

LEAP YEAR

Written By

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FADE IN

EXT. POE'S FOREST - FEBRUARY 29, 2000 - NIGHT

A boy -- BRAD, 17 -- and a girl -- Darcy, 17 -- walk together and hold hands. They smile at each other.

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 29, 2000

Brad digs into his pockets and pulls out a jewelry box. He opens it up to reveal a diamond ring.

BRAD  
(Hesitating)  
Darcy? W-will you...?

Nervous silence.

DARCY  
Yes, Brad.

BRAD  
Y-you m-mean it?

DARCY  
You are my one and only. I can't  
have another.  
(Laughing)  
Oh, Brad, this is going to be so  
romantic!

The two smile at each other and laugh softly.

DARCY  
(Raising her eyebrow and  
smiling)  
Let's celebrate...

BRAD  
How are we gonna do that?

Darcy takes her jacket off, followed by her shirt, and finally her bra.

DARCY  
Are you game?

Awkward silence.

Brad slowly removes his jacket and shirt.

FIGURE

Brad and Darcy kiss and hug passionately, but a FIGURE watches them, breathing heavily.

BRAD AND DARCY

The two teens stop.

DARCY

Wait a minute! Something's...  
missing.

BRAD

Missing?

Darcy slowly removes her pants and underwear.

DARCY

Don't tell me you're chicken, Brad!

Darcy laughs and Brad shyly takes off his pants and underwear.

BRAD

See anything you like?

DARCY

Plenty! What about you?

BRAD

I'm speechless.

FIGURE

The figure raises a knife and slowly stalks the young couple.

BRAD

You are gonna have the most  
beautiful wedding dress.

DARCY

You think so?

BRAD

I know so. You'll --  
(Eyes widen in terror)  
Holy shit!

Darcy jumps, startled.

DARCY  
Brad? What's wrong?

BRAD  
Must've fell out again. Son of a  
bitch.

BRAD AND DARCY

Brad bends on his knees to pick up his cell phone and crawls over to put it in his pant pocket.

FIGURE

Brad looks up to see the figure and "its" knife.

BRAD  
Holy shit!

Brad and Darcy turn around to face the figure, trying to cover their privates.

BRAD  
We weren't doing anything! J-just  
X's and O's! P-put that damn thing  
down!

DARCY  
Why don't you just go f-f-fuck off!  
Put that th-thing down and go home.  
We'll leave if you leave.

Nothing happens. The figure doesn't speak or respond. Brad flips "it" the bird.

BRAD  
Listen, asshole! I'm warning you!  
Go find yourself someone else to  
fuck wi--

The knife repeatedly comes out of Brad's body as fast as it went in. The figure stabs Brad a total of 12 times.

BRAD

After the killer stabs him, Brad drops to the ground, dead.

DARCY

Darcy looks down upon Brad's lifeless body and sits on her knees beside him, digging the pant pocket for his cell phone.

She starts to shake and tremble.

DARCY  
(Crying)  
Brad! Oh my God, Brad!

KILLER

Darcy quickly gets up off the ground, cell phone in hand.

DARCY  
Get the fuck away from me!!

She dials 911.

DARCY

DARCY  
(To the phone)  
Pick up. Oh God, please pick up.  
Please pick up!!!

Darcy looks at her screen, which reads "NO SIGNAL."

DARCY  
Shit!!

Darcy hurriedly tries in vain to put her clothes back on, and runs for her life trying to evade the killer.

She hesitates to scream or cry for help.

The killer slowly follows.

Darcy continues running as fast as she can. She trips on a tree root.

DARCY  
Dammit.

Darcy turns around to see the shadowy killer gain on her. "It" walks slowly towards "its" target a few feet away.

Darcy quickly picks herself back up and runs. She gives up trying not to scream, and cries bloody murder.

She then tires and stops. She spins around 360 degrees in search of the killer.

DARCY  
(Stammering to herself)  
Please get me out of here.

The killer walks toward her.

KILLER

DARCY  
Oh, God! Please don't!

The killer raises "its" bloody knife higher. Darcy's image reflects in the blade.

DARCY  
Please, no --

OVER BLACK

Darcy screams.

EXT. DONUT SHOP - FEBRUARY 28, 2012

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 28, 2012

INT. DONUT SHOP

SHERIFF ED JONES, 55, sits and eats his donut and drinks his coffee.

SHERIFF JONES  
(Talking to himself)  
Tomorrow is the day. And here I am,  
advancing a tired cliché.  
(Brief pause)  
But I love 'em, so what am I  
complaining for?

DEPUTY FRED LARVILLE, 48, African-American, takes a bite of his donut and a sip of his coffee.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Ya talkin' to me, Ed?

SHERIFF JONES  
Did you read the front page of the  
paper today, Fred?

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Why? What happened?

SHERIFF JONES  
He's getting out on parole.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Who?

SHERIFF JONES

It was several years ago. All hell  
broke loose. Cold blood.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Why is he gettin' out then?

SHERIFF JONES

The doctor. The son of a bitch says  
his patient is reformed. What a  
load of bullshit.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

There's no justice in this world.  
Just look at O.J.! Took him fuckin'  
years!

SHERIFF JONES

These damn taxpayers keep voting  
for the same bastards to run the  
courts. These guys keep innocent  
people locked up and maniacs on the  
streets.

Sheriff Jones takes a sip of his coffee.

SHERIFF JONES

If I ever run into that doctor,  
I'll kill him in a New York minute.  
Damn him for letting him go.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Ya preachin' to the choir.

EXT. DONUT SHOP

Sheriff Jones and Deputy Larville stand in front of the  
entrance.

SHERIFF JONES

Don't you just hate that old cliché  
involving cops and donuts? You see  
it in every movie Hollywood churns  
out now.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

I think they've taken it too far.  
C'mon! How the hell many cops do ya  
see aroun' here every fuckin' day?  
I mean, I love donuts as much as  
the next guy, but...

He shakes his head dismissively.

SHERIFF JONES  
They're good movies though.

FIGURE

A figure lurks in the bushes, watching the two cops.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Nowadays, Hollywood's ripe with  
cliches 'n' stereotypes. Can't they  
ever come up with somethin'  
slightly original anymore?

SHERIFF JONES AND DEPUTY LARVILLE

SHERIFF JONES  
There are a lot of those kinds of  
movies.

FIGURE

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Ever get the feelin' ya bein'  
watched?

SHERIFF JONES AND DEPUTY LARVILLE

SHERIFF JONES  
You feel it now?

FIGURE

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
As a matter of --

Deputy Larville looks at the figure watching him.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
(Quickly drawing his gun and  
running towards his target)  
Hey! Freeze! Who are ya! I said  
"freeze"! Show ya-self!

Meow.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Deputy Larville walks back over to the donut shop entrance.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
It's just a damn cat. Ya goin' to  
the Mayor's Leap Year Ball  
tomorrow?

SHERIFF JONES  
I can't, Fred. I'm going to a...  
special occasion.

INT. SANITARIUM - NIGHT

DR. NORMAN CRANE, 58, is talking to an unseen figure. Dr. Crane is wearing a trench coat.

DR. CRANE  
This certainly was not an easy  
decision to make.

He has a British accent and a distinct way of speaking. He pauses and takes a drink of water before speaking again.

DR. CRANE  
However, you have passed all the  
tests and evaluations. It is in  
your best interest that you be  
released from incarceration,  
effective tonight.

FIGURE

The figure walks out the door and into the hall. A doctor and a nurse walk towards "it." "It" looks around and slowly reaches for a knife on a table.

OVER BLACK

A loud scream of terror!

EXT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

A figure stalks the street, breathing heavily.

INT. BAR

Sheriff Jones is sitting alone on a stool. He takes a swallow of his fourth drink. He seems very depressed and very drunk. The BARTENDER, 48, returns to the counter.

BARTENDER  
Look at you, Ed. I think you've had  
enough for one day.

SHERIFF JONES  
There's not enough liquor in this  
world to numb my pain, Jim.

BARTENDER

I know tomorrow's the anniversary  
and all, but--

SHERIFF JONES

"But" what? That was a day from  
hell. That killer, that, that...  
"it!" ...took her from me.

BARTENDER

"It?" You're talking about a human  
being.

SHERIFF JONES

This isn't a human being. It is a  
force of evil, and an omen on my  
life.

BARTENDER

Ed Jones. Go. Home. now.

SHERIFF JONES

Now that I'm Sheriff, the dog's  
being let off its leash, and I will  
stop at nothing to keep it in the  
pound.

BARTENDER

I said go the hell home!

SHERIFF JONES

That beast deserves no redemption.

The bartender tries to pick up Sheriff Jones.

BARTENDER

You need to go home.

EXT. POE'S FOREST - FEBRUARY 29 - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 29

A van drives around in circles. Moments later, it stops. A  
man, RUSS, 50, Caucasian, gets out of the car, with a map in  
his hands.

RUSS

That's the last time I ask for  
directions. Shit, we're gonna be  
late!

Russ reaches into his pocket and gets out his cell phone. He  
looks at the screen with anger. It reads "LOW BATTERY."

RUSS

Shit!

MARGOT

A girl, MARGOT, steps out of the van. She is 17 years old, Caucasian, and is wearing a plain T-shirt, jacket and blue jeans.

MARGOT

Are you sure you know where we're going, Russ?

RUSS

RUSS

Hell, Margot... I might have taken a wrong turn. We can't be anywhere near the chapel. Stupid asses don't even know their way around town! You ask 'em for directions and they don't know jack shit!

Margot walks toward him.

MARGOT

Can't you just call Karen, Ben, or somebody?

RUSS

No, I can't. It's too bad I can't use your cell phone. We caught you guys red-handed.

MARGOT

But it wasn't my fault!

RUSS

You and your little friends in that van just had to --

MARGOT

I didn't make those prank calls!

RUSS

(Looking around the woods)  
And even if you guys didn't get them taken away, we wouldn't get service out here.

Russ and Margot head back to the van, only to have it die on them.

VAN - RUSS AND MARGOT

Russ turns the key to get the van to start again.

RUSS  
(Muttering to himself)  
Come on. Come on! Son of a bitch.

MARGOT  
When did you fill it up last?

RUSS  
(Brief pause)  
This van's a piece of shit.

JAMIE LEE

JAMIE LEE, 17, Caucasian, throws her hand in the air.

JAMIE LEE  
Five years is a long time for one  
vehicle.

RUSS

RUSS  
To hell with it. You guys stay  
here; I'll be right back.

Russ opens the door to get out. He closes it and then wanders off in the direction opposite the van.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

Deputy Larville is reading the newspaper when Dr. Crane enters.

DR. CRANE  
I need to speak with Sheriff Jones.  
It's urgent!

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
He's off today for a "special  
occasion." I'm Deputy Fred  
Larville. What can I help ya with,  
sir?

DR. CRANE  
I'm Dr. Norman Crane. I made a  
mistake. And now it's on the loose!  
Bodies in cold blood!

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 Why'd ya release "it" then,  
 dipshit?

He doesn't answer, just lowers his head in shame.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 Wait a minute, Doc. Sheriff Jones  
 told me 'bout ya. Ya the sick fuck  
 who just...  
 (Brief pause)  
 You make me sick.

DR. CRANE  
 I knew in my heart... but the  
 evidence was against me, Deputy,  
 and I had no choice!!

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 You do realize that if anybody  
 falls victim to this "creature,"  
 who's fault is it?

Dr. Crane looks down to the floor, not answering.

