

SANDRA

Just answer it. He's with Isaac.

Sandra peruses the opulent bar off to the side in the living room. Only hard liquor. Blech. She sips more of her White Claw.

GINNY

The last time Evan was here he threw up all over our new 4K TV. My mom had a fit. She made me take extra tennis lessons for three weeks.

SANDRA

(rolling eyes)

You poor, poor baby.

(then)

Just invite them. Homecoming is Friday and I still don't have a date.

GINNY

Fine, Sandra. But you owe me one.

(into phone)

Hello...

Sandra walks to the counter, holding up an old CHALICE. She looks at it, confused, then scans the counter. ARTIFACTS cover the expensive marble. JEWELS, JEWELRY, RELICS, TRIBAL MASKS, COINS...You name it, it's there.

SANDRA

What is all this shit?

GINNY

My dad's an art dealer. It's probably for some exhibit.

(into phone)

No. You're not coming over tonight, Evan. You're still on my list.

Sandra picks up a glass case sitting next to an EGYPTIAN MASK. Inside rests a DAGGER. She reads the tiny name plate...

SANDRA

Gin, what's a DOLA?

She scans the glass, no opening or lock. It's clearly protecting this weapon. And The Dola is breathtaking. Sharp. Looks powerful. Maybe even magical...

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Hey, there's no way to open this...

GINNY

Put it down. My dad would crack a nut if something happened to it.

(then, into phone)

Comprehension much? I just said you can't come over.

As Sandra sets The Dola back down, someone wearing the Egyptian mask lunges from behind the bar. Sandra SCREAMS!

EVAN, 17, messy-cute pulls the mask off. His friend Isaac rounds a corner holding a six-pack and laughing his ass off.

GINNY (CONT'D)

What are you idiots doing? How did you even get in here, Evan?

EVAN

The garage door is open.

Evan grabs her and starts kissing her neck. She pushes him away.

GINNY

My parents said no boys.

EVAN

I don't see any boys here. Just men.

The guys fist-bump. Ginny sticks her finger down her throat, mock-barfing. Sandra grab one of the beers from Isaac and hands it to Ginny.

SANDRA

Her parents won't be home until late.

ISAAC

Oh really? How do you know?

SANDRA

Cuz they're out getting shit-faced with my parents.

Ginny cracks the beer.

EXT. BACKYARD - FIELDS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We're close on a FIRE PIT as a log lands on the small pyre, kicking up embers.

WIDER:

Ginny, Sandra, Evan, and Isaac sit around a bougie fire pit. The flickering embers cast an eerie glow across their faces. Ginny nurses a beer as Evan and Isaac guzzle theirs. Sandra sticks to White Claw.

EVAN

...The Blissfield Butcher started his reign of terror in 1977 and it continues to this day.

ISAAC

A geriatric serial killer? Really?

GINNY

Don't underestimate a straight, white man's propensity for violence, Issac. I don't care how fucking old they are.

(then)

And your story is bullshit, Evan. The Butcher killed some kids in the nineties. And twenty years ago he disappeared. The rest is just local folklore.

SANDRA

Didn't The Butcher, like, also kill a bunch of kids at prom way back when?

(then)

Scoot closer, Isaac.

He does.

GINNY

Not prom. Homecoming. All The Blissfield Butcher stories are centered around Homecoming. And a new legend pops up every year during Homecoming Week to warn Blissfield's teenagers of the dangers of underage debauchery.

ISAAC

(guttural)

What will this year's story be?

Isaac turns sharply and GRABS Sandra, spilling beer on her top.

SANDRA

Oh my god! Isaac!

Sandra inspects the wet stain on her shirt.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
I smell like cheap beer now.

GINNY
There's some soda water in the bar.
That usually works.

Sandra gets up in a huff and starts heading back toward the house. Evan makes a face at Isaac like: "*go with her, dumb-ass.*" Isaac gets up and chases after Sandra.

Finally alone, Evan slips an arm around Ginny and starts kissing her.

EVAN
Maybe we should go inside too.

GINNY
Not in the house. My dad has a
blacklight.

EVAN
What? Does he go all Ivanka on you?

GINNY
Don't be gross.

Evan grabs Ginny's hand and rubs it against his crotch. She likes what she feels.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Follow me.

Ginny gets up and seductively pulls Evan along.

INT. EQUIPMENT SHED - NIGHT

They are up against a tennis ball machine. Clothes fly off, sounds are made. These teenagers are getting down.

EVAN
I've never fucked on a tennis ball
machine.

GINNY
Fun right?!

EVAN
So fun...

He pulls back, realizing...

EVAN (CONT'D)
Wait? You have?

GINNY
Many times. Now, are you gonna slut-
shame me or sex me? Your call...

He jumps on top of her and they get back into their groove.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - FIELDS HOUSE - NIGHT

Sandra is riffling through the cabinets, searching for the soda water as Isaac saddles up to the bar.

ISAAC
Sorry about the beer.

SANDRA
(ignoring him)
She said it was here.

Isaac notices a door by the bar. He opens it and finds a spiral staircase leading down into a WINE CELLAR.

ISAAC
Fuck. These people are *riiiiiich*.

Sandra keeps opening cabinets until....

SANDRA
A-ha!

She pulls out a bottle of soda water and immediately gets down to the business of cleaning the stain. Isaac starts down into the cellar.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

ISAAC
Whatever. Nobody's gonna miss *one bottle*.

And he's gone.

SANDRA
Fine. Your funeral.

INT. WINE CELLAR - FIELDS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Isaac winds down the staircase before pausing at the bottom. There are five standing WINE RACKS -- each about five feet tall and labeled by variety and region. The rest of the space is occupied by unopened CRATES stamped with international shipping labels. *Fancy.*

Isaac pursues the aisles. He stops and slides a bottle of BORDEAUX from the rack. He tries to read the label:

ISAAC
Chatta-Vishy-Poo?

BANG! The door upstairs SLAMS SHUT, startling Isaac. He drops the bottle of red as it shatters on the floor.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Shit.
(calling out)
Nice one Sandra! You made me drop
it!

Silence.

Isaac bends down and starts picking up the broken pieces of glass.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
You could at least come down and
help me clean this up!

Isaac stands and dumps a handful of glass on a nearby crate. Kneels down again and grabs a few more large shards. As he stands upright again, a large, filthy HAND flies into frame and pulls Isaac back into the nearest wine rack. Head bent back, he SCREAMS as a HULKING MAN (sunken eyes behind the same mask we saw earlier) raises a DESSERT WINE BOTTLE and jams the slender, glass neck into Isaac's open mouth -- RAMMING IT DOWN HIS THROAT. We see the shape of the bottle protruding through his neck.

ISAAC'S UPSIDE-DOWN POV -- as THE BUTCHER smiles, revealing a mouth of impossible rot.

Isaac chokes on another scream as The Butcher brings a closed fist down like a hammer and punches the bottle lodged in Isaac's throat. We hear the BOTTLE SHATTER as shards of glass tear through Isaac's skin, seeping blood.

The Butcher releases Isaac's hair, letting his body slide to the floor.

PRELAP: the sound of a toilet flushing...

INT. GUEST BATHROOM - FIELDS HOUSE - SAME

Sandra is buttoning her jeans and moves to the sink. As she starts to wash her hands somebody BANGS on the door.

SANDRA
One moment, please.

The banging gets louder.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Aggro-knocking won't make me move
any faster.

The banging immediately stops. Sandra reaches for a hand towel, muttering to herself, when BOOM! The door is kicked open. The Butcher storms into the bathroom and grabs Sandra by the throat. She SCREAMS as he shoves her down, forcing her head into the toilet. He grabs the porcelain lid and starts smashing her head over and over, crushing her skull as we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT SHED - SAME

Ginny and Evan are fucking on the ball machine. She cums. He doesn't. She quickly rolls over and starts grabbing her clothes.

EVAN
Wait. What about me?

GINNY
You're taking too long. It's a
vagina not an all-night drive
through.

Ginny stands and pulls on her top.

EVAN
Are you serious?

Ginny exits the shed. Evan grabs his clothes and starts putting them on.

EXT. BACKYARD - FIELDS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ginny starts off. Evan exits behind her, still putting on his shoes as he chases after her.

EVAN
 Can we go three more minutes?
 That's all I need.

Ginny SNICKERS. Turns down a stone path leading to the--

TENNIS COURT

Ginny cuts through the darkened court with Evan on her heels.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 Maybe just a handy?

The LIGHTS on the court snap on. They're so bright, they're almost blinding. Ginny turns, behind Evan is...

THE BUTCHER -- holding a graphite TENNIS RACKET.

Before she can react, The Butcher SNAPS the racket in half and jams the two broken ends into Evan's head. It almost looks like the racket has been put back together.

Ginny is paralyzed with terror as Evan's body hits the ground. The Butcher's dead, predatory gaze is locked on target. Ginny SCREAMS and starts running. The Butcher makes chase.

Ginny sprints across the lawn and reaches the back door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIELDS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ginny spins around and locks the door but The Butcher rams right into it, breaking the door off the hinge. Ginny keeps running. The Butcher spots an antique DOUBLE-TIP SPEAR mounted on the wall. He quickly grabs it and hurls the spear at Ginny.

ON GINNY as the spear misses her head by an inch before embedding into the wall.

INT. DEN - FIELDS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ginny rounds the corner and immediately hits a panel in the wall -- it opens up revealing a hidden FUR CLOSET. She quickly slips inside and closes the door.

The Butcher rounds the corner, searching the room but he's definitely lost her.

INSIDE THE FUR CLOSET

Ginny covers her own mouth with a trembling hand. She can hear him moving around out there.

BACK IN THE DEN

The Butcher moves on to the next room. Suddenly we HEAR a car horn HONK TWICE.

EXT. FIELDS HOUSE - SAME

A MERCEDES S-Class starts up the long driveway.

IN THE FUR CLOSET

Ginny hears the horn. Overcome with relief...

GINNY
(whisper)
Daddy.

BACK IN THE DEN

Ginny dashes out of the fur closet and runs back toward the living room. She can see HEADLIGHTS washing over the room as WHAM! The Butcher steps out into her path. In one quick, swift motion, The Butcher grabs Ginny and swings her in a 180 pivot and impales her onto the spear still stuck in the wall.

Ginny's body twitches as blood drips onto the parquet floor.

The Butcher slips away. Cutting back through the DEN. Half way out he spots something that gives him a moment's pause...

THE DOLA.

Still resting on the bar. He picks it up and SMASHES THE CASE. Free from its glass prison. The Butcher picks it up, instantly riveted. *In love*. His wild eyes reflected in the blade.

We HEAR voices off screen. Ginny's parents are coming through the front door. The Butcher slips the blade into the back of his pants and takes off. The voices off screen turn to SHRILL SCREAMS as we...

SLAM TO TITLE

Millie and Coral both turn to see CHARLENE KESSLER, 23, tough, empowered, entering the kitchen as she places a BLISSFIELD POLICE DEPARTMENT ISSUED GUN in her holster. She flips her hair in a ponytail-- a sporty look to match her sporty Deputy's uniform. Coral tosses the wine bottle in the trash before Charlene can see it.

CORAL

What's the rush? Sit. Eat. Let's dine like a family for a change.

CHARLENE

Family. Right.

Charlene sits. Millie slinks in her chair, trying to hide. Coral serves them both and sits down.

CORAL

(covering)

Isn't this nice? Feels like we hardly do this together anymore since...

Silence. It's awkward. Millie reaches for a brand new jar of STRAWBERRY JELLY but struggles to open the lid.

CHARLENE

So, Millie, do you have a date for the Homecoming dance tomorrow?

Millie almost spits her food out.

MILLIE

I...

CORAL

She has a date with me. We're going to see Wicked at the Anus Theater.

MILLIE

(correcting; softly)

Anis.

Charlene levels an "Are you fucking kidding?" stare at her sister, while Millie avoids eye contact, still struggling to open the jar.

CORAL

What?

CHARLENE

Nothing. Just...seems a little weird to miss out on a seminal high school experience to go see some shit regional theater. *With your mom.*

CORAL

Aren't you supposed to discourage her from things like that? It's all just underage drinking and god-knows what else that can end in tragedy.

CHARLENE

Oh her night's still ending in tragedy.

Charlene reaches across the table, snatches the jar out of Millie's hand, and easily pops it open. She hands it back to Millie.

Hurt and offended, Coral looks at Millie.

CORAL

Millie, you're excited to go, aren't you?

Poor Millie. She's in a lose-lose position here.

MILLIE

Yeah...of course.

Charlene looks at her sister -- her gaze a searing mixture of pity and shame. Luckily, Charlene's cell phone BUZZES. She looks at the text. Immediately jumps up.

CHARLENE

Gotta run. Sheriff says it's urgent.

Charlene goes to the trash -- she starts to scrape her leftovers into the bin when she spots the empty bottle of wine. Charlene looks at her mom but Coral averts her eyes.

Charlene grabs her gear and leaves. The awkward vibe is still hanging in the air. Millie, ever the fixer, stabs another bite of her pancakes and forces a smile.

MILLIE

These are really good, mom. Thanks.

Coral just looks down, moving her food around her plate but not eating any.

EXT. KESSLER HOUSE - MORNING

Millie exits the house, carrying her oversized backpack stuffed with books.

As she lands on the sidewalk she crosses paths with MR. DANIELS, 50's, African American, NPR subscriber, and his adorable WIENER DOG. Millie pauses to pet the dog.

MR. DANIELS
Mornin', Millie.

MILLIE
Hi, Mr. Daniels.

Off screen we HEAR the excruciating whine of a car muffler. Millie turns as the most busted CHEVY AVEO (paint stripped, no hubcaps) pulls up to the curb. Behind the wheel: JOSHUA DETMER, 18, fearless, ferocious, VERY gay. Riding shotgun: Millie's BFF, NYLA CHONES, 17, African American, artsy, plucky.

As Nyla throws the door open to let Millie in, Joshua leans across the seat and shouts:

JOSHUA
I love your black wiener, Mr. Daniels!

Millie stifles a laugh as she climbs into the backseat.

NYLA
(admonishing)
Joshua...

JOSHUA
The dog is black, Nyla.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Millie sits in the backseat, sheepishly biting her nails while Joshua stares her down.

MILLIE
What?

JOSHUA
Don't "what" me, missy. You asked her right?

Millie shrugs.

NYLA

Millie you promised.

MILLIE

I know but she made me feel bad.

JOSHUA

Your mom's superpower is guilt. Now you're going to miss the Homecoming dance to watch some hag in green-face hanging from a wire? C'mon. Tit-up.

MILLIE

Why do you even want to go? It's just a lame dance.

NYLA

I have to shoot it for yearbook.

JOSHUA

I'm in it for the drunk straight boys who'll suddenly realize they're fluid.

NYLA

That sounds kinda rapey.

JOSHUA

Good. Have you seen what's on the menu in this town?

He grabs his phone and goes on GRINDR -- there's only ONE PERSON on there and he's a sad-sack in his 50's.

NYLA

Is that the mailman?

JOSHUA

Welcome to Tragicstan.

(to Millie)

And hello? Booker's gonna be at the dance. This is your chance to *land that plane*.

Millie sighs. Nyla turns around in her seat and takes Millie's hand.

NYLA

It's been a year, Mill. You can't keep living your life for someone else. You gotta start doing things for you.

MILLIE
It's not that easy. My dad was her
whole world.

Millie's gaze drifts off -- she's so conflicted.

EXT. BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

HOME OF THE BLISSFIELD BATTLIN' BEAVERS!

A large, sprawling campus near the heart of town. STUDENTS file into the building. Everything looks business as usual.

INT. HALLWAY - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Millie walks down the main corridor. STUDENTS ARE EVERYWHERE. She hugs the wall, her hair covering her face. It's clear Millie likes to keep a low profile.

She eyes a gaggle of GIRLS ahead. Pretty. Popular. *Fake*. Among them, a spunky girl, RYLER, 17, spots Millie and stops her.

