

# I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER

screenplay  
by  
kevin williamson

based on the novel  
by  
lois duncan

**PRODUCERS:**

Neal Moritz  
Stokely Chaffin  
Erik Feig

MANDALAY ENTERTAINMENT  
10202 West Washington Boulevard  
Culver City, California 90232

THIRD DRAFT  
March 12, 1997

1 EXT. OCEAN/NIGHT SKY 1

A beautiful summer night. The sky is peaceful. Content. The ocean calm and still. Picturesque. As seen from...

2 EXT. DOCK 2

A small wooden dock protruding out into the water. The middle of nowhere. Sitting at the edge is a MAN, late 20's, big guy, brawny. He sits, shoulders slumped, feet dangling over the side.

CLOSE ON his face. Distant. Tortured. He swigs from a liquor bottle. From the pocket of his fishing slicker he withdraws an object.

CLOSE ON his hand. He holds a small silver medallion. Round and turning. A trinket of sorts. A keepsake. He holds it up to his face as a summer breeze causes it to spin in his hand. It WHISTLES in the wind.

Brush RUSTLES behind him. Then, a soft THUMPING. Footsteps maybe? The man turns, peering into the darkness. A moment. Nothing. A noise of the night. He turns back to the water.

Water CRASHES against pilings. Wood CREAKS as the dock contently settles. The man looks about again, this time staggering to his feet when suddenly...

FIREWORKS EXPLODE, in the distance, illuminating the sky, interrupting the night. He looks up to the sky, his face reflecting the spray of color as...

CUT TO:

3 EXT. SOUTHPORT - ESTABLISHING 3

ANOTHER EXPLOSION OF FIREWORKS

light up the sky above the small coastal town of Southport, North Carolina. A tiny community pocketed on a harbor. CROWDS of people CHEER from the boardwalk that runs along the water. MUSIC BLARES from a local band.

4 EXT. MAIN STREET - SAME 4

A huge banner draped over the street reads...

SOUTHPORT CELEBRATES THE 47TH ANNUAL FOURTH OF JULY CROAKER FESTIVAL.

The CAMERA BREEZES through the crowds as people dance and parade in the street with huge, colorful fish atop their

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

heads--elaborate hats shaped like Croaker fish. A small scale Mardi Gras-like celebration.

The CAMERA dead-ends at a building. The sign in front reads TOWN HALL.

MC'S VOICE

(voice over)

How about a hand for our finalists!

SMASH CUT:

5 INT. TOWN HALL - SAME

5

An old town hall packed with people. Standing room only. The crowd breaks into APPLAUSE as five bikini clad girls file onto the stage. A banner behind them reads...

THE ANNUAL MISS CROAKER QUEEN PAGEANT.

CLOSE ON the girls standing at attention. Poised, nervous, excited. One girl, HELEN SHIVERS, stands out from the others. She's more beautiful and self-assured. Confident and sexy. Eyes of fire. She looks to the balcony above and gives a special wink.

INT. BALCONY - SAME

A small balcony overlooking the stage. Closed to the public. Used mainly for storage.

THREE TEENS, however, stand at the rail, watching the pageant, out of sight from below. CLOSE ON...

JULIE JAMES, 17, pretty with a clever face and piercing eyes. Carries herself with a determined, intense energy. A girl going somewhere.

JULIE

God, look at her. She was born for this.

She's talking to...

RAY BRONSON, 17, a tall and lanky guy, cute with glasses. Studious with a mischievous grin permanently attached to his face.

RAY

I had no idea her breasts were so...ample.

She jabs him. Next to Ray is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRY COX, 17, athletic and perfectly handsome with that all-American/quarterback/class president appeal. A bit cocky. Likes his tough guy image.

BARRY

She does these exercises that pump 'em up.

Julie stares them down.

JULIE

Guys, I'm on sexist overload as it is. Kill the commentary.

BACK ON STAGE

The Master of Ceremonies, a big, burly man--the town mayor no doubt--stands next to Helen. It's the final round, that moment when they ask that big, self-serving, life affirming question.

MC

In the spirit of Mother Theresa, what will be your contribution to your community and the world at large?

Helen takes the microphone from him, steps forward, and addresses the audience with confident certainty.

HELEN

Well, Bob, at summer's end, I plan to move to New York City where I'll pursue a serious acting career. It is my goal to entertain the world through artistic expression. Through art I shall serve my country...

UP IN THE BALCONY

Her friends listen.

RAY

Did you feed her this shit?

Julie shrugs and grins. Maybe she did, maybe she didn't.

BARRY

Work it, babe. Man, they're eating it up. She's incredible.

SMASH CUT:

INT. STAGE - LATER

MC

And this year's Croaker Queen is...

The final contestants stand in frenzied anticipation as the MC opens the envelope.

MC

MISS HELEN SHIVERS!

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE fills the town hall.

UP IN THE BALCONY

Julie, Ray, and Barry nearly leap from the rail in excitement. HOOTING, HOLLERING, CHEERING her on.

BACK ON STAGE

A diamond tiara is placed atop Helen's head by last year's outgoing Croaker Queen as a red satin sash is draped around her nearly naked body. She's handed a glittering scepter and it's official. Helen Shivers is MISS CROAKER QUEEN 1997. She's all tears.

7 EXT. OLLIE'S OYSTER BAR - LATER

7

MUSIC BLARES as Ollie's out door dance floor is packed with people, dancing their brains out.

Barry and Ray lean against a rail, overlooking the dancefloor. The harbour in view behind them. Fishing trawlers and yachts line the docks. Buoys CLANG in the harbors wake. Barry swigs from a bottle of beer as they look down on a brand new shiny black BMW that sits in the parking lot.

BARRY

2.8 Liter, 6 cylinder, 190 Horse Power,  
optional sun roof.

RAY

Dude, you cleaned up.

Ray admires the car. His eyes revealing the slightest trace of envy.

BARRY

What did you get for graduation?

RAY

Lear jet. With pilot.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

BARRY

And how many food stamps did that set your aunt back? Jesus, what's taking them so long?

He looks down to the crowded bar below. Ray shrugs.

RAY

She had to deflate her breasts.

BARRY

(laughs, swigging a beer)

It's fucked, man. I'm going to Boston U with your girl and you'll be in New York with mine.

RAY

Dyslexic, huh?

BARRY

We could swap, you know. Make it easier on everybody.

RAY

Agreed.

Barry cuts the crap for a moment.

BARRY

Or you could just keep an eye on Helen for me. Make sure she's okay and stuff.

Ray eyes him. The guy's earnest.

RAY

I tell you what. You keep an eye on Julie and I'll cover Helen.

A moment between friends. Barry thumps Ray's forehead. An act of love.

BARRY

You're okay, you know that? When you first came here I had my doubts about you. But you turned out alright.

RAY

Your colossal influence.

8 EXT. BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

8

Julie and Helen emerge from the mobbed oyster bar bathroom. They gab and talk.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN  
How's my hair?

JULIE  
Hurricane proof.

HELEN  
Hey, it's all about the hair. Don't you forget that. Especially when you become some big hotshot lawyer. Those professional women types think it's all about brains and ability and completely ignore the "do".

JULIE  
"Do's" vital. Got it.

From the crowd emerges a frumpy woman in her twenty's. She wears glasses and an attitude. This is ELSA. She accosts Helen.

ELSA  
You riding with me--I'm going.

HELEN  
Tell Mom I'll be home late.

A HULK OF A GUY approaches with an apron and tray. This is MAX, 19, tad shady. None too bright.

MAX  
Hey Julie. I brought you a shooter on the house.

JULIE  
Thanks, Max, but I have this mental block. I can't get past the slime.

ON HELEN AND ELSA

ELSA  
Is little Miss Croaker getting sauteed tonight?

HELEN  
A twit with a wit.

ELSA  
Eat me.

Elsa storms off as Barry and Ray are seen coming down the stairs towards them.

(CONTINUED)

BACK ON JULIE AND MAX

MAX

Can I take you out sometime before you leave? Like a bon voyage thing?

JULIE

I don't know, Max...

She smiles at him sweetly. She looks to Helen who rolls her eyes.

MAX

Come on, we've been friends since forever, you can't just leave without a farewell. Whaddya say?

Suddenly, Barry appears, snatching the shooter off Max's tray, proposing a toast. He's getting happy faced.

BARRY

A toast. To us. To our last summer of immature adolescent decadence.

Barry slams the oyster back. The other roll their cynical eyes but the corny toast works its charm. A shared feeling.

HELEN

Somebody's buzzed.

Max listens to all of this, not taking his eyes off Julie. He's got a crush. Suddenly, Barry shoves him off, surprising him, sending him reeling.

BARRY

Yo, chum bait, take a hike.

Max recovers instantly and dives for Barry. Ray intercepts, throwing himself between the two.

RAY

Easy...easy...

JULIE

Play nice, boys.

Max is ready to pounce but he adheres to Julie's request. Barry goes for him again. Ray holds him at bay.

JULIE

Stop it, Barr.



HELEN

They're just friends.

RAY

Come on, Barr. This is tired.

Barry eases up. He realizes other people have taken notice. He backpedals.

BARRY

Hey Ray, just taking care of your girl as agreed.

RAY

Thanks buddy, now let's blow.

HELEN

Yeah, let's beam down to Dawson's Beach. Little joyride.

Helen leads Barry off as Max casts deadly eyes. Julie smiles apologetically as they turn and leave.

9 EXT. ROAD - MINUTES LATER

9

A long, deserted road. The ocean sparkles in the distance under a brightly lit moon.

The BMW makes it way, weaving from side to side. Helen, stands, sticking out of the sun roof. She waves her scepter into the air, performing...

HELEN

(way dramatic)

"I am a Seagull..."

INT. BMW - SAME

MUSIC BLARES from the speakers. Barry drives recklessly, crossing the line deliberately, LAUGHING it up.

RAY

I thought you weren't going till August?

BARRY

The coach gives freshmen a lead in. I'm gonna kick SOME COLLEGE ASS!!!

Barry BEATS the dash, HOLLERING. Helen falls down into her seat, spinning around, a bit tipsy.

HELEN

God, I'm gonna miss you guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

You promised. No maudlin theatrics.

HELEN

But everything's ending.

RAY

We're evolvvvvving. It's just beginning.

HELEN

I hate that.

BARRY

Then we make a pact. Right here and now. No matter where we go. No matter what we do. No matter what happens. We stick together.

HELEN

Sounds good to me.

Ray looks to Julie, smiling.

RAY

Me too.

Barry lets out another rebellious HOLLER, speeding up, HONKING the horn.

RAY

Slow down, Barr. You're gonna be picking up highway trash.

Helen giggles as Barry speeds up faster. Through the windshield, a curve appears.

JULIE

Jesus, Reaper's Curve. SLOW DOWN!

Julie hits him in the shoulder. Barry's having a blast. He speeds up even faster. Helen's loving it too. She sways from side to side.

BARRY

PREPARE TO DIE!

HELEN

SOAP OPERA CRASH!

Helen throws her arms up dramatically, emitting a SHRILL FAKE SCREAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julie and Ray SCREAM for real. At the last possible moment, Barry hits the brakes...

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ROAD - SAME 10

As the car skids around the curve, completely out of control. It swerves off the road coming to an ultra smooth stop just short of going over the railing and into the water below.

11 EXT. DOCK - SAME 11

The dock sits below on a jetty. Headlights stream off the edge of the cliff as a MAN'S FIGURE stares up at the road above. From his hand, the medallion dangles in the wind.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CAR - SAME 12

Dead silence. Julie and Ray are frozen stiff. Barry takes a swig of Jim Beam, eyeing them in the mirror.

BARRY

You guys should get out more.

JULIE

You asshole.

Julie is livid.

RAY

It's okay. We're alright.

BARRY

Who's the asshole? You got in the car with a drunk driver. You should know better little Miss-I-got-a-scholarship-for being soooo smart.

JULIE

People die on this curve all the time.

BARRY

Thus the name--Reaper's Curve.

Barry puts the car in gear, giving Helen a conspiratory wink. She suppresses a giggle as Barry takes off down the road. Only much saner this time. The perfect by-the-book driver.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Julie has gone quiet. She sinks into the backseat, into the comfort of Ray's arms.

13 EXT. DAWSON'S BEACH - MINUTES LATER

13

A private beach. A secret teenage party site. Tonight, it's deserted. Except for Barry's shiny new BMW, parked near the water's edge.

14 EXT. CAMPFIRE - LATER

14

A campfire burns and CRACKLES. The two couples cozy around it, intertwined, listening to Ray spin a spooky tale.

RAY

..the boy and girl are making out when they hear on the radio that a lunatic killer has escaped from an insane asylum and he has a long, sharp hook for a hand...

Barry brings the Jim Beam to his lips.

BARRY

Dude, you're telling it wrong...

RAY

Shut up. And the girl gets scared and wants to leave and the boy, all hot and bothered, gets pissed and peels out...

BARRY

(interrupting)

No, that's not the way it goes...see they run out of gas and the guy goes for help and the girl stays in the car and hears this *scratccchinggg* sound on the roof...

HELEN

..no, it's not a scratching sound, it's a drip..drip..drip...

BARRY

No, it's scratching because the guy's been hung from a tree limb and his feet are scratching against the roof...

HELEN

Un-uh, he's been decapitated and the blood from his severed neck drips on the roof. Drip..drip...

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

No, no, no. He wasn't decapitated--he was gutted with the hook. That's the way I heard it.

RAY

Look, you're all wrong. They get to the girl's house and they find the lunatic's bloody hook in the car door. That's the original story. That's the way it really happened.

BARRY

None of it really happened. It's a bullshit ghost story to begin with.

RAY

No, it's not, it's true.

HELEN

I don't think so, Ray.

RAY

Swear it.

Julie sits up.

JULIE

Please. It's a fictional story created to warn girls of the dangers of having premarital sex.

Ray comes right back at her.

RAY

Well, actually honey, and you know how terrified I am of your IQ, but I have to disagree. It's really an urban legend--American folklore, and they all usually originate from some real life incident.

Silence. This makes sense. It even sounds a little creepy.

Julie eyes Ray critically. He gives her a wink.

15 EXT. BEACH - MUCH LATER

15

The near full moon illuminates the beach. In the distance the campfire can be seen dwindling. Down at the water's edge...

Helen dances about with sparklers in each hand, the tiara still atop her head. She performs for Barry who lies in the

(CONTINUED)

sand watching her, swigging Jim Beam. He's tanked. They're alone.

HELEN

(still tipsy)

..by that time, I'll just be finishing my two year contract on GUIDING LIGHT coinciding with your first year as starting quarterback for the STEELERS...

BARRY

COWBOYS...

HELEN

..whoever, then we'll elope to the Cayman Islands, Europe, wherever...where you'll impregnate me with the first of three children....

She collapses on top of him, showering his face with kisses.

HELEN

..and then you'll head off to rehab and we'll live happily blah-blah-blah...

Barry lunges up with a second wind, kissing her hard. He rolls her over and begins to devour her.

16 EXT. SHORELINE - SAME

16

Julie, alone, walks to the water's edge. The ocean is calm...peaceful. She looks around, her eyes combing the beach.

JULIE

Ray? Ray? Where'd you go?

She stares down at her reflection rippling in the surf when a...

MAN'S FIGURE

appears behind her, grabbing her. She spins around, SCREAMING, to find Ray there, one of his fingers curved into a hook.

RAY

I'm gonna hook you!

She LAUGHS, falling into his arms, knocking him backwards onto the sand. She tumbles down on top of him, kissing him...

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

You don't really believe that crap, do you?

Julie kisses him playfully. They roll over in the sand...frolicking.

RAY

But it's true.

JULIE

Please...the hook is merely a phallic symbol...

RAY

..oh really...

JULIE

..which is ultimately castrated...

Ray WINCES. Julie kisses him again. They break. Face to face. Her eyes penetrating his.

JULIE

God, I'm gonna miss you.

RAY

You don't have to. You can still ditch Boston and come to New York with me.

JULIE

We can't all sit in a village coffeehouse and ramble esoterically on our laptops. There's just not enough room.

RAY

See, nobody gets me the way you do.

JULIE

I understand your paaaain.

RAY

Precisely.

Julie holds him tight, completely serious.

JULIE

I hate this. You're going to go off and fall for some head-shaven, black-wearing, tatoo-covered, body-piercing philosophy student...

RAY  
Sounds attractive.

JULIE  
..and I'll never see you again.

RAY  
Hey, did you know the success rate of  
high school sweetheart relationships is  
much higher than any other type of  
relationship?