INT. "SQUARE J" CONVENIENCE STORE

Sheriff Jones walks in and goes straight to the counter in  
 front of the CLERK, 46. Sheriff Jones is dressed in a  
 T-shirt and jeans.

SHERIFF JONES  
 Excuse me, sir. Where's the White  
 Horse Wedding Chapel?

CLERK  
 A chapel in that getup? And what  
 the fuck's a guy doing asking for  
 directions?

SHERIFF JONES  
 (Clenching his fist in the  
 clerk's face)  
 Watch it, punk! You don't wanna  
 know what I wear for my day job,  
 and if you don't shut your pie  
 hole, this wedding's turning into a  
 funeral.

Sheriff Jones relaxes his fist.

CLERK

I'm just saying, I thought you'd be going to a rock concert.

SHERIFF JONES

The dress code is casual. Just tell me how to get to White Horse Chapel.

CLERK

That's the worst chapel in the whole damn town! Too expensive. But if you insist, it's about fifteen minutes from here. Just keep going straight on Parker and you'll see this little white chapel with a horse sign. You can't miss it.

Sheriff Jones looks at the clerk's name tag. It reads "BUCKY."

He nods and exits.

EXT. "SQUARE J" CONVENIENCE STORE - FIGURE

A figure hides behind a gas pump.

"It" spies on Sheriff Jones exiting the store.

"It" looks around to make sure that the coast is clear and slowly makes "its" way into the store.

INT. "SQUARE J" CONVENIENCE STORE - FIGURE

The figure is browsing around suspiciously and then stops and stares at the clerk.

CLERK

Hey, punk! I ain't servin' ya in those bedsheets!

"It" doesn't respond, but rather breathes heavily.

CLERK

Ya deaf, punk? Get your sorry ass out of here and put some damn clothes on! Jesus, you look like you just broke out of the insane asylum!

No answer, just more heavy breathing. "It" looks around and comes across a mask. The figure slowly reaches for it.

CLERK

Hey, hey! Don't even think about  
it!

The figure grabs the mask and puts it on.

CLERK

Take it off, asshole! I'll call the  
police!

The figure grabs and strangles him with "its" bare, bloody  
hands and then stabs him six times with "its" knife.

The clerk cries in terror as he's stabbed, and then falls to  
his death. The figure breathes heavily and walks out.

EXT. "SQUARE J" CONVENIENCE STORE

Sheriff Jones talks on his cell phone.

SHERIFF JONES

What?! You say the doctor's with  
you right now?!

(Pause)

Let me speak with him!

DR. CRANE

Hello? This is Dr. Norman Crane --

SHERIFF JONES

You listen and you listen very  
well, you sick son of a bitch. You  
let the monster out! You let it go!

DR. CRANE

We're talking about a human being!

SHERIFF JONES

This isn't a man. I know know what  
this is, but I know what it did.  
Damn you, Doctor! Damn you all to  
hell!

DR. CRANE

I made a mistake!

SHERIFF JONES

Damn right you did.

DR. CRANE

I am here, Sheriff, to undo --

SHERIFF JONES

We're too late. Now listen, Doc, you are gonna play it razor straight with me today, you got that? If anything goes wrong, your ass'll be spending two weeks in jail.

DR. CRANE

I will do whatever I can to cooperate with you, Sheriff.

SHERIFF JONES

You'd better.

Sheriff Jones hangs up his cell phone, angry, and hangs his head low over his car.

The figure stealthily walks right behind the Sheriff, but he doesn't notice.

Sheriff Jones dials somebody on his cell phone.

SHERIFF JONES

Hello, Karen? Something just came up, and I think you should just cancel the wedding.

(Pause)

What do you mean nobody's shown up yet?

(Pause)

Whoever's there, just tell them to go back home.

He hangs up.

SHERIFF JONES

(Talking to himself)

Shit!

Russ runs up to Sheriff Jones, out of breath.

RUSS

Excuse me, Ed. I'm not interrupting you, am I?

SHERIFF JONES

No, not really, Russ.

RUSS

Good. Listen, I kinda got lost.

SHERIFF JONES  
It's been postponed. Something came  
up, some shit I need to take care  
of.

RUSS  
I'm kind of stuck.

SHERIFF JONES  
Where are the kids?

RUSS  
This woodsy area.

SHERIFF JONES  
The kids are alone in the woods???  
Today's the anniversary, Russ!

RUSS  
What anniversary?

SHERIFF JONES  
You know damn well what  
anniversary!  
(Muttering to himself)  
Shit!  
(To Russ)  
Hop in my car; I need to report to  
work.

Russ gets in the car on the passenger side.

SHERIFF JONES  
(To himself)  
Why wasn't I an only child?

He follows suit and gets into the car.

EXT. POE'S FOREST - DUSK - MARGOT, DEAN, AND JOHN

Margot; DEAN, 17; and JOHN, 18, are waiting around for Russ  
to return.

DEAN  
(Pacing around nervously and  
fidgeting)  
What the hell is taking so long,  
Margot?

MARGOT  
It's only been about 20 minutes,  
Dean. He'll be here any minute.

DEAN

You can't be too sure. I've seen horror movies that start out like this.

Dean runs around frantically. He tries sitting down for a minute, only to get back up again and continue fidgeting.

MARGOT

How can you have kenophobia out here? You're not gonna fall upward into space or anything!

Margot snickers.

MARGOT

This is too much for me, Dean.

DEAN

Thank you guys for offering John and I a ride.

MARGOT

You're welcome, but what was wrong with your car?

DEAN

Remember?

MARGOT

That was a year ago.

DEAN

I'm lucky I'm not sitting my ass behind bars. I can't get a new one until I'm 21. It was just one fucking drink! Ya wanna do a quickie with me?

MARGOT

Back off, jerk bucket! I already have a boyfriend.

DEAN

(Sarcastic)

Who's that, "Ben Tramer?"

MARGOT

If you don't cut the smartass remarks, I'll bend your Tramer! Steve is my boyfriend.

DEAN

Steve? Steve Williams? The  
quarterback?

JOHN

I hear the guy's a jerkoff!

MARGOT

No actually, he's sweet, loving,  
caring. Plus, he's mature. Unlike  
you, Dean!

The boys laugh like immature teenagers.

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DUSK

A car pulls up slowly and parks.

INT. CAR

Sheriff Jones turns the key to shut off the engine. He sits  
and hangs his head low for a minute.

SHERIFF JONES

This is a tough day for me, Russ.

RUSS

It was a long time ago. Get over it  
already! Everybody dies.

SHERIFF JONES

(Shedding tears)

But why Darcy? Why my little angel?

RUSS

The Lord works in mysterious ways.

SHERIFF JONES

Don't you bring the Lord into this!  
Darcy's death was the devil's work.  
I can't let Margot suffer the same  
fate. She's all I have left.  
Michelle took everything I had.

RUSS

Half!

SHERIFF JONES

Half, schmalff... Jesus, why would  
someone or something inflict such  
hell on a human being?

RUSS

Why does God allow pain and suffering? Who knows? We all live and learn.

SHERIFF JONES

I should have been there. I should have pulled out my .44 and blown the son of a bitch's brains out.

RUSS

Could a .44 do that? Maybe a .357!

SHERIFF JONES

If you aim it right, you'll be surprised. I'm gonna aim it at the person responsible for all this shit. You with me?

Sheriff Jones exits the car. Russ follows suit.

FIGURE

The two men walk into the building. The figure secretly watches from behind the trees. "It" breathes heavily.

INTERCUT- INT/EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

INSIDE

Sheriff Jones and Russ enter. The Sheriff puts his hand on his holster. He tries to control himself.

OUTSIDE

The figure looks both ways to make sure the coast is clear. "It" comes across a BURPSI MAN in a uniform. The man is 6 foot 4, 115 to 120 lbs., and appears to be about 44 years old.

INSIDE

SHERIFF JONES

(To Dr. Crane)

You're in a shitload of trouble, you know that?

OUTSIDE

The killer slowly walks toward the Burpsi man.

INSIDE

Dr. Crane nods silently.

OUTSIDE

The killer continues walking closer and closer toward "its" target.

INSIDE

SHERIFF JONES

(To Dr. Crane)

If you work with me, then my job  
will be a bit easier tonight.

OUTSIDE

The killer has finally reached "its" target. "It" breathes heavily. The man turns around, startled.

BURPSI MAN

Jesus... Don't sneak up on people  
like that, mister.

"It" doesn't respond.

INSIDE

SHERIFF JONES

(To Dr. Crane)

We're gonna get this son of a  
bitch... or else we're gonna die  
trying.

OUTSIDE

BURPSI MAN

Who are you?!

The figure doesn't respond, but breathes heavily.

BURPSI MAN

Didn't you hear me, asshole?! I  
suggest you fuck off or I'm gonna  
run in there and report you.

INSIDE

SHERIFF JONES

"It's" done enough damage as it is.

OUTSIDE

The knife slashes the Burpsi man several times. He cries for help.

INSIDE

SHERIFF JONES  
 (To Dr. Crane)  
You've done enough damage as it is.

OUTSIDE

More slashing and more cries of terror.

INSIDE

SHERIFF JONES  
 I've gotta piss and change into my  
 emergency uniform. Then we're outta  
 here.

OUTSIDE

The slashing continues. The killer appears to be carving letters into the man's body -- C, K, S, N, I.

The man, now wearing the killer's sanitarium garb, has a fearful look in his eyes.

Another "letter" -- E.

INSIDE

Deputy Larville knocks on the bathroom door.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 How, much longer, Ed?

SHERIFF JONES  
 Just a minute, or two!

OUTSIDE

More letters -- A, S, H, E.

INSIDE

SHERIFF JONES  
 Let's move our asses before "It"  
 strikes again.

OUTSIDE

The killer, now wearing the man's uniform, slowly walks away from the scene of "its" crime.

INSIDE

Sheriff Jones, Deputy Larville, Russ, and Dr. Crane all exit.

OUTSIDE

The men walk out and gasp in terror as they look upon the bloodbath.

SHERIFF JONES

Jesus...

The men walk over to the body and see the bloody writing on the chest -- JACK SNIPES WAS HERE -- and gasp in horror.

SHERIFF JONES

(To Dr. Crane, shaking his  
head in disapproval)

You monster!

DR. CRANE

I'm sorry, Sheriff.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

(To Dr. Crane, shaking his  
head in disapproval)

You sick son of a bitch.

Sheriff Jones touches the body.

SHERIFF JONES

He's still warm.

RUSS

What kind of man would do something  
like this?

SHERIFF JONES

Who says we're dealing with a man?

The men run as fast as they can toward the Sheriff car and enter it. The car starts and drives off, flashing its lights.

JACK SNIPES

JACK SNIPES hides behind the trees and waits until the coast is clear.

"It" comes out of hiding and slowly walks around the block.

"It" again breathes heavily as "it" stalks the streets, bloody knife in hand.

EXT. POE'S FOREST - JAMIE LEE AND JOHN

Jamie Lee and John have quick sex under a tree. They are undressed below the waist. Jamie Lee is smoking a joint.

JAMIE LEE  
I love bad boys!

She giggles.

JOHN  
Where the hell is Russ?

JAMIE LEE  
Dad'd kill us if he saw us like this!

FIGURE

A figure slowly walks up to them. John and Dean scream, startled.

JAMIE LEE, JOHN, AND ADRIENNE

The figure is ADRIENNE, 17.

ADRIENNE  
Oh, sorry guys.

JAMIE LEE  
Adrienne!

