HONK! HONK! HONK!

Suddenly, the bathroom door opens. Jolene scrambles, throwing a towel over the pregnancy test.

GIRL'S VOICE

If you haven't heard, your obnoxious boyfriend has been honking outside for you with his slut-mobile.

Entering -

TORI HENDRIX, 20, a would-be pretty girl if it wasn't for the fact her face is hidden by a mass of dirty dreadlocks. She is a mouthy, hipster girl that rocks multiple tattoos and a sexy-as-hell rebel smile.

She spots her friend shuffling with a towel.

TORI

(noticing Jolene's tears)
What's going on? Are you okay?

JOLENE

I'm fine. Give me a minute?

TORI

No. You're crying in our bathroom. What's up?

HONK! HONK! HONK!

Jolene clutches the towel and exits into the hallway.

JOLENE (O.S.)

I'm fine. We'll talk later.

Tori watches Jolene disappear down the stairs. Tori, genuinely concerned, calls out -

TORT

Jolene! Stop putting up with his shit! You deserve better!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD/HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jolene gets into Leo's muscle car. He quickly makes a u-turn and drives off, passing Amber.

She continues walking, reaching the house Jolene just left.

THE HOUSE -

A large, 3-story Victorian home that sits on an overwhelmingly spacious and lush lot. A rusted, tall, wrought-iron fence with spiked posts, encloses the home. It's the last house on the street, edging next to a park that's adjacent. Privacy is apparent.

Amber opens the gate and moves up the slanted pathway, towards the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The sounds of a BUZZ SAW severing through wood come from within the house.

She knocks.

The saw silences out her knocks. She turns the doorknob, locked. She knocks again.

AMBER

Hello?

Turning to her side, she notices a small basement window below the porch. She steps down onto the grass, moving to the window.

AMBER'S POV - Peering into the window, she can't see much through the dirty glass. Wait - she sees something. A table saw. A workbench. Tools. Planks of wood. Plastic tarp. -

SOMEONE STEPS IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW LOOKING RIGHT BACK AT AMBER.

END POV

Amber jumps back, startled.

A MAN looks back at her, complete in work goggles. He throws up his index finger, "1 minute" and disappears out of sight.

Heart calming down, she walks back up to the porch.

The front door opens moments later, stepping out -

MITCH, 40's, sporting a scruffy face and baggy eyes. The goggles now in his hand.

AMBER

I'm Amber Reeves, the new tenant.

MITCH

Oh, hi there. Yes, of course -

He removes a work glove, shaking her hand.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'm Mitch, your landlord.

He moves to the side, inviting her in.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mitch closes the door behind Amber as she enters. She takes a quick look-see around.

AMBER

Big fan of the floors.

MITCH

All new hardwood floors throughout. Remodeling the home...I'll be in and out for the next month or so -

AMBER

You don't live here?

MITCH

God no. Middle-aged man living with six females?

(shakes head)

I'm no house-mother, therapist, or anything of that nature, just your landlord.

Awkward silence. Mitch holds up his goggles.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Working on the basement at the moment...complete remodeling project.

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)

Eventually going to rent out the space down there. Available rooms in this town are quite desired for people your age, with the college and all.

AMBER

Looks like a big house. Beautiful.

MITCH

You can help yourself...you're rooming upstairs, last bedroom on the left.

AMBER

Thank you.

She turns to the staircase.

MITCH

You're not trouble, are you?

She turns back, reluctantly.

MITCH (CONT'D)

I'm getting old and ain't looking for trouble.

AMBER

No. Not at all.

MITCH

Good, cause the girls here are trouble enough.

Amber smiles gawkily, doesn't know how to respond.

MITCH

Before I forget...

Mitch turns to a small end-table, grabs an envelope, extracts a set of keys. He hands them over to Amber.

MITCH

Now you're official.

INT. JOLENE AND TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The smooth sounds of a Spanish guitar rip through the air -

Tori sits at the edge of her bed, moving her fingertips effortlessly across the guitar strings. She looks down a notebook, humming a tune.

Tori's side of the room is decorated in poster's of Indie bands and paintings. Jolene's side is more conservative and organized, with a rosary hanging on the wall above her bed.

Appearing in the open doorway -

SHEA QUINTERO, 21, a wickedly sexy bombshell with a cocky smirk planted across her flawless face. She is rocking the shortest shorts possible that flaunt off her athletic legs. She is gorgeously fit.

SHEA

Do you mind cooling it for a while? Or playing in the backyard, or the freeway, or some shit? I'm skyping and your background noise...yeah - you're awful, you sound like shit.

And she's a bitch.

TORT

I'm rehearsing for a gig tomorrow.

Shea LAUGHS in her throat.

SHEA

Too bad that's tomorrow. You need decades of rehearsing.

TORI

You can close my door now.

SHEA

Oh no, don't tell me your "gig" is Open Mic Night at my bar.

TORT

It is.

SHEA

How embarrassing.

Tori looks up, scowls at the bitch. -

TORI

Is that my sweater?

SHEA

I was feeling bloated this morning and all I could find was this frumpy thing.

TORI

Why are you such a nasty bitch towards me?

SHEA

Cause you're the only one in the house who mouths back.

Shea smiles and closes the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shea turns from closing Tori's bedroom door, sees Amber come up from the landing. Shea just eyes her, suspiciously.

AMBER

I'm Amber, new roommate.

SHEA

(sotto)

Gross.

AMBER

I just got into town this morning -

SHEA

I'm Shea. I'm actually your roommate...fun, right? Your boxes were delivered a few days ago.

AMBER

Oh, great. Thanks.

SHEA

I'm going to need you to unpack ASAP. Your brown boxes are totally messing up my feng shui in there.

Amber looks at Shea, is this girl serious?

AMBER

I'll get right on that.

SHEA

You're a peach.

INT. LAUREN AND VANESSA'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

TYPING...

Propped up against the headboard of a bed is Lauren. She types intensely at the laptop that's plopped on top of her. She smiles; completely engaged at the monitor.

The room is clean, simple, and organized. Lots of personal photo collages decorate the walls. Both girls have similar styles and tastes.

BOING. Lauren laughs at the computer screen. She types back.

A cell phone next to Lauren's feet VIBRATES. She breaks away from the laptop and stretches for the phone, grabbing hold of it -

"2 MISSED CALLS. MOM" "1 VOICEMAIL".

Lauren's demeanor changes. Uncertainty clouds her eyes. She pulls the phone to her ear with much hesitation.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (from phone)
Lauren. It's Mom -

A cold, stern voice. Not inviting in the slightest.

LAUREN'S MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D) - this is my ninth attempt to reach you this week. I expect a call back soon. Don't disappoint me.

COUGH. A deep, unhealthy cough.

Lauren puts the phone back down on the bed.

She sets the laptop aside and grabs at a shoulder bag, reaches in, and grips something. She stares off, lost in a daze.

She hesitates for a moment and whatever she's holding, she drops it back into her bag. We don't see what it was.

LAUREN'S MOM (V.O.)
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A DISAPPOINTMENT
LAUREN!

BOING. This breaks Lauren's daze. She grabs at the laptop and plops it back up on her lap.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: A dating "Match.com"-ish website is up: COLLEGE SINGLES - Helping College Students Find Love.

On the bottom of the screen, a chat-box is visible:

WILLIE12: Hey, where'd u go? U there?

Lauren types -

L PAX: Hey! Sorry. Am here.

WILLIE12: Sooooo... when are we finally going to meet up? I think 2mnths of chatting might grant me a coffee date... or at least a number. Teasing!

WILLIE12: Or am I...??? ;)

L_PAX: Don't push your luck pal...

WILLIE12: : (Don't tell me I've been investing all this time for nothing...

Her eyes narrow and she seems to get lost in thought again. Something catches her eye and she glances to her right -

Taped on a mirror is a flashy invitation that reads: "Totally 80's! Come One, Come All...Just B.Y.O.B."

Turning back to her monitor, Lauren hesitantly pauses for a second, but then types.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN but this doesn't break Lauren's fixation from her chat. Vanessa enters - throws her work apron on a coat rack. She notices Lauren isn't acknowledging her -

VANESSA

Hello to you too.

Vanessa joins Lauren on her bed. Lauren continues to type.

VANESSA

Are we talking to Cyber Bob again?

LAUREN

I'm inviting him to the party tonight.

VANESSA

LOL. I know you're little crazy-crazy but, really? -

LAUREN

LOL? Do people just say that out loud now?

VANESSA

I like LOL -

LAUREN

LAUREN (cont'd)

What is that? Why is "hi" worthy of an LOL?

VANESSA

(laughing)

I think he's LOL-ing at the fact he's got some huge balls to text you not even five minutes after that date this morning.

LAUREN

Oh yeah, thanks for giving him my number. I really appreciate that.

VANESSA

Anytime.

(beat)

You've diverted the conversation.

Lauren continues to type.

LAUREN

Look, he agreed. It's set.

VANESSA

You've been talking to this guy, like what? 2 months? You won't give him your number yet you will invite him over for a party? Makes sense.

LAUREN

You know that past experience I've had giving out my number over the internet so shut your face. And it's not like the party is here, where I live, y'know?

(beat)

If he turns out to be a weirdo and makes the party even more of a total stressful social situation, they'll be other people around to kick him out...so shut the front door while you're ahead.

VANESSA

Is he real or imaginary?

LAUREN

Oh, stop it...

VANESSA

What? We've both seen "Catfish". (beat)

Is he at least hot?

LAUREN

I've shown you his profile.

VANESSA

Oh yeah, the ok-looking one.

Vanessa nods, she approves. Lauren types.

LAUREN

(reading)

He's excited to finally meet up. He only lives about 45 minutes away.

Vanessa eyes her friend, sees that she is genuinely excited and happy as she types with this WILLIE12.

VANESSA

(being a total buzzkill)
He's probably excited to come
murder you and wear your beautiful
skin...trophy of sorts.

Lauren's face breaks away from the computer screen. She shoots her friend a glaring look.

VANESSA

(smiling)

What? I secretly want to kill you for your skin. It's flawless!

LAUREN

(reading)

It's set. He'll be there at eight tonight.

Smiling with excitement, Lauren closes the laptop. Just then -

KNOCK. KNOCK. Vanessa turns to their closed bedroom door.

VANESSA

Come in.

Door opens - it's Amber, she enters.

AMBER

Hi, I'm the new room -

VANESSA

You're adorable! So virginal looking! Where do you hail from? Can I ask you a million questions?

Amber smiles, shyly.

LAUREN

Leave her alone -

VANESSA

Just joking. FYI, Lauren and I will probably be your best friends in the house. Just sayin'.

AMBER

Good to know because the one I'm rooming with...she's a piece of work.

VANESSA

She's a piece of dog shit. But hey, she has a certain charm.

LAUREN

Vanessa just tolerates her because she parties.

VANESSA

What? She's fun. But, she gives herself complete authority to be a total bitch - best just to ignore her most days of the week.

AMBER

She sent me in here actually...said you guys might have some extra closet space?

LAUREN

There's a large linen closet downstairs behind the stairs.

AMBER

Thanks.

LAUREN

The whole household is going to this 80's party tonight...has anyone invited you? You're more than welcome to come.

AMBER

I have an early appointment on campus tomorrow with my guidance counselor before term picks up next week.

LAUREN

No, sorry. I just thought about it and the party is mandatory.

(MORE)

LAUREN (cont'd)

It will be a good way for you to meet and socialize with the other girls in the house -

VANESSA

Hell yeah. It's going to be fun.

AMBER

(hesitating)

Um, eh...okay. Sure.

LAUREN

Make sure you dress in your best 80's attire.

AMBER

Yay. -

Vanessa rolls her eyes at Amber's sarcastic tone.

AMBER

Well I really should get back to unpacking before my roommate rips my head off...my boxes are messing up her feng shui or something.

VANESSA

Have fun with her.

Amber leaves, closing the door behind her. Lauren jumps off the bed, starts undressing - changing into shorts, sneaks, and a tank.

LAUREN

You want to go for a run? I want to go for a run.

VANESSA

Have you seen my body lately? I'm at my ideal target weight...plus my tits and ass are looking fabulous. I don't need to run.

Lauren's phone VIBRATES on the bed. She swifts it up, checks caller ID and quickly throws it back on the bed. Vanessa eyes her suspiciously.

VANESSA

Piers?

LAUREN

Sigh.

VANESSA

Do you honestly miss that cheating douche?

Vanessa playfully shudders.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I hope you don't miss him.

LAUREN

There were good times -

VANESSA

Of course there were! Every relationship has those "good times".

Lauren rolls her eyes, grabs her iPod from her dresser and begins to disregard the conversation. She doesn't like hearing this.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I never liked the guy. He's a cheating bastard...a pompous, self-loving troll...so competent that he just comes off pretentious, and I don't know...he's so anal about everything - drives me fucking nuts!

LAUREN

Oh, I looove anal.

Lauren bursts into a laugh. Vanessa just looks at her deadpan style.

VANESSA

You always sidetrack conversations with awful attempts at humor. Some advice sweetie, you're not funny! And people don't like people who laugh at their own failed jokes.

BUZZ. BUZZ. BUZZ. Lauren's phone VIBRATES again.

VANESSA

Want me to answer it? I'll tell him off for you. Please let me tell him off, it would make my year.

LAUREN

It's not Piers.

Vanessa eyes her friend, "oh". She's aware who it must be...Lauren's Mom.

VANESSA

You can't completely abandon her.

LAUREN

That's not my intention.

Lauren throws her hair up in a ponytail.

VANESSA

You want to talk about it? Vent?

LAUREN

Nope. I'm fine. I'll be back...

And with that Lauren leaves the room, having completely dodged that conversation. Vanessa looks on, seeming a bit saddened for her friend.

She snaps out of it - Lauren's purse catching her eye. She moves towards it furtively, peeks inside, grabs something -

A PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLE - "XANAX".

Vanessa removes the lid, pops two in her mouth, puts a few in her pockets. She looks on out the window - a bit of a shamed expression falls over her.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Music BLARES from Lauren's earbuds as she jogs around a grassy-trailed pathway at the park next to their home.

A chilly afternoon wind wafts past Lauren as she picks up the pace along the open field.

An intense and deep look in her eyes as she stares off in the distance -

She takes a right, off-course, and dashes in between two trees.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

More secluded; no more open field. She runs along a dirt trail that has tall, matured trees that edge up to the path.

Lauren looks ahead - no one, just her and a light layer of mist. She looks to be lost in another trance, not paying attention to her music -

LAUREN'S MOM (V.O.)
You are nothing but a failure...you
will never be loved. MY BIGGEST
DISAPPOINTMENT EVER! -

At that moment, a jogger shoots right past Lauren, running in the opposite direction. Lauren is so occupied in thought, she doesn't even notice.