JULIE  
Cite your source.

He takes her hand and places it on his chest at his heart.

They stare at each other intensely. Julie's hand begins to  
fuss with the buttons on his shirt.

JULIE  
Take it off.

Ray eyes her. Surprised.

RAY  
Are you sure?

She looks at him. Her eyes have never been so sure. They  
melt into each other's arms.

17 EXT. BEACH - LATER

17

It's late. The party is over. Helen is fighting a sloppy  
drunk Barry for his keys. There's no way he can drive.

HELEN  
Give me the keys, man-meat, you're toast.

Barry swings the air.

BARRY  
Nobody drives my car but me.

HELEN  
I know, baby. But the Croaker Queen has  
to get home now.

Julie and Ray appear, out of the darkness, arm in arm.  
Blissful.

(CONTINUED)



Barry weaves out of control. Helen moves in for support, stumbling to the car with him. She reaches into his coat pocket.

BARRY

No, no, you don't....

But she's too fast for him. She swipes his keys and tosses them to Ray who nabs them. Barry turns on Ray.

BARRY

Gimme my fucking keys.

RAY

You're trashed, pal.

HELEN

Come ride in the back with me. I'll let you do things to me.

Helen guides him to the car.

BARRY

NOBODY drives my fucking car. You got that, shit smear?

RAY

Loud and clear. Get in the car.

They help him into the backseat. Helen slides in after him. Julie winks at Ray. They all load in the car.

18 EXT. ROAD - LATER

18

The BMW travels back down the long, deserted road, towards town.

19 INT. BMW - SAME

19

Ray is behind the wheel. Julie is beside him. Helen and Barry in the back. Barry has gathered his second wind. He reaches for his bottle.

BARRY

You can't drive for shit.

Julie sits in the front seat, next to Ray. She turns to Barry.

JULIE

Can you say AL-CO-HO-LIC?

Barry opens the sun roof, and stands up, sticking out of it.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

RAY  
Hey, don't do that.

EXT. BMW - SAME

Barry protrudes from the sun roof, guzzling his Jim Beam.

HELEN  
(from inside)  
Barry, come back inside.

Barry, in his fun loving stupor, pulls a Roman candle from his jacket and lights it. He holds it, aiming ahead of him. Balls of color shooting out into the night. He looks ahead, having a blast.

BARRY  
(imitating Julie)  
OH NO, REAPER'S CURVE!

INT. BMW - SAME

Ray maneuvers around the curve, Barry staggers above, dropping the Jim Beam. The bottle falls down into the car hitting Ray's shoulder sending it spewing forth all over the car.

JULIE  
NO, BARRY...

It splashes Julie, the dashboard, the seats...Julie and Ray both reach for the spewing bottle when...

BARRY  
(from above)  
WATCH OUT!

Ray looks up...through the windshield...something's in the middle of the road...something big, indistinguishable...

BAM! The BMW SMASHES into it, sending it up and over the car...

ON THE ROOF

It slams into Barry knocking him back...

INSIDE THE CAR

Helen grabs hold of Barry's legs holding onto him as...

Ray pulls the wheel sharply, sending the car spinning...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Barry is plastered to the roof of the car, holding on for dear life as...

The car spins wildly several times before coming to a jerking halt.

INT. BMW - SAME

Barry falls down into the back seat. His face terrified. Blood streaked across it. A moment of dead silence.

BARRY  
JESUS, FUCK, SHIT!

HELEN  
What was that? ..

RAY  
I don't know...

JULIE  
Is everybody okay?

RAY  
I think it was an animal.

Helen sees Barry's bloody face. She SCREAMS.

HELEN  
You're bleeding.

Barry wipes at it, sobering up fast, realizing.

BARRY  
It's not mine.

RAY  
It musta been a dog or something.

Barry's face turns livid.

BARRY  
Jesus Christ. My fucking car.

Julie throws the door open and races out. The others follow suit.

20 EXT. ROAD - SAME

20

The car is half on-half off the road. Barry runs around to the front of the car. The front grill is busted and coated in blood.

BARRY

Ray, you fuck. Can't you look where you're going?

Ray is frazzled.

RAY

It came out of nowhere...I didn't see it...

Julie inspects the grill.

JULIE

A dog couldn't have done that.

BARRY

A fucking deer could.

Barry staggers toward Ray, ready to strike him.

RAY

You dropped your bottle, I was trying...

BARRY

My dad's gonna freak on my ass.

HELEN

Come on, Barry, it was an accident. Leave him alone.

JULIE

Where is it?

They all look to Julie. She stands in the middle of the road.

JULIE

If it was a deer. Where is it?

They join Julie. The four of them silhouetted in the headlights.

RAY

Maybe it ran off.

HELEN

I hope so. I hope we didn't kill it.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

BARRY

Fuck that. Let's go.

They start back for the car when Julie loses her footing, stumbling over something. She looks down to see, lying at her feet...

A MAN'S BOOT

Big and bulky. Julie kneels down and picks it up. They all stare at it. A moment as the realization overcomes them.

JULIE

Oh God.

RAY

No way.

HELEN

But I thought...

RAY

I didn't see it...

BARRY

There's no way...no...

JULIE

Oh God...this isn't happening.

Suddenly, the world begins to swirl around them.

Barry runs back to the car and pops the trunk. He withdraws a couple of flashlights. He throws one to Ray.

-- BARRY

You take that side.

The four split up on either side of the road, combing it, looking in the ditch and brush. Panic has set in. Helen is near hysterical, CRYING, SOBBING almost.

BARRY

Will you get a grip?

Julie holds onto Ray as they move down the road. The flashlight casting a single ray into the night.

JULIE

Please God, please God, please...

And then she sees it first. Lying just off the road, half in the ditch is...

(CONTINUED)

A BODY.

JULIE  
(screaming)  
NOOOO....

Barry and Helen come running. All eyes go to it as the four of them stand frozen, thunderstruck, staring down at the shape in front of them. A long, agonizing silence. And then...

RAY  
I couldn't see...I swear...

JULIE  
Oh God!

HELEN  
Is he dead?

RAY  
I don't know.

BARRY  
Check his pulse.

RAY  
No way, man. You do it.

BARRY  
You're the one who rammed him.

JULIE  
Just do it. He could still be alive. He needs help.

No one wants to go near it. Finally, Ray takes a step forward, moving slowly to the body, kneeling down beside it.

The man is large before him. He wears a dark slicker. CLOSE ON his face. It's unrecognizable. A bloody mess. Ray finds the man's wrist, checks his pulse, fingers shaking furiously. The others stand back. No one wants to look.

A moment...and then Ray's face collapses. He looks to Barry.

RAY  
I think he's dead.

BARRY  
Shit! Fuck!

JULIE

Dear God...

HELEN

Who is he?

RAY

Can't tell. His face is all messed up.

BARRY

What the fuck was he doing out here?

JULIE

We gotta call the police. Get an ambulance out here.

Helen wants the hell out of here. She races back to the car.

BARRY

What's the hurry? The guy's dead.

JULIE

You're not a doctor. You don't make that decision.

Barry paces furiously.

BARRY

Use your brain, Julie. We call the police and we're fucked.

JULIE

It was an accident.

Ray stands. His face scared.

RAY

Let's think about this a minute.

Julie goes ballistic.

JULIE

Think about what? He was crossing the road in the middle of the night. It was an accident. You weren't drinking...or speeding...

RAY

There's Jim Beam all over the car.

JULIE

But you're sober.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

They'll never believe I was driving.

BARRY

It's my car. They'll nail my ass.

HELEN

That's not true.

BARRY

Are you kidding? Look at me, I'm drunk as shit. I'm fucked.

Barry hits himself in the head several times, hard. Helen goes to him, near delirious.

HELEN

We'll tell the police the truth. They'll believe us. Won't they?

RAY

It's manslaughter at best. We're gonna fry no matter who takes the fall.

An idea storms Barry.

BARRY

Then we leave. Right now.

JULIE

No way. Are you crazy?

BARRY

Think about it. He's already dead. There's nothing we can do to bring his ass back.

JULIE

We can't leave him here.

BARRY.

Tell me, little Miss Pre-law. What's the charge for manslaughter?

JULIE

You're not thinking clearly. You're drunk.

Helen steps forward tentatively.

HELEN

Barr's right, Julie, no one's seen us. We could leave right now.

(CONTINUED)



Julie tries to reason with them...to put an end to this insanity.

JULIE

What about the evidence?

Ray's at the front of the car, checking it out. Hysteria abounds.

RAY

The grill's busted. There's blood everywhere.

BARRY

We can clean it up.

JULIE

Listen to yourselves. We're going to the police.

BARRY

We don't have time for your shit. We gotta move fast.

RAY

Let's try to stay calm. Focus.

JULIE

Don't you get it? If there's some of him on the car, there's some of the car on him, they'll trace it back to you. You're looking at hit and run.

BARRY

Then we dump the body.

Barry is raging. Julie's face drops in shock, nearly laughing.

JULIE

You've lost it.

Helen pipes in, her face tear-streaked.

HELEN

Let's just pretend we were never here.

BARRY

We could drag him to the water and dump him in. They wouldn't find him for weeks. By that time all the evidence will be washed away.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

If they found him at all. The currents are strong. The undertow could carry him out to sea.

Julie stares Ray down, disgusted he's even considering this.

JULIE

I won't be any part of it.

Helen moves to the car. Ray approaches Julie. His voice soft and serious.

RAY

I'm scared, Julie. I'm not like the rest of you. I don't have the family or money to pull me out of this. Please...

Barry stands over the body. His flashlight casting an eerie glow on him.

BARRY

This is your future, Julie, think about it. College, your scholarship... He's already dead. If we go to the police-- we're dead too.

This gives Julie pause. He's gotten to her. Suddenly, in the distance...

21 EXT. ROAD - HEADLIGHTS APPEAR

21'

BARRY

FUCK!

HELEN

What do we do?

BARRY

Ray, give me a hand.

Barry and Ray, like teamwork, grab the body and drag it completely off the road. The headlights come closer. Julie squints to see an old pick-up making its way to them.

They get the body to the side of the road... Barry kneels down in front of it, pushing it into the ditch.

HELEN

Shit. They're slowing down. Who is it?

The truck is nearly on them. Julie recognizes the driver.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

It's Max.

BARRY

Jesus, fuck. Get rid of him.

The truck pulls along side of them. Julie moves out to meet it. Her face deliberating, calculating. The moment of truth.

Max sticks his head out the window. Always happy to see her.

MAX

Hey, Julie. Whatsa matter? Car trouble?

Julie looks down, she still holds the boot in her hand. She slides it behind her back.

JULIE

Actually...

Julie looks back to Ray. His eyes plead with her.

JULIE

It's Barry. He's had too much to drink and we're trying to keep the upchuck outta the new car...

Max looks to the ditch. Barry, on cue, bends over, RETCHING. Max eyes the BMW. He sees the dented grill.

MAX

Guess it's not so new anymore.

Julie tries to remain calm.

JULIE

"Don't drink and drive."

MAX

(with asshole sarcasm)  
Daddy's gonna be mad.

RAY

What can I do for you, Max?

Ray steps in, blocking the view of the car.

MAX

You can wipe that my-shit-don't-stink grin off your face.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Okay, Max. Will do. Have a good night.

MAX

You almost got that rich boy act down,  
Ray.

RAY

We'll be seeing you, Max.

MAX

Oh yeah...seeya, Julie.

He takes one last look around. Barry in the ditch. Helen leaning over him. Julie, her face nervous.

Max shakes his head, disgusted with them. He hits the gas, taking off.

His truck disappears down the road.

22 EXT. WATER'S EDGE - MINUTES LATER

22

Ray and Barry drag the man's body through the brush. Helen leads the way with a flashlight while Julie picks up the rear. She holds her own flashlight, keeping her distance.

BARRY

(rationalizing)

Even if his body washes ashore in the next coupla weeks, it'll be eaten by crabs and small fish...maybe we'll get lucky with a shark.

They move quickly...efficiently. Fueled by fear.

23 EXT. DOCK - TWO MINUTES LATER

23

The dock from before. Water CRASHES against it as the four appear with the body in tow.

BARRY

Okay, put him down.

They maneuver his body just so.

RAY

Easy. That's it.

The body comes to rest at the dock's edge. Julie notices a marking on the man's forearm. A TATOO. THE FACE OF A YOUNG GIRL WITH THE NAME SUSIE PRINTED UNDER IT. This small detail pierces Julie.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

Let's do it.

Barry starts to roll him overboard.

JULIE

Wait.

RAY

What?

JULIE

Should we check his pockets for a wallet?  
See who he is?

BARRY

Why?

JULIE

I don't know. Just to know.

HELEN

I don't wanna know.

BARRY

Let's just pretend he's some escaped  
lunatic with a hook for a hand and we're  
doing everybody a favor. Where's his  
boot?

Julie holds it up. Barry grabs it, then leans down to the  
man's foot. He quickly, decisively slides it on. Silence.  
Barry wipes the sweat from his brow.

BARRY

Okay. Help me, Ray.

Julie grabs his arm, holding him back. He looks at Julie.

RAY

I don't think I can, Barry.

BARRY

Shit! We agreed.

JULIE

It's not too late, Barr. We can still...

BARRY

SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!

HELEN

Oh Christ already...I'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

Helen kneels down quickly and pushes on the man's body. Barry shoves too and the body starts to roll over the edge when the man's hand, unexpectedly...

GRABS HOLD OF HELEN.

Helen SCREAMS as the man lifts up, his face bloody raw...he's alive--barely.

Helen fights him off as the man slowly rolls further over the side.

Barry tries to pry the hand loose. Ray jumps down to help. The man has Helen by her hair...ripping it from her scalp.

HELEN  
GET HIM OFF ME!

The man goes over the side, taking Helen with him. Suddenly, Julie swipes at the man's bloody head with her flashlight. Direct and hard. The man releases Helen who falls back into Ray and Barry.

Julie shines the flashlight down at the water to see the man's torso slowly sink below the surface. His arm outstretched, sticking up, the last part of his body to submerge.

They all look down to see his hand disappear below the water's surface, holding...clutching in its grasp...

HELEN'S SHINY, DIAMOND TIARA.

BARRY  
NOOOOOO.....

Barry lunges for it. But it's useless.

RAY  
Shit, we're screwed.

BARRY  
Fuck that! Gimme the flashlight.

In a split second, Barry dives in.

24 INT. BELOW THE SURFACE - SAME

24

Murky and dark. A small shaft of light from the flashlight illuminates Barry as he waves his arms frantically, feeling...searching. His hands get tangled in kelp. Thick long strands of it. He keeps looking. Nothing. Then Barry turns, smashing right into...

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN.

Barry reels backwards, nearly choking...air escapes from his mouth. They're face to face. The man's eyes remain closed as blood seeps upward from the gash in his head, creating a blurry trail.

Barry reaches for the tiara and pries it loose, when suddenly...

THE MAN'S EYES OPEN...

Barry freaks, roaring backwards. Tiara in hand, he bolts upward to the surface when...

HE'S YANKED BACK DOWN...

Barry, out of air, kicks madly, looking down to see his legs caught up...entangled in...

KELP. Large strands of it knotted around his legs, holding him down. He rustles with it, panicked, his breath gone. His nose begins to bleed...finally, he frees himself...blasting to the surface.

25 EXT. SURFACE - SAME

25

Barry breaks the surface, GASPING, sucking air. Ray reaches for him.

RAY

Over here.

EXT. DOCK - A SECOND LATER

They help him back onto the dock as a PANTING Barry tries to regain his breath. A moment, then he slings the tiara at Helen.

RAY

Come on, let's get out of here.

Ray helps Barry stand.

26 EXT. ROAD - SECONDS LATER

26

Barry marches frantically to the car. The others scurry around him, trying to keep up with his pace.

BARRY

Okay, we're going to go home now and never ever, ever, under any circumstances known to God, speak about this again. Is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARRY (cont'd)  
that clear? It is now merely a future  
therapy bill. Agreed?

Barry is deadly serious. He looks to Helen, who WHIMPERS  
silently to herself.

BARRY  
Helen?

HELEN  
I'll never, ever say anything,  
ever...ever...

They get to the car. Barry turns to Ray and Julie.

BARRY  
We make a pact right here and now. We  
take this to the grave.

RAY  
(nodding)  
Agreed.

Barry stares at Julie. She remains silent.

BARRY  
Julie?

She looks at them all in contempt. A moment. Then she half  
nods. Barry rages.

