

SCARY MOVIE

SCREAM IF YOU KNOW WHAT I DID LAST HALLOWEEN

by

Jason Friedberg & Aaron Seltzer

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Jaso: Friedberg & Aaron Seltzer

INT - MODEST HOME - NIGHT

A dark and spooky night.

The place is decorated for Halloween - jack 'o lanterns, orange and black streamers, human heads on sticks...

CINDY, our heroine, 17 and pretty in a Neve Campbell, Jennifer Love Hewitt way, ah fuck it - just picture any "Party of Five" type - talks on the cordless phone while watching "Halloween" on T.V.

CINDY
(into phone)
...o.k., so pick me up in ten.

CLICK.

IN THE KITCHEN

She opens the pantry, rummaging for a snack. We FEATURE several frightening food products: Count Chocula and Frankenberry cereal, and devil's food cake.

She grabs a tin-skillet of "Jiffy Pop Popcorn," and puts it on the lit stove.

The phone RINGS.

CINDY
Hello?

SCARY VOICE
(from phone)
Hello Cindy.

CINDY
Quentin?

SCARY VOICE
It's not Quentin...

DING DONG! The doorbell CHIMES.

She walks to the front door and opens it to reveal four CHILDREN in Halloween costumes.

CHILDREN
Trick or treat!!

CINDY
Hi, kids. Gee, don't you all look scary...
(into phone)
Jake, is that you?

Distracted, she reaches for the bowl of candy, but instead grabs the other items on the table - bottles of liquor, marijuana joints, and hypodermic needles.

SCARY VOICE
(from phone)
Wrong again.

She dumps the narcotics and booze in their candy bags.

CINDY
(to children)
Have a safe Halloween.

She closes the door on the surprised toddlers.

CINDY
(into phone)
Who is this?

SCARY VOICE
You have a sexy voice. It's too bad your boyfriend left you all alone on Halloween.

Through the window we FEATURE the Children, now gleefully swigging the booze, smoking the joint, and shooting the smack.

CINDY
Ya' know, whoever this is - fuck off.
(hangs up)
Loser.

IN THE KITCHEN

The tin-skillet expands with the POPPING corn, finally BURSTING OPEN.

POP! PING! PANG! Kernels SHOOT through the kitchen,
SMASHING plates and SHATTERING glasses.

The phone RINGS again.

Cindy eyes the phone, getting a little freaked. RING.
RING.

CINDY
(picks up)
Hello?

SCARY VOICE
Don't ever do that to me again,
bitch.

CINDY
Who is this - what do you want?

SCARY VOICE
I just want to talk. You look good
in that tight blue sweater.

Cindy CLICKS OFF as she looks down in horror at her tight
blue sweater. Whoever's on the line can see her!

SCARY MUSIC UP

We FOLLOW Cindy as she rushes through the house, shutting
the curtains and blinds. With every step, the tension
mounts...

CRASH!

A MAN jumps through the window - it's FREDDY KRUEGER!

CINDY
Ahhh!!!

Freddy raises his razor-clawed hand, then stops in mid-
slice.

FREDDY KRUEGER
(noticing street sign)
Wait, this isn't Elm Street?

CINDY
No, it's Maple.

FREDDY KRUEGER
Christ, this always happens. It's
like forgetting where you parked at
the mall - it all looks the
same...Give me directions?

CINDY
Right at Oak, left at Sycamore.

FREDDY KRUEGER
(leaving)
Sorry about the window. I'll have
my insurance adjuster come by in the
morning.

He exits. The phone RINGS again. She eyes it with
trepidation.

RING. RING.

RING - She picks up.

CINDY
Hello?

PHONE OPERATOR
You have a collect call
from...Homicidal Maniac...will you
accept the charges?

CINDY
No!

She SMASHES the phone to pieces. A beat.

RING. RING. Her cellular phone RINGS. She answers.

SCARY VOICE
(from phone)
Cindy?

CINDY
Leave me alone.

SCARY VOICE
Not until you answer some questions.
Miss one and you die.

CINDY
(freaked)
Why are you doing this to me?

SCARY VOICE
I'm asking the questions.

A beat.

SCARY VOICE
What is your favorite teen horror
movie?

She nervously bites her fingernails, then SPITS them out.

CINDY
That one where the girl gets
harassed on the phone...
(she passes a "Scream" movie
poster)
...you know, the one with the
chubby, alcoholic girl who was in
E.T.?

A beat.

SCARY VOICE
Next question.

CINDY
No...

She now nervously bites her toenails, SPITTING them out.

SCARY VOICE
I'm thinking of a number between 1
and 100. What is it?

She sinks to her knees in terror, trembling.

CINDY
(getting choked up)
Uh...76?

A long beat.

SCARY VOICE
Lucky guess.

Behind her we see her neglected popcorn is now ON FIRE, and
BILLOWING smoke.

SHRIEK! SHRIEK! The smoke detector SOUNDS, adding to
Cindy's confusion and terror.

SCARY VOICE
Last question.

Tears well in her eyes, and a giant snot bubble GURGLES out
of her nostril. She is terrified.

SCARY VOICE
Do you wipe up or down?

CINDY
Please...no...

SCARY VOICE
Up or down?

CINDY
Up?

SCARY VOICE
Sorry Cindy, you lose. The answer
was down.

CINDY
My boyfriend's gonna be here any
second. He'll kick your ass.

SCARY VOICE
You mean him?

The lights go on in the backyard, revealing a bloodied and
dead TEENAGE BOY, strapped to a chair a la "Scream."

The Scary Voice CACKLES.

Cindy squints at the boy through the sliding glass door.

CINDY
That's not my boyfriend, we went out
like twice.

The Scary Voice stops CACKLING.

SCARY VOICE
Oh.

The backyard lights turn off.

CINDY
I'm calling the cops.

SCARY VOICE
You might want to check the back
door first. You forgot to lock it.

She SCREAMS and drops the phone in horror. She races to
the back door.

From outside we see a SHADOWY FIGURE also running to the
back door.

AT THE BACK DOOR

She gets there one step ahead of the shadowy figure and LOCKS the door, then CHAINS it, then puts "The Club" over the doorknob.

Cindy backs away from the door in terror. The figure disappears. The suspense mounts...

DING DONG! The doorbell. Cindy is frozen in fear - who is it?

She punches 9-1-1 on her cordless, then puts the receiver to her ear.

SCARY VOICE

(from phone)

Aren't you going to answer the door?

CINDY

Please...stop...

SCARY VOICE

What's the matter, Cindy? Not having fun anymore?

DING DONG!

SCARY VOICE

Answer it.

CINDY

No...

SCARY VOICE

It could be your friends. It's been ten minutes.

She moves to the front door slowly, then grabs a baseball bat out of the hall closet.

CINDY

(gripping bat)

I'm not afraid of you...

SCARY VOICE

Then open the door.

She raises the bat, then closes her eyes and flings the door open.

With eyes still closed, she flails away with the bat.

CINDY
TAKE THAT YOU PSYCHO!!

BANG! THUD! CRUNCH! She connects with several swings.

She opens her eyes to find three LITTLE TRICK OR TREATERS, now lying bloody and beaten on the front porch.

CINDY
Oops...

She apologetically tosses the children candy, which only lands uselessly next to their broken arms.

The children GROAN in pain as she closes the door.

LITTLE BOY
I can't feel my legs...

INSIDE

Cindy locks the door. As she turns, we see the KILLER - right behind her.

The Killer has a black cloak and white mask on, a la "Scream," except his mask is Casper the Friendly Ghost.

He raises a wicked looking knife and creeps up behind her.

KILLER
Hello Cindy.

Cindy freezes in her tracks - it's the same scary voice from the phone.

She turns to see the Killer and SCREAMS!

The Killer lunges at her and stabs twice at her chest.

POP! POP! Her breasts POP like balloons, then deflate.

KILLER
Implants...

The Killer raises the knife again - Cindy SHRIEKS IN TERROR.

Suddenly, Cindy's 200 lb. St. Bernard, CUJO, comes scampering up from behind.

Before the Killer can strike, Cujo jumps up and knocks him to the ground.

CINDY
Good boy, Cujo!

Cujo proceeds to pin the Killer down and vigorously HUMP HIS LEG.

KILLER
AAhhhh.....

She uses the distraction to dash out the front door.

OUTSIDE

Cindy races down the steps, stepping on the BEATEN CHILDREN, who YELP in pain.

LITTLE GIRL
Someone get me some morphine...

Cindy runs into the street, just as her FRIENDS pull up in a red, '57 Cadillac convertible.

Her friends are SKEET, JAKE, BUFFY, and QUENTIN.

Cindy jumps in the passenger side.

SKEET
What's wrong?

CINDY
Go - just drive! Get out of here!

Skeet puts it in gear and PEELS OUT down the road.

As they drive off, we see the Cadi's personalized license plate - CHRISTINE.

CUT TO:

EXT - DARK AND WINDY ROAD - NIGHT

The five teens drive down the highway. We now FEATURE our ensemble cast:

SKEET - Cindy's boyfriend. Good-looking, cool, and brooding in a Skeet Ulrich way.

JAKE - All American looks, muscular, gung-ho jock.

BUFFY - The "It" girl. Incredibly sexy, beautiful, and popular.

QUENTIN - Freckled face, spiky haired video store geek.

Buffy is in the backseat between Quentin and Jake. Skeet drives as Cindy tries to call the cops on her cellphone.

CINDY
...still no signal.

QUENTIN
It's the a...it's the canyons. The satellite signals bounce off the walls which...

BUFFY
Wonder much why you don't get laid? Save the tech lingo for your video clerk friends. Cindy needs Five-0 not the 411.

JAKE
Yeah, douchebag.

He PUNCHES Quentin in arm.

QUENTIN
(rubs arm)
Ow.

Skeet puts an arm around Cindy.

SKEET
Relax, the station's just down the road. Everything'll be o.k.

Skeet takes his eye off the road as they pass a sign reading: **DEER X-ING.**

SMACK! THUD! Unbeknownst to the teens, the Cadi' **HITS** several **DEER.**

They travel on, now with antlers stuck in the grill.

QUENTIN
(to Cindy)
Excuse me for being the voice of reason. But uh, won't your dad be upset to find a knife wielding maniac in your house?

CINDY
He's out of town.

They pass a sign reading: HANDICAP X-ING.

A group of SENIOR CITIZEN'S try to cross the road in their walkers and wheelchairs. The Cadi' ZOOMS up, and the Senior's SCREAM and LEAP out of the way.

Several of the Senior Citizens flip them the "finger."

The oblivious teens travel on, now with a wheelchair dragging behind them.

BACK IN THE CAR

There is a long, awkward silence.

BUFFY

O.K., if nobody's gonna say it, I will. Cindy, don't you find it kind of like, ironic that exactly one year ago tonight your mom was killed and now someone tried to kill you...?

They pass a sign reading: MEN AT WORK.

The band MEN AT WORK stand on the shoulder, PLAYING MUSIC.

MEN AT WORK

(sing)

...I come from a land down under...

BACK IN THE CAR

CINDY

Are you saying that this had something to do with my mom's murder? That guy's locked up in a looney bin for life.

BUFFY

Well, you have to admit...

SKEET

C'mon, Buffy, you know she doesn't want to talk about it.

They go around a bend.

SKEET

Almost there...

Suddenly, standing in the middle of the road - the Killer appears. He raises his knife, glinting in the moonlight.

BUFFY
Oh my God...

CINDY
It's him.

Skeet SLAMS ON THE BRAKES but there's no time.

SMACK! They hit the Killer, catapulting him high into the air.

JAKE
Oh, shit.

ON THE KILLER

Soaring in mid-air from the collision.

He tucks his legs under him and does an acrobatic somersault, then a twist like a gymnast.

BACK ON THE CAR

The teens hold up score cards - 8.5, 9.0, 8, 10, 9.5.

Finally, the Killer lands with a sickly THUD.

BAM! The skidding car hits him again, this time dragging him under the chassis.

KILLER
Owww....!

They drive over different severe terrains - speedbumps, road flares, then hot asphalt.

KILLER
Ahhh....!

They finally come to a stop. Skeet throws it in reverse and backs up over the killer, dislodging him from the axle.

The teens get slowly out of the car. Terror on all their faces.

The car's headlights illuminate the Killer's listless body in the middle of the road.

SKEET
He came out of nowhere...

BUFFY
Is he...dead?

The Killer squirms in pain.

CINDY
He's alive.

IN THE CAR

The parking brake gives, causing the car to roll forward.

QUENTIN
Watch out!

They scatter as the car rolls over the Killer's body -
CRUNCH!

The car rolls to a stop against the shoulder. The teens
gather around the Killer's body in fear.

Jake pokes tentatively at the body with a stick. No
movement.

He discards the stick and KICKS the Killer in the balls.
Still no response.

JAKE
He's dead.

The teens look at each other in dread as this sinks in.

BUFFY
What're we gonna do?

CINDY
We've got to go to the police.
They'll understand - it was an
accident.

QUENTIN
Just a legal note here, Cindy. This
guy just tried to kill you, then you
"accidentally run over him?"
Nobody's gonna buy that.

SKEET
There's alcohol all over the car...

BUFFY
We're all gonna fry.

JAKE
We've got to get rid of the body.

Jake grabs the body by the legs and drags it back toward the car, BANGING the head off bumps and potholes.

CINDY
Are you crazy?

BUFFY
Jake's right. Nobody saw anything - no witnesses. Cindy, like this guy tried to kill you.

QUENTIN
I don't know about this...

SKEET
You have a better idea?

A car is HEARD approaching.

JAKE
Someone's coming.

Everyone stares at Cindy.

JAKE
So what's it gonna be?

Cindy ponders as JEOPARDY THEME MUSIC UP. A beat.

CINDY
What is, to get rid of the body so we don't go to jail?

As oncoming headlights appear, the teens quickly stuff the body in the trunk. The Killers legs still hang out, so they SLAM the trunk repeatedly like an overstuffed suitcase - CRUNCH!

The teens hop in and drive off just before the oncoming car reaches them.

CUT TO:

EXT - BEACH - LATE NIGHT

The teens huddle around a bonfire on this deserted stretch of sand.

Buffy roasts a marshmallow on a stick over the flames. Next to her, Jake roasts two whole rotisserie chickens on a skewer.

Skeet keeps an arm around Cindy, trying to comfort her.

SKEET
Fire's going out.

JAKE
I got it.

Jake gets up and grabs a piece of wood. Before he throws it on the embers, he spots a BABY SEAL, beached at the shoreline.

The cute baby seal tries to make it's way back into the surf.

BABY SEAL
ARF! ARF!

THWACK! Jake CLUBS the seal on the head with the piece of wood.

JAKE
(as he clubs)
I'm not sure what we're doing is right...

THWACK!! He gives the seal two more whacks about the cranium.

JAKE
(cont'd)
...I consider myself a moralistic person...

THWACK!

BABY SEAL
ARF!

JAKE
(cont'd.)
...I go to church...
(THWACK!)
...I even donate my time to the Humane Society...

BUFFY
Hurry up already, I'm getting cold.

THWACK! Jake finally delivers the fatal club, then drags the dead seal over and tosses it onto the fire.

WHOOSH! The seal re-ignites the fire, and the teens all warm their hands over the flames.

Quentin stands and paces excitedly.

QUENTIN

Hello? Doesn't anyone see what's going on here? The attempt on Cindy, the anniversary of her mother's death, and now this...

BUFFY

Get to the point, Retardo Montalbon.

Jake munches on a roasted seal paw.

JAKE

(mouth full)
Tastes like chicken...

QUENTIN

This has all the makings of a classic teen horror movie. A low budget scream-fest aimed at cashing in on the youth market. Filled with all of your typical high school archetypes and a loud, edgy soundtrack.

Skeet whips out a boombox, which blasts Nine Inch Nails.

QUENTIN

(cont'd)
We got the jock - Jake. A win-at-all-costs, beer guzzling womanizer. Yet under his macho facade lies a penchant for tu-tu's and dreams of the Joffrey ballet.

ON JAKE

Now wearing a pink tu-tu and tights, as he pirouettes on his tiptoes.

JAKE

(to Quentin)
I guess that makes you the wise-cracking, know-it-all dork. You secretly lust for Cindy, causing you to masturbate three times a day - four on the weekends, mixing in the occasional auto erotic asphyxiation fetish.

ON QUENTIN

Wearing a plastic bag over his head, trying to suffocate himself.

SKEET

Then there's Buffy, the prom queen.
Beautiful, seductive, her
measurements are 36-24-34...

ON BUFFY

Who stands in a negligee and poses for a PHOTOGRAPHER.

SKEET

(cont'd)

Shallow, utterly self-centered, her
turn on's include fresh water eels,
and the cold sting of an Icelandic
bidet.

Buffy rejoins the group.

BUFFY

Cindy - the girl next door. Pretty,
smart, kind, and alas, a virgin. A
screwed up head case who hasn't
gotten over her mom's brutal murder,
and the only one who will probably
make it to the sequel.

ON CINDY

Who lounges in a director's chair, reading a script
entitled, "SCREAM IF YOU KNOW WHAT I DID LAST HALLOWEEN
- PART 2"

CINDY

Then finally, there's my boyfriend
Skeet.

(cuddles up to him)

So perfect, so cute, my little
snookie-wookie, my little honey-
bunny, my little snuggle-wuggle...

RETCH!! The other teens grab barf bags and VOMIT into them
from her sugary nicknames.

SKEET

Sun's coming up. We better do this.

CUT TO:

EXT - FISHING DOCKS - PRE-DAWN

A sign reads: DAWSON'S RIVER. The five teens drag the body to the edge of the docks, then set it down.

They stand over it in frightened awe, staring at the ominous black cloak and Casper mask.

BUFFY

We all have to swear to never tell anyone what happened.

They look at each other apprehensively.

BUFFY

Swear - each of you. Swear!

A tense beat.

QUENTIN

Shit.

JAKE

Fuck.

SKEET

Cocksucker.

They all turn to Cindy, who hesitates.

BUFFY

Cindy, you have to swear.

JAKE

Come on, Cindy - swear.

CINDY

Mutherfuckin' tittie suckin' two-ball bitch.

They all nod solemnly, then start to push the body over the edge.

QUENTIN

Wait - don't you want to see who it is?

CINDY

No. Leave the mask on. The face of my mother's killer haunts me every day...

She whips out a framed picture of her mom's killer, shudders, then puts it away.

CINDY

(cont'd)

...I can't take another.

They nod, then push the body over - SPLASH!

UNDERWATER

We follow the body as it sinks to the bottom of the river. It comes to rest next to a LEONARDO DICAPRIO look-alike, who's clutching a blue pendant.

FADE OUT

SUPERIMPOSED: ONE YEAR LATER

FADE UP

INT - CINDY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Cindy sits at the breakfast table as her father MR. CAMPBELL, stands over the stove, cooking her breakfast.

He CRACKS a few eggs into a frying pan as the news drones on the background T.V.

Several suitcases and an airline ticket are by the door.

CINDY

How long will you be gone?

He opens a jar of pig's feet, and dumps them into the eggs.

MR. CAMPBELL

Just a couple of nights.

He unwraps butcher paper, revealing a cow tongue. He dumps that in also, folding the ingredients into an omelette.

He flips up the omelette.

MR. CAMPBELL

Another one of these damn conventions. We're previewing the spring line.

He goes over to his briefcase and puts away the last of his samples, which are women's cosmetics: lipstick, eyeliner, mascara, etc.

DANIELLE

Hit it!

VROOM! A MONSTER TRUCK drives out from the wings and rolls over Danielle.

She gets up, unhurt, and now sporting a tire track across her face. She bows to STRONGER APPLAUSE.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

Thank you, Danielle.

BACK STAGE

Cindy approaches Buffy, who waits to go onstage.

CINDY

Buffy, we have to talk.

BUFFY

Duh, Cindy, can't you see I'm in the middle of something really important?

Cindy shows her the note, and Buffy GASPS in terror.

BUFFY

Oh, shit.

CINDY

Meet me at the swim-gym afterschool.

ON STAGE

PRINCIPAL FONZY

Buffy will have to do something spectacular to top our first two finalists...

Buffy strides to center stage and whips out a 24" polish sausage. A DRUMROLL SOUNDS as a spotlight hits her.

She takes the sausage and slowly "deep throats" it, swallowing the entire thing.

She takes it slowly out of her mouth.

Every MALE in the audience rises and gives her a STANDING OVATION.

ON THE JUDGES

They nod to each other, impressed.

CUT TO:

INT - SCHOOL AUTO SHOP - DAY

Skeet and four other STUDENTS huddle under the hood of a car, working on the engine.

The SHOP TEACHER hobbles over, sporting an eye patch and a prosthetic arm.

SHOP TEACHER
Skeet, you have a visitor.

Skeet looks up to see Cindy in the doorway.

SHOP TEACHER
(to class)
Everyone remember - safety first.

Skeet grabs his jacket, unknowingly yanking a lever which drops an engine block from a pulley.

CRUNCH! The engine block hits two students, KNOCKING them senseless.

STUDENTS
Ow!

As Skeet makes his way to Cindy, he unknowingly steps on a tire jack, depressing it.

BOOM! The car flattens the student lying underneath it. His protruding legs convulse in pain.

FLATTENED
STUDENT
Help....!

Skeet passes the Shop Teacher, who stares into the eye of a power drill, trying to fix it.

As Skeet continues, he spots the unplugged drill cord.

SKEET
Someone could trip over this...

He plugs it into the wall.

WHIRRR! Behind him we see the Shop Teacher drill into his own eye, which spurts blood.

SHOP TEACHER
Ahhh - my good eye!!!

Skeet reaches Cindy.

CINDY
Skeet, I...

SKEET
I know...
(takes a note from his
pocket)
...I got one too.

CUT TO:

INT - VIDEO STORE - DAY

Quentin is in the "Porno Section," holding up a tape and giving his review of the latest release.

QUENTIN
I recommend "Robocock 4" - it's got
it all - girl on girl 69, two-headed
dildos, golden shower...

We PAN DOWN to reveal he's talking to two LITTLE OLD LADIES.

LITTLE OLD LADY
I felt it paled in comparison to the
first three. But I did like
"Forrest Pump." The cock-sandwich
scene was particularly arousing, and
that Jenny really knows how to fuck.

OTHER OLD LADY
Yeah, nobody takes it in the ass
like her.

QUENTIN
Hey, that's why it's a classic.

He looks up to see Cindy enter. She gives him a grave look.

CUT TO:

INT - SCHOOL SWIM-GYM - DAY

Cindy, Skeet, Buffy, Jake, and Quentin huddle together in the bleachers. Behind them we see the SWIM TEAM, practicing their dives.

CINDY
Somebody knows.

JAKE
Bullshit. Someone's just trying to
fuck with us.

BUFFY
(to Quentin)
It's probably you...
(makes jack-off motion)
...Mr. Busyfist. I knew you
couldn't keep your big mouth shut.

JAKE
Yeah, douchebag.

He PUNCHES Quentin in the arm.

QUENTIN
Oww...Hey, it wasn't me.

In the background, we see two MALE DIVERS walk by wearing
thong bikini's.

SKEET
Then who was it?

BUFFY
Maybe it's Cotton Blend...

Everyone GASPS in horror.

QUENTIN
Could be, but he's the obvious
choice. What if it's not him? I
mean, what if someone saw us that
night?

SKEET
What are you trying to say?

In the pool, we see a SWIMMER emit a cloud of purple dye
from his suit - he urinated in the water.

QUENTIN
It could be anyone. It could be
you...
(points to Buffy)
...could be me, could be her, could
be him...it could be that fat guy
over there on the trampoline...

We PAN to the corner, where we see a FAT GUY wearing boxers, BOUNCING on a trampoline. The Fat Guy waives as he bounces.

QUENTIN

It could be...

SLAP! Jake bitch slaps Quentin across the face, leaving a red handprint on his cheek.

JAKE

I don't buy any of this, it's just a prank. And all of you better keep quiet about what happened last Halloween.

Jake walks off.

BUFFY

What're we supposed to do now?

CINDY

We wait...

CUT TO:

INT - CINDY'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Cindy tosses and turns in her sleep, in the midst of an obvious bad dream.

Suddenly, TWO HANDS grab her - startling her awake.

She SCREAMS in horror. She sits up and turns on her nightstand light, revealing it's her father.

CINDY

Dad!

MR. CAMPBELL

It's o.k., honey, you were having another one of your nightmares. But I'm here now.

CINDY

When did you get home?

MR. CAMPBELL

A few hours ago. I didn't want to wake you, you looked so peaceful sleeping...but you could use some blush.

He takes out his Avon makeup kit and brushes rouge onto her cheeks.

MR. CAMPBELL

Cindy, what's wrong?

CINDY

Nothing.

He continues making her over, putting false eyelashes on her.

MR. CAMPBELL

Come on, you know you can tell your old man anything.

She wants to talk, but holds back.

CINDY

Just high school stuff, Dad.

MR. CAMPBELL

(smiles)

O.K., I understand.

He now rolls her hair in curlers with fatherly tenderness.

MR. CAMPBELL

Say, did I ever tell you about the day you were born?

She shakes her head "no," then puts her head on the pillow to hear his bedtime story.

MR. CAMPBELL

I remember like it was yesterday. You know, you almost didn't make it.

He applies a mudmask over her face.

MR. CAMPBELL

There we were at the abortion clinic. The physician's assistant vacuumed and scraped you out of your mother, then tossed you in the garbage with the other fetuses...

(plucks her eyebrows)

...But the doctor noticed that your heart was still beating, so we got shafted on that whole "3rd Trimester" thing. Then we took you home and named you Cindy - after your grandmother, Diane.

She closes her eyes and smiles peacefully as he waxes her mustache.

CINDY
(drifting off)
Thanks, Dad.

We now see she is heavily made up, looking like Tammy Faye Baker.

MR. CAMPBELL
Goodnight, pumpkin.

CUT TO:

INT - SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

Jake pumps iron in the deserted weight room.

He turns his walkman up, and we HEAR Hanson's "Mmm - Bop" over his headphones. He bobs his head to the music.

AT THE LOCKERS

A SHADOWY FIGURE enters, and opens Jake's locker.

CLOSE ON the figure's black gloved hand, which switches Jake's steroid vial with a vial labeled: ESTROGEN.

The Shadowy figure exits. A moment later, Jake enters.

Jake takes a needle, fills it from the switched vial, then plunges it into his arm.

BACK IN THE GYM

Jake resumes his workout, curling dumbbells.

Suddenly, his chest swells.

JAKE
What the...?

His chest continues to swell, he's developing tits.

He rushes to the mirror, whips off his shirt and GASPS.

Jake now has a pair of 38DD WOMEN'S BREASTS!

JAKE
Noooo.....!

CUT TO:

INT - VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Quentin lets out the last CUSTOMER, then locks the door and hangs the CLOSED sign. He turns off the lights, and walks to the back room.

IN THE BACK ROOM

Quentin enters and CLAPS ON the lights, which transforms the room into a porno haven:

A disco ball and red light illuminate the room as a heart shaped Murphy bed folds down from the wall.

The song, "I Touch Myself," by The Divinyls UP.

The shelves flip over, revealing zebra and leopard skin walls.

Tacked on the doors are nudie centerfold pictures of Quentin's favorites - CAPTAIN PICKARD, BILL GATES, and MARTHA STEWART.

Quentin grabs a video and sticks it in the VCR. The cover of the video reads: "Shaving Ryan's Privates."

We HEAR the sound of people MOANING, and jazzy porno music from the T.V.

Quentin pulls his pants down and starts jacking-off to the porno and centerfolds.

QUENTIN

Oh yeah, take that Martha Stewart...

He uses a penis pump, then a dustbuster, then grabs a GERBIL and smiles lustfully.

GERBIL

(frightened)

Squeek - squeek...!

He reaches for a nearby jar of Vaseline, scoops a big dollup of goo, and spreads it on his dick.

SHLURP - SHLURP - SHLURP! He jacks-off with the Vaseline.

A frown slowly creeps across his face. He looks down at his crotch in pain.

QUENTIN

OW!!

He grabs the jar of Vaseline and examines it to find it's actually a jar of Ben Gay Deep Heating Rub. Somebody scratched off the label to sabotage him.

QUENTIN

AHHHH!!

As smoke emanates from his crotch, he hops around the room, fanning himself in pain.

CUT TO:

INT - BUFFY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buffy sits at her vanity table, brushing her hair in the mirror.

BUFFY

(counting brush strokes)
Ten-thousand one, ten-thousand
two...

BUFFY'S MOM

(O.S.)

Buffy, time to go to bed, you've
been brushing your hair for hours.

BUFFY

(she stops)
Alright, Mom. It's just that my
hair's so beautiful, I wouldn't want
anything to happen to it...
(she looks into camera)
...especially in the next scene.

She gets into bed and turns off the light.

TIME LAPSE:

NEXT MORNING

Buffy YAWNS and stretches awake, then goes to the mirror.

Her POV: Her hair has been cut and styled into a "Friends" style shag.

She SCREAMS in terror.

BUFFY
 (horrified)
 Noooo!!!! Not the Jennifer Aniston
 shag - that's so out...

She looks down to see that she's wearing acid wash jeans.

BUFFY
 Acid wash jeans...!

She tries desperately to unzip the jeans, but the zippers
 been rusted shut.

She sinks to her knees SOBBING over her outdated look.

CUT TO:

INT - CINDY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cindy wakes slowly. She looks down in shock to see blood
 on her silk pajamas. She holds her hands up - there's
 blood on them also.

She pulls back the covers slowly - blood everywhere.
 Terrified, She sits up and flings the covers aside.

The severed head of her dog Cujo lies next to her in bed.

CINDY
 (horrified)
 Cujo!

She pulls the covers back further, revealing a severed
dolphin's head.

CINDY
 Flipper!!

She pulls the covers back further, revealing a severed
pig's head.

CINDY
 Babe!!!

Her SCREAMS echo through the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT - BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY

A banner reads: ANNUAL HALLOWEEN PARTY - 3 DAYS AWAY!

PANNING down the rows of STUDENTS, we see one dissecting a frog, another dissecting a cat, and another dissecting a human cadaver.

We FEATURE Cindy, Skeet, Jake, Buffy, and Quentin among the students.

The BELL RINGS.

TEACHER

Read Chapter 13, entitled "Chapter Thirteen," for tomorrow.

The Teacher and Students exit, leaving our cast of teens behind in the empty classroom.

All are suffering from the effects of last night's terror - Jake has cleavage, Buffy has a bad hair-do, and Quentin has an ice pack shoved in his pants.

CINDY

Now do you all believe me?

QUENTIN

Someone definitely knows.

BUFFY

What happened to you, Skeet?

SKEET

Uh...nothing.

JAKE

How come you're the only one who wasn't terrorized last night?

They all look at him suspiciously.

SKEET

What're you trying to say?

BUFFY

(including sign language)
It has to be you, Skeet!

Jake grabs him by the throat and CHOKES him.

SKEET

(gasp)
Cindy...tell them it wasn't me...

Cindy only stares at him.

Her POV: He has red horns, a pitchfork, and a pointed goatee like Satan.

CINDY
Where were you last night, Skeet?

Jake finally drops him, and he GASPS for air.

SKEET
I told you. I was uh...helping my sister with her homework.

CINDY
But you don't have a sister.

SKEET
Did I say "sister?" I meant...hamster.

CINDY
(nods understandingly)
Oh.

QUENTIN
Good enough for me.

BUFFY
I buy it.

JAKE
It's air tight.

Cindy hugs Skeet.

CINDY
I'm sorry I ever doubted you.

SKEET
You know, it's probably that Cotton Blend guy.

QUENTIN
He couldn't have.

SKEET
How do you know?

QUENTIN
He was 3,000 miles away taping the "Courtney Cocks Show."
(pulls out a video tape)
Check this out...

Quentin goes to the nearby T.V. stand and sticks the video in the VCR.

ON THE T.V.

A "Jerry Springer" style talk show, except with Courtney Cocks as the host.

The show's theme music plays The Rembrandts, "I'll Be There For You," from the T.V. show "Friends."

Cotton Blend sits on stage in front of a live AUDIENCE.

COURTNEY

(into microphone)

If you're just joining us, today's guest is convicted killer Cotton Blend.

The audience APPLAUDS.

COURTNEY

Cotton, do you have anything to say to the survivors of your victim?

COTTON

Yeah, uh...if you're watching out there, I uh, just wanna say that I didn't do it, I didn't kill that lady.

ON CINDY

Watching with utter contempt.

CINDY

Goddamn liar...

BACK ON THE T.V.

COTTON

And I'm not a goddamn liar. I swear I never slit her jugular with a 3" Wusthof paring knife, draining her blood meticulously into empty Clausen kosher pickle jars, then unraveling her intestine and stringing it over the mantle like Christmas lights.

(he breaks down SOBBING)

I would never do anything like that
- I'm a pacifist...

He wipes his tears, exposing his forearms which are tattooed with "KKK" and "Aryan Race."

ON COURTNEY COCKS

Also dabbing a tear from her eye.

COURTNEY

That is extremely touching...

She recovers, then looks cheerily into the camera.

COURTNEY

Now to boost our ratings - some gratuitous violence!

Behind her we see the audience ERUPT into an all-out, chair throwing BRAWL.

KICK! PUNCH! SMASH! It's utter chaos as everyone PUMMELS each other.

ON CINDY

She turns the T.V. off in disgust.

BUFFY

If it's not him, then who's doing this to us?

They ponder a beat.

QUENTIN

Maybe it has something to do with the guy we ran over in the first scene of the movie.

JAKE

Maybe someone saw us...

SKEET

There was that other car...

BUFFY

Or maybe someone at the docks...

CINDY

(interrupts)
His name was Tom Tingle.

She pulls a newspaper clipping out of her pocket.

CINDY
Dad, you're always working.

MR. CAMPBELL
I know, honey, but being an Avon
Lady 'aint what it used to be.

SIZZLE! The omelette finally lands back in the skillet.

MR. CAMPBELL
It's ready.

He FLINGS the omelette through the air at her, like a fish
monger throws a fish.

She CATCHES it in mid air, then puts it on her plate.

CINDY
(taking a bite)
Mmmmm...mom's recipe.

They look at each other, and tears well in their eyes. He
goes and hugs her.

CINDY
Oh, Dad, I just wish she was still
here.

MR. CAMPBELL
I miss her too. But we'll always
have her...bones.

We PAN to the corner, where Mrs. Campbell's skeleton hangs
on an anatomical stand.

Her skeleton wears an apron labeled, "Supermom"

MR. CAMPBELL
(grabbing luggage)
Sure you're going to be o.k.?

CINDY
Don't worry about me, what could
possibly happen?

He gives her a peck on the cheek, then exits.

Cindy turns her attention to the T.V.

ON THE T.V.

A Courtney Cox type tabloid reporter, named COURTNEY COCKS,
does a remote broadcast in front of a mental hospital.

COURTNEY

(into microphone)

This is Courtney Cocks coming to you live from Bellview Mental Hospital, where, due to budgetary cutbacks - all inmates are being released.

CINDY

Oh, my lord...

We PAN to the couch, where JESUS CHRIST sits smoking a cigarette.

JESUS CHRIST

Yeah?

BACK ON THE T.V.

As Courtney reports, we see TED KACZYNSKI and HANNIBAL LECTER walk past her.

Courtney eagerly approaches them for a statement.

COURTNEY

Unibomber and Hannibal the Cannibal - you've just been released from the insane asylum, what're you going to do next?

LECTER &
KACZYNSKI

We're going to Disneyland!

Cindy watches the T.V. in horror as her mother's killer, COTTON BLEND, is also let free.

COURTNEY

And here comes Bellview's most infamous patient - Cotton Blend, convicted murderer of Joan Campbell.

Cotton puts his hand over the camera, partially blocking his face.

Cindy GASPS, then whips out the framed picture she keeps of Cotton.

ON THE FRAMED PICTURE

Cotton also has his hand in front of the lens in the photo, just like on T.V.

BACK ON T.V.

Courtney rushes to Cotton, and we finally get a glimpse of him - late 30's, stubble faced dirtbag.

COURTNEY

Cotton, you have your freedom. Will you now try to seek closure by killing your victim's daughter, Cindy Campbell?

COTTON

No comment.

Cotton throws his jacket over his head to shield himself from the glaring media crush.

He gets in his car, still with his jacket over his head, and drives off.

O.S. we hear SWERVE! CRASH! CRUNCH!

CUT TO:

EXT - KEVIN WILLIAMSON HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Cindy parks her car in STUDENT PARKING, then exits. As she strides through the parking lot, she passes FACULTY PARKING, then finally, TABLOID REPORTER PARKING.

A swarm of REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN get out of news vans. Among them is GERALDO RIVERA, JERRY SPRINGER, and STUTTERING JOHN.

They spot Cindy and converge on her, shoving microphones and cameras in her face.

REPORTER #1

Cindy - can you give us a statement?!

REPORTER #2

How's it feel knowing your mom's killer is on the loose?

REPORTER #2

Talk to us Cindy!

CINDY

No comment...

They continue to swarm her with questions. She squints from the POPPING FLASHBULBS.

She tries to walk past them, but they block her way.

CINDY

I said no comment...

SMACK! Cindy karate chops a Reporter to the ground. POW! She does a spinning back kick to another.

She whips out a pair of nunchucks with a "Waah!" and proceeds to WHACK! Reporters with them.

She does a backflip, then delivers a scissor kick to a Photographer's neck - CRUNCH! She steps over the heap of beaten and GROANING Reporters and Cameramen.

As she walks the front steps to school, tabloid reporter COURTNEY COCKS and her CAMERAMAN step into her path.

Cindy instantly recognizes Courtney and smolders with hatred.

COURTNEY

Cindy, how about giving me a statement?

She puts the microphone in Cindy's face. A small crowd of STUDENTS gather around, including Skeet, who stands protectively next to Cindy.

CINDY

Why should I talk to you?

COURTNEY

Look, just because I sold a made-for-T.V. movie, two best sellers, and an infomercial about your mom's murder - it doesn't make me a villain.

CAMERAMAN

Actually, it does.

COURTNEY

Do 'ya think?

He nods "yes". Courtney looks at the crowd of Students, who also nod "yes."

CINDY

(seething)

I found the Broadway play particularly offensive.

SKEET

Yeah, it was overbearing and shoddily choreographed at best.

COURTNEY

(shrugs)

Anyhoo...Cindy, aren't you scared Cotton will come back for you?

A beat.

CINDY

You want a story?

She rears back and PUNCHES Courtney in the face. She then wrenches the camera away from the Cameraman.

CINDY

I'll give you a story...

SMACK! CRUNCH! She BASHES Courtney about the head, breaking the camera and knocking Courtney out.

SHERIFF DUTY - A Roseanna, Patricia, I mean David Arquette type, breaks up the fight.

SHERIFF DUTY

Break it up - that's enough!

Skeet puts an arm around Cindy to calm her.

SHERIFF DUTY

I'm very disappointed.

CINDY

Sorry, Sheriff Duty.

SHERIFF DUTY

Why don't you kids get to class?

Cindy and the rest of the Students disperse to school.

Behind Sheriff Duty, Courtney rises to her wobbly feet, looking dazed.

SHERIFF DUTY

(calling after the kids)

Violence never solves anything...

He gestures with his police baton to emphasize his point.

SHERIFF DUTY
 (cont'd)
 We can talk things out...

WHACK! He unknowingly smacks Courtney over the kneecaps. She doubles over, MOANING in pain.

SHERIFF DUTY
 (cont'd)
 ...without using our fists...

WHACK! He unknowingly smacks her in the face, knocking her out again.

CUT TO:

INT - SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

STUDENTS crowd the hallway, talking and laughing with each other.

A banner on the wall reads: ANNUAL HALLOWEEN PARTY - ONE WEEK AWAY!

Another banner reads: HEROIN SAFETY ASSEMBLY - HOW TO HIDE YOUR TRACKS.

Skeet walks Cindy to class.

SKEET
 You o.k.?

CINDY
 I'll be alright.

The bell RINGS.

PRINCIPAL FONZY comes down the hall, speaking into a megaphone.

PRINCIPAL FONZY
 (amplified)
 EVERYONE BACK TO CLASS. COME ON
 PEOPLE - NOW!

Skeet gives Cindy a quick kiss.

SKEET
 Meet me at the quad after bio.

He exits. Cindy ducks into the women's restroom.

IN THE BATHROOM

Cindy stands at the mirror, and takes a hard look at herself.

CINDY
(to her reflection)
You've got to be strong. You've got
to be a survivor.

Two CHEERLEADERS, each sitting on the toilet in adjacent stalls, are unaware of Cindy's presence.

CHEERLEADER #1
Did you check out that Cindy
Campbell chick this morning? She so
creepy...

Cindy OVERHEARS them, becoming visibly upset.

CHEERLEADER #2
I know.

FART!! FART!! The Cheerleaders let a few rip.

CHEERLEADER #1
Everytime I pass her in the hall,
she fully weirds me out.

SHIT! PLOP! SPLASH! The Cheerleaders move their bowels.

CHEERLEADER #2
Everyone thinks she's a loon.

SPRAY! SPLATERRRR!! One of the Cheerleaders HAS THE RUNS.

CHEERLEADER #1
She's probably mental.

Tears well in Cindy's eyes from their harsh words, and odors. She rushes out of the bathroom.

IN THE HALLWAY

Principal Fonzy spots the tearful Cindy exiting the bathroom.

CINDY
Principal Fonzy?

PRINCIPAL FONZY
(still using megaphone)
WHAT'S WRONG, CINDY?

CINDY
It's nothing, really.

PRINCIPAL FONZY
THAT'S O.K., CINDY, I THINK I KNOW
WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU.

CINDY
You do?

PRINCIPAL FONZY
YES. A WOMAN'S MENSTRUAL CYCLE IS A
VERY PERSONAL AND PRIVATE MATTER.

CINDY
Huh?

Cindy looks around to see a few Student's now peeking their heads out of classroom doors to gawk at her.

PRINCIPAL FONZY
THE DROPPING OF HER EGG AND
SUBSEQUENT BLOOD FLOW CAN LEAVE A
GIRL WITH MANY QUESTIONS ABOUT HER
BODY...

Cindy slinks off down the hall, as Principal Fonzy wheels around on the gawking students.

PRINCIPAL FONZY
EVERYONE BACK TO CLASS - CINDY'S
PERIOD DOESN'T CONCERN YOU...

CUT TO:

INT - CINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cindy, wearing a nightgown, sits on her bed studying.

OUTSIDE

Skeet stands on the front lawn, looking up at her bedroom window.

SKEET
(whisper calls)
Cindy? Cindy?

No response. He picks up a pebble and throws it at her window.

TINK! The pebble bounces off the window, but there's still no response.

SKEET
(louder)
Cindy?

He picks up a rock and throws it at the window - THUD!
Still no response.

SKEET
(yells)
CINDY!

Finally, he wheels over a medieval catapult, with a boulder loaded on it. He cuts the catapult release cord.

WHOOSH! The boulder hurtles through the air.

SMASH! The boulder CRASHES through the entire window frame.

IN CINDY'S BEDROOM

She is oblivious to the boulder which has CRASHED into her room.

A moment later, Skeet climbs through the window.

CINDY
Skeet - you scared me.
(helps him inside)
Don't worry, my dad's out of town.

SKEET
That's strange, your dad's always
out of town.

SKEET & CINDY
(in unison)
Hmmm.....

SKEET
Hey, what happened? Why didn't you
meet me at the quad?

She looks away.

CINDY
Do you think I'm psycho?

He crosses his fingers behind his back.

SKEET
No, of course not.
(he rubs her shoulders)
You've got to relax. You trust me,
don't you?

He kisses her gently.

CINDY
I do...I...

He sweeps her in and they kiss passionately. A beat.

He slowly lifts the shoulder strap of her nightgown, and runs his fingers sensuously through her back hair.

He whispers softly in her ear.

SKEET
Your hair's so soft and silky
smooth. What do you use?

CINDY
(getting excited)
Pantene Pro-V Formula. It's two in
one - a shampoo plus conditioner.

He lays her down on the bed as they continue kissing. He raises her nightgown and looks down.

SKEET
That's some camel toe.

CINDY
Thanks.

He reaches past her to the nightstand and holds up an actual severed, stuffed camel's foot.

CINDY
My dad got it in Egypt.

He replaces the foot, then strips down to his boxers. They continue making out, and he raises her nightgown further to reveal her panties.

CLOSE ON CINDY'S PANTIES

Instead of elastic, tiny barbed wire runs along the perimeter. There's also a ZAPPING electrified fence and a sign reading: NO TRESPASSING.

SKEET

I don't know if I can take this anymore. I mean, we've been going out since we were freshman.

CINDY

I'm just not ready.

Frustrated, he gets out of bed, wearing only his boxers. He grabs a marker and goes to the mirror.

Like Matt Damon in "Good Will Hunting," he solves complex math equations on the mirror.

CINDY

Skeet, you always solve complex mathematical equations when you get upset - just talk to me.

Skeet erases the equation, then draws a picture of an eye. They now play "Pictionary." He draws furiously as she tries to decipher his message.

CINDY

What is that, an eye? Oh, "I" ...
(he draws a magic wand)
...wand. I want ...
(he draws a 2)
...I want to ...
(he draws a brake pedal)
...I want to break ...
(he draws an up arrow)
...I - want - to - break - up.

His pictionary message sets in.

CINDY

You want to break up with me?

He doesn't answer. A beat.

CINDY

I promise ...
(she moves closer)
...I'll come around. You just have to give me a little more time.

She takes his finger and puts it into her mouth, **SUCKING** slowly on it.

He takes his finger out of her mouth - it's now three times it's normal size and THROBBING.

CUT TO:

INT - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A banner reads: ANNUAL HALLOWEEN PARTY - 4 DAYS AWAY!

Cindy walks down the crowded hallway to her locker. She opens it to reveal her locker is decorated with beefcake teen heart-throb photos - LEONARDO DICAPRIO, BRAD PITT, AND BILL CLINTON.

She find a note inside.

The note reads: I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST HALLOWEEN.

She GASPS, completely freaked.

CINDY

I have to tell the others...

CUT TO:

INT - BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The FOOTBALL TEAM is gearing up for practice. As they strip down, we FOCUS on several naked butts.

First a muscular butt, then a sun-tanned bikini line butt, then a ultra fat butt with crack hair and pimples.

ON JAKE'S LOCKER

He opens it to reveal it looks like a medicine chest - bottles of every known prescription.

He looks around to make sure no one's watching, then grabs a syringe and fills it from a vial labeled steroids.

He plunges the needle into his arm, and immediately his biceps swells to twice their size.

He then grabs Rogaine, and rubs it into his scalp. Finally, he grabs a bottle of Massengail Disposable douche, and holds it up.

JAKE

(into camera)

For the days when I'm just not feeling my freshest.

He lowers the douche between his legs as we...

CUT TO:

EXT - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

As the PLAYERS come out of the locker for practice, Cindy looks for Jake.

He comes out, all suited up.

CINDY

Jake...

JAKE

What do you want? I got practice.

She shows him the note.

CINDY

What do you make of this?

JAKE

(examining note)

Hmm...8 1/2 x 11...college ruled...three hole punch...

(looks up gravely)

This is horrifying.

CINDY

Now read it.

As he turns the note over and reads, his face goes white with terror.

CUT-TO:

INT - SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

A banner reads: **HOMECOMING QUEEN PAGEANT**. The seats are filled with **STUDENTS**.

ON STAGE

A dozen **TEENAGE GIRLS**, including Buffy, stand in front of the audience.

Principal Fonzy addresses the crowd from the podium.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

(into microphone)

And that concludes the bathing suit part of our competition.

We FEATURE Cindy in the crowd, anxiously waiting to talk to Buffy.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

Our judges have narrowed it down to three finalists.

ON THE JUDGES TABLE

The judges are JUDGE JUDY, JUDGE WAPNER, and JUDGE REINHOLD. They hand a card to Principal Fonzy.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

(reading card)

And our three finalists are...Danielle, Heather...and Buffy!

Buffy, Heather, and Danielle hug each other excitedly as the other Contestants exit the stage to APPLAUSE.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

Now for the talent part of our competition.

Buffy, Heather, and Danielle exit to change.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

First up is Heather, who will juggle for us.

Heather strides out onstage, carrying juggling balls. She juggles the balls, as a STAGEHAND stands by.

The Stagehand tosses her an apple, which she incorporates into her juggling, BITING the apple as she juggles.

He then tosses her a chainsaw, a blow torch, and finally, a poodle.

POODLE

Ruff!

She incorporates all of them into her juggling.

She finishes to POLITE APPLAUSE.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

Thank you, Heather. Next up is Danielle...

Danielle strides onstage, dragging a bed of nails with her. She lies down on the bed of nails.

CINDY

I checked the obituaries every day after...that night. Some fishermen found his body in their nets eleven days later. Half of him had been consumed by a giant octopus.

She whips out another newspaper clipping - this one with a color photo of a giant octopus and two legs sticking out of it.

CINDY

I think someone's getting revenge for what we did to him.

They're all freaked.

BUFFY

Shit...I knew we should've gone to the cops.

QUENTIN

(to Buffy)

Are you for real?

JAKE

Yeah...you wanted to cover it up more than anyone.

BUFFY

Me?!

They all start to ARGUE violently, pushing and shoving each other. Finally. Cindy cuts through.

CINDY

I think I know who it is.

They all stop in mid-fight, posing in strangle, punching, and kneeling poses.

CINDY

The paper said his only living relative was his twin brother, Tim Tingle. I did some checking, he works at the Marquee movie theater downtown. I think we should go there, check it out - see what he knows. Who's with me?

They all look down at their feet, WHISTLING, obviously not wanting to go.

QUENTIN
I'll go.

She looks disappointedly at Skeet.

CINDY
Thanks, Quentin.

CUT TO:

EXT - MARQUEE MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The marquee reads: **HORROR MOVIE FESTIVAL!**

Dozens of TEENAGERS, wearing horror costumes, wait in line.

INSIDE

Cindy and Quentin stand in the lobby, looking around.

QUENTIN
Any idea what he looks like?

CINDY
Receding hairline, beady eyes, buck
teeth...

We PAN to see she's looking at a picture over a plaque
which reads: "Tim Tingle - Employee of the Month."

CINDY
Let's separate.

QUENTIN
Good idea - there's safety in
numbers.

They separate. Cindy approaches an USHER.

CINDY
Hi, do you know if Tim is working
tonight? I'm his girlfriend and I
have something to tell him...
(whispers conspiratorially)
...gonorrhoea.

The Usher takes a step back.

USHER
Upstairs - in the projection room.

CINDY

Thanks.

She walks up the staircase.

UPSTAIRS

A long, dark hallway leads to the projection room.

Cindy, nerves on edge, walks slowly down the hall. Her footsteps CREAK on the floorboards.

MEOW! A CAT jumps out and startles her - "Ah!"

CINDY

(sighs in relief)

It's just a kitten...

She walks on slowly, completely spooked out.

HOOT! HOOT! An OWL flies by, startling her. She takes a few more tentative steps.

SQUEEK! SQUEEK! SQUEEK! A nest of BATS fly around her head, startling her.

CINDY

Ah!

She rushes down the hall and enters the projection room.

IN THE MOVIE THEATER

Quentin scans the rows of costumed audience members in the dark theater.

He becomes distracted by the movie on screen, "Friday the 13th."

QUENTIN

Friday the 13th, my favorite...

He takes a seat and watches the movie.

BACK IN THE PROJECTION ROOM

Cindy enters to find it's deserted. She looks around for clues.

She looks at the books on the shelf - *Killing on \$2 a Day*, and *Blowing Up the Bridges of Madison County*.

CINDY
Jesus Christ...

We PAN to the corner, where JESUS CHRIST sits smoking a cigarette.

JESUS CHRIST
What?!

Cindy snoops around, opening file cabinets, rifling through drawers, pulling down shelves.

Suddenly, she turns to see a Xerox machine in the middle of the room.

The Xerox machine is on, spitting out copies which all read: I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST HALLOWEEN.

Cindy grabs a flier, reads it, then drops it in horror. She looks at a nearby table and GASPS.

On the table are every piece of concession merchandise available - T-shirts, baseball caps, coffee mugs, and balloons - all with the same label: I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST HALLOWEEN.

CINDY
I have to warn Quentin...

She rushes out.

BACK ON QUENTIN

Still watching "Friday the 13th." On screen we see JASON, wearing his trademark hockey mask, about to stab a victim.

Quentin nudges the guy sitting next to him.

QUENTIN
This is the best part...

The guy next to Quentin doesn't respond.

Quentin turns to see it's actually the KILLER, wearing the CASPER MASK, sitting next to him.

QUENTIN
AAHHH!!!

As Quentin SCREAMS in terror, so does the audience, reacting to the movie.

As JASON stabs an on-screen victim, the Killer STABS Quentin.

Quentin runs bleeding down the aisle, the Killer in hot pursuit.

QUENTIN
Help me!!!

Quentin mounts the stairs and stands in front of the movie screen, pleading to the audience.

QUENTIN
Help....

The Killer appears onstage, brandishing the knife. The audience CHEERS them on, believing them to be pretending the parts that are on-screen.

Quentin backs away, terrified. He runs offstage, into the adjacent theater, with the Killer in tow.

IN THE ADJACENT THEATER

Quentin and the Killer rush onstage, in front of the movie screen, which plays "Pulp Fiction."

On screen we see the famous scene where VING RHAMES gets butt-fucked by ZEKE.

QUENTIN
(looking at scene)
No.....!

He looks back at the Killer, who's UNBUTTONING HIS PANTS...

IN ANOTHER THEATER

Quentin hobbles out onstage, rubbing his now sore butt.

He and the killer are now in front of a screen which plays "Titanic" - Leonardo's death scene.

Quentin and the Killer can't help themselves, they both start WEEPING along with the audience.

Quentin hands the Killer a hankie, as they give each other a consoling hug.

The Killer blows his nose and dries his eyes, and the pursuit continues.

IN ANOTHER THEATER

Quentin runs in front of the movie screen, which plays "Braveheart."

He looks up at the screen in dread as Mel Gibson is about to be disemboweled.

QUENTIN

Oh, shit....

The Killer appears onstage, brandishing his own meat hook.

AT THE BACK OF THE THEATER

Cindy rushes in and sees Quentin and the Killer onstage. She's the *only one* who realizes it's not an act.

CINDY

NO!!

She races to the front of the theater.

BACK ONSTAGE

Coinciding with the action on-screen, the Killer pulls out Quentin's intestines, like a magician pulling an endless rope out of a hat.

CINDY

Quentin!

Quentin collapses in a bloody heap as the Killer stands over him.

ON TWO MOVIEGOERS

Watching the action.

MOVIEGOER #1

Whoa, they're really into it.

MOVIEGOER #2

Yeah, but the blood looks fake.

The Killer looks up to see Cindy rushing onstage.

CINDY

(to Killer)

Oh my god - he killed Quentin! You bastard!

The Killer flees offstage, and Cindy chases after him.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Cindy rushes offstage to find TIM TINGLE, standing there with a knife in one hand, and a Casper mask in the other.

CINDY

Tim Tingle!

Tim quickly drops the knife and mask and escapes out the emergence exit.

TIME LAPSE:

OUTSIDE THE MOVIE THEATER

The place is now a full crime scene - yellow police tape, flashing lights from the squad cars and ambulances. Sheriff Duty directs the POLICE to dust for fingerprints, and SNAP crime scene photos.

A news van pulls up with Courtney Cocks and her Cameraman. Courtney surveys the scene.

COURTNEY

Let's go.

They grab their gear and exit the van.

ON A SQUAD CAR

Cindy sits in the back, wrapped in a blanket. She shivers, obviously in deep shock.

Sheriff Duty stands by.

SHERIFF DUTY

Don't worry, we'll find him. I've got all my men on it.

(beat)

What were you kids doing here anyway?

CINDY

We came...

She looks at him, wanting to tell him everything, but knowing she can't.

CINDY
 (cont'd,)
 ...to see the movie..

He stares at her skeptically. A beat.

SHERIFF DUTY
 Right.

The PARAMEDICS carry Quentin out on a stretcher, zipped up in a body bag.

Courtney Cocks swoops in to film the proceedings.

SHERIFF DUTY
 (to Courtney)
 Get those camera's out of here...

Behind him we see the Paramedics trying to load Quentin in the back of the ambulance.

BAM! They miss the door, BASHING him against the fender.

Another COP hands Sheriff Duty a foamy cup of coffee, which he drinks.

COURTNEY
 Aren't you a little young to be in charge of a homicide investigation, Sheriff?

He lowers the cup of coffee, revealing a milk mustache.

SHERIFF DUTY
 I resent that.

CUT TO:

EXT - KEVIN WILLIAMSON HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

A swarm of MEDIA has converged on the school. Dozens of REPORTERS broadcast into camera's. Among them we FEATURE Courtney Cocks.

COURTNEY
 (mid-broadcast)
 This is Courtney Cocks live from Kevin Williamson High. Until his young life was cut short, Quentin Green was a student here. He was murdered last night by a man wearing this mask...

She holds up a Casper mask.

COURTNEY

...The suspect, Tim Tingle, is still at large. Tensions are high as panic has set in at this once peaceful high school.

She grabs a passing STUDENT and interviews him.

COURTNEY

Are you worried that you could be the next victim?

STUDENT

Not really. Police said they have the place pretty well protected and uh...

COURTNEY

And you bought that crap? He could be anywhere, he could be stalking you right now!

The Student looks around, paranoid and scared.

STUDENT

You know, you're right.

He drops his books and runs off SCREAMING.

COURTNEY

(turns to camera)

As you can see, fear is rampant...

Skeet and Cindy pull into the parking lot in Skeet's car, and the crush of media spots them.

They rush over to the car with cries of "There she is!"
Courtney grabs her Cameraman.

COURTNEY

Let's go.

IN THE CAR

Skeet and Cindy watch as the media CLAMOR around the car, BANGING on the windows with cries of "Cindy! - Cindy!"

CINDY

Why can't they just leave me alone?

SKEET

Hang on.

SCREECH! Skeet floors it, and drives away from the media.

He looks in the rearview mirror, and spots Courtney Cocks, running behind the car with her microphone.

As if she were the Cyborg Cop in "Terminator 2," Courtney runs with superhuman speed and catches up to the car.

She reaches out and STABS the trunk with her microphone, gaining a handhold, then uses it to pull herself onto the speeding car.

She climbs over the roof and lays down on the hood, now staring through the windshield at Skeet and Cindy.

SKEET

Get off my car!

He makes SHARP TURNS, trying to get her off. She sticks her microphone in Cindy's window.

COURTNEY

Cindy, give me an exclusive - I can get you big bucks!

Skeet drives through the Driver's Ed obstacle course, trying frantically to shake her. He SCREECHES around the orange cones, but still she hangs on.

COURTNEY

Come on, Cindy!

Cindy finally leans over and presses the wiper fluid button.

Wiper fluid shoots up into Courtney's face.

COURTNEY

Ahh - my eyes!

She goes FLYING off the hood and lands with a THUD!

Skeet and Cindy drive to the back entrance of school - no sign of reporters.

As they exit the car, Jake and Buffy approach.

INSIDE THE HIGH SCHOOL

A banner reads: ANNUAL HALLOWEEN PARTY - 2 DAYS AWAY!

The four teens huddle under a stairwell, out of ear shot.

CINDY

I can't lie anymore. I'm gonna tell Sheriff Duty everything.

JAKE

You talk and I'll kill you myself.

SKEET

Hey!

Skeet grabs Jake, who shrugs him off.

JAKE

And that goes for all of you. I'll take my chances with that psycho. If he wants a piece of me, he can bring it on. But I 'aint going to jail.

He stares them all down meaningfully.

JAKE

You got it?

They nod in silent intimidation.

JAKE

Now if you'll excuse me, I don't want to be late for my Home Ec class. Today we're making loganberry scones.

The BELL RINGS, and everyone goes their separate ways.

CUT TO:

INT - CLASSROOM - DAY

Cindy sits at her desk, looking pale and skittish - the terror and pressure are getting to her.

Her ENGLISH TEACHER is in mid-lecture.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Your choices for book reports include, *To Kill A Mockingbird*, *The Killing Fields*, *A Time to Kill*, *Death of a Salesman*...

Cindy covers her ears - the room is spinning. She gets up and rushes out of the classroom.

ENGLISH TEACHER
Cindy? Cindy...?!

IN THE HALLWAY

Cindy leans against a wall, hyperventilating. She catches her breath and walks down the hall.

She turns a corner and...

BOO! Not one but two CASPER KILLERS jump out at her.

Cindy SCREAMS in terror.

The two take their masks off to reveal they are STUDENTS, playing a practical joke. They LAUGH at her.

CINDY
Real funny, assholes. You didn't scare me.

We PAN down to reveal she is standing in a puddle of her own urine.

PRINCIPAL FONZY
Hey - you two!

Principal Fonzy comes up and grabs the masks out of the two pranksters hands.

PRINCIPAL FONZY
(re: masks)
Is this your idea of a sick joke?

PRANKSTER #1
Well...yeah.

The other prankster nods.

PRINCIPAL FONZY
Both of you are expelled - get out of here.

The two pranksters jump up and give each other high-fives.

PRANKSTER #1
Alright - no school!

PRANKSTER #2

Yeah, let's go get drunk and do some vandalism...

They walk off happily.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

Cindy, I want to see you in my office.

CUT TO:

INT - PRINCIPAL FONZY'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal Fonzy and Cindy enter.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

Cindy, I'm concerned. I know this has been hard on you, but your grades have been slipping, you've been missing class...let's talk.

He leads her to a black leather therapists couch. She reclines as he pulls up a chair behind her and takes out a notepad.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

What's bothering you?

CINDY

Well...I've had trouble sleeping at night. I keep having the same nightmare...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - A SLAUGHTERHOUSE - HER NIGHTMARE

In a parody of the Marilyn Manson video, "Sweet Dreams," we see Cindy, dressed as Marilyn, and singing.

CINDY

(sings)

Sweet dreams are made of these...who am I to disagree...

She wears Gothic makeup, jet black hair, and multi-colored contact lenses. She rides a PIG with a saddle.

CINDY (V.O.)

And just as I'm singing and riding that pig...there comes Mom.

FADE TO WHITE:

IN A DREAMLIKE SETTING

We see different vignettes of Cindy and her mom, JOAN CAMPBELL - mid 30's, pretty, motherly.

ON A PLAYGROUND

Joan pushes Cindy on a swing. They smile to each other as Joan pushes her higher, and higher.

Joan pushes her too high, FLINGING her off the swing and into oncoming traffic. O.S. we hear CRASH! as we fade to...

IN THE KITCHEN

Joan and Cindy bake together - pot brownies. We fade to...

IN A ROCKING CHAIR

Joan cradles Cindy, who breastfeeds - at age 16. The dream turns into a nightmare as we fade to...

THE KILLER

Standing over JOAN'S BLOODY CORPSE. Cindy SCREAMS, but no sound comes out of her mouth. Just as she tries to unmask the Killer, her dead mother speaks:

DEAD JOAN

Cindy, don't take off the mask...don't take off the mask...

DISSOLVE OUT:

ON CINDY

As she comes out of her dream.

CINDY

(cont'd)
...don't take off the mask...don't take off the mask...

Behind her, Principal Fonzy is asleep - SNORING AWAY.

Suddenly, Sheriff Duty appears in the doorway.

CINDY

Sheriff Duty?

SHERIFF DUTY

Cindy, I'm going to have to ask you
to come with me.

As they walk off, Principal Fonzy opens his eyes - he was pretend sleeping. He puts on the confiscated Casper mask and peers after them.

CUT TO:

INT - POLICE STATION - DAY

Sheriff Duty leads Cindy into a lineup room.

SHERIFF DUTY

We picked Tim Tingle up just outside
of town. We need you to make a
positive I.D.

IN THE LINEUP ROOM

They stand behind a one-way mirror, looking through the
glass at a SUSPECT LINEUP.

Tim Tingle stands in the center, between five suspects - A
FAT GUY, BLACK GUY, RED HEADED GUY, EFFEMINATE GUY, and a
TALL GUY.

Sheriff Duty presses the intercom to talk to the suspects.

SHERIFF DUTY

(into intercom)
Step forward.

The suspects do. Cindy studies them.

CINDY

I'm not sure, it happened so fast...

SHERIFF DUTY

(into intercom)
Turn to the left.

The suspects turn in unison.

SHERIFF DUTY

(to Cindy)
Take your time.
(into intercom)
Turn to the right.

The suspects turn in unison. A nearby COP turns up the
volume on his transistor radio.

From the radio we HEAR Joe Cocker's "You Can Leave Your Hat On."

JOE COCKER
(sings)
Baby take off your clothes...

The suspects begin to do a strip-tease, a la "The Full Monty."

As they dance and strip to the music, we reveal one guy wearing woman's underwear and garter belt, and another with man-breasts.

Finally, they're left standing in their underwear, gearing up for the big finale.

As the song ends, they turn around in unison, and whip off their underwear. They stand resplendent in the nude.

PANNING from behind the suspects, we see their bare butts.

CLOSE ON Tim Tingle's butt - the head of his penis pokes through as he has tucked his dick between his legs.

CINDY
That's him - number 3. The one pulling the "pagina."

SHERIFF DUTY
(to GUARDS)
Take him away.

GUARDS come from either side and escort Tim Tingle out. He struggles against them, eerily staring right at Cindy through the glass.

TIM TINGLE
I swear I didn't do it! I was set up...

They lead him away. Cindy hugs Sheriff Duty gratefully.

CUT TO:

EXT - POLICE STATION - DAY

Sheriff Duty stands on the front steps, talking to the PRESS, who shove microphones and cameras in his face. Courtney Cocks jostles her way to the front.

COURTNEY

Sheriff Duty, what can you tell us?

SHERIFF DUTY

Well I'm a Sagittarius, 26, born in Rancho Cucamonga...

COURTNEY

About the case?

SHERIFF DUTY

After a positive I.D., Tim Tingle has been arrested and charged with murder. Our community can now rest easy - we've got our man. No more questions...

He walks off, and Courtney puts down her mike and follows him.

COURTNEY

(catching up)

I guess I was wrong about you...

(flirtatiously)

That's some police work.

SHERIFF DUTY

(shyly)

Thanks.

COURTNEY

(seductively)

Maybe you and me could get together sometime and...

SHERIFF DUTY

Go on a date?

COURTNEY

Well I was going to say "fuck," but I guess we could go out too.

They walk off together.

CUT TO:

INT - CINDY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cindy sits at the edge of her bathtub, wearing only a towel. She adds bubble bath to the running water.

She lights candles, incense, and a menorah.

She drops her towel and steps into the sudsy bath. She leans back and gives a deep SIGH of relaxation.

The phone RINGS, startling her. She eyes the phone anxiously. RING. She picks up.

CINDY

Hello?

VOICE

Hello Cindy.

CINDY

(alarmed)

Who is this?

VOICE

It's me, Skeet. You know, your boyfriend?

She SIGHS, then grabs a razor and leans back to shave her legs.

CINDY

Sorry. I guess I'm just a little tired.

SKEET

Do you want me to come by?

She shaves her armpits.

CINDY

No, I'm just going to take a bath then go to sleep.

She shaves her face.

SKEET

O.K. Love you.

CINDY

Love you too.

She hangs up, then relaxes back into the tub, closing her eyes in tranquility

BLOOP! BLOOP! Two of Cindy's FART BUBBLES rise to the surface of the water.

She is in deep relaxation. A beat.

The phone RINGS, startling her again. She picks it up warily.

CINDY
Skeet, I told you I'm just too tired...

SCARY VOICE
(from phone)
Hello Cindy, miss me?

Cindy stands straight up in terror at the recognition of the SCARY VOICE - it's the same one from the first scene.

The bubbles form a perfect two-piece bikini over her, including straps and a bow.

CINDY
But I thought...

SCARY VOICE
That I was arrested? Wrong.

She listens in horror.

SCARY VOICE
I'm going to...

CLICK! Her "call waiting" SOUNDS.

CINDY
That's my other line. Can you hang on a sec?

A beat.

SCARY VOICE
O.K.

She CLICKS over.

CINDY
Hello?

SCARY VOICE
Still me.

CINDY
Oh, sorry - hang on.

She CLICKS over.

CINDY
Hello?

SCARY VOICE
Me again.

CINDY
Hang on.

She CLICKS over.

CINDY
Hello?

SCARY VOICE
Yeah, uh...it's me. I'm still here.

CINDY
Ummm....

SCARY VOICE
I could call you back.

CINDY
Could you?

SCARY VOICE
Yeah. But I'm still going to kill
you. Bye.

He hangs up. She looks at the phone in horror - it's not over.

CUT TO:

EXT - HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

It's the big game - the MARCHING BAND plays to bleachers packed with STUDENTS who watch the action on the field.

ON THE FIELD

A heated football game is underway, FEATURING Jake as the home team quarterback.

He fades back and throws a pass over the middle. His RECEIVER goes up for the ball...

CRUNCH! The Receiver is hit in mid-air and lands head first on the turf. He lies there in pain as the HOME TEAM CROWD holds it's breath in anticipation. A beat.

The Receiver finally gets up as the home crowd APPLAUDS. As he trots off the field, waiving to the crowd, we see his spine poking through his uniform.

ON TWO SPORTSCASTERS

Sitting behind a sideline booth, giving the play by play.

ANNOUNCER 1

What a game!

ANNOUNCER 2

You said it. It all comes down to this play.

IN THE BLEACHERS

We FEATURE Cindy and Skeet, watching the game.

CINDY

(mid-conversation)

...I'm telling you I know that voice.

SKEET

It's not him, he's in jail. It was probably just a crank call.

A VENDOR walks down the aisle with a concession tray around his neck.

VENDOR

Peanuts! Hot dogs! Candy apples!

A DRUG DEALER walks down another aisle, also with a concession tray around his neck - only his contains narcotics.

DRUG DEALER

Cocaine! Mushrooms! Crack!

A STUDENT shouts out.

STUDENT

I'll take a bag of crack!

The Drug Dealer tosses the Student a crack rock in a plastic baggie, as if he were tossing him a bag of peanuts.

BACK ON CINDY AND SKEET

CINDY

You think I'm paranoid, don't you?

She nervously swigs a bottle of tequila and chain-smokes.

SKEET

No, I don't...I'm going to get some nachos, you want anything?

CINDY

No thanks.

He exits.

BACK ON THE FIELD - IN THE HUDDLE

Jake pats a RECEIVER on the butt.

JAKE

Nice catch.

The Receiver turns and pats a LINEMAN on the butt.

RECEIVER

Nice block.

The Lineman turns and pats a RUNNING BACK on the butt.

LINEMAN

Nice ass.

IN THE BLEACHERS

Cindy looks around for Skeet, who's nowhere in sight.

BACK IN THE HUDDLE

JAKE

(giving play)

Weak side "I" formation on "3."

Ready - break!

They CLAP hands and come to the line.

The BEEFY OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE LINEMAN dig in against each other, SNORTING and GROWLING. We even HEAR the "Moo" of a cow.

Jake lines up under the CENTER, and calls for the ball.

JAKE
Down!...Set!...

Jake looks across at the defense.

To his horror, one DEFENSIVE LINEBACKER has the Casper mask on - under his helmet!

The Killer has disguised himself as a football player, right down to the number on his jersey - 666.

JAKE
(cont'd.)
...Holy shit!

The Center shrugs, and hikes the ball anyway.

SMASH! The two lines COLLIDE, helmet to helmet. The Killer rushes toward Jake but is BLOCKED by an OFFENSIVE LINEMAN.

The Killer whips out his jagged knife, and the Offensive Lineman immediately steps back.

OFFENSIVE
LINEMAN
(to Killer)
Hey, it's all you man.

The Killer now has a free path to Jake, and he runs straight for him, brandishing the knife.

JAKE
Ahhh!

ON THE SPORTSCASTERS

ANNOUNCER 1
Number 666 is slicing his way through those blockers.

ANNOUNCER 2
He really wants to kill the quarterback.

IN THE STANDS

The home crowd does the "Tomahawk Chop," but instead of styrofoam hatchets, they use styrofoam replicas of the Killer's dagger.

ON THE MARCHING BAND

Who now play the theme from "Halloween."

BACK ON THE FIELD

Jake looks over his shoulder to see the Killer now riding a lawn mower, still in hot pursuit.

Jake runs into the opposing endzone - scoring a touchback.

The Home Crowd "BOOS!" the touchback.

The Killer catches up to Jake.

JAKE

No...no...!

WHIRRRR!!! The Killer runs over Jake, sending his blood and guts flying out the other side of the mower.

ANNOUNCER 1

That'll make the highlight reel.

ANNOUNCER 2

Let's see that again in slow motion!

JUMP CUT:

JAKE'S DEATH SCENE PLAYED AGAIN:

This time in slow motion.

In the background we see a crew of GARDENERS with leafblowers, cleaning up Jake's remains.

BACK TO REAL TIME:

ON THE KILLER

Who celebrates the murder by doing an elaborate endzone dance - a backflip, the splits, then a cartwheel.

TOOT! The Referee blows his whistle, and the Killer escapes.

CUT TO:

EXT - HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A candlelight vigil is being held - dozens of STUDENTS, TEACHERS, and PARENTS mourn.

We PAN across some STUDENTS holding candles, some flicking lighters, then finally, some setting library books on fire.

Some hold signs which read: "WE'LL MISS YOU, QUENTIN," "REMEMBER JAKE," and finally, "LEGALIZE HEMP."

Among the sorrowful crowd, we FEATURE Cindy and Skeet, holding their own candles.

Courtney Cocks stands by with her Cameraman. She rubs an onion in her eyes to manufacture tears.

CAMERAMAN

You're on.

COURTNEY

(into microphone)

This is Courtney Cocks live from Kevin Williamson High where a candlelight vigil is underway for students Quentin Green and Jake Schroeder. Let's see if we can get a word with one of the mourners...

She interviews a nearby elderly man, MR. CURTIS.

COURTNEY

(to Curtis)

Excuse me sir, what's your name?

MR. CURTIS

Mr. Curtis, I teach math.

COURTNEY

What are your memories of Quentin?

MR. CURTIS

(heartfelt)

I had him in geometry. He used to sit in the back of class, pretending to read his textbook, but I knew he had a copy of "Jugs" between the pages...

(sniffles a tear)

Forgive me...I'm gonna miss that horny little bastard...

He walks off in tears.

Courtney turns back into lens, and we now see a giant herpes sore on her upper lip.

COURTNEY

(into lens)

Touching words from one of the many grief stricken who've turned out tonight. And yet underneath the sadness, there still lurks a widespread fear. The killing is not over.

(spots Sheriff Duty)

Sheriff Duty...

She points her camera and mike in his face.

COURTNEY

Are the killing's related?

Sheriff Duty turns to the camera, and we see he also has a giant herpes sore on his upper lip, matching Courtney's.

SHERIFF DUTY

Yes. Charges were dropped against Tim Tingle, the suspect we arrested yesterday. His alibi checked out. Our investigation has led us to believe that whoever killed Quentin, also killed Jake.

The cameraman turns the lens on Principal Fonzy, who addresses the crowd of mourners.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

(solemn)

In honor of our departed students, I'd like to share a poem by a young man who was also cut down in his prime - the late rapper Tupac Shakur.

He takes out a cue card, and puts on his reading glasses.

PRINCIPAL FONZY

(reads through tears)

"Told my mama if I die...Put a blunt in my casket, so my nigga's can get high..."

ON CINDY AND SKEET

She's so saddened that she loses it - she drops her candle and rushes off.

SKEET

Hey, hey - where are you going?

He catches up and grabs her.

CINDY

I can't live with this anymore. The guilt, the pressure, the diarrhea...I'm going to confess.

She breaks his hold.

SKEET

Hang on!

She rushes off toward Sheriff Duty.

CINDY

Sheriff Duty, I need to talk to you. It's about Time Tingle. Last Halloween his brother...

SHERIFF DUTY

Tim Tingle's dead.

CINDY

What?!

SHERIFF DUTY

We executed him this morning. Lethal injection.

CINDY

But he was innocent.

SHERIFF DUTY

I'm not going to quibble over technicalities...

Skeet pulls Cindy aside.

SKEET

Listen, Tingle's dead. He was the only one who could've known about it. The secret died with him. Just let it go. We're the only one's who know about it.

A beat. She looks up at him in dread.

CINDY
And Buffy.

They rush off, passing Principal Fonzy.

PRINCIPAL FONZY
(cont'd speech)
"... 'cause you'll always be my nigga
fo' life..."

CUT TO:

INT - SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A banner reads: "HOMECOMING CEREMONY"

The audience is filled with STUDENTS.

ON STAGE

The three finalists - Buffy, Danielle, and Heather wear evening gowns with ribbons draped across them.

Heather's ribbon reads: "Miss Universe" Danielle's reads: "Miss Congeniality" Buffy's reads: "Miss Fellatio"

The HOST - CHUCK WOOLERY, wearing a tuxedo, addresses the crowd.

CHUCK WOOLERY
(into mic)
And this year's Kevin Williamson
High Homecoming Queen is...

A DRUMROLL SOUNDS.

CHUCK WOOLERY
Buffy Michelle Geller!!

The audience APPLAUDS.

BUFFY
Oh my god - I won!

Heather and Danielle hug Buffy in congratulations.

DANIELLE
Congratulations, Buffy.

HEATHER
Yeah, you deserve it.

BUFFY
I know you two are just being phoney
bitches, but thanks.

Chuck Woolery places a bouquet of roses in her hand, and a
tiara on her head.

He kisses her on both cheeks, then whispers in her ear:

CHUCK WOOLERY
Remember the deal. My place - one
hour.

He hands her a room key, then gives her ass a squeeze.

CHUCK WOOLERY
(sings)
*Here she comes, Miss Kevin
Williamson High...*

She walks to center stage, blowing kisses and waiving to
the crowd.

The audience toss roses at her, then they toss rose vases.

SMASH! CRASH! She smiles and waves as the vases SHATTER
against her head.

BUFFY
Oh, thank you - thank you!

OUTSIDE

Cindy and Skeet run up and YANK on the auditorium doors -
they're locked.

CINDY
It's locked.

SKEET
I'll go around the back, you wait
here.

He rushes off.

BACK INSIDE

As Buffy stands in her moment of glory, we PAN to the
wings.

IN THE WINGS

THE KILLER LURKS! He holds a rope tied to a bucket labeled: PIG'S BLOOD. The bucket is perched atop a rafter directly over Buffy's head, a la "Carrie."

He pulls the rope, tipping the bucket - SPLASH!

ON BUFFY

The pig's blood DOUSES her, as the audience GASPS. She holds up her blood dripping hands and SCREAMS.

BUFFY

Aahhh!!

She collapses in a chair. A beat.

SPLASH! SPLASH! SPLASH! Three more buckets DOUSE her, like Jennifer Beals in "Flashdance."

Song "What a Feeling" UP as she jogs in place in a puddle of blood, trying to get it off her.

Terrified, she looks back to see the Killer in the wings, brandishing a knife.

BUFFY

No...

She crawls down the runway, swinging her head from side to side - WHIPPING blood from her hair into the crowd.

The MALE members of the crowd throw \$1 bills at her, as if she was a stripper.

BUFFY

Someone please help me...

OUTSIDE

Cindy BANGS on the locked door.

CINDY

Open up!

BACK INSIDE

Buffy crawls to the end of the stage, checking behind her for the Killer. She turns back around and SCREAMS!

She's face to face with the Killer - he's in the stage floor prompter pit.

He grabs her arms and BAM! Bumps her head as he pulls her under the stage.

BUFFY
(as she's dragged under)
Nooo...!

The audience look around confused - where'd she go?

From under the floor, we HEAR the AGONIZING SCREAMS of Buffy getting slaughtered.

BUFFY
STOP! HELP! NO! AAHHH....

We HEAR the sounds of BONES CRUNCHING and FLESH TEARING.

The audience members, freaked out, head for the exits - but the doors are all locked!

ON BUFFY

As she staggers out of the pit. She's gushing blood from her stab wounds like fire hoses.

The audience spots her and SCREECH in horror.

She opens her mouth and WHOOSH! - Blood shoots out like an open dam. WHOOSH! WHOOSH! Blood spurts out of her eyes, nose, then ears.

Blood now shoots out of her in ridiculous torrents, making her look like a HUMAN SPRINKLER.

The crowd slips on her blood as they frantically POUND on the locked doors. The blood fills the auditorium, ankle deep.

OUTSIDE

Cindy tries to pry the doors open with a crowbar, to no avail. She then puts on a welders mask and blowtorches, and finally, a jackhammer.

Suddenly, blood seeps through the door jam.

CINDY
What the...?

INSIDE

The place is now filled with blood, like a water tank. Students swim around, some even have scuba gear.

BOOM! The doors finally BURST open, and blood floods out in a big wave.

OUTSIDE

Blood SPLASHES over Cindy as Students are washed out of the auditorium. The auditorium drains, leaving Buffy to beach on the front steps.

Cindy rushes to her.

CINDY

Buffy!

Buffy's a bloody mess - but STILL ALIVE.

BUFFY

(dying words)

The Killer is...

Cindy leans in closer, and Buffy WHISPERS to her.

CINDY

Wait, I can't hear you...

Cindy takes off her walkman headphones.

CINDY

Buffy - who's the killer?

Buffy...Buffy...?!

Just then, Skeet appears.

CINDY

Skeet, Buffy's dead. Where have you been?

SKEET

I was looking for the back entrance, but I...couldn't find it.

She looks past him to see 3 FLASHING NEON "EXIT" SIGNS. She frowns suspiciously.

CUT TO:

EXT - CINDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Skeet and Cindy pull up. She looks at him a tense beat.

CINDY
And then there were two.

SKEET
Hey, it's gonna be o.k. I promise.
Just stay inside and lock your
doors. I'll pick you up in the
morning.

She exits. He drives off, his car radio BLARING Oingo Boingo's "Dead Man's Party."

CUT TO:

INT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy's on the couch watching T.V., but all that's on is late night infomercials.

ON THE T.V.

PINHEAD, from "Hellraiser," lies on a massage table as a CHINESE DOCTOR performs acupuncture on him.

PINHEAD
Take it from me, Pinhead...

He stands up, wearing just a towel as hundreds of needles stick out of his body.

PINHEAD
(cont'd.)
...my muscles were tight and tense
until I found Shiatzu acupuncture...

Cindy changes the channel.

The phone RINGS, startling her. She picks up apprehensively.

CINDY
Hello?

MR. CAMPBELL
(from phone)
Hi, pumpkin. I heard about your
friends dying, thought you might
want to talk.

CINDY
Thanks, Dad.

MR. CAMPBELL
You feeling allright?

CINDY
I'm not sure.

MR. CAMPBELL
How are you and Skeet doing?

CINDY
Fine...I guess.

She flips to another infomercial.

ON THE T.V.

LEATHERFACE, from "Texas Chainsaw Massacre," cuts through different human body parts with a chainsaw.

LEATHERFACE
The new bodycount buzzsaw from Black and Decker does it all. It cuts through bone, cartilage, and ligaments, and is still sharp enough to slice a tomato. And if you act now, I'll through in a salad shooter...

She changes the channel.

MR. CAMPBELL
You know...
(struggling for words)
...your mother would've been better about this but...I think it's time we had that talk.

CINDY
Da-ad...

MR. CAMPBELL
Now I know you're modest...but there's some things you should know. You see the man's got a...a...

CINDY
Cock?

MR. CAMPBELL
(taken aback)
Uh...that's right. And the woman's got a...

CINDY
Pussy!

MR. CAMPBELL
O.K...uh...yes, that's uh...correct.
So the man and woman...uh...uh...

CINDY
(blurts out)
Bump uglies until the man busts a
nut?

MR. CAMPBELL
Boy, the things they teach you in
school.

ON THE T.V.

Another infomercial plays. MICHAEL MEYERS, from
"Halloween," models his hockey mask.

MICHAEL MEYERS
So that's why I use the hockey mask
by Remco. It's light, durable, and
comes in three fashionable colors.
White, fuchsia, and hunter green...

She turns it off.

MR. CAMPBELL
Well, whatever you decide to do with
Skeet, I trust your judgement.
Gosh, you've grown up so fast. I
guess you're not daddy's little girl
anymore.

CINDY
Oh, Dad, I'll always be your little
girl.

CUT TO:

INT - CINDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cindy lies asleep in bed. Her door CREAKS open, waking
her. She rubs her eyes and squints to see who's there.

CINDY
Dad, is that you?

A SHADOWY FIGURE approaches.

CINDY
Dad...?

She turns on the lights to reveal - IT'S THE KILLER!

CINDY
(screams)
AAHHHH!

She jumps out of bed as he lunges at her with a knife. She grabs an endtable, and fends him off like a lion-tamer.

CRACK! She SNAPS a whip at him.

CINDY
Get back! Get back!

The Killer GROWLS at her as he STABS at the endtable, sending wood chips everywhere.

The sawdust clears to reveal the endtable's now carved into Rodans' "The Thinker."

She runs off into the kitchen, with the Killer in pursuit.

IN THE KITCHEN

She dumps out a drawer filled with kitchen utensils.

CINDY
Nooo...!

She picks up a knife and throws it at the Killer, who ducks.

MEOW! The knife misses, but STABS her CAT, pinning it to the wall.

CINDY
Oh no, Fluffy!

She looks through the remaining utensils - no knives. So instead she throws a spatula, turkey baster, and an egg-beater at the Killer.

They miss, but stick into the wall behind as if they were knives. She cowers as the Killer raises the knife over her.

CINDY
Don't....

Just as he's about to stab her, she TOSSES a glass of water at him - SPLASH! She throws a plugged in toaster at him, hitting his now wet clothes.

ZIP! ZAP! ZEE! Electrical JOLTS shoot through the Killer's body, causing him to convulse and gyrate.

HIP-HOP MUSIC UP. The Killer's twitching body starts break-dancing in time to the beat.

ZIP! ZAP! The JOLTS cause him to do elaborate hip-hop moves: He does the WORM, POP-LOCKS, and even WINDMILLS ON HIS HEAD.

Finally, he collapses dead. Cindy approaches the body slowly, then reaches down and takes off the mask...

THE KILLER IS...COTTON BLEND.

CINDY
(gasps)
Cotton Blend!

CUT TO:

EXT - CINDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The place is now a full crime scene - COPS, MEDIA, etc. Sheriff Duty stands with his arm around Cindy, addressing the PRESS.

SHERIFF DUTY
Thanks to the heroics of Cindy here,
the serial murderer was killed. Our
community can now rest easy - we've
got our man.

Courtney Cocks jostles for position.

COURTNEY
Didn't you say that last time?

SHERIFF DUTY
Yeah, but...this time I really mean
it.

Courtney turns to her cameraman.

COURTNEY

(into lens)

And there you have it. In an ironic twist, Cotton Blend, the man who murdered Joan Campbell, was killed by her daughter, Cindy Campbell. This is Courtney Cocks, signing off. Remember, if it's murder, kiddie-porn, or animal husbandry, I'll bring you the story first.

FADE OUT

Superimposed: OCTOBER 31, 1998 - HALLOWEEN

FADE IN

EXT - SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

The house is decorated for Halloween - jack 'o lanterns, orange and black streamers, etc.

Dozens of cars are parked haphazardly on the lawn as TEENAGERS enter the house party.

Skeet and Cindy enter.

IN THE HOUSE

A raucous party is in full swing - loud music, dancing, drinking...

ON THREE DRUNKEN DUDES

One chugs a beer, then CRUNCHES it against his forehead. The next chugs a bottle, then SMASHES it over his own head. The third finishes off a keg, then CLANGS! it into his own head, KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT.

SKEET

What a party.

CINDY

Yeah.

(a beat)

I'm feeling like I finally have closure. That everything bad's behind me. And it's amazing that all the killing ended with still 20 minutes left in the movie.

They pass one GUY, snorting a line of coke. Another GUY dumps out a line of Comet Cleanser, and snorts it.

CINDY

Skeet, I'm sorry I ever doubted you.
Throughout all of this, you've been
there for me.

SKEET

Hey, I love you.

CINDY

And I love you.
(whispers in his ear)
And tonight I'm gonna prove it.

She takes his hand and leads him upstairs. They pass a
GIRL, who's beer-bonging. Just as she drains the beer out
of the funnel, a DRUNKEN DUDE, about to vomit, UPCHUCKS
into the funnel.

PARTYGOERS

CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!

She drinks down the now chunky beer.

UPSTAIRS - IN THE BEDROOM

Skeet and Cindy lie on the bed, making out. He gets her
bra off and looks at her breasts.

SKEET

Wow, a superfluous nipple - how
sexy.

ON HER BREAST

With not one, but two nipples.

They continue to makeout. He tries to take off her
panties, but struggles.

CINDY

Here, let me...

His eyes gleam with heated anticipation as she lowers her
panties...

POOF! Her enormous BUSH OF PUBIC HAIR fills the screen.

We HEAR the primitive sounds of the CALL OF THE WILD
emanating from her untamed forest.

He whips out a machete and THWACK! He SLASHES at the bush.
He pulls back the blade to find it's dented - he needs
something stronger.

He puts on protective goggles and FIRES UP a weed wacker.

WHIRRRRRR! He trims her bush, as pubes fly everywhere.

He gets on top of her, kissing his way down below the border...

Cindy arches her back and MOANS in delight. A beat. Skeet comes back up, now wearing full scuba gear - tank, snorkel mask, fins.

He takes his mask off, and liquid pours out.

CINDY

I love you.

SKEET

I promise...I'll try not to prematurely ejaculate.

He mounts her and thrusts in.

CINDY

(surprised)

That's not it.

SKEET

Sorry.

He thrusts in again.

CINDY

Still not it.

He finally gets it right, and they make beautiful love.

CINDY

Oh, Skeet, you've unleashed the woman in me...

She climbs on top of him, and rides him hard. His smile turns to a frown as she rides him harder, and harder, really getting into it.

DOWNSTAIRS

The PARTYGOERS look up as the ceiling THUMPS, CRACKS, and CRUMBLES from the action in the bedroom.

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Skeet hangs on for dear life as Cindy sits on him, spinning around on him like a HUMAN SIT-'N-SPIN.

CINDY
Weee! Weee.....!

TIME LAPSE:

ON CINDY

Sleeping in bed. She wakes to find Skeet's gone.

CINDY
Skeet?

She gets out of bed, and puts her clothes on.

CINDY
Skeet?

She ventures down the hall.

CINDY
Skeet...where are you?

DOWNSTAIRS

Cindy descends the stairs and SCREAMS at what she sees.

CINDY
AAHHH!

EVERYONE AT THE PARTY HAS BEEN KILLED!

One is hanging by a noose, one is fried in an electric chair, another is quillotined, while another is stretched on a medieval rack.

Cindy walks terrified through the bodies. She spots SKEET - LYING DEAD IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

CINDY
Skeet!!

She looks in horror to see her DAD - also lying there dead.

CINDY
No, not Dad!

She WEEPS in terror over the bodies. Among them we FEATURE Principal Fonzy, who's also been killed.

RING! RING! The phone RINGS, startling her.

She eyes the phone with mounting dread.

CINDY
 (picks up)
 H-hello...?

SCARY VOICE
 (from phone)
 Guess who Cindy?

She collapses in a SOBBING heap, clutching the phone.

SCARY VOICE
 Tonight you're going to die.

CLICK. He hangs up. Scared, she looks wildly around, but the Killer's nowhere in sight.

Suddenly, above her we now reveal the Killer, lowering himself down silently behind her from a ceiling beam.

CRACK! The beam SNAPS and the Killer clumsily drops to the ground with a THUD!

CINDY
 AAHHH!

She dashes off down the hall, with the Killer giving chase. She runs and hides in a closet.

IN THE CLOSET

Like Jamie Lee Curtis in "Halloween," she cowers in the corner of the closet.

THWACK! SPLINTER! The Killer HACKS at the closet door, as Cindy SCREAMS.

Thinking quickly, she grabs a moo-moo and throws it over his head, blinding him.

She uses the distraction to dash past him, but before she gets away, she stops in her tracks.

CINDY
 No - that's it. I'm tired of running, I'm not going to be the victim anymore.

She turns and faces the Killer.

CINDY
 Come on, whoever you are, let's go.

They square off like two boxers. She raises her dukes - BAM! She SOCKS him in the eye, and we now see a black eye over his mask.

SLASH! The Killer SWIPES at her, cutting her arm.

CINDY
You sonofabitch!

BAM! She kicks him so hard in the ass, he actually COUGHS UP her high heel shoe.

They squat like Sumo wrestlers, GRUNTING and CHALKING up³ their hands. They BUMP bellies.

From behind, we see the Killer's cloak is cut out to reveal his sumo-thonged butt.

SLASH! He cuts her again, in the other arm.

CINDY
I'm gonna beat the shit out of you.

PUNCH! KICK! SOCK! She throws a vicious combo at him.

Behind the Killer, fecal matter SPLATTERS against the wall.

She looks around for a weapon.

ON THE WALL

An axe in a glass case, with a label reading: "IN CASE OF FIRE - BREAK GLASS"

Another case, also containing an axe, but this label reading: "IN CASE OF HOMICIDAL MANIAC - BREAK GLASS"

SMASH! She breaks the glass, and grabs the axe.

The Killer raises his knife, but she's quicker with her axe.

CINDY
This is for my mom...

THWACK! She hacks off the Killer's right arm. Undaunted by the spewing stump, he lunges again.

CINDY
This is for my dad...

THWACK! She hacks off the Killer's left arm. Now armless, he charges her.

CINDY
This is for Skeet...

THWACK! She hacks off the Killer's right leg. Now HOPPING on one leg, the Killer lunges again.

CINDY
And this is for everyone else you killed, and for world peace...

THWACK! She hacks off the Killer's last leg, leaving him just a torso and head.

Unfazed by the loss of limbs, the Killer SCOTS at her. Just as she's about to off him, he TEETERS back, and TUMBLES down the staircase.

DOWNSTAIRS

The Killer lands at the bottom of the stairs, lying unconscious. Cindy follows, and again raises the axe to finish him.

Suddenly, TWO ARMS grab her from behind - it's Sheriff Duty.

SHERIFF DUTY
Cindy, he's dead. It's over.

He takes the axe out of her hand. She's in shock.

SHERIFF DUTY
It's o.k., it's over.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT - HOUSE - NIGHT

The place is now a huge crime scene - COPS, MEDIA, etc.

Of course, Courtney Cocks is on the scene, broadcasting.

COURTNEY
(into camera)
This is Courtney Cocks, coming to you live with this breaking, shocking, exploitative, sensationalized news...

ON CINDY AND SHERIFF DUTY

He consoles her as the CORONER wheels the Killer out in a bodybag.

SHERIFF DUTY
(to Coroner)
Hold it.

The Coroner stops.

SHERIFF DUTY
(to Cindy)
Don't you want to know who the
Killer is?

A long beat. Her MOM'S VOICE echoes in her head - "Cindy,
don't take off the mask, don't take off the mask..."

CINDY
No.

SHERIFF DUTY
(to Coroner)
Get him out of here.

Cindy watches distrustfully as the Coroner wheels the body
to the Coroner's van.

Suddenly, she lunges for Sheriff Duty's revolver, and yanks
it from his holster.

CINDY
(waiving gun)
Everyone get back!

All COPS draw their guns, then train them on Cindy.

SHERIFF DUTY
Cindy, put the gun down! You don't
want to do this.

CINDY
I have to.

She grabs Courtney Cocks and puts the gun to her head,
holding her hostage.

COURTNEY
Please don't...
(to cameraman)
...keep rolling.

The Cops move in, Cindy COCKS the gun.

CINDY
Everyone get back or I'll kill her!

COURTNEY
Please, Cindy, don't hurt me...
(to cameraman)
...you getting all this?

SHERIFF DUTY
Just put the gun down.

CINDY
No.

SHERIFF DUTY
Then you leave me no choice.
(turns to Cops)
FIRE!

COURTNEY
Huh?!

BLAM! POW! BLAST! All Cops OPEN FIRE - mistakenly shooting Courtney with a hail of bullets.

SHERIFF DUTY
Hold your fire!

They stop. Courtney drops to the ground, bullet ridden and bloody. Cindy, unharmed, runs to the van where the Killer lies in a bodybag in back.

VROOM! Cindy hijacks the van, PEELING OUT down the road.

ON COURTNEY COCKS

As she lies bloody and dying. Sheriff Duty kneels by her, cradling her head tenderly.

SHERIFF DUTY
Hang in there, kid, you're going to make it...
(looks her over)
...they missed all your vital organs.

The Cameraman puts down his camera and also kneels by her, with tears in his eyes.

COURTNEY
(to cameraman)
Keep rolling, you bastard, this is gold.

She turns to Duty.

COURTNEY

Kiss me...

(she coughs up blood)

...kiss me one last time...

He leans down and kisses her blood-filled mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT - DARK AND WINDY ROAD - NIGHT

Cindy speeds down the road in the van, with the bodybag in the back. She winds along the steep cliffs passing a sign which reads: Dawson's River.

She looks in the rearview mirror, to see the bodybag SQUIRMING - The Killer's still alive!

Just then, the Killer UNZIPS the bodybag with his mouth. He lunges over the seat, trying to bite her jugular.

CINDY

NO....!

SCREECH! She SLAMS on the brakes, sending the Killer SMASHING through the windshield.

He lands in the road, 10 feet in front of the van.

CINDY

Come on, get up...get up...

The Killer rears up on his torso - Still alive!

She jams it into gear and FLOORS IT - SMACK! She RAMS him. She throws it in reverse and CRUNCH! - rolls over him.

She repeats this until he lies motionless in the road. Satisfied that he's dead, she collapses against the steering wheel, exhausted.

THUD! Cindy looks up to see that the Killer has jumped onto the grill of the van, holding onto the hood ornament with his mouth - Still alive!

CINDY

No, no...

She jams it into gear and aims it for the edge of the cliff.

CINDY
Aahhhh....!!!

She drives off the edge, and the van goes CRASHING down the side of the cliff with the Killer still on the hood.

ON THE ROCKS BELOW

KABOOM!!! The van lands in a fiery heap, EXPLODING on impact.

Cindy is thrown from the van, landing on the rocky shore.

Cindy is battered, bruised and generally fucked up. She approaches the Killer, who's pinned under the smoldering van.

The Killer lifts his head - HE'S STILL NOT DEAD!

She stares at the masked Killer.

CINDY
I have to know. I have to know who you are.

She un.masks the Killer to reveal that it's...MARTHA STEWART!

CINDY
Martha Stewart?! But why?

MARTHA STEWART
I'm trying to change my image.

In a twist, Cindy realizes this too is a mask. She pulls off the Martha Stewart mask to reveal the real killer is...JESUS CHRIST!

JESUS CHRIST
Got a smoke?

Cindy realizes this is also a mask. She pulls off the Jesus mask to reveal...

CINDY
(gasps)
Mom?!

THE TRUE KILLER IS JOAN CAMPBELL - HER MOTHER!!

CINDY
But I thought you were dead.

JOAN CAMPBELL
Only clinically. You all buried me
alive.

Cindy takes a step back, reeling with the horrible truth.

JOAN CAMPBELL
I came back to take my revenge.

CINDY
What about Tim Tingle, Cotton
Blend...?

JOAN CAMPBELL
My lovers.

CINDY
Slut!

JOAN CAMPBELL
Watch your mouth, I'm still your
mother.

CINDY
Sorry, Mom.

JOAN CAMPBELL
My revenge was almost complete. You
were the last...

Tears well in Cindy's eyes.

CINDY
Oh, Mom...

She picks up an axe and raises it over Joan's head.

CINDY
See you in hell.

THWACK! She lops off her mom's head.

FADE OUT

Superimposed: ONE YEAR LATER

FADE IN

INT - COLLEGE DORMITORY - DAY

IN THE GIRLS BATHROOM

Cindy enters, wearing a towel, and turns on the hot water in the shower stall.

Steam envelopes the room.

She walks to a mirror, and takes a hard look at herself.

CINDY
(to her reflection)
You survived. You're a survivor...

A beat.

She drops her towel, revealing a 12" PENIS dangling between her legs, like Dirk Diggler in "Boogie Nights."

As the steam parts, she sees a message written on the mirror:

I STILL KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST HALLOWEEN...

Cindy SCREAMS in horror.

FADE OUT

ROLL END CREDITS