The JOGGER, dressed in gray sweatpants and a black hoodie, pulls his hood over his head and stops in his tracks. He turns around but we never get a look at his face.

JOGGER'S POV - He watches Lauren as the distance between them grows; she continues to run. He watches her round a corner, disappearing from sight, hidden by trees.

He takes off running in Lauren's direction. His scattered breathing accelerates as he picks up a rapid pace.

He turns the corner as Lauren did. There she is - not too far off now. 40-50 feet.

END POV

UP AHEAD WITH LAUREN

Totally in the zone and continuing on with her run, Lauren doesn't notice the looming figure that is running up behind her...

Aggressively bumping shoulders with Lauren, the jogger passes her by, seemingly ignoring her. Lauren stumbles onto her side, losing balance, but doesn't fall. She looks ahead, momentarily confused.

The distance between her and the jogger grows...

Lauren rips out her earbuds -

LAUREN

Hey! Run much, jerk!?

THE JOGGER SUDDENLY STOPS. He halts in place; doesn't turn around, back faces Lauren. Hood still pulled over his head...

LAUREN

You almost knocked me over.

Silence. No response...he just stands there.

Tension grows. Lauren looks on nervously, regaining normal breathing patterns.

Still standing there, it becomes wildly uncomfortable. Lauren looks on, a little frightened now. She takes a step back. And another...

She turns around and begins running the other way. She looks over her shoulder - he hasn't moved. She turns back, continues running at full speed. After a few moments, Lauren glimpses back again -

HE IS FACING HER WAY NOW. It was too fast of a peek and too far off in the distance now to see his face but he was definitely facing her.

Lauren picks up speed...

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Tori lays on a porch-swing reading the newspaper, headline reads: "MISSING BURKSON GIRL'S BODY FOUND - VICTIM 12?"

A sweaty and tousled Lauren lands on the porch, completely out of breath. She looks back, scanning the area. No creep. She regains herself. Tori looks over.

TORI

Good run?

LAUREN

Some guy almost knocked me over...

TORI

Huh? Are you okay?

Lauren doesn't answer. After a few moments, she finally turns away, calming down, still catching her breath.

TORI

Vanessa told me you invited some rando dude to the party tonight?

LAUREN

He's not some random guy.

TORI

You met him online, right?

LAUREN

What difference does it make?

TORI

Not judging. I think it's kind of tits actually.

(MORE)

TORI (cont'd)

That whole wow factor - you never know what you're going to get. He could show up and be some old guy, a fat guy, hella fugly guy, some serial killer...it's kind of cool. It's so rare you get what you're anticipating.

LAUREN

You might've made me just second guess the whole situation.

TORI

No, no, no. I like it, totally unlike you to do something so... against your character.

LAUREN

What? Casually meeting up with someone from online at a party?

TORT

You tend to play by the rules. You like meeting guys in...libraries, I don't know; not online. I figured that made you a nervous-nellie.

LAUREN

I just set up the profile. He sought me out.

TORI

Cool story bro.

LAUREN

It was honestly a spur of the moment type of thing.

(beat)

Besides, the real world is just as scary, if not scarier.

TORI

Ow, I love that.

Lauren playfully winks at Tori, opens the front door, and disappears inside.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Night has fallen.

Leaves on the ground rustle and the surrounding trees billow in the night's wind.

THE HOUSE

Various lights are on as silhouettes move around and about.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A "Jack and Jill" bathroom connecting Lauren's room to Shea and Amber's...

Vanessa stands in the mirror - and she looks completely overthe-top in her 80's getup; puffed up hair, oversized top, big hoop earrings, lots of makeup. She looks sexy.

Standing next to her is Lauren - 80's perm, jean jacket.

LAUREN

Ermangerd. Look at your whorelashes. I love it, you look like a street walker.

VANESSA

It's a bit much but whatever.

Amber appears in the doorway from her side of the room. She's dressed in stirrup pants, a modest top, and rocking a <u>black</u> beanie.

VANESSA

Babe, you need blush on those rosy cheeks. 80's were all about being heavy on the makeup.

AMBER

Oh, no. I'm fine...

VANESSA

What? You prejudice against makeup?

AMBER

Um...I was never really allowed to wear makeup.

VANESSA

Wow. Do you come from Amish-land?

LAUREN

Don't listen to Vanessa. She's just angry because she's too ugly not to wear any makeup.

VANESSA

Zing! But it's true, I am fucking ugly without any makeup on.

Amber smiles.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I'm going to go grab my coat.

Vanessa moves away from the mirror, leaving the bathroom.

LAUREN

So, where do you come from?

AMBER

California.

LAUREN

West Coast, best coast, holler.

(laughs)

What brings you all the way out

here?

DING-DONG! The doorbell downstairs chimes.

AMBER

I come from overbearing parents so my first chance to get away...I jumped on that opportunity.

LAUREN

Seems legit.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I want to live and experience college life on my terms, y'know?

LAUREN

What better way than to move 3,000 miles away.

Tori pops in the doorway, dressed totally like an 80's punk.

TORI

Lauren, your date is here.

LAUREN

My date?

TORI

Some guy.

LAUREN

Some guy?

TORI

Some guy. I don't know, I've never seen him.

LAUREN

Who?

TORI

I don't know. He said he was here to pick you up for the party.

Lauren looks a bit perplexed; somewhat startled.

LAUREN

I gave him Leo's address...he's suppose to meet me at the party.

TORI

I don't know what to tell you. He's downstairs.

LAUREN

(panicked)
You let him in?

TORT

I didn't know.

INT. FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Coming down the stairs, Lauren and Tori step onto - AN EMPTY FOYER.

TORI

Hello? Where'd you go?

Both girls turn their heads, look around. No one. Lauren's tense expression fades after a few moments, she smiles.

Amber appears at the bottom of the stairs, posts herself there.

LAUREN

(to Tori)

Is this your idea of a joke?

Tori looks at her, eyes full of confusion and even slight panic. Lauren catches on, realizes. Her smile vanishes.

Tori moves to the front door, opens it -

Nothing. She peers out.

TORI

Hello? Lauren's internet guy?

Total silence. Just the wind rustling up fallen leaves on a vacant porch.

AMBER

Hey...

Both girls turn to see Amber pointing towards the unlit kitchen area.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Swinging doors open from the hallway as Lauren and Tori step inside the dark kitchen. Through one of the swinging kitchen doors we see Amber; she's remained posted at the stairs.

Lauren clicks on the ceiling light, which immediately brightens up the room. -

Off to the side, right before the living room is an open back door. White sheer curtains gently sway back and forth in front of the door from the wind.

TOR 1

Should I call 911?

Both girls take baby steps towards the open door, Lauren leading them - completely apprehensive. Tori reaches, grabbing a kitchen knife from a nearby <u>magnetic knife rack</u> that is planted on the wall.

HOLD ON THE KNIFE RACK -

Besides the one Tori just snatched up, another knife is obviously missing. Tori doesn't notice this. Eerie silence ensues...

Lauren suddenly stops in her tracks.

LAUREN

This is just someone's idea of a bad joke.

No more baby steps - Lauren full-on strides over to the open door, Tori by her side. She grips the curtain, ready to pull it back. But wait - she hesitates. Afraid.

LAUREN

This is silly -

She tears away the curtains, revealing -

AN EMPTY BACK PATIO.

Lauren sticks her head out and looks into the night ahead, nothing - not even a shadow. Pure darkness. She looks to her left - same; nothing, no one. Looks to her right -

Squatting down mere inches away from her is a figure looking up at her wearing a macabre hag mask!

Lauren barely has time to react before the masked figure lunges upward in a full standing position! A kitchen knife gripped tightly in his gloved hands.

Lauren SCREAMS, jumps back -

Falls on her butt. Eyes wide -

Tori immediately breaks out into a HYSTERICAL LAUGH. The masked figure playfully pops his head in the doorway.

MASKED FIGURE

Booga-booga boo!

The mask comes off - Vanessa. Lauren looks at both her LAUGHING friends, still processing everything, heated.

VANESSA

And that's why you don't invite guys from the internet over to our homes.

Tori and Vanessa high-five each other.

INT. LAUREN AND VANESSA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Still worked up, Lauren closes the door behind her. She goes for her dresser, opens the top drawer, shuffles some clothing around - We see various prescription pill bottles.

CLOSE UP ON THE LABELS - "XANEX", "PROZAC", "VALIUM", those are just a few.

Lauren grabs at a bottle, waits...

BOING! It's her laptop. Just in time...

She tosses it back in her drawer, covers her prescriptions with clothes.

Lauren moves over to her desk, lifts open her screen, smiles.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

WILLIE12: Excited for tonight :)

L PAX: Me too...

"WILLIE12" has signed off... - immediately flashes on the screen.

Lauren's eyes drop...a bit weary.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The party is in full swing.

Hordes of college students fill the crowded house in their 80's costumes; socializing, eating, dancing to an 80's soundtrack that BLASTS through the speaker system, and of course - drinking. Beer, shots, drinking games, keg stands - the booze is heavily flowing.

The house is dark, only illuminated by string lights placed throughout the house. Total party atmosphere.

DESIGNATED DANCING AREA

Shea is on the dance floor, dressed to impress as if she stepped out of Kelly Bundy's wardrobe; all curves and hair. Totally sexy.

Lauren and Amber stand near the dance floor, only talking, only holding cups of...soda? Vanessa approaches them, shots in both hands, downs one...

VANESSA

You guys are a bunch of squares.

LAUREN

I'm waiting for my date.

Vanessa turns and swipes a shot from a guy, hands it to Amber.

VANESSA

Take a shot with me.

AMBER

No, thank you. I don't drink.

VANESSA

You're at a party. It'll loosen you up.

LAUREN

Don't peer pressure her.

VANESSA

(points to Lauren)

Even this humanitarian bitch gets down once in a while. Look, I overheard that you're away from home for the first time. Your parents aren't here to see. No judgements here, we're all sinners.

Amber succumbs to Vanessa's peer pressure and knocks it back like a pro. Vanessa cheers her on, drinks hers. Tori joins them, empty handed.

LAUREN

Are you not drinking?

TORI

Eh, no.

VANESSA

Good because you become a loca crazy woman.

TORI

Have you guys seen Jolene?

LAUREN

I think I saw her go into the bathroom a little while ago.

Vanessa runs off to a nearby table, pours two shots of tequila and quickly returns to the girls. She hands one to Amber who gladly accepts. Both salute and toss them back.

Lauren looks at Amber who is starting to swoon; light-weight. Lauren smiles.

"Goodbye Horses" by Q Lazzarus begins to play over the speakers. Amber hops with joy, starts up a little odd dance in place. The other girls watch confused but entirely amused.

AMBER

If I had a penis, I'd totally tuck it in right now. (best Buffalo Bill

impression)

Would you fuck me? I'd fuck me.

TORT

I love her.

(to Amber)

If I had a penis I'd totally tuck

it in and dance with you.

VANESSA

You mean you don't?

LAUREN

Yeah Tori, what's stopping you?

Lauren and Vanessa laugh. Playful banter.

TORI

Whores. Both of you are whores.

Tori grabs Amber by the hand and they move onto the dance floor, dancing like Buffalo Bill.

LAUREN

She's going to fit in just fine.

Lauren pulls out her cell phone. SCREEN READS: "8:23"

VANESSA

It's still early, he'll show.

Shea rushes up to them.

SHEA

Hey. That guy with the 'fro in the corner of the room is holding, either one of you bitches interested in going halves?

VANESSA

What's he holding?

SHEA

Coke...blow -

Lauren SNICKERS.

LAUREN

That's so 80's.

SHEA

I know, the irony is great.

Shea and Vanessa quickly scatter off towards the AFRO GUY, leaving Lauren alone, drinking her soda.

STALKER'S POV - He seemingly moves through a crowded hallway of drunken people with ease. He locks sight with Lauren, who has her back turned to him. She moves to the music as she watches her friends dance goofy.

HE GETS EXCEPTIONALLY UP CLOSE TO LAUREN.

A hand extends out, reaches towards her brunette hair - doesn't quite touch it, but appears to caress the area around her. He then moves in closer, but makes sure to never physically touch her.

He does this for several long moments before moving his hand down the rest of her body, as if examining her.

END POV

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - PORCH - LATER

High as a kite, Vanessa surreptitiously pops two of Lauren's anxiety pills and chases it with a chug of her beer. She plops down on one of the porch steps, forehead sweating.

LAUREN (O.S.)

(stern)

I'm I going to have to baby-sit you tonight and make sure no one rapes you while you are passed out from alcohol and whatever else you're snorting, smoking, or shooting up?

Lauren comes up from behind, takes a seat next her friend.

VANESSA

Are you being sarcastic, smartass?

LAUREN

No. Totally sincere, that's just the tone of my voice.

VANESSA

No date?

LAUREN

He flaked or...he came and didn't like what he saw. Whatever. I blame the perm.

VANESSA

Cards on the table because I don't ever give you shit.

Lauren nods.

VANESSA

Why do you feel like you need to be with someone? Maybe all you need is to stop focusing on trying to get over Piers by finding a new boyfriend and just focus on you.

Ugh.

(beat)

I just don't want to end up like my mother. I have it embedded in my mind that I'm following her footsteps and I'll end up being a sad, lonely, ornery, sickly, miserable woman who pushes her only child away.

VANESSA

(shaking her head)

You need to discover yourself and fix whatever issues you have going on before you invite any guy into your life because honey, you're a mess. No guy wants to come into that. There I said it.

LAUREN

Maybe. Finding myself sounds like a ton of work. I really don't want to put the effort in.

VANESSA

You're impossible to talk to.

LAUREN

I'm kidding.

(beat)

Well, one thing is for certain...with the exception of being stood up, this party isn't the total stressful social situation I thought it would be.

VANESSA

It's his loss. Really, fuck him. Williel2 missed out.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jolene leans against the sink, wiping away tears. The party is heard in the background. TOTAL LOUDNESS.

She touches her belly, takes a deep breath, lets out a sigh. She looks completely despondent.

BATHROOM DOOR OPENS ABRUPTLY -

Tori enters. Jolene quickly turns away and faces a corner, trying to dry her tears.

TORI

Are bathrooms where you dwell now?

JOLENE

Get out!

Tori, completely bamboozled by Jolene's tone, closes the door, locks it. Tori slowly approaches Jolene, indubitably concerned.

TORI

What's going on with you? You've been stand-offish all day.

Jolene turns around, faces Tori.

JOLENE

I'm pregnant.

TORI

(face drops to the floor)
Seriously?

Tori embraces her friend with a hug - she also breaks out in a smile.

TORI

How did he manage to get you pregnant with his princess tiny meat?

Jolene pushes away.

JOLENE

No jokes, please. This is serious!

TORI

What are you going to do?

JOLENE

I don't know.

TORI

Only one option, right?

They look at each other dead in the eyes. Silence follows as Jolene contemplates.