BARRY  
Don't fucking nod your head. You say it.

JULIE  
Yeah...okay...

Barry grabs her by the neck, shoves her onto the car,  
pressing into her. His breath on her face.

BARRY  
We take this to the grave. Let me hear  
it.

Ray and Helen try to pull him off her.

RAY  
Let her go.

HELEN  
Please...Barr...

Barry is relentless. His eyes on Julie. Deadly.

(CONTINUED)



BARRY

You fucking say it.

Julie doesn't flinch. She stares back at all of them. Pure disgust.

JULIE

Okay, Barry, we take this to the grave.

He releases her, moving to the car. Nearly choking, she sits up coming face to face with Ray. His face pained.

RAY

It'll be okay. It'll be okay...

She slides away from him. She knows better.

27 EXT. ROAD - SAME

27

The car drives off into the night. Hanging on a shrub in the ditch by the side of the road, a small object, a trinket of sorts, illuminated in the fading tail lights. A tiny medal medallion, coated in blood, spinning...WHISTLING in the wind.

FADE OUT.

28 EXT. BOSTON UNIVERSITY - MORNING

28

The east coast campus in all its splendor. Green grass and blue skies abound.

TITLE CARD:

ONE YEAR LATER

29 INT. DORM ROOM - MORNING

29

A typical girl's dorm room. Drab walls, industrial strength furniture. A suitcase sits on the edge of the bed, packed and ready.

At a desk, against the wall, sits a GIRL at her computer. Back to, she appears frail and thin. Her hands rest on the keypad, unmoving.

DEB

(off camera)

Yo, time to go.

This stirs the girl from her trance. She turns toward the CAMERA to reveal a face that, to put it mildly, has seen better days. Sunken eyes, pale skin, stringy-hair...it takes a moment to register. This is Julie.

(CONTINUED)

DEB, enters, same age, bubbly, full of energy. A direct contrast.

DEB

Move your tired ugly ass. We're late.

Julie moves to her suitcase sluggishly.

JULIE

I'm not going. I changed my mind.

DEB

Get your white-as-death chalky corpse in the Tercel NOW.

JULIE

Don't make me...

DEB

Rag on bitch. I'm driving two hours out of my way to dump your ass and you bitch, bitch, bitch. Girl, you goin' home for the summer and you goin' to get a tan on that pasty pale tail of yours.

Julie manages a smile.

30 INT. CAR - MIDDAY

30

Deb sits behind the wheel. Her head bops to the MUSIC that BLARES from speakers. Far too energized.

Julie sits in the passenger side, leaning against the window, her face pressed against the glass. Somber.

DEB

Almost there. Just a few more miles.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

They move around a sharp curve...in the distance, the familiar old dock is seen jetting out over the water.

ON JULIE

Her face pained. Tormented.

31 EXT. SIDEWALK - LATE AFTERNOON

31

Julie stands on the sidewalk, staring at the modest middle-class house in front of her. A long moment. She doesn't move.

32 INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

32

A nice house. Simple and subdued. The front door opens and Julie enters with her bag.

MRS. JAMES  
(off camera)  
Is that you, Julie?

Julie winces at her mother's voice. The kitchen door BURSTS open and Julie's mother, MRS. JAMES, appears. Mid-forties and well preserved. Smart and youthful. She's genuinely excited to see her daughter.

But her excited face falls the instant she lays eyes on the barely recognizable Julie. A woman of grace, Mrs. James recovers brilliantly.

MRS. JAMES  
Welcome home, dear.

She grabs Julie, hugging her hard, holding back tears.

MRS. JAMES  
I've missed you.

Julie squeezes her mother back, relaxing for a moment, in the comfort and safety of her arms.

33 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

33

Julie and her mom sit at the dinner table. Julie eats quietly while her mom rambles on nervously.

MRS. JAMES  
How's the snapper? I wanted monk but it's been a bad season. Fishing isn't what it used to be. Are you on drugs?

Julie swallows.

JULIE  
What?

MRS. JAMES  
I was trying to surprise you. I wanted an honest reaction.

JULIE  
No, mom. No drugs.

Mrs. James stands and carries their plates to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. JAMES

Then what's wrong? You look like death.

JULIE

Yeah...well, I had a rough year.

Julie stands and moves to the living room.

34 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

34

Julie moves to a bookshelf. It looks like a shrine to Julie. Framed pictures, newspaper clippings, trophies, and other items that illustrate what an over-achieving, scholarship-winning, all-around perfect girl Julie once was.

One picture, in particular, leaps out at Julie. Her with her arms wrapped tight around an older man with a kind face. Her father. Julie shuts her eyes.

Mrs. James appears from the kitchen. She holds an envelope in her hand. She lays it on the coffee table.

MRS. JAMES

You have some mail. A letter came today. No report card, though. That came last week.

Uh-oh. Julie turns to her, immediately on the defense.

JULIE

Look, mom. I know it looks bad but the summer session went really well...

MRS. JAMES

It would have to, dear, because according to the Dean of Boston University you have only one more chance.

JULIE

It's not that serious, really...

MRS. JAMES

What happened to my daughter? You go away, you don't call or visit...

Mrs. James points to the bookshelf.

MRS. JAMES

What happened to this girl? All her plans? Her future? This isn't what your father and I wanted for you. If you need help. Let's get it.

(CONTINUED)

Julie nods reluctantly, giving in. It's all she knows to do.

MRS. JAMES

I'll make an appointment. Pamela recommends a woman downtown.

Julie nods again. Mrs. James returns to the kitchen, leaving Julie alone. She eyes the letter on the table, picks it up.

CLOSE ON THE LETTER. There's no return address. Julie opens it, pulls out a single sheet of paper, unfolds it, reads it...and almost loses her dinner. Her knees buckle, her legs give way, she grabs the table for support. Her face horrified.

CLOSE ON THE LETTER. Hand-lettered, scribbled in stark black ink are the words...

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST. SUMMER

Fear races across Julie's face. Her eyes swell up with tears. Her mother reappears in the doorway.

MRS. JAMES

Is everything alright?

JULIE

Do you know who delivered this? There's no postmark or return address.

MRS. JAMES

Your guess is as good as mine. Why? What does it say?

JULIE

Nothing. .

Julie moves past her, down the hall, trying hard to remain calm in her mother's presence. Mrs. James just-shakes her head in silent worry.

35 INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

35

A girl's room. Bright and pinkish. Everything is a reminder of the old Julie.

Julie lies on the bed beating her head rhythmically into her pillow. The letter lies in front of her.

THUMP! Julie sits up, startled by a noise. Her bed sits directly in front of a huge window. She turns to it, peering out into the dark night.

(CONTINUED)

## ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

Her front yard. Trees and shrubs. The sidewalk and street beyond. Empty...deserted. The cool summer wind blowing in the night. WHISTLING almost.

Julie checks the latch on the window, securing it, then pulls the curtains closed.

## 36 EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

36

Julie emerges from the front door. Morning has come but the summer sun is noticeably absent. A dark and gray day is in store. Nevertheless, Julie dons sunglasses as she hops into her car, starts it up, and heads down the street.

## A37 EXT. SHIVERS' DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A37\*

Julie's car comes to a stop in front of a huge old-timey all-purpose department store that sits in the middle of town square. She emerges from the car and heads for the store...checking her back several times as she goes.

## B37 INT. BACK ROOM - SECONDS LATER

B37\*

A back store room filled with equipment and inventory. TWO GUYS are busy at work loading up an elevator--an ancient hand-turned kind. They're being ordered about by Elsa. She appears a year older and still a bitch.

ELSA

Guys, guys--easy. It's called glass. It breaks.

Her two tortured employees pull the rope pulley as the elevator disappears to the second floor as Elsa moves out a door into...

## 37 INT. MAIN STORE SHOWROOM - SAME

37\*

Elsa moves through the store, passing a make-up counter and a SALES CLERK, bent over, busy at work. She looks toward the front of the door to see Julie, waving at her. Elsa crosses to her. No smile, completely expressionless.

ELSA

Well, well, look what the cat drug in.

JULIE

(ignoring the slight)

Hi, Elsa. I need to get a hold of Helen. I thought, maybe, you could give me her New York number.

This makes Elsa smile. An amused, bitchy smile.

ELSA  
Her New York number?

JULIE  
I need to speak to her.

ELSA  
Fact check, Julie. Helen doesn't have a New York number. If you need to speak to her, I suggest you try women's fragrances ten feet to your left.

Elsa turns and points, thoroughly enjoying Julie's surprise. Julie looks to the fragrance counter, her eyes shocked to find...

Helen, the sales clerk, standing behind the counter, adjusting a perfume display, her hands moving quickly, nervously. CLOSE ON her face. Her once classic looks now seem harsh and stark under her mask of heavy make-up.

This is a different Helen. Except for the hair. It's as big and luscious as ever. It hangs so thick and full around her face, she appears to be hiding in it.

ELSA  
Frightening, isn't it?

Helen looks up and spots Julie, and for the first time, in probably a long time, smiles.

HELEN  
Julie! Oh my God!

Elsa takes off, leaving Julie and Helen alone. An awkward moment as Julie moves closer. Helen's hands tremble.

HELEN  
When did you get home?

JULIE  
Yesterday.

HELEN  
It's good to see you. I missed...

Helen, in a flash, knocks the display over, perfume samples crash to the counter. Helen grips her hands, a nervous tick. She gathers up the display, casually...as if this were nothing new.

JULIE

What happened to New York?

Elsa straightens a mannequin's outfit, her eyes watching Julie and Helen's reunion.

HELEN

I went...for awhile. It didn't really work out, but I plan to go back... eventually...maybe...

Julie understands all too well. But she refuses to respond emotionally. Instead she pulls the letter from her jacket and hands it to Helen.

JULIE

Someone sent this to me.

Helen takes the letter, opens it up. Reads it.

HELEN

Oh my God!

Helen freaks. Her face goes manic.

JULIE

Somebody knows, Helen.

HELEN

But how?

JULIE

I don't know.

Helen takes a few deep breaths, looking around, making sure they can't be heard. From across the way, Elsa busies herself, as if she's not paying attention.

HELEN

We were so careful...

JULIE

Were we? What if someone saw us? What if someone else was there that night?

HELEN

Who? It's been a year.

JULIE

I don't know.

Helen looks at the letter again.

(CONTINUED)



HELEN  
Has Barry seen this?

Julie shakes her head.

38 EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LATER 38\*

Julie and Helen move across the lawn of a very expensive home. Helen appears pensive, uptight. She lights a cigarette feverishly.

HELEN  
Do you ever see Barry at school?

JULIE  
It's a big campus. Are you sure he came home?

HELEN  
I saw his car the other day at the gym.

JULIE  
Did you guys break...

VOICE  
(o.c.)  
What are you two doing here?

Julie and Helen look up to find Barry staring down at them from the house's upper deck. He looks one year older but solid, fit, and as handsome as ever. No scars apparent.

HELEN  
Hi, Barr...

39 EXT. UPPER DECK - TWO MINUTES LATER 39\*

A large open deck adorned with expensive patio furniture. The open sea stretches out beyond it. Barry has read the letter. He shoves it back at Julie.

BARRY  
So?

JULIE  
So someone knows!

BARRY  
Keep it down.

Through a glass door, Barry's MOTHER can be seen, tinkering inside the house. An elegant woman, very proper. Barry pushes the door closed.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

What are we gonna do?

BARRY

Nothing. This is nothing. I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER. Oooooohhh. What a crock of shit.

HELEN

We need help.

BARRY

I'll say. You two should look in a mirror. You guys look like shit run over twice.

HELEN

You're a prick.

Barry's taken back by Helen's fire.

JULIE

We can't just ignore it.

BARRY

Come on, Julie. How do you know it's even related? You did a lot of things last summer.

JULIE

Only one murder comes to mind.

Barry nearly leaps on her. The guy's a ticking bomb.

BARRY

You shut the fuck up. We didn't murder anyone.

JULIE

He was still alive when we dumped him in the water.

HELEN

Do we have to rehash this? It was an accident. The guy was in the middle of the road.

JULIE

His name was David Gregg.

BARRY

Who?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

David Gregg. He was found three weeks after we...his body was caught in a scallop net not far from Miller's dock. It was in the paper. The police called it an accidental drowning.

The room goes silent.

JULIE

So you can call it an accident all you want but he died because of us. That is certain.

BARRY

What about Ray? Have you showed this letter to him? What does he think?

JULIE

I haven't seen Ray since last summer. We broke up. Last I heard he was up north working.

Barry's getting really annoyed by all of this.

BARRY

Okay, let's suppose somebody else was there that night. Why send a letter one year later? It's probably just a crack fucking around.

Then it dawns on them at the same time. Barry and Julie's eyes meet. They're thinking the same thing.

BARRY

Max.

JULIE

You think?

BARRY

Who else? He was there.

40 EXT. BOARDWALK - MIDDAY

40

Julie, Helen, and Barry walk the boardwalk to the harbor. The town is crowded. Lots of TOURISTS. A banner hangs over Main Street. It reads...

WELCOME TO THE 48TH ANNUAL FOURTH OF JULY CROAKER FESTIVAL.

They come to OLLIE'S OYSTER BAR.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BARRY  
You two wait here.

JULIE  
What are you going to do?

BARRY  
Be cool. I know what I'm doing.

Barry enters the bar. Julie and Helen stare at each other.

41 INT. PUB - SAME

41

Almost empty. It's still early. Just the REGULARS saddled up next to the bar.

Barry marches in, determined. He looks to the MAN behind the bar. A round man with a big belly.

BARRY  
Hey, Ollie. Max around?

OLLIE  
Hey, Barr, whaddya know? The ice house out back.

Barry nods, moving out a side door.

42 EXT. BACK OF OLLIE'S PUB - SAME

42

Barry moves down a walkway that leads to a small set of buildings that sit on the water. A motor CRANKS loudly from atop one of them. This is the ice house.

FISHERMAN and WORKERS go about their day. Max is loading crates of crabs onto a dolly when he spots Barry.

MAX  
Go figure. I was just saying to myself.  
What's up with Barry Cox?

BARRY  
Hey, Max, can we talk a sec? In private?

Max is baffled. He looks around. A COUPLA FISHERMAN stand on the docks yards away.

MAX  
This ain't private enough?

Barry heads into the ice house. He motions to Max. Curious, Max follows.

43 INT. ICE COOLER - SAME

43

A large space. Blocks of ice everywhere. Hanging along one wall are several large steel hooks for wrangling the ice.

BAM! Max's head CRASHES against a block of ice. A severe shove from Barry.

MAX

Jesus. What the...

Barry RAGES, throwing his weight against Max, holding him down. Grabbing a hook from the wall, he forces it against Max's face.

BARRY

Look, you shit, we got your little letter.

MAX

What are you talking about? Get off me.

BARRY

Don't fuck with me. You saw us that night.

MAX

What the fuck? Jesus, man, what are you on?

Barry presses the hook into Max's face. It's pointed end pricking Max's cheek. A small drop of blood blossoms.

BARRY

I'm gonna say this once. I'll fucking kill your ass. I got no problem with that. Understand?

MAX

Get the fuck off me.

BARRY

Understand?

MAX

Alright, man. Let up.

Barry has unnerved Max. He relinquishes. He has no choice. Barry releases him, walking out of the cooler, tossing the hook to the floor. He brushes by a COUPLA FISHERMAN who look up too see what the commotion is.

(CONTINUED)

Max stumbles to his feet. He grabs the hook off the floor, swinging it through the air angrily.

MAX  
Motherfucker...

He stumbles out of the ice cooler. Barry is gone. The place is empty. SSSSHHH! A soft, high pitched sound envelopes the room. A WHISTLING. Max looks around, unnerved.

MAX  
(to nobody)  
Don't test me, motherfucker. I'll call the police on your college quarterback ass.

A SOUND from behind causes Max to spin around. Standing in the doorway that leads to the dock is...

A FISHERMAN...

silhouetted against the light. His hooded slicker pulled down, hiding his face. A familiar medallion dangles from his hand. Max eases up, recognizing him.

MAX  
Jesus, man. You scared the shit out of me.

Max has had it for one day. He stabs the fish hook into a nearby wooden beam as the fisherman steps into the ice house.

44 EXT. BOARDWALK - SAME

44

The crowded boardwalk. Julie and Helen try to keep up with Barry's hurried pace.

JULIE  
Did he admit to the letter?

BARRY  
He won't bother you anymore.

HELEN  
What did you do?

BARRY  
I took care of it.

JULIE  
How?