RYLER
Millie! Hi.

MILLIE
Hi, Ryler.

Ryler gives Millie a quick up and down.

RYLER
I love your dress.

Millie's guard is up. It should be.

MILLIE
Thanks...

RYLER
Where did you get it?

Millie's eyes dart between Ryler and the other girls.

MILLIE
It's...I've had it a while. I don't remember.

RYLER
I think I saw it at Walmart.
(to her friends; duh)
I had to pee.
(MORE)

RYLER (CONT'D)
 (back to Millie)
 Did your mom use her employee
 discount?

Millie's face starts to turn bright red.

RYLER (CONT'D)
 Anyway, you look adorbs. Seriously.

Millie nods with a thin smile as she dies inside. She hurries off but she can hear SNICKERING in her wake.

Millie moves further down the hall, spotting...

BOOKER STRODE, 17, the handsome jock with a heart of gold.

Millie wants to say hi but just as Booker spots her she turns the other way. He turns back to his friends, still clocking Millie out of the corner of his eye as she slips past a door into...

INT. GIRL'S RESTROOM - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Millie lands in the empty bathroom. She approaches the sink and finds her reflection -- the mirror is cracked, splitting her face in half. She studies her reflection for a beat -- she doesn't like what she sees.

Opening her backpack, Millie pulls on a baggy sweater, covering half of the dress. The passing bell rings.

MILLIE
 Shit.

She rushes out.

INT. WOODSHOP CLASS - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

PHIL, 18, cute but smug, drones on in front of the class. A DOGHOUSE sits on MR. BERNARDI'S desk. Bernardi, 40's, bald, looks like an uptight prick, stands nearby as Phil's presentation bores everyone to death.

PHIL
 ...And I did a common A-frame but
 with delicate detail to the window
 framing. Any dog of any size would
 kill to call this their home --

The door swings open -- Millie enters the classroom. She scurries past Bernardi; sheepish:

MILLIE
Sorry, Mr. Bernardi.

MR. BERNARDI
Late again, Miss Kessler.

He somehow draws out the word "Miss" in such a chauvinist way. This guy is a prick.

MILLIE
It won't happen again.

MR. BERNARDI
Doubt that. Just sit down.

Millie moves toward the only empty seat in the back of the room. Booker (her crush) sits at her station but Millie avoids eye-contact. As she sits down he leans in and whispers:

BOOKER
Pro-tip: always set your watch five minutes early. Saves my ass every time.

Millie smiles shyly.

MILLIE
Thanks.

Phil's presentation ends. There's a smattering of obligatory applause. Millie discreetly rolls her eye and looks out the window.

MR. BERNARDI
Good work, Phil. Once again setting the class standard.

Phil smiles with a mouthful of perfect teeth, and returns to his desk. Mr. Bernardi looks at his day planner.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
Next up is...Millie Kessler.

Millie continues staring out the window.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
Flat Earth to Miss Kessler.

Millie comes to, turning to face her class. All eyes on her.

MILLIE
Yes, Mr. Bernardi.

MR. BERNARDI
It's time to present your doghouse.

She looks around, confused, anxious.

MILLIE
My presentation isn't scheduled
until next week.

MR. BERNARDI
I want you to do it now.

MILLIE
But you said my presentation is the
16th. It's not ready.

Mr. Bernardi tosses his day planner on his desk, the THUD causing Millie to jump a bit, startled.

MR. BERNARDI
Once again Miss Kessler is holding
up the class. And once again Miss
Kessler is not prepared.

Millie slinks down in her chair. She turns to her right, spotting Booker. He smiles at her, trying to comfort her.

BOOKER
This seems harsh, Mr. B. You said
the 16th.

MR. BERNARDI
Keep it, Booker.

Booker clenches his fist, he wants to punch this guy. Then--

MILLIE
(almost a whisper)
Can I do it the 16th?

MR. BERNARDI
Speak up!

She jumps, startled again. A tear slides down her cheek.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
A crocodile tear doesn't excuse
your poor planning, Miss Kessler.

Embarrassed, Millie quickly wipes it away.

Suddenly one BUZZ and RING after another ECHOES throughout the classroom.

Students grab phones and tablets from their bags and pockets, all receiving texts. WHISPERS and GASPS are quickly heard throughout.

Millie's phones BUZZES. Push Notification. The headline--

"Four Blissfield Teens Found Brutally Butchered"

INT. BUNKER - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

You know the place where misfits hide at lunchtime? This is it. The concrete subterranean room is a dusty relic of the Cold War era and the perfect place to break bread.

Millie sits with Nyla -- they both have their phones out, skimming articles about the unfolding tragedy.

NYLA

This is completely bonkers.

MILLIE

I'm in total shock. I just saw Sandra two days ago in PE. Now she's --

The door BANGS OPEN. Joshua enters, excited, and hurries down the steps.

JOSHUA

Oh my god! It's a slaughterhouse!

NYLA

Are you smiling?

He dumps his bag (it's a tote) and plops next to the girls.

JOSHUA

Everyone is freaking out topside.
Check this out --

He whips his phone out and shows them RYLER'S INSTAGRAM STORY -- Ryler is sobbing for the camera.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN:

Ryler's mascara is running in perfect lighting.

RYLER

*Ginny was one of my best friends!
WHY?! I'm like...falling apart you
guys. Please DM me. I don't think I
can deal with this alone.*

The video ends. Joshua rolls his eyes.

JOSHUA

Bitch please. Ginny hated Ryler after she started that rumor about Ginny getting a carrot stuck in her pussy.

NYLA

Don't say that word.

JOSHUA

Whatever. Va-gi-na.

MILLIE

Who would do something like this?

JOSHUA

The Blissfield Butcher.

NYLA

He's just an urban legend. He's not real.

JOSHUA

Four very dead teens. Seems pretty real to me.

MILLIE

Whoever it is...he's still out there.

NYLA

That's so creepy.

MILLIE

They're gonna have to cancel homecoming.

JOSHUA

Please. Are you kidding? Homecoming's like Christmas here. They're not canceling it.

PRELAP: The sound of a siren...

INT. ENTRY WAY - FIELDS HOUSE - DAY

OFFICERS and TECHNICIANS investigate, dusting for prints, taking photos, bagging evidence.

Charlene follows SHERIFF SAMUEL LARKIN, 50s, no-nonsense, as he strides through the house. He's holding a FILE.

SHERIFF LARKIN

We're setting up check-points on each side of town.

CHARLENE

Are we looking for more than one person, Sheriff?

SHERIFF LARKIN

No. He operates solo.

Larkin and Charlene dodge the CORONER wheeling a body-bag past them.

CHARLENE

He? You say that like you already know who did it.

Larkin hands her the file he's carrying. Charlene opens it -- finds a handful of printed ARTICLES. They all share similar headlines from different cities/towns: TEENS MURDERED. The last article is from a 1996 local paper. The headline reads: "HOMECOMING MASSACRE."

Charlene stops dead in her tracks.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

You're telling me The Butcher is real?

SHERIFF LARKIN

I don't know. Why don't you ask her?

They turn and stare at the wall where Ginny is still on display. Her dead eyes are open. A look of shock still stretched across her face.

The CORONER is there inspecting the spear and Ginny.

CHARLENE

Jesus Christ...

A ROOKIE COP hurries over. This is DEPUTY IAN PARSONS, 27, borderline moron.

DEPUTY PARSONS

Sheriff, the victim's dad says something's missing. A dagger.

He offers the Sheriff a CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY that features a photo and description of THE DOLA.

SHERIFF LARKIN
 (reading aloud)
*The Dola...ancient Byzantine weapon
 said to possess mystical powers.*

CHARLENE
 Millions of dollars worth of
 artifacts here and he only takes a
 knife?

SHERIFF LARKIN
 Let's just hope we catch him before
 he tries to use it.

EXT. BATTLIN' BEAVER STADIUM - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Everyone in town is there. Second Quarter. Blissfield 21,
 Guests 0. And the stadium is rocking. If it wasn't for TWO
 COPS stationed at each entrance, it would seem as if everyone
 forgot there were four murders last night.

Nyla and Joshua stand on the track, Nyla's camera around her
 neck. Nyla grabs her camera and ZOOMS INTO the cops. Snaps a
 couple photos.

NYLA
 Still think it's totally messed up.

JOSHUA
 'Merica loves her football.

Blissfield scores another touchdown. The stands go wild. Nyla
 turns her camera to the BATTLIN' BEAVER MASCOT doing a fairly
 elaborate hip-hop-esque dance in the oversized costume as a
 gaggle of CHEERLEADERS shout the "Blissfield Fight" song:

CHEERLEADERS
 (in unison)
*Hail hail Blissfield High!
 Chomp chomp chomp, our battle cry!
 When our Beavers come to fight,
 feel our glory and our might!*

Nyla shouts at the mascot:

NYLA
 Shake that ass, baby!

But somebody throws an empty SODA CAN at the mascot. It
 bounces off the Beaver's head to a CACOPHONY OF LAUGHTER. The
 mascot removes the beaver head revealing...

IT'S MILLIE.

She scans the sidelines for the culprit. Phil (the kiss-ass from woodshop), in a football uniform, clearly never plays, stands and shouts:

PHIL
The only beaver nobody would touch!

The other JOCKS LAUGH except for Booker. Nyla and Joshua shoot Phil a nasty look.

NYLA
Asshole.

JOSHUA
But a cute asshole.

Booker turns to Millie but she's already pulling her mask back on to hide her embarrassment.

EXT. BATTLIN' BEAVER STADIUM - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

The game is over. Blissfield won big. The crowd has thinned to a trickle. Millie walks toward the exit with Nyla and Joshua. Joshua holds the Beaver head for Millie as she texts her mom.

NYLA
You should quit. It's not worth it.

MILLIE
Extracurriculars look good on applications.

NYLA
Assuming your mom even lets you go away to college.

Millie looks at Nyla like: *Don't start.*

They stop at the edge of the parking lot. Millie scans the near empty lot.

MILLIE
She's late. Again.

JOSHUA
You sure you don't want a ride home?

MILLIE
(more for herself)
No. She'll be here. She probably stopped to get gas.

JOSHUA

Want us to wait with you? There's a psycho roaming free.

MILLIE

No. Go. There's plenty of people still around. Scoot. My mom will be here any minute.

Joshua hands Millie the Beaver head.

JOSHUA

Love ya, poodle.

They do a secret handshake. Nyla gives her a hug. Millie watches them get in Joshua's beater and take off.

Millie checks her phone again. No reply from mom. She texts again: **ARE YOU ON YOUR WAY???**

INT. LIVING ROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - SAME

Coral is passed out on the sofa. The TV is on -- an empty bottle of WINE resting on the coffee table next to her CELL PHONE as it CHIMES.

Coral sleeps right through the text.

We HEAR keys jangle in the front door. Charlene enters the house -- exhausted from a long work day. She spots Coral. And the bottle. SIGHS. Charlene moves to the coffee table and picks up Coral's phone -- sees 4 MISSED CALLS and multiple text messages from Millie.

CHARLENE

God-damn it.

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Millie sits on a bench by herself. The lot is totally deserted. Not a soul in sight.

The wind kicks up as Millie hugs her beaver head a little tighter. A tad creeped out.

She checks her phone -- the battery is almost dead.

MILLIE

Shit.

Millie's phone RINGS -- an INCOMING CALL from Char. Millie answers it.

CHARLENE

She's passed out on the couch.

MILLIE

Do you mind coming to get --

The call drops. Millie looks at her phone. The battery just died.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Are you serious right now?!

The STADIUM LIGHTS power down, plunging Millie into near total darkness. Shit just went from creepy to full-blown scary.

Millie gets up and looks around. She feels prone and helpless.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Screw this.

Millie takes off. Heading for the street.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 19 - BLISSFIELD - NIGHT

Millie walks along a two-lane highway. Woods on either side. She's cold, carrying her beaver costume, looks tired. And very pissed.

MILLIE

Drunk mother. Didn't show. Look at me, I'm a soon to be dead cliché.

A car approaches, Millie shielding herself with the costume. She ducks, the car passing.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Thanks for stopping.

(then)

Okay maybe that was a good thing.

Another car. She ducks again. They zoom by.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

You're safe, little beaver. Just keep walking. Home isn't far.

Another car approaches. Millie ducks one more time. But this car slows down. A BEAT UP OLD TRUCK, in fact. And stops. About ten feet down the road. A MAN inside.

MAN'S VOICE
 (deep voice)
 I can give you a lift.

The Man's face remains in the shadows. Millie squirms, pretending not to hear him.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 Miss. I see you.
 (then)
 Over there.
 (then)
 Behind the...Beaver.

Millie casually appears, arm resting on the beaver's head. Playing it cool.

MILLIE
 I'm good, thanks. Just taking a
 lil' break.

MAN'S VOICE
 Need I remind you that there's a
 killer on the loose?

Thinking against her better judgment, Millie steps forward.

PRELAP: A door slamming shut...

EXT./INT. COUNTY ROAD 19 / TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Millie sits in the passenger's seat, her costume in the truck bed. The Man, still hidden in the shadows, drives down the road, going a little too fast for Millie's taste. He clocks her costume:

MAN
 The Battlin' Beaver. I was him my
 senior year. Blissfield class of
 '86.

MILLIE
 I'm the first girl to don the
 mighty Beev.

MAN
 Good for you, little lady. Good for
 you. Now what has you walkin' down
 a dark road all alone?

MILLIE
 (reaching)
 I think, uh, I got stood up.

MAN

A pretty thing like you? I don't believe it.

This is weird. But Millie leans in, playing it cool.

MILLIE

Right? I'm a fucking piece.

She turns, looking out the window.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I am the worst feminist to ever feminist.

Suddenly the man SLAMS on the breaks. Millie SCREAMS. The Man doesn't make a sound. Or move. His eyes are only focused ahead. On the road--

A body.

Looking very much dead. Or playing dead.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

Millie reaches for the door handle.

MAN

Don't get out.

MILLIE

Do you have a phone? We need to help him. He could be hurt.

The Man grabs his cell phone.

MAN'S VOICE

Maybe we oughta drive on. Find some help.

MILLIE

He could be dying!

MAN

Yeah. Count me out. I'm stayin' here.

MILLIE

Jesus. Fine.

She opens her door, stepping out of the truck.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD 19 - BLISSFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Millie moves past the truck, into the center of the road. The truck's headlights shining around her and onto the body in the road.

Millie approaches the body. 10 feet... 5 feet... 4 feet.

Three feet...

BACK IN THE TRUCK:

The Man watches Millie inch closer to the body. He shakes his head.

MAN

That's one stupid girl --

BAM!

THE REAR CABIN WINDOW OF THE TRUCK EXPLODES. A HAND reaches through and rips the man backward!

IN THE BED OF THE TRUCK

The Butcher pulls the man halfway out the window. He grabs his head and twists it around -- a full 180 of snapping vertebrae.

IN THE ROAD

Millie turns as The Butcher stands upright in the back of the truck. Terrified, she stumbles backward -- trips over the body. It's a HUNTER. His entire jaw is missing. Millie SCREAMS.

The Butcher hops out of the truck -- strides toward her. He smiles his rotten smile and reveals...

THE DOLA

Millie scrambles back on her feet, flight mode kicking in, and takes off into the woods. The Butcher follows.

EXT. WOODS - BLISSFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Millie dashes through brush as she keeps looking back. The Butcher keeps apace.

Rounding a bend she discover's the HUNTER'S CAMPING GEAR. There's a RIFLE resting by his bag. She quickly picks it up. Aims it at The Butcher as he rounds the bend. He freezes.

Millie stands her ground. It's a Mexican standoff with one gun. The Butcher doesn't move. Chest heaving. Grip tightening around The Dola's handle.

MILLIE

Get away from me or I'll shoot!

The Butcher takes a step forward. Millie pulls the trigger but nothing happens. Millie's eyes go wide: *OH FUCK*. The Butcher advances quickly. Millie wrestles with the BOLT until she gets a round into the chamber. Aims the gun again but it's too late. The Butcher slaps the gun away just as it fires.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 19 - BLISSFIELD - SAME

Charlene is just getting out of her cruiser when she HEARS the gunshot ring out. Immediately grabs her firearm and runs into the woods.

BACK IN THE WOODS:

The Butcher grabs Millie by the throat and lifts her off the ground. Legs flailing, Millie fights back in vain. The Butcher raises THE DOLA high in the air and brings it down on her left shoulder. She SCREAMS.

AND SO DOES THE BUTCHER.

He drops Millie to the ground. She pushes herself away as The Butcher drops The Dola, stumbles backward, grabbing his left shoulder -- blood seeping through. He rips his MASK OFF and looks at Millie -- she has her hand over her left shoulder too. They lock eyes -- both confused by what just happened.

Millie's eyes land back on The Dola, resting equidistant between her and The Butcher. She lunges for it. He does too. Millie gets to it first when...

CHARLENE (O.S.)

Freeze!

Millie turns, Charlene stands behind her, gun cocked, aimed at The Butcher. The Butcher takes off! Charlene fires twice -- the bullets rip into a tree, narrowly missing him.

Charlene races to Millie, sees she's been injured. She grabs her two-way radio and calls for backup. Millie looks out onto the woods as she whispers to herself:

MILLIE

...it hurt him too...

Charlene quickly applies pressure to her sister's wound.

CHARLENE
You're okay. You're okay. Help's
coming.

CLOSE ON MILLIE as her gaze drifts down to THE DOLA -- still
clutched in her grip. Its strange bejeweled handle glints in
the moonlight as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A SMALL CROWD OF RESIDENTS AND REPORTERS HAVE DESCENDED.

INT. BULL PEN - BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Millie sits in the corner, holding a styrofoam cup of cold
tea, absently staring into space. She's clearly in shock.

Charlene approaches and offers Millie some ASPIRIN.

CHARLENE
How's the shoulder?

MILLIE
It's fine. But my head is on fire.

She takes the pills, gulping down the water.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
This must be what mom feels every
morning.

CHARLENE
Speaking of...

Coral enters the station in total hysterics. She races to
Millie, hugging her close.

CORAL
Millie. Oh my, oh honey, mommy's
here.

Coral's words are a tad slurred. She's still drunk. This
stings Millie. But she lets it go.

MILLIE
I'm fine, mom.

Charlene levels the coldest, hardest stare on her mom, which Coral expertly ignores.

CORAL

Millie, oh my Millie. Let's get you home.

She guides Millie up and out of the chair.

MILLIE

Mom. Really. Besides a monster headache I'm fine.

Charlene slyly takes Coral's keys and moves towards the front door with them. Millie looks back, spots THE DOLA, in an evidence bag, just as Deputy Parsons scurries by, scoops it up and takes it to an evidence locker.

INT. BATHROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Steam wafts through the room. Millie lounges in the tub, protective plastic over her wound.

We can HEAR Charlene and Coral's muffled argument in the next room. Charlene's laying into her mom for passing out drunk.

Millie takes a wet washcloth and drapes it over her face.

PRELAP: an ominous roll of thunder...

INT. MILLIE'S BEDROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - LATER

Lightning flashes through the window as we slowly PUSH IN toward Millie -- asleep in her bed. Faint whispers begin to build:

VOICES

Dola...Dola...Dola...

Millie tosses and turns in bed, lost in a nightmare. The voices continue to grow louder:

VOICES (CONT'D)

DOLA...DOLA...DOLA...

The storm rages on outside as the voices overlap with SCREAMS. Millie thrashes in bed. Lightning flashes. Thunder claps. More screams. All of this, as the chanting voices build to a frightening crescendo.

We will refer to them by their "mind names." Millie may be in The Butcher's body but she's still Millie on the inside so that's what we will call her.

Millie runs to the BATHROOM and turns on the light. There's a HUMAN SKULL in the toilet. She SCREAMS again. Turns to the mirror. Sees the same reflection.

MILLIE
WHAT THE FUCK?!!!

Millie steps away from the mirror. Pacing back and forth, trying to calm herself down.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
It's just a hallucination...caused
by trauma...it'll pass...you're
okay...

BANG-BANG-BANG!

Millie startles. Someone's at the door. She takes a deep, cleansing breath. Smooths her clothes over with both hands. She turns to exit the bathroom and catches another glimpse of the skull in the toilet.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
(matter-of-fact)
That's not real either.

She slaps the toilet lid shut and exits.

Crossing the room, Millie steps up to the door and opens it. There's a shady MOTEL MANAGER waiting outside. Horrible toupee. Hairy mole on his cheek.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Ew.

MOTEL MANAGER
You're disturbing the other guests.

MILLIE
I'm sorry. I...uh...can I ask you
something?

MOTEL MANAGER
What?

MILLIE
What do I look like to you?

The manager squishes his face: *WTF?*

MILLIE (CONT'D)
I mean...am I a...girl?

MOTEL MANAGER
A girl?

MILLIE
Yeah. Five-six. On the petite side.
Blondish hair...cute on a good day
but sorta average.

MOTEL MANAGER
Look...I don't know what kinda
fucked-up shit you're on but you
keep screaming and hollering like
that and your ass is out. Period.

MILLIE
So...not a *girl*?

MOTEL MANAGER
In your dreams, weirdo.

The manager SLAMS the door in Millie's face.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLIE'S BEDROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - MORNING

"Millie" (obviously it's The Butcher in her body) lies face-down in a tangle of pink bedsheets. We HEAR light rapping on the door. Coral's voice coaxes from the other side:

CORAL (O.S.)
(sing-song)
Millie...sweetie...

The Butcher rolls over and comes face to face with the heartthrob poster of BRENDON URIE. The Butcher: *HUH?*

The Butcher slowly sits up. He too is immediately struck by his surroundings: everything is pastel, puffy and sweet. A not-a-girl-not-yet-a-woman vibe. As he takes it all in....

The bedroom door opens -- Coral pops her head into the room.

CORAL (CONT'D)
Oh good, you're up. How you
feeling?

The Butcher just stares at her. Confused yet laconic. He feels something strange in his mouth -- awkwardly extracts Millie's mouthguard and drops it on the floor.

CORAL (CONT'D)
How's your shoulder?

He looks down where he/she was stabbed. Runs his fingers over it when he's struck by HIS HAND. Delicate fingers and nail polish. He stares at the hand as if it were attached to someone else.

CORAL (CONT'D)
Come eat. You're probably famished.

But The Butcher is still looking at his hand -- opening and closing it like some automaton.

CORAL (CONT'D)
Honey...you okay?

The Butcher looks at her. Nods slowly.

CORAL (CONT'D)
I made your favorite. French Toast
with caramelized bananas.

Coral leaves. The Butcher climbs out of bed and moves to a full-length mirror mounted behind the open closet door. His movements are lumbering and deliberate.

ANGLE ON THE MIRROR

As The Butcher silently analyzes his new body. Touches his long hair. His soft lips. He looks down at his chest. He squeezes both breasts -- it's entirely non-sexual.

CORAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Millie! Food's getting cold!

The Butcher slowly turns and marches out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - KESSLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Coral is buzzing around the kitchen. She's whipped up a veritable GUILT BUFFET. Food for a dozen people.

The Butcher arrives in the doorway. Eyes roaming. Taking it all in. He spots a small TV on the counter -- a local NEWS REPORT cuts to a very accurate POLICE SKETCH of The Butcher with the words "KILLER STILL AT LARGE" at the bottom of the screen. Coral notices "her daughter" watching it and quickly turns the TV off.

CORAL
Sit, silly.

Coral starts cutting some PINEAPPLE with a large CHEF'S KNIFE.

The Butcher sits down before a huge pile of French toast and bacon. He grabs a fork with a vice grip and barbarically starts shoveling the food into his mouth.

CORAL (CONT'D)
Oh. You are hungry. Poor thing.

He doesn't look at her. Abandons the fork. Just starts grabbing food and wolfing it down. Coral laughs nervously.

CORAL (CONT'D)
There's...plenty more...

The Butcher shoves the plate away. Turns and looks at Coral -- his gaze is intense. Bloodthirsty. Coral's eyes betray her happy visage.

The doorbell rings. Coral rushes off to answer it. The Butcher's gaze falls on the PINEAPPLE...and the KNIFE Coral just left behind.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Coral answers the door. It's FRANK the mailman but we recognize him from Joshua's Grindr. He's holding a stack of mail.

FRANK
Hey, Mrs. K.

CORAL
Oh, hi Frank.

FRANK
Was gonna stick this in your box
but figured I better check on
y'all.
(lowers his voice)
How's Millie? I heard. Just awful.

CORAL
I think she's a little bit in shock
but she's doing okay.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN

The Butcher is holding the huge KNIFE. He studies his reflection in the blade. Mesmerized.

CHARLENE (O.S.)
 This house smells like a fuckin'
 Denny's...

Charlene bounds into the kitchen wearing her uniform. Sees "Millie" standing there with the knife.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
 Hey. Thought you were still
 sleepin'...

The Butcher recognizes this one and he doesn't like her. Charlene is taken aback by Millie's cold stare.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
 Good morning?

The Butcher doesn't break eye contact.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)
 O-kaaaay. I'll give the 'tude a
 pass because you were stabbed.

Charlene moves to the coffee maker. She starts to fix herself a cup of coffee as The Butcher slowly stalks her from behind, knife at the ready...only inches away...

Coral comes back into the kitchen. Sees The Butcher holding the knife and simply takes it away.

CORAL
 I got it sweetie. Why don't you go
 get ready for school.

Coral goes back to her chopping. He "speaks" for the first time.

THE BUTCHER
School...

CORAL
 Yeah. I mean if you're up for it.
 I'm sure all your friends are
 worried about you.

A sinister grin appears on his face.

THE BUTCHER
Friends...

EXT. DOWNTOWN BLISSFIELD - DAY

Idyllic and cute. The CLOCK TOWER tolls the hour as...

Millie (again, in The Butcher's body) hurries down the sidewalk. Some people clock her with strange stares. Millie smiles at them regardless.

Halfway down the block, Millie sees Mr. Daniels and his Wiener Dog approaching. She brightens, relieved to see a familiar face.

MILLIE
Hi, Mr. Daniels!

Mr. Daniels looks at her, confused. (He doesn't recognize this brutish vagrant.) Millie goes to pet the dog but the dog goes nuts, protectively SNAPPING and BARKING. Millie backs away and SLAMS into a WOMAN carrying her DRY CLEANING. The Woman topples backward and hits the ground hard -- drops her dry cleaning.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Oh my god! I'm so sorry! Are you okay?

The Woman stares at her. Millie reaches to help her collect her stuff but The Woman gasps:

WOMAN
It's you...IT'S HIM!

THE WOMAN STARTS SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HER LUNGS!

Terrified, Millie stumbles back and starts running. The Woman keeps screaming as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MILLIE'S BEDROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - MORNING

The Butcher stands in front of Millie's closet, riffling through dowdy frocks and baggy sweaters. He grunts his disapproval with every passing hanger.

INT. CHARLENE'S BEDROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Butcher robotically marches into the room. Finds the closet and opens it. He starts rummaging around until he pulls a sexy, skimpy dress from the closet.

The CHORDETTE'S rendition of "QUE SERA SERA " begins as The Butcher methodically examines the garment with a tilted head.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING*HOME OF THE BLISSFIELD BATTLIN' BEAVERS!*

Homecoming fever is still alive and kicking. In SLOW MOTION we see a MARCHING BAND playing outside to the bustling STUDENT BODY. The whole scene is surreal...NEWS VANS loom in the distance, reminding us that four kids died but these students are here to party.

In the middle of the reveling we see THE BUTCHER, a wraith moving up stream against his "peers" as air cannons blast pink and powder blue CONFETTI into the air.

INT. HALLWAY - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

STILL IN SLOW MOTION: The double doors fling open revealing...THE BUTCHER -- looking FIERCE AS FUCK. He enters the crowded hallway backlit by a halo of sunlight and fluttering confetti. All eyes are on him. And everyone wants a piece of him.

STUDENT (O.S.)

Millie, you're a hero!

Students gawk. Some approach to lend support or just fawn over him but The Butcher doesn't react. He's like the fucking Terminator moving down this hallway.

He passes Nyla and Joshua -- who do a double take.

NYLA

Is that?...

JOSHUA

Does she look cute?

They go after him.

BACK ON THE BUTCHER

As Joshua and Nyla saddle-up to him.

NYLA

What's with the outfit, Mill?

JOSHUA

I can't believe your mom let you come to school today.

No reaction. Not even a glance.

NYLA

You okay?

Ryler slides up. The Butcher looks at her and smiles. *She's his type.*

RYLER

(snapping photo)

Smile for Insta!

(then)

Millie, you're Blissfield's Victim.
We love you.

NYLA

Can you not, Ryler?

JOSHUA

Piss off, Ryler. This isn't about you.

The Butcher scowls at Nyla and Joshua.

THE BUTCHER

Fuck. Off.

They both freeze. Shocked. The Butcher walks away with Ryler.

NYLA

Wait. Did that just happen?

JOSHUA

She's in shock. It's shock. Mhm.

FURTHER DOWN THE HALL

Ryler hasn't stopped talking. The Butcher looks at her like lunch.

RYLER

...And that police sketch? Of course that guy is a killer. That gross, bloated, sweaty face...Those jagged, deep scars and brown teeth. I mean, I don't think I've ever seen anyone as hideous as that. Fucking ick-nast, riiiiight?

The Butcher stops.

THE BUTCHER

Come with me.

RYLER

Uh...where?

THE BUTCHER
Some place. Private.

Ryler GASPS. Looks around before leaning in -- cone of silence:

RYLER
Oh my god. Something else happened last night, didn't it? You can totally tell me. I'm like...the most trustworthy person.

Ryler grabs The Butcher's arm and pulls him away.

The BELL RINGS. Everyone else hurries off to their classes.

EXT. BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A police cruiser drifts past the school as the last stragglers disappear into the building.

TIGHTER ON THE CRUISER

As it clears frame. Suddenly a BUSH shakes as Millie crawls out from her hiding place. Mid-crawl, she gets a whiff of herself and growls:

MILLIE
Jesus, this guy smells like hot dog water.

She gets to her feet and looks both ways before making a mad-dash for the school. She runs past a TREE and gets CLOTHESLINED by a branch. Rubbing her forehead:

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Fuck. I'm tall.

Millie gets up and runs across the street and disappears through one of the school's CELLAR DOORS.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Big. Empty. Subterranean and dark. The only light comes from small windows high above the lockers that face the football field.

The door opens and Ryler and The Butcher sneak in. Ryler guides him to one of the benches running between a row of lockers.

RYLER

Okay. Tell me everything.

The Butcher looks around -- ostensibly searching for a weapon.

RYLER (CONT'D)

Did he...you know...

(then)

I've seen SVU, I know the signs.

The Butcher walks over and studies a FIRE EXTINGUISHER mounted on the wall. He picks it up...feels its heft. *Debating.*

RYLER (CONT'D)

Hello?

Unsatisfied, The Butcher puts it back. Walks back over to Ryler. He doesn't sit. He just stares down at her. Ryler's starting to feel a little uncomfortable.

RYLER (CONT'D)

Okay. Look...I get it. Why should you trust me when everyone says I started the rumor about Ginny and the carrot but that wasn't me. I mean, I'm all about spreading kindness on Twitter. When they go low, I go high.

The Butcher reaches out and runs his fingers through Ryler's hair. Ryler freezes.

RYLER (CONT'D)

Oh. Wait. Are you...? I mean it's fine if you are. I'm totally SJW.

The Butcher pulls his hand away sharply.

RYLER (CONT'D)

What?

He just stands there. Staring.

RYLER (CONT'D)

Okay. Honestly Millie, I'm missing AP Bio. I didn't come here to clam jam with you.

She stands and grabs her bag.

RYLER (CONT'D)
 I've had like ten Kombuchas today.
 I'm gonna pee and when I get back
 you're either spilling the tea or
 I'm out.

She takes off. The Butcher watches her disappear into the adjacent restroom.

INT. RESTROOM - GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

INSIDE A STALL

Ryler is mid-pee while she texts someone.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN:

The text bubble announces: SHE'S #TeamELLEN!

Off screen we HEAR a squeak.

Ryler freezes.

We HEAR it again...

SQUEAK...

NEW SHOT -- SECONDS LATER

Ryler emerges from the bathroom stall as we HEAR a third squeak.

RYLER
 Millie?

Silence. Ryler follows the sound back into...

INT. LOCKER ROOM - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Ryler rounds the corner. There's no sign of The Butcher. But she sees a wisp of STEAM drifting down the aisle. She starts to follow it as a HISSING SOUND begins to build.

Ryler reaches the end of the aisle and turns toward

THE SHOWERS.

All the nozzles have been turned on. The whole room has filled with thick, dense STEAM.

RYLER
 (annoyed)
 Ever heard of a drought asshole?
 Wasting water is so lame.

Off screen we HEAR a door bang shut. Ryler spins around.
 Looks down one of the long, empty locker aisles.

RYLER (CONT'D)
 Millie! This isn't funny!

Silence. She's starting to get really scared.

CLOSE ON RYLER -- back turned to the showers, A SHAPE starts
 to emerge from the thick steam. Getting closer...

But Ryler starts walking away -- her brisk pace upticks to a
 run. She reaches the end of the aisle, turning toward the
 exit when...

BAM!

She collides with The Butcher.

RYLER (CONT'D)
 Oh, Millie. Thank god it's you. I
 thought it was...

The Butcher reveals a titanium SPIKE (used for anchoring
 gear) -- and jabs it into Ryler's sternum!

BACK ON THE SHOWERS:

We HEAR another couple quick *SQUEAKS* as the water turns off.
 The steam quickly dissipates revealing MILLIE. Freshly
 showered.

MILLIE
 Much better.

NEW SHOT/TIME CUT:

As Millie walks down the aisle, fully dressed, buttoning her
 shirt. She rounds the corner and slips -- almost falls but
 catches herself against one of the lockers. She looks down
 and finds a POOL OF BLOOD leading to...

RYLER'S CORPSE.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
 Oh. Fuck.

INT. HALLWAY - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The Butcher exits a door marked "ATHLETICS DEPARTMENT" -- he starts to move when an announcement over the PA system stops him in his tracks.

The PA SYSTEM chirps to life:

PRINCIPAL (O.S.)

Due to the continued attacks on our students, together with the school board and Sheriff Larkin, I have decided to indefinitely postpone this year's Homecoming Dance.

Off screen we HEAR a wave of muffled disapproval.

INSERT SHOTS OF THE STUDENTS REACTING TO THE NEWS IN THEIR CLASSROOMS.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY:

The Butcher remains still as the announcement continues:

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

A city-wide curfew is in effect tonight starting at 8PM. All students should be home behind locked doors as local law enforcement and state police continue the manhunt for QUINTEN SCHERMER--

The Butcher rolls his eyes.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

AKA The Blissfield Butcher.

The Butcher smiles.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Keep an eye out, ears open, and don't go anywhere alone. Stay safe, Beavers.

The PA System shuts off. The Butcher starts down the hall -- passing WOODSHOP where Mr. Bernardi catches a glimpse of "her" passing his classroom.

MR. BERNARDI

Miss Kessler!

The Butcher ignores him. Keeps walking. Mr. Bernardi grabs his arm.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
I'm speaking to you Miss Kessler!

The Butcher stops and looks down at Mr. Bernardi's hand on his arm.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
Late again I see. Get inside.

INT. WOODSHOP - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

The Butcher sits in Mille's normal spot. Booker snaps his fingers at him. And again. The Butcher turning to him. Phil, one seat over, follows along.

BOOKER
(whisper)
How you holding up?

The Butcher just stares at him. Booker notices a fresh speck of GORE/BLOOD on his cheek.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
Think you got some jelly or something on your cheek.

The Butcher touches his cheek, smears the gore onto his finger before sliding it into his mouth and sucking it off in the most suggestive way possible. Booker looks shocked as we RACK FOCUS to Phil who grins like a horny idiot.

PHIL
Hot.

Booker leans into The Butcher.

BOOKER
(whisper)
Millie...if you need to talk to someone --

MR. BERNARDI
Goddamnit, Millie. I am so sick of your constant need for attention. If only you'd spend a little less time *flirting* and a little more time *learning* you might actually make something of yourself.

The Butcher turns and icily glares at Bernardi.

THE BUTCHER
Suck. My. Balls.

The class collectively GASPS.

MR. BERNARDI

Excuse me?

The Butcher stands and crosses the room until he's right in Bernardi's face.

THE BUTCHER

You talk to me like that again, I'm gonna tear off your tiny, unused dick and face fuck you with it until jizz bleeds from your eyes.

Silence. Mr. Bernardi is stunned, afraid, and may have pissed his pants. The BELL RINGS. Everyone slowly rises, The Butcher moves to the door and casually exits.

INT. BUNKER - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Nyla and Joshua sit in their usual spots, eating lunch. Nyla moves up the steps, peering out a crack in the door.

JOSHUA

Still nothing?

NYLA

I don't think she's coming.

Nyla looks again, a few STUDENTS roam the halls but no Millie.

NYLA (CONT'D)

She's acting weird.

JOSHUA

She was almost killed last night, Ny.

Nyla looks again. The hallway is empty.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Maybe we let her be weird for a day.

NYLA

I'm just worried about her.

Nyla looks out the crack again to see MILLIE STARING RIGHT BACK AT HER.

MILLIE

Oh my god you guys, I need to talk
to you.

NYLA SCREAMS! She scrambles away from the door as Joshua leaps to his feet. Millie barrels into the room, hands outreached -- a plea for help but it looks menacing AF and after-all, they only see The Blissfield Butcher.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Guys! Wait! I know what this looks
like but --

Joshua finds a WRENCH on a nearby shelf and throws it at Millie -- clocks her right in the head.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

OW!

Nyla and Joshua make a run for it -- as they pass Millie she grabs Nyla by the shirt.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Wait! Please!

Joshua pulls her back as Nyla spins around and KICKS Millie as hard as she can in the...

MILLIE (CONT'D)

(wincing in pain)
Balls...oh god...

Millie doubles over in agony. Joshua and Nyla run out the door. Millie limps after them.

**INT. BASEMENT LEVEL HALLWAY - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL -
CONTINUOUS**

Nyla and Joshua run screaming for their lives. Behind them, a hobbling Millie who looks even more like the killer she isn't.

As Joshua blows past camera:

JOSHUA

You're black and I'm gay! We are so
dead!

Millie sprints after them, each large stride gaining on them.

MILLIE

Guys! Wait! I can explain!

Nyla and Joshua round the corner, running into the--

INT. CAFETERIA - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Nyla and Joshua enter. It's totally empty.

NYLA
Somebody help us! Anybody?!

Millie runs in behind them. It's just the three of them.

MILLIE
Nyla, Josh, please stop running!
I'm not gonna hurt you!

JOSHUA
How does he know our names?

Nyla grabs a nearby BROOM.

NYLA
Stay the fuck away from us!

Millie advances -- Nyla swings hard, cracking Millie across the side of her head but the handle SNAPS in half. Millie doesn't even flinch and instinctively pushes Nyla away. POWERFULLY. Nyla flies across a table.

MILLIE
(pleasantly surprised)
Wow. I'm strong.
(suddenly sorry)
Nyla, I am so sorry!

Nyla and Joshua sprint into the kitchen.

INT. CAFETERIA KITCHEN - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Nyla and Joshua rush in, looking around. Frantically searching for a weapon, Joshua grabs the nearest thing he can find: a pan of TATER TOTS. Millie enters, moving towards them. Joshua flings the tray at her, peppering the air with delicate pillows of potato. They bounce off of her.

Nyla grabs a cast iron skillet and SLAMS it over Millie's head. Millie GROANS but in true villain fashion is hardly deterred. She moves closer.

MILLIE
Would you stop hitting me with
shit?!

Nyla SMASHES THE SKILLET against Millie's skull. Again.
Barely a scratch.

JOSHUA
WHY ISN'T THAT WORKING?!

Joshua grabs a knife, moves toward Millie but she quickly
grabs his wrist, bending it back. It looks like it's about to
snap...

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
AHMYGAWD STAAAAAHP! This is my
favorite wrist!

Millie realizes the grip she has on Joshua, rips her hand
away. The force unintentionally sends Joshua flying across
the kitchen. He knocks into a MOP BUCKET, destroying it,
WATER FLYING EVERYWHERE. Joshua rolls around on the floor,
pained but nothing he can't handle.

Nyla attacks again with the skillet -- Millie deftly dodges
and pivots until she catches Nyla mid-swing -- disarms her
before pinning Nyla against the wall.

MILLIE
I AM MILLIE!!!

We HEAR Joshua scream off screen -- Millie glances back.
Joshua runs at her with a knife! She bends down quickly and
grabs Nyla's SKILLET and swats the knife out of his hand. In
a quick move, she drops the skillet and grabs Joshua by the
throat and slams him against the wall, right beside Nyla.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Time out fuckers!

Nyla and Joshua freeze. Eyes wide. Afraid but calming down.
Millie slowly releases her grip on them and backs away.
Everyone is winded, panting. *Exhausted.*

Nyla starts to cry:

NYLA
Please...don't kill us...

Millie starts to sing the "Blissfield Fight" song -- dancing
the only way Millie does when she's in her Beaver Costume.

MILLIE
Hail hail Blissfield High!
Chomp chomp chomp, our battle cry!

Nyla and Joshua freeze. Millie keeps dancing and singing
acapella...badly.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
*When our Beavers come to fight,
 feel our glory and our might!*

JOSHUA
 (to Nyla)
 Holy shit--
 (then)
 What's your favorite movie?

Millie stops dancing. Winded.

MILLIE
 I tell people it's ETERNAL SUNSHINE
 but it's really PITCH PERFECT 2.

NYLA
 TV show?

MILLIE
 SABRINA.

JOSHUA
 Favorite frozen yogurt flavor?

MILLIE
 Red Velvet. White chocolate chips,
 granola and gummy worms which
 Joshua thinks is gross.

Joshua looks stunned. Nyla steps in for the kill:

NYLA
 Who's your biggest crush?

Millie smiles.

MILLIE
 The Booker Hooker.

Nyla and Joshua turn to each other...totally convinced.

INT. BUNKER - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Nyla and Joshua sit in their usual spot. Millie in hers. They just stare at Millie, perplexed, mystified, and a little freaked out.

MILLIE
 ...he stabbed me, with this weird,
 old looking dagger. But when he
 stabbed me with it, it hurt *both* of
 us.

NYLA

What do you mean?

MILLIE

He instantly had a wound on his body in the exact same spot as me. Left shoulder. Both of us.

(she shows them the scar/wound)

I kept hearing the dagger's name last night. At the station...In my nightmares. The Dola. I think The Dola caused this...

Joshua pulls up his phone, instantly searching "THE DOLA".

JOSHUA

(showing phone)

This?

Millie looks - a picture of THE DOLA on his phone. Millie scoots forward.

MILLIE

That's it! That's the dagger!

JOSHUA

(reading phone)

An ancient, Byzantine dagger used in ritual sacrifice.

NYLA

But Millie survived...

Joshua keeps reading as Millie uncomfortably shifts in her seat -- as she reaches into her pants to adjust:

MILLIE

This whole *having balls* thing is really weird. Like, *where do they go?* Between my legs or rest on top of my thighs, which are *so hairy.* It's like a jungle down there.

JOSHUA

(interrupting)

It says here, if the sacrifice is unsuccessful the souls of the two are swapped and the change becomes permanent after 24 hours.

MILLIE

What?! That's in nine hours! Does it say how to swap back?

Joshua skims the page he's reading, then:

JOSHUA

Ah. Here:

(reading)

According to legend, the person with the original wound must wield the accursed blade and strike a returning blow to their body-possessor before the stroke of midnight.

(then)

Wow, Bing is a great search engine.

MILLIE

Oh, I love Bing!

NYLA

So basically you need to find The Butcher and stab him with The Dola. In less than nine hours. Sounds doable.

JOSHUA

Do you think he's still here at school?

MILLIE

He is! And he already killed Ryler!

NYLA

What?! Oh my god!

JOSHUA

Is that bad?

Nyla grabs her bag -- reaching for her cell phone.

NYLA

We have to call the police!

Millie snatches Nyla's phone away from her.

MILLIE

No! We can't! They're gonna think I'm the one who killed her! I stuffed her body in a locker so nobody would find it!

NYLA

This is so messed up.

The room falls silent -- they're all deep in thought.

NYLA (CONT'D)
Where's The Dola now?

MILLIE
The police station. In evidence.

JOSHUA
Then let's go get The Dola...

MILLIE
Guys he's up there somewhere,
wearing my body. My face. He's a
wolf in sheep's clothing. If we
don't capture him first, god knows
how many more people he's gonna
kill.

They share grave looks as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSHOP - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Mr. Bernardi sits at his desk grading quizzes during his free period. The Butcher enters.

MR. BERNARDI
Miss Kessler. You've got some nerve
stepping back into this classroom.

The Butcher walks to a supply closet, grabs a plastic smock and puts it on.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
I'm afraid no amount of extra
credit is going to save you from
suspension. The proverbial train
has already left the station.

The Butcher keeps walking, moving directly to A TABLE SAW. Flips it on. It's loud BUZZING almost drowning out Mr. Bernardi.

The Butcher puts on GOGGLES.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
(shouting over saw)
I'm not here for your games. Turn
that off.

Mr. Bernardi stands up, moving from his desk towards the saw. He reaches for the power button when The Butcher grabs him by the wrist. Tight. Reveals a SCREWDRIVER.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
Get your hands off me, young lady!

The Butcher swings the screwdriver at Mr. Bernardi but Mr. Bernardi blocks it, then jerks himself away hard, flinging The Butcher to the floor like a rag-doll.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
Self-defense. I had to.

The Butcher's eyes bulge, definitely caught off guard by how easy Mr. Bernardi overpowered him in this new body. Dabs his nose. Blood. This is new territory for The Butcher.

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
You can count on that suspension
becoming an expulsion!

Mr. Bernardi heads for the door. The Butcher scrambles to his feet -- takes a running jump onto one of the work stations and leaps into the air -- lands onto Bernardi's back!

Bernardi tries to shake him off but The Butcher wraps his arms around Bernardi's neck. He BITES Bernardi's EAR, ripping a huge chunk out of it. Bernardi SCREAMS in agony but the table saw drowns him out.

Bernardi spins around and starts slamming The Butcher against the wall until he falls off the teacher's back and hits the floor. Holding his wounded ear, gushing blood, Bernardi kicks The Butcher in the stomach. Again. Again. It's brutal. Suddenly, The Butcher *stops moving*. He's been knocked unconscious.

Kneeling down, Bernardi leans into The Butcher's ear and whispers:

MR. BERNARDI (CONT'D)
That's what you get for fucking
with me, missy.

The Butcher's eyes suddenly SNAP OPEN -- he smiles, revealing teeth stained with Bernardi's blood.

THWACK!

One swift move and The Butcher buries a screwdriver into Bernardi's neck to the hilt. Bernardi rises to his feet, eyes wide with shock. He pulls the screwdriver out of his neck -- Carotid artery spurting a jet of blood. He stumbles back as The Butcher rises. Advances. Bernardi keeps backing away...toward the running BUZZSAW. The Butcher charges -- shoves him onto the saw's sliding plank.

Mr. Bernardi SCREAMS ONE FINAL SCREAM as The Butcher runs him through the spinning saw blade, splitting Bernardi in half from head to crotch.

Thump-thump as both halves of Bernardi fall off the saw plank and hit the floor.

The Butcher snaps his goggles off. Winded but terribly satisfied.

INT. HALLWAY - BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SECONDS LATER

The Butcher exits the classroom. He smoothes out his dress, turns, bumping SMACK DAB into Booker. Booker is a bit surprised, The Butcher is expressionless.

BOOKER

Bernardi giving you hell for what you said in class?

The Butcher slightly smiles, keeping his rot to himself.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Glad you finally stood up for yourself. With some pretty choice words I might add. Remind me not to piss you off.

Booker LAUGHS awkwardly. The Butcher just stares back.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm glad I ran into you. There's a party tonight. Secret location. DL due to the curfew. But it's senior year, we have to celebrate our last Homecoming, right?

He grabs The Butcher's hand, scribbles an address on it.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

It's at the old mill.

MILLIE (O.S.)

(deep as fuck voice)

Booker, get away from him!

Booker spins around -- looks down toward the opposite-end of hall and spots Millie (Booker thinks it's a big ass middle-aged man), Nyla, and Josh.

JOSHUA

Listen to her, Booker. Get away
from him!

BOOKER

Him? Who's him?

The Butcher spots the FIRE ALARM on the wall -- quickly pulls it. Millie starts running toward The Butcher but STUDENTS and FACULTY begin flooding into the hall. Millie keeps advancing with Joshua and Nyla close behind.

The Butcher steps forward and points, screaming:

THE BUTCHER

(Oscar worthy)

That's him!!! It's The Butcher!

Millie freezes as all eyes turn toward her.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

He's the guy who tried to kill me!

Everyone starts SCREAMING! Total pandemonium breaks out. In the fracas, The Butcher flees.

Deputy Parsons and rookie DEPUTY JIM HAYWORTH, mid 20's, green, come running around the corner. They spot Millie and go for their guns. Deputy Parsons shouts over the din:

DEPUTY PARSONS

Everybody down! Now!

Students dive and dodge. Nyla grabs Millie's arm and pulls her away. The three start running as the cops make chase.

EXT. BLISSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SECONDS LATER

Nyla, Joshua and Millie flee the building and haul ass toward the student parking lot. They tuck in behind a DUMPSTER as Hayworth and Parsons fly past them.

Nyla peers around the dumpster -- sees Parsons and Hayworth jogging back toward the football field.

NYLA

(hushed)

Okay! Go-go!

The three hustle across the lot -- Joshua pulls his keychain out and hits the alarm. *BEEP-BEEP!* Tail lights flash on Joshua's Aveo -- Parsons and Hayworth hear the alarm and spin around just as our kids pile into the car.

Parsons and Hayworth start running after them.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Joshua tries to start the car. Of course it doesn't turn over on the first try. Millie's huge body is jammed into the tiny backseat with Nyla riding shotgun.

Millie looks out the window -- sees Parsons and Hayworth are closing fast.

MILLIE

Uh...guys...

NYLA

(to Joshua)

Hurry up!

JOSHUA

I'm trying!

The car finally starts. Joshua throws her in gear and peels out of the parking spot, side-swiping the car next to them in the process.

OUTSIDE

The car fishtails out of the space -- Parsons and Hayworth have to dive out of the way to avoid getting hit. Before they're back on their feet, the Chevy is sputtering and coughing out of the lot.

Deputy Hayworth grabs his two-way radio.

DEPUTY HAYWORTH

Suspect spotted in a shitheap
heading west from the high school.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Pushing the car as fast as it will go, Joshua looks at his rearview mirror.

NYLA

See anything?

JOSHUA

I think we're good.

Millie stirs in the back seat, biting her nails, unable to get comfortable.

MILLIE

Ny, can you scoot your seat up?

Nyla does.

NYLA

We need a plan. They saw us with her, they'll be looking for us now too.

MILLIE

Ny, a little more...

Nyla moves her seat up a bit more.

JOSHUA

We need to get you a disguise, Mill. You can't keep walking around in those clothes with that face. Everybody knows who you are.

MILLIE

Good idea. Nyla, just a *liiiiiittle* bit more, babe.

Nyla moves her seat up, her face now squished against the dashboard.

JOSHUA

(sarcastic)

Good, Mill?

Millie sits, legs man-spread, nodding her head.

MILLIE

Oh yeah, much better.

EXT./INT. MAIN STREET / CHARLENE'S POLICE CRUISER - AFTERNOON

Charlene drives. She has her phone against the wheel, a text conversation on the screen. MILLIE. Various forms of "Where are you?" are the last six texts from Charlene to Millie. All unanswered. Suddenly the radio CRACKLES. A voice from it.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Suspect spotted with two youths. Teenagers. One black. Female. One white. "Excited." All traveling in a 2002 Chevrolet Aveo. Heading towards the northwest corner of town.

CHARLENE
 ("No way...")
 Josh?

She pops on her lights and sirens and flips a bitch in the middle of the road and races off.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is where we last left them.

JOSHUA
 Anything on Blissfield P.D.
 Twitter?

NYLA
 The make of your car. We're fucked.

Millie looks out the rearview window...

MILLIE
 Shit, four cars back! Police!
 (noticing)
 Oh my god, it's Char!

Char is indeed four cars back.

NYLA
 Up ahead, turn right. We can mix
 into the giant parking lot.

Millie looks ahead just as Joshua pulls into WALMART.

MILLIE
 No no no no no no.

JOSHUA
 It's our best chance!

Joshua guns it -- makes the light before it turns red.

A few cars back, Charlene gets caught behind the stopped vehicles.

INSIDE CHARLENE'S CRUISER

She hits the sirens again.

CHARLENE
 Move it people!

EXT. PARKING LOT - WALMART - CONTINUOUS

Joshua parks his car, the three of them hopping out. They rush toward the store.

WIDER TO REVEAL

Charlene's cruiser pulling into the lot.

INT. WALMART - SECONDS LATER

Millie, Joshua, and Nyla enter. They stop, scanning.

NYLA

Millie, we gotta keep moving.

The three of them sprint to the back of the store just as Char enters. Char scans. Nothing. A WALMART GREETER approaches.

WALMART GREETER

Welcome to Walmart.

She ignores the Greeter, continues scanning, then moves off. She is on a mission.

INT. DRESSING ROOMS - BACK OF WALMART - MOMENTS LATER

Nyla and Joshua stand against a wall, peering around the corner. Millie behind them. They spot Charlene through a sea of clothing racks moving toward them. She hasn't spotted them yet.

NYLA

We need to hide her.

Joshua spots an open dressing room behind them, starts pulling on Millie.

JOSHUA

Millie, get in there. Quick.

Joshua and Nyla shove Millie into the dressing room.

NYLA

Don't come out until we get you.

Nyla shuts the dressing room door. They take off and disappear around the corner just as Charlene passes the aisle.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Millie stands, unsure of what to do. Out of the corner of her eye she catches herself in the mirror. The Butcher's reflection staring back at her.

MILLIE

Oof...

She studies his face just as she did her own yesterday. Traces the scar, then lifts up her shirt. More scars. Cigarette burns. You name it. The Butcher had a rough life.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

What happened to you...

Just then, CLOTHES are draped over the door, startling Millie. Then she hears a voice --

CORAL (O.S.)

Sorry. I didn't know anyone was in there.

Millie freezes: *OH GOD NO. NOT HER.*

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

You all good in there?

MILLIE

Uh...yeah. I'm great. Thanks. Just trying on...

She spots a BLUE POLO SHIRT left behind on a hanger.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Polos.

CORAL

Need help? I am a pro at picking 'em out for men.

MILLIE

Nope. All good here. Just...in and out.

Millie's attempts to ward off her mother are useless. Coral sticks around.

CORAL

Don't be silly. Everyone needs a second opinion. How's the fit? I'm sure we have other sizes.

Millie rolls her eyes: *HOW DO I GET RID OF HER?*

ON CORAL -- lingering by the dressing room door.

CORAL (CONT'D)

So funny, I bought my husband a pink polo one year for Christmas. He just about died. "*Pink?!*" So macho. But guess what? It looked great on him. Brought out his eyes. He had these...blue eyes...

Coral stops herself. Caught off guard by the emotion swelling up.

INSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM

Millie hears her mom's voice cut out. Knows she's still in so much pain. Millie clears her throat, struggles to find the right words:

MILLIE

I'm...I'm sure he loved it. Bet it was his favorite shirt.

Millie's eyes soften. *It was her dad's favorite shirt.*

CORAL (O.S.)

He passed away. A year ago.

Silence. She hears her mom laugh on the other side of the door; embarrassed.

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

Oh no. Listen to me. Debbie-downer. I'm sorry, I don't know why I just told you that. You're just trying to buy a shirt for god's sake.

MILLIE

No. No. It's okay. I...lost someone too. Bout the same time. A year ago.

CORAL

Really?

MILLIE

Yeah. My dad.

CORAL

I'm so sorry.

MILLIE

I think the hardest part has been watching my mom.

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)

It's been so rough on her. And I can't seem to make it any better for her.

CORAL

Sounds like my Millie. She's a pleaser. I put so much pressure on her. I don't mean to but...I think...I think I'm scared. She's gonna graduate school and just go off. Never look back. And I'll be alone.

ON MILLIE -- tears welling in her eyes. She's never heard her mom talk like this before.

MILLIE

That'd never happen. She's your daughter. She loves you.

CHARLENE (O.S.)

Mom --

OUTSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM -- Charlene rushes over to her mom.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Have you talked to Millie?

CORAL

No. I'm at work. She's at school.

CHARLENE

Where's your phone?

CORAL

In my bag. Why?

CHARLENE

Go get it. Call her and make sure she's okay. The killer was just seen again. Go!

CORAL

Sir, I'm so sorry. I have to run.

Coral takes off. Charlene follows her.

INSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM:

Millie waits and listens. It's quiet so she slowly opens the door and comes face to face with a GROTESQUE VERSION OF JOHN GOODMAN'S FACE. Millie GASPS. John Goodman's face is pulled back revealing Joshua. He's holding a JOHN GOODMAN HALLOWEEN MASK.

MILLIE
What the hell is that?

JOSHUA
Quick put it on. You're Scary John
Goodman now.

MILLIE
Why did you get this?

Nyla pushes in next to Joshua.

NYLA
It is all we had time to grab. Your
sister's on our ass.

Millie checks out the mask, it is scary as fuck. She puts it on, immediately blinded by the latex. Millie starts forward -- bumps into a mannequin, knocking it over.

MILLIE
(through the mask)
How do killers do this? I can't see
shit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - WALMART - SECOND LATER

Joshua and Nyla race through the parking lot. Millie, still in the mask, keeps running into everything (stray shopping carts, light poles) until they arrive at Joshua's beater.

JOSHUA
(tossing keys)
Nyla, drive. I'm trolling Insta.
Somebody's gotta know where The
Butcher is.

They hop in the car. Nyla peels out.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Nyla looks back, Scary John Goodman looking back at her. Millie just sits in the back seat with the mask on.

MILLIE
What?

NYLA
We're in the car take that shit
off!

MILLIE
 (removing mask)
 "Wear this." "Take it off." Make up
 your minds!

JOSHUA
 Bingo!

NYLA
 What?

Millie sits up in the back seat. Joshua shows them his phone. Instagram. Another InstaStory. This time on Phil's page.

ON THE INSTASTORY

PHIL (ON PHONE)
 Blissfield's Celebrity Victim is
 coming at you live!

Phil sits with some FOOTBALL JOCKS, CHEERLEADERS, Booker, and REVEAL:

THE BUTCHER. Everyone fawns over him. He smiles right at the camera, ever so slyly...practically taunting them.

EXT. BLISSFIELD BOWL - DUSK

Just your typical bowling alley with a diner attached. It looks like only the diner is open, the rest of the building is dark.

INT. BLISSFIELD BOWL - CONTINUOUS

Booker is with the group we saw on Insta. And The Butcher. The cell phone in The Butcher's hand RINGS. CHARLENE. The Butcher has Millie's phone. He lets it ring. Stops. 12 MISSED CALLS.

BOOKER
 Your sister keeps calling, do you
 need to answer that?

No answer.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
 Want to talk about it?

The Butcher looks at him. Slowly nods yes. Booker smiles.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
 Okay. Cool.

The Butcher grabs Booker's hand, starts pulling him out of the booth.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
Where we going?

THE BUTCHER
Alone.

Booker moves away from the booth. The Butcher follows but discreetly grabs a KNIFE off the table.

EXT. BLISSFIELD BOWL - SAME

Nyla, Joshua and Millie are tucked in near the entrance to the diner. Millie is wearing her John Goodman mask again. They catch The Butcher leading Booker away from the other kids.

MILLIE
(muffled; barely audible)
He's gonna kill him!

JOSHUA
What?

MILLIE
(again muffled)
He's gonna kill him!

JOSHUA
I can't understand you.

Millie GRUNTS, annoyed -- starts for the door but Nyla grabs her.

NYLA
No. Back door. They won't see us.
Come on.

Nyla leads the way. They follow. Millie trips over a parking curb.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - BLISSFIELD BOWL - CONTINUOUS

The Butcher and Booker pass through a curtain. They're alone. It's dark. It looks like the bowling alley is currently under renovation. Open ceiling panels, tarps, paint cans.

The Butcher leads Booker down into the lanes. Far from prying eyes and ears.

They sit in one of the last lanes. Face to face, Booker smiles.

BOOKER

You must be so overwhelmed. All this crazy attention.

The Butcher just stares at him while...TUCKED BEHIND HIS LEG...he readies the knife.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

It's gotta almost feel like an out of body experience.

The Butcher nods. Starts to raise the knife when a muffled CLANK off screen stops him.

NEW SHOT -- ON NYLA, JOSHUA AND MILLIE hiding behind the BOWLING BALL RACK. Nyla shoots daggers with her eyes at Joshua who just knocked over a small WRENCH. He mouths: "Sorry."

BACK ON BOOKER AND THE BUTCHER

Both turned -- looking in the same direction.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

You hear that?

Booker gets up to investigate. The Butcher follows.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

Phil, stop spying man...

ANGLE ON -- THE BUTCHER

As he slowly closes in behind Booker, raising THE KNIFE.

Booker approaches the bowling ball racks.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

I know you're hiding back there.

The Butcher is right on him now -- about to deliver a death blow when...

Millie LEAPS UP -- armed with a BOWLING BALL. She SCREAMS through the mask. Booker is scared shitless, stumbles back into The Butcher, knocking the knife out of his hand. Booker doesn't see it.

Nyla and Joshua jump out. Nyla points at The Butcher.

NYLA

Booker! Get away from him! He's the killer!

Booker: *Huh?*

The Butcher spins around and makes a run for the exit. Millie fingers the bowling ball in her hand and spins like a shot-putter -- launches the bowling ball into the air...

WHACK!

Direct hit. Right in the head. The Butcher goes down hard, TKO.

JOSHUA

Holy shit! That was amazing!

Joshua and Nyla high-five Millie.

Booker SCREAMS! Starts running. Millie runs after him -- she cuts him off by the end of the last lane and BODY CHECKS him...HARD -- he flies into the wall like a rag-doll before hitting the ground. Unconscious.

NYLA

(wincing)

Ooooooooooh...

Millie turns back to Joshua and Nyla. Millie's face: "OOPS."

JOSHUA

Mill, can we stop by Charlie and Natalie Wyatt's house? I want you to do that to them, too.

EXT. DETMER HOUSE - DUSK

A modest yet perfectly adorable single-story abode. Wind chimes, a manicured yard, and a RAINBOW FLAG, mounted by the front door, complete the look of Joshua's home.

Joshua's CAR sits in the driveway. The trunk hangs open...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DETMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We're CLOSE ON gruff hands manipulating rope (a swiftly tied knot) around a pair of delicate wrists.