JOLENE

Yeah, no...I don't know if I can do that.

TORI

Why not? One - I assume princess tiny meat doesn't know yet, right?

Jolene shakes her head no.

TORI (CONT'D)

No harm there. Two - you can't have his baby. He's no good for you; he cheats and lies, he's a immature child. I'm sorry but just because he can bust a nut does not make him a man. Three - the burden. School, your family, the judgement, all the repercussions that are going to come with it at this particular moment in your life.

JOLENE

That's a hard decision to make.

TORT

It's ultimately your decision to make, Jolene. Nobody has that power but you. I'm your best friend and I'll stick by your side no matter what you decide. Okay?

Jolene grabs her friend, hugging her.

TORI

But, really? Leo's baby?

Jolene humors Tori, chokes out a forced, light LAUGH.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Some of the people from the party have poured out onto the wrap-around porch. Vanessa socializes in a group while Lauren is still seated on the step, gazing up at the stars.

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Well, hello there.

Down the steps is PIERS COLLIE, 22, Lauren's ex. He is a well-equipped guy with a devilish grin. Handsome and clean-cut, he's a total quintessence of the type of guy you'd bring home to the parents.

He remains where he is while Lauren remains on her step.

How did I not expect to run into you here. Silly me.

PIERS

It's like the biggest thing. Social media is blowing up about this party.

LAUREN

It's also Leo's party and I know how BFFF's you two are...birds of a feather, flock together, right?

Vanessa spots Piers. A look of pure hatred falls over her. She moves closer, trying to eves-drop but not trying to be too apparent about it.

LAUREN

(referring to his
 "Member's Only" jacket)
Nice jacket.

PIERS

Nice perm.

Lauren pretends to scratch her ear, flips him the bird. She stands up, fiddles with her hands, as if he doesn't know where to place them. Piers looks at her, calm and cool.

The tension between them is rather uncomfortable.

LAUREN

Is Jessica here?

PIERS

No.

LAUREN

Bummer. On your profile you two seem totally inseparable.

PIERS

You look at my profile?

LAUREN

(catching herself)

Not at all.

Piers grins.

PIERS

It wasn't really working out.

Aren't you mister heartbreaker.

PIERS

I found out that she had this outrageous reputation on campus. She even had this nickname I was unaware of -

LAUREN

Butt slut? Gutter slut? Something slut, right?

Piers chuckles.

PIERS

I've always admired your odd sense of humor.

Lauren rolls her eyes.

PIERS

Yeah, well, Jessica really wasn't marriage material.

LAUREN

What? You can slut around but she can't? Seems legit.

Pier's eyes her, dismisses it.

Vanessa watches on from the porch; takes a sip from her beer. Totally enthralled.

PIERS

We should get together sometime. Dinner, movie...

LAUREN

Maybe.

PIERS

(flirtatiously)
Is that a promise?

LAUREN

NO.

PIERS

Strictly as friends.

Lauren is taken aback; sighing as if torn. Eyes water, voice cracked and soft -

You hurt me Piers. Really bad.

Lauren bites her tongue, but she can't hold back -

LAUREN

It hurts and I don't think I'm over it quite yet. I can't be friends.

PIERS

I've changed Lauren -

LAUREN

Good for you. But, we could never reach that level we had again. I could never love you the way I did.

PTERS

Losing you made me realize how much I need you -

Lauren is beginning to get emotional; her eyes tear up, ready to cry, but she stops herself.

LAUREN

Stop it. We can never be again. You've burned me and I can never forgive you for that.

(beat)

I just hope in the future when you find someone special, that you find worthy of "marriage material"...you don't hurt her.

Lauren turns to leave -

PIERS

Lauren, please -

LAUREN

NO, GODDAMNIT! -

Vanessa rushes to her friend's side.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You've damaged me Piers! Do you know what runs through my head every date or every guy I talk to? Am I good enough!? Is this guy going to cheat on me!?

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Is this guy going to fucking leave me!? What is so bad about me!?

Lauren breathes, calms down a bit. Vanessa just stands there as support. The way she looks, she feels Lauren's pain.

LAUREN

I never loved anyone like the way I loved you and you completely messed me up. As far as I'm concerned, I don't want anything to do with you.

Lauren turns to leave again, hesitates.

LAUREN

I no longer want to even acknowledge your existence.

PIERS

Lauren, c'mon! That's harsh -

Vanessa turns, angry as hell.

VANESSA

Stop talking Piers! Leave! You've done enough for tonight!

PIERS

With all due respect Vanessa, I'm not fucking talking to you.

VANESSA

Fuck you, you prick!

PIERS

Fuck you, druggy...

Vanessa snaps, turns, rushes down the steps and starts shoving Piers, completely pissed. He holds his ground. Other partygoers on the porch begin to take notice.

VANESSA

Fuck you, you cheating dirtbag!

PIERS

Stop pushing me! Get your hands off me Vanessa!

Lauren rushes down and yanks at Vanessa, quickly moving back to the steps.

PIERS

(sly and collected)
Oh, Lauren. I hope I'll catch you
on your run again.

Lauren's eyes widen as she walks back up the steps to the porch. Obviously at unease.

Piers flashes them a nefarious smile.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The party still rages on.

Lauren and Vanessa make their way towards Amber, who is playing a drunken game of checkers. She LAUGHS - is having too much fun, alcohol has really loosened her up.

Amber moves her piece on the game board, jumping over her opponents pieces. She's dominating - takes a shot of victory.

LAUREN

I think I want to start drinking this night away. Like, now.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - PORCH/BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Agitated trees blow through the night from a strident wind.

Jolene sits at the top of the steps on the back porch. The party carries on inside the house behind her - loud with music and commotion. She raises her glasses up to her forehead and rubs her eyes, sighs; clearly distressed.

A gravel rock lands on the step by Jolene's feet. She looks down at the base of the step and sees the rock roll down the remaining steps and onto the grass below.

Jolene looks out into the distance of the backyard. Nothing. No one.

Silence, except the noisy wind tussling with the trees.

From behind some trees, another gravel rock soars across the yard and lands on the porch steps, almost hitting Jolene. Jolene spurts up from her step, growing worried some - shooting a look of fear. She looks on - still nothing. Still no one.

A strong gust of wind fans past Jolene. She takes a step down, scanning the entire yard...

JOLENE Hello? Who's there?

She cautiously steps off of the porch and onto the grass -

A beer bottle suddenly rockets past Jolene's head, nearly missing her! It shatters against the house - sending beer and glass everywhere.

Jolene freezes in place, both scared and stunned. She looks on - only the pitch darkness of the night. Frightened, she turns and dashes back up the steps to the porch and throws open the door to the house, quickly leaving the scene.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The driveway runs the length of the house. A few parked cars but otherwise empty; everyone is inside or out front. A light layer of frost has begun to form on the windshields of the cars.

A door opens from the kitchen and Tori emerges, closes it behind her. Shivers, breathes out fog. She walks towards one of the empty cars -

CRASH! She falls to the ground. Ouch - scrapped her elbow. Looks back, tripped over a trash can lid. Tori pulls herself up; she shrugs it off, clumsy bitch.

A cigarette ignites -

Tori takes a long drag from her cigarette as she pops up on one of the hoods of the parked cars; taking a seat on the frosty car.

She lays back on the hood, looking up at the night's sky, smoking her cigarette. Complete solitude.

After a few quiet moments -

She pulls out her iPod from her coat pocket and pops in her earbuds. MUSIC plays - she turns the volume all the way up. Her legs dangle over the hood; she taps the bumper with her boots and she beats one of her hands on the hood - all to the rhythm of the music.

She closes her eyes -

STALKER'S POV - Emerging from a car that is directly behind the one that Tori is on, he eyes her - in her element and rocking out.

He examines the area - no one. Closer he goes...

He moves closer, creeping along the driver's side, reaching the care that Tori lies on.

A GLOVED HAND reaches for the driver's door, opening it ever so gently. He climbs in the dark car - into the driver's seat.

END POV.

Between the foot and hand drumming, Tori doesn't feel the driver's door imperceptibly shut.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

STALKER'S POV - Hands grip the steering wheel as he sits in the driver's seat. He looks around - the windows are fogged up from the cold. Up ahead, on the windshield, the moving outline of Tori on top of the hood is seen.

The breathing of our creeper grows deeper...deeper...

END POV

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

SONG ENDS. All body drumming of sorts stops too...

Tori takes one last drag of her cigarette and flicks it off into the night. She sits back up on the hood -

HONK! HONK! HONK!

This jolts Tori right off the hood. She turns towards the car.

A beam of light shines on her as the car's headlights suddenly come on - Tori shields her eyes, trying to see who is in the driver's seat. She can't make out anything.

TORI

Sorry! I didn't know anyone was in there! My bad!

HONK! HONK! HONK!

The headlights continue to blind Tori - she grows agitated.

TORT

Mind turning off your lights!?

She catches a glimpse of a silhouette in the driver's seat - the layer of frost on the windshield is too thick to see through. HONK! HONK!

Now royally pissed, Tori flips the middle finger and storms back towards the house.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house shakes with loud music and dancing. Everyone seems to be having a good time.

Vanessa is heavily making out with a guy. Shea, drunk off her ass, and dancing on a go-go box, sees this -

SHEA

Go girl! Slut power!

Lauren stands nearby with Jolene and Leo. Total OMG-faces on them.

The highly intoxicated Amber sloshes up to them.

AMBER

Your buddy is totally tongue punching that guy's throat.

JOLENE

Amber. This is Leo, my boyfriend. Leo, this is our new roommate.

AMBER

I met you earlier -

Leo's eyes widen. Oh, no - busted.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Offered me a ride. Complete gentleman!

Leo smiles at Jolene. She eyes him, not entirely buying it. Amber pulls Lauren aside -

AMBER

I want to thank you for encouraging me to come out tonight.

LAUREN

Spread your wings.

AMBER

Honestly...by far one of the most funnest nights I've ever had. I'm going home now.

Lauren snorts -

LAUREN

And with that you're going home?

AMBER

I have a really busy day tomorrow.

Amber turns to leave, teeters back and forth.

LAUREN

You okay to walk home by yourself?

AMBER

I'll be fine, really. It's an easy walk.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Partygoers have begun to pour out onto the lawn, everyone appears drunk but still having a good time.

WE FOLLOW THE BACK OF SOMEONE AS HE WALKS UP TOWARDS THE HOUSE. OUR STALKER.

Amber is right ahead, staggering towards us in a drunken state. She doesn't quite see the stalker -

Collides right into him.

It doesn't phase her. Amber doesn't make eye contact, she continues walking -

AMBER

Sorry...

He stops in place, turns slightly towards her. FOLLOWS...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Moonlight shines down on Amber as she walks along the sidewalk. She tries to play it cool but she is totally stumbling, she LAUGHS at herself; complete drunken laughter.

We cannot hear the party anymore. It is quiet and by the looks of it - it's late.

Amber shivers from cold; pulls her beanie down over her ears.

In the distance behind Amber we can vaguely see our creeper following her at a steady pace. He filters in and out of the darkness of the night, but he is certainly there. Following.

Amber looks up at the sky, with a smile that is all too wide.

She suddenly frowns - oh, no. She looks dizzy. YACK! Amber turns towards some bushes and vomits away. Kneeling down, she runs her hands across her head, unintentionally sliding off her beanie - it drops to the ground.

Amber tries to regain her balance - nope, she's not done. YACK! More vomit into the bushes. After she's done, she stands up, sighs, looks better, okay, now she's done.

She continues on walking down the neighborhood.

STALKER'S POV - Amber, up ahead, gradually takes her time walking throughout the neighborhood. She crosses the street.

He gazes down at the concrete, sees Amber's forgotten black beanie. Our stalker instantaneously picks it up with one hand, feels it, observes it. He sticks his other hand into a coat pocket, pulling out A SHARP 10" HUNTING KNIFE. He cuts into beanie -

END POV

BACK WITH AMBER

She is completely oblivious that she is being followed. She is actually being rather careless with her surroundings. All too expected given her drunken state.

The killer steps out from the shadows, still following Amber. He is now wearing her beanie. Two eye holes have been crafted for his viewing pleasure. All in black, he looks damn creepy - a true lurking shadow.

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Amber shuffles up the steps, takes her keys out and shoves them into the front door's key hole. She pushes the door open - revealing a completely dark house awaiting her. She GIGGLES to herself as she steps inside, closing the door behind her.

AMBER (O.S.)

Best night ever.

Her house keys dangle from the door. She's forgotten them.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A ceiling light clicks on and from one end of the house to the other, Amber walks down the hall, holding onto the wall for balance. The downstairs foyer right behind her.

Silence.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open. Amber glides her hand on the wall, feeling for the light-switch. Sobering up, but still drunk, she loses balance and falls into the room, onto the hardwood floor. She GIGGLES.

It's okay, the hallway light gives enough luminosity that it makes the room visible enough for Amber to see.

Remaining on the floor, Amber fights with herself trying to remove her vomit-y jacket. She wins, smiling, tosses it to a nearby hamper -

THE HALLWAY LIGHT SUDDENLY CLICKS OFF.

Amber sits there in the dark, almost mouths something, but stops herself. The wind picks up outside, causing shadows of trees to dance around inside the laundry room from the windows.

Did she hear something? Footsteps? Yes! Footsteps!

Amber pops up softly. The look on her face says it all - she's sobered up quickly; eyes large and attentive.

FOOTSTEPS O.S. travel down the hallway along the wood floors - BOOMP, BOOMP - they move closer.

Amber quietly rushes towards the laundry room door and closes it ever so gently; she does it effortlessly. She puts her ear up to the door. BOOMP - the footsteps are right outside the door now...

She shakes a bit, in complete fright. Amber pulls out her cell phone quietly, ready to dial for help. She's no dummy.

THE DOOR FLIES OPEN -

As instinct, Amber jumps back from the swinging door. She covers her mouth from screaming as she is lodged, but hidden, between the door and the wall. She trembles; scared shitless.

The door begins to move forward and away from Amber - any further and she'll definitely be seen. She touches the doorknob with her fingertip, it stops. Close call.

FOOTSTEPS walkabout the room.

Amber tries to remain still as she is hidden behind the laundry room door. She slows her breathing, trying not to be heard. Still clutching her phone, she hits 9-1 - shit! That was too loud! The buttons are making too much noise!

The FOOTSTEPS stop - the door is pulled forward!

Amber SCREAMS. Our masked stalker right in front of her. She drops her phone from panic. He looks at her; his eyes somewhat visible from the slits he cut - they're a deep pool of darkness...matching his apparel. *from now on we'll refer to stalker as to killer.

He lunges his hands out towards her, going for the throat - Amber ducks and dodges to the side, away from being cornered. The killer blocks the doorway.

Amber swipes up a knee-high, plastic trash can by her feet and instantaneously begins hitting the killer - bashing the cheap plastic alongside his face.