Barry stops, turning to Julie.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

I scared the shit out of him, okay?

Julie appears the skeptic when a tall, towering FIGURE appears behind her.

BARRY

Well, I'll be damned...

Julie spins around to find Ray standing behind her. He wears a green fisherman's slicker. His face appears older, rougher. His demeanor is quiet, eyes intense. The transition from boy to man has been made. His appearance almost takes her breath away.

JULIE

Ray?

RAY

Hi...

JULIE

I didn't know you were back in town.

RAY

Just docked for a few days.

An awkward silence. They're all four together again. No one knows what to say. Finally...

BARRY

So Ray grew up to be a fisherman, huh?

RAY

Almost a year now. I work on that blue one over there.

Julie only half-looks at the big trawler he points at in the harbor. Ray's presence has unnerved her.

BARRY

That's nice. I'm outta here, guys. Have a nice life.

Barry shoves off. He's not interested in any reunion. Ray looks to Julie, timidly.

RAY

Gotta minute?

Helen gets the hint. She begs off.

HELEN

I've gotta get back to work. Call me,  
Julie. We'll get together.

JULIE

Okay, sure...

A moment. Both knowing it'll never happen. Helen saunters  
off, leaving Julie and Ray alone.

RAY

I was hoping I'd see you. God you're as  
pretty as ever.

She ignores the compliment. Or tries to.

JULIE

We need to talk.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. BOARDWALK - MINUTES LATER

45

Ray leans against the rail holding the letter. Julie watches  
his face as he reads it.

RAY

And you think Max sent it?

JULIE

Barry does. I don't know.

Ray hands the letter back to Julie. Then, he begins loading  
a dolly with crab crates. The live crabs scurry about from  
within. \*

RAY

You know how he feels about you guys.  
Max is probably just screwin' around. He  
doesn't have much else to do, you know.

JULIE

Maybe.

RAY

How's school?

JULIE

(ignoring the question)  
So you're a fisherman?

(CONTINUED)



RAY

Prophecy fulfilled. I've become my father.

JULIE

I thought you didn't know your dad.

RAY

He worked the boats. That's about all I know about him.

Silence. Being together is clearly painful for both of them. Julie takes the letter from him and folds it up as if to leave.

RAY

I'm only here for a week. I thought we could get together...maybe?

Ray smiles at her, nervously, trying hard to make some contact with her.

JULIE

I don't think so, Ray.

Julie starts to leave. Ray blocks her path. His face tortured.

RAY

I've thought a lot about last summer. I know you hold me responsible for what happened.

She eyes him, unflinching.

JULIE

I don't hold you responsible. I'm responsible for my own actions. I don't blame you, Ray. But I don't wanna know you either.

With that said, she pushes by him, marching off into the crowded street.

46 EXT. GYM - MINUTES LATER

46\*

An old structure down by the water. At one time it served as a fishing plant that now has been converted into the local gym.

Barry's BMW pulls into the gym parking lot. Still shiny and new looking. It sports a new grill. He hops out with his

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

bag, hits the remote lock, and heads inside. He pockets his keys in the high school letterman jacket he still wears.

47 EXT. WORKOUT FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

47\*

A spacious, outdoor workout area that overlooks the water. Free weights and circuit machines everywhere. It's late and the gym is deserted. Barry, now in workout clothes, is at the bench press, in the middle of a set. He pumps it out...in a mad rage almost. A release for his anger.

48 INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

48

Barry stands at an open locker, his letterman jacket hangs prominently inside with his other things. A sweaty Barry undresses when he hears a RUSTLING behind him. He turns...

BARRY

Hello?

There's no one there. He moves around a row of lockers. The place seems completely empty. He lets it go.

49 INT. SHOWERS - A MINUTE LATER

49

Barry stands nude under the shower. Steam rising around him. Suddenly, a shadow moves along the wall. Barry sees it, turns quickly...

BARRY

Hello?

No one's there.

50 INT. LOCKER ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

50

Barry walks to his locker drying himself with a towel. He looks to his locker to find...

A small picture shoved in its door. A Polaroid. He rips it off, curious.

CLOSE ON the picture. It's a snapshot of his BMW, parked in the gym parking lot. He turns it over, scribbled on the back are the words: I KNOW...

BARRY

What the...

He turns quickly and races through the locker room looking for whoever left this for him. His anger mounting. He searches the locker room, row after row...but no one's there.

(CONTINUED)

He returns to his locker. The door is open. His letterman jacket is now gone.

BARRY

Fuck!

Barry grabs his clothes, dressing furiously.

CUT TO:

51 INT. GYM LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

51

Barry comes running up to the desk, buttoning his shirt.

BARRY

Hank?

An OLDER MAN in sweats appears from a back room.

BARRY

Who else is here? Anybody else working out?

HANK

Just you and me, pal. Slow night.

VROOM! VROOM! Noise from outside. The sound of a car REVVING. Barry recognizes it instantly. He tears for the door.

52 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - SAME

52

Barry comes barreling out of the gym doors, stopping dead in his tracks to find an empty parking lot.

HIS CAR IS GONE.

BARRY

Motherfucker!

VROOM! VROOM! Barry looks up to find, half-way up the road, fifty yards away, sits his car. Barry's face is riddled. And pissed. He moves to it, hurriedly.

He gets within twenty feet of the BMW when the headlights FLICK on, shining in Barry's face. He strains to see who's behind the wheel but the headlights are too blinding.

BARRY

Max...you're a dead man.

Just then, the car starts up, REVVING again. Suddenly, the car guns backwards, in reverse, down the road towards...

52A EXT. MAIN ST. - A DESERTED FISH HOUSE

52A'

surrounded by an old boat yard. The car careens backwards, deep into the dock area, leading...luring Barry.

Barry is directly in front of the car, when he hears the gears shift. In a split second, the car accelerates forward, right at him.

Barry bolts, moving around a fishboat that sits up on a dry dock. He slips through the pilings, just missing being RAMMED into the boat.

Feet pounding, Barry charges for the boardwalk, trying desperately to outrun the car as it speeds towards him. He crosses over to the boardwalk, but the BMW doesn't flinch. It torpedoes towards him.

Barry comes to a dead end. Crab pots stacked in front of an old billboard. He looks about, sizing up his options. The BMW hits the brakes, reverses and spins the car around sharply so that it faces Barry head on. Barry's trapped. The car IDLES, as if egging him on, daring him to make a run for it.

Barry tries to make out who's driving. But it's too dark, all he can see is a SHAPE. The car REVS. Barry, scared shitless, must make a decision. He makes a run for it, but the car has him. It hits the gas, PLOWING into him, sending him CRASHING through the the crab pots, into the billboard...through it..and onto the boardwalk beyond.

53 EXT. BOARDWALK - SAME

53'

Barry lay still on the boardwalk. Shattered glass everywhere. His body unmoving.

CLOSE ON Barry's face. Terrified but somehow conscious. A piece of glass stuck in the cheek below his left eye. He squirms, wiggles, tries to free himself but it's useless. His legs are trapped by the grill of the car.

Barry, near tears, lifts himself up, looking towards the car. He tries to get up but fails, collapsing, falling face down onto the boardwalk.

Suddenly, he hears the car door SQUEAK OPEN. Two boots hit the ground moving towards him. The tough as nails Barry is reduced to tears. He SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER!

BARRY  
HELP ME! SOMEBODY!

(CONTINUED)

A BIG, TOWERING FIGURE emerges over him. Barry, crazed, tries to plead with the FIGURE.

BARRY

What do you want? Please...please...

The figure reaches down towards him slowly...in no hurry. Barry cranks his head to look up at the figure but headlights blind him.

BARRY

I'm sorry....We didn't mean it...

The FIGURE is upon him, quickly...swiftly, grabbing him by the hair, wrenching his head back. The last image Barry sees is that of shattered glass and the reflection of a figure magnified many times over. His face hidden by a slicker.

BLACKOUT!

54 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

54

Barry lies in a hospital bed. Alive. Heavily bandaged with a large cast on his arm. He's sleeping more peacefully than he has a right to.

Barry's mother, stern and proper, is nearby, along with her HUSBAND, an older version of Barry. They listen to a YOUNG DOCTOR explain his condition. The doctor speaks in a whisper.

DOCTOR

He apparently tried to kill himself. The police pulled him from his car. He rammed it head-on into a store front. His right arm was shattered in seven places.

MR. COX

Christ! Is there anything you can do. That's his throwing arm....

DOCTOR

I'm more concerned with your son's mental health than I am with his football career, Mr. Cox.

MRS. COX

Of course, doctor.

Mrs. Cox throws cold eyes at her husband.

55 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME

55

Elevator doors open and Julie steps out, immediately spotting a POLICEMAN, standing at the nurses station.

Suddenly, a hand grabs her shoulder. Julie spins around, nearly leaping from her skin.

IT'S HELEN AND RAY.

JULIE

What happened?

56 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

56

Barry is very much awake. He lies in bed restless and pissed. Julie and Helen are on either side of him. Ray is on the phone. Emotions are high.

BARRY

No, for the fortieth fucking time, I couldn't see his face.

Ray hangs up the phone, turning to the others.

RAY

Max didn't show up for work today.

BARRY

It wasn't Max.

RAY

How can you be sure, you didn't see his face.

JULIE

It's time for the police.

BARRY

And what are they going to do besides arrest us?

JULIE

Hello? We have no choice. Someone tried to kill you last night. We have to go to the police.

BARRY

No, he wasn't trying to kill me. If he wanted me dead, he could have done it. He's fucking with us.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Who is?

BARRY

I don't know. Some guy in a slicker.

RAY

That narrows it down. This being a quaint little fishing village and all.

BARRY

(snapping)

And since you bring it up...

Barry stares Ray down.

BARRY

We all know you have a slicker.

RAY

(incredulous)

Fuck you, you're not going to throw this on me.

Julie intercedes.

JULIE

Enough, Barry. It wasn't Ray. He's not capable of something like that.

BARRY

Yeah?

RAY

Just because I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth...

BARRY

You were a fuckin' lowlife when you came here.

RAY

Screw you.

HELEN

Come on, guys, don't...

JULIE

This isn't getting us anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Maybe we should come clean. We'll go to the police and get it over with. Take our punishment.

BARRY

No, we made a pact and we're going to keep it.

JULIE

But that's insane now, Barry. Look at us - the secret is killing us.

BARRY

Speak for yourself. I was doing fine before last night.

JULIE

Really? Then what happened in Boston last semester when you were rushed to the infirmary to have your stomach pumped?

Barry goes pale.

BARRY

How do you know about that?

JULIE

It was all over campus in an hour, Barry.

BARRY

That was an accident.

JULIE

An accident? How do you accidentally swallow a pharmacy? Oh, Barry, you pretend to be so on top of it. But you're just as fucked up as the rest of us.

Barry goes quiet. She's busted him. Helen is dumbfounded.

HELEN

Barry...did you really?

He turns from them and stares out the window. A moment.

BARRY

I'm not going to the police. And you're not either.

A threat. Simple. Direct.

(CONTINUED)



JULIE

Please, Barry. We can put an end to it.  
And maybe salvage some small fraction of  
a life.

BARRY

And how do we do that? Huh? There was  
no accident, Julie. It was murder. Your  
words, remember. MUR-DER. I say we find  
the fuck who's doing this and have a  
little one on one.

RAY

Like last night, Barr?

BARRY

Fuck you!

HELEN

No, Barr's right. Whoever's doing this  
isn't going to the police. We could find  
this guy. Talk to him.

BARRY

How do we find him?

HELEN

It's gotta be a friend or family member  
of the guy we hit...what was his name?

Julie doesn't know what to do. Ray looks to her. He wants  
to take her lead. Do they go along with this or not?  
Finally...

JULIE

David Gregg.

HELEN

Right...David Gregg.

BARRY

Well...it's a start.

57 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

57\*

Julie, Ray, and Helen exit the hospital.

RAY

I don't think we should give up on Max.  
It could still be him. He's a loose  
screw.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Then find him, Ray. Prove Barry wrong.  
That's what you want, isn't it?

Ray stops at an old beat up truck. Crab pots are stacked in the back.

RAY

No, what I want is for you and me...

He cuts himself short. Frustrated. This isn't the time or place. He opens the truck door and gets in.

JULIE

Ray, I want you to grasp something.  
There is no you and me.

Julie turns and takes off across the parking lot before Ray can see the hurt that burns across her face. Helen, awkward runs after her.

58 INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

58

Julie sits at her computer. Helen stands over her shoulder.

JULIE

I can access the local library on-line.  
I think we can cross-reference and pull  
up all we need to know. Gregg, David.

She hits ENTER. The monitor screen flashes "SEARCHING!  
SEARCHING!". A moment and then. David Gregg's name appears  
several times.

HELEN

All these articles are about David Gregg?

JULIE

Or at least mention him. It'll pull up  
anything with his name.

They pull the first one up. The headline reads "BOBCATS  
SCORE BIG".

JULIE

He played football. Defense.  
(scanning article)  
Moving on. July 5th. Two years ago.  
What's this?

She reads a new article. The headline reads "GIRL DEAD IN  
CAR ACCIDENT"

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

"Car crash...Susie Tilly dead...drowns while trapped in car...skidded into reefs near Dawson's Beach...the driver, David Gregg, was unharmed"...

HELEN

I remember that wreck, two summers ago. Oh my God. That was him.

JULIE

"Survived by her father Benjamin...Susie was engaged to David". They were going to be married. I remember, he had her name tatoood on her arm. I saw it.

The memory brings her silent.

HELEN

The guy couldn't win, could he? Reaper's Curve must have had it in for him.

She EXITS the file, pulling up another article.

JULIE

His obituary. Accidental death. Survived by his mother Claire and sister Melissa Gregg of Maribel County.

HELEN

They live in the sticks. What do you think?

JULIE

What have we got to lose?

A59 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

A59

Julie's car makes its way down a long backwoods road.

59 INT. CAR - SAME

59

Julie drives while Helen, puffing on a cigarette, reads directions from a little piece of paper.

HELEN

Turn left.

JULIE

Where?

HELEN

Back there.

(CONTINUED)

Julie hits the brakes and backs the car up a good quarter of a mile, then makes the turn.

HELEN

What exactly is the plan? Are we just gonna ring the door bell and say, "We killed your son and were in the neighborhood so..."

JULIE

I thought we'd scope it out. Play it by ear.

HELEN

Don't you think we should have some sort of plan? Angela Lansbury always has a plan.

Julie brakes, slowing down...

ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD

A tattered mailbox. GREGG is hand painted across it. It sits in front of a once beautiful, expansive home but neglect has taken its toll. The yard is overgrown, the house dull and run down. It's all alone in the countryside.

Julie pulls the car over behind some brush, concealing it from the house. Helen is suddenly very scared.

HELEN

What if they're waiting for us? What if they recognize us? They could have a gun--shoot us dead.

JULIE

It's been a year, Helen. They could have done that already.

Julie steps out of the car. Helen joins her.

60 EXT. FRONT PORCH - A MINUTE LATER

60

Julie and Helen walk up to the front porch as a GUST of wind whirls around them. Old wood CREAKS under their feet.

HELEN

You know Jodie Foster tried this and a skin-ripping serial killer answered the door.

Julie KNOCKS on the door. Then waits. No answer.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Well, it was a good try.

Helen wants outta here. Julie KNOCKS again. Harder. Louder. Still, no answer. Julie goes to a side window and wipes away dust.

HELEN

Adding breaking and entering to our crime spree?

Julie and Helen peer in. Through the dusty glass, a SHADOW is reflected behind them. They both jump, spinning around to find...

MISSY GREGG. A young girl, not much older than them. A bit timid. Guarded. She carries a clothes basket. Her face cautious.

MISSY

Can I help you?

JULIE

(recovering)

Hi. Our car stalled down the road and we were hoping we could use your phone.

MISSY

Lord, what in the world are you doing out here?

JULIE

We took a wrong turn.

MISSY

I'll say. Come on in.

They move through the doorway. Helen passes by Julie.

HELEN

(in her ear)

Smooth.

A61 INT. GREGG HOUSE - SAME

A61

The house, once charming, hasn't been kept up and now looks old, stale, and...empty. The living room is void of furniture. Helen eyes Julie...strange. Missy leads them to...

61 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

61

An old kitchen. Big and cluttered. The heart of the house.

MISSY  
(pointing)  
Phone's right there.

JULIE  
Thanks. Jodie, will you call AAA?

Helen stands still a moment as Julie stares at her--eyes motioning. Finally, she gets it.

HELEN  
You got it--Angela.