WIDER as Millie finishes securing The Butcher (quietly seething) to a kitchen chair as Joshua looks on, impressed:

JOSHUA

Where the hell you learn how to do that?

MILLIE

Dad was an Eagle Scout.

Nyla enters the room with a FROZEN BAG OF PEAS.

NYLA

Found these.

She hands the bag to Millie who approaches Booker -- he's lying prone and unconscious on the sofa. Millie gently lifts his head and places the frozen peas under him like a pillow.

MILLIE

I hope he doesn't have a concussion.

Booker groans. He's coming to. As his eyes flutter open, Millie smiles meekly.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Hey --

Booker SCREAMS. Tries to get up too quickly. Almost faints.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Easy! Easy! It's okay!

Booker curls up into the fetal position. He's terrified.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I know. I look like The Butcher. But I'm Millie. This is gonna sound strange but --

THE BUTCHER

(interrupting)

Don't listen to him, Booker! He's crazy!

Booker looks at The Butcher -- tied up and putting on the best "damsel in distress" routine he can muster.

MILLIE

Booker look at me. Last night, our...consciousness or spirits... whatever you want to call it... traded places.

(off his confused look)

He stabbed me with The Dola.

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)

It's an ancient, mystical dagger
and now we have less than six hours
to swap back or I'll be stuck in
this body forever.

The Butcher LAUGHS.

THE BUTCHER

I mean...somebody clearly skipped
their meds.

NYLA

It's true, Booker.

THE BUTCHER

They're all fucking crazy.

NYLA

Don't listen to him.

THE BUTCHER

You're all gonna go to jail for
this. You too, Booker, unless you
help me.

MILLIE

Shut up!

THE BUTCHER

Help me Booker! Please!

Joshua open-hand SLAPS The Butcher across the face. The
Butcher starts to fake-cry.

JOSHUA

Oh, dry up bitch. You're not
winning any awards today.

Booker's scared eyes dart between The Butcher and the front
door. Without warning, he jumps up and makes a mad dash to
escape. He's half-way out the door when Millie intercepts him
and yanks him back inside. Nyla slams the door shut and locks
it as Millie tackles Booker and pins him to the ground.

BOOKER

Please don't kill me!

MILLIE

I'm not gonna --

BOOKER

(screaming)
SOMEBODY HELP ME!

MILLIE

*I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost although I long to be --*

Booker suddenly stops yelling.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

*-- lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea. You
love me, and I find you still A
spirit beautiful and bright --*

Nyla and Joshua look at each other like: *WTF is she doing?*

MILLIE (CONT'D)

*-- Yet I am, who long to be Lost as
a light is lost in light. Oh plunge
me deep in love, put out my senses,
leave me deaf and blind,*

CLOSE ON BOOKER -- his frightened gaze transforming into
utter, albeit confused, calm.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

*-- Swept by the tempest of your
love, a taper in a rushing wind.*

Millie climbs off of Booker. She looks embarrassed as she
shrinks away from him. Booker slowly sits up -- gaze locked
on Millie.

BOOKER

How?...

MILLIE

I told you. It's a curse.

NYLA

Um. What the hell was that?

Millie's face turns red. *This is so humiliating.*

BOOKER

A few weeks ago I found a poem in
my locker. It was anonymous.

MILLIE

I don't know why I did it...I
just...

THE BUTCHER (O.S.)

You sad fucking cunt.

All eyes turn to The Butcher. He's dropped the act.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

A note. In his locker. You.
Pathetic. Coward.

Nyla grabs a PAIR OF SOCKS and a roll of ELECTRICAL TAPE off the coffee table -- casually approaches the Butcher and punches him in the throat. As he chokes for air, Nyla shoves the socks in his mouth before wrapping his head with ELECTRICAL TAPE. Effectively gagged.

NYLA

That's quite enough of that.

INT. KITCHEN - DETMER HOUSE - NIGHT

Nyla, Joshua, Millie and Booker hover around the kitchen table looking at MAP OF BLISSFIELD. Nyla wields a RED MARKER:

NYLA

So The Dola's here at the station...

She circles the approximate intersection.

NYLA (CONT'D)

We're gonna have to figure out how to steal it then get back here.

MILLIE

That's like forty minutes round trip.

She looks at the clock on the wall. It reads: 7:17pm

MILLIE (CONT'D)

(forced optimism)
Plenty of time. Right?

BOOKER

Assuming someone's at the station. Between looking for us and the party tonight, the cops could have their hands full.

JOSHUA

Where's the party?

BOOKER

The Old Mill.

Nyla circles it on the map.

MILLIE
That's across town.

NYLA
Then we better get moving.

BOOKER
What about her --

He looks through the doorway at The Butcher.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
-- I mean him.

JOSHUA
My mom's out of town until Monday.

BOOKER
Yeah but we can't just leave him
here alone.

NYLA
He's right. Somebody needs to stay
back and keep an eye on him just in
case.

All eyes turn to Joshua.

JOSHUA
Me?

NYLA
It's your house.

JOSHUA
Great. Definitely gonna die this
time.

MILLIE
He's not going anywhere. That knot
is impossible to undo.

JOSHUA
Why can't a gay character ever
live?

NYLA
Chill out. You'll be fine.

Joshua turns and looks back at The Butcher -- he's looking
right back. *Grins through his gag.*

INT. BULL PEN - BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Charlene is buried under a mountain of paper work as Sheriff Larkin packs up his bag.

SHERIFF LARKIN
You sure you're okay pulling
another shift?

CHARLENE
Yeah. Go home. Get some sleep. I'll
call you if anything comes up.

SHERIFF LARKIN
Okee-dokey.

Larkin starts to leave. Pauses in the doorway.

SHERIFF LARKIN (CONT'D)
You know, I think your old man
would be real proud of you.

CHARLENE
Doubt that. He never wanted me to
be a cop. "I forbid" were his exact
words...

SHERIFF LARKIN
So you went and did it anyway. That
sounds like you.
(then)
Have a good night, Deputy.

CHARLENE
You too, Sheriff.

Larkin tips his hat and exits. Charlene's gaze moves to a FRAMED PHOTO of her family. We see Coral, Millie, Char and of course...DAD in happier times. But Char's not one to dwell on sentimental things so she dives back into that paperwork.

EXT. BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

UNKNOWN POV -- we see The Sheriff exiting the building. He hops in his cruiser, parked next to another police car, and pulls out.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Nyla sits behind the wheel as Booker rides shotgun. As the Sheriff's car passes, Millie slowly sits up in the backseat.

NYLA
Okay. He's gone.

Millie clocks the other police cruiser.

MILLIE
That's Char's car.

NYLA
You guys hang here. If you see anything, honk the horn twice.

MILLIE
What's your plan?

NYLA
Don't worry. I got this...

Nyla gets out of the car. Booker and Millie watch her approach the station.

CLOSE ON MILLIE -- nervous and afraid. She looks at...

THE CAR'S CLOCK. It reads: **8:05pm**

INT. BULL PEN - BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Charlene tosses another file into the pile with a SIGH when her cell phone RINGS. She answers it on SPEAKER as she tackles another file:

CHARLENE
What you got for me Parsons?

DEPUTY PARSONS
Been patrolling from Collinswood to Brayer. This guy's a ghost. No sign of the two kids either.

CHARLENE
Keep at it. He's out there somewhere.

DEPUTY PARSONS
Hey, FYI, we're hearing a rumor that some kids are planning a little impromptu homecoming party out at the mill. Should we check it out?

Charlene SIGHS. Annoyed.

CHARLENE

Dumb shits partying with a killer around. Pop over there in a couple hours. See anything, shut it down.

DEPUTY PARSONS

Will do.

Just as Charlene hangs up the phone, Nyla BURSTS into the station. Winded. Terrified.

NYLA

Oh my god. Help me!

CHARLENE

Nyla, what the hell is going on? You were spotted with The Butcher.

NYLA

He kidnapped us! Made us drive him! I escaped but he followed me!

CHARLENE

He's here?!

NYLA

Just outside! Behind the station!

Charlene grabs her gun.

CHARLENE

Stay here! Hide under my desk!

Nyla looks at Charlene's desk -- sees her KEYS sitting next to her paper work. Charlene runs toward the BACK OF THE STATION -- exits through the rear door. As soon as she's gone, Nyla runs over to the desk and grabs the keys.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - SAME

Millie is showing Booker the scar on her shoulder.

BOOKER

That's so crazy.

MILLIE

I have to admit...in a strange way it hasn't been *all bad*.

BOOKER

What do you mean?

MILLIE

I don't know. I've felt oddly
empowered in this body. Invincible.
Bad-ass.

Booker LAUGHS.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

I know. It's ridiculous. But when
you're someone like me...when
you've been bullied all your
life...put down. Feels kinda good
to be strong for once.

BOOKER

Strength isn't size. It's up here --
(he points to his head)
And here...

He touches Millie's chest, pointing at her heart.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

You're stronger than you think.

Their eyes meet. There's a real connection between these two.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DETMER HOUSE - NIGHT

Joshua sits on the couch watching RIVERDALE as The Butcher
maintains his hateful gaze on Joshua.

JOSHUA

(keeping his eyes on the
TV)
That nasty stare doesn't scare me.
(yes it does)
You're missing the best part --

ON THE TV -- as a SHIRTLESS ARCHIE strolls on screen.

Joshua CACKLES as he polishes off a glass of ICED TEA.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

(re: RIVERDALE)
It's like that town banned shirts!

BACK ON THE BUTCHER -- still staring at Joshua while BEHIND
HIM...he's diligently working on loosening his bonds.

Back on the TV as the show goes to commercial -- it's an ad
for the regional production of "WICKED" and yes, there's some
green-faced hag hanging from a wire.

Joshua rolls his eyes.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

B-R-B.

He jumps up and heads into THE KITCHEN. As he pours himself another glass...

CLOSE ON: THE FRONT DOOR. We HEAR keys rattling outside. Suddenly the door swings open.

Joshua's mother, JOAN DETMER, mid 40's, breezes in with her carry-on bag. She's exactly what you'd expect: 90's angular haircut with red tips, tons of make-up, wearing a FLIGHT ATTENDANT uniform.

She doesn't immediately notice the girl tied to a chair. She's too busy putting her stuff down. The Butcher MOANS through his gag but the TV is drowning him out.

JOAN

Hellooo? Joshy?

IN THE KITCHEN:

Joshua hears his mother's voice. *Freezes mid-sip.*

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM:

Joan flips on a nearby lamp. Her eyes go wide. Joshua runs into the room. A study in reserved panic.

JOSHUA

Mom. You're home early.

JOAN

(eyes never leaving The Butcher)

My last leg got cancelled...

(looks at Joshua)

Honey, why is Millie tied to my dining chair?

Joshua stutters.

JOSHUA

Uh...we...she...

(a-ha!)

Role play!

JOAN

I'm sorry?

JOSHUA
We're role playing.

JOAN
Role playing?

JOSHUA
Yeah. Role playing.

JOAN
Like a game?

JOSHUA
Sorta.

Joan looks at The Butcher. He's still whimpering and pleading through his gag.

JOAN
She doesn't look like she's enjoying herself.

JOSHUA
That's the point. She's supposed to act upset. Right Millie?

Joshua approaches The Butcher...

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
She's method. Never breaks character.

...And play-swats him.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Naughty girl.

JOAN
I'm a little confused.

Joan grabs the remote and turns the TV off.

JOAN (CONT'D)
We have a rainbow flag outside our house. I'm co-chair of the LGBTQ parents and allies fundraiser.

JOSHUA
I.

JOAN
What?

JOSHUA
LGBTQ-I.

JOAN
There's an I?

JOSHUA
(annoyed)
Yes, mother. Jesus. Some co-chair.

JOAN
Isn't role-playing a sex game?

JOSHUA
Yes.

JOAN
So...

Joshua takes a deep breath: *"Summoning the courage."*

JOSHUA
Mom...*I'm straight.*

PIN-DROP...

Except The Butcher who laughs/chokes through his gag.

JOAN
Joshua, you are many things, but straight isn't one of them. Now do me a favor and untie her.

JOSHUA
I can't.

JOAN
Joshua...

JOSHUA
Mom! Please! I can't explain right now but I can't let him go!

JOAN
Him?

Joan stares at her son for a beat before heading into the kitchen. She returns with a big-ass CHEF'S KNIFE. She leans over and starts to cut into the rope's knot.

JOSHUA
No!

Joshua pulls Joan away from him.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
He's The Blissfield Butcher!

JOAN
Joshua Michael Detmer! I have been
slinging peanuts to assholes all
week. I don't have time for this --

The Butcher suddenly jumps up from the chair! Free from his bonds. He grabs Joan's wrist and wrenches the knife away from her but Joshua acts fast -- pulls his mom away as The Butcher takes a swipe.

JOSHUA
RUN!!!

Joshua and Joan run down the HALLWAY -- The Butcher makes chase. Gaining fast. Just as they reach Joan's bedroom door they turn and see The Butcher coming at them, knife raised!

INT. JOAN'S BEDROOM - DETMER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joshua yanks his mom into the room and slams the door shut in the nick of time. Locks it.

The BLADE of the chef's knife rips through the door, just missing Joshua's head. Joan and Joshua scream in unison.

OUT IN THE HALL:

The Butcher flings his body against the door trying to break it down. After a few tries he gives up.

THE BUTCHER
This body is useless!

He pulls the knife out of the door and takes off.

BACK IN JOAN'S BEDROOM:

Joshua grabs his cell phone.

JOSHUA
Check the windows! Make sure
they're locked!

Joan starts checking locks as Joshua calls Nyla.

INT. BULL PEN - BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - SAME

Nyla unlocks the EVIDENCE LOCKER -- immediately spots The Dola in a plastic evidence bag. But just as she grabs the dagger her phone rings. She answers it:

NYLA

What?

JOSHUA

Nyla! He's escaped--

BANG! The back door swings open as Charlene rushes back into the station. Nyla quickly STABS the CALL END button. Hides The Dola behind her back.

CHARLENE

(winded)

I couldn't find him. Are you sure he followed you?

NYLA

He did. I swear. He took us...

Charlene notices Nyla's hand behind her back. Nyla reflexively glances at the open locker door. Charlene catches the look. Sees the empty locker.

CHARLENE

Nyla, what the fuck's going on?

Nyla's phone rings. JOSHUA.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Don't you dare answer it.

NYLA

I can explain.

CHARLENE

This is serious. Put your hands up.

NYLA

Please....

Charlene aims her gun at Nyla. The phone stops ringing. Immediately RINGS again. Joshua. Again. She looks to it.

CHARLENE

Hands up! NOW!!

Nyla slowly raises her hands in the air, revealing The Dola.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - SAME

Millie and Booker continue their conversation between the seats.

BOOKER
So why didn't you just tell me?

MILLIE
Are you serious?

BOOKER
Yeah. How many times have you caught me looking at you?

MILLIE
Is that what that was? I was sure you were only looking at me because I was staring at you. I assumed you thought I was some rando stalker.

BOOKER
I mean...you did put an anonymous note in my locker...

Millie punches his shoulder. Much harder than she meant. Booker winces.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
Wow. That...*really hurt*.

MILLIE
Oh my god! I'm so sorry!

BOOKER
It's fine. Point made.

They both laugh. Again, their gazes meet. The butterflies are stirring.

BOOKER (CONT'D)
How weird is it that I kinda feel like kissing you right now...

MILLIE
I don't know. Technically you'd be kissing a mass-murderer.

BOOKER
You're still Millie to me. I don't care what you look like.

MILLIE

That's either the sweetest or most
insulting thing anyone's ever said
to me --

Booker kisses her. It's soft and tender. (YES, READER -- YOU
ARE WATCHING TWO DUDES KISSING. GET THE FUCK OVER IT.)

Millie's eyes slowly flutter open before BUGGING OUT.

MILLIE'S POV -- as she spots The Butcher running up the steps
toward the police station.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

OH FUCK!

INT. BULL PEN - BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nyla still has her hands up -- The Dola in her left hand.
Charlene takes a measured step forward, gun still trained on
Nyla.

CHARLENE

Okay. I want you to slowly set the
weapon down.

Nyla does as she's told while off screen, we hear two,
muffled HORN HONKS. Nyla clocks the sound but...

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Now...kick it over to me.

Nyla nudges The Dola with her foot -- the evidence bag slows
it down so it lands halfway between them.

The front doors swing open. The Butcher runs into the
station.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Millie, where the hell have you
been? I've been calling you all
day.

The Butcher clocks Nyla.

THE BUTCHER

She's trying to steal the dagger!

CHARLENE

Yeah, no shit Sherlock.

NYLA

She's not your sister!

CHARLENE

What?

The Butcher moves toward The Dola.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Stay out of this Millie!

THE BUTCHER

I'm helping you.

CHARLENE

I don't need your help!

The Butcher ignores her. She's almost at The Dola. Nyla tries to grab it but Charlene fires a warning shot.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Back the fuck up!

The doors bang open again. Millie comes charging into the station.

MILLIE

Don't let her get it!

Charlene spins around. All she sees is The Butcher. Millie realizes her error too late. Charlene opens fire! Millie dives behind the front desk as the bullets whizz by.

The Butcher seizes the moment -- lunges forward and grabs The Dola. Nyla tries to grab him but The Butcher whips out the chef's knife he took from Joshua's house and slashes Nyla's hand. She SCREAMS and jumps away.

The Butcher runs for the rear exit. Millie jumps up, hands in the air.

CHARLENE

Run, Millie!

MILLIE

STOP HIM!

Too late. The Butcher slams past the door and disappears into the night.

Charlene keeps the gun aimed at Millie.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

He's getting away Char! Please!

CHARLENE

Start walking toward the cell! Now!

Millie starts toward the open JAIL CELL. Millie pleads as she passes her:

MILLIE
I'm not The Butcher. I'm your
sister.

CHARLENE
Move! Now!

Millie walks into the cell. Charlene stays close on her heels.

BOOKER (O.C.)
HEY!

Charlene spins around -- WHACK! Booker swats the gun out of Charlene's hand. Millie lunges out of the cell and grabs her sister in a HALF NELSON. Charlene tries to fight back but she's no match for Millie's newfound brute strength. Millie tosses Char into the jail cell. Slams the door shut and locks it.

Charlene bangs angrily on the door.

CHARLENE
Let me out!

MILLIE
Sorry Char! You're safer in there!

Millie turns to Booker.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Thanks.

BOOKER
Proolly going to prison now. Worth
it.

NYLA
Guys! Come on! We can't let him get
away!

Nyla leads the charge as they race off.

EXT. BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Joshua runs up the street toward the station, on his phone.

JOSHUA
Nyla pick up the damn phone!

He sees Charlene's police car backing out.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Wait! Charlene!

INSIDE THE CRUISER:

The Butcher spots Joshua -- flips the cherries and berries on before throwing the car in drive. As he stomps on the gas...

OUTSIDE:

Lights flashing, siren wailing, the police cruiser peels out and speeds toward Joshua. Blinded by the lights, he barely has time to jump out of the way.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Wait!

Joshua leaps at the last second, narrowly escaping death. The cruiser keeps going.

Millie, Nyla and Booker come barreling out of the station. They see Joshua rising back to his feet.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
Your sister's a shitty driver!

MILLIE
That wasn't Char! That was The Butcher! He's got The Dola!

They meet in the middle of the road.

NYLA
What happened?! You were supposed to watch him!

JOSHUA
Don't yell at me! I almost got stabbed and run over!

NYLA
(clutching her hand)
I was stabbed!

MILLIE
Guys we gotta move!

Millie takes off toward Joshua's car. The others follow.

INT. JOSHUA'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

They pile in. Joshua's behind the wheel. He starts the engine. The car lunges forward then STALLS.

MILLIE
What's happening?

Joshua tries starting the car but it won't turn over. After a few sad ticks:

JOSHUA
Er. Guys. It's finally dead.

Nyla SIGHS. Bangs her head against the dash several times.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
That looks like it hurts. You should stop doing that.

EXT. BLISSFIELD POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The four wait on the curb, searching both directions as Nyla checks her UBER APP.

BOOKER
Is he coming?

NYLA
Two minutes away.

MILLIE
I'm so screwed.

Booker checks his Apple Watch. The clock reads: **10:44pm**

BOOKER
We still have an hour and fifteen minutes to stop him.

NYLA
Yeah and we still have to get to the party that's in the middle of nowhere.

JOSHUA
(to Millie)
Yeah, you're totally screwed.

NYLA
Dude!

BOOKER

There he is!

They all turn as a pair of HEADLIGHTS round the corner. The Uber comes up the street. Very. Slowly.

MILLIE

Why is he driving so slow?

Joshua steps off the curb and flags him down with two big waves and a high-kick.

Their Uber pulls up. He's driving an '87 Nissan Maxima. By the look of it, the car has seen better days. The four squeeze inside.

EXT. BLISSFIELD LAKE - BLISSFIELD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The moon reflects off the calm waters. It'd be a romantic hideout if it wasn't near an old, creepy lumber mill.

WE PAN ACROSS THE LAKE TO--

EXT. OLD LUMBER MILL - SAME

A generator HUMS in the foreground as distant but thumping PARTY MUSIC echoes from inside the mill. Cars are parked haphazardly around the huge, old structure. The perfect setting for a rager. *And a massacre.*

Char's police cruiser turns off a dirt road. As it approaches the mill, the flashing lights TURN OFF.

The cruiser stealthily slips through a row of parked cars before stopping. The engine dies.

The Butcher steps out and takes in the rickety structure, backlit by the moon. He readies his knife and presses forward.

INT. '87 NISSAN MAXIMA - SAME

Millie rides shotgun as Nyla, Joshua, and Booker are crammed into the back seat. At the helm is KARL PARSLEY, 50s, should be an accountant but oh well, here he is. CELINE DION'S "IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW" wafts from the speakers.

Karl...drives...real...slow. Annoyed, Millie, mask on, SIGHS and looks at him. Karl looks at her out of the corner of his eye -- creeped out.

JOSHUA
 (hushed; to Nyla)
 If we were going any slower, we'd
 be going *backwards*.

More uncomfortable silence and Celine until Booker leans
 between the seats.

BOOKER
 Um...sir. We're kinda in a hurry.

KARL
 I'm going the speed limit.

JOSHUA
 You're actually going under the
 speed limit. Like...way under.

KARL
 My car, my rules.

BOOKER
 I know...and obeying the law's
 great...it's just kind of an
 emergency and --

Joshua pushes Booker aside.

JOSHUA
 How 'bout we give you one star?

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 How 'bout I give you one star?!

JOSHUA (CONT'D)
 How 'bout I give you negative
 stars?!

NYLA
 Joshua --

KARL
 You can't do that! Not possible!

JOSHUA
 Oh, I can make anything possible.
 I'm a fucking unicorn.

KARL
 Then I give you negative stars!

JOSHUA

Go for it! My Uber rating's already
shit! I don't care! I'll fart up in
this bitch all night if I have to!

Angry, Karl pulls over to the side of the road.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT

Millie (holding her mask), Joshua, Nyla and Booker are walking at a brisk clip. The tension is THICK.

Long silence...then:

JOSHUA

He wasn't even playing good Celine.

Nyla and Millie shoot him a look: *STFU*.

INT. OLD LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

Inside it is poppin'. Homecoming decorations are strewn about. Twinkle lights are adorned on every wall, the ceiling, all over. Even a disco ball hangs from the rafters. This impromptu location is better than any gymnasium dance ever.

And STUDENTS are everywhere. Lots of lies and sneaking out were done to kickstart this drunk-fest.

The Butcher enters, soaking it all in. A veritable buffet of writhing bodies, burgeoning sexualities, and indestructible TEENAGERS. They have their whole lives ahead of them...IF THEY SURVIVE THE NIGHT.

The Butcher, The Dola strapped to his thigh, moves past a makeshift dance floor. TEENAGE BOYS watch him, captivated, not even noticing the knife.

A drunk PHIL approaches The Butcher.

PHIL

Yo! Millie-Vanillie! Where's my boy
Booker? Thought you guys were
together?

The Butcher ignores Phil and pushes past him, leaving Phil to stumble back into the crowd with a slurred "*Whatever.*"

The Butcher cuts through the dance floor, scanning faces, searching for his first victim. A jock named BRETT (18;

linebacker, drunk) steps in front of The Butcher, blocking him.

BRETT
Suuuup, Mill.

The Butcher just stares back.

BRETT (CONT'D)
You're lookin' fine. Really into
this new look you got goin'.

The Butcher smiles: *This should be easy.*

BRETT (CONT'D)
Wanna dance?

Brett grinds on him. The Butcher pushes him back.

BRETT (CONT'D)
What's the matter? You don't like
dancing?

He shakes his head.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Oh. No?
(moving in closer)
So what *do you like*?

The Butcher just points at Brett.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Fuck. Yeah.

Brett grabs The Butcher's arm -- pulls him off the dance floor.

EXT. OLD LUMBER MILL - MOMENTS LATER

Millie and the others run down the road. They're sweating. Exhausted. They stop. Millie steps forward, turning to her friends.

MILLIE
Stay here. It's too dangerous.

NYLA
There is no way we are not helping
you, Mill. We're in this together.

BOOKER
The whole way.

JOSHUA

And this shit sounds popping. I
really wanted to go to this party.

Millie nods, smiles, proud of her little family here. Booker
looks to his watch.

BOOKER

Thirteen minutes left.

JOSHUA

Or you're The Butcher forever.

Booker sets a 13 MINUTE TIMER on his Apple Watch. Takes it
off and grabs Millie's wrist.

BOOKER

Here -- take this.

Millie smiles as he helps her put on the watch.

The four pause at the edge of the mill.

HERO CLOSE UP ON MILLIE

MILLIE

Time to stab this asshole.

INT. LOFT - OLD LUMBER MILL - SECONDS LATER

Brett leads The Butcher into a room overlooking the dance.
The music THUMPS. Lights strobe. This is a good place for a
private party.

Brett guides The Butcher to the middle of the room. Takes off
his flannel and lays it on the sod-covered floor. *And who
said chivalry was dead?*

Out of the shadows TWO MORE GUYS appear. Brett's football
buddies, TOBIN and SQUI (both 18, both drunk, both assholes)

The Butcher watches them as they approach -- beer bottles in
their hands. Lusty eyes locked on target.

TOBIN

What do ya know? Looks like we got
a little party goin' here.

The boys surround The Butcher, unknowingly taunting a serial
killer...

The Butcher looks at them, devoid of any emotion.

SQUI

Don't be nervous. We'll be gentle.

BRETT

You good at math, Millie? Cuz the way I see it, you got three holes so it all adds up.

The boys LAUGH DERISIVELY. The Butcher reaches out -- takes Tobin's beer. Takes a nice swig....then...

SMASH!

He breaks the beer bottle across Tobin's head. He stumbles back, blood instantly gushing down the side of his face.

Squi's face twists with rage.

SQUI

Bitch!

He charges -- The Butcher JAMS the broken end of the bottle in his throat. Squi stumbles back, gasping -- bottle sticking out of his neck.

The Butcher laughs as WHAM! He's tackled from behind by Brett. They both go down. Brett quickly jumps up -- grabs The Butcher and hoists him into the air before throwing him against the wall. Something falls off a nearby shelf...

...an old CHAINSAW.

The Butcher quickly grabs it. Pulls the starter rope. REVS IT UP. This old beast manages to start.

Brett tries to run but trips -- falling down. He flips over but The Butcher is already on him. He tries sliding away, begging for mercy.

BRETT

Please! Don't!

The Butcher JAMS the chainsaw between his opens legs. Brett screams as blood sprays everywhere.

CLOSE ON THE BUTCHER -- blood covering his face.

THE BUTCHER

See? Now you have three holes too.

We HEAR shuffling off screen. The Butcher turns as Tobin makes his way to his feet.

The Butcher revs the chainsaw's engine again...

INT. OLD LUMBER MILL - CONTINUOUS

Millie, Nyla, Joshua, and Booker enter the party but hang back, away from the crowd.

BOOKER
Shit. It's packed.

MILLIE
Okay, we'll search in pairs. Text if you see him. Don't try to be a hero.

NYLA
Be careful, Mill.

MILLIE
You, too.

Nyla and Joshua peel off -- heading toward the dance floor as Millie and Booker head the opposite way.

INT. BATHROOM - OLD LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

Millie and Booker walk down a dank corridor, the music less harsh but still loud enough. STUDENTS make out against the walls, others SNICKER, watching. No sign of The Butcher.

INT. LOFT - OLD LUMBER MILL - SAME

The Butcher reaches the steps as a COUPLE runs up them, giddy. They LAUGH, kiss. Not a care in the world. Until they run into The Butcher and his chainsaw. The Butcher making quick work of them. He descends the steps.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - OLD LUMBER MILL - SAME

Joshua and Nyla comb through the crowd like a couple of Secret Service agents. Joshua suddenly pauses -- we think he's spotted The Butcher but it's actually...Phil -- dancing alone with drunken abandon to Ariana Grande. Not one to miss an opportunity, Joshua sneaks away from Nyla.

ON PHIL -- dancing badly as Joshua approaches.

JOSHUA
Hey again.

Phil glances around to see if anyone is looking. They're not.

PHIL

Hey.

JOSHUA

You like Ariana too?

PHIL

Who?

JOSHUA

(re: how dumb he is)

So hot.

Meanwhile...

INT. LOFT/HALLWAY - OLD LUMBER MILL - SECONDS LATER

Rounding the corner, Millie and Booker freeze as strobing lights reveal Tobin's HEADLESS TORSO -- his actual HEAD sits on a SPIKE sticking out of the wall. Booker grabs his mouth, gagging. Millie runs ahead and enters the loft-- immediately discovers the carnage.

Booker stumbles in behind her. Millie pulls her mask off; urgent:

MILLIE

Text them! Tell them to get out of here!

Booker gets his phone out. Starts a group text.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - OLD LUMBER MILL - CONTINUOUS

Nyla feels her phone vibrate -- pulls it out.

ON THE SCREEN: **GET OUT OF HERE.**

Nyla looks up -- tries to find Joshua. He's nowhere to be found.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - OLD LUMBER MILL - CONTINUOUS

Joshua is making out with Phil. Hot and heavy. And clumsy. *Very clumsy.* Between kisses:

PHIL

I'm not fuckin' gay.

JOSHUA

'Course not. And we can stop at any time.

Phil pauses, looks around, then pushes Joshua's head down as he disappears out of frame.

Meanwhile...

INT. HALLWAY - OLD LUMBER MILL - CONTINUOUS

The Butcher stalks from room to room. The chainsaw suddenly dies. He tries to start it again but it's out of gas. He tosses it aside. Lucky for him there's deadly shit all over this place -- grabs a LOG HOOK hanging on the wall.

INT. OFFICE - OLD LUMBER MILL - CONTINUOUS

TWO TEENAGE GIRLS, BECCA and AMY, sit in the office. Amy cries, Becca consoles her.

BECCA

Phil's a dick. Don't let him get to you.

AMY

He broke up with me via text. Like five minutes ago. How am I supposed to feel?

The Butcher enters.

BECCA

Hey, Millie. Can you give us a sec? Amy just got dumped.

AMY

(screaming through tears)
Over text message!

She breaks down. Becca puts her arm around her, hugging her.

Framed in the doorway, The Butcher slowly closes the door on us. All we HEAR are the girls SCREAMING as we CUT TO:

EXT. OLD LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

As a POLICE CRUISER pulls up. Deputy Parsons and Deputy Hayworth climb out. They look at each other across the car's hood.

DEPUTY PARSONS

Whoa! Fun!

Hayworth SIGHS, annoyed. As they both head toward the mill...