He shields her blows. Amber, thinking fast, quickly scrambles around the killer, and hauls ass out of the room.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amber races down the hallway - front door right in view!

The killer charges out of the laundry room like a torpedo, running full speed at Amber! -

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Front door mere inches away, she throws out her hand, she can feel the doorknob. Total panic-stricken! -

- and she's violently pulled backwards! Amber SCREAMS out as she is lifted off the ground, pulled away from the door.

Amber thrashes her feet and arms around as she is continued to be jerked backwards. She kicks the killer in the kneecap, it gives as reflex, he drops her, and down they fall hard on the floor.

Amber instantly grabs at the wall, doesn't look for the killer, tries to pull herself up - a door.

She nudges up - scared, trapped, nowhere to go...opens the door...shit, the basement. She turns towards the front door -

THE KILLER IS STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO HER! -

He shoves her into the basement with no remorse.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Amber SCREAMS as she tumbles down the stairs, landing with a body aching thump as she hits the ground below, letting out a cry in immense pain.

The killer stands at the top of the stairs, letting the door close behind him. Darkness...

Amber jostles up to her feet, looks around, spots another door in the corner of the basement. She makes a run towards it, limping along the way...

Upon reaching it, she instantly reaches for the doorknob. Turns - nothing. Pushes on the door - nothing. Locked.

FOOTSTEPS travel down the stairs. Amber dashes and huddles behind a workbench. The killer reaches the bottom. He stands at the base of the stairs.

Silence.

BEHIND THE WORKBENCH

Amber shudders in horror. Her eyes begin to adjust to her surrounds; plastic vinyl tarps, wood planks and posts, table saw, various equipment and tools. Remembers - the basement is being renovated.

A small basement window catches her eye. It's on the other side of the room but it looks like she could fit through it; she's petite enough. She looks back at the stairs - The killer is not there anymore.

Amber's eyes dart around the room. He isn't anywhere to be seen. She cautiously stands up from behind the workbench to get a better view.

Amber swifts up a hammer from the workbench and grips it tightly. She looks back at the staircase. Was that a shadow? She looks back at the window - a clear path. Her only chance to escape. She takes off -

The killer watches from a dark corner, a flash of steel shines as he raises his hunting knife.

Amber reaches the small 36"x24" window, quickly hopping on cluttered junk below it. Without hesitation she shatters the glass with the hammer.

She looks back - the killer is running right at her! Knife poised and ready to attack.

Amber turns, shoots her hands outside, holds onto the grass, and begins to pull herself out -

The blade shoots into her back thigh! The killer digs the knife deep into her flesh, hitting bone. Amber SCREAMS in pain, falls back into the basement.

She quickly swings away with the hammer in hand hitting the killer multiple times across the chest. He stumbles, dropping his knife. Amber hops up, wastes no time, jumps back up on the junk -

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Right below the porch, Amber flings out her arms from the shattered basement window. She grasps hold onto the cold ground. Her head comes into view - she is trying to hoist herself through. Elbows...chest...her whole upper body is almost all the way through -

SNATCH!

Amber lets out a RIP-ROARING SCREAM as she is pulled backwards. She shoots out her hands, digging her fingers into the grass, into the soil, trying to hold onto anything.

She is yanked back viciously, sliding back through the basement window. Back into the basement...

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Amber kicks but it does her no good this time. The killer eagerly grabs hold of her, picking her up around from behind; holding her from her waist. Amber continues to SCREAM.

Holding Amber, he manhandles her over towards a table.

AMBER'S POV - A table saw!

Her screams grow.

Without any vacillation, he throws her backwards onto the saw blade. A grueling slice through skin, muscle, flesh, and bone is heard. Amber's mouth goes wide but her screams fade. Her eyes frozen as if confused on what just happened. Her body motionless.

Blood seeps out from underneath her, slowly beginning to cover the table she is impaled on.

Amber looks up at the killer looking over her. Her face tweaks, she wants to cry. He suddenly lifts her up, the circular blade separating from her body. She lets out a gutwrenching cry.

He shoves her back onto the blade. Immediately lifts her up and does it again! He holds her down on the blade relentlessly.

Amber coughs up blood and begins to choke on it. Life fades from her eyes...

INT. PARTY HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Late into the party but it is very much alive. People seem to have given up on the 80's theme - just partying for the sake of it. Lauren and Vanessa tap their shot glasses and down them, all smiles...

START MONTAGE

VANESSA

You're suppose to be the responsible one and you're feeding into my bad habits!

LAUREN

Oops.

Drunken LAUGHTER.

VANESSA

AA isn't working.

Lauren holds up a shot.

LAUREN

Here's to you sweetie, well on your way to joining NA too!

Vanessa pops a pill.

LATER

Both girls dance in place, looking like total goons. Vanessa points towards a guy and they quickly focus on a group on the other side of the room.

VANESSA

Some good looking guys here.

LAUREN

(dreadful look on her face)

Him?

VANESSA

Oh! That's the guy you walked in on me having sex with in the bathroom!

LAUREN

Oh yeah, I was like "what are you two doing"?

LATER

Lauren stands alone, buzzing. Vanessa rushes up highly intoxicated and high with a GUY. She's behind him, almost pushing him up to Lauren.

VANESSA

Lauren, this is Chaz.

CHAZ

'Sup with it honey.

Lauren eyes Vanessa, not interested in the slightest. She mouths, "Are you fucking serious?". Chaz looks back at both girls. Awkward.

LATER

Lauren glides up to an enormously HANDSOME GUY. She's trying to play it cool with a super composed and sexy attitude.

LAUREN

Hey, remember me?

He looks at her for a few seconds. Nope, he hasn't got a clue.

LAUREN

We went on a date like a month ago?

HANDSOME GUY

No.

LAUREN

Alright. Great catching up. Real Fun.

Lauren scurries away, embarrassed.

LATER

Lauren and Vanessa stand close together pointing at various guys at the party. Vanessa squints, head teetering. Lauren chugs on a water bottle...

LAUREN

What about that guy? Should I make my move?

VANESSA

Look at the hairline hun.

LAUREN

Fuck the hairline. I just saw his nose. Look at that schnauzer!

Vanessa points to another guy in the crowd.

VANESSA

Him? He's kinda cute, kinda hot -

LAUREN

Are you kinda drunk? That's a chubby girl, babe.

They LAUGH. Vanessa points to yet another guy.

VANESSA

What about him?

LAUREN

I don't like gingers. I've been told they have no soul.

VANESSA

Bitch, you're like 0 for 23. If you can't snag a man here. You're hopeless!

LATER

Continuous drunken hysterics between Lauren and Vanessa. They seemingly laugh at nothing, just having a good time.

END MONTAGE

Laughter has ended. Both girls stand there looking like complete messes. Vanessa holds herself up against Lauren as Lauren drinks away at her water. Both look exhausted.

Vanessa pops to life -

VANESSA

I'm going to go grab a vodka cran!

LAUREN

Grab water instead. We share the same room, I'm not trying to hear you upchuck all night.

VANESSA

But I want a vodka cran.

LAUREN

What if you hold the vodka?

VANESSA

Then it's just juice?

LAUREN

Yum. Totally delicious.

VANESSA

Hottie alert. Coming right your way.

Lauren looks ahead - Harley. He is making his way through the dancing crowd, eyes locked on Lauren. She GROANS.

LAUREN

Did you invite him?

VANESSA

I certainly maybe did so. I'm going to go grab my drink.

LAUREN

Please, don't leave me.

VANESSA

Byeeee!

Vanessa disappears to the designated bar area. Lauren looks ahead, forces a smile as Harley reaches her. Unlike the first time we met him, he doesn't seem baked; no glazed eyes or intensity about him this time around.

HARLEY

Hey, funny lady.

LAUREN

You've missed all the fun. I'm pretty sure po-po will be ending this extravaganza soon.

Harley spots her water bottle.

HARLEY

(smiling)

Figures as much.

LAUREN

What? No. I'm sobering up...been drinking all night. Want to smell my breath? -

Harley LAUGHS.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure you can still smell the alcohol.

She smiles, shakes her head, did she really say that?

LAUREN

Like I said this morning, I party occasionally. You on the other hand, are you someone's DD tonight?

Lauren eyes him playfully, sniffs the air around him.

LAUREN

Not a scent of mary-jane, what? I'm talking too much. I'm sorry.

Harley LAUGHS again, charmed by her goofiness.

HARLEY

Given my first impression...I'm really not that big of a pothead.

LAUREN

First impressions are everything.

HARLEY

We were set up by Vanessa. I just figured you partied as hard as she did since you two are buds.

LAUREN

You shouldn't assume such things.

YACK! They both turn to see Vanessa huddled in a corner throwing up in a trash-can.

LAUREN

I need to get her home.

HARLEY

Can we do coffee tomorrow? I won't show up high. I promise.

Lauren smiles, considers, she might like this Harley. She nods.

HARLEY

Cool. It's date.

LAUREN

It's absolutely not a date!

Lauren throws her hands up in a playful WTF-manner. Harley smiles.

Lauren turns, Jolene is tending to Vanessa. Out of Lauren's peripheral view, something catches her eye. She turns towards another area of the party - spotting Piers amongst a group with Leo. Piers is looking at her dead on.

Lauren turns back to Harley.

LAUREN

I should go.

HARLEY

Well, I got your number so seyonara. Get home safe.

LAUREN

Seyonara? That sounds like you're going to blow me up.

Harley smiles awkwardly.

LAUREN

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry. I've been told I have awful humor. Okay, adios.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Late and frosty. Lauren and Vanessa walk down the very same neighborhood as Amber did earlier. Vanessa slouches up against Lauren, inebriated.

With her free arm, Lauren forces Vanessa to drink some water.

VANESSA

(beyond wasted)

Will you tuck me into bed?

LAUREN

No.

VANESSA

You're not a very good friend.

LAUREN

I am a very good friend and don't you forget that.

Vanessa turns her head, looks into the night, gets fixated on something.

VANESSA

I might be tripping hard -

LAUREN

You only took about a dozen pills.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

But, is there a guy following us?

An instant chill fires down Lauren's spine. Lauren turns and sees what Vanessa sees -

The killer standing on the opposite side of the street. He is standing halfway behind a tree that waves in the wind. He is watching them, following them...still wearing his makeshift ski mask.

Lauren looks 100% terrified.

VANESSA

Do you see him?

LAUREN

Yes...keep walking. We're almost home.

As they walk, he walks, moving slickly along the sidewalk. Vanessa doesn't take her eyes off him.

VANESSA

Quit following us!

LAUREN

What are you doing? Don't provoke him.

Lauren continues to pull Vanessa along, now moving at a much more quicker pace. Lauren is growing irritated with Vanessa's sluggish pace as Vanessa still eyes their stalker.

LAUREN

Quit sight-seeing and worry about walking faster damnit.

Lauren takes a look over her shoulder -

Just then, the killer begins to cross the street, walking directly towards Lauren and Vanessa's side of the street!

The girls shit bricks; jerk with panic.

LAUREN

Run!

Lauren grabs Vanessa's hand and they begin frantically running down the sidewalk in an alarmed state. Vanessa breathes heavily, too drunk for running.

Lauren turns back to see that the killer is not running after them but is aggressively walking in their direction. They turn a block - their neighborhood.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Their house.

Lauren and Vanessa reach the gate of the wrought-iron fence, completely out of breath. Vanessa wastes no time and dashes up to the front door. Lauren looks back down the street. No sign of creeper.

VANESSA

(calling from porch)
Probably just some frat asshole or
their pledge. It's rush week...

Lauren looks on, doubt clouding her eyes. Still shaken.

UP ON THE PORCH Vanessa manages to open the front door. She waits for Lauren.

Lauren takes one more look around...all clear. She sighs. She turns and enters the yard through the gate, swings it shut behind her. Looks back to make sure it closed all the way -

The killer is on the other side of the gate! He grips one of the posts, looking at Lauren.

Lauren SHRIEKS, hesitates not even a millisecond, and runs up to the front door, throwing the door closed behind her.

INT. LAUREN AND VANESSA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lauren nervously hovers by her window, looking down at the front yard. Nobody there.

Vanessa lays facedown in her own bed, still completely dressed.

LAUREN

I should call 911.

Vanessa struggles to lift her head up.

VANESSA

(in a drunken slur)
It was probably part of a freshman hazing thing...or maybe it was jerkoff Piers trying to scare you...or...

In a more serious tone:

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Cyber Bob.

Lauren holds onto the windowsill. Vanessa throws her head back down. She's out for the night.

After a few moments, Lauren leaves the window and crosses over to her desk. She lifts open her laptop.

LAUREN

Speaking of that asshole...

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

It is a continuation of their prior conversation.

"WILLIE12" has signed off...

Lauren hits the keyboard heatedly.

L_PAX: FLAKE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

An auto-message pops up: "WILLIE12 is offline".

CUT TO BLACK.

Darkness. After a long stretch of silence we hear a COUGH. A distinctive, sickly cough...Lauren's Mom. VOICES begin to echo in. They belong to Lauren and her mother.

LAUREN (V.O.)

I frequently ponder why some of us have parents. You're suppose to help guide me in life -

LAUREN'S MOM (V.O.)

(coughing)

Blame your father.

LAUREN (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Protect me, support my decisions...love me.

LAUREN'S MOM (V.O.)

How can I grow to love something that spawned from your father? I see him when I look at you.

LAUREN (V.O.)

You're going to regret pushing me away...you're going to die alone.

LAUREN'S MOM (V.O.)

You're all I have and that sickens me. You disappoint me in how much you're like your father.

LAUREN (V.O.)

Stop.

(beat; stern)

I can't wait for this disease to tear you apart and end you -

LAUREN'S MOM (V.O.)

You're going to get what you deserve.

It suddenly explodes with a nightmarish cacophony of SCREAMS.

LAUREN'S MOM (V.O.)

MY DISAPPOINTING BITCH CHILD!

INT. LAUREN AND VANESSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lauren's head erupts from her pillow. She tosses her head around, sweating profusely. Her heart rate settles, breathing calms, she looks around, realizing it was only a nightmare.

She looks to side, clock reads: 4:12am

The room is dark but we can hear Vanessa lightly SNORING in the bed next to Lauren's.

Lauren sighs, still unnerved. She runs her hand through her jumbled hair. She rests back onto the pillow.

Something catches her eye - their bedroom door. It's open. The dark hallway visible behind it.

Standing right beside the sleeping Vanessa is a SHADOW - positioned right next to Vanessa's bedroom furniture.

Lauren sinks back into her bed, in shock and scared out of her mind. Lauren's breathing quickens...silence...

VOTCE

Just me.

Lauren breathe's relief. The light of a cell phone suddenly illuminates the shadow - It's only Shea. She holds her cell phone close to her face.

SHEA

(whispering)

I was going to say something but I didn't want you to scream.