Julie looks around the less than modest kitchen. Water drips from leaky pipes. Her eyes zero in on cracking wall paper.

On the wall, are a series of framed pictures. An assortment of old family photos. A mother, father, two kids. All smiling in happier times. This disturbs Julie deeply.

MISSY  
My name's Missy ...Missy Gregg. You girls from Maribel?

JULIE  
Fulford's Point.

MISSY  
I went to Fulford High.

JULIE  
I knew you looked familiar. What year?

MISSY  
Class of '92.

JULIE  
We missed each other. I graduated later. But your name--Gregg--it sounds familiar. Did you have a brother?

That was bold. Julie is determined. Nothing to lose. Missy, instantly, goes silent.

MISSY  
Yes...David. But he was older than me.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

David Gregg. He sounds very familiar.  
What class was he?

MISSY

Class of '84. But he's dead now. Last  
July.

JULIE

I'm so sorry.

Julie's not acting. She means this.

MISSY

Thank you.

JULIE

Do you live alone?

MISSY

Daddy passed away years ago and Momma's  
up in Aurora in a home. She didn't take  
well to what happened to David...after he  
died she was just never the same.

This affects Julie and Helen both. They go silent. Helen  
hangs up the phone.

HELEN

(big lie)

They're on their way.

MISSY

I tell you what. You two girls have a  
seat. We'll have some iced tea while you  
wait.

JULIE

Thank you. That's nice of you.

They take a seat at the kitchen table as Helen gets an idea.  
She eyes Julie. The actress in her coming alive.

HELEN

I think I do remember David. Didn't he  
have a friend...let's see what was his  
name?

MISSY

Who?

HELEN

He hung out with this guy. They were really close. I can't remember his name...something like...

A long silence. But Missy doesn't take the bait. She just turns and stares at Helen.

MISSY

I don't know who you're talking about. I didn't know many of his friends.

HELEN

Oh.

Helen looks to Julie. Shrugs. It was worth a try. Then...

MISSY

There was this one guy. Not long after David died, this guy showed up. Said he was a friend. Came to pay his respects. He visited a few times.

Julie perks up.

JULIE

Really?

MISSY

Nice guy. Cute and smart. We were sweet on each other for about two seconds but...it never worked out. He never said so but I think it hurt for him to be around me. I suppose it ended like these things always do.

In an unexpected instant, Julie is almost reduced to tears.

HELEN

Where is this old friend now?

MISSY

I don't know...

HELEN

What was his name?

MISSY

Billy.

HELEN

Did he have a last name?

(CONTINUED)



MISSY  
Blue. Billy Blue.

JULIE  
And he was a good friend of David's?

MISSY  
I guess...

Missy is a little taken away with the memory. A misty smile. This gets to Julie, she stands, swaying slightly, emotional.

JULIE  
We should probably wait back at the car.

MISSY  
That's ridiculous. Please. Stay.

JULIE  
No...I don't wanna miss AAA.

HELEN  
We appreciate the phone.

MISSY  
Anytime. Don't get too many knocks on my door these days.

They head out.

62 INT. CAR - FEW MINUTES LATER

62

Julie and Helen get in the car. Both tense and frayed around the edges.

HELEN  
Are you okay?

JULIE  
I wiggled out. I'm sorry. Being in his house and seeing his sister...oh God...don't you see what we've done?

HELEN  
It was an accident.

JULIE  
Helen, we killed a man and then ruined the lives of everyone he knew.

HELEN  
I don't think we're that powerful, Julie. You're giving us way too much credit.

(CONTINUED)

Julie thinks about this when a...

HAND CRASHES AGAINST THE WINDSHIELD.

Julie and Helen SCREAM IN TERROR to find Missy tapping on the window. She holds Helen's cigarettes in her hand. Julie rolls the window down.

MISSY  
Forgot these.

JULIE  
(taking them)  
Thanks.

MISSY  
See ya got your car started.

JULIE  
Damndest thing. It started right up.

MISSY  
Funny how that happens.

Julie smiles, puts the car in gear. She wants out of here. She peels out, leaving Missy staring after them. Her face a void.

63 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - EVENING

Night has fallen. Julie's car pulls up in front of a house. Nice and traditional.

INT. JULIE'S CAR - SAME

The car comes to a stop. Helen starts to get out. Julie looks ahead, not saying anything.

HELEN  
So what now?

JULIE  
We try and locate this Billy Blue.

A moment.

HELEN  
Maybe he wanted to die.

JULIE  
What?

CONTINUED:

HELEN

David Gregg. His girlfriend was killed on that same road July 4th, one year earlier. Maybe he blamed himself. Maybe he was standing in the middle of the road so we would hit him and kill him.

JULIE

If that'll help you sleep at night.

A brief silence.

HELEN

What's happened between us? We used to be best friends.

Helen is reduced to tears. Julie looks at her.

JULIE

We used to be a lot of things.

HELEN

I miss you...

Julie says nothing. A long agonizing moment.

HELEN

Yeah...well...

Helen gets out and SHUTS the door, harder than she meant to. It jolts Julie, sending a chill down her spine, leaving her quivering.

64 INT. FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER

64

Helen enters through her front door. The television in the living room is on, the local news BLASTING info about the festival.

Helen moves through the living room where a heavy, graying MAN lies on the couch, completely unaware of her presence.

HELEN

Hi, Dad.

He barely looks up, just sort of nods. Helen moves through the dining room to the kitchen.

65 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

65

An attractive WOMAN loads the dishwasher. She's in her forties with a kind, nurturing face. Helen enters.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Hey, mom.

MOM

Helen, where were you? You missed dinner.

HELEN

I was with Julie.

Her mom's instantly happy to hear this.

MOM

Oh hon, how is she? I'm so glad you two are talking.

HELEN

Yeah...well...

MOM

Are you excited about tomorrow?

HELEN

Tomorrow? Oh, shit..I forgot. Yeah, I guess.

66 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

66

Helen's father holds the remote. He channel surfs, when behind him, the front door opens and a FIGURE steps into the house.

It's the FISHERMAN. He enters smoothly, simply. He stands in the foyer, his face hidden in the hood of his dark slicker. Silent. Ominous.

67 INT. KITCHEN - SAME

67

Helen grabs a soda from the fridge.

HELEN

I'm really tired. I'm going to bed.

MOM

Let me fix you a plate. You need to eat something.

HELEN

I'm too tired to eat. G'night.

She exits.

68 INT. FOYER - SAME

68

The FISHERMAN closes the front door, then turns and moves up the staircase disappearing just as Helen enters the foyer and heads up the stairs behind him. Unaware.

69 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME

69

The FISHERMAN moves effortlessly, gliding around the railing and down the hall. He disappears into a darkened doorway just as Helen reaches the top of the stairs. She just misses him.

Helen moves to the darkened doorway and reaches inside with her hand and CLICKS on the overhead light to reveal...

70 INT. BEDROOM - SAME

70

Helen's room. It still has the personality of a high school beauty queen. It seems a bit sad now given Helen's current state. The FISHERMAN is nowhere to be seen...but there is an open closet door...

Helen starts to rip off her clothes...she moves to the closet when a shiny glimmer catches her eye. She goes to her dresser where her Croaker Queen Tiara rests, showcased, on her jewelry box. She picks it up and places it on her head.

Helen stares at herself a moment...the memories...she yanks it off and throws it to the dresser when she sees, reflected in the mirror, a FIGURE, standing behind her...she SCREAMS MADLY, whipping around to find...

Elsa, her sister, standing in the open doorway, her nose upturned.

ELSA

Is the washed-up, dried-out, has-been having a moment?

HELEN

What do you want?

Helen moves to the closet and reaches in for her nightshirt. Her arm stretching deep inside the closet.

ELSA

We're doing inventory. I need you in the store by ten AM.

HELEN

I can't. I'm in the parade tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

ELSA

Dad put me in charge of the store and I want you there by ten.

Helen pulls her nightshirt over her head.

HELEN

(dreading it)

The outgoing queen has to ride in the parade prior to the pageant. It's tradition. There's nothing I can do about it.

Helen grabs her hairbrush and begins the nightly ritual of brushing her hair. Elsa eyeballs her with disgust.

ELSA

You and your hair...pathetic.

HELEN

You could leave now.

ELSA

So very, very pathetic.

Elsa takes off, shutting the door behind her. Helen grimaces, grabbing a bottle of pills from the night stand. She pops two, washing them down with diet soda not noticing the clothes that slightly sway just inside the closet.

She pulls the covers back and crawls into bed. She turns the light out and lies there...her face troubled by all that's happened. Helen tries to sleep.

71 EXT. DOCK - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

71\*

The morning fog rises over the water. Cloudy and overcast. Helen's house sits on shore in the distance.

72 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - SAME

72

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON Helen's face. Asleep. Slowly, her eyes flutter open, blinking, adjusting to the morning light. She rolls over and her diamond tiara slides down from her head into her face. She grabs it, confused. How did that get there? She sits up as the CAMERA WIDENS to reveal all of Helen's hair...

HAS BEEN CUT OFF

...shredded even. It sticks out from all different angles, closely cropped to the scalp. Helen senses it immediately,

(CONTINUED)

reaching up with her hands, feeling her head. Terror rockets across her face as she stumbles to the mirror.

Helen stops cold in her tracks. Before her, on the mirror, written in lipstick, are the words...

SOON

Helen sees her reflection through the red streaked words as a SCREAM erupts from her gut. It ECHOES through the house.

Helen grabs at her hair, horrified at the FISHERMAN'S handiwork. She can't stop SCREAMING...FEET are heard moving down the hall towards her...

MOM  
(off camera)  
Helen...what's wrong dear?

ELSA  
JESUS CHRIST!

Helen hears the door opening...she looks at the words on the mirror, and in a split second, takes her hand and SMASHES it into the mirror...it SHATTERS to a million pieces taking the words away before they can be seen.

Helen's mom and Elsa appear to find Helen clutching a bleeding hand...her appearance shocks them.

MOM  
Dear God, what happened?

Helen stands, shaking uncontrollably, a BLUBBERING mess. Her mom moves to her, putting her arms around her.

MOM  
What happened?

Her mother is horrified. Elsa, merely indifferent.

HELEN  
I...I...I...

Helen, hysterical, has no idea what to say. Finally...

HELEN  
I...I...I..cut it...

MOM  
You what? Why would you do that?

HELEN  
I...I...I don't know.

Helen's mom guides her to the bed and holds her tenderly while she SOBS.

MOM

It's okay, dear. It's okay...

HELEN

I'm so scared...

MOM

Why are you scared, honey? Huh? What's wrong? Is it the parade? You don't have to do it if you don't want to.

HELEN

I'm sorry, mom. I'm so sorry.

Helen is reduced to an infant.

MOM

Why are you sorry, hon? What's there to be sorry for?

Helen catches herself. She holds back the truth.

HELEN

I'm sorry I cut my hair.

She lies. Her tears make it convincing. Her mom just nods, knowingly. Elsa watches on, a snicker on her face.

ELSA

She's lost it...

Mom cuts Elsa a deadly stare but she knows there's some truth to it. Helen is not the daughter she once was.

MOM

Elsa hon, go into my bathroom and bring me an anti-depressant.

Elsa disappears. Mom just holds her SOBBING daughter, rocking her gently back and forth.

73 INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - LITTLE LATER

73

Julie has just finished dressing when the phone RINGS. She moves to her desk and grabs it up.

JULIE

(into phone)

Hello?

(CONTINUED)



73 CONTINUED:

Julie listens.

JULIE

What?...OH MY GOD!

74 EXT. JULIE'S FRONT PORCH - SECONDS LATER 74

Julie emerges from her house and jets down the porch steps to the car.

75 INT. CAR - SAME 75

Julie backs out of the drive and heads down the street. The radio is on...

RADIO DJ

(from radio)

Button up, folks, it's gonna be a cold and cloudy 4th of July as the weather...

Julie clicks it off. Way tense.

SCRFFFFFF! The slightest noise. Julie listens, convinced she heard something.

SCRAAAATCH! She did hear something. Behind her. She checks out the backseat through the rearview mirror. Nothing.

SCRFFFFFF! The noise is a slight scurrying sound. Confusing. She holds the wheel steady, throwing one arm over the seat, feeling into the backseat with her hand.

SCRAAATCH! It's louder this time.

JULIE

What the...

Julie turns the corner and pulls over on the side of the road. She turns behind her and looks over the seat. It's completely empty. SCRRRFFF! What the... It sounds like tiny feet scurrying about within the car.

SCRRRFFF! Louder this time. It comes from the trunk.

Julie reaches down and pulls the trunk release. Her face washed with fear. She opens the car door.

76 EXT. CAR - SAME 76

Julie moves around the side of the car, reaches for the trunk, hesitates...dread slowly creeping over her face. She forces herself forward, throwing the trunk lid open to reveal...

(CONTINUED)

MAX

lying face up, pale and lifeless, very much dead. His body crawling with live sea crabs. Julie SHRIEKS, stumbling back, horrified. The crabs...small ones, large ones move about his ravaged body, claws out, nipping, pinching at it. Feeding.

The sight sickens her. She looks away but not before seeing that his torso is wrapped in a letterman jacket. Stixed in the upper chest is the name BARRY.

She nearly collapses when a crab, dangling from the roof of the trunk, falls down onto her. Julie freaks, brushing it off, just as...

A HORN HONKS

Julie spins around to find a car passing by her. Julie reacts quickly, instinctively. She SLAMS the trunk lid closed, then looks around to see if she's being watched. No sign of anyone. She turns and bolts down the street, away from her car.

77 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

77

Barry, bruised and bandaged, sits next to a SNIFFLING Helen, comforting her. The door RIPS OPEN, alarming them. They look up to see Julie, beyond panic.

78 EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

78

Julie leads Helen and Barry down the street. Barry's arm is in a sling. Helen wears a baseball cap over her hair. They approach the car.

BARRY

You sure he was dead?

JULIE

Don't ask me that again. He was dead okay. I saw him...with these crabs...

Julie's freaked. She moves inside the car and grabs the keys, then tosses them to Barry.

JULIE

You do it.

They move around to the trunk. Barry unlocks it, ripping it open to reveal...

AN EMPTY TRUNK

(CONTINUED)

Julie is mortified. Barry and Helen check the trunk out and then look back to Julie...suspicious.

JULIE

Don't even...he was there, goddammit. And he was wearing your jacket--Barry.

BARRY

Where'd he go? Did the crabs carry him away?

JULIE

I swear to God...

HELEN

I believe you, Julie.

Julie looks up and down the street.

JULIE

He took the body. He came and took the body.

BARRY

Why would he do that?

JULIE

I don't know, Barry. Why did he run you over? Why did he make cole slaw on Helen's head? He's fucking with us!

HELEN

Let's get out of here.

JULIE

He's here now. I know it.

Barry tries to lead her down the street.

BARRY

Come on, Julie, let's go back to the house.

JULIE

Where's your jacket, Barry?

Barry wrestles with his answer. He knows she's telling the truth. He says nothing.

JULIE

Don't you see? He's got us now. This is what he wants. We can't go to the police. Not now. He's made sure of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIE (cont'd)  
that. He's out there. Just watching us.  
Waiting.

Julie stands in the middle of the road. She's completely lost it. Barry tries to coerce her to the car.

JULIE  
(screaming at no one)  
What are you waiting for? Huh? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Her SCREAM can be heard throughout the neighborhood.

79 EXT. HELEN'S FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER

79

Helen, Julie, and Barry come walking up the block just as Ray pulls up in his beat up truck. He hops out to greet them.

JULIE  
What are you doing here?

Barry doesn't wait for an answer. He lunges for Ray, SMASHING into him...they tumble to the ground.

BARRY  
You're gonna die...

Julie jumps on top of them, to intercede. She grabs Barry's arm, the one in the cast, he WELCHES in pain.

JULIE  
Stop it. Now.

Helen helps her separate the two, but not before Barry gets one good blow to Ray's jaw. He draws blood.

RAY  
What are you doing? I didn't do anything.

Julie holds Barry off. Ray holds his face, pained.

BARRY  
You're fucking lying. He's fucking lying.

JULIE  
Leave him alone, Barry. Get a grip.

BARRY  
Wake up, Julie. He's behind this. Who else could it be? How many fucked up fisherman are out there?

She looks at Ray. A shade of doubt on her face.

RAY

He's after me too. I got a letter.

He holds up a piece of paper.

BARRY

Oh...you got a letter. I get run over, Helen gets her hair chopped off, Julie gets a body in a trunk, and you get a letter. That's balanced.