ADRIENNE  
I'm sorry, Jamie Lee. But, I was just wondering... Have you guys seen Heather, Margot, and Dean?

JOHN  
(Snickers)  
They're probably having a threesome -- a sex sandwich.

ADRIENNE  
Is that all you ever think about is sex? Oh, you're such a horn-dog!

JOHN  
(Smiling mischievously)  
Thank you.

ADRIENNE  
You boys'll never grow up, will  
you?

JOHN  
Did Peter Pan ever grow up? Hell,  
no.

JAMIE LEE  
Everybody grows up eventually.

JOHN  
(Snickers)  
Not me; I'll never grow up!

EXT. DOWNTOWN - JACK SNIPES

The killer continues stalking around the neighborhood,  
breathing heavily.

EXT. STREET

The Sheriff car drives by.

INT. CAR

SHERIFF JONES  
(Talking on his cell phone)  
Hey, Karen. It's Ed. Listen, we've  
got a situation... How do I explain  
this? I'm doing emergency work.

He pulls the phone away from his ear.

SHERIFF JONES  
Calm down, Karen. Calm down!

He hangs up.

SHERIFF JONES  
This is gonna be a long night.  
(Turns around to Dr. Crane)  
Don't you agree?

Dr. Crane nods his head in shame.

DR. CRANE  
Damn me for letting him go.

EXT. POE'S FOREST - MARGOT, DEAN, AND HEATHER

HEATHER, 17, and Dean try to start a fire. Margot sleeps under a large tree.

DEAN  
When's Russ coming back?

HEATHER  
Hell if I know, Dean. Shit, what if he died or something?

DEAN  
How could he die out here?

HEATHER  
Remember Brad and Darcy?

DEAN  
(Awkward pause)  
Oh. Sorry. But, he must have had to take a massive piss or something.

The fire starts.

DEAN  
About damn time.

HEATHER  
The fucking groundhog saw its shadow this year, so we got six more weeks of fucking winter. March can't come soon enough.

DEAN  
Let's do a quickie before Margot wakes up.

Margot wakes up.

DEAN  
I spoke too soon.

MARGOT  
Who started the fire?

DEAN  
(Smirks)  
Billy Joel. No, Heather lit a fart!

Heather nervously walks away backwards with an awkward smile on her face. She walks in front of a tree.

HEATHER  
Very funny, Dean.

Heather passes gas, silent but deadly. She sighs in relief afterward.

JACK SNIPES

The killer watches the teens from behind the tree, breathing heavily.

MARGOT, DEAN, AND HEATHER

Margot runs in place as if she needs to pee.

MARGOT  
I need to... take care of some business. If you'll excuse me for a minute...

She walks and then stops.

MARGOT  
Do you guys smell something... weird?

DEAN  
Oh, God, what is that?!

HEATHER  
I don't smell anything.

She smiles nervously. Margot wanders off.

EXT. POE'S FOREST - JAMIE LEE, JOHN, AND ADRIENNE

KILLER

The killer watches Jamie Lee, John, and Adrienne from behind the trees. "It" slowly makes "its" move, one step at a time.

"It" taps Jamie Lee's shoulder. Jamie Lee turns around quickly, startled, and screams.

JAMIE LEE  
Dammit, Margot, don't scare me like that!

JAMIE LEE, JOHN, ADRIENNE, AND MARGOT

MARGOT

Sorry. Are there any bathrooms around?

JAMIE LEE

Sorry, haven't seen any around here.

MARGOT

Heck, I'll take a port-a if I have to.

ADRIENNE

Port-a-potties? I'd rather hold it in.

John shrugs his shoulders.

MARGOT

Oh well.

Margot leaves and mutters under her breath.

MARGOT

Shit...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - JACK SNIPES

The killer continues stalking the streets, breathing heavily.

"It" walks slowly and looks around. "It" sees a bum on one side, and then turns around to the other side to see an empty sidewalk.

Sirens blare and the killer quickly rushes into a dark, shadowy alley to avoid detection.

ALLEY - JACK SNIPES - CONTINUOUS

The killer walks slowly backwards as he sees a car pull over, followed by the police car. Sheriff Jones gets out.

SHERIFF JONES

You were going 55 in a 40 zone, bub.

Unintelligible mumbling.

SHERIFF JONES  
 Damn right that's a problem, sir.  
 Don't pull your wise-ass bullshit  
 on me, punk. License and  
 registration.

Brief pause. Unintelligible mumbling.

SHERIFF JONES  
 Whaddaya mean you can't find your  
 fucking license??!! Step outta the  
 car. Right now, asshole!

Unintelligible mumbling. The man in the car gives Sheriff  
 Jones his license and registration.

SHERIFF JONES  
 That's more like it. ...

Sheriff Jones and the man mumble unintelligibly. The killer  
 turns away and heads toward the back door of one of the  
 buildings "it's" in front of.

EXT. POE'S FOREST - DEAN AND HEATHER

Dean and Heather are in the dark, shivering.

HEATHER  
 Fuck, we're gonna be out here all  
 night. Where the fuck is Russ?

DEAN  
 Wish we had our cell phones still.

HEATHER  
 We shouldn't have prank called, you  
 dipshit! We need to start another  
 fire.

Dean grabs a few sticks and rubs them together to start  
 another fire.

DEAN  
 Eureka!

The two savor the warmth of the second fire. Dean turns to  
 Heather.

DEAN  
 This fire puts me in the mood...

HEATHER  
The mood for what?

Dean slowly begins to pull down his pants to reveal his trousers.

HEATHER  
What, are you fucking crazy?!

JACK SNIPES

The killer watches the two teens from behind a tree. "It" breathes heavily and wields a shiny knife.

HEATHER  
And if Russ sees you like this,  
he's gonna kill us!

HEATHER AND DEAN

Dean pulls his pants back up sheepishly.

HEATHER  
Um... Forgetting something?

Dean looks down and notices that he forgot to zip and snap his pants, which he does quickly.

HEATHER  
We shouldn't be fucking tonight.

JACK SNIPES

The killer makes "its" way from behind the tree and quickly pursues the two teens.

HEATHER  
(Singing)  
Russ, oh Russ  
Where art thou, Russ?  
We're tired and we're hungry  
Come back or I'll cuss.  
(Stops singing)  
Damn, this song sucks.

Heather stops to think of another verse.

HEATHER  
(Singing)  
I'm freezing my ass off and singing  
this song  
Where are you, Russ  
Whatever went wrong?  
We're tired and hu--

She looks up and sees the killer. She screams.

The killer stops dead in "its" tracks.

HEATHER

Who the hell are you? What's with that fucking mask? John, is that you? Take that damn thing off and stop being such a stupid ass!

DEAN

Hey, you're not John! Is that you, Russ? Where the hell have you been? Where's everybody else?

No answer.

DEAN

Can't you answer me, dammit?

Still no answer, just heavy breathing. The killer quickly walks towards Dean and stabs him numerous times.

HEATHER AND DEAN

Heather screams in horror as the knife repeatedly goes in and out of Dean's body.

Dean cries in pain and horror as he gets bloodier and bloodier with each stab.

JACK SNIPES

The killer breathes heavily as "it" unleashes "its" brutality.

"It" then stops what "it" was doing and leaves Dean for dead.

"It" then turns toward Heather and slowly paces forward.

HEATHER

No. Please, no. Oh God, no. Where are you, Russ?

INTERCUT - EXT/INT. "8-TWELVE"/EXT. POE'S FOREST

"8-TWELVE" (INT. CAR)

Sheriff Jones, Deputy Larville, and Dr. Crane wait outside of a convenience store, "8-Twelve."

SHERIFF JONES  
 Guess my brother had a little too  
 much coffee today...? Shit!

POE'S FORREST - JACK SNIPES

The killer approaches Heather.

HEATHER  
 What do you want? Who are you?

No answer.

HEATHER  
 Why won't you answer me?

Still no answer.

HEATHER  
 Today has been too fucking weird  
 for me. If that's you, Russ, just  
 say so. Don't fucking scare me like  
 that. I'll kill you if this is a  
 joke!

The killer raises "its" knife.

HEATHER  
 That was a joke, a joke! A figure  
 of speech. I didn't mean it like  
 that.

"It" lowers "its" knife and loosens "its" grip.

"8-TWELVE" (INT. CAR)

SHERIFF JONES  
 This is fucking ridiculous.

He gets out of the car.

POE'S FORREST - JACK SNIPES

The killer stands there and stares at Heather.

"8-TWELVE"

The Sheriff walks around, searching every corner of the store. No sign of anybody.

He then makes his way into the men's restroom.

He opens the door to discover Russ's bloody, lifeless body with "JACK SNIPES WAS HERE" written in smeared blood on the wall.

Sheriff Jones gasps in horror.

POE'S FORREST - HEATHER

Heather's nude body lays on the ground.

The killer walks away, breathing heavily.

EXT. POE'S FOREST - JAMIE LEE, JOHN, AND ADRIENNE

ADRIENNE

What are we gonna eat?

JAMIE LEE

Grass is edible.

JOHN

Yick!

ADRIENNE

I'd rather starve.

JAMIE LEE

We will if Russ doesn't fucking get here soon. Is anyone else craving cake?

ADRIENNE

Please don't mention food. I'd kill for a three-course meal.

Margot appears from behind the trees.

MARGOT

Hey guys, I just saw another van out here...

INT. CAR (TRAVELING)

Sheriff Jones nervously drives with the surviving members of his crew -- Deputy Larville and Dr. Crane.

SHERIFF JONES  
Great day for a fucking wedding.

DR. CRANE  
I want you to know, Sheriff, that you have my condolences. I'm so sor--

SHERIFF JONES  
Sorry ain't gonna cut it, Doc! First my older daughter. Now my brother. Who's next, huh?! Who the fuck is next?

Awkward silence.

SHERIFF JONES  
He can't be in Poe's Forest right now. He left his signature on the bathroom wall! Just like Zorro! He can't be in two places at once.  
(Brief pause)  
Can he?

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Seems to me, Ed, that you're unsure whether this Snipes guy is, in fact, a human being...?

SHERIFF JONES  
He's a mouse, just looking for a cat to grab him. And as God as my witness, I am that cat.

EXT. POE'S FOREST - JAMIE LEE, JOHN, MARGOT, AND ADRIENNE

Jamie Lee, John, Margot, and Adrienne are all standing up and stretching.

MARGOT  
Has anyone seen Heather and Dean?

ADRIENNE  
Not for a couple hours.

JAMIE LEE

Where the hell did they go?

ADRIENNE

Probably having a quickie.

JAMIE LEE

You know Heather doesn't like the cold.

JOHN

"Cold?" You sound as if it's snowing out here.

JAMIE LEE

It may not be see-your-breath cold, but it's pretty damn cold for February.

MARGOT

We'd better find them then.

JAMIE LEE

What if Russ finally shows up?

MARGOT

I don't know...

INT. CAR (TRAVELING)

Sheriff Jones clutches the steering wheel with rage and vengeance.

SHERIFF JONES

I will not let him break me again. If that bastard kills Margot, Michelle will kill me. Again.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

'Specially since she's the one with custody, I'm assuming.

SHERIFF JONES

My dear Michelle has given me a bigger plate than I can eat. And Jack Snipes has supersized it. I'm gonna need your stomachs. Especially you, Doc.

DR. CRANE

Whatever works.

INT. "8-TWELVE" - CHECKOUT COUNTER/RESTROOM - JACK SNIPES

The killer rises from behind the checkout counter, breathing heavily. The coast is clear.