LAUREN

What are you doing in here?

Shea holds up a condom to the light. Flashes a sexy smile.

SHEA

I know Van keeps a stash in her dresser. Safety first, right?

LAUREN

What happened to the no guy rule?

SHEA

Duh. His place, I'll do the whole walk of shame in the am, I don't care. Night bitch.

Shea's cell phone lights dissolves and she tip-toes out of the room, closing the door behind her.

Lauren settles back down. Shakes her head - what a night!

EXT. HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Foggy.

A car halts in front of the driveway. Shea pours out, looks like a mess; hair is an array of shambles, makeup is all over her face, etc.

She walks up to the house, high-heels in hand.

Along the pathway to the porch she sneaks past Mitch who is looking questionably at the shattered basement window.

INT. LAUREN AND VANESSA'S BEDROOM - MORNING - LATER

BOING! That all too-familiar noise from Lauren's laptop.

Lauren slowly opens her eyes, adjusts to the early morning light. She sits up, looks over at Vanessa who is still SNORING - sleeping like a baby. Lauren can't help but smile.

She crawls out of bed and walks over to her desk, taps her computer, bringing it out of sleep-mode. Lauren's face sinks slightly.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

"WILLIE12 is offline"

WILLIE13: But I didn't.

"WILLIE13 is offline"

*Subtle but notice the change in Willie's screen name. Whether Lauren or the audience catches this is left unknown.

She shuts the laptop - face builds with anxiety.

INT. JOLENE AND TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jolene stands with a "PLANNED PARENTHOOD" pamplet in her hand. She picks up her cell phone from her dresser, shaking with nerves.

Tori sits at the edge of her bed, saying nothing, just watching her friend contemplate the decision.

A tear dribbles down Jolene's cheek. She sighs long and hard, takes a deep breath, starts dialing...

Tori moves up to her as comfort.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - LATER

Lauren and Jolene sit on bar stools at the island, eating cereal. Jolene is now cool, calm, and collected. She puts up a good front. Tori enters from the swinging doors...

TORI

It was fun to see you loosen up last night.

I ran into Piers and...ugh, needed a few drinks after that.

JOLENE

Sorry about that. I had asked Leo not to invite him.

LAUREN

Don't worry about it.

TORI

Who was that cute hippy guy you were talking to before you left? Was that your online guy?

LAUREN

No. Online guy stood me up.

JOLENE

You should watch the news more often. There's girls turning up dead across the state and you're meeting guys on the internet?

Mitch comes in from the back door, work clothes on. Dirty from renovating.

MITCH

I don't mind if you guys party and all that but if someone breaks a window again, could someone let me know? So I know who's comping me for it.

They shake their head, unaware of what he's talking about.

MITCH

Also, who has my drill?

LAUREN

I'm sorry, I don't know.

Jolene and Tori shake their heads, sorry.

VANESSA (O.S.)

I swear to the Roman God's I'm never drinking again.

Vanessa pours in, sunglasses on - hangover of death.

JOLENE

Until tonight I'm sure.

She walks past everyone into the living room next to the kitchen and collapses on the couch. Mitch addresses them as he moves back outside:

MITCH (O.S.)

Ask the others about my drill!

Shea suddenly waltzes into the kitchen, showered and freshened. She points an accusing manicured finger at Jolene.

SHEA

You there. Jolene...

Jolene looks up. Tori glares.

SHEA

Hi. Where is my favorite red lipstick? You "accidentally" took it last time from my side of the bathroom so I figured you "accidentally" took it again.

JOLENE

I don't know.

SHEA

Really? Because it was there yesterday -

TORI

She said she doesn't know Shea -

SHEA

Back down guard dog.

Tori stands up, ready for a confrontation.

TORI

Guard dog? You're the one who came bursting in here like an angry pitbull you fucking rabid beastmutt.

Vanessa perches up on the couch - oohh, drama. She loves this shit. Lauren rolls her eyes, over their constant bickering.

SHEA

I cannot wait to move out of here.

TORI

We all cannot wait for daddy to give you back your allowance so you can hit the curb. None of us want you here.

Hey, lets speak for our own selves okay?

SHEA (CONT'D)

It's not my fault you took an innocent comment and shoved it up your ass.

TORI

Your comment was merely to piss me off and that's what you got. Deal. (beat)

You're always rude to me with uncalled for remarks. I don't care for you -

SHEA

(complete sarcasm)
Oh, please care about me Tori! I
need a rather repulsive, emo,
vagina in my life!

Lauren stands between the two, trying to calm the situation.

LAUREN

Hey! C'mon guys...

Tori and Shea keep at it. Eyes locked on each other.

TORI

You're a bitch.

SHEA

I can act like an ignorant bitch and not give two-shits because who the hell are you to me? No one.

Tori shakes her head. Shea smiles, sensing defeat. Tori walks past them, out of the kitchen -

TORI (O.S.)

I hope you die a violent death.

SHEA

I hope you choke on your mic tonight! You're going to suck!

Shea turns to the rest of girls, smiles, doesn't appear to be phased whatsoever. Lauren, on the other hand seems a bit disappointed in Shea. Jolene holds her head down, as if guilty in some sense. Vanessa stares down at the floor, locked in a daze.

SHEA

Where's the new girl?

JOLENE

You room with her and you don't know?

SHEA

I didn't get in until this am. Her bed was already made.

LAUREN

I think she said she had a busy day...won't be around.

SHEA

Cool beans.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

TOILET FLUSHES.

Shea runs the sink, rinsing her hands under the water. She looks in the mirror. Eyes watering. She turns towards the closed bathroom door, opens it -

Tori stands on the opposite side. She barges in, looks beyond pissed. She slams the door closed behind her. Shea moves back cowardly, shocked, a little...what is this, scared?

Shea looks down, sees Tori gripping onto a SHARP LEADED PENCIL. Tori raises it quickly - Shea instantly reacts, shielding herself with her hands -

Tori jabs Shea once in the palm of her hand!

One quick swift and Tori tosses the pencil behind her. A very small amount of blood trickles from Shea's palm.

SHEA

What the hell psycho!?

Tori, angry as hell, pushes Shea backwards against the wall, against the towel-rack, trapping her.

TORI

(almost a whisper but
 intimidating as hell)
You listen to me. You're going to
stop treating me the way you do.
You're all talk but you have no
idea what <u>I</u> am capable of.

Eyes wide, Shea is definitely listening.

TORI (CONT'D)

(glancing at the toilet)
I also know about your bulimia diet
and your on-going fling with Piers.
I've kept my mouth shut and I don't
think you want to be outed -

SHEA

Piers? No. Closer to home, honey.

Tori eyes her, confused. Tori backs away from Shea.

SHEA

If you ever touch me again, I won't hesitate to call the police.

Tori turns, opens the door, leaves. Shea looks as if someone violated her, moving uncomfortably. Vulnerable, we've never seen her like this.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - LATER

UNKNOWN PERSON'S POV - Watching Harley and Lauren as they chat on the patio. Lauren is seen flipping through some sort of large booklet.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Lauren and Harley sit in the exact same spots as their first get-together. Lauren slowly flips through a large, laminated book of paintings. She seems to admire every page...

Harley sits back, smiling at her interest.

LAUREN

Whoa. These are really good.

HARLEY

These are just miniatures. I have larger ones on canvases, ones that are framed...all that.

Lauren continues to flip through, wildly impressed.

HARLEY

A good friend of mine just opened a gallery in the city. He said I could showcase some of my work there if I wanted to.

You should, definitely. Some of these are absolutely beautiful.

HARLEY

I told you I had hobbies. What did you think I did all day? Smoke pot?

LAUREN

(smiling)

And queef.

Harley chokes on his coffee with a LAUGH.

HARLEY

Holly hell, I dig your humor. (smiling; confessing)
But most of these I do while high.

Phone RINGS - Lauren's phone. She scrambles around in her bag, looks at caller ID: "Mom" - she hits: "Ignore".

LAUREN

Sorry. Just my crazy mother.

HARLEY

You can take it, really.

Lauren shakes her head, no. She tosses her phone aside.

HARLEY

Are you not close with your parents?

LAUREN

Parent.

(beat)

My dad left when I was young. Just my mom and me now.

HARLEY

Sorry, wasn't trying to pry.

LAUREN

I'm an open book, it's cool.
 (beat)

My dad was an alcoholic...he dabbled with drugs...he beat my mom. One day, I was ten or so, he up and left us for his mistress.

Lauren sighs, eyes distressed. Clearly unhappy memories. Harley seems a bit uncomfortable listing, but she continues:

LAUREN (CONT'D)

My mom suffered from a deep depression after that. She took a lot of what happened out on me, still does. Mean, very verbal. I look like him so that's all she sees.

(beat)

She was diagnosed with lung cancer last year. She probably won't make it past the end of next year. I hate myself for saying this but when she goes, I don't think I'll be phased all that much. Relieved, maybe...who's to say.

(beat)

To answer your question, no. I'm not close with my parent.

Harley just sits there for a moment, smiles; heartfelt.

HARLEY

I'm not going to pretend I understand because I don't.

LAUREN

(smiling)

Didn't mean to damper our morning.

HARLEY

We're good. I'm just glad you gave me a second opportunity for this...

They share a smile, Lauren a little bashful.

LAUREN

My roommate is ah...performing a gig tonight at Bucky's Bar. Would you like to go?

Harley's eyes brighten up.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

All my roommates are going as support...it's Open Mic Night so there should be plenty of L-O-Ls.

HARLEY

Only if you promise to buy me a drink.

LAUREN

Pssshhh. You buy me a drink. I'm broke as shit.

Again, more smiles all around. They're too cute together.

HARLEY

Teasing. Pick you up around six?

Lauren nods, smiles, trying to hold back her excitement. It is obvious this time around...she is really digging Harley.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Lauren exits the coffee shop, zips up her coat, shivers from a breeze.

An odd sense of being watched or followed shrouds Lauren as she walks, she turns. Nothing out of the ordinary; no specific eyes on her.

She turns back, continues on.

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Him? Really? I'd consider that a huge downgrade.

Lauren glowers. That voice is all too familiar. Piers comes up to her side.

LAUREN

Leave me alone, Piers.

PIERS

You think this can last? I mean with him? You always find a way to nitpick, start an argument, just being generally mad about something...if I can remind you.

Lauren is visibly becoming angry. She continues to walk. Piers follows.

LAUREN

I do that? Is that why you dove head-first into that skank's bed? Huh?

(beat)

Leave me alone, Piers! Seriously! Go away! I don't want to see you ever again. Didn't I make myself clear last night!?

PIERS

I'm just here to apologize about
that...for last night -

LAUREN

You're just full of apologies lately...and you talked to me like an ass last night so no, apology not accepted. -

She turns towards him.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Stop following me. I mean it.

A moment of silence. He still continues to trek with Lauren.

PIERS

Sometimes I wonder if I made the wrong decision in leaving you.

LAUREN

No. Let's not get that twisted. I left you, Piers.

PIERS

Let me rephrase that...cheating on you.

LAUREN

Yeah, well...you can go to hell for all I care.

PIERS

You don't believe in second chances?

LAUREN

Not for you. I finally feel like I can move on, okay? I told you, I can't ever be happy with you again. So no...and I'm sorry you had to plow through those girls to realize that I was actually the one that you could've settled down with...the one you could've married and raised a family with and grow old with, all that. I'm a good person, I know this. I'm generous, I'm kind - I will talk myself up all day long because I know I'm a good person who deserves someone equal. We're done Piers. End of story.

PIERS

You think you're going to find someone who will put up with all your emotional issues? All the irreversible damage done by mommy? (beat)
Still taking your meds?

Lauren snaps; completely loses it. She turns towards Piers, shoves him, pissed off.

LAUREN

Get away from me! How dare you!

He stands back.

LAUREN

(heated)

If you ever come near me again, I will bash your smug face in with a restraining order! Hear me, Piers!?

Lauren turns and quickly leaves the scene. Tears beginning to flood her eyes. Without a doubt, upset.

Piers watches her. His trademark smirk slapped across his face.

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

The sun is beginning to set behind the girls' home. The wind picks up; trees blow, fallen leaves are stirred up on the ground.

All else is quiet.

A pick-up truck comes into view and makes a u-turn at the dead-end street. It comes to a stop across from the house. Out steps - Harley.

He looks up at the house, debatable. The house is dark, no one seems to be home. He spots an upstairs light on and makes his way across the street, towards the house.

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Harley lands on the porch, in front of the door. He shuffles with his clothes nervously. He cups his hand in front of his mouth, breathes out, smells his breath. Tilts his head - funky, but it'll do.

He moves forward, hand raises to knock - FLOORBOARDS CREAK to his left - $\!\!\!$

Harley is clobbered over the head by a 2 x 4!

Harley's head slams forward viciously with a CLUNK against the house. He falls to the floor, unconscious. The killer hovers above him, looks around, makes sure nobody saw this. All clear.

The killer quickly tosses the wood piece into the bushes and grips Harley's ankles - he begins to pull.

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The killer pulls Harley off of the porch by his legs and onto the grass, dragging him around the side of the house; away from the front. Deeper into the brush, behind some trees, he continues to pull...

Moments pass and then -

Harley's eyes begin to flutter. He's coming to.

HARLEY

What is going on? What happened?

HARLEY'S POV - Only tall trees and the settling sun. The sky looks to be on fire. It's an amazing sunset - like one of his paintings. Suddenly -

A large, jagged rock (possibly the size of a melon) drops into Harley's view! Complete darkness follows...

END POV

The killer, with great strength and effort, picks up the jagged, heavy rock off Harley -

Harley's face is a mangled mess. His eyes are gashed, nose appears to be caved in, teeth are broken. Face is completely swamped in blood. He is convulsing and gagging on his on blood.

The killer lifts the rock higher this time - drops it again. A sickening wallop.

INT. BUCKY'S BAR - NIGHT

Bar patrons fill a very cool, very local, dive-type bar on a particular busy night. Signs posted throughout that read: "OPEN MIC NIGHT".

Behind the bar working is Shea - serving up liquor and a side of her "slutty"-charm. Showing cleavage and flashing sexy smiles, this bitch knows how to work a tip from these helpless customers.

Leo and Jolene sit at a table, alone. Jolene looks rather peeved and not in the mood. Leo, pint of beer in one hand, runs his other hand up along Jolene's thigh, moving closer to her crotch -

SMACK. She hits his arm away. He spills some of his beer onto the table.

LEO

Psshhh, whatever then.

He leaves, joining some friends at a nearby pool table. Jolene shakes her head, upset.

AT THE BAR

Shea shimmies up to Lauren and Vanessa who are seated at the bar. There is a shot of tequila already planted in front of Vanessa.

SHEA

I won't charge you guys for drinks tonight, just tip well.

LAUREN

Make me your best cosmo.