RAY

What body? What are you talking about?

BARRY

Drop the act. You killed Max. You took my jacket...

RAY

(shocked)

Max is dead? What the...

BARRY

What is it, Ray? You were doggin' us from the start, weren't you? Always wanting to be our friend. Wanting to be one of us. But you were too fucking jealous to handle it.

Ray doesn't flinch. He stands firm.

RAY

Fuck you.

Barry starts for Ray again. Julie steps between them.

JULIE

Stop it. Both of you. This is what he wants. He's waiting for us to unravel.

Helen watches from the sidelines, devouring a cigarette.

HELEN

The wait is over.

JULIE

We have to help each other. Alright? We have to stay together.

Pure silence. A moment. They accept this.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

Okay. So if it's not fisherboy here, who's doing all this? How do we find him?

JULIE

We think his name is Billy Blue.

Ray reacts.

RAY

How do you know that?

HELEN

David's sister said there was a friend named Billy Blue.

JULIE

Who probably went to school with David Gregg. So according to little sis that would make him Class of '84.

HELEN

Elsa was Class of '84.

JULIE

Where is she?

HELEN

(moving to the front door)  
ELSA!

80 INT. ELSA'S BEDROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

80

Elsa's room is the flip version of Helen's. Very practical. They all surround Elsa, who's getting ready for work.

ELSA

I remember David. Complete fuck-up.

JULIE

What do you mean?

ELSA

Major lush. He was drunk when he got in that car accident. Drunk as shit--ran off the road--the police didn't even give him a DUI. He killed his girlfriend and got away with it. Completely.

JULIE

Did he have any close friends you can remember? A guy named Billy Blue maybe?

(CONTINUED)

ELSA

I don't have time for this shit. Some of us have to work.

HELEN

Please, Elsa!

Something about the way her sister pleads. It sounds so desperate. Elsa caves.

ELSA

We didn't travel in the same circles. I got a yearbook. Maybe there's something in there.

She pulls a yearbook from under her bed and slings it at Helen.

- 81 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

81

They crowd on Helen's bed, flipping through the yearbook. They're all cooperating with each other. A first.

HELEN

Look, David Gregg.

BARRY

Where?

CLOSE ON a row of sports photos. TIGHT ON A YOUNG TEEN, handsome and athletic, suited up in his football uniform. He kneels, holding his helmet. (NOTE: A younger version of the man from the dock in the opening scene.)

JULIE

David Gregg.

They all go silent. Spellbound by his image.

RAY

That's him, huh. Hard to believe that's the guy.

BARRY

Yeah, his face isn't splattered all over the road.

Julie turns the page.

JULIE

We're looking for Billy.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

There's a lot of Billy's, just no Blue.

BARRY

Maybe Blue's not his real name.

JULIE

That's right. He could have easily lied to Missy. We did.

HELEN

Maybe we should go see Missy again. If she had this yearbook in front of her...

JULIE

(catching on)

..she could point him out.

Ray backs off.

RAY

I'm not going anywhere. High school mugshots. This is insane.

JULIE

(to Helen)

I'll go. You've got the parade today.

HELEN

Forget it.

JULIE

No. You need to be there. He could show up.

- HELEN

I don't want him to show up. He's already been in my house. Whacked my hair. I've had about enough of him. Thank you.

JULIE

This could be our chance. We could catch him. I'll go to Missy's. Barry, you go with Helen to the parade, don't let her out of your sight. If he shows up...

BARRY

I'll pound his ass.

RAY

Listen to yourselves. You sound like a bunch of vigilantes.

(CONTINUED)



Julie unleashes on Ray. Her determination near frantic.

JULIE

It's July 4th, Ray. This is his day. Whatever he has planned is going to happen today unless we stop him.

RAY

How? By killing him?

Silence. They all stare at each other. The tension deadly. Finally.

BARRY

We have a right to protect ourselves.

RAY

That's a murderer's rationale.

JULIE

No one's gonna murder anyone.

RAY

What are you going to call it? Another accident?

BARRY

We don't have time for this moral shit. Ray, are you going to help or are you going to be a little limp ass wuss?

Ray moves to Julie, grabbing her. Desperate.

RAY

Come on, Julie. Don't you see? It's the same thing all over again. It's that moment where we have to make a decision. Let's make the right one this time.

JULIE

I'm not interested in what's right anymore. I wanna do what's smart.

RAY

Then let's get the hell out of here. We'll leave town. Disappear.

JULIE

I've already disappeared. And now I want my life back. We have to face this.

Julie has never been more determined.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE  
What's it going to be, Ray?

Ray lowers his head in answer.

Julie turns and rushes out the door, before her emotions have a chance to respond.

82 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

82

Despite a drab and overcast day, the Croaker Festival is in full swing. Tourists and townspeople flock the boardwalk where all sorts of booths have been set up. Arts and crafts, bake sales, etc.

Main street has been roped off and people have already started gathering, waiting for the parade.

.83 EXT. SIDE STREET - SAME

83

On a side street, the parade lines up. Hometown floats of giant fish and shrimp and other sea life are pulled by decorated cars and trucks. The local high school band WARMS UP.

Helen leans against a float of huge colorful seashells. She's barely recognizable. Her hair has been slicked back, make-up applied, her tiara in place. She looks striking, sexy even. Barry stands next to her.

BARRY  
I'm going to ride up in the truck.  
Signal if you see anything.

HELEN  
I've never seen him. How will I...

BARRY  
You'll know.

Helen nods, very uptight...nervous.

HELEN  
Look at me, I look like shit.  
Everybody's gonna see my hair.

BARRY  
We could lose the vanity. We have other concerns.

HELEN  
Why do you hate me so much?

Her eyes pierce his. This catches him off guard. For a moment his wall comes down. His face turns soft...his eyes gentle.

BARRY

I don't hate you, Hellie.

Barry touches her slick hair.

BARRY

You know, I kinda like you this way. You kinda got a European thing happening.

She smiles at him. She finds his gentleness very soothing.

84 INT. JULIE'S CAR - LATER

84

Julie makes her way down a long country road. The yearbook lies in the seat next to her.

85 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

85

The skies are dark and overcast. But it doesn't keep away the crowds that line the street as the Croaker Festival parade is under way. The high school band marches in front followed by float after float--all in some nautical theme.

Finally, Helen's float rides by. She sits in a seashell throne with her tiara and scepter. She waves to the crowd.

CLOSE ON her face...tight, nervous.

Barry rides in the truck up front. He turns to her and smiles. This brings her a small measure of comfort. She looks out to the crowd, waving...her hand tiring, suddenly the...

FISHERMAN APPEARS...standing behind a MOTHER and CHILD. The Fisherman wears the slicker's hood over his head, shielding his face from being seen.

Helen's heart starts POUNDING. She waves frantically at Barry whose head is turned away from her.

HELEN

BARRY! BARRY!

The band...the crowds...the noise drowns her cries.

The Fisherman doesn't flinch, he just stands...watching silently. His body still.

Finally Barry turns around to see Helen motioning to him. She points to the crowd. Barry sees him instantly and bolts from the truck...pushing his way through the crowd.

Helen loses Barry in the crowd...

ANGLE THROUGH CROWD

Barry pushes and shoves his way through. He sees the Fisherman walking away, towards the boardwalk. He moves on him, coming upon him, PLOWING into him. The Fisherman goes down...his hood comes off to reveal...

AN OLD MAN, thin and fragile...definitely not a threat to anyone.

OLD MAN  
Please! Please!

Barry backs off immediately, realizing he's made a mistake.

BARRY  
Shit! Where is he?

86 EXT. THE GREGG'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

The sun has started to set over the Gregg house. It will be dark soon. Julie's car pulls up in the driveway and parks.

87 EXT. BACK YARD - A MINUTE LATER

Julie moves around the side of the house. A dead racoon carcass hangs, tied upside, from a nearby tree.

Julie moves to the back door. She KNOCKS on it. Waits. No answer.

JULIE  
Missy? Missy, are you home?

Julie is determined. She wastes no time. She tries the door. It's locked. She moves toward the screen kitchen door. Looks through into the kitchen not seeing the FIGURE that appears from around the side of the house.

Julie turns just in time to see a knife coming at her. She drops down, just missing it.

It's Missy. Knife in hand. Ready to strike again. Her face a mass of fear.

JULIE

Please. Missy. It's me. Remember...car trouble...the other day.

MISSY

What are you doing here?

JULIE

Please, I need to talk to you.

Missy lowers the knife cautiously.

OMIT SC. 88

OMIT SC. 88

89 EXT. PARADE - SAME

89

The parade takes a turn onto another street where a whole new crowd of SPECTATORS awaits. Helen loses sight of the Fisherman and Barry. She continues to wave, going through the motions, very frightened when suddenly she sees the...

Fisherman, standing up ahead, in the crowd. She does a double-take but then on the other side of the street she sees the Fisherman...wait a minute...but then she sees another.

The float passes by the Fisherman, he removes the hood from his head...his face, young and sweet...he picks a CHILD up and places him on his shoulders for a better view. Father and son.

Helen turns to the other Fisherman, his face is also in view...an older man, graying. She looks up and down the street, local Fisherman are everywhere.

This calms her a bit, realizing this is a normal sight in a fishing town. She takes a deep calming breath and exhales but then sees...

ANOTHER FISHERMAN.

This one stands alone with the hood over his head. He stands right on the street's edge...as close as you can get to the floats. She passes by him, waving, smiling. He pulls his hand from his coat pocket to reveal a large, shiny curved object.

Helen looks at it closely. It's a fish hook. Sharp and deadly. It disappears back in his coat pocket. A very deliberate move. He was showing it to her. Flaunting it.

The float breezes right by him, Helen sits rigid in her seat, scared to move. She scans the crowd for Barry...sees him

(CONTINUED)

coming around the corner. Helen looks back to the Fisherman but...

HE'S GONE.

90 EXT. BACK OF THE GREGG'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER 90'

A small river runs down the back of the house. Next to it sits an old shed overflowing with furniture, boxes and other stored items.

Missy is busy at work, skinning a raccoon. She is fast and focused with the knife in her hand.

Julie sits across from her, on a box, the open yearbook in her lap.

JULIE

I need to find your brother's friend, Billy Blue. I need to talk to him. I was hoping you could look through this book...

MISSY

Why? What's all this about?

Missy is very suspicious. Julie is at a loss. She doesn't know what to say.

JULIE

It's too crazy to explain but it has to do with your brother and last July 4th.

MISSY

What about it?

Julie is unraveling. How much should she tell? She debates a second. Then, ah fuck it...

JULIE

What happened to your brother wasn't an accident. There's more to it than that.

Missy looks at her, simply.

MISSY

I know.

Julie is dumbfounded.

JULIE

You know what?

(CONTINUED)

MISSY

He killed himself.

This catches Julie completely off guard.

JULIE

He...what?

MISSY

David wanted to die. He went up there to die that night. It's where Susie died. Everybody blamed him for Susie's death. He blamed himself.

This throws Julie. She's disbelieving.

JULIE

But how do you know it was a suicide?

MISSY

He left a suicide note...

Missy moves toward the shed to an old wooden box. She opens it, sifts through it, withdrawing a crumpled piece of paper.

MISSY

I had to keep it hidden. His insurance policy wouldn't pay if it was a suicide. Don't guess it matters anymore. The money's been spent.

She hands the letter to Julie. CLOSE ON the letter. Scrawled in very familiar writing are the words...

I WILL NEVER FORGET LAST SUMMER

Julie inspects the letter carefully. She has seen this handwriting before.

JULIE

This isn't a suicide note. This is a death threat.

MISSY

What are you talking about?

Julie begins to piece it together.

JULIE

Your brother didn't kill himself, Missy. I was there. I saw him. And whoever sent this letter was there too.

(CONTINUED)

MISSY  
(pure surprise)  
You saw David? Where?

Julie is nearly certifiable.

JULIE  
He was crossing the road...we hit him...  
it was an accident.

MISSY  
But my brother drowned.

JULIE  
It was him, Missy. He had Susie tatoood  
on his arm.

MISSY  
What are you talking about? My brother  
didn't have a tatoo.

JULIE  
I saw it. On his right forearm.

Julie is frantic. She's frightening Missy.

MISSY  
My brother never had a tatoo. Look, I  
think you better leave.

A realization overcomes Julie.

JULIE  
(to herself)  
But...oh my God...it wasn't your brother.

In a flash, Julie turns and races off, leaving Missy's head  
swimming in confusion.

91 EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

91

The town is hopping with the excitement of the festival. The  
same scene as last year...music PLAYING, PEOPLE dancing in  
the street.

92 INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

92

The hall is packed with people. On stage are this year's  
collection of Croaker Queen wannabe's.



93 EXT. BACKSTAGE - SAME

93

Helen stands backstage with her tiara and scepter in tow. Barry stands next to her, comforting her. She awaits her cue, edgy as ever.

BARRY

Stay calm. I'll be up in the balcony.

HELEN

He had a hook, Barry, I saw it. This big huge hook.

Barry puts his arms around her, pulling her against him.

BARRY

Everything's gonna be alright. I won't let anything happen to you.

A ruby faced PAGEANT OFFICIAL approaches.

PAGEANT OFFICIAL

Places please.

BARRY

I promise you. It'll all be alright.

She tries to smile.

BARRY

Break a leg.

Then he leans over and gives her a little kiss. Sweet and simple. Her face lights up...surprised...distracted.

94 INT. TOWN HALL - FEW MINUTES LATER

94

The same MC as last year. The big seashell throne from the float sits center stage...contestants on each side.

MC

And now let's meet last year's winner.  
Miss Helen Shivers!

The crowd applauds as Helen appears--tense and edgy. She walks center stage, takes a polite bow and moves to her throne.

CLOSE ON her face. She looks up to the balcony.

ANGLE ON BALCONY

(CONTINUED)

Barry appears. He waves down at her, smiling. She smiles back, comforted...excited by his presence.

95 INT. JULIE'S CAR - SAME

95

Julie punches the gas, speeding down the road, frantic.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Reaper's Curve approaches. She barely slows. She flies around it, unflinching.

96 INT. TOWN HALL - LATER

96

Helen sits in her shell watching the talent portion of the evening. A CONTESTANT, a young girl with long legs and too much lipstick moves about the stage in nothing but a bikini and a beret atop her head.

CONTESTANT

(singing)

"Who can turn the world on with her smile. Who can take a nothing day..."

CLOSE ON Helen who watches intently, disturbed. This girl in some retro way reminds her of herself.

HELEN

(under her breath)

Jesus...

Helen looks out into the crowd. She scans the audience looking for HIM. No sign. She glances up to Barry who watches the contestant sing her heart out. Helen smiles, he looks so handsome up there all by himself.

CONTESTANT

"..it's you girl and you should know it. With each glance and every little movement you show it..."

Barry's eyes find hers. He rolls his eyes at the contestant. Helen smiles. Then Barry winks at her just as the...

FISHERMAN APPEARS...

standing directly behind Barry. Helen freezes in horror while the Fisherman withdraws a shiny instrument...curved, rounded--the fishhook. It rises high behind Barry...a suspended instant...Helen SCREAMS...

Barry looks to her, confused, as the hook strikes down with force, imbedding itself in his back. Barry's body jerks

(CONTINUED)

forward as the hook impales him...his eyes go wide and his face tightens...

Helen jumps to her feet, SCREAMING MADLY...the audience doesn't know what to make of it. The contestant looks annoyed...Helen jumps down from her throne and races across the stage...

HELEN  
MY GOD! SOMEBODY HELP HIM! BARRY!

She points to the balcony but Barry's body has fallen from view...the Fisherman upon him. Helen's the only one who sees him. Everyone else is looking at Helen.

She runs to the foot of the stage and leaps off it. Some members of the audience jump up and run to her. She CRIES AND SCREECHES hysterically. Suddenly a POLICE OFFICER appears, an earnest man in his early thirties.

OFFICER  
Ma'am, ma'am...please.

HELEN  
Help him. He's killing him.

OFFICER  
Who? Who's killing who?

HELEN  
The balcony...

The police officer looks at her in disbelief but acts accordingly. He turns to the confused and curious crowd.

OFFICER  
Everyone stay calm...

The officer takes off for the balcony. Helen follows right behind him.

97 INT. BALCONY - SECONDS LATER

97

The balcony is dark and cluttered. The police officer, along with Helen, and a PAGEANT OFFICIAL climb the stairs. The officer is moving too slow for Helen. She races by him...

HELEN  
Barry? Barry?