"It" hears a ringing noise and quickly turns to the door, but nobody is there.

Another ring. "It" turns to see that the telephone is ringing.

"It" slowly reaches to pick up the phone. The killer hears a dial tone and slowly hangs up.

"It" then slowly creeps over to the bathroom, where Russ's corpse still lays.

"It" dips "its" fingers in the pool of blood around the body and begins writing on the wall -- "PIG."

INTERCUT - INT. CAR/INT. "8-TWELVE"/EXT. "8-TWELVE"

CAR

Sheriff Jones nervously stops the car.

"8-TWELVE" (BATHROOM) - JACK SNIPES

The killer slowly walks toward the bathroom sink.

CAR

Sheriff Jones dials a number on his cell phone.

"8-TWELVE" (BATHROOM) - JACK SNIPES

The killer washes the blood off "its" hands. "It" then turns the faucet off, turns around.

"It" picks up "its" knife off the floor beside the pool of blood.

"It" then returns to the sink, slowly turns the faucet back on, and washes the knife thoroughly.

CAR

SHERIFF JONES

Well, it was nice knowing you guys.  
Except you, Doctor.

"8-TWELVE" (BATHROOM) - JACK SNIPES

The killer continues running "its" fingers across the blade, washing off all the blood.

CAR

SHERIFF JONES  
(Talking to himself)  
Come on, pick up.

"8-TWELVE" (BATHROOM) - JACK SNIPES

The killer turns the faucet off, and dries off "its" hands and clean knife.

CAR

SHERIFF JONES  
Hello, Michelle...? It's me, Ed.  
We've got a wee bit of a problem...

"8-TWELVE" (AISLES) - JACK SNIPES

The killer slowly exits the convenience store, breathing heavily.

CAR

SHERIFF JONES  
..."Wedding?" Oh, the wedding! Ben and Karen had to postpone it.  
(Brief pause)  
"Why?"... Are you sitting down, Michelle?  
(Brief pause)  
Nothing big, it's just...

"8-TWELVE" (PARKING LOT) - JACK SNIPES

The killer quietly walks to "its" left just before police sirens wail.

INT. CAR

SHERIFF JONES  
I don't know how to tell you this, but... Russ has been murdered.

He quickly pulls the phone away from his ear and covers the mouthpiece.

SHERIFF JONES  
 (To himself)  
 Women...  
 (To Deputy Larville)  
 I don't want tinnitus.

He and Larville snicker before he uncovers the mouthpiece and holds the phone to his ear.

SHERIFF JONES  
 Calm down! Calm the fuck down!  
 Margot's just fine.  
 (Brief pause)  
 "Where is she?"

He looks around and laughs nervously, and then the brief smile runs away from his face.

SHERIFF JONES  
 "Where's Margot?" Oh shit... She  
 and the teens are stranded at Poe's  
 Forest--

He quickly pulls the phone away from his ear and covers the earpiece. He then uncovers the mouthpiece and speaks again.

SHERIFF JONES  
 That's what I'm trying to do!

He turns the volume down.

SHERIFF JONES  
 "Right now?" I'm at the  
 intersection of Shallow and Shady.

Deputy Larville snickers. Sheriff Jones elbows him.

SHERIFF JONES  
 I believe I know who did this...  
 (Brief pause)  
 What? Me??!! I've been here the  
 whole fucking time, trying to make  
 things right! Where the hell have  
 you been?  
 (Brief pause)  
 Is it one I'd like to see? Who's in  
 it? What's it about?

Michelle goes and and on. Sheriff Jones doesn't seem at all interested. He flaps his hands in a "blah, blah" gesture and mouths "Blah, blah, blah..."

SHERIFF JONES

So it's just another godawful chick  
click with Matthew McConaughey and  
J Lo? I hate that shit!

(Brief pause)

Yeah, what about Margot! I said I'm  
on it! You don't need to ask me  
fifteen billion times! I love her  
as much as you do, and I don't want  
her to... Can't a man grieve in  
peace?!

Sheriff Jones hangs up.

SHERIFF JONES

There go my visitation rights. I  
tell you, women have no taste, at  
all. They don't wanna watch the big  
Hollywood movies, the big sci-fi  
epics; they'd rather watch their  
romantic comedy horseshit... their  
Lifetime TV movie horseshit...  
their monotonous Tyler Perry  
movies... They have no respect for  
real movies. Movies by Hitchcock  
and Cameron.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

John Carpenter. Clint Eastwood.

DR. CRANE

Tarantino. Hitchcock. Craven.

SHERIFF JONES

Kubrick. Spielberg.

As he says this, a tow truck passes by, going the opposite  
direction. It tows Russ's van. Sheriff Jones is oblivious.

SHERIFF JONES

Movies about things people really  
care about -- like aliens,  
monsters, slashers, thugs, heroes,  
villains, good vs. evil, the  
future, bloody revenge... I want  
something with a story and  
characters you care about. I want a  
mix of style and substance.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Amen, brother.

SHERIFF JONES

Substance without style is boring.  
Style without substance... often  
times is incoherent bullshit.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Amen, brother.

SHERIFF JONES

While we're on the subject of  
movies, what the fuck was Rob  
Zombie thinking when he fired Daeg  
Faerch from Halloween II? I mean,  
come on! Daeg makes the character!  
He is Young Michael Myers!

As he says this, another van passes by, going the same  
direction as the tow truck. He doesn't notice.

SHERIFF JONES

If I were either one of the  
Weinsteins, I would have fired Rob  
on the fucking spot... right then  
and there! No hesitation. I would  
have hired Daeg back, and kept that  
douchebag -- what's his name,  
Vanek! -- from stealing the role  
that is so rightfully Daeg's.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Oh, I hear ya, man.

SHERIFF JONES

When Rob Zombie dies, I will find  
out where he's buried...

Deputy Larville and Dr. Crane nod.

SHERIFF JONES

I'm gonna stick my dick out... and  
I'm gonna piss, all over his grave.

DR. CRANE

You damn well better.

SHERIFF JONES

Oh, I will.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Ya need a hitman, call me.

SHERIFF JONES

They say women are from Mars and  
women are from Venus? Somebody got  
their planets mixed up.

The men laugh.

As Sheriff Jones speaks again, The killer passes by,  
following the van and tow truck.

"It" wears a different mask.

Sheriff Jones doesn't notice the killer, nor does the killer  
notice him.

SHERIFF JONES

And another thing I hate about  
women is, they have no taste in  
music. At all. Whatsoever. Women  
don't wanna rock! They don't wanna  
bang their heads to some fucking  
classic rock. They wanna sit and  
listen to country-Western, New Age,  
and oldies. Piss on that shit! Give  
me some AC/DC, Van Halen, Zeppelin,  
Floyd, Beatles, Stones, The Who...  
anything.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

I'll take some Sabbath, Ozzy,  
grunge, '80s pop, Def Leppard,  
Journey, film scores. We men wanna  
rock 'n' roll all night and party  
every day!

The killer disappears from the window.

SHERIFF JONES

And we can start as soon as  
everybody's safe and sound.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Question! If ya hate women so much,  
why do ya love Margot so much?

SHERIFF JONES

I hate women, not girls.

Sheriff Jones starts the car back up. His cell phone rings.

SHERIFF JONES

Dammit! That better not be  
Michelle!

He picks up his phone and answers.

SHERIFF JONES

Yes, Michelle?!

(Brief pause)

Oh, Lt. Mustard, it's you. I thought you were someone else.

(Brief pause)

What!?! I'll be right there.

(Hangs up)

Dammit.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

What now?

SHERIFF JONES

We gotta go back to 8-Twelve.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Who could be thinkin' about donuts at a time like this?

SHERIFF JONES

This ain't no donut.

INT. "8-TWELVE" - ONE HOUR LATER

Sheriff Jones, Deputy Larville, and Dr. Crane are standing around outside the restroom.

SHERIFF JONES

I can't believe this. This fucker's playing a game of cat-and-mouse.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

I don't think he's the only player.

He looks over and points to the restroom door.

SHERIFF JONES

The hell are you talking about, Fred? All the weasel wrote was "PIG."

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Are you sure that's all he wrote? I think you missed something big.

Sheriff Jones frustratedly heads back into the restroom and takes a look at the wall.

Right under "JACK SNIPES WAS HERE" and "PIG" are the words "I AM NOT ALONE." He gasps in horror.

SHERIFF JONES  
 Son of a bitch... He's got the  
 kids.

(To Dr. Crane)  
 You!

DR. CRANE  
 What?

SHERIFF JONES  
 You knew about this! You let it  
 out!

He grabs his gun and points it at Dr. Crane.

SHERIFF JONES  
 Say your prayers, because it's  
 gonna be a long night. Hell hath no  
 fury like a father and sheriff  
 scorned.

He slowly pulls the trigger. BANG! He shoots Dr. Crane in  
 the heart. Dr. Crane falls to the ground, dead.

SHERIFF JONES  
 (To himself)  
 It's going to be a bloody night.

EXT. HOUSE

The killer spies on a house from behind the bushes. "It" can  
 hear music playing from inside.

INT. HOUSE

Margot; Jamie Lee; John; Adrienne; BEN, 32; and KAREN, 32;  
 have an impromptu late night party. Music plays on the  
 stereo.

MARGOT  
 Hey, Karen, do you know what  
 happened to Russ?

KAREN  
 I don't know. Nobody's heard from  
 him in hours.

The phone rings.

BEN  
I'll get it!

Ben turns down the music and answers the phone.

BEN  
Hello?  
(Brief pause)  
Ed? Hey, how's it going?  
(Brief pause)  
What? You know I don't watch the  
news --  
(Brief pause)  
Alright! Whatever...

Ben turns the music off. The teenagers complain. He turns the TV on to channel 6.

NEWS ANCHOR  
...of Palmer County Sheriff Edward  
Jones are dead tonight in  
Russellville.

BEN  
(To Sheriff Jones)  
Yeah, we're watching it.

MARGOT  
Oh my God...

JAMIE LEE  
What's happening?

NEWS ANCHOR  
Jones found his brother Russell  
dead in the restroom of an 8-Twelve  
convenient store, surrounded by a  
pool of blood. Written in smeared  
blood on the wall are: "Jack Snipes  
was here," "Pig," and "I am not  
alone." Russell Jones was just 50  
years old.

MARGOT  
Oh my God, Russ!!

Everybody starts crying.

NEWS ANCHOR  
Sheriff Jones's ex-wife, Michelle  
O'Donnell, was found dead by police  
20 minutes ago.

MARGOT

Mom!!!

NEWS ANCHOR

Her nude body was found stabbed 10 times, strangled with a telephone cord, and covered in cold, dry blood.

KAREN

Oh my God, noooo!

MARGOT

Noooo!

NEWS ANCHOR

Jones believes that these murders are somehow related.

SHERIFF JONES

(On TV)

There's a killer at Poe's Forest, and he's got my daughter! He's got all our teenagers!...

MARGOT

We're right here!

SHERIFF JONES

Everybody's at risk. Lock up your daughters. Lock up your sons. Take refuge. Jack Snipes must be stopped. He killed one daughter of mine; I won't let him kill the other. You have been warned.

NEWS ANCHOR

That was Sheriff Edward Jones of the Russell County Sheriff's Department. We'll have more on this horrific story as it develops. Stay tuned to Channel 6 Action News, now available in HD. Up next...

Ben turns the TV off.

INTERCUT - INT. HOUSE/INT. "8-TWELVE"

BEN

Oh my God... H-how did this happen?

SHERIFF JONES

It's been a crazy night. I'll explain later. I need to rescue the kids.

BEN

But --

SHERIFF JONES

"But" what? Margot, Heather, Jamie Lee and all of them are lost in the woods, being stalked by this psychopath.

BEN

No, they're...

SHERIFF JONES

Yes they are. The killer even said he has the kids.

BEN

Listen to me, Ed.

SHERIFF JONES

No time. I'll talk to you if and when I can.

BEN

But I have the kids.

Dial tone. Ben hangs up.

BEN

Men -- they never listen.

EXT. HOUSE

The killer breathes heavily, and starts to make "its" move.

INT. HOUSE

Margot, Jamie Lee, John, Adrienne, Karen, and Ben are crying and hugging in terror. The power suddenly goes out.

ADRIENNE

What?

JOHN

What happened?

KAREN

What's going on?

JAMIE LEE

What the hell happened?

INT. CAR (TRAVELING)

Deputy Larville hesitates to speak to Sheriff Jones.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 You know, Ed? You're not the only  
 one who's lost a loved one like  
 this. I had a son named Max...

SHERIFF JONES  
 You never told me you had a family.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 Used to...

He pulls out his wallet, and shows Sheriff Jones a picture  
 of MAX LARVILLE.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. "8-TWELVE" - NIGHT (2005)

Max Larville, 15, comes out of the store with a grape soda,  
 gummy worms, and a candy bar.

His father, Fred Larville, waits for him in the car.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 (VO)  
 We were heading to the movies... it  
 was a few years ago...

A shadowy figure approaches Max. He is confused.

The figure pulls out a knife, which shines in the light. Max  
 and Fred Larville are terrified.

Fred runs out of the car as fast as he can, but to no avail.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 (VO)  
 ...But it was too late.

The figure strangles Max and stabs him numerous times in the  
 face, chest, hands, back, and buttocks. He is covered in  
 blood.

Fred looks upon the bloodbath in horror.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 (VO)  
 It was unspeakable horror.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Deputy Larville still looks distraught.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
The killer's name was...

EXT. HOUSE

The killer watches the house from behind the bushes.

INT. CAR

SHERIFF JONES  
...Never heard of him.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
You don't want to.

INT. HOUSE

Voices clamor amid the chaos.

KAREN  
Okay, can everybody hear me?

Everybody stops talking.

KAREN  
I don't know how we're gonna do  
this, but we need to find our way  
around for some flashlights.

BEN  
Shit, I can't remember if I  
replaced the batteries or not.

KAREN  
Dammit, Ben, that's the thing that  
pisses me off about you!

BEN  
I'm sorry, honey!

KAREN  
Good thing we postponed the  
wedding, or we'd be getting  
divorced right now.

MARGOT

Where do you guys usually put them?

KAREN

I think there's some in the  
bedroom. There might be one in the  
bathroom, I'm not sure.

INTERCUT - EXT/INT. HOUSE/INT. CAR/EXT. POE'S FOREST

HOUSE (OUTSIDE)

The killer slowly approaches the door, carefully avoiding  
detection. "It" breathes heavily.

HOUSE (INSIDE)

Jamie Lee, John, Karen, Ben, Adrienne, and Margot walk  
carefully in different directions.

CAR

DEPUTY LARVILLE

How much longer till we get to  
Poe's?

HOUSE (INSIDE)

Margot heads upstairs. Jamie Lee walks into the kitchen.

HOUSE (OUTSIDE)

The killer is ten steps away from the door. "It" breathes  
heavily and raises "its" shiny, clean knife.

CAR

SHERIFF JONES

Finally. Took all fucking night,  
but we're here.

HOUSE (INSIDE)

John, Adrienne, and Ben head upstairs. Karen stays put.

HOUSE (OUTSIDE)

The killer makes "its" final step toward the door and puts  
"its" hand on the knob, twisting it.

CAR

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Wait a minute...

POE'S FOREST

Deputy Larville gets out of the car.

HOUSE (OUTSIDE)

The killer twists the doorknob further.

HOUSE (INSIDE)

Karen, startled, reacts to the doorknob.

KAREN  
Ben, is that you?

POE'S FOREST

Deputy Larville looks around, confused.

He spots a large tree with two dead, bloody bodies.

The two artistically-arranged corpses lay underneath a piece of poster paper that reads "In loving memory Darcy Jones May 15, 1982 - February 29, 2000 & Bradley Bates June 9, 1982 - February 29, 2000."

The poster is decorated with crosses and hearts.

Deputy Larville gasps in horror.

He looks up and sees the words "JACK SNIPES IS HERE" written in blood on the tree.

HOUSE (OUTSIDE)

The killer turns the knob once more and opens the door slowly.

POE'S FOREST

He signals for Sheriff Jones to turn the lights on. He looks around, confused.

The killer is secretly watching him from nearby. "It" breathes heavily.

Deputy Larville cups his hands to shout. Sheriff Jones rolls down his window.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Ed, you're not gonna like this.

Deputy Larville points to the tree and the corpses. Sheriff Jones gasps in horror and quickly gets out of the car.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
That's not Brad and Darcy, is it?

SHERIFF JONES  
Not even close.

Jack Snipes slowly approaches the two.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
If the kids are here, then where's  
the va...

SHERIFF JONES  
Look out!

Deputy Larville turns around and sees the killer wielding a bloody knife and breathing heavily. The killer wears his original mask.

"It" stabs Deputy Larville in the chest and strangles him.

SHERIFF JONES  
I've had about enough of you.

Sheriff Jones grabs a nearby, large stick and clobbers the killer in several places, including the head, shoulders, arms, buttocks, groin, chest, and stomach.

The killer recovers quickly and snatches the stick and beats Sheriff Jones in the shoulder twice.

Sheriff Jones grabs his gun and clutches it with both hands. The killer stops dead in "its" tracks.

SHERIFF JONES  
Smile you son of a bitch.

The killer looks at the gun with little reaction.

HOUSE (INSIDE)

The killer stabs Karen repeatedly. She is crying and screaming in horror.

KAREN  
Jamie Lee! Margot! Ben! Oh my God,  
please help me! Oh, God!

The killer then strangles her and kicks her in the groin repeatedly.

POE'S FOREST

The killer lays unconscious on the ground. Sheriff Jones and Deputy Larville put "it" in the car.

SHERIFF JONES

Margot?

His voice echoes. No response.

INT. HOUSE

Jamie Lee slowly descends the stairs with her flashlight in hand.

JAMIE LEE

Hello? Karen? Was that you?

The light reveals Karen's body, dead and bloody on the couch. Written on her chest is "IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO."

Jamie Lee drops the flashlight and covers her face in horror.

EXT. POE'S FOREST

Deputy Larville returns to where Sheriff Jones is standing.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Sorry, Ed. I looked everywhere.  
Nobody's here.

SHERIFF JONES

What?! No, no he didn't! No!  
Margot! Margot, I'm sorry!

Sheriff Jones breaks down crying. He falls to his knees. He and Deputy Larville share a hug.

SHERIFF JONES

You can drive if you want.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Ya got the keys, right?

SHERIFF JONES

You think I'm stupid, don't you?  
You think I would leave my keys in

(MORE)

SHERIFF JONES (cont'd)  
the car with some psycho killer's  
dead body? Hell, no. I've seen  
these kinds of movies.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
So, where are they then?

Sheriff Jones reaches into his pocket and gets out the car  
keys.

INT. CAR (TRAVELING)

Deputy Larville drives.

SHERIFF JONES  
I can't believe this. I've lost  
everything.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Bummer.

SHERIFF JONES  
What is there left to lose?  
(Taking out his gun)  
I'm gonna take this here gun, and  
I'm gonna make things right again.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

SHERIFF JONES  
Why not? What have you lost besides  
a son? Did you ever get divorced?

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
No.

SHERIFF JONES  
Lose custody of your youngest?

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Nope.

SHERIFF JONES  
Were you ever a Lieutenant,  
climbing the ranks of law  
enforcement, because one mere shape  
of a human being tail-spinned your  
life?

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
I don't think that's a word.

SHERIFF JONES  
Who gives a shit, Fred? I have  
nothing to live for. Nothing!

Sheriff Jones's cell phone rings. The caller ID reads  
"O'Donnell, Karen 405-555-0229." He answers.

SHERIFF JONES  
Hello? Karen?

INTERCUT - INT. CAR/INT. HOUSE

JAMIE LEE  
Mr. Jones, it's Jamie Lee. Listen,  
I think you need to come down here.

SHERIFF JONES  
Who the hell is this?

JAMIE LEE  
It's Jamie Lee, Margot's best  
friend. Remember?

SHERIFF JONES  
Yeah, I do. But Jamie Lee is dead!  
Margot's dead!

JAMIE LEE  
We're all alive. We're at Karen and  
Ben's house. We're alive, except  
for... a few people.

SHERIFF JONES  
I just got back from the woods  
looking for you guys! Where the  
hell have you been?

JAMIE LEE  
Karen and Ben picked us up and  
towed Russ's van.

SHERIFF JONES  
You say you're at Karen and Ben's  
house? Let me talk to Ben.

JAMIE LEE  
I can't. The power's out. I'm  
calling from the cell phone.

SHERIFF JONES

I'll be there when I can. So just sit tight.

JAMIE LEE

I don't think I can do that. Oh my God, Karen is dead, Mr. Jones!

SHERIFF JONES

What!?? Why didn't you tell me. I'll be on my way.

He hangs up. Jack Snipes jumps up from the back seat and strangles Deputy Larville with a white towel-cloth.

Sheriff Jones reacts in surprise and horror. He quickly draws his gun and fires three shots.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Thanks.

INT. HOUSE

Jamie Lee is looking around for the killer, pointing her flashlight in every possible direction.

JAMIE LEE

Oh my God. Karen!

She points to the door, which appears to close on its own. She shivers. the killer slowly sneaks up behind her.

Jamie Lee uses Karen's cell phone. She dials 9 and reaches over to the 1.

Before she can dial, the killer grabs her flashlight and strikes her in the head.

She lays unconscious on the floor. The killer breathes heavily and ascends the stairs.

INT. CAR (TRAVELING)

Sheriff Jones is on the phone.

SHERIFF JONES

I'm calling to report a murder.

(Brief pause)

250 52nd Street, Russellville.

(Brief pause)

I don't know, ma'am. I'm on my way there any minute.

(Long pause)  
Hello? Hello? Damn.

He hangs up the phone.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
The hell's that all about?

SHERIFF JONES  
Long story. I'll explain later.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
How was there a murder? We've got  
Snipes in the back seat, dead.

SHERIFF JONES  
I think I know what he meant by "I  
am not alone."

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
What? "Everybody's crazy?"

SHERIFF JONES  
Something like that.

EXT. ROAD

Dr. Crane is waving his arms in the air, signaling the cop  
car to stop.

INTERCUT - INT/EXT. CAR

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
What the fuck? It's the Doc.

He stops the car.

SHERIFF JONES  
The hell's going on here?

Dr. Crane approaches the car. He looks angry.

SHERIFF JONES  
(To Dr. Crane)  
I thought you were dead.

DR. CRANE  
When you kill somebody, make sure  
they're actually dead.

SHERIFF JONES

But I shot you...

DR. CRANE

No. Missed me by an inch. You have such mediocre aim.

SHERIFF JONES

I didn't run for Sheriff to tote a gun around. I ran for Sheriff to make things right again.

DR. CRANE

Revenge isn't going to bring your daughter back, Mr. Jones!

SHERIFF JONES

No, but it'll do the next best thing.

DR. CRANE

And what's that?

SHERIFF JONES

You'll see.

Dr. Crane gets in the back of the car on Sheriff Jones's side and the car takes off.

DR. CRANE

What time is it?

SHERIFF JONES

I'll tell you what time it is!

DEPUTY LARVILLE

It's 10:45, according to this clock. Might not be set for Daylight Savings, though.

SHERIFF JONES

It's a bitch to set, and the time's always ahead to some degree. Why? You got a hot date tonight?

DR. CRANE

If you keep pursuing this, you're going to have a hot date with death, Sheriff.

SHERIFF JONES

I'm fully prepared.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM #1

Ben blindly looks around for a flashlight.

BEN  
There should be one here somewhere.  
Where'd I put it?

Killer #2 slowly walks behind him, in front of the open door. "It" wears the second mask. Ben doesn't notice "it."

BEN  
(Singing off-key)  
Oh where, oh where has my  
flashlight gone  
Oh where, oh where can it be?

Ben continues singing "La la la..." as he searches. He stops singing after a few seconds. The killer creeps closer without Ben noticing.

BEN  
It would help if I had some light.

The killer slowly reaches "its" hand toward the light switch, and flicks it up, which nothing happens. Ben turns around and faces the killer, unaware of "its" presence.

BEN  
Where's the fucking light?!

The bathroom light suddenly turns on and Ben sees The killer raise "its" fork in the air, preparing to strike.

BEN  
Oh, Christ!

The killer stabs Ben repeatedly. He screams and cries in horror.

INTERCUT - INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM/BATHROOM #1

Adrienne and John have sex in the bed. Adrienne smokes a joint. The flashlight sits on the nightstand.

The killer shoves the fork down Ben's throat.

ADRIENNE  
(Giggling)  
I never woulda thought they'd have  
any stashed away like that.

JOHN  
Some people may surprise you.

The killer stabs Ben in the heart, face, and neck.

BEN  
No, stop! Oh God, stop!

The killer stabs Ben in the shoulder repeatedly. He cries in horror.

Adrienne hears a muffled scream.

ADRIENNE  
Did you hear something?

She takes a drag.

JOHN  
It's just the ringing in your --

The killer turns to the counter and grabs the electric razor.

ADRIENNE  
No, not that. Did you hear something unusual?

The killer takes the razor.

BEN  
Who the hell are you?!

The killer turns the razor on and shoves it in Ben's mouth.

JOHN  
No, relax, Adrienne.

The killer turns the razor off, washes it, dries it, turns it back on, and then shoves it somewhere repeatedly. Ben screams in horror.

ADRIENNE  
I thought I heard a scream?

She takes another drag.

The killer continues attacking Ben with the razor.

JOHN  
Ben probably just cut himself shaving.  
(Pointing to the pot)  
(MORE)

JOHN (cont'd)  
Or you've had a little too much of  
that stuff.

The killer drops the razor to the floor and picks up the bloody fork on the counter. Ben cries and the killer raises the fork.

BEN  
Oh God, please don't!

The killer shoves the fork into Ben's heart.

"It" slowly pulls the fork out and washes it off.

"It" takes one more look at "its" victim, tilting "its" head as if admiring "its" work.

The power goes out again.

Adrienne gets out of the bed.

ADRIENNE  
I think we should end it for  
tonight.

JOHN  
Why? We just started.

ADRIENNE  
What if Ben and Karen see us like  
this?

JOHN  
Shit, you're right.

John gets out of the bed. Adrienne puts her joint on the floor and stomps on it repeatedly. She and John make the bed and get their clothes back on.

JOHN  
Shouldn't we spray something?

ADRIENNE  
What if they get suspicious?

JOHN  
If anyone asks, you farted.

ADRIENNE  
No one's gonna believe that!

Adrienne farts. She is embarrassed.

ADRIENNE  
Spoke too soon.

John remains silent.

ADRIENNE  
Speaking of bodily functions, I  
need to use the ladies' room for a  
minute. Don't go anywhere.

JOHN  
Don't you need the flashlight?

ADRIENNE  
What if you need it? See you in a  
minute.

HALLWAY - KILLER #2

The killer walks out of the bathroom with a flashlight in  
one hand. "It" looks around and breathes heavily.

HALLWAY - ADRIENNE

Adrienne comes out of the master bedroom. She has difficulty  
seeing her way around in the dark.

HALLWAY - KILLER #2

The killer walks five more steps and stops.

HALLWAY - ADRIENNE

Adrienne continues walking towards the bathroom. She doesn't  
notice the killer.

INT. CAR (TRAVELING)

Dr. Crane takes a look at Jack Snipes.

DR. CRANE  
Shouldn't you handcuff...?

SHERIFF JONES  
Now? Are you fucking crazy? We've  
got kids to save here. We ain't got  
time to lose.

DR. CRANE  
What in blazes are you talking  
about, Sheriff?

SHERIFF JONES

You'll see. If you wanna handcuff a corpse, be my guest.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Yeah, we ain't got all night. 911 will probably be there 'fore us.

DR. CRANE

Where? Where are we going!

SHERIFF JONES

That's for us to know and you to find out, Doc.

Dr. Crane slowly takes the handcuffs from Sheriff Jones and hesitates to put them on Jack Snipes.

He quickly wraps his arm around Sheriff Jones and handcuffs him instead.

SHERIFF JONES

The hell are you doing, old man?

DR. CRANE

This is for your own good!

Deputy Larville stops the car and quickly draws his gun.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Ya got any idea who ya messin' with?

Dr. Crane grabs Jack Snipes's knife and points it at Sheriff Jones.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Don't even think about it, bub.

DR. CRANE

I already have.

Dr. Crane slowly reaches the knife over to Sheriff Jones's neck.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

I'm warning you.

SHERIFF JONES

It was you, wasn't it, Doc? You orchestrated all this!

No response.

SHERIFF JONES

You couldn't handle the pressure of a high profile patient, so what do you do? You wash your hands!

DR. CRANE

No, that's not true!

SHERIFF JONES

You're the one who's pulling the strings!

DR. CRANE

Liar!

SHERIFF JONES

I should know never to trust a guy with a foreign accent.

DR. CRANE

So what if you think I plotted all this? Only one of us knows for sure.

SHERIFF JONES

I read the newspaper article yesterday. They say you're a crooked old man who's writing a tell-all book.

DR. CRANE

Don't believe everything you read.

SHERIFF JONES

Don't worry, I won't. When it's published. If it's published.

DR. CRANE

Are you threatening me, Sheriff?

SHERIFF JONES

What if I am?

No response. Dr. Crane prepares to slit Sheriff Jones's throat.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Hey, asshole!

Jack Snipes slowly awakens and strangles his doctor. Dr. Crane lets go of the knife and Sheriff Jones.

SHERIFF JONES  
 (To Jack Snipes)  
 I never thought I'd say this, but  
 thank you.

Dr. Crane barely gets a few words out of his mouth.

DR. CRANE  
 I... watched... you... for...

Jack Snipes strangles him harder and then loosens his grip.

DR. CRANE  
 ...12 years.

The killer tightens his grip and then loosens it again.

DR. CRANE  
 I was good to you!

The killer tightens his grip. He then looks down to the floor and picks up the knife.

DR. CRANE  
 No. No!

The knife shines as the killer picks it up.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - ADRIENNE

Adrienne stands in front of the bathroom. She notices the door is closed. She tries to open it, but it's locked.

ADRIENNE  
 Shit!

She tries forcing the door open, but to no avail.

ADRIENNE  
 Who the hell's in there?

No answer.

ADRIENNE  
 How long are you going to be?

No answer.

ADRIENNE  
 Hello? anybody there?

No answer.

ADRIENNE

I guess I'll use the other bathroom  
then.

INT. CAR

Jack Snipes stabs Dr. Crane several times with Sheriff Jones  
and Deputy Larville reacting.

SHERIFF JONES

Hey, can you teach me how to kill  
like that?

No answer. Sheriff Jones takes a look at the bloody writing  
on Dr. Crane's chest -- "CHARLIE HAWKES."

SHERIFF JONES

"Charlie Hawkes."

DEPUTY LARVILLE

"Charlie Hawkes?"

SHERIFF JONES

Turn around.

Deputy Larville turns around.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

He's got an accomplice.

The two continue to look on. The killer does nothing.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Jesus...

SHERIFF JONES

Jesus ain't got nothing to do with  
this guy.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - ADRIENNE

Adrienne walks to the other side of the house where the  
other bathroom is.

CHARLIE HAWKES slowly comes out of bathroom #1. "It"  
breathes heavily. "It" carries Ben's body and walks to  
another location of the house.

INT. HOUSE - GUESTROOM

Margot and John sit on the bed.

JOHN

Have you seen Adrienne anywhere?  
She never came back from the  
bathroom.

MARGOT

I haven't seen anybody since the  
power went out.

JOHN

It's been a crazy fucking day,  
Margot. Speaking of which, you'll  
never believe what she and I found  
under Ben and Karen's bed!

MARGOT

Dirty magazines?

John shakes his head and mouths, "pot."

MARGOT

Oh, come on! Get out of here!

JOHN

I'm serious! They have pot under  
the bed.

MARGOT

Whatever you say.

John reaches into his pockets and pulls out a few joints.

MARGOT

What the hell, John?

JOHN

Since when do you swear?

MARGOT

I've said a few words before.

John gives one of the joints to Margot.

JOHN

Wanna light?

MARGOT

If you think I'm taking a drag of  
this, then somebody needs to visit  
the doctor.

JOHN

The Sheriff's daughter doesn't want any pot? Oh come on!

MARGOT

You shouldn't be smoking pot, because you'll regret it later.

JOHN

Who died and made you Mother Teresa?

MARGOT

(Brief pause)

The answer is no.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM #2

Adrienne flushes the toilet. She hears a knock on the door.

ADRIENNE

I'm just finishing up!

No answer. She goes to the sink and turns on the faucet. Another knock.

ADRIENNE

I said just a minute! Can't you use the other bathroom?

No answer.

ADRIENNE

Can't you fucking answer me, John?

No answer.

ADRIENNE

You can be a royal pain in the ass sometimes, John.

She washes her hands with soap.

She takes out a clean hand towel from under the sink and dries her hands with it. She hangs it up.

She then reaches under the sink for a toilet bowl cleaner. She drops in in the bowl and flushes it.

She is startled by three more threatening knocks.

A knife blade gets shoved through the middle of the door and Charlie Hawkes cuts out a large chunk.

"It" then reaches for the doorknob and unlocks it.

"It" slowly opens the door and walks in. The killer breathes heavily. Adrienne cries in terror.

ADRIENNE

Who are you? What do you want? Put that down!

No answer. The killer walks closer.

ADRIENNE

Get away from me!

Closer.

ADRIENNE

I'm warning you, asshole.

Even closer.

Adrienne doesn't know what to do, so she cries for help.

The killer grabs Adrienne, lifts up the toilet seat, and dunks her head in the toilet bowl. The killer quickly pulls her out.

ADRIENNE

Oh my God, no!

"It" dunks her head in again and pulls her out.

ADRIENNE

Please stop, oh God!

Again.

Adrienne cries for help.

The killer dunks Adrienne's head in once again.

"It" doesn't pull her head out. Instead, "it" raises "its" knife and stabs her. She bleeds into the toilet bowl.