SHEA

This is a dive bar, Lauren. No fruity-tooty drinks...tons of beer on tap and straight-up liquor.

LAUREN

Light beer then.

SHEA

I left new bitch a note on her bed where we'd be...I know she's underage but I'll get her in.

Lauren and Vanessa shoot somewhat surprised looks.

SHEA

What? I can be nice sometimes.

Shea saunters away.

Lauren throws her elbows up on the bar, visibly mopey and distressed about something. She's not herself. Vanessa takes notice, opens her mouth to speak -

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)

What's up ladies?

They turn. It's CHAZ, the guy from the party last night.

CHAZ

How was your day sweet thang?

Lauren rolls her eyes, annoyed.

LAUREN

Short, yet fulfilling. Kind of like an ex of mine. Thankfully today didn't cheat on me.

CHA7

Nice.

(to Vanessa)

And you, you sexy cup of coffee?

Vanessa makes a face - ew.

VANESSA

I'm absolutely fine with everything. Thank you for asking.

CHAZ

This is going well. What are you two doing later tonight?

LAUREN

A self defense class.

VANESSA

We're not interested Chaz. Lesbos if you haven't caught on.

Lauren turns her head, hiding a smile. The girls turn back around, completely dismissing Chaz; ignoring him.

VANESSA

There's a party afterwards if you want to go -

CHAZ (O.S.)

Party? Cool. Did I overhear something about a party?

Vanessa turns around, vastly annoyed now.

VANESSA

No. If you did, it's purely your imagination. Chaz, take a hike.

Chaz looks at Vanessa coldly, furrows a brow, turns and disappears into the crowd.

Shea returns with Lauren's beer. Jolene brushes up to them.

SHEA

(observing the college crowd)

Bucky's is usually packed with locals. I'm not used to all this college drab.

JOLENE

Collegians.

SHEA

What? No, that's an ugly word.

A patron is waving down Shea on the other side of the bar.

SHEA

Stupid Open Mic Night...

She hoists up her breasts and moves over.

VANESSA

What time is Tori on?

LAUREN

Where <u>is</u> Tori?

JOLENE

She got off work late. She needed to go home and get her guitar. She should be here soon.

They look to their right - a stage is set up. The first act is already performing.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The house sits utterly still and shrouded in darkness.

The front door opens -

Tori steps in, closes the door behind her. Locks it. She sets her keys on a nearby table and looks around. Spooked at how eerily silent all is. Again, only the moon's glow illuminates any given light inside.

She heads for the staircase -

Never noticing the killer standing in the doorway in the adjacent room to the foyer.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Tori climbs up the stairs, completely oblivious that the killer is ascending as well...only a few steps back behind her!

INT. JOLENE AND TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lights click on.

Tori moves towards her nightstand, throwing her shoulder bag on top. She removes her coat when -

Suddenly, a SHADOW moves past the doorway. Tori remains completely oblivious.

Tori catches a glimpse of something in her vanity mirror. A look of surprise and horror befalls her...

She belts around, turning towards a sliding closet mirror on Jolene's side of the room. She moves closer...

"BABY KILLER" is written in large, red lettering across the mirror.

Tori gets up close, examining it. It's written with lipstick...red lipstick - Shea's missing lipstick. Tori looks at it in disgust. She picks up a towel from the floor and tries to wipe it off, only smearing it across the glass. The towel suddenly drops from Tori hands -

Something else has got her attention in the mirror -

Tori turns around, walks towards her bed on the other side of the room, face dropping in disbelief -

Her guitar is completely smashed into bits and pieces. The ruined mess is sprawled out over her bed. It's completely destroyed.

Tori reaches the bed, absolutely devastated and on the verge of tears.

TORI What the fuck?

She picks up a an unrecognizable piece of the guitar and tosses it aside. Her face suddenly twists in anger, as if coming to a revelation. She pulls out her cell. Dials.

JOLENE (O.S.)

(from phone)

Tori! You're on soon.

TORT

Shea is working, right?

From Tori's tone, she is straight-up pissed.

JOLENE (O.S.)

Yes. Why?

TORI

You didn't tell anyone about what you plan on doing, right?

JOLENE (O.S.)

Absolutely not...why?

TOR T

I'm going to kill that bitch.

CLICK. Tori hangs up, grabs her coat, and leaves the room.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Riled up, Tori makes her way down the hallway towards the staircase. She breathes in heavily, angrier than ever.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Tori takes a step down onto the stairs...

Second step...

Third step...

FLOORBOARDS CREAK. Someone is behind her.

Before Tori can turn around, A GUITAR STRING is wrapped tightly around her throat! The very string from her own quitar...

Tori tries to SCREAM but only CHOKES. Fear and panic spread across her face. She swings her arms back and forth, doing very little of anything. He doesn't budge.

The killer yanks back sadistically on the string with his gloved hands - the string begins to cut into Tori's throat; right across the jugular.

She thrashes around in torture, grabbing at the string, GASPING for any air she can get. -

The killer pulls again! - This time lifting Tori off her feet.

He does it again; yanks at the string. It begins to carve deeper into the flesh of her neck. Blood blossoms and instantly oozes out after that from the open wound, spilling out onto the hardwood stairs.

The life is draining from Tori's eyes. Her body slowly falls limp.

One last powerful pull at the string and it's over. The guitar string gruesomely slices into her neck, stopping halfway, almost decapitating Tori.

There's so much blood covering Tori, it's an overwhelming sight.

The killer tugs at the guitar string that's still buried in her neck, dragging the body up and into the dark hallway behind him.

INT. BUCKY'S BAR - BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Vanessa snorts a line of coke off of the sink. Her head shoots up - eyes quiver. She rubs the remaining leftovers on her gums.

She looks at her reflection with pure disgust.

VANESSA Goddamn. You're a mess girl.

INT. BUCKY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar is much more livelier now. Another act is on stage - they're awful.

Vanessa disperses from the bathroom and heads over to a nearby pool-table, mid-game with Lauren. They play.

Vanessa, again, notices how quiet Lauren is being.

VANESSA

Soooo, what's up? You've been kind of Debbie-Downer ever since we got here.

LAUREN

What makes me a magnet to awful guys?

VANESSA

Is this about Harley?

LAUREN

I waited for over an hour for him. I called him like ten times, it's embarrassing...I wish I hadn't done that.

VANESSA

Men are pigs. You know this.

LAUREN

Sad thing is that I kind of started to like him and then he doesn't have the decency to call and let me know that it's a no-go? Jesus, I've been flaked on twice in twenty-four hours.

VANESSA

You can't trust anyone these days, girlfriend. Even the wolves are disguised as sheep...

Uh-oh, Lauren is becoming emotional. Her eyes tear up, she turns her head to the side. She lets out a CRY. Vanessa rushes up to her, hugs her emotionally vulnerable friend.

VANESSA

No, no, no, sweetie...

LAUREN

What's wrong with me? Something has to be wrong with me, right?

VANESSA

Stop it, Lauren.

LAUREN

I just feel drained lately...I'm lonely.

VANESSA

I'm your friend...I have your back. I'm your Dr. Phil when you need me to be, always have - that won't change.

Lauren dries her tears.

VANESSA

Have you been taking your meds?

LAUREN

Why? You take plenty of \underline{my} meds for the both of us and then some.

Vanessa eases away from Lauren. They look at each other, Vanessa is clearly humiliated from being caught by her friend. She doesn't say a word.

LAUREN

What? You didn't think I noticed?

Vanessa looks at the ground, speechless. Lauren walks away, making her way towards the bathrooms.

AT A NEARBY BOOTH

Jolene and Leo sit together. He kicks back a shot while Jolene drinks an iced-tea. She doesn't seem all that happy.

LEO

Babe, we're at a bar. C'mon, you're embarrassing me in front of my friends.

He pushes a shot of tequila in front of her.

JOLENE

I haven't been feeling too good today...

Jolene pushes it back over.

LEO

I don't think you drank last night at my party either.

JOLENE

Fine then, I haven't been feeling too good *lately*.

LEO

I can make you feel better...

He slides across the leather seats. He touches her knee, runs his hand along her bare skin, up into her dress -

Jolene squirms uncomfortably in her seat.

JOLENE

C'mon. Not right now.

He doesn't stop, he leans in for a kiss, starts kissing her. Jolene slides away, shaking him off.

JOLENE

Stop. You're embarrassing me in front of my friends.

Leo looks angry but he persists.

LEO

Let's go to my car. I want to make you feel better. Promise I will. (leaning in for a kiss)
I'm horny.

Jolene looks at him dead-on.

JOLENE

Leo, no. Once Tori comes and performs, I just want to go home.

Leo throws his arms back, pissed. He downs the shot Jolene had rejected. Leo pulls out his phone subtly and texts. He thinks he's being sly, but Jolene sees this.

Jolene's eyes wonder. She sees the crowd watching the current act, even getting a glimpse of the back of Piers watching the performance. She looks around even more - spotting Shea, behind the bar - and what's this? She's on her phone. Texting.

Jolene holds on Shea. Shea looks at her phone, smiling. The world seems to suddenly be in slow-mo for Jolene, she looks at Leo and back at Shea. Both on their phones. She's putting two-and-two together -

She breathes deeply; anxious and overwhelmed. She jumps out of her seat.

JOLENE

Take me home.

Leo puts his phone into his pocket.

LEO

Now?

JOLENE

(holding back tears)

Fuck you, Leo.

Jolene grabs her bag from the booth and storms off towards the back exit. Leo, confused, gets up and follows. Shea watches all this from the bar. A smirk fixed across her face.

EXT. BUCKY'S BAR - BACK PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The back door swings open - Jolene charges out, Leo in pursuit.

LEO

Jolene! What are you doing!?

JOLENE

Take me home.

Jolene makes her way through the zigzag of cars in the overflow parking lot. Leo's muscle car parked near back.

A LOUD GUITAR SOLO rips from inside the bar, the crowd goes wild. A few people outside hear this, know there missing something good and quickly go back inside.

A few lighting-poles light up some of the surrounding areas of the otherwise dark parking lot. It's just Jolene and Leo in the empty lot...

Leo is trying to catch up with Jolene.

JOLENE

Unlock your car now!

Leo holds out his keys, hits a the unlock button. BEEP-BEEP. His douchey muscle car lights up; unlocked now.

LEO

Will you wait up!?

Leo grabs Jolene by the shoulder, spinning her around. She beats on his chest, in tears. Leo is completely confused, he holds down her arms.

LEO

What the hell is wrong with you?

JOLENE

Are you cheating on me with Shea?

Leo lets go of Jolene. He sighs.

LEO

Why ask if you already know?

Tears roll down Jolene's cheeks.

The killer is watching them from beside the bar, draped in darkness. He goes unseen; Jolene and Leo totally ignorant.

JOLENE

How can you do this to me?

LEO

I don't know...these things happen.

JOLENE

You're unbelievable. I have news -

Jolene CRIES. A bit of remorse falters over Leo's face.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant.

Leo moves his head back, looks as if he was punched.

LEO

Is it mine?

JOLENE

How dare you!

She punches him in the chest.

LEO

What now?

JOLENE

I'm getting an abortion. I've already the made the appointment.

LEO

Don't I get a say?

JOLENE

Like you care.

LEO

Were you going to tell me?

JOLENE

I didn't want to inconvenience you and your extracurricular activities.

The crowd inside erupts into a frenzy over the current performer. Moments pass.

Jolene turns to leave...

LEO

(100% genuine or it's the alcohol)

Can we start over? Maybe this baby will be good for us.

Jolene turns back, wipes her flushed face clear of tears -

She sees the killer walking right towards them. She becomes almost transfixed on the figure moving at his rapid pace.

JOLENE

Leo, look, there's someone coming -

T.F.O

I don't care. I mean it, I'm sorry. I've been really fucking shitty...

Jolene doesn't take her eyes off the approaching man in all black. Her eyes grow wild with fright.

LEO (CONT'D)

Maybe we can reconsider this baby option. We can work things out. I don't want to lose you, Jolene -

The killer is getting dangerously close now. Jolene pulls on Leo's arm, alarmed.

JOLENE

Leo! Look! There is a man coming!

Jolene takes a few steps backwards. Leo butches up, starts to turn around -

LEO

Hey man, I'm trying to have a heartto-heart with my girl.

HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE KILLER. Leo's face drops -

Jolene moves back, frightened.

The killer removes his 10" hunting knife and in one quick motion stabs Leo in the groin! Leo's mouth opens, he lets out a YELL.

Jolene SCREAMS, jumps back, tripping over a bumper in a parking spot. She falls to the blacktop.

Her shoulder bag skids across the pavement; contents scattering everywhere, including her cell phone. She looks over at Leo.

The killer holds the knife in Leo's groin, gives it a little twist. Blood gushes out onto his blue jeans, slopping down onto the concrete. Leo's eyes are wide in pain and agony.

Leo's legs give, he falls to his knees causing the blade to rip from his groin to his lower chest. The killer rips out the blade; blood and gore spray the ground. Leo falls forward, dead.

The killer snaps his attention to Jolene. She HOWLS WITH A SCREAM. Overcome with panic, she scrambles up to her feet, turns, and runs further back into the empty lot - towards Leo's car.

The killer gives chase. His bloody knife at hip-side as he races after her. Ten feet...eight feet...he is quickly gaining on her.

Jolene crashes into Leo's car, quickly scrambling for the door handle.

SLICE! The killer dives his blade into her shoulder. Jolene SCREAMS in pain, stumbles to her side, the blade rips out of her flesh.

Hand over her bleeding shoulder, Jolene takes off running, zipping through a maze of parked vehicles.

The killer, not having seen where she ran, lurks around lines of parked vehicles. He grips his knife tightly, head moving in all directions - looking for his prey.

UNDERNEATH A HUMMER

Jolene lays low to the ground. Hand covering mouth. Face frozen in fear.

FOOTSTEPS along the pavement move in Jolene's direction. Within a few steps, a pair of boots come into view, right in front of Jolene. They stop in front of the Hummer.

She becomes stiff. Eyes wide in fear.

Back-facing Jolene, the killer crouches down low, looking underneath the line of cars in front of her.

Jolene slowly slides herself backwards, not taking her eyes off the killer in front of her. He continues to look back and forth underneath the line of cars in front.

Jolene shimmies from underneath the large SUV as quietly as possible. She gently steps up onto the side-step of the Hummer, quickly taking her feet off of the ground -

At the same moment, the killer turns around and checks underneath the other side of parked cars. He looks under the Hummer, nothing, having just missed Jolene. His eyes move toward the other parked vehicles -

Jolene is losing balance from the side-step, she grabs hold of the door handle for support - but slips! Her feet touch the ground and she pulls on the door handle. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The Hummer's alarm goes off.

She leaps with a jolt and stands up straight. Right ahead, she sees a clear path back to the bar. Jolene makes a run for it.