OFFICER  
Careful, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

She's a blubbering mess. She runs to the railing...there's no Barry. He's completely disappeared. She turns to the police officer.

HELEN

He was here.

OFFICER

Who ma'am?

HELEN

The fisherman. He killed Barry.

OFFICER

Barry who?

The officer is quickly becoming a skeptic. Helen searches the entire balcony. There's no sign of Barry or the Fisherman. The officer SIGHS with rolling eyes. He's feeling like the brunt of a joke.

98 INT. TOWN HALL - MINUTES LATER

98

The MC stands on stage in front of a restless audience.

MC

It was a false alarm ladies and gentleman. We'll resume the pageant in just a few minutes.

99 EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - LITTLE LATER

99

Julie's car races into the driveway. Julie jumps from it and rushes to the front door, disappearing inside the house.

100 INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME

100

Helen is surrounded by PEOPLE. Someone hands her a cup of water. She's frightened beyond belief, barely able to speak.

Her bottle of pills fall from her pocket, spilling out onto the floor. Everyone shifts nervously. The pageant official appears.

PAGEANT OFFICIAL

(whisper)

I just spoke with her parents--they said she's been disturbed lately...

The officer gets it immediately.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

OFFICER

(to Helen)

Ma'am, I'm gonna take you home. Your  
parents are awfully worried about you.

HELEN

Please...you have to believe me.

Helen has lost it. She doesn't know what else to say. As  
the officer guides her out...

The MC stops her...

MC

Excuse me, we'll be needing this...

He lifts the tiara off Helen's head but fails to take the  
scepter that she clutches tight against her body.

101 INT. JULIE'S ROOM - SECONDS LATER

101

Julie's at her computer typing feverishly.

JULIE

Hurry! Hurry!

ON SCREEN

The words "SEARCHING" "SEARCHING" flash.

102 EXT. POLICE CAR - MINUTES LATER

102

The police car makes its way down a street.

103 INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

103

The officer keeps an eye on Helen through his rearview  
mirror. A caged metal screen separates them.

OFFICER

..and then he killed him with a fish  
hook?

HELEN

Yes.

OFFICER

And did the fisherman use this same hook  
to cut off all your hair?

HELEN

No, he used scissors, asshole. Look, I  
know I sound delusional but it's true.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

I've heard this story. Only he wasn't a fisherman, he was an escaped mental patient who had a hook for a hand.

The police car comes upon a roped off street. The annual street dance is in progress. The officer whips the car in reverse.

OFFICER

We'll have to take the alley.

104 INT. JULIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

104

CLOSE ON the computer screen as all the David Gregg articles appear. Julie opens a file and scans the article aloud. Just like before.

JULIE

Susie Tilly...killed...trapped in car...driver unharmed...survived by her father Benjamin...

ON JULIE

Her eyes wide in horror as she reads...

JULIE

A local fisherman.

ON SCREEN

CLOSE ON the word FISHERMAN.

In a flash, Julie is up and at the door. She rips it open barreling into a FIGURE. She SCREAMS. It's her mother.

MRS. JAMES

Where have you been?

JULIE

I don't have time, mom.

Julie flies by her, moving down the stairs and out the door.

105 EXT. ALLEY - SECONDS LATER

105\*

The police car moves down a small alley way...dark and deserted. The street dance can be heard in the distance.

106 INT. POLICE CAR - SECONDS LATER

106

Helen has grown frantic. She's had it with the police officer's patronizing attitude. She clutches the grill that separates them.

HELEN

Look, you little shit stick Mayberry-ass reject, there's been a murder and you're gonna fry in hell if you ignore it.

Her intensity frightens him. He shrugs it off, coming to a stop at the street corner. He reaches for his radio.

OFFICER

I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll contact Barry's parents, we'll put a search out for him. He was probably just playing a prank on you.

Helen sits back in her seat, exasperated. She SIGHS, looking out the front windshield.

Ahead of them, sitting in the alley is a pick-up truck. The hood is up and a FIGURE leans down, inspecting the engine.

OFFICER

Aw...Jesus...

The officer pulls up behind it, stopping.

OFFICER

I'll be just a minute. Looks like this fellow needs help.

The officer gets out of the car and walks over to the truck.

OFFICER

What's the trouble?

Suddenly, the figure moves from under the hood, standing upright.

IT'S THE FISHERMAN.

CLOSE ON Helen who SCREAMS bloody murder.

HELEN

THAT'S HIM! WATCH OUT!

AT THE TRUCK

(CONTINUED)

The officer hears Helen's screams, turns back to the squad car as a fish hook rises behind him. Helen goes crazy, clawing at the metal screen, SCREAMING VIOLENTLY.

HELEN  
BEHIND YOU! NOOOOO....

The officer turns just as the Fisherman is on him, grabbing him by the throat...the officer reaches for his gun, but he's too slow. The Fisherman pushes him down against the exposed engine and in one expert move slashes down with the hook impaling the officer.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Helen goes mad clawing at the doors trying to get out, but they don't open from the inside. She's trapped.

AT THE TRUCK

The officer slowly sinks to the ground as the Fisherman's attention slowly turns to the police car.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Helen goes ballistic, BASHING about like a caged animal...she tries to kick at the window with her feet.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The Fisherman moves towards her. The fishhook dripping red.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Helen KICKS and KICKS. The glass CRACKS. She looks up to see the FISHERMAN at the other door...too close. She rears back in a rush of mad energy and SHATTERS the glass. She leaps up...with her scepter she clears the pane...the opposite door flies open.

Helen lunges forward, crawling out the window, falling to the ground. She brings herself to her feet and takes off down...

107 EXT. ALLEY - SAME

107\*

Helen races down the alley, burning it out. Feet POUNDING. She SCREAMS WILDLY to no one. She turns, checks behind her. The Fisherman walks towards her, calming, swiftly...confident. She SCREAMS at the sight of him. She makes her way out of the alley and into....



111 EXT. DESERTED STREET/TOWN SQUARE - SAME 111

She looks up to see a sign...

SHIVER'S DEPARTMENT STORE

She races to it, moving to the big, old metal swinging doors. Locked, the store is closed. She moves to a display window, BEATING...POUNING on the glass.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW

Elsa can be seen at a counter, working in the dark store, finishing up for the night.

112 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME 112

CLOSE ON Elsa at counter. She looks up, startled by the SCREAMING.

ELSA

What the...

She recognizes her sister at the window.

EXT. STORE WINDOW - SAME

Helen nearly breaks the glass. She looks behind her...the Fisherman has rounded the corner. He's only yards away. In his right hand, he carries the fish hook...it shines in the lamp light, covered in blood. She BEATS on the glass.

HELEN

Jesus Christ...OPEN THE DOOR...ELSA...HURRYHURRYHURRY!

INT. STORE - SAME

Elsa walks toward the door, taking her time, indifferent. Suddenly, she stops in her tracks, turning around.

She returns to the counter for a ring of keys. Helen SCREAMS VICIOUSLY.

ELSA

I'm coming! I'm coming!

EXT. STORE DOORS - SAME

Helen throws her body against the doors...BEATING FRENZIEDLY. She turns to see the Fisherman only feet away...so calm. He's nearly on her when the...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOOR OPENS.

INT. STORE - SAME

Helen falls in the door, pulling it shut, grabbing the keys from Elsa--locking it. Elsa is miffed.

ELSA

You coulda walked around. The Broad Street entrance is open.

HELEN

I'm being attacked!

ELSA

You're what?

Helen throws her the keys.

HELEN

Lock the other door. I'll call the police.

Helen tears off for the phone. Elsa is unbelieving.

ELSA

What is going on?

HELEN

DO WHAT I SAY GODDAMMIT.

Helen means business. Elsa responds, moving to the door, completely baffled by her sister's behavior.

113 INT. BROAD STREET DOORS - SAME

113

Elsa races to the door, fumbles with the keys...not noticing the door swinging shut...just closing.

She quickly locks it, and turns as a flash of silver comes out of nowhere cutting into her neck, ripping it open...silencing her forever.

CUT TO:

114 INT. TOWN HALL - SAME

114

Julie bursts through the town hall doors to find the entire hall empty. The pageant is over. She runs down the center aisle. The stage is bare except for the Queen's seashell throne.

(CONTINUED)

She looks around. Nothing. No one. She turns and flees the town hall.

CUT TO:

115 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SAME

115

Helen is at the counter. She grabs the phone. Her face terrified. Sick.

The phone is at her ear--no dial tone. She tries another line...no luck. She looks at the base...all the lines are lit up...off the hook somewhere else in the store.

HELEN

NOOOOO....

THUMP! A noise behind her. She spins around, her courage draining fast. She drops the phone and charges for the door. She wants out.

HELEN

Elsa? Elsa...where are you?

Helen reaches the door but it's useless. She's locked in. She BEATS at it in sheer anger.

THUMP! Helen spins around. She moves to a window display full of clothed mannequins. She beats against the glass...then searches for something to break through.

She shoves a mannequin against it, trying to shatter the window, not seeing behind her, as a mannequin, wearing a hooded slicker, slowly comes to life.

Helen turns just as the Fisherman is upon her. She spins around as his hand of silver rises high in the air...

HELEN DIVES off the display stage into a rack of clothes. The Fisherman right behind her. She jumps to her feet and takes off through the store, running madly down an aisle.

She puts as much distance as she can between them, tearing up the carpet. She moves through SPORTING GOODS, grabbing a tennis racket, swinging it through the air but then drops it, exchanging it for a steel baseball bat instead. She moves on, passing through hardware...dropping the bat and picking up a shiny new hatchet.

She turns a corner and stumbles, falling forward to the ground, her feet tumbling over...

ELSA'S BODY

(CONTINUED)

Helen stifles a SCREAM. Elsa lies still and bloody...her eyes wide. Helen is mortified but holds steady. She stands, stumbling forward into the...

FISHERMAN

Helen raises the hatchet and strikes...he stops it cold with the hook in his hand. Then, in a lightening move, curves the hook around the base of the hatchet and whips it from Helen's grasp, sending it sailing across the showroom.

Helen shoots backwards down the aisle, through a door, finding herself in...

116 INT. STORE ROOM - SAME

116\*

Helen races to the back door. She fights with the handle. It won't open. She eyes the elevator. It sits four or five feet off the ground. Helen dives for it.

117 INT. ELEVATOR

117\*

Helen grabs the pulley rope and begins to lift herself up just as the FISHERMAN appears.

The elevator rises just as the hook comes slicing at her...just missing. The elevator rises to...

117A INT. SECOND FLOOR - SAME

117A\*

Helen climbs out of the elevator and heads for the stairs just as the FISHERMAN appears. She shoots back towards a window.

She looks back...the Fisherman is right behind her..

Helen throws the window open.

117B EXT. SIDE OF STORE

117B

Helen looks out. The window overlooks the alley below. Helen wastes no time. She crawls out onto the ledge, holding onto the window sill to balance her. She looks back through the window to see...

A FISHHOOK

barreling at her. It lodges into the wood frame beside her as she jumps...freefalling down towards...

118 EXT. ALLEY - SAME

118

Helen lands in a mound of cardboard boxes and other trash items that are piled against the building. A moment as she comes to. She grabs at a pained leg, looking up to an empty window.

Helen pulls herself to her feet and hauls ass, running smack into...

A DEAD-END. A locked fence traps her. She turns, eyeing the second floor window. The Fisherman has disappeared.

Helen races the other way, passed the back store door...now ajar.

118A EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

118A

She moves down the long alley towards the sounds of music and people partying.

Ahead of her, yards away, where the alley ends, people can be seen. LAUGHING and MUSIC abounds. Helen continues on, her feet churning. She moves closer and closer...

Helen looks behind her. The Fisherman is nowhere to be seen. She moves on. The end of the alley is near. Relief claims her face as she nears safety when...

THE FISHERMAN APPEARS

directly in her path. The hook raised high. She sees it coming. There's nothing she can do. The hook enters her midsection in one swift jolt, ripping her open. An excruciating moment. Helen looks down, her face not comprehending the pain.

The Fisherman pulls the hook free, splitting her wider, leaving Helen's body to swagger backwards. Death is immediate.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

119

The night is young. The town continues to party. More and more people flock to the boardwalk, dancing and juking it up.

Julie moves down the boardwalk. She moves through the crowds looking for Helen, Barry...anybody. She reaches the railing and leans against it, looking out onto the harbor.

(CONTINUED)

In the distance she sees the harbor where the fishing trawlers dock. It appears dark and quiet. She recognizes Ray's boat. She hesitates, contemplating, and then...

120 EXT. DOCKS - MINUTES LATER

120

Julie moves through a large metal gate that serves as the entrance to the docks. She runs down the main dock.

She reaches Ray's boat, calling out to him, out of breath.

JULIE

Ray? Ray?

A light is on within the galley, suddenly a door swings open, and Ray steps out, sweaty...out of breath. He's surprised to see her.

RAY

Julie? What are you doing here?

Julie bursts forth with her information.

JULIE

We didn't kill David Gregg. It was someone else in the road that night.

Ray moves to the edge of the boat, feet from her.

RAY

What are you talking about?

JULIE

I think it was Susie's father...Ben Tilly. He's a fisherman.

RAY

But they found David's body...in the water.

JULIE

I think Ben Tilly killed David Gregg.

RAY

Wait a second...you think this Tilly guy killed David and then we killed him?

JULIE

But what if he didn't die, Ray? What if he's still alive?

Julie has never been more frightened. Ray wants to believe her but...

(CONTINUED)

RAY

This is crazy. Come aboard, come inside,  
I want to hear this from the beginning.

JULIE

We have to find Helen and Barry.

RAY

We will, we will.

He holds his arm out to her. She takes it, throwing her leg over the side of the boat onto Ray's. She looks down for support, her eyes glancing the side of the boat where the name is painted in bright blue colors. It reads...

BILLY BOY.

Julie stops. Frozen. She looks to Ray, jerking away from him, stumbling back onto the dock. A terrifying realization creeps across her face.

JULIE

You? Oh my God, it's you.

RAY

What are you talking about?

JULIE

Billy Blue. You went to Missy's. You're the friend...the fisherman...

Ray's face turns solemn. He gets very quiet.

JULIE

It was you all along.

Ray lunges for her. Julie steps back, frightened, tearing off down the dock. Ray leaps over the side of the boat and onto the dock right behind her.

RAY

Julie? Wait...

Julie's not listening. She reaches the marina's gated entrance way. The metal door is now closed. She pulls on the handle. A huge chain and padlock now surround the bars. It's locked securely.

JULIE

Noooo....

Julie pulls on it, realizes she's trapped. She turns quickly and moves back down the dock looking for help.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE  
Somebody please...help me...please...

She calls out to the boats that sit in the basin. No one appears...everyone's at the festival.

JULIE  
Please...oh, God, please...

Ray is on top of her, he reaches out for her when a FIGURE appears in his path. In a lightning move, an arm flies at him. BAM! Ray goes down.

Julie turns to see a FISHERMAN coming at her. Relief claims her face. She races to him.

JULIE  
Please...help me...

The Fisherman takes her in his arms. His face is hidden in the hood of the slicker he wears. Julie can make out the lines of his jaw but little else. When he speaks, his words are calm and soothing.

FISHERMAN  
Easy, child. This way.

Julie's terrified, confused...

JULIE  
Please help me. He's after me.

Julie looks to Ray who is sprawled on the dock behind them. He's coming to.

FISHERMAN  
Quick. Come with me.

The Fisherman leads her to a boat nearby. A large, wooden trawler. He helps her on.

121 EXT. DOCK - ON THE DOCK

121'

Ray has risen to his feet, the breath knocked out of him. He watches as the Fisherman casts the lines of the boat.

RAY  
NOOOOOOOO....



122 EXT. TRAWLER - ON THE TRAWLER

122

JULIE

Do you have a radio? I need to call for help.

The fisherman nods.

FISHERMAN

Come with me.

The fisherman guides her to the cabin door. She hesitates a second, then steps in...

123 EXT. DOCK - ON THE DOCK

123

Ray has found a small dinghy tied to a piling. He leaps on it, throws the line...it has a small engine, he grabs the starter cord...rips it out...it starts up...COUGHING, CHOKING...

124 INT. CABIN - SAME

124

Julie finds herself in a small, dimly lit galley. The fisherman moves in behind her, closing the door.

FISHERMAN

Are you in some kind of trouble, child?

Julie fights tears, turning to him.

JULIE

Yes, I'm in a lot of trouble.