INT. DANCE FLOOR - OLD LUMBER MILL - SECONDS LATER

Booker and Millie push their way through the crowd. They find Nyla.

MILLIE

Where's Josh?

NYLA

I don't know! He was right here a second ago!

Booker sees something off screen. Nudges Millie. They turn to see Parsons and Hayworth entering the party.

BOOKER

Not good.

Millie looks at her watch. She's got 4 minutes.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - OLD LUMBER MILL - CONTINUOUS

Phil is leaning against the wall. He's got a big, drunk grin on his face.

PHIL

(eyes closed)

Dude...do you even have teeth?

CRUNCH!

The LOG HOOK punches through the rotted, wood panel beside Phil's face -- the hook pivots and pulls, ripping right into Phil's eye-socket.

Joshua SCREAMS as Phil's entire body is ripped through the wall.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - OLD LUMBER MILL - SAME

As the music suddenly DROPS OUT. All we can hear is Joshua's SHRILL SCREAM ringing through the whole mill.

ON MILLIE AND THE OTHERS

MILLIE
Found Joshua.

ON PARSONS AND HAYWORTH

As they spot Millie -- i.e. The Butcher. Parsons pulls his gun and fires into the air.

DEPUTY PARSONS
Get outta here! Now!

Total. Fucking. Mayhem.

Kids SCREAMING and running in every direction. Millie, Nyla and Booker run in the direction of Joshua's SCREAMS as Parsons and Hayworth pursue.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - OLD LUMBER MILL - SAME

The Butcher stomps through the hole in the wall -- spots Joshua. He backs into a corner, nowhere to run. The Butcher advances -- but his eyes fall down to Josh's pants. *He still has a boner.*

THE BUTCHER
Excited to see me?

Millie runs into the room first. The Butcher spins around. Millie spots The Dola still strapped to his leg.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)
You.

MILLIE
I want my body back, asshole.

The Butcher readies his hook.

THE BUTCHER
Come and get it.

Millie charges -- The Butcher swings but Millie deftly catches his wrist in the air. The Butcher tries to kick Millie in the nuts again but Millie blocks it with her other hand. She bends his wrist, forcing him to drop the hook. Millie kicks the hook away as it slides over to...

Nyla and Booker as they land in the doorway. Booker quickly picks up the hook when...

Parsons and Hayworth burst into the room, shoving Nyla and Booker aside -- guns aimed at Millie.

DEPUTY PARSONS

Let her go!

The Butcher pulls away. Hayworth turns his gun on Booker.

DEPUTY HAYWORTH

Drop the weapon! Now!

Booker drops the hook on the ground. The Butcher rushes over to the cops. Crying, helpless...

THE BUTCHER

Oh thank god!

Millie looks at her watch. CLOSE ON the countdown:

1:27...26...25...

Nyla sneaks up to the Butcher and RIPS The Dola off her leg strap. Furious, The Butcher tries to grab it but Nyla tosses it to Millie.

Booker and Joshua seize the moment and tackle Parsons and Hayworth. Joshua overpowers Parsons -- his weapon drops.

With a BATTLE CRY, Millie charges The Butcher with The Dola but The Butcher quickly snatches up Parsons' gun and fires a shot into Millie's leg. She goes down hard, dropping The Dola. The dagger slides across the floor and lands right in front of The Butcher. He grabs The Dola and takes off.

Millie hobbles after him. Booker disarms Hayworth -- trains the gun on both cops.

BOOKER

(to Joshua/Nyla)

Go help her!!!

Nyla and Joshua take off as Booker keeps Parsons and Hayworth at bay.

EXT. BEHIND THE OLD LUMBER MILL/WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Blowing past the rear loading door, The Butcher runs into the woods. Millie limps after him but Nyla and Joshua race past her.

ON THE BUTCHER -- running through the trees.

ON NYLA -- gaining ground. *This girl is fast.*

Nyla closes the gap and leaps into the air -- tackles The Butcher.

The Dola flies out of his grip and lands a few feet away.

As the girls roll around on the ground in a Battle Royale catfight...

Joshua seizes The Dola -- tosses it back to Millie as she hobbles up. But just as the dagger lands in Millie's hand...

HER TIMER GOES OFF.

TIGHT ON MILLIE -- eyes filled with dread as she looks at Booker's WATCH. It's MIDNIGHT.

MILLIE

No...

ON THE BUTCHER -- pinned under Nyla. He starts LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY:

THE BUTCHER

You're too late!

Off screen we HEAR Booker shouting. Millie turns and sees Parsons and Hayworth running toward her. She drops The Dola and slowly raises her hands into the air in surrender. She's The Butcher. *Forever.*

CLOSE ON JOSHUA -- as a strange/confused look washes over him.

JOSHUA

Where's the bell?

NYLA

What?

JOSHUA

The Bell. It didn't toll.

CLOSE ON MILLIE -- as the realization hits her like a freight train. She looks at Booker.

MILLIE

(softly; to herself)

Pro-tip: always set your watch five minutes early...

(shouting)

It's not midnight yet!

The Butcher punches Nyla, knocking her off. He starts to squirm away but Joshua grabs his leg, pulling him back. He pins down his left arm as Nyla holds down the right side.

Millie grabs The Dola off the ground and straddles The Butcher.

STORM CLOUDS instantly gather above. Lightning churns over the sound of ROLLING THUNDER.

HERO CLOSE UP ON MILLIE as she raises The Dola high into the air and brings it down. As the blade pierces The Butcher's shoulder...

A huge BOLT OF LIGHTNING rips across the sky. *MILLIE AND THE BUTCHER SCREAM AT THE SAME TIME.*

(HENCEFORTH, MILLIE IS MILLIE AND THE BUTCHER...THE BUTCHER)

The Butcher grabs his shoulder as it bleeds -- he stumbles back.

But Nyla and Joshua aren't sure if it worked. Nyla looks at Millie.

NYLA

Who's your favorite athlete?!

MILLIE

No one. I hate sports.

Nyla smiles.

Parsons and Hayworth land as Joshua points at The Butcher.

JOSHUA

Shoot that motherfucker!

Parsons and Hayworth open fire on The Butcher. Bullets rip into his torso sending him stumbling backward until he goes down hard and fast.

HIGH ANGLE -- Looking down on The Butcher, spread eagle. *Dead.*

BACK ON MILLIE

As she sits up. Joshua and Nyla hug her -- approaching SIRENS wail in the distance over the echo of the clocktower finally TOLLING THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OLD LUMBER MILL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bedlam. The whole area is a hotbed of activity. POLICE CARS, FIRE DEPARTMENT, MEDIA.

Larkin and his men help escort frightened HIGH SCHOOL KIDS to a bus.

In the fracas we find Millie -- sitting at the back of an ambulance. The familiar trope is completed by the blanket drawn over her shoulders and the styrofoam cup of warm tea in her hand. She has a fresh BANDAGE wrapped around her shoulder. Booker sits next to her.

BOOKER

So...what are you gonna tell the cops?

MILLIE

A version of the truth I guess.
Don't think they'd believe me if I told them what really happened.

Millie looks across the way as HAYWORTH hands LARKIN The Dola -- back in an evidence bag. As Larkin disappears with the cursed object...

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Let's just hope nobody gets their hands on that thing again.

Millie feels Booker looking at her. She turns to face him.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

What?

BOOKER

I kinda think you owe me a do-over.

MILLIE

Sorry?

BOOKER

I mean, look, I'm all for kissing big, 200 pound mass-murderers but you're definitely more my type.

MILLIE

Oh. Am I?

BOOKER

Yeah. You are.

Booker and Millie kiss. It's sweet and tender. Off screen we HEAR Joshua and Nyla whooping. Millie looks over at them, standing with Hayworth. She gives them the finger as they crack up.

CORAL (O.S.)

Millie!

Millie turns -- sees her mom jumping out of Charlene's cruiser. Coral and Charlene run to Millie and embrace her.

NEW SHOT

As the PARAMEDICS, accompanied by Deputy Parsons, carry The Butcher's body on a gurney and load him into an ambulance.

TIGHT ON THE AMBULANCE DOORS as they *SLAM SHUT*.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD 19 - BLISSFIELD - NIGHT

WE HEAR SIRENS as the ambulance ZOOMS past camera.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON AN EKG MACHINE

We hear SLOW BEEPS. Panning down to The Butcher -- still unconscious. But ALIVE. Barely. An EMT monitors his vitals as Deputy Parsons keeps watch.

EMT

His pulse and heart rate are weak.
I don't think he's gonna make it.

DEPUTY PARSONS

Good.

EMT

How empathetic.

DEPUTY PARSONS

If you'd seen the carnage you'd be glad too.

Suddenly -- The loud tone of death from the EKG machine. The Butcher has flatlined.

EMT

Looks like you got your wish.

The EMT reaches to check his vitals now noticing THE MONITOR CORD HAS BEEN RIPPED FROM THE BUTCHER.

EMT (CONT'D)

What the --

CRUNCH!

The bar from the stretcher JARS LOOSE, The Butcher very much alive. He swiftly whips it across the ambulance, his cuff, and wrist, still attached.

The metal bar IMPALES THE EMT THROUGH THE FOREHEAD.

Parsons SCREAMS. The Butcher quickly grabs Parsons gun with his free hand and fires a round. Direct hit in the head. Parsons is dead.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's going on back there?!!

The Butcher turns to the front, hearing the voice of the driver.

Smiles real big.

INT. CORAL'S BEDROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Master bedroom. What once used to be cheery has become cluttered, disarrayed.

Millie lies in her mom's bed, Coral draped behind her, stroking Millie's hair. It's a quiet moment, filled with relief and love. Charlene appears at the door, looking on. She pauses, soaking in the moment, smiles a bit.

Finally a family.

CHARLENE
I'm tired. Gonna hit the sack.

Millie pops her head up.

MILLIE
Night, Char.

Charlene turns to move--

MILLIE (CONT'D)
Hey...

She hesitates to speak, I mean what can you say... Except--

MILLIE (CONT'D)
I love you, sis.

CHARLENE
(beat, smiles)
I love you, too.
(then)
G'night, mom.

Coral smiles, still brushing Millie's hair with her fingers.

CORAL
Good night, Charlene.

Charlene disappears down the hallway. Millie enjoys her mom's brushing, closes her eyes. Then quickly opens them, rolling onto her back...Thinking.

CORAL (CONT'D)
What is it, sweetie?

MILLIE
You know I'll never leave you,
right?

CORAL
(sort of poo-pooing)
Oh, I know.

Millie grabs Coral's hand, stopping her.

MILLIE
I'm serious. When I go away to
school or maybe even end up in
another city, I'll never truly be
gone. I'll always be your daughter.

Coral pauses, tears up.

CORAL
I am so, so proud of you.

Millie nuzzles close to her mom, Coral draping her arms around her. A very warm, very sincere moment. Millie gets up, kisses her mom on the forehead.

MILLIE
Good night, mom.

CORAL
Night night, Millie.

Millie steps to the door. Coral watches, beaming with a mother's pride. Millie is gone. As soon as the coast is clear, Coral opens a drawer in her nightstand and pulls out a BOTTLE OF CHARDONNAY. She looks at it, eyes filled with guilt.

INT. HALLWAY - KESSLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Millie moves down the hallway when she spots the front door SLIGHTLY OPEN. She pauses, then--

MILLIE
 Char, you forgot to lock the door
 again.

Millie starts toward the door.

INT. CORAL'S BATHROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Coral stands at the sink, dumping the entire bottle of wine down the drain. She SIGHS, content.

INT. LIVING ROOM - KESSLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Quiet. Millie approaches the front door when a BIG GUST OF WIND springs it open. Millie YELPS, still a bit jumpy after the night she's had. She quickly shuts the door and locks it. Turns back to the stairs to see--

THE BUTCHER.

In front of the steps, holding CHARLENE BY HER HAIR. A KNIFE to her throat. The handcuffs dangle from his wrist.

MILLIE
 Charlene! No!

CHARLENE
 Get out of here, Millie. Run!

Charlene struggles, trying to break free but it's no use. The Butcher has her in a vice grip.

THE BUTCHER
I never lose.

CHARLENE
 GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE! NOW!

Millie backs away -- reaching behind, her hand finds the doorknob...

THE BUTCHER
 That's right, Millie. Run. Girls like you always do. I'm gonna enjoy killing this worthless family.

And with that CORAL JUMPS UP BEHIND THE BUTCHER, smashing the empty wine bottle against his head. Charlene RAGE-SCREAMS and charges -- tackles The Butcher, flipping him ass over tit, sending him through the glass coffee table.

CHARLENE

Run, mom!

CORAL

No way.

She walks over to The Butcher, standing above him.

CORAL (CONT'D)

We kill this fuck. *As a family.*

Coral SCREAMS, bringing the broken bottle down but The Butcher grabs her arm, flinging Coral behind him. She SMASHES HARD against the wall. The Butcher rises, Charlene stands unarmed. Millie nowhere to be found.

THE BUTCHER

One down...

Charlene charges again, takes a swing but the Butcher catches her fist in his hand and pulls her forward. WE HEAR HER BONES CRACKING as he crushes her hand. Charlene screams in agony as he picks her up and throws her into the media console -- her body smashes into the TV before hitting the ground.

Charlene groans in agony. The Butcher steps in to finish her when he hears the sound of crunching glass -- spins around to find Millie trying to sneak up on him. She's holding a KNIFE in her trembling hand. She freezes.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Oh don't stop. Come on. I'm ready.

Millie doesn't move. Paralyzed.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

You know, Millie...I learned a thing or two about you when I was stuck in that body.

The Butcher slowly starts to advance.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

I could feel your lingering fear.
Your anxiety. So meager. So weak.
Clinging to a dead dad. A lesser
version of your sister. A slave to
a drunk mother.

He stops right in front of her. Millie is terrified.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

This is it...this is your chance.
Prove you're not a victim.

The Butcher stretches his arms out in a Christ-like fashion. Taunting her. Millie raises the knife to strike him but as she brings the blade down, The Butcher smacks it right out of her hand. He grabs Millie by the shirt and pulls her into a nose-crushing head-butt. Blood gushes down Millie's face. He drops her on the floor.

Dazed, Millie tries to crawl away as The Butcher retrieves the knife.

Millie turns over, dazed and broken as The Butcher returns. He stands over her, wearing a merciless grin.

THE BUTCHER (CONT'D)

You're nothing without *my* body.

Millie spits blood. Teeth stained red.

MILLIE

You know...when I was in your body
I learned something too...

THE BUTCHER

What's that?

Millie's weak visage breaks. Eyes narrowed. *Pissed*. She KICKS The Butcher as hard as she can right in the BALLS. The Butcher doubles over in agony.

MILLIE

Having balls kinda blows.

Seizing the moment, Charlene grabs a wooden DINING CHAIR and smashes it against The Butcher's back -- the chair breaks apart as he slumps over. He starts to get up immediately but Millie grabs one of the broken legs of the dining chair and JAMS it into his back -- the jagged edge pierces his heart.

The Butcher just hangs there, kneeling...mouth agape as blood runs down his chin. He slowly cranes his head around and looks at Millie -- grins with blood stained teeth.

THE BUTCHER

You'll never...be as stro--

Millie takes a step back and KICKS the leg of the chair, driving it all the way through his chest until the jagged end penetrates the other side.

The Butcher's eyes roll back as he slumps over and hits the floor. *Finally dead...like...for realz guys*.

Charlene rushes over to Coral -- helps her to her feet.

CHARLENE
Mom! Are you okay?

CORAL
Yeah. Think so.

Millie, PANTING, catches her breath.

CHARLENE
I'm--goddamn, Mill. Bad-ass bitch.

MILLIE
We got him...

The Kessler Family stands above The Butcher. They look down, his lifeless body utterly destroyed in their living room.

ON MILLIE -- Satisfied. Victorious. Survivor.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
I am a fucking piece.

SMASH TO BLACK.