The killer suddenly jumps out from behind a car in front of Jolene. Jolene SCREAMS her head off and tears off-course. She spots Leo's unlocked car and runs faster than ever towards it.

She reaches it, quickly pulling open the passenger door.

INT. LEO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jolene slams the door and throws down the lock.

WHAP! The killer runs into the door, beating at the window.

He dashes around the car. Jolene's eyes burst and she slides across to the driver's seat, throws down the lock mere seconds from the killer grabbing hold of the door handle.

WHAP! He throws his body against the car viciously. Angry.

Jolene SCREAMS in panic.

He stabs at the glass with his knife, making spiderweb cracks.

Jolene hits the horn. HONK! HONK! HONK! HONNNNNKKKKK! She continues to beat on the car horn. She looks around the parking lot - empty.

The killer stops and just looks at Jolene for several seconds. He turns and leaves, disappearing into the night.

Jolene stops honking the horn and she frantically starts looking around inside the car, crying now. She searches through the center console - searching for anything, nothing for her defense. She closes it.

The killer is now back at the driver's seat window!

Jolene SCREAMS. He reaches for the door handle -

She instantaneously starts honking the horn again, trying to attract attention. Jolene doesn't take her eyes off the killer. Her breathing accelerates.

With one hand on the door handle, the killer holds out his other hand, showing - Leo's keys. Jolene's eyes tell it all.

He quickly hits a button and the lock pops up - and within a flash the door is pulled open.

Jolene SCREAMS bloody murder and the killer throws his hands in, grabbing at Jolene. She thrashes around but she is no match for him, he drags her out of the car by a grasp of her hair.

EXT. BUCKY'S BAR - BACK PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The killer harshly throws her down on the pavement and leans over her -

He stabs her in the shoulder. She swings at him but he backs away. She tries to pull herself up, but the killer kicks her back down to the blacktop.

She cries.

The killer steps above her, knife in hand. He watches her cry.

JOLENE
Please...please...I'm pregnant.

The killer abruptly stabs Jolene in the stomach! Jolene emits a BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM.

He stabs her again, right below the belly. And again. Flesh is exposed and blood explodes out with every stab. He stabs her again. Jolene's screams grow louder, almost animalistic.

Another stab!...And another!...And Another! Blood splashes Jolene's face. She moves her hand across her stomach weakly — it's a grisly sight. It appears her stomach is being hollowed out.

ANOTHER STAB!

EXT. BUCKY'S BAR - BACK PARKING LOT - LATER

A BAR PATRON stumbles out of the music-infused bar from the back door. He lights a cigarette, walks around, enjoying the night's breeze.

He squints his eyes, spotting something in the distance. He moves closer.

BAR PATRON

Hey! You okay, man?

He walks further away from the building and deeper into the parking lot, fixated on something.

BAR PATRON

Buddy...you need help?

His face twists in disgust. What he sees is Leo's mutilated body. He GASPS.

EXT. BUCKY'S BAR - BACK PARKING LOT - LATER

The parking lot is taped off with yellow crime-scene tape.

Police SIRENS run wild. POLICE have now overtook the parking lot. A sheet is placed over Leo's body. REPORTERS are onscene. Bystanders are being questioned by detectives. People walk around; confused, scared, in total shock - it's a chaotic mess.

COP

We have another one back here!

A few cops scatter towards the back of the parking lot near Leo's car.

Lauren stands near a group of people by a taped off area, trying to get a glimpse of the sheet-covered victim.

Vanessa rushes up to her, wild with excitement.

VANESSA

I heard someone got shot.

LAUREN

I overheard someone got stabbed.

SHEA (O.S.)

Fucking locals man. They can't handle their liquor. Bar fights all the damn time...

Shea joins them...

SHEA

They closed us down for the night.
They're reviewing surveillance...
(shakes her head)
There goes my fucking tips tonight.

VANESSA

Do they know who it is?

Shea shakes her head no. Lauren's phone RINGS -

SHEA

I'm going home. You bitches want to ride with?

Vanessa nods. Lauren pulls out her phone, stares at caller ID - it continues to RING. Shea and Vanessa start heading towards the front of the building -

Vanessa looks back, sees Lauren staring at her RINGING PHONE.

VANESSA

Lauren, you coming?

LAUREN

I'll find Jolene...bum a ride with her and Leo.

VANESSA

Alright.

Vanessa turns and catches up with Shea.

Lauren looks back down at her phone - "MOM CALLING...". She hesitates but clicks - "ANSWER". She moves away, holding one hand over her ear to drown out the commotion around...

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - LATER

Shea and Vanessa enter. Vanessa kicks off her shoes while Shea goes for the light-switch -

SHEA

Are any of you bitches home!?

- she flicks it. Nothing. Darkness.

SHEA

Fantabulous.

VANESSA

You can always go get a new bulb from the basement.

SHEA

Yeah, fuck that shit.

Vanessa smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

They come through the swinging doors, Vanessa is quick to throw her bag on the granite counter top. Shea flicks on the light-switch. Nope, it doesn't come on. She flicks it up and down.

Shea is obviously peeved.

SHEA

Ugh. Are you kidding me? No power? I could've sworn I saw other houses on our neighborhood with lights on.

She throws her bag on the island - over it. Vanessa opens the fridge, grabs a beer. She notices no light on in the fridge, she smirks to herself.

VANESSA

Looks like were eighteenth centurying it tonight.

She cranks the beer open, takes a swig.

Shea's eyes pop - ohh. She moves to her bag, pulls out a little baggy of coke. She smiles at Vanessa.

SHEA

You want to get high?

Vanessa sighs, contemplating.

VANESSA

I've been partying too much lately -

SHEA

More for me then.

Shea forms of a line of blow -

SLAM! The front door slams shut O.S.

VANESSA

We're in the kitchen.

Vanessa and Shea shift their attention to the kitchen doors, waiting for someone to come through. No one does.

Feet TRAMPLE and run up the stairs O.S. Shea snorts her line, while Vanessa looks to grow worrisome.

VANESSA

Hello!? Who's home!? Lauren!?

Oddly silent. They look at each other, shrug shoulders - hmmm weird.

INT. STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Shea and Vanessa stand at the base of the stairs, looking up.

VANESSA

Tori!? Jolene!?

No answer. Vanessa looks a bit flustered while Shea looks bothered and bored.

Vanessa grabs Shea's arm and they start moving up the stairs. Vanessa looks above...the piercing black hallway awaiting them.

A few steps from the second floor, they stop, they see -

Dark crimson puddles of blood on the remaining top three steps. They look at each other - creeped out big time.

SHEA

Is that...blood?

Holding hands, they step around the puddles and spot a light trail of blood - leading into the hallway. They follow, concerned.

INT. JOLENE AND TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The trail stops right at the doorway. Shea and Vanessa enter. No one; just an empty, dark room.

VANESSA

Is someone hurt? Do we need to call 911?

SHEA

Make sure we hide my coke before you do that.

VANESSA

The hell?

They step deeper into the room, having noticed Tori's destroyed guitar on her bed. Shea also takes notice to Jolene's mirror - just a smear of red lipstick gunk.

Both girls now look extremely bothered and thoroughly confused by the sight. Hands covering their mouths...

VANESSA

(almost a whisper)

Shea...

Shea looks back at Vanessa who nods to her left. Eyes fixed to the floor, Shea looks to see...

A small continuation of the blood trail - It leads to another closet by Tori's bed. Disappearing underneath the door...

Shea rushes up to Vanessa, frightened.

SHEA

Let's leave. I'm freaking out.

Vanessa grabs hold of Shea's arm and they walk around Tori's bed, moving closer to the closed closet door.

VANESSA

Someone is obviously hurt. Call 911.

SHEA

My phone is downstairs.

Vanessa moves forward, scared but braving it out.

SHEA

(scared stiff)

Don't open it. I don't want to find a body or anything like that. Let's get out of here and call the police. Please, Vanessa.

Vanessa reconsiders and stops. She walks back over to Shea and they turn to leave but suddenly stop -

Both girls slowly turn, facing the closet door. Both terrified beyond their wits. CREEEEAAAK. The closet door is slowly opening -

IT SUDDENLY EXPLODES OPEN!

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The killer bursts out from within the closet and goes right after the girls! Vanessa and Shea SCREAM madly.

Vanessa turns towards the door but within a flash the killer is already mere inches from them slashing away with his knife - and it catches.

The blade cuts from one side of Vanessa's face to the other - cutting right across her eyes. She collapses to the floor, SCREAMING. Thick blood gushes out from one long horizontal wound across both her eyes.

Before Shea can react, the killer is already inches from her, hacking away. Shea puts her arms up to shield herself but is slashed multiple times across her hands and arms. She SCREAMS in pain.

She backs away from him, knocking up against a window.

The killer is fast and moves his knife forward, stabbing Shea in the chest. She SCREAMS out. He pulls it out - blood sprays. He strikes Shea again in the chest, deep and hard. He rips the blade out.

He suddenly lurches forward, both hands extended -

And pushes Shea against the window ferociously! Glass explodes! The entire window shatters! SHEA FLIES OUT!

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shea soars out of the window! She desperately tries to grab hold of a shingle, but no luck. She rolls off the side of the slanted roof at an accelerated speed.

Shea falls facedown, her screams grow fierce as the piercingspear posts of the wrought-iron fence looms below!

The posts pierce through Shea's legs which cause her upper body to fling forward like some sort of rag doll. Her face violently smashes against the concrete - facial bones break, teeth shatter onto the ground, and endless amount of blood instantly spews out onto the ground.

INT. JOLENE AND TORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa crawls on the floor on all fours, clawing her way towards the hallway, blinded. A heavy flow of blood bleeds out from her open wound.

VANESSA
I can't see...SOMEONE HELP ME!

She cries and SCREAMS.

The killer steps over her from behind, grabs at her with both hands. CRACK! He sadistically twists Vanessa's neck - and the bones snap. Her cries and screams stop...

He cruelly throws her head forward onto floor.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house sits in silence. A roaring wind picks up, stirring up leaves on the ground.

From the front view of the house, we cannot see the body of Shea. Completely concealed since she lies dead around the side of the house.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - LATER

The door opens. Lauren enters, looking almost in a dream-like state; eyes watery, face flushed. She closes the door behind her...

She doesn't blink nor look around, she just makes way towards the stairs -

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

She starts to walk up the stairs, very much in deep thought, typical Lauren look.

GUY'S VOICE (V.O.)

(low and sad)

Lauren, It's Uncle Vic. I'm sorry to get a hold of you like this.

Tears start to drop, Lauren covers her watering eyes, still walking up the stairs. She SOBS.

UNCLE VIC (V.O.)

Your Mom passed away this evening.

Wiping her eyes and not paying attention whatsoever, she doesn't notice the blood soaked steps. She continues on...

INT. LAUREN AND VANESSA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lauren enters her pitch-black room. She pushes her bedroom door shut but it remains open, only ajar.

Walking over to her bed, Lauren takes a seat, back facing the bedroom door.

She looks emotionally exhausted. She wipes her face clear of fallen tears, sighs. She leans forward, pulling open a drawer, grabs one of her prescription bottles. No hesitation this time, she pops the lid, and swallows a pill.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The front door quietly closes.

Piers stands before the door, looking up the staircase. A malicious grin spreads across his face...

INT. LAUREN AND VANESSA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shuffling around a drawer, Lauren pulls out a framed photograph -

She looks down a picture of her and a woman(obviously her mother). Lauren, in a cap and gown - high school graduation. Happier times possibly. Lauren runs her hand along the glass.

Eyes swell. She SOBS some more. A loud PLOP to the hardwood floors O.S.

Lauren isn't paying attention.

LAUREN

I'm sorry, Mom...

She begins to cry.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I didn't know it would be this
hard... -

The sound of a drill is heard O.S...downstairs; DRILLING. It stops - starts back up - stops again.

Lauren turns away from the photo, looks back, puzzled by the sound. The DRILLING continues. Stops again. Starts again - stops.

Moments of silence pass...

Lauren turns back to the photo and lays down on her side, holding the photo close to her chest. She cries.

LAUREN'S POV - She blinks a few times tiredly. She weeps. One final close of the eye-lid and we end in darkness and silence.

Time passes but it's only a few moments for us. CREEEAAAAK. A door opens O.S. Our vision starts to comes back -

END POV

Lauren opens her eyes, still lying down, and still holding the photograph. She glances over at the clock on her dresser it displays no time. She sits up, looking back -

The bedroom door is now wide open. The utter darkness of the hallway behind it.

LAUREN

Vanessa? -

Lauren's cell phone RINGS. She stretches, reaching for her bag at the foot of the bed. She pulls out her phone -

"VANESSA CALLING..." - She clicks it on, pulling herself together as best she can.

LAUREN

(into phone)

Hey, where are you? I need to talk.

Silence. Nothing. The line goes dead. Lauren looks at her phone - "CALL ENDED". She hits Vanessa's name, calling back.

A faint ringtone RINGS O.S.

Getting on her feet, Lauren walks to the open door, peers out. The ringtone ends...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the hallway the attic's ladder is pulled down to the floor, attic trap door wide open.

Lauren waits by her bedroom door, not afraid, but quite curious.

LAUREN

Vanessa? I need to talk to you.

No response. She holds out her cell phone, clicks on Vanessa's name again - RINGING ensues upstairs <u>in</u> the attic. Lauren moves towards the attic ladder, puzzled.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Lauren steps off from the last rung onto the attic floor.

It's dingy and dark. Wind howls outside, scraping tree branches alongside the house. Boxes and old sheet-covered furniture are stored throughout. The kind of place you don't want to be at night.

Lauren looks around...walks around, taking little steps, not veering far away from the attic door. She looks behind some furniture pieces.

LAUREN

Who's up here? Vanessa?

Silence. Okay, now she's getting spooked.

LAUREN

No games. Look, I'm sorry for what I said, I was out of line.

(beat)
I just got some upsetting news...

She holds out her cell - clicks on Vanessa's name.

Instant RINGING. Lauren looks around and sees a cell phone on the ground lit up and RINGING - Vanessa's phone. Lauren quickly clicks off her phone and makes her way towards the phone. The light on the screen goes dark as she approaches.

Reaching for it, Lauren bends down to grab it...

A PAIR OF BLACK BOOTS stand just inches away. They move -

Lauren's blood freezes, she looks up - the killer is standing right before her; completely cloaked in the darkness!

She jumps back, startled, SCREAMING from pure fright. The killer quickly attacks her, tackling her down to the ground.

Lauren HOLLERS in fear as she squirms around. The killer positions himself on top of her, pinning Lauren to the floor. He raises his hand, knife ready -

Brings it down! Lauren is fast and moves her head out of the way from the oncoming blade. The blade severs down onto the floorboard instead, missing Lauren.

Pissed, the killer aggressively raises the knife again and brings it down, determined not to miss -

Lauren darts her head out of the way again, completely dodging it by a split second.