The killer leaves her for dead.

INT. HOUSE - GUESTROOM

Margot and John have sex under the covers and smoke their joints. They giggle at each other. Their flashlights sit on the nightstand.

JOHN  
It didn't take much, did it?

MARGOT  
Guess not.

JOHN  
You really thought you'd resist a  
good joint?

John takes a drag.

MARGOT  
I was wrong. There's nothing to be  
afraid of.

JOHN  
Nothing to be afraid of. What do  
you think everyone else is doing  
right now?

Margot takes a drag.

MARGOT  
Probably watching a movie, eating  
the rest of the pizza...

JOHN  
I thought the power was out?

Margot takes another drag.

MARGOT  
Oh, okay. I guess they're probably  
sleeping somewhere.

JOHN  
They're all bunked in the master  
bedroom or something?

MARGOT  
Something like that.

JOHN  
What about Adrienne? She still in  
the bathroom?

MARGOT  
Probably not.

JOHN  
If I were you, I'd probably be  
looking for the guys right about  
now.

MARGOT

Good idea.

CHARLIE HAWKES

The killer watches Margot and John from behind the shadows. "It" breathes heavily. "It" stealthily walks out of the room, and closes the door behind "it."

MARGOT

Did you just hear something, John?

INT. CAR (TRAVELING)

Jack Snipes sleeps in the backseat.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

I don't get it -- Why ain't Snipes tryin'a kill us right now?

SHERIFF JONES

"It's" waiting...

DEPUTY LARVILLE

"Waiting?" Waiting for what?

SHERIFF JONES

Something...

INT. HOUSE - GUESTROOM

MARGOT

I thought I heard something.

JOHN

Relax, it's probably just the girls talking about boys.

John takes a drag. Margot gets out of the bed and puts out her joint. She puts her bra and shirt back on.

MARGOT

Listen to me, John! Something very strange is going on here!

JOHN

Define strange.

He takes another drag.

MARGOT  
Mom is dead, Russ is dead, Heather  
and Dean are dead --

JOHN  
Everybody dies.

He takes another drag.

MARGOT  
Not like this? How do you explain  
the pizza missing two slices?

JOHN  
He got hungry.

MARGOT  
The pizza guy?

JOHN  
Remember when I used to work at  
Pizza Shack?

MARGOT  
Uh, yeah.

JOHN  
I used to do that shit all the time  
when I got hungry.

MARGOT  
What about the power being out? And  
Dad said on the news that we were  
still in the woods, and now I'm  
hearing doors close.

JOHN  
You're probably just stressed out,  
scared, nervous. Maybe you're just  
hearing things.

MARGOT  
What if somebody's here? What if  
he's after us?

JOHN  
The pizza guy's angry 'cause he  
didn't get a tip.

MARGOT  
John, this is serious, you idiot!

JOHN  
If somebody's after us, I'll just  
kick his ass.

MARGOT  
I wouldn't cross any paths if I  
were you. But I would put my shirt  
back on.

Margot throws John his shirt.

JOHN  
Thanks.

John puts his shirt back on. He then gets out of the bed and  
puts out his joint.

MARGOT  
Shit, that smells! Isn't there any  
air freshener in here?

JOHN  
There's some in the bathroom, I  
think. Stay here, I'll get it.

John grabs his flashlight and exits.

INT. CAR (TRAVELING)

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
We gettin' much farther, Ed?

SHERIFF JONES  
At this rate, we should be there  
within the next five minutes.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - JOHN

John walks toward bathroom #2.

JOHN  
Adrienne! Are you still in there?

No answer.

JOHN  
Hmmm...

HALLWAY - CHARLIE HAWKES

The killer watches John from behind the shadows. He breathes  
heavily.

HALLWAY - JOHN

John's flashlight shines on the door. He notices that there is a huge chunk cut out.

JOHN  
That's odd...?

HALLWAY - CHARLIE HAWKES

The killer continues to breathe heavily.

JAMIE LEE  
(OS)  
John?!

HALLWAY - JOHN

John doesn't hear her. He opens up the door and enters.

BATHROOM #2

His flashlight shines on the floor near the toilet.

JOHN  
Why is the floor all wet?

A hand reaches and touches John's right shoulder.

JAMIE LEE  
(OS)  
John!

John, startled, turns around and sees Jamie Lee.

JOHN  
Jesus...

JAMIE LEE  
We've gotta get out of this house!  
Somebody's after us!

She continues babbling incoherently.

JOHN  
Jamie Lee!

She stops talking.

JOHN  
Now, one word at a time, explain to  
me what the hell is going on?

JAMIE LEE  
 Somebody is in this house. He's  
 already killed Karen.

JOHN  
 What?!

JAMIE LEE  
 I can't find anybody anywhere!

JOHN  
 Neither can I. You think he killed  
 them, too?

HALLWAY - CHARLIE HAWKES

The killer stands beside the guest room door. "It" watches  
 Jamie Lee and John.

JAMIE LEE  
 Have you seen Margot?

BATHROOM #2

JOHN  
 She's in the guest room.

JAMIE LEE  
 We need to evacuate. Now.

A knife goes into her back and out her chest. She falls to  
 the ground, dead.

The killer picks up "its" knife and breathes heavily.

JOHN  
 You really are a pissed off pizza  
 guy, aren't you?

No answer.

JOHN  
 You stole two pieces, you didn't  
 get your tip, and this is your  
 payback?

No answer.

JOHN  
 And what's with that Mardi Gras  
 getup?

No answer.

JOHN  
Why do you keep killing my friends?  
What's the matter with you?

No answer.

JOHN  
Can't you answer me? Leave us  
alone. Drop the knife.

The killer raises "its" knife higher and stabs John once in the left shoulder.

JOHN  
You son of a bitch!

John punches the killer in the nose and then in the stomach.  
"It" drops the knife. John picks it up.

JOHN  
Who's laughing now?

The killer searches around the room.

"It" grabs the hand towel hanging up and twists it.

"It" then walks toward John.

JOHN  
Don't even think about it.

John raises the knife.

The killer doesn't budge. "It" wraps the towel around John's neck and strangles him.

John gasps for help.

The killer grabs the knife and stabs John in the heart six times. He falls to the floor, dead.

The killer admires "its" work.

EXT. HOUSE

The Sheriff's car pulls up.

INT. CAR

DEPUTY LARVILLE

This it?

SHERIFF JONES

Where the hell is 911?

Sheriff Jones picks up his cell phone.

SHERIFF JONES

Any more casualties, and I'll know  
who to blame.

INT. HOUSE - GUESTROOM

Margot passes gas in her sleep. The gas wakes her up.

MARGOT

John? John, was that you?

She yawns.

MARGOT

John? Are you in here? When did I  
fall asleep? Is the power on yet?

No answer.

MARGOT

John, this isn't funny! Answer me!

No answer. Margot gets out of the bed and grabs her  
flashlight.

MARGOT

I'll kill you if this is a joke!

She searches around the room for John. She checks under the  
bed.

MARGOT

I don't think you'll find any  
Playboys under... there?

No sign of John.

MARGOT

John? Karen? Ben?

No answer.

MARGOT  
Karen? Jamie Lee?

No answer. She opens up the door and exits.

EXT. HOUSE

Sheriff Jones talks to a dispatcher on the cell phone.

SHERIFF JONES  
What do you mean there's no record  
of me calling tonight? I called and  
reported a murder at 250 52nd  
Street! In Russellville!

INTERCUT INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY/MASTER BEDROOM/EXT. HOUSE

Margot slowly walks down the hall.

MARGOT  
Jamie Lee? Karen? Adrienne?

No answer.

MARGOT  
All right, meatheads! Joke's over!

No answer.

MARGOT  
Hello?

She slowly puts her hand on the doorknob of the master bedroom.

SHERIFF JONES  
(On phone)  
Who's running the organization, a  
bunch of pussy girls?!  
(Brief pause)  
Listen, bitch! I've been on a wild  
goose chase all night trying to  
catch these guys, and I'm not in  
the mood for your fucking bullshit!

Margot turns the knob.

MARGOT  
(Slowly opening the door)  
I've seen this movie, and it's not  
funny. You're scaring me to...

She gasps at what she sees next.

SHERIFF JONES

(On phone)

You wanna know something? You wanna know why the world is so fucked up? It's all about Eve! She ruined everything! She ate that damn apple and ruined it for all of us! Goodbye and good riddance!

He hangs up.

Margot gasps at what she sees.

Ben and Karen's bodies lay dead on the bed, under the sheets. Written in dried blood on the wall above is "COMFORTABLY NUMB."

Margot cries in horror and slowly walks backwards.

EXT. HOUSE

Sheriff Jones and Deputy Larville walk towards the house.

Jack Snipes gets out of the car and just stands there. He breathes heavily.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jones and Larville enter. They search the room with their flashlights.

SHERIFF JONES

Damn, it's dark in here.

Sheriff Jones points the flashlight at the light switch.

SHERIFF JONES

Shit...

MASTER BEDROOM

Margot keeps walking backwards. She points her flashlight everywhere in search of the killer.

She slowly walks towards the closet and opens the door. She trembles.

Jamie Lee's body lays dead on the floor. Next to it is a large black bag.

Margot is unsure.

She opens the bag to reveal Adrienne's body, face drenched.

Margot screams and walks backwards. Seconds later, she bumps into a figure. She turns around, startled.

She sees that the figure is Charlie Hawkes. The killer carries John's body in "its" arms. "It" drops the body and raises "its" knife.

LIVING ROOM

SHERIFF JONES  
Did you hear something?

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Yeah.

SHERIFF JONES  
Margot!

Jones and Larville run upstairs. Jack Snipes slowly follows.

MASTER BEDROOM

Charlie Hawkes stabs Margot once on the left shoulder.

She grabs the knife and points it at the killer.

She punches the killer in the chest and reaches for the mask.

The killer strangles Margot. She tries to cry for help.

Sheriff Jones and Deputy Larville run toward the room and aim their guns at Charlie Hawkes.

Behind them is Jack Snipes.

Margot grabs Charlie Hawkes's mask. "It" is wearing a winter mask underneath.

SHERIFF JONES  
Let her go!

Margot pulls off the winter mask to reveal that Charlie Hawkes... is a woman!

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
Holy shit!

The female killer lets go of Margot.

MARGOT  
Dad! Behind you!

Jones and Larville turn around and see Jack Snipes. The two cops draw their guns.

Jack Snipes takes off "its" mask and winter mask to reveal that "it" is a woman as well.

SHERIFF JONES  
Women...

Jones points his gun at Snipes. Larville points his gun at Hawkes. Margot trembles.

SHERIFF JONES  
Is this why you haven't killed us yet?

No response.

SHERIFF JONES  
I thought you had something to say to me.

No response.

SHERIFF JONES  
It's all been a night of mind games. And it all comes down to this.  
(Brief pause)  
Who knew?

No response.

MARGOT  
Do something, Dad!

SHERIFF JONES  
(To Margot)  
Relax. We have everything under control.

Snipes makes her move. Hawkes does likewise.

SHERIFF JONES  
 (To Snipes)  
 Are you testing me?

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 (To Hawkes)  
 You better watch it, buddy.

Both killers take one step further.

Jones and Larville start to get nervous.

Further.

SHERIFF JONES  
 Drop your weapon! Now!

Further.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 Hey man, I'm warnin' ya!

Even further. The two killers move at a faster pace. Snipes raises her knife.

Margot raises her knife as well.

Jones and Larville pull their triggers, only to shoot blanks.

SHERIFF JONES  
 Must've used my last bullet on the Doc.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 Shit!

The killers walk even closer.

DEPUTY LARVILLE  
 What do we do.

SHERIFF JONES  
 I don't know.

MARGOT  
 Shit!

Hawkes raises her knife as she approaches Larville. She stabs him in the back.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

A little fight in you. I like that.

Larville grabs his baton and clubs Hawkes on the left elbow and on the left leg.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

But I like that better.

Snipes attempts to stab Jones, but he grabs his baton and clubs him on the head, jaw, nose, elbow, groin, leg, and knee cap.

SHERIFF JONES

You sure put the "leap" in Leap Year.

Hawkes struggles to get up.

DEPUTY LARVILLE

Tired already? Come on, buddy! Show us whatcha got!

Hawkes gets up and grabs Larville's baton. She then beats him repeatedly with it.

He kicks her in the groin, and takes back his baton.

Snipes strangles Jones. Jones struggles to cry for help.

Hawkes likewise strangles Larville.

Margot moves in on the killers with her knife.

Hawkes stabs Larville in the back and he falls to the ground, dead.

Margot trembles.

SHERIFF JONES

Margot!

Jones is likewise stabbed in the heart. He falls to the ground.

SHERIFF JONES

I love you, Margot.

He dies.

MARGOT

Dad! Oh my God, Dad!!!

She trembles. She takes a look around the room and looks at the killers.

MARGOT

Fuck... you.

She raises her knife. The killers do likewise.

She takes one step forward. The killers do likewise.

MARGOT

What do you want?!

She takes another step forward.

MARGOT

Answer me!!

And another step.

MASTER BEDROOM/HALLWAY

Margot runs toward the killers. Snipes tries to strangle her. Margot stabs her in the heart.

Hawkes tries to stab her in the shoulder, but Margot stabs her in the heart as well. She throws the knife to the ground.

She runs out of the room and into the hallway. She searches for a lightswitch with her flashlight.

MARGOT

Oh, God, help me!

STAIRS/LIVING ROOM

She carefully races down the stairs.

She looks behind her to see if the killers are following her, but the coast is clear.

She makes it to the living room. She uses her flashlight to find the phone.

MARGOT

Oh, shit!

She picks up the phone. She can hear the dial tone.

MARGOT  
 (To God)  
 Oh thank you, thank you.

She dials 911.

MARGOT  
 Yes. My name is Margot Jones. I am  
 at 250 52nd street. I need someone  
 to --

Snipes pops out from behind the couch. Margot screams.

MARGOT  
 Somebody's trying to kill me! I  
 need -- Oh my God!

Snipes raises her knife and attempts to stab Margot. Margot jumps out of the way.

MARGOT  
 (Talking to herself)  
 The knife. What did I do with the  
 knife?

Snipes grabs the phone out of Margot's hands and strangles her with the cord. She gasps for air and tries to cry for help.

VOICE ON PHONE  
 Are you alright?

Margot struggles to speak.

VOICE ON PHONE  
 Ma'am? Ma'am!

Margot tries to speak again. She turns around and kicks Snipes in the shin.

Snipes drops the phone, which frees Margot. Snipes also drops the knife.

Margot picks up the knife and points it at Snipes. She then grabs the phone and speaks into it.

MARGOT  
 Please help me.

VOICE ON PHONE  
 We're doing everything we can.

MARGOT

I hope so. Thank you.

She hangs up the phone and slowly walks backwards toward the front door. She continues to point the knife at Snipes. Snipes just stands there.

Margot continues walking backwards until she bumps into something.

She turns around and sees Hawkes, raising her knife and preparing to strike. Margot screams and stabs her in the neck.

Margot pulls the knife out and stabs Hawkes in the heart. She then pulls the knife out.

She reaches for the doorknob. She turns it slowly and walks out, trembling. She lets out a fearful sigh. She closes the door behind her.

INTERCUT - EXT/INT. HOUSE

Margot runs toward the street, screaming for help.

Snipes starts walking.

Margot looks both ways. She catches her breath.

Snipes continues walking. Hawkes picks herself off the floor and starts walking.

Margot slowly crosses the street. She watches for cars as well as the two killers.

MARGOT

Please somebody help me.

The front door opens and Snipes and Hawkes appear.

MARGOT

Ohhh...

Margot walks faster. The killers slowly follow.

Margot continues walking until she reaches the nearest house. She rings the doorbell and bangs on the door.

MARGOT

Open up! Please! Is anybody home?!  
I need somebody! Help!

She goes to the nearest window and looks into it.

MARGOT

Anybody? Can you hear me? Oh, God!

The killers slowly cross the street.

Margot runs to the house next door on the right-hand side.  
She bangs on the door and rings the doorbell.

MARGOT

Please, somebody help me, please!  
Help!

The light turns on and the door opens.

MARGOT

Thank you. You're a lifesaver.

She enters the house.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

An OLD MAN, 87, observes Margot.

OLD MAN

What the hell's going on out there?  
I'm trying to sleep.

MARGOT

When I called you a lifesaver, I  
kinda meant that literally.

OLD MAN

Pardon? And you better put that  
away before you hurt somebody.

MARGOT

Oh sorry.

Margot drops the knife.

OLD MAN

Not on the floor, I just got a new  
carpet!

MARGOT

Sorry, sir.

She picks up the knife and heads to the kitchen.

She looks around for the dishwasher and puts the knife in  
the silverware basket.

She returns to the front door.

OLD MAN  
Would you like anything to eat?  
Drink?

MARGOT  
Thanks, but no thanks. If you could  
call 911, I'd appreciate it.

OLD MAN  
You ain't gonna use that knife, are  
you?

MARGOT  
Depends.

Margot looks at the door.

MARGOT  
Shit, we need to hide.

OLD MAN  
From what?

MARGOT  
No time to explain.

Margot and the old man walk away from the door just as  
Snipes and Hawkes enter.

OLD MAN  
Hey, you kids! Get the hell outta--

MARGOT  
Shh!

Snipes turns around and notices Margot and the old man. They  
raise their knives.

MARGOT  
From now on, keep your voice down.

OLD MAN  
Got it.

HALLWAY

Margot and the old man head towards the nearest room. They  
enter.

## BATHROOM

MARGOT

How are we gonna hide here?

The old man points to the window.

MARGOT

There's no way either of us will fit through that thing.

OLD MAN

You're right.

## HALLWAY

Margot and the old man enter the next room.

## BEDROOM

The old man heads towards the closet.

MARGOT

No! Not there!

OLD MAN

This is the only hiding place we have.

MARGOT

What about the window? It's big enough for the both of us.

OLD MAN

You just gave me a crazy idea.

The old man opens the closet door and turns the light on. He and Margot then make their way out the window.

## EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

Margot pulls the old man out the window.

MARGOT

We did it. Oh my God, we made it.

Margot catches her breath as Snipes slowly creeps up from behind.

OLD MAN

Look out!

Snipes strangles Margot with all her might. Margot cries for help.

Hawkes appears out of the shadows and stabs Margot repeatedly in the chest and shoulders.

OLD MAN

Let her go!

He walks over to the killers. Margot falls to the ground and catches her breath.

The old man clubs the killers with his cane. Snipes grabs the cane and throws it to the ground.

Snipes then raises her knife. Before she can strike, the old man clenches his heart and slowly falls to his knees.

MARGOT

Nooo!

The old man dies and falls face first.

Margot gets up off the ground and tries to walk away.

MARGOT

No! Nooo! Oh, God, no!

Sirens wail.

Margot runs toward the street and looks both ways. No ambulances or fire trucks in sight.

She sprints across the street until she returns to Ben and Karen's house. She looks behind her.

Snipes and Hawkes cross the street slowly.

Margot trembles. She looks around. She then heads inside.

INT. HOUSE

Sheriff Jones limps as he comes down the stairs.

MARGOT

Dad!

The sirens become louder. Margot runs to her father and hugs him.

SHERIFF JONES

We've got to get these psychos.

He grips his baton.

MARGOT

On the count of three...

SHERIFF JONES

One...

The door busts open. Margot and Sheriff Jones jump. Snipes and Hawkes storm in. The killers raise their knives.

MARGOT

Three!

Margot and her father run toward the killers.

She stabs Hawkes in the heart. Hawkes stabs her in the shoulder. She kicks Hawkes in the groin.

Hawkes falls to her knees. Margot stabs her once more.

Sheriff Jones hits Snipes repeatedly with the baton as Snipes attempts to stab him.

Jones whacks the killer in the face. Snipes drops her knife and grabs her wounded cheek. Jones turns to Margot.

SHERIFF JONES

You alright?

MARGOT

I think so.

The sirens wail. Blue and red lights flash onto Jones and Margot.

Snipes slowly reaches for her knife.

MARGOT

Dad...

Snipes grabs the knife.

Margot trembles.

Snipes slowly raises the knife.

SHERIFF JONES

Drop it!

The killer slowly approaches them.

SHERIFF JONES  
I said, "Drop it!"

The killer gets closer. She breathes heavily.

Three PARAMEDICS rush into the house.

PARAMEDIC #1  
Are you all right?

PARAMEDIC #2  
We've been looking all over for  
you.

PARAMEDIC #3  
Yeah, the firemen got lost, too.

Snipes turns around to face the paramedics and firefighters.  
She lowers her knife.

She then turns back to Jones and Margot and raises her  
knife.

PARAMEDIC #3  
Stop or we'll shoot!

The killer stabs the air seven times. Margot lays dead on  
the floor.

SHERIFF JONES  
No!

Snipes then turns to Jones.

SHERIFF JONES  
No...

Snipes quickly walks toward Jones.

SHERIFF JONES  
Oh, God, no...

The killer then stabs Sheriff Jones repeatedly.

SHERIFF JONES  
Noooooooo--

INT. BAR - FEBRUARY 28, 2012 - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 28, 2012

Sheriff Jones suddenly wakes up.

SHERIFF JONES  
--ooooooooo!

BARTENDER  
Ed! Jesus, wake up, man.

SHERIFF JONES  
What the hell happened?

BARTENDER  
You passed out drunk. I called 911  
just in case you didn't wake up.  
They should be on their way in five  
minutes.

SHERIFF JONES  
I had a horrible dream!

BARTENDER  
You're a grieving man; of course  
you're gonna have horrible dreams!

SHERIFF JONES  
Snipes is still out there! "It's"  
still on the loose!

BARTENDER  
Enough of this "it" crap! There's  
nobody out there, Ed!

SHERIFF JONES  
(Brief pause)  
Yeah, maybe you're right...

Jones gets out his cell phone and dials a number.

BARTENDER  
Getting a designated driver?

SHERIFF JONES  
Maybe?  
(Brief pause)  
Hello, Ben? It's Ed. Listen... I  
need you and Karen to postpone the  
wedding. I just think you're  
rushing it a bit.

He hangs up and dials another number.

BARTENDER  
Who ya calling this time?

SHERIFF JONES  
I just wanna know for sure...

EXT. BAR

Heavy breathing.

SHERIFF JONES  
(VO)  
Hey, Russ. Could you pick me up  
from Jim's bar?

EXT. HOUSE

Heavy breathing continues.

SHERIFF JONES  
(VO)  
Russ?

EXT. DONUT SHOP

Heavy breathing continues.

SHERIFF JONES  
(VO)  
Russ, are you alright?

EXT. POE'S FOREST

Dial tone.

More heavy breathing.

FADE OUT.

THE END