



BLOODLIST 2009



BLOODLIST 2010



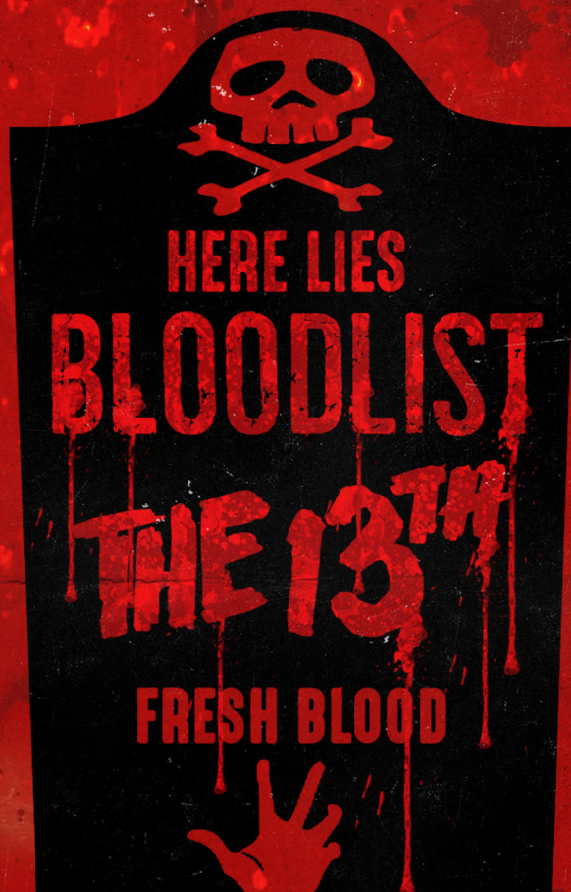
BLOODLIST 2011



BLOODLIST 2012



BLOODLIST 2013



BLOODLIST 2014



BLOODLIST 2015



BLOODLIST 2016



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BLOODLIST 2018



BLOODLIST 2019



BLOODLIST 2020

TOTALLY DEAD!

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EXT. STREETS OF SEATTLE - DUSK

CLOSE ON: Rollerblades hitting pavement with brisk speed. Smooth glides interrupted by loud CLACKS.

A THUNDERCLAP brings them to a scraping halt. Sporadic rain drops bounce off the tops, sprinkling the ground.

MARY-ANNE (22), Walkman headphones over a lion's mane of blonde hair, looks up at the sky. There's a hopeful, radiant glow to her. A disciple of Bob Ross. Captain Planet's sixth Planeteer.

She lets the rain hit her tongue... takes off again, in a hurry.

SEATTLE, 1999

EXT. RAINIER VIDEOS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A neon "OPEN" sign flickers intermittently. A few new release VHS tapes and posters are displayed in the window - *Stir of Echoes*, *Teaching Mrs. Tingle*, *The Minus Man*.

The rain picks up heavier.

INT. RAINIER VIDEOS - CONTINUOUS

An empty sales floor. Aisles and aisles of VHS tapes fill the space, but no customers. The rain pounds on the roof above, adding an ominous backdrop.

AT THE REGISTER

BARRY (early 30s), spiked hair and chain wallet, sits at the counter. He is flipping through a porno magazine, visibly bored.

DING. DING. DING.

The bell above the front door chimes, loudly.

Mary-Anne ENTERS. She rolls over to the counter, gently placing her VHS tape in front of him. A copy of *Psycho*. The 1998 remake.

He stares at it, then at Mary-Anne.

BARRY
You spent money on this?

Mary-Anne removes her headphones.

MARY-ANNE

Well, I thought after *Good Will Hunting* that Van Sant would have another winner.

BARRY

Rent *Drugstore Cowboy* instead. It has the perfect amount of Vince Vaughn.

MARY-ANNE

Which is?

BARRY

None. None at all.

Barry takes the VHS tape and clicks away at his keyboard.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You're all set, kiddo.

MARY-ANNE

I'm gonna take a quick look around, if that's cool. For old times sake. I'm off to New York in the morning.

BARRY

I'm locking up in fifteen. Anything you do before or after that is of no interest to me.

MARY-ANNE

Got it.

Mary-Anne blades away. Barry watches her, checking her out.

BARRY

Nice wheels!

IN THE HORROR SECTION - INTERCUT

A stockpile of scary movies. Christmas string-lights line the shelves, illuminating the leftover Halloween cobwebs that were never taken down. Mary-Anne scans the selection, many nights spent in this very spot.

AT THE REGISTER - INTERCUT

Barry continues flipping pages of his magazine, stopping to check in on Mary-Anne from afar.

Another loud rumble from outside.

IN THE HORROR SECTION - INTERCUT

Disturbing Behavior is pulled off the wall. She flips it over and reads the back cover when...

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

She GASPS, dropping the tape.

MARY-ANNE

Fuck.

AT THE REGISTER - INTERCUT

Barry stops mid-page flip, looks up slowly with his eyes only. The entire store is cast into darkness.

IN THE HORROR SECTION - INTERCUT

BARRY (O.S.)

You broke my shop!

Mary-Anne picks the tape up, putting it back on the shelf. She spots a copy of *The Faculty* and pulls it off. Eyes strained to read the cover.

MARY-ANNE

This hip and edgy thriller sizzles with a hot, young cast.

(shaking her head)

I would like a talk with whoever thinks Elijah Wood is hot.

AT THE REGISTER - INTERCUT

Mary-Anne rolls up to the counter...

EMPTY. Barry is GONE.

MARY-ANNE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Lightning flashes silently from the window.

MARY-ANNE (CONT'D)

If you want customers to leave, you could just play Semisonic like everyone else!

Mary-Anne leans over the counter.

She GASPS AND RECOILS. Her wheels give out and she falls backwards.

BARRY LIES SLUMPED, DEAD. BLOOD POURING SOFTLY FROM HIS NECK. Streaked across the pile of tapes behind him.

Mary-Anne stumbles to get back up and reaches for the door. Jiggles it.

It's LOCKED.

MARY-ANNE (CONT'D)
What the fuck!?

Mary-Anne gives it her all. Still locked. She takes off a rollerblade... pulls it back... ready to throw it at the glass.

A HAND grabs hold of her wrist. She GASPS, turns around.

MUSIC UP - TOADIES' "POSSUM KINGDOM"

AN EERIE MASK, SHROUDED IN SHADOW. Long blonde hair, pale white face. Ragged, tattered, green cardigan. Dark, empty eyeholes. KURT COBAIN by way of MICHAEL MYERS.

They slam a BOOMBOX on the counter with their other hand. The source of the Toadies.

Mary-Anne SCREAMS. They let go of the boombox... cutting her off with a JAB TO THE THROAT.

She WHEEZES... then THROWN.

She hits the ground HARD... tumbles... coughing painfully. Mary-Anne regains her footing and stumbles away. Her remaining clunky rollerblade hinders her stealth.

She looks back...

They're GONE. Mary-Anne hides down behind a shelving unit. Through the opening between shelves, she looks around. Nothing. She drops.

She breathes for a beat... looks around again... still nothing when...

THE KILLER APPEARS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER. She SCREAMS.

They grunt and HIT THE UNIT with all they're might. VHS TAPES TUMBLE off the shelves and bury Mary-Anne as she hits the floor.

Crying, she begins to crawl away as the Killer walks around the unit and follows her.

IN THE HORROR SECTION NOW

From under their sweater, they pull out their signature weapon...

A BOP-IT TOY WITH A BUTCHER'S KNIFE duct-taped to the end of it. They click it.

BOP-IT TOY
Twist it!

They twist it, intimidatingly.

BOP-IT TOY (CONT'D)
Twist it!

They twist it again. More violently.

BOP-IT TOY (CONT'D)
Bop it!

They CRACK Mary-Anne over the head with it.

EXT. RAINIER VIDEOS - INTERCUT

All of the windows are pitch dark. The rain hammers on, blissfully unaware. A car drives past, none the wiser.

Another, louder THUNDERCLAP as...

IN THE HORROR SECTION - INTERCUT

A bleeding Mary-Anne is pulled up by her hair. The Killer holds her close... caresses her face. Gently, with great affection. Her eyes struggle to focus through the blood and tears.

They CHOKE HER. Both hands are gripped tight. She GASPS, struggles.

A swift kick of her remaining rollerblade sends her attacker reeling. They drop... she scrambles to her feet.

MARY-ANNE
(struggling, pissed)
You are *TOTALLY DEAD*, asshole!

Mary-Anne grabs hold of a large TV SET ON WHEELS, and SENDS IT ROLLING their way.

They knock it aside violently... hitting the shelves and ERUPTING IN SPARKS.

MARY-ANNE (CONT'D)
 (shielding her face)
 Fuck!

Mary-Anne, distraught and crying, turns to flee.

The Killer grabs a VHS tape and hurls it at her. It collides heavily with the back of her head, knocking her down.

She sobs into the floor, defeated. The Killer looms over her, studying their prey. She flips over to face them.

TOADIES
 (from boombox)
'Be my angel...'

MARY-ANNE
 (gasping)
 Please...

The Killer kneels over her, clicking their Bop-It! Toy again.

MARY-ANNE (CONT'D)
 Don't...

BOP-IT TOY
 Pull it!

They pull it.

TOADIES
'Do you wanna die?!'

BOP-IT TOY
 Twist it!

They twist it.

MARY-ANNE
 Please... STOP!

BOP-IT TOY
 Bop it!

They SMACK IT VIOLENTLY.

MARY-ANNE
 (screaming)
 HELP! HELP ME!

BOP-IT TOY
 Bop it!

They smack it again. She SCREAMS.

BOP-IT TOY (CONT'D)

Pass it!

THE KNIFE PLUNGES DEEP INTO HER NECK. BLOOD ERUPTS. She jolts, gasping for air.

BOP-IT TOY (CONT'D)

Twist it!

The Killer TWISTS it, ripping flesh.

BOP-IT TOY (CONT'D)

Pull it!

They remove the blade. Mary-Anne's head slumps. DEAD.

Blood pools from under her. The Killer takes the Walkman from her hip. They eject the tape, holding it up.

It reads:

FOR MARY-ANNE

They run their finger longingly over the name, then flip it over. Another handwritten note:

LOVE ALWAYS, CHARLIE

CLOSE ON the soulless mask. The Bop-It! SCREAM echoes out as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

AN ALARM BEEPING.

A wristwatch attached to a limp arm. It bucks to the noise, as its owner awakens.

WESLEY (22), dark flannel and gelled-hair falling under a beanie. Handsome, charming. Complete clown. Serious face but can't take anything seriously.

He violently sits up straight, hitting an empty beer bottle. It rolls off a ledge and SHATTERS at the bottom.

WESLEY

Oh, shit.

REVEAL:

EXT. FREMONT TROLL - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Wesley had fallen asleep on the knuckles of the famed sculpture. Extremely hungover, he grabs his skateboard, backpack... descends to ground level... clumsily falls, biting dirt.

EXT. STREETS OF SEATTLE - CONTINUOUS

ESTABLISHING SHOTS of the Seattle landscape. From the grand SPACE NEEDLE, to the busy PIKE PLACE MARKET, to the quiet neighborhoods. Rows of uniquely designed homes, no two quite alike.

The stillwater of GREEN LAKE, WASHINGTON. Serene, calm. Disturbed only by a stray duck, relaxed, floating.

Wesley glides down an empty suburban street. Not a soul awake, except a stray cat. Empty trees, spotty from last night's rainfall. The morning dew, complimentary.

He turns... turns... turns. Weaving from street to sidewalk to street again. A quick-paced route to his destination.

He lights a cigarette, waving the matchstick dry before flicking it at a graffitied 'STOP' sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Barren cherry trees litter the grounds. Ornate, cathedral-like lesson halls surround them. A fountain streams in the middle of a courtyard.

STUDENTS meander about, either lingering or making haste to class. Small puddles splash with hurrying boots.

Wesley weaves through the crowd... finds his target, smirks... pivots tight, splashing water, in front of...

ERIN (21), straightened bangs and turtleneck, covering her books like a devout zealot. Former High School President vibe. The type to acquire recommendation letters like bottle caps.

ERIN
(annoyed)
Wesley?

WESLEY
Yes, Erin?

ERIN

You're twenty-two years old. Buy a car already.

WESLEY

And sell my two beautiful trucks?

Wesley kicks his board up... shows off the metal beams (trucks) holding the wheels in place. Erin rolls her eyes... storms off.

IN THE PARKING LOT

MUSIC UP - TYPE O NEGATIVE'S "TOO LATE: FROZEN"

A pitch black, dented piece of shit WHIPS around the corner and immediately into an open spot. Behind the wheel is...

ADAM (23), green t-shirt and ripped jeans, wants to be Peter Steele so badly. Type O is his whole personality. He puts the gear into park, jolting forward.

ADAM

Fuck yeah. I told you we'd make it.

Adam turns the volume down.

ADAM (CONT'D)

With enough time to spare for another go-around.

He places his hand on the bare thigh of...

PAMELA (22), pitch-black lace, leather, and lipstick. If *The Craft Original Soundtrack* was a person. She closes the last buttons on her shirt, and looks over at Adam.

PAMELA

Do you see these zippers? I'm not taking these clothes off again. It took me from Wedgwood to Ravenna just to get the buckles alone.

She puts a BOOT on the dash. Adam grins, running his hand up and closer to her underwear. She smiles back, quickly climbing on top of him, pulling his jacket.

Adam moves the seat back, gripping her waist. She moans playfully, closing her eyes.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Baby?

ADAM

Yeah?

PAMELA

(leaning close)

You're pushing it.

Adam pushes his crotch into hers. She raises an eyebrow in amusement, then checks the parking lot through the windows.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Bluff called. Drop the seat. Up the volume.

Adam CRANKS THE MUSIC, then pulls the handle. Pamela scream-giggles as they fall back and out of public view.

AT THE FOUNTAIN

TEDDY (22), black, expensive shades, high-top fade out, and denim jacket, sits on the stone trim. He's stylish, affluent, and confident.

He stops thumbing away at his GAMEBOY, looking up at Adam's car. The stereo can be heard across the lot.

The Gameboy screen fades out. Dead.

TEDDY

Shit.

Teddy pops the batteries out and tosses them at MACKIE (20, snapback and jorts), who recoils as they bounce off his shirt and into the water. A tiny splash.

MACKIE

Ay, man! I could've been electrocuted.

TEDDY

You're gonna need a lot more voltage than that, Mack.

MACKIE

I think we were talking about that dude in my History course.

JORDAN (21, SuperSonics jersey and bucket hat), shakes his head, flicking a potato chip at Mackie.

JORDAN

Voltaire, dumbass.

Teddy pops two new batteries in... continues playing. Jordan stares at him, slightly annoyed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Yo! Teddy!

Teddy doesn't hear him. Or ignores him. Either way, he's too invested in the game to care.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You spend more time with that
Gameboy Color than your boys of
color.

The game beeps... boops... Wesley rounds the fountain, hand extended for a fiver.

TEDDY

What's going on, bro?

Teddy connects with a friendly smack.

WESLEY

Love the new jacket. Early
Christmas gift from Uncle Phil?

TEDDY

You do know that I understand more
than just black media references,
right? I watch *Party of Five*.

Wesley SCREECHES to a halt. They stare at each other for a beat, Wesley not buying it. Teddy breaks, smiles.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I ain't watch *Party of Five*.

They both start laughing. Wesley resumes skating.

WESLEY

You're out of my Neve Campbell Fan
Club.

TEDDY

Gonna' be lonely all by yourself!

IN THE BATHROOMS

A series of empty stalls. Unsanitary red doors. A pair of Doc Martens are visible under the last one.

SOFIE (21), bright blue cardigan and butterfly clips, lights a joint in her mouth. Rebellious, liberated, and care-free. *Empire Records* would hire her on the spot.

Intermittent drags. Losing herself. Quoting *Breeders* lyrics like poetry. Becoming one with Kim Deal.

SOFIE

*It lives in folds of red and steamy
air. It lives in misery. Hellbound.*

A patterned KNOCK on the stall door. Sofie stops. She smiles, holding her neck with glee.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

Some of those that work forces?

FISHER (O.S.)

It's Fisher. Open up.

Sofie unlocks the door.

PROFESSOR FISHER (late 30s), Carrie-Anne Moss energy with a pencil bun, stands in the frame. Sofie composes herself with grace.

SOFIE

Morning, Professor.

FISHER

Smoking inside campus buildings is strictly prohibited.

SOFIE

So is masturbation but that doesn't seem to stop members of a certain fraternity.

FISHER

Hand it over.

SOFIE

Uh-uh. You first.

Fisher smirks, reaching into her jacket. She pulls out a small, banded group of bills.

FISHER

Have I earned a frequent buyer discount yet?

SOFIE

I haven't quite worked out membership cards.

FISHER

How about a 'professor who grades your papers' discount?

SOFIE
Sounds like blackmail. The Dean
might be interested in that though.

Sofie takes the cash, counting it. Fisher moves closer.

FISHER
(sensually)
How about... unethically star-
crossed lovers?

Fisher kisses Sofie, who grins and reciprocates. She places
one of the bills back in Fisher's coat.

SOFIE
Fine. But only because I've been
overcharging you, not because I'm
easily wooed by your open mic
doggerel.

Sofie gives a small baggie to Fisher.

SOFIE (CONT'D)
Gotta get to class. See you
tonight?

Sofie affectionately pecks Fisher on the lips... then leaves
the stall. Fisher half-laughs to herself, then realizes:

FISHER
Wait. Overcharging?

IN THE HALLWAY

Wesley boards through a tight corridor. Definitely against
regulations. He rounds the corner... BUMPING INTO...

SHERIFF HANK WALSH (45), glasses, salt n' pepper goatee,
cigarette cemented to his ear. He looks at Wesley... *'bearer
of bad news'* etched across his face.

Wesley collects himself... shocked as all hell to see his...

WESLEY
Dad?

CUT TO:

INT. MACREADY'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

An inviting space. A few framed movie posters, a life-size
skeleton, some folded easels, a map of the ancient world. An
all-purpose room in constant budget-cut rotation.

CLOSE ON: A pencil SCRATCHES against the wood of a desk.

Charlie (22), Devon Sawa hair and Smashing Pumpkins t-shirt, sits with his chin in his palm. A sensitive soul, as worn-down as his cracking black nail polish.

He finishes carving the Nirvana smiley face logo, blowing away the shavings. Erin watches with disdain.

ERIN

Defacing school property is beneath you, Charlie. Try not to cause trouble days before the semester is over.

CHARLIE

MacReady gets paid more to care less than you do.

PROFESSOR MACREADY (late 70s), Lance Henriksenian, glasses hanging perilously on the end of his nose. Receding hairline pulling one way, armada of wrinkles pulling the other. Gruff, twice-retired, apathetic with age. A student favorite. If History as a subject were a person.

He reads a book at his rickety desk, candle burning at the end of it.

ERIN

Just cover it with a notebook if he walks by, okay? Where the hell is everyone?

Erin turns around, scanning the room as STUDENTS file in.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Late. Always late. Do none of our friends care about their grades? A career that pays the bills? Not being homeless?

Erin nervously taps her pencil. Charlie cocks an eyebrow at her.

CHARLIE

Is there something on your mind? You look like a human pack of Pop Rocks right now.

ERIN

What? Don't be ridiculous. Just keep... grunging. Or whatever it is you were doing.

Teddy and Sofie ENTER, taking up seats behind them. Erin turns around with disgust.

ERIN (CONT'D)
You wreak of weed. Did you learn
nothing from your stint in county
lock-up last week?

SOFIE
Protesting injustice isn't a stint,
Erin. It's a duty. The World Trade
Organization can suck my--

ERIN
Duty? Or excuse to blow off finals?

Sofie rolls her eyes. Erin holds out a small fragrance bottle.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Here. Clinique yourself. The whole
campus can smell you.

SOFIE
I already used some Fruit Bar.

ERIN
Sugar on a dead snake, Sofie. This
is more respectable.

SOFIE
Fine. Thank you.

Sofie takes the bottle, misting herself as Adam and Pamela take their seats next to her.

ADAM
Smells worse than the front row of
a Phish concert in here.

PAMELA
Said Mr. Natural Oils.

ADAM
They keep your hair healthy.

PAMELA
You haven't showered in weeks.

MacReady gets up from his desk... starts writing on his chalkboard: "THE END OF HISTORY".

MACREADY

As you no doubt have seen on the news, Baby New Year means to end us all come January 1st.

A snicker from the class.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

But there is a difference between the end of the world, and the end of history. Which is today's topic I'd like to cover. Now, end times implies destruction. Death. Oblivion. Who can tell me what the end of history means?

STUDENT #1

Two credit points!

MACREADY

(sneers, then)

It means nothing. No progress. No regress, neither. Just a static state, where life goes on forever without any further advancement. Humanity is left to curate its own history, unable to create something new. That's the scary future that awaits us. Not some computing headache for Wall Street.

Wesley ENTERS. Eyes to the floor, completely out of it. All youthful vibrance wiped. He's shaken.

SOFIE

Wesley!

Sofie waves him over. Wesley, pained, glances up just as... Hank ENTERS.

ADAM

Shit. It's the Sheriff.

Sofie PANICS... slouches... covers her face.

ERIN

(at Sofie)

I told you that you wreaked of weed!

PAMELA

Is it 'bring your parent to school day' or something?

Wesley takes a seat next to Teddy.

TEDDY
Everything good, bro?

Unresponsive. His focus is on a garden spider... crawling slowly across the table. A beat, then...

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Okay, well you let me know when the lights are back on.

Teddy pats Wesley on the shoulder. Hank and MacReady are conversing, inaudibly. Hushed tones. A murmur breaks out among the students.

PAMELA
Wait, I saw this on *Twin Peaks*.
Somebody's dead. Anybody missing?

Erin turns toward two empty seats. Gasps. Glances of concern bounce around the group.

MacReady slumps back in his chair, rubbing his face with a gaze of disbelief. Hank clears his throat, stepping forward. The room falls silent.

Hank scans the class, all waiting with bated breath. He removes his hat... bites his cheek... nods his head... psyching himself up to deliver the news.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Wait. I was just making a joke.

CLOSE ON: The spider, scaling Wesley's backpack now.

HANK (O.S.)
(muffled)
This morning, we discovered the body of your classmate, Mary-Anne--

Wesley is hyper-focused on the arachnid. It's journey across the nylon wasteland. Approaching zipper river.

HANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'd like to speak to everyone individually. If you have any knowledge, any information--

Hank's voice distorting into nonsense as we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE WATCHTOWER - LATER

A Jimi Hendrix-themed pub. Hazy, dimly-lit, memorabilia decor splatters the purple walls. STUDENTS socialize in a half-cozy lounge room. Total campus dive.

MUSIC UP - JIMI HENDRIX'S "THE WIND CRIES MARY", selected on a jukebox in tribute.

The group sits in a circle around an empty-bottle-strewn table. Collectively hammered, respectively mute.

Pamela rests back upon Adam's chest, his arm around her. A red-eyed Erin leans against Charlie, who taps his fingers against his bottle to the beat. Sofie, sideways in her own one-seater. Legs out, cigarette lit.

A rack of billiards shatter, exploding in all directions. The cue ball scratches. Behind the stick, Wesley. Vibrant again, juiced up on cheap beer.

WESLEY

Fuck. Best eight out of fifteen?

Teddy shakes his head, placing his own stick back on the rack. Wesley downs the remainder of his drink.

Adam pulls out a clunky, black CELL PHONE. Off-brand Nokia. Dials a number... holds it to his ear.

PAMELA

Liam would have answered you by now
if he wanted to. Either he's
guilty, or they'll find his body
next.

ADAM

Not sure which scenario is better.

PAMELA

Probably the one where he's not a
girlfriend-killer.

No answer. Adam hangs up, putting it back in his pocket.

SOFIE

Were they officially back together?
I could never keep up with those
two.

PAMELA

Who the fuck knows.

Erin perks up, too fast, slightly tipsy.

ERIN

She broke it off again. Couple nights ago. Said Liam was... understanding.

PAMELA

Yeah, I'm sure. Understanding how best to get away with murder.

ADAM

Liam's our friend, and as far as I'm concerned, innocent until otherwise. You wouldn't automatically throw me under the bus, would you? Or Charlie?

Charlie glances over. Pamela laughs.

PAMELA

(teasingly)

If it wasn't Liam, it was most definitely Charlie. We all know he's had a crush on her since second grade.

CHARLIE

Yeah? Where were you last night, Pam?

Pamela strokes a finger along Adam's skin.

PAMELA

You really want to know the intimate details?

Charlie shakes his head, standing up from his seat.

CHARLIE

Taking a piss.

He walks off. Pamela sips her beer, snickering.

PAMELA

Touchy, touchy. We all know Charlie couldn't pass a tape worm for fear of hurting it.

Erin falls back into the cushion, the couch all to herself.

ERIN

This doesn't feel real. I've cried, but not nearly as much as I think I should have. Am I evil?

SOFIE

No, idiot. It's called shock.
You'll be completely fine for two
weeks, then find yourself
unexpectedly bawling your eyes out
during some Susanna Hoffs song on
New Year's Eve.

Wesley appears behind Erin, looming over the seat.

WESLEY

Speaking of! If you have any
requests for the party mix, let me
know. But no Chumbawamba please.
I've already added all their albums
in full.

Teddy groans.

ERIN

Our friend is dead, Wesley. I don't
think now is the time to discuss
Pérignon and superlatives.

WESLEY

Says the one crying about not
crying enough. Scoot over.

Wesley hops over the top, stealing Charlie's spot. Teddy
squats on the armrest of Sofie's sofa, whipping out his
Gameboy.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

This isn't just any old new year.
It's the Millennium.

ERIN

A flipped calendar makes little
difference. It could be December
32nd for all I care.

WESLEY

Wouldn't that be nice. The never-
ending Nineties.

A collective groan from EVERYONE now.

TEDDY

Fuck Hootie & the Blowfish, bro.
How many times do I gotta say it?

ERIN

Well, we can't get stuck in the
idea of an ideal decade either.

SOFIE

Our parents and grandparents have done that, and it has stifled all sense of progress in this country.

WESLEY

(sarcastically)

You're telling me *That 70's Show* isn't 'progress'?

Sofie side-eyes him.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

So what's everyone's resolution this year? Teddy? You first.

TEDDY

Fame and fortune. Maybe my own line of Ray Bans. Teddy Bans.

WESLEY

How much more money could you possibly need? Sofie. Go.

SOFIE

To really make a difference in the world. Less talk, more action. Maybe go help Africa or something.

WESLEY

White-savior complex. Adam.

ADAM

Finally finish customizing my Pontiac.

WESLEY

It smells like shit and you should junk it.

(to the group)

God, you guys are so boring! Come on, get real! Get truthful! How do you fit in to the twenty-first century? Where do you see yourself? Pamela.

PAMELA

Fuck resolutions. Live in the moment.

ERIN

(slurring heavily)

She's right, Wes. Life is short and irresolute.

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

You can never plan too far ahead.
Just gotta go before you can't.
Mary-Anne knew that. That's why she
was graduating early.

The room TURNS. Audible exclamations of confusion.

TEDDY

Whoa, whoa, what now?

PAMELA

Hold the phone. Why didn't she tell
the rest of us that?

Erin goes RED. *That wasn't supposed to slip out.*

ERIN

Fuck. Okay. Yesterday was her last
day. Well, in both sense of the
word, I guess. She took her exams
in advance, and was supposed to
leave for New York this weekend.

A LOUDER grumble from the group. They can't believe this.

ERIN (CONT'D)

She didn't want me to say anything
because she thought it'd be easier
if she just left without all the
emotional shit.

TEDDY

(shaking his head)
Fucked up, Mary-Anne. Real
fucked up.

ERIN (CONT'D)

She said-- '*nostalgia is an
anchor*'. I think. Or was it a
leash? I can't remember.

ADAM

So that's why she broke it off with
Liam again, huh? Maybe she met
someone online.

SOFIE

Okay, I'm with Pam. He definitely
killed her.

ERIN

No, no. I mean, maybe? I don't
know. She only told me she was
going to live with her mom. Or
Aunt? Or was it--

PAMELA

When were we supposed to find out?
Christmas cards marked, 'Sorry,
XOXO'?

ERIN

(nervously, wincing)
Um-- next week? After finals.

PAMELA

After finals.

ERIN

When I, uh-- was also going to
announce I'm graduating early...
and moving to Portland.

A ROAR of disgust. Incoherent yelling. Everyone is more upset
than ever. Erin recoils deep into the cushions.

Teddy resumes his gaming.

TEDDY

That's fucked up, Erin. Real fucked
up.

WESLEY

Okay, I'm finishing Charlie's beer.

Wesley grabs the half-finished bottle... starts to sip,
stops... looks around...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Where is Charlie, by the way?

INT. THE WATCHTOWER - BATHROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Water running... full stream into the sink. HANDS gripped
tight. One on each side, threatening to shatter the shoddy
porcelain with pressure.

A dim light above. Inadequate visibility, the stalls cast in
near-darkness. The kind of restroom where you realize you can
hold it til you reach home.

Rain taps the tiny window.

REVEAL: CHARLIE, staring at himself in the mirror. Eyes
BLOODSHOT. Rage... pain... boiling beneath the surface.

Something far more unsettling than before.

MUSIC UP: BRIAN SETZER ORCHESTRA'S "SWITCHBLADE 327"

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WALSH RESIDENCE - LATER

A World's Best Dad mug.

'*Sheriff*' is painted finely above the crossed-out ~~'Dad'~~. A gag gift from Wesley. Dark-rimmed glasses reflect a bright glow from a clunky computer.

Hank sits at his home desk... smoking... nodding along to Setzer. He dumps an envelope. Polaroids.

He picks them up, shuffling through each one.

A store sign: RAINIER VIDEOS.

HANK
(singing along)
Switchblade!

He flips again... a blood-stained aisle, tapes everywhere... again...

HANK (CONT'D)
Switchblade!

A DECAPITATED BODY. The copy of *Disturbing Behavior* jammed into the gape where the head should be...

BARRY THE CLERK... again... a closer shot of this, a post-it on the tape reads: '*A Tapehead! Get it?*'... again...

HANK (CONT'D)
Switchblade!

MARY-ANNE. Lifeless, eyes still open, drenched in her own blood. Hank takes a longer drag, mood killed, sighs... flips...

A SPRAY-PAINTED MESSAGE ON THE WALL:

Y-2-KAOS.coM

Hank pauses on this one... opens a WEB BROWSER. He looks back and forth between the photo and the screen, entering the link... clicks on it.

Pentagrams, patterned over a pitch-black backdrop. Barbed wire. An upside-down Space Needle, dripping with BLOOD. Ominous. As best as an early-internet site can be anyway.

A large message appears, reading:

ANNO TERMINUS

15:07:54 REMAINING

A COUNTDOWN. '*CLICK HERE*' blinks repeatedly.

Hank hits the red circle underneath.

IMAGES FLASH WITH LIGHTNING PACE... *DEAD BODIES... SEVERED LIMBS... KINKY TORTURE... WAR CRIMES... PAST PRESIDENTS... DAVE MATTHEWS BAND...*

Horrifying. CLOCKWORK ORANGE-esque. Hank is transfixed. We see the worst of the images through the reflection in his glasses.

WESLEY (O.S.)
Jesus Christ, Dad--

Hank JUMPS... minimizes the browser... spins around.

HANK
Wesley! You--

Wesley is slumped against the doorframe, skateboard in hand. Visibly intoxicated. Beanie and shoulders wet.

WESLEY
(disgusted)
Swing music? You're better than this. I've burned you better than this.

Wesley drunkenly drops into a second chair-on-wheels... scoots over to the CD SHELF... browses.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Where's that '*Marilyn Hanson*' mix I gave you last Christmas?

Hank lowers the volume.

HANK
Are you soaked from rain or spilled beer? You better not have been drinking and skating again.

WESLEY
(singing Nirvana)
*'I'm soaked in bleach, doused in
mud.'*
(beat, then)
Or is it the other way around?

Wesley's eyes droop, running on reserves now. Hank sighs...
walks over to him.

HANK
I'm sorry. I can hang up the badge
for a night...

Hank lightly squeezes Wesley's shoulder... looks at him
directly.

HANK (CONT'D)
You doing alright, son?

WESLEY
Hmm? Ch'yeah. Peachy. Peachy-peach.
Millions of peaches.

HANK
You know, on the drive home I was
thinking about your eighth
birthday. Deputy Witt showed up in
that cheap-ass clown gear, and you
just immediately burst into tears.
Couldn't get you down from the
treehouse for the rest of the
party. The only person you finally
listened to was little Mary-Anne.

Wesley pulls out the *'Marilyn Hanson'* CD.

WESLEY
Found it.

HANK
(off Wesley's non-
interest)
The only person you ever listened
to.

WESLEY
Yeah, no, I still have nightmares
about Deputy Witt. Worst clown
since Gacy.

HANK

Look, I can't imagine how hard this must be on you. I know after your mother--

Wesley SNAPS UP. Sobered instantly. Wrong buzzword for the buzzed.

WESLEY

Dad? Just find the piece of shit that murdered my friend. Okay?

Wesley gets up... snatches his skateboard... heads for the door.

HANK

Wesley, wait! Stop! You're always in and out, and in and up to your room. I can't remember the last time we actually really talked to each other.

WESLEY

Sorry, I'm not a narc.

HANK

And I am not the Sheriff right now. I am your father.

WESLEY

Oh, new year, new you?

HANK

Wesley!

WESLEY

Just keep the zoot suit riot down. My ears are hemorrhaging.

Wesley LEAVES.

Hank clenches his jaw... returns to his desk... hits the 'OFF' button, killing the music. Pops a new cigarette... strikes a match, lighting it. He CLICKS his mouse, reopening the web browser.

The Countdown ticks away as we...

CUT TO:

The COARSE GRINDING of board on metal.

EXT. SKATE PARK - NEXT AFTERNOON

Adam flips a board beneath his feet, landing back down a half-pipe gracefully. A decent crowd of SKATERS zoom about a rundown park. Rusty rails, graffiti-laden ramps, empty beer bottles. The Gen-X Garden of Eden.

Teddy hangs air from the same pipe, pulling off a more-impressive trick before rolling past Adam.

TEDDY

I believe that puts the Eazy-E in your 'HORSE', buddy.

ADAM

Yeah, right. I fucking smoked you.
(to his left)
Judge? Back me up?

Pamela sits on a bench, reading a FANGORIA MAGAZINE, not paying a lick of attention.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Whatever, two out of three. No
vert. All street.

Teddy laughs, kicking his board up into his hand.

TEDDY

You want to go street? With me?

ADAM

Says the kid that grew up in
Broadmoor.

TEDDY

I can have a manicured lawn and
still muddy up your pasty, Reznor-
looking ass.

ADAM

What are you gonna do? Have your
dad raise my rent?

They continue friendly-bantering in the distance. Pamela shakes her head, and looks up from her magazine.

A BROODING MAN IS WATCHING HER FROM AFAR.

JONATHAN (late 20s), sleeveless flannel and rubber rain boots, leans against a ramp.

PAMELA
Um, sweetie? Who's the taller,
darker, and more handsome staring
at me?

Adam and Teddy turn to spot Jonathan. Adam looks displeased.

ADAM
Great.

TEDDY
That's John the Fisherman.

PAMELA
Like, from the Primus song?

TEDDY
He works down at the docks. Only
job he can get these days. Laundry
list of liability.

ADAM
Heard he killed a guy.

TEDDY
He knows what you did last summer,
last winter, last Easter--

PAMELA
I'm gonna go talk to him.

Pamela puts her magazine down and walks off. Adam and Teddy
watch her, surprised but amused.

TEDDY
Let's go, Cuck-y Lasek.

ADAM
It's an open relationship.

Teddy boards away. Adam watches Pamela approach John. She
leans against the ramp next to him, as he fixes his own
board. She extends a wet cigarette.

PAMELA
You smoke?

John shifts his eyes over at it, but doesn't answer.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
Me neither. Found this on the
bench. It's really soggy.

Pamela flicks it away.

PAMELA (CONT'D)
So, I heard you killed a guy.

JOHN
Your boyfriend tell you that?

PAMELA
I get the unsubtle feeling you two
have a history. Was he your
accomplice? Please say yes.

John tightens the truck on his board. All fixed.

JOHN
How well do you even know your own
boyfriend?

Adam rolls up, parking his board next to them.

ADAM
C'mon, Pam. Let's go.

PAMELA
Are you joking? He was just about
to tell me where you dumped the
body.

JOHN
(to Adam)
Adam. Long time. Nice board, looks
expensive. Is that what a brick
gets you these days?

ADAM
Your wheels are looking a little
shoddy. Back to selling loosies on
the playground?

PAMELA
Oh, I get it now. You were co-
dealers. Did someone O.D. on your
shit or something?

JOHN
(ignoring her)
Round of Horse. Right now. Let's
go.

ADAM
Felons first.

They skate off, racing. Teddy skates up next to Pamela.

PAMELA
(disappointed)
Is this the only way men know how
to peacock anymore?

TEDDY
More civilized than a duel. Less
bloody too. Mostly.

A quick series of TRICKS. Adam, then John, repeatedly. One-upping each other. More elaborate flips and spins. Adams fails the last one, scraping his knee. Losing.

Pamela and Teddy sit on the bench, watching the two of them argue in the distance.

PAMELA
Skate-boring.

CUT TO:

INT. MAN IN THE BOX - NEXT DAY

Creased comic books, dented board game boxes, dust-coated figurines. A collectible shop that's seen a few years. POGs litter the cloth of a back room table.

RANDALL (14), parted bowl-cut and braces, eyes the stack of milk caps in front of him. Strategically, and with great power, he throws his metallic SLAMMER piece down, flipping every POG over.

RANDALL
Yes!

Wesley sits across from him, mildly annoyed. Hangover sunglasses rest on his nose.

WESLEY
You roiding, Randall? Doing a
little orange juice when your
stepmom's not looking?

Randall scrapes the mess of POGs towards himself like poker chips.

RANDALL
Bite me.

WESLEY

You weigh like thirty pounds.
There's no way you're out here
throwing slammers like that without
a little Canseco shake-o in your
diet.

Randall dumps the POGs in his backpack and leaves the table.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Your father doesn't love you, he's
just legally obligated to keep you
alive until you can drive!

Wesley slumps in his chair, defeated. He packs up his
remaining POGs. Erin appears behind him.

ERIN

They let you play games on the
clock?

WESLEY

Actually, I was on lunch.
Now I'll play games on the clock.

Wesley pops the last potato chip in his mouth, tossing the
bag.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

(mouthful)

What are you into? Scrabble?
Twister? Sock'em Boppers?

Wesley tosses one of them at her. She catches it, but puts it
back on the table.

ERIN

Ew. PTSD. My brother used to beat
the crap out of me with these.

WESLEY

Work on your form. Watch your
opponent's eyes. Reveals their next
move. Follow the sockets, not the
Sock'ems.

Wesley stands up, moving about the store, restocking items on
the shelf. Erin follows.

ERIN

I spoke with the Dean this morning.

WESLEY

For the last time, Erin. You can only have one plus after an 'A'. One! Anymore is just overkill.

ERIN

We discussed setting up a candlelight vigil for Mary-Anne tonight.

WESLEY

Oh. Right.

Wesley slumps into the chair behind the register, playing with a STREET SHARKS action figure.

Erin moves closer to him, on the opposite side of the counter.

ERIN

Five o'clock. By the fountain. I've already informed the others.

WESLEY

Yeah? Did you tell Liam?

ERIN

Still no sight nor sign.

(beat, then)

Do you really think it could have been him?

WESLEY

Who knows. But something tells me there's another topic you came here to segue into.

ERIN

Am I making the right decision, graduating early? Am I jumping into the real world too soon?

WESLEY

There it is. Well, according to Rob Thomas, it's a real hassle. But you also practiced balancing a checkbook at the bowling alley in eighth grade. On disco night. If any one of us was equipped to handle adulthood, it's undoubtedly you.

Erin smiles. A renewed glow to her.

ERIN
Thanks, Wes. I needed to hear that.

WESLEY
No sweat.
(through the Street Shark)
You're JAWSOME, kid.

ERIN
Okay.

CUT TO:

VHS FOOTAGE. SILENT. DATED: 10/14/97

Through a passenger window. Traveling down the I-5 EXPRESS, crossing LAKE UNION. The camera stays on the view for a beat... turns around.

The gang is piled into the van. Adam, behind the wheel. Laughter, smiles, merriment. The camera turns around... Charlie, holding it, waves.

It's peaceful. Nostalgic. You want in on the fun.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie sits on his carpeted floor, head resting against his mattress. Several empty bottles next to him. He smirks with glee and sorrow.

VHS FOOTAGE

The Space Needle in the distance, tall above the passing rooftops. They're getting closer.

Charlie turns to the backseat, filming Mary-Anne as she stares out at it, longingly. Next to her sits...

LIAM (23), leather jacket and sideburns. Your run-of-the-mill bad boy. Allergic to therapy, responsibility, sobriety. Counterpoint: cheekbones.

CUT.

OUTSIDE THE SPACE NEEDLE

The group walks towards the front entrance. Charlie films upward, showing off the sheer height of it.

CUT.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

They ascend. Liam holds Mary-Anne lovingly... Erin grips a railing tightly... Adam and Pamela make out... Charlie ZOOMS IN obnoxiously close on Teddy's *'Are they for real?'* face.

IN CHARLIE'S BEDROOM

CLOSE ON: The phone. It RINGS... rings... rings...

Charlie ignores it, drunkenly engrossed in his tape.

VHS FOOTAGE: ON THE OBSERVATION DECK

Seattle in all of its glory. The skyscrapers, the mountains, the bays. Everything.

Sofie's voice crackles through the answering machine:

SOFIE (O.S.)
Hey, hey, Char-lay. Just wanted to,
you know, check in. Make sure
you're, uh, doing okay. Sorta
disappeared on us last night.

The group stands at the edge, pointing out to various objects. Mary-Anne laughs... looks back at Charlie...

THE TAPE PAUSES.

Charlie fixates, motionless. Soaking the last evidence of her warmth in.

SOFIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Which, like, I totally get. Pamela
can be a real bitch sometimes. But
hey, um, if you need someone to
talk to--

INT. FISHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sofie, sheets around her nude body, holds a landline to her ear.

SOFIE
--just hit me up, okay? I'm sure
Erin has already breathlessly
explained to you that there's going
to be a vigil for Mary-Anne on
campus tonight.

Fisher rolls over, embracing Sofie from behind... kisses her bare shoulders...

SOFIE (CONT'D)
Hope to see you there.
(leaning into Fisher's
affection)
Alright, uh... peace, dude.

Sofie hangs up... twists back into Fisher's arms, locking lips.

FISHER
It's sweet that you care about your
friends so much.

SOFIE
More like family at this point. For
better or worse.

FISHER
(kisses, then)
And do you overcharge them as well?

SOFIE
They lean more into alcoholism.
Quit complaining...
(kissing Fisher's neck)
Premium has its perks.

Fisher closes her eyes, relishing the moment.

FISHER
You mentioned last night when I
picked you up that everyone had
secret plans for life after
college. But you didn't tell me
what yours were.

Sofie sighs, flopping onto her back. She stares at the ceiling.

SOFIE
I don't know. I'll probably leave
as well. We're entering a brand new
century, and the world is aching
more than ever.

FISHER
Where would you go?

SOFIE
Throw a dart. *'There are no borders
in this struggle to the death.'*

FISHER

Why not stay here? With me? America
could use another revolution,
right?

SOFIE

Yeah, we tried that down at the
Convention Center. I can still
taste the pepper-spray.

(solemn beat, then)

No... no, I don't want to live here
anymore.

Fisher sits up... strokes Sofie's hair, affectionately.

FISHER

Maybe I'll go with you then.
Somewhere warm, all year round.

SOFIE

And give up your tenure? You're
crazy.

FISHER

Crazy for you.

SOFIE

I am begging you to stop.

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - DUSK

An easel with Mary-Anne's photo is propped up. Candles placed
one by one at its base. Erin is hard at work.

The last candle in the row is placed by an ELDERLY HAND. Erin
- too caught up in her head - is spooked by this. She GASPS
and turns...

MacReady, slightly alarmed by her alarm.

ERIN

Professor! Oh my gosh. I didn't
even hear you.

MACREADY

I said 'hello' twice, but you just
grumbled about the easel not
standing straight.

ERIN

For a University that charges
twenty grand a year, you would
think a trip to the craft store
could be budgeted.

(off the candle)

You brought a candle! That means so
much. Thank you.

MACREADY

Forest pine. An end-of-semester
present from Mary-Anne. She hated
the lilac blossoms I light every
class.

ERIN

Well, I think they smell lovely.

MACREADY

You're a good student. But a lousy
liar.

MacReady smirks, walks off.

MACREADY (CONT'D)

Give your friends my condolences.

ERIN

Will you be back for the vigil?

MACREADY

I've got a Maine Coon to feed. It's
salmon night.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Wesley skates across the mostly-empty lot. A few students
arriving for the vigil. Sitting idle, very noticeably, is a
SHERIFF'S WAGON. Wesley wraps on the door.

WESLEY

License and registration.

HANK

How many more times are you going
to make that joke?

WESLEY

Retire and I'll get new material.

(beat, then)

What are you doing here? Besides
the vigil. You always have ulterior
reasons for being places.

HANK

If Mary-Anne's murder was pre-meditated, then her killer could be someone she knew from campus. Friend. Stranger. Professor. Keeping my options open.

WESLEY

Good call. Lot of freaks enrolled here. You should look into Teddy. Did you know he keeps his wisdom teeth in a little jar?

HANK

We've actually been looking into Liam. His mother says he hasn't been home in days. If you see him, or he tries to contact you at all - you let me know right away.

WESLEY

Liam hates me. If he tries to make contact, it'll be with the sharp-end of a knife.

HANK

I've got pepper spray in the glovebox if you want it.

WESLEY

I'm not that helpless, Dad.

Wesley skates away... returns...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Is it one of those cute little keychain ones?

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

A small crowd has begun to form around the vigil. Erin and Wesley light candles, handing them out one by one.

INT. MACREADY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MacReady is at his computer, reading an email. It's sender, MARY-ANNE. Her final message about leaving. He shuts it off, neatly collecting a pile of papers, placing them in his briefcase.

He grabs his coat, looking out the window -- a constellation of candles in the courtyard below -- then at his own burning lilac blossom on the sill. He blows it out, turns to leave...

THE KILLER. He thrusts his bop-it knife, striking MacReady's abdomen. MacReady GASPS with shock.

IN THE COURTYARD. Sofie wades through the crowd towards the front. She hugs Erin. Fisher finds a spot to stand in the back.

Another thrust. MacReady is slammed against the wall. He gurgles with anguish.

COURTYARD. Teddy picks up two candles, handing them to Jordan and Mackie.

MacReady is thrown over his desk, landing with a thud on the floor. Blood everywhere. Those empty eyes look down at MacReady. He weakly reaches out. The Killer pushes the heavy monitor off the desk--

COMPUTER
(as it falls)
You've got mail!

--CRUSHING MacReady's head. ELECTROCUTING HIM.

COURTYARD. Pamela, black veil, walks up - leaves a single, thorny rose by the easel. She steps back, leans against Adam for comfort.

The Killer picks up the remaining lit lilac blossom, holding it to the window curtain. It CATCHES FIRE.

COURTYARD. Charlie. Standing on the outskirts of the crowd. Watching him from afar, Hank. They lock eyes for a beat -- Charlie leaves.

SCREAMS. SHOCKED CRIES. The crowd comes alive. Hank turns his attention, sees pointed hands -- looks up.

Smoke bellows from MacReady's office. Flames flickering inside.

HANK
Shit.

Hank turns back to Charlie. Gone. There's no time. Hank books it through the crowd to Wesley.

HANK (CONT'D)
(into his walkie)
Joan, get SFD down here
immediately. We have a uncontrolled
fire on the campus.
(changing channels)
Witt. Return the courtyard. Send
Shaw in the cruiser to the East
Entrance. Nobody leaves til I say
so.
(to the group)
Whose classroom is that? Are any
staff working tonight?

Fisher slides to the front.

FISHER
That's MacReady's room.

ERIN
Oh my gosh. He must have left one
of his candles burning or
something.

HANK
Is he still up there?

ERIN
I-I don't think so. He-he-he uh, he
said he was going home to feed his
cat.

HANK
Wesley, keep everyone here and
don't move til I get back.

Hank takes off towards the building.

ERIN
He should be fine! It's salmon
night!

INT. CAMPUS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hank bursts through the building door -- eerie, empty stretch
of hallway in either direction... pulls the FIRE ALARM...
ascends several flights of stairs... the sprinkler system
finally kicks in.

He reaches the room, stopping short. Another MESSAGE. Spray-
painted atop the doorway:

THE END OF HISTORY

He ENTERS. Water spritzing from the ceiling. He rips the American flag from a chalkboard pole, covering his mouth. Smoke everywhere.

On the floor, MacReady's corpse. Hank coughs, pulling the monitor off of the body. He RECOILS in horror. MacReady's face is a burnt, pulpy mess.

Hank pulls MacReady's legs, dragging him out and down the hallway. He stops at a safe distance... covers MacReady with the flag and LEAVES.

CLOSE ON - A framed desk photo of MacReady and his Maine Coon.

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Flashes illuminate the dark courtyard, FIRE ENGINES and POLICE CRUISERS arriving in the parking lot. Hank - coughing - jogs across the lawn to...

DEPUTY WITT (early 40s), ponytail and cross-earring leftover from the '80s. Wesley watches as they converse, inaudible. Several FIREFIGHTERS storm past, towards the building. The FIRE CHIEF joins Hank and Witt.

WESLEY

I guess no MacReady is good
MacReady, right?

INT. POLICE STATION - NEXT MORNING

Vintage 70's interior, almost zero design updates in twenty years. Moody browns, yellows. A fitted suit bustles down the hallway.

COUNCILMAN WILLIAMSON (50s), sophisticated with nervous energy, gaunt cheeks, receding hair, is in a hurry.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The doors burst open. Williamson ENTERS, interrupting Hank pouring a mug of coffee.

WILLIAMSON

What in the hell kind of city are
we running here, Hank?

HANK
Morning, Councilman. Medium roast?

Williamson holds up a NEWSPAPER.

WILLIAMSON
Three bodies? A possible doomsday
cult? In MY district? During
Christmas?! This is unacceptable!

HANK
I don't know who's been feeding
gossip to the press, but I'm
handling it.

WILLIAMSON
You better be! This is a turn of
the century like no other. There is
something in the air, I swear. Two
weeks ago, we had to teargas the
largest civil unrest in Seattle's
history. Anarchism! Four days ago,
a man was caught smuggling
explosives across the Canadian
border! He booked a motel near the
Space Needle, for chrissake!
Terrorism! I need stability, Hank!

HANK
For the people? Or your reelection
campaign?

WILLIAMSON
I will not have my city turned into
some Bruce Willis flick by these Y2-
Kooks.

HANK
You run one district, Kevin.

WILLIAMSON
For now.
(beat, then)
I want this case shut, wrapped, and
placed under my personal tree with
a bright, shiny bow by the 25th.

Williamson puts the newspaper on Hank's desk.

WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)
It's *Happy*. Holidays.
(taps finger on paper)
Happy!

INT. WALSH RESIDENCE - GARAGE

Wesley opens a CHEST FREEZER - contemplates - grabs a popsicle. Unwrapping it, he turns... scans the garage... an absolute mess.

Tools, bicycles, wires, hoses. A photograph of WESLEY'S MOTHER hangs above the workbench. He approaches -- his eyes reminiscing -- his foot hitting an empty beer can. He looks down, noticing empty cans everywhere.

Hank has been drinking. An unhealthy amount. Wesley picks one up.

DING. DONG.

Someone's at the front door. Wesley tosses the can across the garage.

CUT TO:

Wesley and Erin ascending the stairway to the upper floor.

ERIN

I have to be honest, Wesley. You were making zero sense on the phone.

WESLEY

You were probably too busy thinking about how MacReady's death will affect your grade point average to listen.

ERIN

Does it still count as a credit if your professor gets gutted before final grades are in?

They enter HANK'S OFFICE. Wesley hops in the chair, turning the computer monitor on.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Are we allowed in here? This is like, totally breaking and entering.

WESLEY

I literally live here. What's he going to do? Arrest me?

Wesley enters a password on the keyboard.

ERIN

Yes! You have spent countless nights in the station's drunk tank.

WESLEY

Yeah, well, he's one to judge.

Wesley pulls up a web browser... clicks 'History'...

WESLEY (CONT'D)

He was looking at this the other night when I came home from the Watchtower. Check it out.

Y-2-KAOS.COM. He plays the gruesome video, sucking his popsicle. Erin steps back, disgusted. She smacks Wesley's shoulder.

ERIN

Ew! Wesley! What is this?!

WESLEY

Pretty freaky, right? Now check this.

He clicks a few times. A forum page. He scrolls through the discussion topics.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

A whole community of doom merchants. Detailed debates on how the world's supposed to end. And they're not talking computer bugs and financial systems. These are more in the realm of like, mass death. Theories, threats, manifestos. Real psycho shit. My favorite is this guy.

Wesley clicks on a profile.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

He thinks Jesus is coming back to like, personally execute Bill Clinton at midnight, at which point everyone in the government will reveal their true forms. *Power Ranger* putties. It's actually a pretty thorough theory if you read through it all.

ERIN

I'm sure. Why are you showing me this?

WESLEY
Because I found this.

Wesley clicks a link. A photo of MARY-ANNE pops up. Happy, beaming with life. Standing in front of a small, secluded cabin. Old, moss-covered.

ERIN
Oh my god.

WESLEY
Recognize that cabin?

ERIN
That's Liam's grandfather's old shack. Who posted this?

WESLEY
A user named 'I Am L". Which would appear to be the world's laziest anagram. I think Liam frequented this site.

ERIN
Does your Dad know?

WESLEY
I don't think he made it past the Dave Matthews murder montage.

ERIN
We should call him right now.

WESLEY
Can't. If we tell him we found this, he'll know that I know his computer password and that'll start a whole thing. I figured you and me could check out the cabin.

ERIN
And end up in that homicide highlight reel ourselves? Are you completely mad?

WESLEY
I'm going with or without you. And if you're correct, and Liam does murder me because you weren't there to protect me, then it'll be your fault. Can you live with that?

ERIN
Can you die with that?!

Wesley closes the browser... shuts off the monitor... stands up.

WESLEY
Great. You're driving.

MUSIC UP - APOLLO 440 COVER OF "DON'T FEAR THE REAPER"

CUT TO:

INT. ERIN'S CAR - LATER

Erin sits at the wheel. Disgruntled. Wesley bounces to the music. He's feeling it. The car steadily blows down the highway.

ERIN
Can you please focus on the map? I don't want to get lost.

WESLEY
It's a highway. You go straight.
Besides, I'm hyping us up.
(singing)
Baby, don't fear the Reaper! That's Liam.

Erin dials the volume down. Wesley slumps. Fun ruined.

ERIN
If we're doing this, can we at least pick up Teddy or something? One of us has to have muscles.

WESLEY
He hasn't picked up all day.
Probably busy fingering his Gameboy. Here, I'll answer for him.

Wesley pretends to dial on his clunky cellphone.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Teddy! Erin and I are headed off to the *Evil Dead* cabin to see if Liam is a bloodthirsty, psychopathic killer. Want us to pick you up?
(imitating Teddy)
Wesley! You must be out of your damn mind. How many brotha's did you count in that movie? That's right. None. So count. Me. Out!
(normal voice)
You're absolutely right, Teddy.
(MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)

The lack of representation in modern horror is a glaring problem perpetuated by a white-centric industry, which is why you need to take one for the team and get in that cabin! Be the change!

(Teddy voice)

I'm changing my number. Butler! The hors d'oeuvres!

Wesley put his phone away.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

He's not coming.

Erin deflates, tolerance exhausted.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD

The car rolls through a WASHINGTON STATE FOREST. Foreboding walls of evergreens surround them. Fog breaks way for them. The road is gnarled and in desperate need of re-pavement. They're far from civilization now.

INT. ERIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

White knuckles grip the wheel. Erin is tense.

ERIN

I don't remember it being this ominous when we all stayed here for our post-grad getaway.

WESLEY

That's cause you didn't have to piss in the woods at three in the morning cause *someone* locked the only bathroom door before passing out over the bowl for the rest of the night.

ERIN

I was going through a lot.

WESLEY

Yes, you did go through a lot. You went through the Cognac, the Armagnac, the Pinot grigio, my last Rainier, and about half a dozen Jell-O shots.

ERIN

(clicks tongue)

Shut up. My whole life, I've been under so much pressure to succeed. I got one C in Junior High and my parents treated me like it was some intellectual *Scarlet Letter*.

WESLEY

I remember that. We weren't allowed to see you for like a whole term til you brought it up to an A.

ERIN

It made me resent the very thing I was working so hard to achieve.

WESLEY

Is that why you killed MacReady? Couldn't bear to see your final, final grade?

Erin hits Wesley on the shoulder again. Composes herself.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'm listening.

ERIN

When we graduated, it was like a burden was lifted. No more tests, no more studying. No more judgment. I did it, you know? I could just enjoy my freedom for a little while before college started the cycle all over again. But my parents found out I turned down Princeton.

WESLEY

Wait, wait, wait. Princeton? They *did* accept you?! Turn here.

Erin turns the wheel, down an even rougher path.

ERIN

That morning, before we came up here, they screamed at me. Said I was just a dumb little girl throwing her life away, staying here in Seattle. Like they did.

(beat, then)

So we got to the cabin and I grabbed the first bottle I could find. Sorry you had to tinkle in the bushes or whatever.

WESLEY

It's cool. Still owe me a beer
though. Also, we're here.

Erin puts the gear in park. In the near distance, stands the CABIN. Seemingly one with the sprawling nature that envelopes it.

ERIN

Shit.

WESLEY

(turning to Erin)

Hey. From one disappointment to
another? We're the librettists of
our lives. Our parents are just...
armchair critics. Never let your
audience dictate the story you want
to tell. Most of the time, they
don't know what the hell they're
talking about. Nobody likes fan-
service. Freddy's glove at the end
of *Final Friday*? Disgraceful.

(unlocking door)

We make our own endings. Now c'mon!

ERIN

Can't we make them later?

(off Wesley's exit)

Fuck.

EXT. LIAM'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Leaves and twigs crunch beneath Erin's feet. She slowly
traverses the stretch to the cabin. Wesley is by the door --
rotted, littered with termite holes -- readying his
CAMCORDER.

ERIN

(hushed)

Are you recording?

WESLEY

If we become lamp shades, at least
they can use this footage in a
documentary down the line. I can
still win a posthumous MTV Award.

Wesley cautiously grabs the doorknob. He twists, pushes,
CREAKING OPEN. He walks in, camera raised...

CUT TO:

WESLEY'S CAMCORDER POV.

INT. OLD CABIN - CONTINUOUS

CARCASSES litter a large table. Felines, canines, squirrels. A small swarm of flies scatter about. Several mammal bodies are nailed to the walls. Split end-to-end. Stained trails of weeks-old blood leading to the floor.

WESLEY
What the fuck--

ERIN (O.S.)
Ew! Oh my god. Oh my god, Wesley.
This is so much worse than I was
expecting.

Wesley presses on into the--

KITCHEN. Foul, dirty mess. Yellow dishes piled in the sink.

WESLEY
This is either dried blood, or the
exact same ragù stain I made four
years ago. Handwashing is a pain in
the ass, but my God...

ERIN (O.S.)
Wesley! Above you.

The camcorder points up.

Etched all across the wood ceiling, over and over again, the words:

I'M NOT GONNA CRACK

WESLEY
Well, I for one believe him.

Wesley moves back through the living room, into the--

MASTER BEDROOM. A trail of POLAROIDS litter the hardwood floor. Wesley bends down for a closer look. He moves to the next one, then the next, then the next. They all have one thing in common:

MARY-ANNE.

ERIN (O.S.)
How the fuck were we friends with
Ted Bundy this whole time?

WESLEY

Who's we? Liam and I never saw eye to eye. He was always a creep. And a weirdo.

ERIN

What the hell are we doing here?
Let's just leave and call your Dad.

WESLEY

I can't just not see where these pictures lead. Just one more second.

Wesley continues. Creeping closer towards the BATHROOM DOOR. Slightly ajar. He pushes it open...

BLOOD. EVERYWHERE. A body is sprawled in the bathtub. Arm dangling out, deep, gaping wound, leading to a stained RAZOR BLADE resting on the cold tile. The other arm matches.

This is LIAM. Dead as fuck.

On the wall, above his corpse, written in his own blood reads:

FORGIVE ME

END CAMCORDER POV.

Wesley lowers the camera, staring dumbfounded at the scene. Erin appears behind him. She SQUEALS, covering her mouth in shock.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Nevermind. He cracked.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WATCHTOWER - THE NEXT DAY

Wesley sits on the second floor balcony, feet hanging over the edge, overlooking the empty stage. A beer in one hand, cigarette in the other.

On either side of him, all doing the same, is the rest of the friend group. Still noticeably absent is Charlie.

SOFIE

What a fucked up year. Does anyone even feel like celebrating Christmas anymore?
(MORE)

SOFIE (CONT'D)

I say we skip straight to New Year's and just start the fuck over.

A half-hearted murmur of agreement. Pamela and Adam clink bottles.

TEDDY

Speaking of, I have news. My parents are flying out to St. Martin tomorrow morning to spend the holidays in the sun. Which means, until January 2nd, I officially have the whole mansion to myself.

SOFIE

Throwing an absolute rager befitting of the end times? A Y2-Rave?

TEDDY

Currently in the process of booking a Color Me Badd cover band.

WESLEY

Are they called Color Me Baddd, but with three D's instead of two?

TEDDY

Nah, Color Me Radd. They do nu-metal covers of R&B slow jams.

SOFIE

I was going to come here for a bit first and can swing by your party after, before midnight, if that's okay, Teddy. The Watchtower is having a decades-themed NYE Bash. I can get a second use out of my Nancy Spungen costume.

ADAM

Wait a minute. What happened to the whole 'nostalgia stifles progress' thing?

SOFIE

I don't give a shit about the Seventies. I just want to dance and look hot.

Pamela clinks her bottle too.

PAMELA

Hold on, hold on, hold on. I still need to know what the fuck happened this past week. So Liam murdered Mary-Anne, then our Professor, then offed himself. What the fuck was that about?

WESLEY

Police searched the cabin. He had pictures of all of us. An unpublished manifesto on his hard drive. Seems like he was radicalized by some whackjob conspiracy site. My Dad's theory is... he probably thought that by killing us, he was *saving* us from the millennium, but realized what he was doing, and just couldn't wrestle with the guilt of what he had started.

PAMELA

That's so crazy. I can't believe I almost made out with him in that cabin after graduation.

ADAM

You almost what?

PAMELA

Oh, please. Like you and Mary-Anne weren't attached at the lips all night.

ADAM

It was spin the bottle.

PAMELA

Yeah, well, you spun the whole wine cooler. Lucky for you, I don't hold a grudge.

Teddy hops to his feet, ready to leave.

TEDDY

Alright, so all y'all will be there?

ERIN

You're inviting Charlie, right?

TEDDY

If that boy's still in town. I
ain't seen him since he stormed up
out of here.

ERIN

Has anyone seen Charlie lately?

Silent glances. Nobody has. Erin - concerned - locks eyes
with Wesley, who shrugs.

TEDDY

Well, I'll tell ya what. You run
into him? Let him know he's on the
V.I.P. list. I gotta meet up with
Mack and Jordan. Catch ya later.

Teddy LEAVES.

SOFIE

More like the R.I.P. list. What if
Liam killed him and we just haven't
found his body yet?

PAMELA

Or maybe he framed Liam, and he's
still out there as the real killer.

ERIN

Enough! Nobody's a suspect! What is
wrong with all of you?

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH RESIDENCE - NIGHT - CHRISTMAS EVE

Stockings on the mantle. One for Wesley. One for Hank. A
third on the end - KERRY. Wesley's Mother. Large, bulbous
string lights. Vintage Santa Claus motionette, slowly turning
back and forth.

Wesley sits on the carpet, scientifically sizing up the
moderate pile of PRESENTS under the tree. Spots the one he
wants, grabbing it.

WESLEY

This one.

Hank rests in a worn-down armchair. Cup of cocoa in hand.

HANK

You're sure? You only get one tonight. I don't want to hear any complaints til morning.

WESLEY

(scoffs)

Am I sure...

Wesley TEARS the wrapping paper. A long, shirt box.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

You're not fooling anyone, old man.

Wesley lifts the lid, pulling out a much smaller gift. *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater* for the PlayStation.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Repeat move. Minus a point in originality. But I've been dying to play this, so... *thank you*.

HANK

Nothing gets past you. Now, I believe it is my turn.

Wesley - turning on the PlayStation - hands him a small, cube package. Hank sizes it up, trying to guess its contents.

HANK (CONT'D)

A new crock-pot! You shouldn't have.

WESLEY

(inserting disc)

For my favorite crackpot.

Hank pulls the string undone, opening the lid. He pulls out a wood-colored BEADED WRIST BRACELET -- stares at it quizzically.

HANK

Jewelry! I've never really been one for high-fashion, but--

WESLEY

They're called burial beads. In South Korea, instead of dumping their loved one's ashes like fish food, they press them into decorative beads.

(off Hank's concern)

But don't worry, those aren't Mom's ashes.

(MORE)

WESLEY (CONT'D)

I took some creative liberties with the concept. They're made from sawdust.

HANK

Sawdust.

WESLEY

Before the accident, Mom was working on another one of her figurines. A pelican. She hated it. Couldn't get the beak how she wanted. So she trashed it.

Hank understands now. He gently caresses the beads, eyes welling up.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

It was still sitting in the can by her workbench when we got back from the funeral.

Hank places it on his wrist.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

So I took it. Held onto it. But it was unfinished, and it didn't feel right by her. So I sanded it down, and finished it in a new way. A way you two can be close again.

HANK

(choked up)

She would be really proud of this. I always knew you'd be as talented as her.

WESLEY

A monkey could use a power sander. I overpaid some grifter down at Pike Place to flip em into beads. Mom better haunt his ass for me.

Hank laughs. A hearty, cathartic laugh. Kerry's death is no longer an unapproachable subject with Wesley. This is healthy for them both. To at least acknowledge.

HANK

This is perfect, Wesley. Thank you.

Wesley nods. Hanks gets up, gathering the wrapping paper off the floor.

HANK (CONT'D)

Well, I'm off to bed. You enjoy your game. Don't beat it in one night.

(kissing Wesley's head)

Merry Christmas, son.

He messes Wesley's hair and walks off. Wesley grabs a controller and presses START. The game begin on the screen.

WESLEY

Yeah, you too!

(to himself)

Alright, let's tear this shit up!

His SKATER flies off a ramp, crashing through glass to grab the SECRET TAPE as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SKATE PARK

Desolate, devoid of any youth now. The granite glistens in the floodlights. The wind howls - you can almost feel just how cold and uncomfortable this haven becomes at night.

Adam and Pamela wait beneath the rafters of the large half-pipe. She pulls her hood up, shivering. Adam looks around.

ADAM

Johnny-Boy's late. Must have his watch set to maritime. Coward finally agrees to a rematch and doesn't even show.

PAMELA

As much as I love watching boys fight over me, couldn't this have been scheduled in like, I don't know, June of 2000? I can't feel my toes.

ROLLING THUNDER ABOVE. But not in the clouds. From the other side of the half-pipe. Somebody's skating.

ADAM

Speak of the devil and he shall acid drop. Come on!

Adam skates off, disappears. Pamela rolls her eyes, but follows. She rounds the corner... full-view of the half-pipe now. Nothing. No one. Adam skates down, checking around.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is he?

Adam halts in the middle of the pipe.

PAMELA
Okay, you win! Your deck is bigger than his! Can we leave now? I would like to spend the remainder of my Christmas Eve in bed.

He pivots on his board to face her.

ADAM
Winning by default only ties the count! We'd still need to settle this in sudden--

THE KILLER STANDS ATOP THE PLATFORM. VERY MUCH ALIVE. Foot on a skateboard of his own. He pulls the Bop-It Knife from his cardigan.

ADAM (CONT'D)
--death.
(chuckles, then)
What is this, *Nightmare Before Christmas*?

The Killer DROPS into the half-pipe, headed right towards Adam. He GRUNTS... SWINGS... SLICES. The blade rips across Adam's stomach. He buckles to the ground.

Pamela SCREAMS. The Killer's momentum carries him back up to the opposite platform.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(holding his wound)
What the... fuck--

PAMELA
Adam! Watch out!

ADAM
A little... late for that.

PAMELA
No! He's coming back!

The Killer places Mary-Anne's headphones on... clicks 'PLAY' on her Walkman.

MUSIC UP - ZEBRAHEAD'S "CHECK"

ADAM

Oh, fuck.

Adam scrambles to his feet, hopping on his board and kicking off. The Killer drops down the pipe, narrowly missing Adam. They grind the edge of the platform, and pursue.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Get out of here! Go!

Pamela scurries back around the pipe, under the rafters. Adam whizzes past. The Killer, close behind.

PAMELA

Oh my god. The killer is John. Can one cute boy in this town not be a basket case?

Adam rides up a funbox, ollies over the left side. The Killer copies. A perverse game of Horse. Adam checks back.

ADAM

Land this!

Adam ollies onto a stairway rail, grinding its long length down -- kickflipping to a landing. The Killer copies, but nearly misses the finish.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ha! That's an H, asshole!

INTERCUT - Back on Wesley, button-mashing Tony Hawk, landing insane combos.

WESLEY

Boneless, baby!

BACK AT THE PARK - The Killer cuts in front of Adam, taking another swing. Adam dodges it. Barely. Takes a dive into the nearby bowl.

Pamela bolts across the skate park, straight for the pay phone. She grabs it... frantically dials... no tone. The line is dead.

PAMELA

(slamming phone)

Oh come the fuck on!

Adam and the Killer dance around the pool, gliding past each other multiple times. The Killer STRIKES -- but Adam KICKS them off their board.

Pamela hurries to the stairway -- STOPS. Frozen between fight or flight. Adam and the Killer visible below.

IN THE BOWL - Adam rides up the side, but fucks up his exit. He lands directly on the lip of the bowl, cracking a rib. His board slides back down.

ADAM

FUCK!

INTERCUT - Back on Wesley, frustrated. His skater failed to land a trick.

WESLEY

Get up, dumbass! You call yourself
a Pro Skater?!

IN THE BOWL - Adam struggles to pull himself out -- but is STABBED IN THE BACK. He SCREAMS in anguish. The Killer pulls him back, tossing him to the pit of the bowl. Windless, Adam narrowly grabs his board in time -- he STRIKES the Killer with it.

The deck splinters in half. His only defense, gone. The Killer recovers -- towers over him, Bop-It brandished.

ADAM

(struggling)

Mongo-foot... you bastard.

SPLOOSH. The knife plunges deep into Adam's chest. Twisting, crunching, gurgling. It's over.

PAMELA

NO!

The Killer shoots up, spotting Pamela way above.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(covering her mouth)

Oh shit.

Pamela BOLTS. She hops the chainlink, and makes a path through the brush.

EXT. GAS WORKS PARK - CONTINUOUS

Pamela emerges from a clearing. Ahead, across the field, lies an industrial labyrinth. Shadowed by the city lights across the bay. The Space Needle glows like a lighthouse.

Branches crack and snap behind her. She won't be staying to find out. She hurries.

Pamela passes through a series of STONE ARCHWAY SCULPTURES protruding from the grass... continues towards the PICNIC PAVILION and PLAYGROUND.

High metal ceilings, large, graffitied mechanical contraptions. Decent hiding grounds. She steps behind a machine, catching her breath.

Pamela peaks around the pipe, scanning the pavilion. Nothing. She's all alone. Continues walking slowly, pressed against the metal.

She peaks around the other side now--

AND THE KILLER IS THERE.

PAMELA

Goddamnit!

She doubles back. Killer on her tail. She turns the corner... ducks under a pipe... steps over another... weaving through the maze to try and lose them.

She looks back. The Killer is not far behind. Nowhere left to hide. The only way out, is out. She books it across the field.

Pamela climbs the chainlink surrounding the Gas Works Structure... jumps over the top... and ROLLS HER ANKLE.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

The Killer takes their time walking across the field in the moonlight. Pamela has effectively trapped herself in this fenced landmark.

Adrenaline kicking in, Pamela keeps going... climbing a ladder... onto a metal walkway... limping along the structure... up a small set of stairs... down to a middle, open stretch.

LOUD, METAL CLANGING FROM BEHIND...

She looks back -- THE KILLER IS SPRINTING FULL SPEED RIGHT AT HER. Dragging their knife along the pipes. A terrifying SCREECHING... blending into Pamela's SCREAM.

SPLOOSH. The knife plunges deep into her torso. She buckles, grabbing the Killer's cardigan for support.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Don't take... any credit. I fucked myself here.

The Killer removes the knife... grabbing Pamela with both hands--

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Wait--

With their full strength, the Killer TOSSES PAMELA OVER THE RAILING. She plummets the full height of Gas Works... hitting the grass below with a THUD.

The Killer leans over to look at their work.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKATE PARK - NEXT MORNING

The blood-stained bowl. Adam's body is GONE. Two SKATERS stare at the mess from above.

SKATER #1

Whoa. Someone took a gnar spill.

EXT. SPACE NEEDLE - BETWEEN CHRISTMAS / NEW YEAR'S EVE

Preparation under way. Fireworks displays are installed by PYROTECHNIC WORKERS.

INT. TEDDY'S MANSION

Teddy stands atop a tall ladder in the foyer, hanging New Year's decorations. Jordan and Mackie, each carrying a large speaker, walk towards the living room.

Mackie's speaker bumps into the hallway doorframe.

MACKIE

Shit. My bad.

Teddy shakes his head.

INT. THE WATCHTOWER

Band equipment is being set-up on the stage. Balloons - black, gold, white - litter the ceiling. Dangling star decorations.

A golden balloon is placed on the pump... it expands with air...

INT. LIQUOR STORE

Wesley - wearing a suit and bowtie - rides the back of a cart down an aisle. Bottles jangling, stopping just short of Erin. She looks over the refrigerated selection... pulls a single tallboy Rainier out.

ERIN

We're square now.

She drops it in the cart.

WESLEY

Until about three hours into the party and I find you drinking it on the back stoop. Better get two, just to be safe.

Erin rolls her eyes, grabbing a second from the rack.

ERIN

What are you all dressed up for, anyway? I've never not seen you in a flannel.

WESLEY

Well, on the off chance the world does indeed end after midnight, then I'm going out in style.

ERIN

You're still wearing jeans. You look like you're accepting the award for Best New Artist at the CMAs.

WESLEY

I'll die comfortable and a winner.

INT. FISHER'S BEDROOM

Sofie - blonde wig, leather jacket, cheetah print top, full Nancy costume - puts the finishing lipstick touches on in front of a mirror.

Fisher - also leather, sunglasses, punk hairspray, full Sid Vicious - appears behind her.

FISHER

(quoting *Sid & Nancy*)
Where's the bloody soap?

SOFIE

Oh my god.

Sofie turns around, taken aback by Fisher's costume.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

You look so good.

Sofie - beaming - touches her hair, hardened in place. Fisher pulls a JAGUAR HUNTING KNIFE, running it gently from Sofie's neck to naval.

FISHER

Shame I can't bring this into the bar.

SOFIE

(between kisses)

Mmm... then I guess we'll just...
have to use it... when we get back.

Sofie turns back to the mirror, re-touching her lipstick.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

So what was it like in the actual
Seventies? I was like, totally a
baby.

Fisher puts the knife away, mood ruined.

FISHER

Do you have to always make it
weird?

(walking away)

I'll be in the car.

Sofie grins to herself... puts on matching sunglasses.

INT. POLICE STATION

Deputy Witt fills out paperwork at his desk. His cross earring swaying with his rough handwriting. Hank takes a seat on the table corner. Wesley's bracelet still on his wrist.

HANK

It's New Year's Eve, Witt. That can
wait til next year.

WITT

You giving me the rest of the night
off?

HANK

Not exactly. My boy's going to a party at his friend's house tonight. I have to make an appearance at the Councilman's soiree. Try to up our fiscal budget while he's drunk. Get us some new cruisers.

WITT

But... we just got new cruisers.

HANK

Yeah, but, we can't drive those in a new millennium. That's like leaving your Christmas tree up til Valentine's.

WITT

I leave mine up all year round. Less work.

HANK

Well, anyway. While I'm tied up in Seattle politicing, I'd like you to keep an eye on that party for me. There's a high chance of hijinks tonight, it being the world's end and all that bullshit.

WITT

Yeah, no problem.

HANK

Thank you.
(walking away)
Oh, and no drinking on the job.

WITT

Don't you worry about that! Have a good New Year, Sheriff.

MUSIC UP - STUCK MOJO'S "THE BEGINNING OF THE END"

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - DUSK

TEDDY'S MANSION which sits alone, surrounded by woods, no neighbors in sight. A sprawling, historic, hilltop home. A long, stone stairway leading up to it.

The party has begun. Cars parked everywhere. COLLEGE KIDS making their way - either walking up the stairway, or running up the grass.

Down the way, lights off, Witt sits in his cruiser. Watching.
Drinking a beer. A six-pack sits in his passenger.

INT. TEDDY'S MANSION

Inside is going crazy. The music is BLARING. Shoulder to
shoulder partygoing - a sea of flannels and red solo cups.
Wesley and Erin squeeze their way through the foyer, carrying
the alcohol they bought.

WESLEY

(shouting)

The one time I wear something nice!
I stand out like sore lapel!

ERIN

(also shouting)

There's so many people here! I
didn't even know Teddy was this
popular!

WESLEY

You'd be surprised how many people
respond positively to a flyer that
says 'free booze and mansion'!

Teddy grooves to the beat on the balcony above, supervising
the crowd. He's the only other person wearing a SUIT and
BOWTIE.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

There he is! TEDDY!

ERIN

(waving)

TED!

TEDDY

(tipsy, shouting)

Ayyy! It's my bestly, Wesley!

Teddy dances down the stairs, making his way over to them.
Wesley notices his more expensive suit. Dress pants too.

WESLEY

Godammit, Teddy! I look like a fool
next to you!

Teddy puts his arms around Wesley and Erin.

TEDDY

You always have!

(laughs, then)

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Y'all made it! Now the party can really start!

ERIN

This seems like a fire hazard!

TEDDY

Erin. I'm only saying this because I love you. Shut the hell up! Now listen, if ya'll hungry, there's catering in the kitchen and dining room, courtesy of my parent's routing number. And if you're thirsty, well... pick a room! You'll find what you're looking for!

ERIN

Are Adam and Pam here yet?

TEDDY

Nah, ain't heard from them! I was hoping they'd show up with you! Probably getting in one last drawers drop before the balls drop!

ERIN

Ew.

WESLEY

Is my flannel still here from the Halloween party?

TEDDY

Laundry room! Down the hall! Take it the fuck home already!

WESLEY

Alright. I'm gonna go change!

Wesley departs into the crowd. Teddy pulls Erin along by the hand.

TEDDY

Come on! Color Me Radd's starting soon!

ERIN

But I hate nu-metal.

INT. THE WATCHTOWER - SAME TIME

Just as crowded with COSTUMED PATRONS. Mostly all college-age, some older. Gangsters, hippies, disco dancers, dead celebrities -- every decade represented.

Music is BLASTING in here too. Industrial dance. Sofie finally squeezes to the front of the bar, money in hand.

SOFIE

Two Dolly Daggers! Thank you!

The Bartender nods. Sofie taps the bar to the beat, feeling the music. She looks back at Fisher, standing awkwardly in the corner.

Two mixed drinks are placed in front of Sofie. She exchanges the money for them.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

Keep the change! Happy New Year!

Sofie brings them over, handing one to Fisher.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

(british accent)

'Ere yew are, love! One dolly dagguh!

FISHER

(moody)

Thanks.

Sofie leans against the wall with her, sipping her drink.

SOFIE

What's wrong? Is the bohemian by the stage giving you Vietnam flashbacks or something?

FISHER

Very funny. But I am definitely the oldest person here. I feel like a chaperone.

SOFIE

Are you kidding? We're just posers white-washing history into cheap aesthetics. You actually lived all of this. You're the real deal. That's way cooler.

A FRAT BOY, dressed like a tattered 1930'S FARMER, dances past, downing a beer.

FISHER
Okay, I did not live through the
dust bowl.

Cymbals clang as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. TEDDY'S MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Color Me Radd - performing a nu-metal cover of "All 4 Love" - rock out on the makeshift stage outback. A massive, manicured lawn, gazebo, outdoor bar, and a shed the size of a tiny house.

The pool-jacuzzi hybrid hosts a mini-party in and of itself. Students rocking out everywhere.

INT. WITT'S CRUISER

The music is audible from down the road. Witt rolls his window back up, muffling the beat.

WITT
(sipping his beer)
Ain't no Night Ranger, that's for
sure.

EXT. TEDDY'S MANSION - BACKYARD

Teddy rocks out hard. Erin - uncomfortable - holds her cup with both hands, trying her best to like it.

TEDDY
(singing along)
*I look into the future, I see you
and me!*

Mackie slides through the crowd... taps Teddy on the shoulder.

MACKIE
Ay, Ted! Ted!

TEDDY
What's up?!

MACKIE
You know that Chinese cabinet in
the dining room?

TEDDY

China! China cabinet!

MACKIE

Yeah! That's shit's busted! You got like, a broom or something?!

TEDDY

(clicks tongue)

Are you serious?!

(sighs, to Erin)

I'll be right back. I gotta go play host slash bouncer slash butler. There's more Yakima's at the bar if you're empty.

ERIN

Do you need help?!

TEDDY

Nah, I got it! Enjoy yourself!

Mackie here'll keep you company!

Teddy hurries off, leaving Mackie and Erin awkwardly standing together.

MACKIE

(nods, then)

Hey.

Erin smiles... downs her drink.

INT. GREEN LAKE BALLROOM

Chandeliers that put Teddy's chandeliers to shame. Champagne buckets on every cloth-covered table. An intimate crowd of CITY ELITES, Gatsby-lite in attire.

Hank - still in uniform - crosses the polished floor. He sticks out here even worse than Wesley at Teddy's.

Williamson's table erupts in laughter at whatever joke he finished telling. Hank looms over his shoulder.

HANK

Y'all weren't talking about me now, were ya?

WILLIAMSON

(delighted, wasted)

Sheriff! The hero of Green Lake! I was just talking about you, actually.

The table applauds. Hank is extremely confused.

HANK

I-- what?

WILLIAMSON

Well, the joke was about the homeless population. But! Just before that, I was regaling the tale of how you put a stop to Seattle's very own doomsday cult.

HANK

That's... not really what--

WILLIAMSON

And to honor this brave man's heroics, I have decided to *double* your department's budget next fiscal year.

Another round of applause. Williamson knows exactly how to work his upper-class donors. Hank looks taken aback. That was easy.

HANK

Well, I... thank you, Councilman. We've been in hard need of new cruisers, actually.

WILLIAMSON

Consider it done! How do Mazdas sound?

Overdone-rich people laughter erupts. Hank tries to mimic, but just looks awkward. His shoulder-walkie BEEPS.

JOAN (O.S.)

(through walkie)

Sheriff Walsh. Come in, Sheriff.

HANK

If you all will excuse me for a moment.

WILLIAMSON

Of course! Duty calls!

Hank waves, turns, starts walking away.

HANK

This is Hank.

JOAN (O.S.)

Sheriff, we have a 901H down at the marina. Fisherman reported a foul stench, worse than any salmon, and went to investigate. Says he found a body on one of the boats.

HANK

Any signs of foul play?

JOAN (O.S.)

Yes. Many.

HANK

Alright. Send Shaw and then--

JOAN (O.S.)

Shaw's currently engaged in a civil dispute on Duncan Ave.

HANK

Shit. Alright. I'm about fifteen minutes from there anyway. I'll check it out.

Hank EXITS the ballroom.

INT. THE WATCHTOWER

The bar rages on. Sofie and Fisher intimately dancing in the packed crowd atop the upper balcony.

FISHER

(in Sofie's ear)

I'm starting to run low! I'm gonna step out for a smoke!

SOFIE

Okay! I need to hit the head, then I'll come join you!

They kiss. Fisher departs for the EXIT. Sofie keeps dancing.

EXT. THE WATCHTOWER - BACK ALLEY

Fisher walks behind the bar, pulling a joint from her zipper pocket. She lights it, taking a long drag. She exhales all of her anxiety. Eyes closed, she lets it settle in her lungs.

The music thumps through the walls. Fisher drags again, feeling it now. Her mood is rebounding. She turns--

THE KILLER stands in the alleyway, watching her.

FISHER

Nice costume. Picking the current decade at a decades party is kind of lazy though, don't you think?

The Killer reveals their Bop-It knife. Fisher laughs.

FISHER (CONT'D)

They don't allow knives inside. You're going to have to leave that out here.

The Killer walks towards her.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Whoa, back the fuck up kid.

THEY RUN AT HER.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Are you drunk?! I said--

SPLOOSH. The knife enters her THROAT. Fisher gargles... twitches... drops her joint...

The Killer removes the knife -- Fisher DROPS to the ground.

INT. THE WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS

Sofie finishes her drink... trashes it... exits the dance floor. She stumbles down the stairs, barely keeping her balance.

SOFIE

Shit.

Sofie opens the single-use bathroom door, locking it behind her. She recoils from the smell.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

Ew. Who was in here last, GG Allin?

She opens the window, relaxing in the fresh air seeping through. She lights a joint of her own, blowing it out... walks over to the mirror above the sink.

Sofie removes her wig, irritated by it. She fixes her real hair.

IN THE BACKGROUND...

THE KILLER sneaks through the open window... silent, spooky. Sofie is completely unaware, drunkenly focused on her hair.

She finishes, satisfied... turns back to the toilet. SCREAMS.

The Killer charges at her. She narrowly dodges their knife, which hits the door instead. She grabs the blue cake out of the urinal, HURLING it at the Killer. It bounces off.

SOFIE (CONT'D)
FUCK! Help! SOMEONE HELP ME!

Outside of the restroom, the rave bangs on. Nobody can hear her screams.

Sofie removes the large, heavy toilet paper roll from its holder... LAUNCHES IT... colliding with the Killer's head, knocking them back. She throws a PLUNGER, and breaks for the open window.

The Killer recovers. Sofie pulls halfway through... and is STABBED IN THE BACK. She gasps, then contorts in anguish... on the ground in the alley lies FISHER'S BODY.

SOFIE (CONT'D)
(airy, pained)
Fish... *Fiiish...er...*

THREE MORE QUICK STABS. The light leaves Sofie's eyes. Done for. The Killer tosses her body out of the window, landing on top of Fisher's.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

The Frat Boy Farmer wraps on the door.

FARMER
Hurry up already! Some of us have
to shit out here!

The Killer closes the window... opens the bathroom door.

FARMER (CONT'D)
Whoa. Sick David Spade.

The Killer walks forward, aggressively shouldering them aside.

EXT. MARINA

Hank walks along the docks, flashlight shining. A line of boats on either side.

A WEATHERED FISHERMAN (60s), waits by a particular boat on the end. He points ahead.

Hank steps aboard, entering BELOW DECK. Hank covers his mouth... an awful stench. Propped atop the single bed is--

JOHN. Multiple stab wounds. The dried blood suggests he was killed right where he lays. Probably sleeping when it happened.

Hank shines the light above the body. Tacked all over the wall... more POLAROIDs of the friend group... red X's painted over EVERYONE.

We blow past Hank... up the stairs... past the Fisherman to two lines of ROPE... following them over port side... BELOW THE WATER... further, further leading to--

ADAM AND PAMELA. Their corpses floating, bloated from a week in water.

INT. TEDDY'S MANSION

Erin REENTERS from the backyard, sliding the glass door shut behind her. She pushes through, across the room. Intoxicated. Disoriented. The crowd of strangers seeming stranger.

Her shoulder is bumped, spilling her drink. She turns back.

ERIN

Watch it!

Erin wipes her shirts, turning forward again... right into--

CHARLIE. She bumps off his chest, startled.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Charlie! There you are! Happy New--
no, wait...

(hitting his shoulder)

Charlie! Where the fuck have you
been?!

CHARLIE

Can we talk somewhere a little more
private? I don't like shouting!

ERIN

No! I'm mad at you! I've been
worried sick! We all have!

CHARLIE
I'm sorry! I just... I needed
space! Mary-Anne, she...

ERIN
(slurring hard)
You were in love with her! We know!
World's worst secret!

CHARLIE
I was with her the night she died!

ERIN
(taken aback)
What?

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie and Erin sit on a retro couch. Insulated from the
thumping of the party above.

CHARLIE
She was returning a video tape that
night. *Psycho*, with Vince Vaughn.
We watched it, together. In my
room.

ERIN
Wait. You two didn't-- oh. Oh my
god.

CHARLIE
But Liam called... right as we...
she felt guilty. Despite
everything, she still loved him. So
she left. Quick to return the tape
well before its due. The evidence
of her true desires. She was
supposed to meet him after, but...
never made it that far.

ERIN
Oh, Charlie. I'm so sorry. That was
an awful movie.

CHARLIE
Yeah. It was. So I self-isolated. I
finally had what I'd been dreaming
of since we were kids. And Liam
took it all away. I guess I didn't
process that in the healthiest of
ways. I'm sorry for worrying you.

WESLEY (O.S.)
(slurring)
Shot-for-shot remakes are so
pointless.

Erin and Charlie look over. Wesley leans in the doorway,
wearing a flannel now, atop his dress shirt and bowtie.
Rainier in his hand.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
I mean, have we already reached the
edge of cinema that we have to re-
serve stale, forty year old bread
to our audiences? Sick Flea cameo
though. I'll give it that.
(beat, then)
Hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Wes.

WESLEY
Where the fuck have you been?
Erin's been worried sick.

CHARLIE
Is Vince Vaughn the only part you
heard, or--

WESLEY
Where the fuck is *anyone* actually?
I've been stuck talking to
fucking... *Mackie* for an hour.
Wasn't *Sofie* supposed to be here by
now?

ERIN
She probably lost track of time at
the club.

WESLEY
How do you lose track of time on
New Year's Eve? That's like, the
one holiday predicated around a
very specific time.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna get a drink.

Charlie gets up... walks past Wesley and EXITS. Wesley swaps,
sitting on the couch next to Erin.

WESLEY

Didn't think I'd ever see him
again.

Erin takes Wesley's beer... DOWNS IT. Burps in his face.

ERIN

Sorry.

WESLEY

I-- this is why we bought two.

Wesley starts pulling the second from his pocket... Erin
turns his face towards her... KISSING HIM.

He kisses back. His face turns sour... he unlocks lips.
Shakes his head.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Fuck. I can't. I'm sorry.

Erin sighs heavily. Pissed with herself.

ERIN

No. I'm sorry. I can't believe I
just embarrassed myself a second
time in one year.

WESLEY

It's not you! It's literally me...
again.

(thinking, then)

Okay. You know how on *Dawson's
Creek*, Dawson and Joey are
childhood best friends and--

Erin gets up. She just wants to go home.

ERIN

You used that analogy last time.

She EXITS the room. Wesley sits there, opening his second
can.

WESLEY

It's not like I want to be James
Van Der Beek...

(big gulp, then)

Van Der Creek. Dawson's Beek.

INT. BASEMENT BATHROOM

Erin locks the door behind her, stumbling towards the toilet bowl. She collapses over top it, gagging--

INT. SHERIFF'S CRUISER

Hank presses hard on the pedal. Flying down the interstate. He hits his dash communication.

HANK

Witt. Witt! Answer, dammit!

INT. WITT'S CRUISER

Witt is PASSED OUT in his seat. All six beers empty, littered on his passenger seat and floor.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. emanates from somewhere.

HANK (O.S.)

(through the radio)

Witt! Witt! Fuck!

We move down, past the door, to street-level. Duct-taped to the underbelly of the cruiser is a brick of HOMEMADE EXPLOSIVES.

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

Witt! It wasn't Liam! The Killer--

THE CAR EXPLODES. An inferno that shakes the party. The eruption connects... the car behind BLOWS UP too.

EXT. TEDDY'S MANSION

The crowd erupts into panicked chaos. Shouting, shrieking, yelling.

PARTYGOER #1

Terrorists!

PARTYGOER #2

No! That was an earthquake! Mt. Rainier erupted!

MACKIE

The world is ending! Y2K IS REAL!

PARTYGOER #1

Run for your lives!

Pandemonium erupts. Students flee like roaches for the nearest escape. Some hop the fence, others file back inside.

INT. TEDDY'S MANSION

The swarm infects the concerned group indoors. A kinetic energy of irrationality, stampeding to the front door.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD

Students break for their cars, peeling out of there as fast as possible. The fire from Witt's cruiser down the way, smoke billowing high into the sky.

Teddy stands on his porch, frantically waving his arms.

TEDDY

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Relax! Hey!
Everything's gonna be Y2-okay!

The last guest rushes past. The entire party, finished and out. Teddy stands alone.

INT. HANK'S CRUISER

Hank turns, down a nearby road. A fleet of students blow past, way above speed limit. Not on Hank's radar. He floors it himself... turns again, onto Teddy's road. The inferno visible.

HANK

Shit.

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD

Hank parks abruptly... EXITS his vehicle. He jogs down... slows, approaches the fire. On the ground... a SEVERED EAR. A bloody cross-earring attached to it.

MUSIC UP - THE ICICLE WORKS "WHISPER TO A SCREAM (BIRDS FLY)"

Hank looks to the mansion, hearing the music. He draws his gun. Proceeds.

INT. TEDDY'S MANSION

Hank ENTERS the foyer. Empty. Icicle Works drums kicking up, echoing off the walls, ratcheting tension.

He slowly proceeds down the hall, stepping carefully... turning his gun towards the KITCHEN. Nothing. Proceeds. A BATHROOM on the right. Nothing still. He keeps going.

A FIGURE runs past, far behind him. Hank is unaware. He enters the ENTERTAINMENT ROOM. On the couch ahead--

JORDAN. THROAT SLASHED. Blood all over the beige couch. Hank clicks his shoulder walkie--

SPLOOSH. THE KILLER LEAPS IN, stabbing Hank with the Bop-It Knife. Hank HOWLS.

He elbows the Killer, connecting with their head... takes AIM... the knife penetrates his hand.

The gun FIRES upward, blowing a hole in the upper wall. The knife is removed... Hank drops the gun, clanging heavy on the hardwood. The Killer kicks it away.

Hank SWINGS, misses. Another slash across his bicep. Swings again, receiving a DEEP STAB in his upper shoulder blade. The Killer yanks it out of his skin, kicking him forward to the ground.

The gun lies just ahead. Hank, extremely injured now, army crawls to it. He reaches out, grabbing it--

The Killer steps above him, pulling his head back. A long, painful, drawn-out THROAT CUT. Hank spasms as his neck erupts at the seams. Gargling, til motionless. DEAD.

The Killer lets go. Hank's face hitting his own pool of blood.

BASEMENT.

Erin EXITS the bathroom, alarmed by the gunshot.

ERIN

Wesley?

Nothing. She proceeds a little further, up the creaky steps.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Teddy?... Charlie?...

Erin ascends into the vacant foyer. Front door wide open. Nobody around.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Did I miss the fucking countdown?

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Erin!

Erin turns around. On the balcony above, Charlie. His shirt and hands SOAKED IN BLOOD. Panic flushes through Erin's face. What the *fuck* is going on.

MUSIC UP - GUY'S "TEDDY JAM 2"

GUY

'Yo. Stop. Are y'all ready for the jam? I said are y'all ready for the jam? Yo G. Kick it.'

Charlie reaches out--

GUY (CONT'D)

'Jam! Oh, jam! Jammm! Teddy Jam for me!'

CHARLIE

(pained)

Run...

SPLOOSH. Charlie gasps, final blow. A swift boot sends him tumbling down the staircase.

ERIN

Charlie! Oh my god.

She runs to him, crumpled at the base.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Charlie! Charlie! Get up!

Erin looks up. Standing at the top, the KILLER. They grab the bottom of the Kurt Cobain mask... pulling it back...

TEDDY. He smiles devilishly... descends... DANCING, step by step. Grooving to his self-selected theme.

Erin backs away from Charlie, Teddy approaching the end.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Teddy... what--

TEDDY

New millennium. New me.

(stepping over Charlie)

What was your resolution again?

ERIN

Fuck.

Erin takes off, down the hall. TEDDY IN PURSUIT. She dips into the kitchen...

Standing at the opposite end...

WESLEY. Wearing two SOCK'EM BOPPERS. Erin runs to him. Teddy ENTERS, close behind. Wesley squares up.

ERIN (CONT'D)
WESLEY! IT'S TEDDY! GET HIM! HE'S
THE KILLER! HE'S THE KILL--

WHAM. The bopper COLLIDES with Erin's face, square on... knocking her back, hitting her head on the edge of the ISLAND. She collapses, bleeding. Disoriented.

Wheezing, she struggles to get back up. She looks around, dizzy, bloody, everything spinning.

WESLEY comes into focus. Right in front of her.

ERIN (CONT'D)
(airy)
Wes--

WESLEY
I told you to watch the eyes.

SPLOOSH. He plunges Fisher's JAGUAR KNIFE DEEP into Erin's stomach. Erin sits there, frozen with pain, confusion. Betrayed by her friends.

ERIN
Wh-- Wesley, why? What--

WESLEY
I'm doing you a favor. I did you
all a favor.

Wesley leans back against the counter, sitting on the floor with her... leaving the knife in her abdomen. She's too weak to take it out anyway. Teddy walks towards them, playing Bop-It.

BOP-IT TOY
Bop-it! Pull it! Pass it!

Teddy hands the knife out to Wesley, who takes it.

ERIN
It was you... this whole time,
it... Liam...

Wesley twists the Bop-It.

WESLEY

Quite the twist, huh? Well, I wanted to wait til today, but Teddy sort of jumped the gun early with Mary-Anne so I had to prematurely tie up loose ends to keep the police off our backs. Sorry, Liam.

(to Teddy)

Great timing on the playlist though, I must say. I didn't think I'd make it back in time from the Watchtower for your grand entrance.

TEDDY

I told you cutting Hootie would sync this up perfectly, bro.

WESLEY

(back to Erin)

Erin. I need you of all people to understand... this was for you. Not me.

ERIN

(regaining sense)

If you were in love with me, I literally kissed you. Like, twice.

WESLEY

Not that kind of love.

(beat, then)

It's almost midnight now. The Nineties are up. The end of history.

ERIN

Newsflash. Y2K isn't real. The world isn't *fucking* ending.

WESLEY

You're right. It's not. Even worse. It's going to continue. In an infantile state of perpetual nostalgia as the decline crawls on. Caretaking and rehashing our own memories back to us to placate us, yet terrorize us. The Nineties was the last gasp of humanity. It's done.

ERIN

What the fuck are you talking about?

(MORE)

ERIN (CONT'D)

Is this all because of that fucking
Vince Vaughn movie? Get over it!

WESLEY

You're not getting it. Teddy, you
try.

BOP-IT TOY

Pass it!

Wesley gets up, handing the knife off to Teddy. He walks out
of the kitchen as Teddy crouches in front of Erin.

TEDDY

It's about breaking new ground,
Erin. The world--

ERIN

Oh, shut up, Teddy. I don't care.
Just get to the point. Not this
moralizing bullshit about 'society'
from you two dipshits.

Teddy laughs. Puts the knife to her THROAT.

TEDDY

How many black horror villain icons
can you even name? Candyman?
Blacula? We always die first,
helpless. A cliché. We never get to
wear the fun costumes, give the
memorable monologues, be beloved
and desired forever by adoring
fans, despite cutting up a bunch of
folk. That's power. No more opening
cameos. I'm the star.

Wesley quietly steps to HANK'S CORPSE. Hard to tell whose
face looks more dead inside. Wesley crouches, putting his
hand on his father's head.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Move over Bundy! A new Teddy's in
Seattle. The girls'll be lined up
around the block. Gonna have to get
a day planner to keep track of all
my conjugal visits.

Wesley takes the burial beads... putting them on his own
wrist. Leans down, whispering.

WESLEY

We'll all be a family again soon.

He grabs the bloody GUN... turns on the TELEVISION. *Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve*. Close to countdown.

DICK CLARK

You were wise to stay at home. In one minute the ball will drop, and you will see pandemonium!

TEDDY

I'll have a movie made about me. Maybe a franchise. A TV series adaptation of the franchise. Documentaries. Countless songs written about me. A devoted online fanbase. You're right. The world ain't ending. It's just starting.
(standing up, yelling)
This is *my* millennium, baby!

BANG. BLOOD SPLATTERS the cabinets. Teddy collapses backwards, a small hole in his forehead. Erin SCREAMS, more confused than ever. Crying now.

Wesley stands across the room, gun smoking.

WESLEY

(walking over)
He didn't get it either.

He kicks Teddy's corpse. Nothing.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

He wasn't going to become a legend. He was going to rot, or fry, and be forgotten. A future of misery. *That's* what I've saved you all from. Our best days are over!

ERIN

Maybe for you! You don't get to decide that for anyone else!

WESLEY

Look at us! Shells of our youth already. Reflections of our parents. Every single mom or pop from this friend group is an alcoholic, ever notice that? Miserable creatures. That won't be us. The cycle ends now.

Erin struggles to stand up. Wesley allows it, watching her struggle. Gun dangling at his side.

ERIN

I was getting out of this hellhole!
So was Mary-Anne! And Sofie! Don't
project this on us. This isn't
about the state of Hollywood, or
saving anyone but yourself.

She puts her weight on the island, limping along, away from
Wesley. He doesn't move at all.

ERIN (CONT'D)

You just can't handle getting older
and everyone leaving you, so you
think we're all as sad as you. And
frankly, it's pathetic. I can't
believe I ever thought you were
cute. You're twenty-two years old,
Wesley.

(stops, woozy)

Grow up already.

She COLLAPSES. Motionless on the cold floor. Totally dead.
The COUNTDOWN BEGINS from the other room.

WESLEY

(quoting Silverchair)

*'I'll make it up to you in the year
2000.'*

DICK CLARK (O.S.)

Ten!... Nine!... Eight!

MUSIC UP - SILVERCHAIR'S "ANTHEM FOR THE YEAR 2000"

Wesley walks into the room. Over his father's body. Stops
dead in the middle, the screen illuminating his face.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)

*Seven!... Six!... Five!... Four!...
Three!... Two!... One...!*

HE INHALES. LIFTING THE GUN TO HIS HEAD.

BANG. BLACK.

DICK CLARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

HAPPY TWO-THOUSAND!

END CREDITS.