It misses, slices into the floorboard. Lauren takes advantage of this and quickly throws out her arm, hitting the killer's hand. The knife is knocked out from his hand and it slides across the attic floor.

Grabbing at Lauren, the killer clutches both sides of her head. He immediately lifts her head - and forcefully starts bashing her head against the floorboards.

Lauren SCREAMS out in pain.

Lauren throws a side punch, landing a solid across his face. She quickly jerks up a knee, kneeing him twice. The killer loses his hold on her...

Lauren swiftly shimmies away from underneath the killer and jumps up to her feet. She runs towards the attic door; not looking back. She's only a few feet from the ladder -

The killer collides into her! They fall forward, right over the open attic door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They plunge from the attic door landing hard on each other. Scrambling off the killer, Lauren crawls at the floor, trying to regain her balance. She manages.

The killer jumps up after her.

He yanks her back, grasps hold of her throat, choking her. They struggle, crashing against the wall. His hand noticeably tightens around Lauren's throat.

Lauren wails her arms around, struggling for oxygen, total panic-stricken. She pushes herself off the wall with whatever strength she has.

They spin; she keeps wailing, they keep crashing against the walls, the killer isn't loosening his grip whatsoever, she is still fighting for air...

Lauren elbows the killer in the stomach three times. His grasp finally loosens. Lauren delivers one final blow to his stomach and she's free of his restraint.

The killer stands, blocking her way to the staircase. Lauren quickly turns to her left and zips into her bedroom.

INT. LAUREN AND VANESSA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Before Lauren can shut it completely, the door jumps forward. The killer aggressively tries to make his way inside. Lauren throws her weight against the door, YELLING and SCREAMING.

She battles trying to get the door to fully shut with the killer pushing on the other side, but she wins. She quickly locks it.

The killer pounds on the door furiously.

Lauren backs away, completely horrified, and CRYING.

The pounding grows louder. Lauren seemingly SCREAMS at the door, out of frustration.

She scans around - eyes darting everywhere. Nothing she can really use for defending herself. Looking towards the open bathroom door (the Jack and Jill bathroom), Lauren sees a clear path right into another bedroom - Shea and Amber's.

Lauren, wasting not a breath, quickly moves towards the bathroom. The killer's POUNDING intensifies...the door shakes harshly. She looks back one more time and bolts.

INT. SHEA AND AMBER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lauren bursts from the bathroom in a hurry into Shea and Amber's heavily feminine-decorated room. The POUNDING continues O.S. in the other bedroom.

Looking around - eyes lock on a hefty-sized plaque next to Shea's bed. Lauren moves forward, quickly grabbing it, looks at it, a cheerleading plaque - "SHEA QUINTERO, MOST SPIRITED TEAM MEMBER".

Lauren looks to her right - through the open bedroom door she can see the staircase...a clear path. She steps forward, going to make a run for it.

THE POUNDING STOPS.

Lauren stiffens, looks back at the bathroom, peering into her room. Nothing. She looks ahead at the open bedroom door, empty hallway ahead...pure silence.

Lauren's breathing deepens with anxiety. She eyes the staircase. Lauren clasps onto the plaque, raises it like a bat. Ready.

She goes for it and takes off running towards the door, the open hallway, the staircase right in view -

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

- LAUREN SLAMS RIGHT INTO THE KILLER!

Lauren instantly swings the heavy plaque, the killer throws up his hands, shielding her strikes. SCREAMING madly, Lauren stomps down on the killer's foot - he leans forward and she is quick to react and out of adrenaline, she headbutt's him in the face.

Stunned, the killer snatches away Lauren's weapon and instantaneously belts it over her head with the plaque. Lauren falls to the floor, momentarily winded. Bleeding from a gash on her head.

She grabs hold of the banister and struggles to pull herself up weakly, still stunned. She turns -

The killer swings the plaque vigorously at Lauren. She jumps back, out of the way. Lauren darts to the staircase and tears down the stairs.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Lauren quickly races towards the front door, reaches it.

She throws open the lock, grabs hold of the doorknob, and quickly pulls. It won't open - won't pull forward - won't budge.

A look of confusion and panic hits Lauren. She pulls at the doorknob again, harder. It won't open. She sees something - four large screws have been drilled along the edge of the door into the door frame.

A look of despair sinks into Lauren's face, ready to breakdown and cry. She pulls harder - not strong enough to break the bind.

BOOMP! BOOMP! BOOMP! Lauren turns - the killer is running down the stairs.

Lauren freaks, takes off running down the hallway - right past the staircase. The killer leans over the railing of the stairs and throws out his arm, trying to grab hold of Lauren...he barely misses a catch of her hair.

The killer hops off the stairs and stampedes after Lauren, right behind her in pursuit.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lauren crashes through the swinging doors, the killer right behind her. Grabbing hold of one of the doors, she forcefully throws it back the other way, it swings hasty and slams right into the killer's face.

Lauren trips in the process and falls on her ass, she turns -

The killer erupts through the swinging doors in a hectic fashion, focus fixated on Lauren. She crawls backwards on all fours, trying to get back up on her feet.

The killer rushes at her.

Lauren jumps back up and slides across the kitchen island. She grabs a large, decorative bowl from the island and hurls it at the killer - he dodges out of the way, it shatters on the wall behind him. She reaches for a bottle of wine and chucks it at him, he moves, it shatters as well.

He makes his move behind the island and Lauren dashes towards the back door, reaches it, pulls - it won't budge. She quickly examines. The same exact thing has been done to this door as the front; large screws drilled from the edge of the door into the door frame. She turns to run -

The killer grabs hold of Lauren. She lets out a gut-wrenching SCREAM as he lifts her up, hands wrapped firmly around her stomach. He holds her tightly. Lauren kicks and tosses her arms out in a frenzied panic. It does her no good - he drags her...towards the stove...

The killer slams her facedown onto the stove top, onto one of the burners. He forcefully holds her down as Lauren cries out. The killer reaches -

- turning one of the burner's dialers! All the way up!

The burner instantly turns red hot. Lauren howls with a SCREAM. Squirming, Lauren tries to break free from the killer's hold. Skin begins to burn, blistering her cheeks. SIIZZZLLLE - flesh is bubbling, scorching. Lauren SCREAMS in utter pain.

She swings her arm to the side, grabbing the counter, she shuffles her hand on the granite top, grips something - a steak knife.

Lauren swings the knife, diving it into the killer's thigh.

He let's go of Lauren, aghast with the sight of the knife in his thigh. Lauren pushes back, breaks free - the side of her face charred and bleeding. She flees out of the kitchen. The killer pulls out the steak knife from his thigh with brutality. A small spurt of blood follows from the wound. He looks for Lauren, not having seen which way she ran.

INT. LINEN CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Door closed and huddled in the back of the closet, Lauren trembles and shakes with fright. She covers her mouth trying to make little noise.

She slowly sinks to the floor, completely terrified and throbbing with pain -

FOOTSTEPS along the hardwood floors O.S. break any silence. Closer...closer they come...and stop right outside the closet door.

Tears fall from her eyes...

BOOMP! BOOMP! BOOMP! The heavy footstep of his boots travel up the stairs and disappear O.S.

Lauren breathes, relieved somewhat. She stays put, hiding. Her head slumps down and she covers her eyes...letting out a low weep. Lauren quickly catches herself and stops.

She touches the back of her head, blood. She touches her cheek, more blood. She can't help but get overwhelmed. She GASPS in pain.

FOOTSTEPS return O.S., the floor above. They walk around and about. They stop again.

A long moment passes. It becomes early quiet...too quiet. All that can be heard is the wind outside - howling in the night.

BOOMP! BOOMP! BOOMP! The footsteps return, almost running down the stairs. Shooting back up to her feet, Lauren looks nervous as all hell. She eyes the closet door.

Silence.

KNOCK. KNOCK. Lauren's anxiety levels shoot through the roof. She doesn't take her eyes off the door. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Her breathing deepens...

The closet door is pulled open!

Lauren SCREAMS as the killer stands before her with $\underline{\text{his}}$ 10" hunting knife.

He lunges in after her, slicing into Lauren's shoulder. He pulls it out, ready to stab again, Lauren bum-rushes at the killer, colliding into him -

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Lauren flies out of a closet underneath the staircase with the killer and they slam into the basement door along the wall.

The killer stabs at Lauren, cutting into her shoulder yet again.

Lauren kicks him in the groin and backs away. She turns to run and the killer slashes towards her; the blade cuts through the back of her hair and into her neck. It barely breaks skin but she instantly bleeds.

Falling forward, Lauren lands at the base of the staircase. She reaches, grabs hold of the banister; pulling herself up on the step. She starts crawling up the stairs. The killer quickly moves after her...

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

She crawls backwards on all fours, kicking at the approaching killer; knocking him in the face. He raises his knife, attack-mode and buries the blade deep into Lauren's leq.

Lauren SHRIEKS.

She kicks with her other leg. He pulls out; a revolting sound of flesh tearing in the process.

Lauren, battered and fatigued, manages to crawl up a few more stairs. She doesn't take her eyes off the killer who walks up the stairs after her, following with a swaggering pace; looking down at his exhausted victim. He waves his knife - taunting her.

Lauren grabs hold of the banister, pulling herself up to her feet. The killer rushes in with his knife, ready to kill -

Lauren grabs hold of his hand and they forcefully collide against the banister, quickly flipping over the railing.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

They topple down and land on the hardwood floor next to each other.

Lauren, instinctively, snatches up the hunting knife away from the killer's hand and gets on top of the killer, straddling him.

She yells and dives the knife into his upper chest. She pushes it deep in and blood erupts from the wound.

The killer shakes, convulsing.

Lauren takes out the bloody knife and hurls it down the hallway. She looks back down -

Through the eye slits of the mask she can see the killer's dark pools of eyes looking back at her. Life fading. His arms and legs go limp. Soon, emotionless eyes look back up at Lauren.

She breathes heavily, sighing.

Looking back down at the dead eyes, Lauren gets spooked. She jumps off the body and cowers by the wall, in total shock. She lets out a cry...

Reluctantly turning away, she looks down the hallway.

She stumbles up to her feet and limps along, out of view.

THE KILLER SITS UP.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Coming through the swinging doors, Lauren staggers in. She limps over towards the back door. Pulls again, no luck. She beats on the door with frustration and sinks to the floor, letting out a stomach-churning cry.

Sprawled out on the floor, she SOBS - entirely exhausted and wounded. Staring off in a daze, she looks disturbed.

She holds herself in a ball, closing her eyes.

Moments pass and all goes quiet. Lauren stops moving.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The wind picks up and whistles through the night. Trees blow intensely.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Some time has passed.

Lauren is still wrapped up in a ball, asleep.

Something shuffles around O.S. outside of the kitchen. A door CREAKS open O.S. Lauren's eyes flutter and she stirs awake; lifting her head up. More shuffling O.S. - FOOTSTEPS. Her face sinks in terror.

She staggers up to her feet and wobbles over to the granite counter top. She leans forward, in pain.

Lauren looks in front of her - the fully stocked magnetic kitchen rack.

Lauren reaches out at the knife rack - grabbing not one, not two, but three large kitchen knives. She grips them all by their handle in one hand - one big super knife.

She looks over at the swinging kitchen doors and slowly moves towards them cautiously. She reaches them and waits.

FOOTSTEPS along the wooden floors soon approach. Lauren looks down at the floor -

A pair of boots appear on the other side of the doors.

Lauren SCREAMS out with rage and bursts through the swinging doors, knives ready -

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lauren quickly dives all three knives into the killer's stomach, one big gapping wound. She twists it into his intestines, SCREAMING her head off.

The killer stands there, firm and caught off guard. He lets out a MUFFLED SCREAM.

Blood seeps out from the killer's mouth area, through the cotton mask. He teeters forward, Lauren freaks.

She tears out one of the kitchen knives from his stomach -

SLASH! Lauren stabs him right in the center of the chest - in the heart.

The killer's eyes roll back and he falls backwards. PLOP. A big mass of blood puddles around him. She stands there, just looking down at the body.

She leans down, reaches towards the mask. She touches the bottom of the beanie, tugs at it, trying to pull it up -

A VOICE from behind...

GUY'S VOICE

Lauren?

Lauren SCREAMS and spins around. Mitch. He stands there completely bamboozled and horrified by the sight.

Lauren rushes to Mitch and grabs hold of him, wrapping her arms around him. She throws her head into his chest for comfort - and he subtly WINCES, as if in pain. She breaks down and cries.

Lauren looks away from the bloody scene. Mitch grabs her hand and both of them limp along, out of the hallway...

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Daybreak dew covers the ground and plant life around. Early morning sunlight shines through large cottonwood trees.

Silence, except for the various sounds of animal life.

Scattered FOOTSTEPS, leaves CRUNCH, branches SNAP -

Seemingly out of nowhere, 5-6 POLICE OFFICERS appear. They make their way, frantically searching through brush, eyes darting in all directions.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The cops' footsteps and voices are off in the distance now.

A GIRL lies facedown behind a cluster of trees, motionless and silent. Dirt and leaves litter her messy brown hair.

CRUNCH. Footsteps through leaves approaches...

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The front door is now open in the background. POLICE cover the scene. FORENSICS hover near the masked killer's body - snapping photos, dusting for fingerprints, etc.

They turn him on his side, revealing his hands - bound together by rope behind his back. They snap a picture of this.

They lie the body back down and one of the forensics squats down, reaching down at the mask with his gloved hands...he meticulously begins to pull it up over the head, removing it. He gives the black beanie to another member of his crew and they quickly bag it.

SNAP! A forensic towers above and snaps several photos.

The dead body on the floor is Piers. Mouth taped shut by a thick piece of duct tape.

INT. BASEMENT - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

A COP plants a foot on the basement stairs, eyes searching. It's light outside but still dark down there.

He holds onto the railing and looks down -

A white glow illuminates from down below. He walks down just enough to see the source of the glow. The additional room that was locked for Amber earlier is now wide. He draws his gun from the holster.

He continues on down the stairs, looking around the work-in-progress basement. Tarps, boards, equipment - all spread out.

INT. BASEMENT - ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The cop enters the room.

The source of the light comes from a computer monitor. A desk and a computer are placed in the corner of the room. He approaches it, quite curious.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

A chat-box is open. *The exact same chat-box that Lauren uses.

The cop gazes up at the walls beside the propped up computer -

Maps, news clippings, photos of random girls align the wall. The cop looks on, completely captivated. There are photos of Vanessa, Shea, Jolene, Tori, and Lauren taped along the wall.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The dead girl's body is now turned over. Police are on scene.

Lauren's haunting dead eyes pierce up at the morning sky. Her throat has been slashed several times. Her lips, purple. Her skin, pale. Her mouth open as if the last thing she did was scream...

THE END.