The Fisherman stands nonplussed. He holds something in his hand. A silver medal medallion. He flicks it and it begins to spin...the familiar WHISTLE.

FISHERMAN

Now that's a shame. Being 4th of July and all. Kids like you should be out having fun, drinking, partying, running people over, getting away with murder...things like that.

Julie stops dead in her tracks.

JULIE

You...

(CONTINUED)

He CLICKS on the overhead light. The galley lights up. It's covered with pictures, newspaper clippings...some new, some old...all of Julie and her friends.

Different newspaper headlines pop out at Julie. "HELEN SHIVERS WINS CROAKER QUEEN", "LOCAL GIRL GETS SCHOLARSHIP", "COX SCORES TOUCHDOWN", Etc.

The Fisherman has been doing his own research. He's been tracking their lives. Julie steps back in terrified awe.

JULIE  
(barely audible)  
Ben Tilly...

FISHERMAN  
Good, I see you've been doing your homework too.

The Fisherman steps into the light. His face is seen clearly for the first time. It is soured and weathered, with a huge fleshy scar that extends from his forehead down to his chin. A remnant of last summer.

Julie bolts for the door. Tilly cuts her off. She backs up, looking behind her. There are three short steps that lead up to another part of the boat. Julie rockets up them.

124A EXT. DOCK - SAME

124A\*

Ray rises to his feet and staggers down the dock. He looks to Tilly's boat drifting out into the harbor.

125 INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

125

Old and rustic. A big, wooden wheel surrounded by a barometer, throttle, compass...Julie moves about in a frenzy looking for a way out. There's a door that leads to the deck.

Julie flies through it, Tilly just behind her.

126 EXT. DECK - SAME

126

Julie is at the bow of the boat, tripping over ropes and cables, she goes down...her head hits an emergency box. She throws it open. Sitting on top is a flare gun. She grabs it, bolting around the side of the boat to the main deck.

MAIN DECK

Julie is at the side of the boat. She looks back to see Ben Tilly moving towards her. She has nowhere to go.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE  
OH GOD! SOMEBODY!

Julie looks to shore. The boat has drifted to the mouth of the harbor. The town can be seen in the distance with all its heavy celebration in progress.

Julie holds the gun to the sky to fire when... \*

Her whole body is thrust forward against the railing...the gun slips from her hand--overboard. She spins around to see Tilly through the wheelhouse window. He's at the wheel taking them farther out to sea. \*

127 EXT.DOCK - BACK ON THE DOCK 127\*

Ray has found a small dingy. He jumps on it, casting off the line. He grabs the engines start cord and lets it rip. \*

BACK ON JULIE

She SCREAMS in holy terror. But no one can hear her.

She runs back to the bow of the boat, looking behind her. Tilly is still in the wheelhouse. But he's moving towards the door. Julie looks about her. There's nowhere to run. \*

Julie looks down to see a hatch at her feet. She bends down and lifts the lid off it revealing a steel metal grate. She pulls it back and slides down inside the hole. \*

She drops a coupla rungs, closing the grate above her, leaving just enough of an opening to look out. She peeks out to see the fishhook staring at her. \*

Julie SLAMS the grate shut as Tilly's form appears above, staring down at her. \*

128 INT. DINGHY - SAME 128\*

Ray motors toward the trawler, gaining on it, getting close to its stern. \*

129 INT. HATCH - SAME 129\*

Julie struggles to hold down the grate as Tilly pulls at it with his curved fishhook. \*

130 INT. DINGHY - SAME 130\*

Ray BASHES against the side of the boat. BAM! \*

- 131 EXT. MAIN DECK - BOW OF BOAT 131\*  
Tilly, hearing the bump, strides away, leaving Julie. \*
- 132 INT. BELOW DECK - DOWN BELOW 132\*  
Julie climbs down the ladder. \*
- 133 EXT. BOAT - SIDE OF BOAT 133\*  
Ray leaps onto the boat. The dinghy drifts away, leaving him  
hanging over the side of Tilly's boat. He crawls over the  
railing, looking up to see... \*  
\*  
TILLY \*  
who comes at him, fishhook in hand. \*
- 134 INT. BELOW DECK - SAME 134\*  
Julie pushes through a door into the... \*
- 135 INT. ENGINE ROOM 135\*  
She slams it shut behind her. She finds an oil drum and  
drags it in front of the door, blocking it. \*  
\*  
Julie looks around the engine room. The sound is DEAFENING  
as the engine ROARS. \*
- 136 EXT. MAIN DECK - UP ON DECK 136\*  
Tilly and Ray continue fighting. Tilly SLAMS Ray against the  
winch, his back falling against a lever. \*
- 137 INT. DOWN BELOW 137\*  
Julie is startled at the pullies and gears that start up  
beside her, putting the winch into action. \*
- 138 EXT. MAIN DECK - UP ON DECK 138\*  
One of the booms starts to lower, moving out over the water.  
Ray ducks, falling out of the way as Tilly strikes with his  
hook. \*
- 139 INT. DOWN BELOW 139\*  
Julie eyes a ladder that leads to a hatch. She climbs up it,  
lifting its lid, peeking out to see... \*

140 EXT. MAIN DECK - RAY AND TILLY SCUFFLING ON DECK. 140\*

In one massive blow, Tilly sends Ray flying overboard. \*

From the hatch, Julie SCREAMS. \*

JULIE \*

NOOOOO.... \*

Tilly turns to her as Ray plummets into the nets that are \*

being lowered into the water. He grabs at them, trying to \*

stay above water. \*

141 INT. BELOW DECK - SAME 141\*

Julie scrambles back down the ladder. \*

142 EXT. WATER - IN THE WATER 142\*

Ray, tangled up in the nets, is being dragged along side the \*

boat. The water RUSHING him...overpowering him. \*

143 INT. BELOW DECK - SAME 143\*

Julie races back to the other end of the engine room. She \*

pulls the oil drum away from the door. Julie rushes through \*

the doorway. \*

144 EXT. WATER 144\*

Ray, with every ounce of strength in him, begins to climb the \*

nets. \*

145 INT. DOWN BELOW 145\*

Julie starts for the ladder, looking up at the bow gate as \*

Tilly's shadow appears. Julie spins around and heads back \*

into the... \*

146 INT. ENGINE ROOM 146\*

She shuts it, latching it as she goes. She moves back to the \*

other ladder, climbs up it, pushing on the hatch only to find \*

it won't open. \*

147 EXT. MAIN DECK - ABOVE DECK 147\*

Tilly has weighted the hatch lid down with heavy equipment. \*

Julie is trapped. \*

- 148 INT. BELOW DECK - SAME 148\*
- Julie looks back to the engine room door. The latch is being pried open from the other side. By Tilly. Julie scurries down the ladder. She looks around for any escape.
- Behind the ladder is a small watertight door. Old and rusted. Julie moves for it.
- 149 EXT. MAIN DECK - T 149\*
- Ray is fighting the crashing waters, crawling up the nets. He manages to emerge from the water and grab hold of the boom.
- 150 INT. BELOW DECK - SAME 150\*
- Julie struggles with the rusted door. Behind her, the door is giving way as Tilly continues to disengage the latch. She uses everything she has...the door CREAKS open and Julie crawls through, pulling the door closed behind her.
- 151 INT. BULKHEAD - SAME 151\*
- Julie finds herself in a small, dark compartment. No way out. Except for a tiny little door on the other side. Julie pulls on it, yanking it open as ice pours into the bulkhead.
- It falls down all around her. She looks into the small opening. The ice hole is beyond. Julie wastes no time. She bends down and squeezes her body through.
- 152 INT. ICE HOLE - SAME 152\*
- Ice forever. Julie climbs up a hill of ice cubes. She can barely get her footing...two steps forward, one step back...
- 153 EXT. DECK - SAME 153\*
- Ray hangs from the boom, out over the water, trying to crawl back towards the boat.
- 154 INT. ICE HOLE - SAME 154\*
- Julie looks down to see a SHADOW appear through the small opening below. She kicks at the ice, sending mounds of it down, filling in the small door.
- Julie crawls up to the top of it and surveys her surroundings.
- The ice hole is a dark space...cold and damp. A small bulb hangs on a cord overhead, lighting the center of the hole.

(CONTINUED)

The space is divided into three bins sealed with wooden slats which hold packed ice. She pulls on several slats which send ice pouring down, completely covering the hole.

The ice continues sliding down...Julie holds onto the bin's support as the ice moves around her. Suddenly a body comes sliding down on top of her. It's Helen.

Her eyes open wide. Her face, pale and lifeless. Her skin as cold as death.

Julie SCREAMS, reeling backwards, slipping on the icy surface...she grabs hold of a wooden slat for support but it gives way...opening up a compartment of ice that comes CRASHING DOWN on top of her...she loses her balance, tumbling to the floor.

Gallons and gallons of ice come pouring out of the bin, covering her. Julie shields herself, looking up to see the dead body of Barry, sliding down at her. Julie SCREAMS as Barry's body crashes down on top of her.

Julie is face to face with Barry, sandwiched between her two friends. She fights and struggles, CRYING OUT.

She frees herself, sliding away from the bodies. She bursts into HYSTERICS, curled on the cold floor, WAILING...beyond fright.

155 EXT. DECK - SAME

155\*

Ray is back on deck. He hears Julie's SCREAMS and looks down to the ice hole hatch. He moves for it when he sees Tilly's SHADOW appear around the side of the cabin.

Ray is against the outrigger that juts up over the deck. Ray grabs hold and climbs up and onto the cabin's roof. He watches as Tilly moves to the ice hatch.

156 INT. ICE HOLE - SAME

156\*

Julie searches for a weapon. She finds a rigging pin lodged in the Wet room. She pulls out the pin...the nets fall away revealing Max and Elsa...their bodies distorted and lifeless. Julie lets out a SCREAM.

157 EXT. MAIN DECK - T

157\*

Tilly is at the hatch. He rips the lid off.

158 EXT. CABIN ROOF 158'

Ray searches for a weapon. He eyes a set of ropes hanging from the outrigger. One with a large pulley and hook at the end. He reaches for it.

159 INT. ICE HOLE - SAME 159'

The hatch lid flies open. Julie looks up to see Tilly staring down.

160 EXT. CABIN ROOF 160'

Ray throws the hook. It goes flying...zooming at Tilly catching him squarely in the head. He reels over, his body sprawling across the deck.

Ray acts fast, he grabs a line and slides down it, causing the fishnets to start to rise.

Ray races to the hatch, peering in.

RAY  
Julie...hurry.

He reaches for her as she climbs the ladder. He helps her out and onto the deck just as...

TILLY APPEARS BEHIND THEM

Julie SCREAMS...Ray spins around just as the back side of the hook makes contact with Ray's head. Ray goes down, hurt.

Tilly turns to Julie, grabbing her, throwing her against the outrigger base. His face angered...crazed.

BEN TILLY  
Happy 4th of July, Julie.

JULIE  
Please...it was an accident.

BEN TILLY  
I know all about accidents, Julie. And let me give you some advice--when you leave a man for dead. Make sure he's really dead.

Tilly rears back his hook...

ON RAY

(CONTINUED)



as he pulls his pained body upright. He eyes Tilly as he readies to strike. He watches as the hook gets caught up in the swinging lines that move across the deck.

Ray eyes the winch. He lunges for the control handle...hitting it...sending the winch into motion.

In a split second, the ropes SNAP up, flying up to the top of the boom, pulling, yanking Ben Tilly with it. His whole body is jerked upward as he's carried to the boom.

CLOSE ON Tilly's hand as it leads his body to the top of the boom, heading right for the pulley and spinning rope. His hand gets twisted in the pulley with massive force. It rips skin...bone. Ben Tilly's hand is severed from his body. It falls to the deck...still clutching the hook.

Tilly's body is not far behind...he grabbles, trying to grab hold...his foot gets caught in the lines and he falls backwards...hanging upside down. His body swinging back and forth with the roll of the boat.

The winch CRANKS AT CAPACITY. Ray joins Julie, grabbing hold of her, hugging her just as Tilly's body swings towards them, arm outstretched. They dodge him as...

The boat rolls and Tilly swings to the other side of the boat, as if flying through the air. He comes at them again. Fast. Focused.

CLOSE ON THE BOOM

The weight from Tilly's body is causing the pulley to rotate off its hook.

Tilly swings out over the side of the boat as the pulley gives way and his body goes crashing down into the deploying nets.

His body gets tangled every which way in the nets as they disappear over the side of the boat into the cold, dark waters. Gone.

Julie looks down to see Ben Tilly's severed hand, lying on the deck, still clutching the hook. She bends down, defiant, pumped...she picks it up by the hook, not looking, just slinging it overboard, as far as her strength will allow.

It disappears into the night.

Ray comes up behind her. She turns to him, grabbing him. They hold each for dear life.

161 EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - LATER

161

The fishing trawler is surrounded by coast guard boats, police speeders, etc. Lights have been hung, tape in place, it's now an official crime scene.

ON THE DECK

Two YOUNG OFFICERS set the winch, watching it spin cable, raising the nets from the water.

JULIE AND RAY

stand together, watching, shivering in the cold night. Julie's face is a world of disbelief. She tries to comprehend.

JULIE

We never killed anyone. This last year was for...

RAY

I know. The guilt was killing me. That's why I went to see Missy. I had to know who he was...I'm sorry I didn't tell you about Missy. I wanted you back. I didn't want to lose you again.

She listens intently, looking deep into his eyes. Silent.

RAY

I love you, Julie. No one gets me the way you do.

A slight trace of a smile creeps across her face. A long moment.

JULIE

I understand your pain.

Ray nods, they come together, holding each other tight. Suddenly, a FIGURE looms in front of them. It's the local sheriff. A round man with a serious face.

SHERIFF

(voice over)

Do you have any idea why this man would want you dead?

Julie looks at Ray. The moment of truth. Do they come clean? Will it help? A long stare and then, almost simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

No...

RAY

None...

They stare at the sheriff, their eyes sincere, their faces genuine. Then they look to each other, knowingly. Their secret intact.

OFFICER

(voice over)

Here it comes...

They all turn to the side of the boat as the net makes it's way out of the water. Wet and muddy. Torn and...empty..

THE FISHERMAN IS GONE.

But wait...there's something. Small and shiny, clinging to the net. An officer shines a light upon...the fisherman's severed hand. It still clutches the hook, dangling in the net...

Ray pulls Julie tight.

CLOSE ON JULIE

Her face a blank page. Emotionless.

The sheriff turns to Ray and Julie.

SHERIFF

Don't worry. The body will turn up...they usually do.

Julie turns to the mouth of the harbor, her eyes locked on the ocean beyond. A long moment and then...

FADE OUT.

162 INT. DORM ROOM - PRESENT - LATE NIGHT

162

Julie's same dorm room. It appears less drab as if some interest has been paid to bringing it to life.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD:

ONE YEAR LATER

(CONTINUED)

Julie sits at her computer...a familiar scene. Only this time she types feverishly at the keypad. Her hands moving rapidly.

The CAMERA comes upon her face and it appears a revelation. This is the Julie of old. Her youthful face has been restored. Vibrant and full of energy. She radiates from within. She's more than survived. She's transcended.

CLOSE ON MONITOR

She's in the middle of chatting with someone on the internet. She sends a message..."I MADE THE DEAN'S LIST."

She waits for her reply. It comes, "FIGURES."

She types a new message. "HOW'S NEW YORK?" A moment and then: "LONELY WITHOUT YOU."

Julie smiles, typing "GOTTA STUDY. I MISS YOU." A moment and then, "I LOVE YOU."

CLOSE ON JULIE. The "love" word affects her. Suddenly, a FIGURE appears behind her, a hand on her shoulder...Julie spins around. It's her roommate, Deb.

She holds an envelope in her hand.

DEB

You got a letter.

Julie takes it. CLOSE ON the envelope, there's no postmark or return address. Julie's suddenly cautious. It's all too familiar. She hesitates a moment...but then rips it open.

DEB

What is it?

Julie scans it, instantly relieved. It's just a flyer.

JULIE

Another frat party. Knock yourself out.

She tosses it to Deb who takes it graciously. Julie turns back to her computer just as the mailbox in the corner of the screen begins to flash...Julie has an e-mail.

She moves the cursor to the mailbox and CLICKS. A letter pops up...SENDER UNIDENTIFIED. Julie CLICKS it open and COMPLETELY FREAKS OUT. Her face turning a ghostly white as the life is sucked from it.

(CONTINUED)

On the screen is one simple sentence...a sentence that sends Julie's world crumbling. On the screen are the words...

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER...