

"URBAN LEGEND"

by

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT.

1

A cold, windy evening in New England. Bare, looming trees line the sides of the desolate road. Suddenly, the darkness is broken by fast approaching LIGHTS. We see a speeding Land Rover round a bend.

2 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT.

2

We pull in from the rear, revealing a mess of books and clothing including a distinctive BLACK PARKA. Driving the car is a cute, curly-haired, twenty year-old, MICHELLE MANCINI. She listens attentively to a "Lovelines" style talk show on the radio.

SASHA (O.S.)

You're listening to After Dark with Sasha on WVOP, the Voice of Pendelton University. Caller, you're on the air.

JANE (O.S.)

This is, um, Jane.

SASHA

(sarcastic)

Seems to be a run on "Janes" tonight. How can I help you?

JANE

Well, I'm having sexual thoughts about my roommate.

SASHA

Is she aware of this?

JANE

No. I don't think so. But, honestly Sasha, I'm not a lesbian.

SASHA

Are you dating any guys?

JANE

No.

SASHA

Do you think about guys?

JANE

Um. Not really.

SASHA

How many Indigo Girls albums do you own?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

JANE

All of them.

SASHA

Then Jane, I think it's time you wake up and smell the coffee over at Ellen's house because you are way confused. Head immediately to the lesbian student lobby, make some new gal pals and once you've come to terms, see if roomie wouldn't be up for a little Sapphic soul searching. Thank you, next caller.

Michelle laughs, then pops a tape into the stereo. Bonnie Tyler's 80's power ballad, "Total Eclipse of the Heart" starts BLASTING. Michelle sings along, not too convincingly.

MICHELLE

Turn around/every now and then I get a little bit terrified and then I see the look in your eyes...

The sunroof is open and the moon softly illuminates Michelle. She's too entertained to notice a FLASHING LIGHT on the console...the low fuel gauge. She speeds past a large Shell station.

3 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT.

3

The car begins sputtering. She turns the radio down and notices the light and accompanying BEEPING.

MICHELLE

(panicked)

Oh no...

Through the windshield, she sees a rundown gas station in the distance.

MICHELLE (cont'd)

Please...please make it.

The car is on its last fume. It sputters into the station and dies. Michelle breathes a sigh of relief. A creepy, disheveled ATTENDANT steps out of his office and walks to the car. Michelle opens the window just a crack.

ATTENDANT

(stuttering)

R-r-ran out of g-g-g-gas?

MICHELLE (cont'd)

Yeah. Fill it up please.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

She slips her credit card through the crack. He stares at her, nods and walks away.

MICHELLE (cont'd)
(to herself)
Freak show.

4 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

4

The gas hose is in the tank filling up.

5 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT.

5

Michelle looks at her watch impatiently.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
M-m-m-miss?

She turns to look. He's calling out from his office door.

MICHELLE
What?

ATTENDANT
C-c-can you p-p-please come here for a m-
m-m-minute?

MICHELLE
What is it?

ATTENDANT
Um. Credit c-c-c-card company. They're
on t-t-the phone.

MICHELLE
Is there a problem?

ATTENDANT
They s-s-say they w-w-want to speak to
you.

MICHELLE
Hold on.

She grabs mace spray and sticks it in her coat pocket.

6 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT.

6

It's dark and dingy, the only light a dim, flickering fluorescent bulb. Michelle steps inside and the attendant immediately closes the door behind her, locking it with a key.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELLE
So where's the phone?

ATTENDANT
(nervously)
M-m-m-iss...T-t-t-here-

MICHELLE'S POV

On the desk sits the phone...unplugged from the wall. She slowly begins to walk backwards towards the door.

ATTENDANT (cont'd)
S-s-s-ome-

He goes to grab her shoulders.

MICHELLE
Don't touch me!

ATTENDANT
No...no! There's s-s-s-

She reaches the door...it's locked. He grabs her shoulders firmly and turns her to face him.

ATTENDANT (cont'd)
S-s-s-omeone --

CLOSE ON HER COAT POCKET

She grabs the mace and fidgets around trying to remove the protective lock.

ATTENDANT (cont'd)
is-is-is --

She unlocks the mace, shoves it in front of his eyes and sprays.

ATTENDANT (cont'd)
AAAAHHHH!

The attendant keels over.

MICHELLE tries in vain to unlock the door. She turns around and sees...

THE ATTENDANT writhing in pain on the floor.

ON THE DESK she spots the unplugged phone and grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

She SMASHES the door window until there's an opening big enough for her to fit through. Her gloves and coat protect her from the glass.

7 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

7

She's halfway out.

8 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT.

8

The attendant gets up. Her legs are dangling inside. He grabs them. She SCREAMS and starts kicking, hitting him in the groin.

ATTENDANT (cont'd)
(holding himself)
OHHH!

9 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

9

Michelle falls out and runs to her car. She's fumbling around with her keys when...

THE ATTENDANT opens the office door. He's approaching. She can't find the right key. He's almost there. Finally, she gets the key and leaps inside.

10 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT.

10

She starts the engine and looks around. He's nowhere in sight, when --

11 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

11

HE JUMPS in front of the car, shining menacingly in the headlights.

ATTENDANT
There's S-s-some-!

12 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT.

12

Michelle hits the accelerator SMASHING into the attendant. He's clinging onto the hood.

13 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

13

The gas hose flies out of the tank spilling gasoline all over the ground. Michelle makes a sharp turn into the road and the attendant falls off.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

He gets up and hobbles to the road trying to chase after the car. It's useless. He yells out and, finally, his words come out without a stutter.

ATTENDANT
THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE BACKSEAT!

14 INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT.

14

She's already too far to hear his warning. As she sobs hysterically, she doesn't notice...

BEHIND HER

the black parka we'd seen earlier begin to move slightly.

CLOSE ON STEREO

She presses "Play" on the tape player. "Total Eclipse of the Heart" again. She sings along, trying to make herself feel better.

MICHELLE
Turn around, bright eyes/every now and
then I fall apart/Turn around, bright...

BEHIND HER

The FIGURE in the black parka rises. His face obscured by a furry hood. He raises an ax and begins to inch towards Michelle.

CLOSE ON REARVIEW MIRROR

Hanging from it is a blue and gold TASSEL with "96" pinned to it. Michelle looks in the mirror. It's completely black. She adjusts it and catches the reflection of the fur-trimmed parka hood. She turns around.

HE'S RIGHT BEHIND HER

Her eyes widen. The SONG is reaching its crescendo. "Turn around...every now and then I fall apart!"

MICHELLE
NOOOOOOOOOO!

CLOSE ON THE AX

The killer swings. With a squishy THUD, her head is sliced and flies straight out the sunroof.

15 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

15

The head rolls over the top of the car, mouth agape, eyes widened in terror, and rolls RIGHT TOWARDS US until its mouth fills the entire screen.

SLAM CUT TO:

A MOUTH, yawning.

16 EXT. PENDELTON CAMPUS - NIGHT.

16

Pull back to reveal NATALIE SIMON, a dark-haired, good looking twenty year-old staring straight ahead.

Natalie's a serious type-A personality who'd probably feel more comfortable in a Donna Karan power suit than the green goose down jacket she's currently donning. She knows exactly what she wants out of life and has no time to waste...her Day Runner is her bible.

NATALIE

I won't encourage this.

HER POV

A Gothic, stone building. Its windows boarded with wood and its front door locked with a heavy chain. The molding above the front door clearly reads, "Stanley Hall."

Next to her stands her friend BRENDA. She's tall and athletic and blonde. Her carefree demeanor the antithesis to Natalie.

BRENDA

Cut me a little slack. I just transferred here this year. Now do I say Bloody Mary five or six times before I hear the spirits?

NATALIE

Brenda, give it up. You're not exactly the midget lady from "Poltergeist."

BRENDA

Are you scared Natalie?

Natalie laughs.

NATALIE

(sarcastic)

Right.

(CONTINUED)

Brenda grabs Natalie by the arm and pulls her towards the dorm.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Here we go.

Brenda stops in front of a window and peers in through a crack.

BRENDA
Bloody Mary --

Natalie rolls her eyes.

BRENDA (cont'd)
Bloody Mary. Bloody Mary. Bloody Mary.

Brenda looks at Natalie. Takes a deep breath, and...

NATALIE
(okay, I'm over this)
Bloody Mary.

Suddenly, we hear what sound like far-off, tortured SCREAMS. Brenda and Natalie look at one another. They're nervous. The SCREAMS are getting louder and louder.

NATALIE
Come on.

They start to back away when...

A FIGURE appears behind them holding a light under his face. They turn around and SCREAM.

DAMON
BUAAAAAA!

He LAUGHS hysterically. It's Damon, goateed frat brother and campus practical joker.

DAMON (cont'd)
You called?

NATALIE
She was trying to summon the dead Damon, not frat boys with badly grown facial hair.

Damon instinctively touches his goatee.

(CONTINUED)

DAMON

What do you mean? It took me a month to get this.

Natalie smirks. He smiles at her flirtatiously.

DAMON (cont'd)

Anyway...it'll still tickle you in all the right spots.

NATALIE

Keep dreaming man-boy.

BRENDA

(angry)

So is this what you do with your free time? Hang out in the rain by yourself waiting to scare people like a total freak?

DAMON

Nah. Only when I see some idiot standing in front of the dorm trying to summon the dead.

He points to the frat house behind them.

DAMON (cont'd)

I can see you through my window. Night girls. See ya in class tomorrow?

BRENDA

Unfortunately.

NATALIE

See ya.

He walks away. Natalie puts her arm around Brenda.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Don't tell me, tomorrow we're breaking out the Ouija board and getting fashion tips from Versace.

Brenda shrugs her shoulders.

BRENDA

Not a bad idea.

They look at each other and laugh.

17 INT. PENDELTON COLLEGE RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT.

17

Small and cramped with posters of obscure college rock bands hanging on the walls. A window looks onto the engineering room where the ENGINEER sits, slouching over the controls.

We see a heavily made up, perfectly accessorized college girl standing with a wireless mike headset. This is SASHA, whose voice we heard earlier. She commands the airwaves like a hip and sexy Dr. Ruth and becomes very animated as she speaks.

BIJOU (O.S.)
(overmodulated)
HELLO?

Sasha turns around, snaps her finger at the engineer and motions with her hand for him to lower the levels. He quickly obliges.

SASHA
Yes I'm here.

BIJOU
(nervously)
Um. Well...it's kinda, um, embarrassing.

SASHA
Spit it out Bijou.

BIJOU
That's the problem. I didn't.

SASHA
Oh. Getting a little extra protein in your diet, huh?

BIJOU
(breaking up)
My stomach's been killing me ever since. Sasha, I think I can feel them swimming around in there. Do I need to get my stomach pumped?

SASHA
Bijou, I think the only thing you need pumped is the air out of your head. Swallowing is a major safe sex no-no. Now, sounds to me like there's nothing wrong with your stomach that a shot of Pepto wouldn't cure. Don't stress and next time make sure to climb off that volcano before it erupts. Next caller.

18 INT. JAVA JOINT - NIGHT.

18

The campus coffee shop. Over the radio, Sasha's radio show is PLAYING. Natalie and Brenda sit in couches next to a CRACKLING fireplace along with two guys, PARKER and PAUL. Notepads and textbooks fill the table in front of them.

Natalie turns to PARKER, older than the others and wearing a Sigma Epsilon sweatshirt. Parker has been at Pendelton for seven years and has no intention on graduating just yet. Why bother dealing with real responsibility when you're the best known party guy on campus?

NATALIE

Parker, how exactly does Sasha come up with this stuff?

PARKER

She devours every issue of Cosmo. Calls it her bible.

BRENDA (cont'd)

(anxious)

So, finish the story.

PARKER

Anyway, he was a professor on campus. Maybe twenty-five, thirty years ago.

BRENDA

What did he teach?

PARKER

I don't know...biology or something.

PAUL, the sexy and soft-spoken journalist, sits next to Brenda. He's quiet and listens intently. The kind of guy who seems to be able to read you with one glance.

PAUL

It was actually abnormal psychology from what I understand.

PARKER

Not the point of the story, but fine, abnormal psych it is. Anyway, he flipped out one night. Went completely berserk. Grabbed his hunting knife and headed into Stanley Hall. Banged on every door. And every student that answered, he took that knife and slit their throats. Ear to ear.

(CONTINUED)

He demonstrates it with a butter knife.

PARKER (cont'd)
Did away with an entire floor before
stabbing himself straight through the
heart.

Again, he demonstrates with the butter knife.

PARKER (cont'd)
UGGH...thus the annual Sigma Epsilon
bash.

BRENDA
You have a frat party to commemorate a
massacre?

NATALIE
(sarcastic)
Any excuse to get plastered.

PARKER
(grinning broadly)
You betcha.

PAUL
So Parker when this happened, you were,
what, a sophomore here?

The group laughs.

PARKER
You can laugh but like I've said before,
I really see no point in graduating
before thirty.

PAUL
What do you think Natalie? You buy it?

NATALIE
A massacre? Of course not. It's a
bullshit story you hear on every campus
in the Northeast. Show me the proof.

PARKER
Well, that's the thing. Pendelton knew
enrollment would suffer permanently, so,
in cahoots with the national news media
and various, other, powerful
organizations...they've done their best
to eliminate any information relating to
it.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
Yeah, I'm so sure.

Suddenly there's loud BEEPING. Paul checks his pager.

PAUL
Just a sec.

He stands up and brushes against Brenda. She eyes him longingly. Brenda turns to Natalie as he walks away.

BRENDA
Did you see how he brushed against my leg?

NATALIE
How?

BRENDA
Slowly. Like a seduction.

NATALIE
I say he's into it.

BRENDA
I don't know. He's good-looking, smart, straight. Not the type that usually goes for me.

NATALIE
Brenda, stop being so down on yourself. The leg brush...it's a sign.

BRENDA
Should I ask him out?

NATALIE
Let him come to you.

PARKER
Yo! Don't mind including me in some of your chick banter.

Paul walks back.

PAUL
Something's come up. I gotta get to the newsroom.

NATALIE
Another e-coli crisis in the cafeteria?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

PAUL

I wish. That one almost got me the
student Pulitzer.

He winks at her, smiles and exits.

BRENDA

Bye!

NATALIE

Okay guys, I've got a scary story too.
The group of lazy college kids who
flunked out and ended up making blizzards
at Dairy Queen.

She opens up her book. Parker and Brenda GROAN in unison.

19 EXT. RESIDENCE HALL - NIGHT.

19

Natalie is fumbling with her keys. Suddenly, the door swings
open taking Natalie aback. Holding the door is a wrinkled,
gray-haired JANITOR with a friendly demeanor.

JANITOR

There you go.

20 INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT.

20

Natalie walks in.

NATALIE

Thanks so much.

JANITOR

(smiling)

Oh no problem at all. Just finishing
cleaning up.

We catch a glimpse of the tiny computer room he's cleaning.

NATALIE

Well good night.

He smiles at her and goes back into the room.

21 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

21

It's dark inside. The door CREAKS open...Natalie entering.
She feels around the wall for the light switch. She hits it
as she shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

TOSH (O.S.)
(angry)
SHUT OFF THE FUCKING LIGHT!

She turns to find TOSH, her gothic, manic-depressive roommate in bed with a guy.

We see the room. Natalie's half is neat and clean. The walls of Tosh's half are painted black and Marilyn Manson posters hang from the wall. It's a sty.

NATALIE
Sorry.

She turns off the light.

22 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

22

Natalie lies in bed, looking away as Tosh and the guy MOAN in ecstasy. She grabs her pillow and covers her ears.

CUT TO:

23 INT. LECTURE HALL - MORNING.

23

A large, auditorium style room. On the chalkboard it reads "Intro to American Folklore." The class is restless...no sign of the instructor. In the middle of the classroom sit Natalie and Brenda. Behind them, Parker and Damon. Parker's eating a bagel and a brown PAPER BAG sits on his desk. Damon is staring at the overhead clock. It reads, "9:09."

DAMON
I'm telling you, it's ten minutes.

PARKER
Bud, I've been here six years. If the professor has tenure, which Wexler does, you wait twenty minutes. If not, ten's the max.

DAMON
(looking at clock)
5-4-3-2-1...outta here.

He stands up. Just as he does, the door swings open. PROFESSOR WEXLER, middle-aged and wearing an obvious toupee, walks in. He sees Damon.

PROF. WEXLER
Going somewhere Damon?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

DAMON

Me? No. Just stretching.

He stretches his arms exaggeratedly and sits back down.

PROF. WEXLER

Good. Lights please.

The eager TEACHER'S ASSISTANT hits the lights and turns on the slide machine.

PROF. WEXLER (cont'd)

Last week we discussed folklore as a gauge for the values and concerns of the society that created them. Today we get more specific.

The slide machine CLICKS to a spooky drawing of a darkened living room. In the background, a man in shadow is walking down a staircase while a frightened and oblivious teenage girl sits on a couch, phone up to her ear.

PROF. WEXLER (cont'd)

A baby-sitter receives menacing phone calls and upon tracing them, realizes they're originating from the upstairs room. The room where she's left the children under her care to sleep. Who's heard this before?

Most of the class raises their hands.

BRENDA

That really happened to a girl in my old town.

PROF. WEXLER

(sarcastic)

Yes, I'm sure it did. I'm sure most of you think this happened to girls in all of your hometowns. But it didn't. The baby-sitter and the man upstairs is an urban legend, contemporary folklore passed on as a true story. There are variations of this tale dating back to the 60's. All of them containing the same cultural admonition: young women, mind your children or harm will come your way.

Damon leans over and whispers in Natalie's ear.

(CONTINUED)

DAMON

What's the chance that a better head rug
will come his way?

Natalie LAUGHS. Wexler turns around and sees her.

PROF. WEXLER

Something funny you'd like to share with
us Natalie?

NATALIE

No Mr. Wexler.

He stares at her hard.

PROF. WEXLER

Well then, why don't you come down here
and volunteer for my experiment.

NATALIE

Experiment?

PROF. WEXLER

Don't worry. You'll probably survive.

Natalie takes a deep breath and stands up. She looks back to
find Damon and Parker trying to conceal their laughter.

FRONT OF THE CLASS

Wexler hands Natalie a packet of Pop Rocks.

PROF. WEXLER

Had these before?

NATALIE

Pop Rocks? Sure. They crackle in your
mouth.

PROF. WEXLER

Eat some.

She pours the candy into her mouth. It's POPPING.

PROF. WEXLER (cont'd)

Thirsty?

Wexler holds out a can of Coke. Natalie instinctively spits
out.

WEXLER

Is there something you might have heard
about mixing pop rocks and coke?

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Well, supposedly your stomach,
intestines, everything...bursts.

WEXLER

Really? Anyone you know died this way?

NATALIE

Mikey. From the Life cereal commercial.
You know, "Give it to Mikey. He'll eat
anything."

The slide machine CLICKS. A still of Mikey from the
commercial appears.

WEXLER

You mean him.

NATALIE

Yeah.

Another CLICK. A picture of a smiling, middle-aged man
appears on screen.

WEXLER (cont'd)

What if I told you this is Mikey today.
Alive and well and working as an ad
executive in New York. Would you eat it
then?

Natalie looks around the class. All eyes on her.

NATALIE

I think I'll pass.

Wexler looks disappointed. Suddenly Damon stands up.

DAMON

I'll do it!

Damon walks down and grabs the Pop Rocks. He swallows it
down with a swig of Coke. He's fine.

WEXLER

Again, nothing more than an urban legend.

Suddenly, Damon falls to the floor. The class GASPS. He's
spasming uncontrollably as pop rocks drool down the side of
his mouth.

Parker jumps up from his seat.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

PARKER
HE'S GONNA EXPLODE!

Brenda SCREAMS and runs out of the room. BOOM! It sounds like something's burst. The entire class stands and stares at Damon who suddenly jumps up and laughs hysterically. He pulls out the paper bag he was hiding under his coat.

The class bursts into LAUGHTER. Wexler shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

PROF. WEXLER (cont'd)
All right children, shall we move on?

24 EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY.

24

Natalie and Brenda step out from the classroom building.

NATALIE
You actually thought Damon was going to explode.

BRENDA
Well I didn't want to take the chance of getting intestinal splatter on my outfit.

They turn a corner and stop dead in their tracks.

THEIR POV

A couple of police cars are parked in front of the student union. Over by the newsstand, a crowd has gathered.

BRENDA (cont'd)
What's going on?

Natalie shrugs her shoulders. As they walk towards the crowd, a passing GIRL drops a copy of the Pendelton Daily newspaper. Natalie picks it up. On the front page is a huge, New York Post style headline that reads, "IS THERE A LUNATIC ON CAMPUS?" There's a big picture of Michelle Mancini in the middle.

NATALIE stares at the paper, shocked.

BRENDA (cont'd)
(freaking out)
You've gotta be kidding me! I knew I should've gone to NYU.

PAUL (O.S.)
(proud)
Can you believe the trouble I'm causing?

(CONTINUED)

They turn around and find Paul behind them.

BRENDA

Hi Paul...

He smiles at her for a second before something catches his eye over her shoulder.

HIS POV

The patrician, middle-aged college dean, ROGER ADAMS, is standing on the steps of the student union, clutching a copy of the newspaper. Next to him is a young, black woman in a security uniform. This is REESE, campus head of security. She has a determined, intense look in her eyes.

The Dean turns to a couple of young INTERNS and whispers to them. They immediately walk down and through the crowd and begin confiscating the papers from the newstand.

PAUL

Hey!

He runs over to the interns.

PAUL (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing?

They ignore him. He looks at the Dean and runs over to him.

PAUL (cont'd)

You can't just seize every copy here!

The Dean stares at him harshly.

DEAN ADAMS

You're the one that wrote this misconstrued, sensationalistic piece of rubbish, didn't you?

PAUL

Sure did.

DEAN ADAMS

Let me tell you something young man, as far as I'm concerned, the only lunatic on this campus is you.

PAUL

I'm...flattered.

He takes out his tape recorder.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (cont'd)
May I quote you on that?

The Dean rolls his eyes and walks away. Reese steps up to the recorder.

REESE
I have a comment. U.S. News & World Report named Pendelton the safest university in the country. I call it the safest university in the Western Hemisphere and I intend to keep it that way with or without your help.

She turns around and follows the Dean.

PAUL
Thank you Reese.

He turns to Natalie and Brenda.

PAUL (cont'd)
Well I guess I'm on the administration hit list again.

NATALIE
(to Brenda)
Let's get out of here.

Paul turns to Natalie and Brenda and holds up his recorder.

PAUL
Wait! how about some interviews?
Students reacts to tragedy on campus.

BRENDA
(forcing it; into recorder)
Today, I am deeply saddened and moved by the sudden death --

NATALIE
Come on.

Natalie grabs Brenda and drags her away.

BRENDA
See ya.
(she turns to Natalie)
Tell me you noticed him licking his lips when he looked at me.

NATALIE
Major lickage.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

BRENDA

Yes.

Brenda jerks her arms back victoriously.

25 INT. JAVA JOINT - DAY.

25

We pull back from the television where a NEWSMAN is discussing the murder.

NEWSMAN

...The police are still searching for the proprietor of the gas station.

Brenda, Natalie, Damon, Parker and Sasha are sitting around. Parker has his arm around Sasha. Natalie is staring off into space.

SASHA

(moved)

Someone told me her radio was tuned to my show when it happened. My voice was probably the last thing she heard. Can you imagine?

PARKER

Yeah, one minute you've finally figured out where your g-spot is, the next your head is too far away to see it.

He starts laughing.

SASHA

Hysterical, dumb ass.

BRENDA

What if there is a lunatic on campus?

DAMON

Fine with me, I'm hitting the slopes this weekend.

PARKER

I heard the girl's body kept driving by itself even though it had no head.

DAMON

(sarcastic)

Yeah, and it pulled into a Taco Bell drive-through for dinner.

The group laughs.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

BRENDA
Anyone here know her?

Everyone shakes their heads, "no." Natalie isn't even listening. Brenda snaps her fingers in front of her face.

BRENDA (cont'd)
Hello...space cadet.

NATALIE
No, I didn't know her.

DAMON
Hey, I heard the dead girl gave good head. Get it?

He grabs his head and pulls it back and forth.

DAMON (cont'd)
SHE GAVE GOOD HEAD!

Everyone laughs except for Natalie.

26 EXT. NATALIE'S DORM - DUSK.

26

A faint orange glow lingers on the residence hall as the sun disappears. Students are heading back to their rooms.

27 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

27

Natalie walks in. Heavy industrial music is BLASTING. Tosh, decked out in black, is sitting at her desk, typing on the computer and chain-smoking.

NATALIE
Hey Tosh. Sorry about last night.

Tosh looks at her nastily.

TOSH
Yeah well, don't let it happen again.

Natalie puts down her things. She notices a spilled bottle of pills on the floor. She kneels and picks it up. It's a bottle of "Prozac."

NATALIE
I think these are yours.

Natalie tosses it to Tosh who swallows one of the pills. Natalie picks up the phone. We hear the staticky HISS of the computer modem. Tosh is online.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
Excuse me? Tosh?

TOSH
(annoyed)
What?

NATALIE
I need to check my voice-mail. Do you
mind getting off-line for a minute?

TOSH
(angry)
Okay, but this is my phone line too...

She turns off the computer. We hear the familiar America Online "Goodbye." She storms out of the place. Natalie holds back her anger and shuts off the grating music. She dials the voice mail and puts the phone on speaker.

BRENDA (O.S.)
Hey it's Brenda. Cardio funk hip-hop
aerobics tonight? Call me.

Natalie looks at herself in the mirror. Hanging off the side of it is a blue and gold tassel like Michelle Mancini had in the car. Natalie looks away. She takes her coat off and goes to the closet to hang it. The answering machine BEEPS.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Natalie...I heard. Everyone's talking
about it around town. What is going on
up there? You better be carrying the
Shrieker with you at all times. ALL
TIMES.

Natalie smiles to herself. She stops and kneels, picking a packet up from the bottom of the closet. On it is a very 80's looking picture of a heavily made up girl being attacked, and holding up "The Shrieker" screaming device. She takes the device out of the box and sticks it in her pocket.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Better yet, maybe you should pack a bag
and come home for the weekend. Call me.

The machine BEEPS. As she's about to close the closet door, she looks up at the top shelf and sees her old high school yearbook. She stares at it for a moment, then takes it out. She walks over to her desk, sits, and opens it up.

CLOSE ON YEARBOOK

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

A picture of the cheerleading squad. We see Michelle Mancini and Natalie standing right next to each other.

She turns the page. Candid shots. One of them is Natalie and Michelle, eating ice cream, their boyfriends behind them.

CLOSE ON Natalie's face. She's in tears. There's a knock on the door. Damon.

DAMON

Hey! I was just in the neighborhood.
Thought I'd pop by and see if you want to
go hang out at the house. Parker's gonna
pierce Hootie's nose.

NATALIE

Hootie's a dog.

DAMON

No reason he can't be hip.

NATALIE

That's okay Damon.

He notices the tears in her eyes.

DAMON

What's going on? You all right?

NATALIE

Yeah, I'm fine.

DAMON

You sure? Listen, we don't have to go
hang out with a bunch of drunk frat
guys...we can go somewhere and just talk.

NATALIE

(not sure)

Um...

He grabs her shoulder.

DAMON

I'm a great listener you know.

Natalie looks at him. Maybe he's not such a slimeball after all.

28 INT. DAMON'S CAR - NIGHT.

28

Damon jumps in. He offers her a beer.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

DAMON

Want a little something to warm you up?

NATALIE

Sure.

He hands her a beer and tries to start the car...it doesn't.

DAMON

Slight process.

He moves the steering wheel around, pumps the gas and the engine ROARS.

DAMON

There we go.

He drives off.

29 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT.

29

A small lake in the wooded area separating the campus from the town. On the other side, we can see school buildings. A full moon shines ominously, illuminating the water. We see a sports car parked under a tree near the edge of the lake.

30 INT. DAMON'S CAR - NIGHT.

30

A few beer bottles are strewn on the floor.

DAMON

So you and Michelle were like best friends?

Natalie nods.

DAMON (cont'd)

So why haven't you spoken to each other in two years?

Natalie stares at him.

NATALIE

I'd kinda prefer not to talk about it anymore.

DAMON

You don't wanna open up. Completely understandable. But I gotta tell ya...I know exactly what you're going through.

NATALIE

You do?

(CONTINUED)

DAMON
(sounding meaningful)
Sure. I lost someone close to me once.
My girlfriend. She...died.

He covers his face with his hands. Natalie puts her arm around him.

NATALIE
I'm so sorry.

DAMON
It's okay. She was sick for awhile...had a (reaching)...syndrome. I was afraid to get close to anybody again after that. And then, one day, it hit me. Why am I being so selfish? I have so much love inside of me to give.

NATALIE
(figuring out his game)
You do?

DAMON (cont'd)
MmmHmmm. And Natalie...you're in need of loving.

NATALIE
I am?

DAMON
Yup. You're lonely. Repressed. Aching to break loose. Kinda things only a man can fix.

NATALIE
And I suppose you're this man?

DAMON
You know it.

Damon stares at her then tries to kiss her. She pushes him off.

NATALIE (cont'd)
What the hell are you doing?

DAMON
Don't be afraid to love Natalie. You don't have to be afraid anymore.

He tries to kiss her again, a little more forcefully. She swings and punches him in the face.

(CONTINUED)

DAMON (cont'd)

Ouch!

NATALIE

Drive me home Damon.

DAMON

Fuck, I'm just tryin' to help you out.
You don't have to act like such a
freakin' bitch.

NATALIE

You asshole. Just start the car.

DAMON

You sure you don't want to think about
this? I'm all about healing Natalie.

NATALIE

One black eye or two Damon, you decide.
Start the car.

DAMON

(pissed)

Hold on. I gotta take a leak.

He steps outside.

NATALIE

(to herself)

Pig.

She doesn't look well. She opens up the vanity mirror.

CLOSE ON MIRROR

She stares at herself for a second. As she goes to close the
mirror, we catch a quick, unclear reflection of something
outside. Natalie doesn't notice. She's waiting, looking
impatient. Finally, she opens her door and steps out.

31 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT.

31

NATALIE

Damon, hurry up and let's go.

She walks backwards looking around. As she reaches the back
of the car, she turns to look forward and comes face to face
with...

THE KILLER. His hood is tight around his face making it
impossible to make out who it is. Natalie GASPS. She starts
backing away, fumbling in her pocket. She pulls out the

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

"Shrieker." It SHRIEKS for barely a second before it's just hissing air. She throws it at him and runs into the car.

32 INT. DAMON'S CAR - NIGHT.

32

She locks the doors. Turns around. The back window is open. As she reaches back to shut it, a GLOVED HAND grabs her hand from outside and starts reaching inside, trying to unlock the door.

Natalie grabs the keys from the ignition and stabs his hand. The killer falls back and Natalie is able to shut the window.

NATALIE (cont'd)

DAMON!!!

She HONKS the horn, then: BOOM! From above. She stops honking. BOOM! She looks up. The roof of the car is denting...someone's walking on it. She tries starting the car. It won't.

BOOM! A dent right above her head. Natalie reclines the seat back. She's shaking. She stares up at the roof. It's silent. Then, we begin to hear a low, steady sound. It's getting louder and louder. SCRATCHING. Natalie is dumbfounded. It's furious now. Like he's trying to scratch his way inside the car. She jumps up and again tries the car. As we hear the engine choking, we PAN UP.

33 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT.

33

We see bare feet furiously scratching the roof. Then as we go up further we realize it's Damon. He's hung by a rope. He keeps himself from being choked by holding onto his neck. He can barely get his words out...

DAMON

(breathlessly)

Don't start the car! Don't start the car!

34 INT. DAMON'S CAR - NIGHT.

34

Natalie is still feverishly attempting to get the car started. The SCRATCHING even more furious than before. Natalie stops to catch her breath. She looks out the window. Presses her face against the glass, attempting to see what is happening on the roof, when suddenly...

THE KILLER'S HEAD pops down from over the car, right in front of her.

NATALIE

AAAAAAHHHHH!

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Natalie jumps back into her seat, adrenaline rushing, and suddenly remembers the trick to starting the car. She moves the steering wheel, pumps the gas, tries the ignition...THE ENGINE ROARS.

35 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT.

35

Damon's face is aghast.

DAMON

NOOO!

The car zooms away. We hear Damon's neck CRACK as his eyes go blank and he's pulled up towards the tree. We now see that the end of the rope is tied to the back of his car.

36 INT. DAMON'S CAR - NIGHT.

36

Natalie SCREAMS as the KILLER lands on the front hood of the car. He's holding on to the windshield wipers. She jerks the car to throw him off. Suddenly, the car won't move any further.

37 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT.

37

We see the tensed up rope not allowing the car to go forward.

38 INT. DAMON'S CAR - NIGHT.

38

Natalie is shaking as The killer lurches up towards the windshield.

ON THE DASHBOARD

We see the RPM's going into the red as Natalie hits the accelerator as far as it can go.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The killer's moved up to the windshield. He starts kicking it in with his boots. The glass is CRACKING.

Natalie looks down at the gear shift, slams it into reverse. She stares straight at the killer.

NATALIE

Fuck you.

She hits the accelerator. The killer goes flying off the car.

39 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT. 39

The rope behind the car is slacking.

ANGLE ON TREE BRANCH

Damon's body quickly starts to fall.

40 INT. DAMON'S CAR - NIGHT. 40

Natalie, out of breath, is looking back and doesn't notice

DAMON'S BODY

through the windshield, falling straight towards her.

SMASH!

Damon's body CRASHES through the windshield landing right on top of Natalie.

NATALIE (cont'd)

NOOOOOO!

The car stops moving. Glass covers the front. Natalie tries pushing Damon off, but he's heavy. She manages to get out from under him and open the door.

41 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT. 41

She falls out of the car and looks around. No sign of the killer. She gets up and runs away.

42 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT. 42

On the wall hangs a large "Foxy Brown" poster with Pam Grier. We hear a couple arguing O.S. We track to a desk where Reese is watching "Coffy," another Pam Grier classic. Reese knows every line and delivers it with as much vigor as Pam.

REESE

This is the end of your rotten life you motherfuckin' dope pusher!

A shotgun BLAST followed by typical blaxploitation MUSIC. Reese holds up her small, standard issue gun and pretends to shoot.

REESE (cont'd)

It was easy for him because he really didn't believe it was coming, but it ain't gonna be easy for you, 'cause you better believe that it's coming.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Suddenly there's loud BANGING on the door. Reese rolls her eyes at the interruption...her favorite scene. She opens the door. Natalie is standing in front of her, distraught and shaking.

REESE (cont'd)
Girl what is wrong with you?

NATALIE
(hysterical)
They killed him! Somebody killed him!

Reese stares at her.

43 INT. SECURITY CAR - NIGHT.

43

Reese is driving in the woods as Natalie sits, shaking. Reese caresses her shoulder.

REESE
Honey, everything's gonna be all right now. You hear me?

NATALIE
Turn here.

44 EXT. CAMPUS ROAD - NIGHT.

44

Reese turns off the main road into a dirt path.

45 INT. SECURITY CAR - NIGHT.

45

Natalie turns to Reese.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Up ahead.

She closes her eyes. Reese stops the car.

REESE
Here?

Natalie looks up.

HER POV

THERE'S NOTHING THERE. She steps out.

46 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT.

46

She walks around. It's the same spot. Reese climbs out.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

NATALIE
(stammering)
I-I don't get it...

REESE
If you don't mind me asking...WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU ON?

NATALIE
Nothing! We were parked right here.

Reese kneels down and picks up an empty beer bottle.

REESE
Right here, huh?

NATALIE
Reese, I'm not crazy. I know what I saw.
It's probably the same person who killed
Michelle Mancini!

REESE
That's impossible. The police arrested
the gas station attendant this evening.

Natalie is speechless.

47 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY.

47

Brenda, Paul, Sasha and Parker are sitting around Natalie who
hasn't slept all night and looks it. Parker's trying to hold
back his laughter.

SASHA
Shut up.

PARKER
Sorry. It's just that, you've been had
Natalie.

NATALIE
(pissed)
He was dead when he crashed through the
windshield Parker, this is no joke.

PARKER
Trust me, he's my frat brother and the
best practical joker on campus. He once
convinced a freshman he was the middle
Hanson brother just so he could get laid.

PAUL
So where is he?

(CONTINUED)

Parker pulls out a paper with a phone number and the heading "Blair Mountain Ski Resort."

PARKER

Weekend ski trip with his buddies from back home.

NATALIE

Then where's his car?

PARKER

He drove.

A realization comes over Parker.

PARKER (cont'd)

Scratching on the roof of the car...don't you get it? It's just like the urban legend.

BRENDA

What urban legend?

PARKER

Wexler talks about it every semester. Guy and girl. Parked in the woods making out. Guy steps out. Girl hears spooky scratching noises on the roof...it's her dead boyfriend, hung from the tree.

NATALIE

And he was murdered. Remember?

Brenda is breathing heavily now.

BRENDA

I'm starting to feel an anxiety attack coming on.

PAUL

Calm down.

He puts his hand on her knee. She looks at the hand then winks at Natalie.

SASHA

Wait a second. That totally happened to my sister's ex-boyfriend's cousin. Except he was hung from his feet and scratching with his nails.

(CONTINUED)

PARKER

It's a variation babe. There's dozens of them. Thus the windshield stunt.

(to Natalie)

Tell me, what was this killer wearing?

NATALIE

A black parka.

PARKER

With a furry hood?

Natalie nods. Parker laughs.

PARKER (cont'd)

His Nanook of the North spook outfit. Look, Damon's in the class. He knew the myth. He must've planned the whole thing out. Conniving bastard.

Something hits Natalie.

NATALIE

Wait a second. There's an urban legend about a lunatic with an ax hiding in a woman's backseat.

SASHA

Hello, my mom still checks the backseat before getting into a car.

NATALIE

That's how Michelle Mancini died.

Everyone stops and stares at her.

NATALIE (cont'd)

It's almost like someone out there is taking these folk tales, our urban legends...and making them reality.

Everyone is silent. Finally, the group bursts into uncontrollable LAUGHTER. Natalie looks angry.

PAUL

Who knew Ms. Skepticism herself would envision such a daring concept.

Parker turns to Natalie.

PARKER

Call Damon. You'll see.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

47

CLOSE ON THE PAPER

Natalie stares hard at it.

48 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - DAY.

48

Natalie walks in. Tosh is online again. She looks like she hasn't stepped out of the room in days.

NATALIE

Tosh, do you mind if I --

Tosh turns around.

TOSH

What?

NATALIE

Nevermind.

She walks out.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, we see that Tosh is in an America Online chat room called "Goth 4 Goth." Her screen name is Forlorn22. She types, "Gothic guys on campus lookin' to hook up...IM me." She takes a long drag off her cigarette and waits for a response.

49 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY.

49

Natalie is on a payphone outside.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

That group is in one of our phone-free cabins.

NATALIE

Did they check in?

OPERATOR

Oh, sure they did.

NATALIE

I need to know if a specific guest, Damon Brooks, is in that group.

OPERATOR

(typing)

Well...the cabin is not registered under his name and we really have no way of knowing exactly who's in there.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

NATALIE

Can I leave a message at the front desk?

OPERATOR

Sure you can...but I can't guarantee that they'll stop by to pick it up.

Natalie looks defeated as she hangs up the phone.

50 EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT.

50

A tall, brownstone structure towering over the campus.

51 INT. LIBRARY STACKS - NIGHT.

51

Dark and musty with no windows. Half the bulbs are burnt out, darkening some of the aisles more than others. Natalie slowly walks through the maze of bookstacks, searching the stacks.

BEHIND HER

A SHADOW moves in the distance. Natalie spins around. Did she see something? Just her imagination. She gets back to scanning. Suddenly we hear distinct FOOTSTEPS. Natalie stops in her tracks and looks around. The air is heavy with dust.

NATALIE

Hello?

No answer. She looks up one end of the narrow aisle then the other. We hear the THUD of a book drop. It could be anywhere.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Is there someone there?

Silence. She turns around. Directly in front of her is the book she's been searching for, "Encyclopedia of Urban Legends." It's a heavy volume. She grabs it with both hands and pulls it out revealing...

EYES, staring right at her. Natalie SCREAMS and jumps back against the shelves, knocking some books down.

SASHA (O.S.)

Don't freak out on me.

Sasha walks around and over to Natalie. She's holding an old, worn book.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

SASHA (cont'd)
I've been looking for this everywhere.
An early printing of the "Kama Sutra"...
with illustrations. You think Parker
will get into it?

NATALIE
Does your sexual guinea pig have a
choice?

SASHA
No.
(A Pause)
What's that?

Natalie hesitantly shows it to her.

SASHA (cont'd)
Encyclopedia of Urban Legends. Oh
Natalie, don't tell me you still think--

NATALIE
I don't know Sasha.

SASHA
Well let's take a look.

52 INT. LIBRARY STUDY ROOM - NIGHT.

52

Natalie and Sasha are sitting down going over the urban legends book. Some of the pages are illustrated. Natalie turns to "The Boyfriend's Death." It resembles how Damon was killed.

NATALIE
This is it.

Sasha grabs the book and looks.

SASHA
Hmm. Scary.

She flips a page.

SASHA (cont'd)
Wait a second, this is definitely not an
urban legend.

NATALIE
What?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

SASHA

The gang high-beam initiation. Happens all the time. Gang members drive around at night with their headlights off at and when someone flashes their high beams to warn them, they kill 'em. So gruesome.

Natalie snatches the book from her hand.

SASHA (cont'd)

That's why I never warn anyone about anything when I drive.

Natalie stares heavily at the book.

SASHA (cont'd)

Hello? Are you listening to me? Anyway, I'm going. Gotta get started practicing this.

She holds up the Kama Sutra book.

NATALIE

Bye Sasha.

CLOSE ON BOOK

We see the illustration of the "Gang High-Beam Initiation."

CLOSE ON NATALIE'S EYES

This story is obviously hitting a chord.

53 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

53

Tosh is still waiting for a response. The ashtray on her desk is overflowing with cigarette butts. Suddenly we hear a RING. There's a message from a "Gloomy4U." It reads, "We're on similar dark paths."

Tosh types, "What U into?" His response: "Lithium."

A smile cracks across her face. She types, "My type of guy" with a little sideways happy face :)

54 INT. LIBRARY STUDY ROOM - NIGHT.

54

Natalie is still looking over the book when, suddenly, the overhead lights start to blink. Natalie jumps. The LIBRARY ATTENDANT is standing at the doorway.

LIBRARY ATTENDANT

We're closing in fifteen minutes, guys.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Natalie shuts the book. On the back is a paper with the names of the last few people to have checked it out. The most recent reads, "Damon Brooks." She shakes her head...maybe it is some kind of sick joke. She gets up to leave.

55 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

55

Tosh is getting excited. "Where u at?" She types. "Close." is his response. "Tease," she types.

"Gonna get ready. Let me know what room U R in."

She gets up, grabs her makeup bag and runs out of the room.

56 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT.

56

Natalie is walking back to her dorm on one of the cobblestone walkways that zigzag through campus. There's a few street lights scattered about. It's desolate. She walks more hurriedly. A FIGURE suddenly appears from behind Natalie, sideswiping her. She jumps. It's only a JOGGER.

NATALIE

Watch out!

JOGGER

(mumbling)

Sorry.

57 INT. DORM BATHROOM - NIGHT.

57

Tosh is in front of the mirror, hurriedly applying makeup. Smeared black mascara, black eyeliner, white face powder, etc. She runs back into the room.

58 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

58

She sits at her desk again and looks at the computer screen. She rereads her last message, "Tell me what room U R in." Pan down to the response. "Yours."

Suddenly, THE KILLER appears behind her. He covers her mouth with his gloved hand.

We hear her muffled SCREAM as she struggles to break loose. She tries typing "help" on the computer screen. The killer hits a button and shuts off the computer. Before it goes black, we hear the America Online "GOODBYE." The killer rolls Tosh in her desk chair over to her bed. She tries to get up, but he knocks her down. He grabs her pillow and covers her face. Her screams sound like MOANING.

59 EXT. RESIDENCE HALL - NIGHT.

59

Natalie is walking into her residence hall, when a BITCHY GIRL walks out.

BITCHY GIRL
Hmm...sounds like Elvira's raising more
than the dead in there.

NATALIE
Thanks for the warning.

60 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

60

Tosh is GASPING for air. We hear the sound of the KEY IN THE LOCK.

THE KILLER grabs the lamp cord and unplugs it. It's completely dark now.

THE DOOR swings open.

CLOSE ON WALL

Natalie is feeling for the light switch. She's almost reached it when...she hears the MOANING. She opts against it.

CLOSE ON TOSH. Her violent jerking can be mistaken for something else.

Natalie lock the door once, then, after some thought, lock it again. She makes her way through the room in the dark, accidentally bumping into Tosh's bed.

NATALIE
(whispering)
Sorry. Not looking.

Natalie climbs into bed, covering her ears with the pillow.

ANGLE ON TOSH

The life goes out of her.

61 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - MORNING.

61

Sunlight is pouring into the room. Natalie slowly wakes up. She stretches her arms, opens her eyes. Her vision is groggy. She notices writing on the wall across from her. Her vision slowly starts to come into focus. She makes out the word "Aren't." She's dumbfounded.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

NATALIE

Aren't...

There's more.

NATALIE (cont'd)

You...glad...you...didn't...turn on the
light?

It's written in dripping blood.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Tosh?

She turns to her side and finds...

a ghastly TOSH, her wrists slit, lying in bed staring
straight at Natalie.

NATALIE (cont'd)

NOOOOOOOO!

62 INT. DORM COMPUTER ROOM - MORNING.

62

Natalie is sitting down surrounded by Dean Adams, Reese and a
couple of COPS. The door is open and Natalie, eyes glazed,
is staring out at Tosh's covered body being wheeled off by a
PARAMEDIC. The bitchy girl stands against the wall,
watching.

BITCHY GIRL

(to paramedic)

You better check her pulse...she's looked
like that for years.

Brenda appears at the door. She looks concerned and waves at
Natalie. Natalie waves back.

DEAN ADAMS

Natalie?

She turns to him.

DEAN ADAMS (cont'd)

. Some water?

He hands her a glass of water and sits in front of her.

NATALIE

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN ADAMS

So you heard moaning when you walked in.
Why didn't you turn on the lights?

NATALIE

I'd walked in on Tosh having sex before.
It wasn't something I cared to see again.

REESE

So you never actually saw anyone there?

NATALIE

No.

The Dean and Reese look at one another.

DEAN ADAMS

Natalie did you know Tosh was manic-
depressive?

He holds up the bottle of Prozac.

NATALIE

She painted half the room black. I had a
good idea.

REESE

There's no signs of foul play here. No
forced entry. No signs of a struggle.
No witnesses.

NATALIE

What are you saying?

DEAN ADAMS

This appears to be a very
tragic...suicide.

NATALIE

(disbelieving)

Tosh did not kill herself. There was
someone else in that room. "Aren't you
glad you didn't turn on the lights" for
Christ's sake!

DEAN ADAMS

A very morbid...suicide note.

Dead silence. The Dean compassionately places his hand on
Natalie's lap.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

DEAN ADAMS

Look, I'm having someone come in right now and hold a counseling session with the rest of the dorm. It might be a good idea for you to sit in.

Natalie stares at the Dean and Reese. We track behind her towards one of the computer terminals. On the screen is the America Online sign-off message. It reads, "Goodbye Gloomy4u."

63 INT. DORM HALLWAY - MORNING.

63

Brenda and Natalie are slowly walking up towards the dorm common area.

BRENDA

Natalie, maybe Tosh just couldn't deal with life anymore.

NATALIE

Tosh could never deal with life...she just wouldn't kill herself. I don't understand what's happening Brenda.

BRENDA

Maybe this counselor isn't such a bad idea.

NATALIE

Have you ever been in therapy?

BRENDA

Sure.

NATALIE

Did it help?

BRENDA

No. But it makes for great conversation at parties.

Brenda smiles and Natalie forces one out too. They reach the entrance to the common room and pause.

64 INT. DORM COMMON ROOM - MORNING.

64

A few students are gathered in a circle around a late twenty-something counselor, DOUG. He's wearing a white turtle neck under a sweater and has a calm, involved look on his face. Everyone else looks disinterested and bored. In the background we hear ENYA playing.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
...This is all about compassion,
dialogue, mutual support --

All eyes turn to Natalie. He stops mid-sentence and looks back. A wave of sympathy and emotion rolls over him.

DOUG (cont'd)
You must be the roommate. Come here
sweetheart.

She slowly walks towards him. He speeds things up and grabs her, hugging her tightly. He closes his eyes.

DOUG (cont'd)
Ooze it all out...right on me, don't be
afraid.

CLOSE ON NATALIE'S FACE

This isn't what she needs right now. Doug turns to Brenda.

DOUG (cont'd)
Do you need to ooze too?

BRENDA
(waving hands)
Oh no, I'm all oozed up.

He grabs Natalie's hand and sits her down. Brenda follows.

DOUG
Just sit right here. We're discussing
just what Tosh meant to each of us. Who
has the talking stick?

A WHOLESOME GIRL raises her hand, clutching onto a wooden stick.

DOUG (cont'd)
You go ahead angel.

WHOLESOME GIRL
(upset)
Well...one time Tosh threatened to gouge
my eyes out if I didn't stop blasting my
Amy Grant CD. I thought she was really
mean...but now I know it was only a cry
for help.

She starts crying. He pats her back.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
There, there. Which album?

WHOLESOME GIRL
(through tears)
"Heart and Motion"

He smiles sympathetically.

DOUG
I really like that one.
(a pause)
Anyone else have anything to say about
Tosh?

THE GROUP could care less about Tosh.

DOUG (cont'd)
You?

He grabs the talking stick and hands it to a PREPPY GUY.

PREPPY GUY
Um. I didn't know her.

DOUG
It seems that way now...to all of us,
doesn't it? Like we never really knew
the real Tosh. Such is the depth of the
human soul.

PREPPY GUY
No. I just didn't know her. Never met
her in my life.

Doug angrily grabs the stick from his hand.

DOUG
Anyone else? Natalie?

He tries handing her the stick.

DOUG (cont'd)
You wanna grab the stick?

Brenda looks to Natalie. All eyes are on her. This is too
much to handle.

NATALIE
I just wanna be alone right now.

She stands up and walks out of the room. A BITTER GIRL turns
to the group.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

64

BITTER GIRL

What's she so upset about...she's the one getting a 4.0 this semester.

DOUG

So...anyone up for a little role playing?

65 EXT. RESIDENCE HALL - MORNING.

65

Natalie runs out of her dorm. She stops on the front steps and catches her breath. She sits down and shuts her eyes, completely overwhelmed.

PAUL (O.S.)

Hey.

She looks up. Paul is standing in front of her, holding onto his tape recorder.

NATALIE

Sorry Paul, I'm not doing any interviews.

He sticks the recorder in his pocket and holds his hands up.

PAUL

Strictly off the record.

NATALIE

I think I'm going crazy.

PAUL

Happens to the best of us.

He sits down next to her.

PAUL (cont'd)

Did you see it coming?

NATALIE

Yes -- no. I mean...I don't know.

PAUL

This suicide note I heard about.

NATALIE

Aren't you glad you didn't turn on the light...in her blood.

Paul looks away. Laughs.

PAUL

That's weird. When I was a kid, I heard a story about a college girl who's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

PAUL (cont'd)
roommate was murdered. The roommate
walked in that night and went straight to
bed. The next morning --

Natalie turns to him. Something hits her.

NATALIE
An urban legend.

Paul looks at her.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Paul, Tosh didn't commit suicide. There
was somebody else in there. It's really
happening.

Something hits Paul.

PAUL
Tonight's the anniversary you know.

NATALIE
What anniversary?

PAUL
The Stanley Hall massacre. If it really
happened that is.

NATALIE
How do we find out for sure?

We pull up behind them and see Brenda in the upstairs window
staring on.

66 INT. PARKER'S ROOM - DAY.

66

A small single in the frat house. The blinds are drawn and
Indian sitar music is PLAYING in the background. Sasha,
dressed in sexy lingerie, is lighting candles around the room
while Parker lies shirtless in bed, anxiously awaiting
whatever she has planned.

PARKER
So...what are we doin'?

SASHA
It's a surprise.

HER POV

Hootie, a Yorkshire Terrier with a nose ring, is sitting on
the floor, staring up at her.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

SASHA

And Hootie is out of here.

PARKER

Oh come on! He's not bothering you.

SASHA

Parker, he makes me uncomfortable.

She opens the door, about to let him out.

PARKER

It's all right boy. You'll be back in a few minutes.

SASHA

I only wish it lasted that long.

Parker sneers at her.

67 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY.

67

A college version of the bustling newsroom. Reporters piled on top of each other typing on old computers or talking on the phone. Paul and Natalie walk in.

PAUL

We have an archive with every issue of the Pendelton Daily that's ever been published. If there was a massacre on campus you can bet it's in there.

NATALIE

So this is where you come up with your lurid articles.

PAUL

I don't come up with them. They just happen. Only thing I do is spice them up, add a little intrigue...make 'em better. Nothing wrong with that.

NATALIE

Well you've managed to convince yourself.

PAUL

Only way to survive. Over there.

He points to a wooden door.

68 INT. NEWSPAPER ARCHIVES - DAY.

68

A dimly lit room lined with large stacks. Natalie and Paul are staring at an empty space in one of the shelves.

PAUL

I can't believe this. They're gone.

NATALIE

They wouldn't be anywhere else?

PAUL

Nowhere I'd know of.

They're startled by a CREAK. They turn and find the janitor mopping up.

PAUL (cont'd)

Excuse me.

JANITOR

Yeah?

PAUL

How long you been working at Pendelton?

JANITOR

Oh, started in '69, so almost thirty years now.

Paul and Natalie look at each other.

NATALIE

Can you tell us what happened at Stanley Hall?

The janitor suddenly looks uncomfortable. He looks away.

JANITOR

I don't know what you're talking about.

PAUL

Did people die there?

JANITOR

I can't help you with that.

NATALIE

Look, this is very important. We need to know if it's true or not.

This is clearly not something the janitor wants to discuss.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

JANITOR
Talk to Professor Wexler.

NATALIE
Why?

JANITOR
He knows more than I do. But don't tell
anyone I said anything.

He grabs his bucket and mop and walks out. Paul and Natalie
look at each other.

69 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY.

69

Paul and Natalie are storming out when, suddenly, Brenda
appears in front of them.

BRENDA
Hey guys! What's up? I was just passing
by and --

NATALIE
(interrupting)
Brenda, I'll talk to you later.

Paul completely ignores her as him and Natalie walk out.

BRENDA
(yelling out)
I'll be at the gym!

She hushes, looking none too pleased with herself.

70 INT. PARKER'S ROOM - DAY.

70

Sasha and Parker, both nude, are completely entwined. The
"Kama Sutra" book is propped up on the nightstand. Sasha is
writhing in ecstasy. Parker looks like he's being crushed.

PARKER
Can't we ever just do it like normal
people?

SASHA
(moaning)
Parker, any expert will tell you the
secret to long-lasting relationships is
variety.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

PARKER

I'm just saying, it wouldn't hurt to get into the missionary position every now and then.

ANGLE ON DOOR

We hear the faint sound of SCRATCHING. The door creaks open and Hootie walks in. He's GASPING. Having problems breathing. He walks over to the bed and jumps on. Parker turns and sees him.

PARKER (cont'd)

What's wrong?

Hootie just stares at Parker, helplessly.

PARKER

Sasha. Sasha...enough! Disengage. There's something wrong with Hootie.

SASHA

He's just getting excited watching us. Now come on.

Hootie is now GASPING heavily. Sasha and Parker both look at him when...

He COUGHS. Suddenly, a BLOODY FINGER flies out of his mouth, landing on Sasha's breast.

SASHA (cont'd)

AAAAHHH!

PARKER

AAAAHHH!

71 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY.

71

Paul is banging on Professor Wexler's office door as Natalie stands against the wall waiting.

PAUL

He should be here...it's his office hours.

NATALIE

I don't think Wexler's much into student/teacher interaction.

He tries the door. It's unlocked. Paul heads inside. He motions for her to follow. She hesitates and then goes ahead.

72 INT. PROF. WEXLER'S OFFICE - DAY.

72

It's small and cluttered. A window looks onto the quad.
Paul is snooping around.

NATALIE
(nervous)
What if he shows up?

He ignores her and points to another door.

PAUL
What do you think that leads to?

NATALIE
Paul we should go.

He walks over and opens the door. A BLACK PARKA leaps out at him. He jumps. It was hanging inside the door.

They both laugh. He looks inside the closet and his smile quickly vanishes.

PAUL (cont'd)
Natalie...

She walks over, looks inside and freezes.

ANGLE ON CLOSET

Laying on the floor is AN AX. We hear FOOTSTEPS approaching and see A FIGURE'S outline in the door window. Paul pulls her into the closet and closes the door. It doesn't shut completely.

73 INT. CLOSET - DAY.

73

They're pressed up against each other. They look heavily into each other's eyes. Wexler is in the room. We hear FOOTSTEPS as he walks to his desk. We hear him SHUFFLING with some papers.

The closet door is slowly CREAKING open. They stare at the expanding crack. The FOOTSTEPS outside seem to be heading out. The front door opens and shuts.

NATALIE
(whispering)
Is he gone?

Paul looks out the crack.

HIS POV

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

No one there. He nods. He opens the door slowly and they walk out.

74 INT. PROF. WEXLER'S OFFICE - DAY.

74

Paul closes the door behind him revealing...

PROFESSOR WEXLER standing behind the door.

PROF. WEXLER
Lost something?

They turn around and freeze.

NATALIE
No.

He looks at them menacingly.

PROF. WEXLER
THEN WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING INSIDE
MY OFFICE?!?!?

Paul and Natalie run out.

75 EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY.

75

An OVERWEIGHT GUY in a hurry dumps a soda cup on the grass.

REESE (O.S.)
(over a P.A.)
You might wanna pick that up.

He stops and turns to find Reese in her security car, talking over the loudspeaker. He nervously goes back and picks up the cup.

76 INT. SECURITY CAR - DAY.

76

Reese laughs to herself. Suddenly, Natalie and Paul burst through the doors of the nearby classroom building. She steps out of her car.

REESE
Hey! What the hell?!?

PAUL
Reese! It's Wexler.

REESE
What?

(CONTINUED)

78 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY.

78

The Dean is sitting behind his desk, staring daggers at Paul and Natalie. Reese sits behind them, listening.

DEAN ADAMS
(sympathetically)
Now Natalie, I know you're dealing with a
lot right now. Suicide --

NATALIE
Tosh was murdered!

He closes his eyes and tenses up for a second then looks up and smiles.

DEAN ADAMS
Why do you two insist on creating an
unnecessary atmosphere of paranoia in my
school? Hmm?

PAUL
Tell us about Stanley Hall Dean.

Reese's ears prick up.

DEAN ADAMS
It's a...what do you call it? An urban
legend. You hear that on every college
campus.

NATALIE
But it had to originate somewhere.

PAUL
Was Wexler involved?

The Dean is silent.

DEAN ADAMS
Natalie, maybe you'd care to shed a
little light on something I noticed on
your file.

NATALIE
What is that?

DEAN ADAMS
Your probation for reckless endangerment.

No response from Natalie. Paul looks at her, eyebrow raised.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

That was in high school.

DEAN ADAMS

I know. Happened after you'd already been accepted to Pendelton. You're lucky. The admissions office might have not looked upon a criminal record very favorably otherwise. Would you care to elaborate?

Natalie looks at Paul then at the Dean.

NATALIE

No I wouldn't. That has nothing to do with what's happening.

DEAN ADAMS

Natalie there is nothing happening except two, completely unrelated tragedies. Now, I want to be as supportive as possible, but you're skating on thin ice right now. So I'm requesting you take an academic leave of absence through the end of the semester. It'll do you some good to deal with what's happening, back home, with your family.

NATALIE

So that's it, that's how you're going to handle this? By sending me away?

The Dean is silent. Paul stands up.

PAUL

Let's get out of here.

DEAN ADAMS

I'm not through yet. You're off the paper Paul. This institution's had enough of your inflammatory articles.

PAUL

What? You can't do this! There's something in the constitution called freedom of speech!

DEAN ADAMS

The constitution doesn't protect someone who wrongfully yells "fire" in a crowded theater. And Paul, you've yelled fire one too many times on this campus.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

DEAN ADAMS (cont'd)

(a pause)

Enjoy your weekend.

79 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY.

79

The sun is now completely obscured by storm clouds. Paul and Natalie step out of the administration building. There's a tense silence.

PAUL

Reckless endangerment...we're not exactly talking about running a stop sign here are we?

No response from Natalie.

PAUL (cont'd)

Natalie, I just lost a lot in there following your lead. So, maybe I have a right to know a little about your past.

NATALIE

It's not something I wanna discuss.

PAUL

You don't wanna discuss it. Okay. Do you want to discuss my career options without a body of writing samples? Because FYI Natalie, they're kind of limited.

NATALIE

Paul, whatever happened, it doesn't change the fact that someone on this campus is killing people!

PAUL

It doesn't? I don't know if I buy it anymore. Honestly, Natalie, I don't know if I ever bought it.

NATALIE

(realizing)

Just looking for the big story, huh?

PAUL

You got it. But that's over with. So...write a letter to the editor.

He turns and walks away, leaving Natalie standing alone in the quad.

80 INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY.

80

The Dean is on the phone. Reese is waiting to speak to him.

DEAN ADAMS

(into phone)

Oh yes, very, very well. Enrollment's up this semester and we've got record admissions applications for next --

REESE

Dean Adams?

DEAN ADAMS

(covering phone; serious)

Just a second.

(into phone)

Okay. No, all that's been taken care of. Thank God. Miles outside of Pendelton. See you on Founder's Day. Good-bye.

He hangs up the phone.

DEAN ADAMS (cont'd)

Yes?

REESE

I was just thinking it might not be a bad idea to add a few extra guards this weekend. In case --

DEAN ADAMS

In case what?

REESE

Anything should happen.

DEAN ADAMS

Tell me something? What kind of frightening message do you want to send out to our students, Reese? I think what Pendelton needs right now is a few extra counselors so we can get on the road to healing. Don't you agree?

REESE

That story about the massacre. Is there anything to it?

He stares at her harshly.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

DEAN ADAMS

I think you should re-read your job description and stick to it. And listen to me and listen well...anything happen on campus this weekend, you don't blink till you contact me first. Understood?

REESE

(holding back anger)
Understood.

She turns away and walks out.

81 EXT. SPORTING FACILITY - DAY.

81

Natalie walks into the high tech new sports center.

82 INT. SPORTING FACILITY - DAY.

82

It's practically deserted. Video monitors hang from the ceiling. A news ANCHORWOMAN is speaking.

ANCHORWOMAN

The storm is expected to bring up to eight inches of rain tonight throughout most of New England. Local authorities are advising residents to avoid venturing out.

Natalie walks up to one of the large windows that look down into the pool area and peeks in.

HER POV

Brenda is down in the pool, swimming. Natalie knocks on the window.

83 INT. POOL AREA - DAY.

83

We follow Brenda as she swims. We see Natalie up above. The knocking is inaudible.

84 INT. SPORTING FACILITY - DAY.

84

Natalie stops and walks over to the door leading to the pool. It's locked. She walks back to the glass and looks down.

HER POV

The locker room door in the pool area opens. A cloud of steam rushes out and a FIGURE in a black parka emerges from inside.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

CLOSE ON NATALIE'S FACE

She's overcome with panic. She starts BANGING on the window.

NATALIE

Brenda!

85 INT. POOL AREA - DAY.

85

We only hear silence as Brenda finishes her lap. The killer is standing at the edge of the pool, seemingly waiting.

86 INT. SPORTING FACILITY - DAY.

86

Natalie is BANGING as hard as she can. She looks around. No one's in sight.

NATALIE

Help! Someone!

87 INT. POOL AREA - DAY.

87

Brenda reaches the edge and begins to pull herself out. The killer is reaching for something in his coat pocket.

88 INT. SPORTING FACILITY - DAY.

88

Natalie turns to her side and sees a small TABLE. She grabs it and SMASHES it against the glass, cracking it slightly.

HER POV

Brenda, wearing a one-piece lycra bathing suit that shows off her taut physique, looks up. At the same time, the FIGURE removes the parka, revealing a female SWIMMER in a bathing suit.

NATALIE is frozen, holding onto the table. Bad call.

Suddenly, A HAND reaches over and grabs her shoulder. Natalie jumps, startled. She turns to find a WORK-STUDY EMPLOYEE.

WORK-STUDY EMPLOYEE

Um. Problem with the furniture?

89 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT.

89

Natalie and Brenda are walking alone through the quad.

(CONTINUED)

Michelle and her in the car, laughing; the flashing of the passing car; Natalie arguing with Michelle; The car skidding; The dead YOUNG MAN.

Suddenly, a FIGURE appears behind them. He trails them slowly.

BRENDA

And you and Michelle never spoke again?

NATALIE

A little at first. But I couldn't forgive her for what she did. And I guess I couldn't forgive myself for not doing something more to stop it.

Natalie is now in tears. Brenda puts her arm around her. Suddenly...

THE FIGURE jumps in front of their face. It's Parker. He's waving the bloody finger in their faces.

PARKER

See, I told you it was a practical joke. Damon left a rubber finger in Hootie's food bowl.

NATALIE

What?

PARKER

You know, so he can chew on. That choking dog legend...

BRENDA

Never heard of it.

PARKER

Yeah well, when you get to be my age, you'd have heard them all. That fuck. Something could've happened to Hootie.

Natalie looks away. She doesn't know what to say.

PARKER (cont'd)

So you girls coming to the party tonight?

BRENDA

(answering for Natalie)

Yes. We'll be there.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

PARKER

Cool. Remember, we're commemorating a massacre so wear all black. Oh, and gory face paint is strongly encouraged.
Later.

He walks off.

NATALIE

Brenda, I don't know if--

BRENDA

Natalie, a party is exactly what you need right now. I mean, what are you gonna do, lock yourself in your room in case some imaginary --

Natalie looks at her.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Okay...a possibly non-existent serial killer tracks you down and kills you like an urban legend...come on, what's he gonna do? Feed you poison pop rocks?

Natalie smiles slightly.

NATALIE

Will you promise to stick around me?

BRENDA

Of course. Unless I hook up with Paul. Then you'll have to fend for yourself. But since that's destined not to happen...you're in luck.

They both laugh.

90 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY.

90

Paul is cleaning out his desk.

ANGLE ON DESK DRAWER

Paul opens it up with a key and clears away some papers to reveal an old BINDER. It reads "Pendelton Daily News - 1973." He opens it up. The first newspaper has a huge headline, "Massacre at Stanley Hall." Paul turns to his side.

HIS POV

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

The Janitor is dumping out the trash. They lock eyes for a brief second before the janitor looks away.

91 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT.

91

The Dean is approaching his black Lexus, briefcase in hand. It's the last car left on the floor. We hear the CHIRP of the car alarm as he shuts it off. He hesitates for a moment before opening the door. He peers through the window into the backseat...just in case. He laughs at himself and shakes his head. He sticks the key in the lock, when...

DEAN ADAMS

OUCH!

He winces and jumps back. He looks down...there's blood gushing from his right ankle. He stares down. Is there something under the car? He slowly bends down to look, when...

A SWITCHBLADE WIELDING HAND swings out and slices through the Dean's left ankle.

DEAN ADAMS (cont'd)

AAAAAHHH!

He falls to the ground. Blood is pouring from the wound. He attempts to stand when the blade swings out again, slicing the other ankle. He looks back. The Killer in the black parka is underneath the car. The Dean, his face glazed with horror, starts crawling away.

The killer rolls out from underneath the car and grabs the Dean's leg. The Dean takes his briefcase and swings it at the killer's head, knocking him down.

The Dean hoists himself up but can't walk. His Achilles tendon is sliced. He tumbles down and drags himself as fast as he can down the decline in the garage.

92 INT. DEAN'S CAR - NIGHT.

92

The killer climbs in and sets the car in neutral. He turns the steering wheel and sends the car down the decline.

93 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT.

93

The Dean is almost to the pedestrian entrance. He's out of breath and sweating. He turns around and sees...

HIS CAR rolling down in his direction.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

THE DEAN crawls faster. He's almost to the barricade separating the entrance from the garage when...

THE CAR slams into him, CRUSHING him against the barricade.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT.

94

The storm is quickly brewing as rain pours heavily and flashes of LIGHTNING light up the sky. Crazy college students are flooding into the house. A blow up CORPSE hangs at the entrance. Music BLARES from inside.

95 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

95

Everyone is dressed in black. Some of the kids are wearing ghoulish death makeup. Everyone is drinking and having a good time. The song "Rollercoaster of Love" is playing.

CLOSE ON HOOTIE

The tube of a beer funnel is in his mouth. Parker holds him up as he happily laps up the beer.

FRAT BROTHERS
HOOTIE! HOOTIE! HOOTIE! HOOTIE!

Hootie, unable to drink anymore, pulls away, getting his fur soaked by the splashing beer.

PARKER
That's my boy!

CLOSE ON STEREO

Sasha is standing there with a NERDY GUY. She rolls her eyes at Parker's antics.

SASHA
I swear, my primal urges for dumb lugs with large genitalia are quickly diminishing.

The part of "Rollercoaster of Love" where a girl SCREAMS is blasting.

NERDY GUY
(clears throat; flirtatious)
Did you know that this is an actual cry for help by a girl being murdered?

(CONTINUED)

SASHA
(sarcastic)
You're kidding me!

NERDY GUY
Yup. Lifted right off a 911 tape.
That's why it sounds so real.

SASHA
I'll never be able to listen to this in
the same way again!

She rolls her eyes and walks away.

ANGLE ON THE ENTRANCE

Natalie walks in alone. She looks around and finds Brenda.

NATALIE
Well it seems rather tame.

Out of nowhere, a wet Hootie scurries past them, dragging the
beer funnel with him, teeth clenching onto the hose.

BRENDA
Spoke too soon. I'm going to the kitchen
to get something to drink....want
anything?

NATALIE
A beer.

BRENDA
You got it.

Brenda walks off. Natalie turns around to find an OLD
NEWSPAPER directly in front of her face. Paul is holding it.

PAUL
It's not a legend.

NATALIE
Where did you find that?

PAUL
Someone left it in my desk.

NATALIE
Who?

PAUL
I don't know. Maybe that janitor. There
was one survivor that night Natalie.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

He points to a PICTURE of a young Charles Wexler. The caption reads, "Charles Wexler -- sole survivor of his floor." Natalie and Paul stare at one another.

96 INT. CLASSROOM BUILDING - NIGHT.

96

We hear the O.S. sound of falling RAIN and THUNDER. We pull down a long, dimly lit hallway where Reese is making her rounds, checking to see that each door is locked. A SMASH is heard around the corner.

She quickly pulls out her gun and gets up against the wall, inching slowly towards the corner -- very "Charlie's Angels."

Reese jumps, gun drawn, to face the possible foe.

HER POV

An open window is blowing open and shut one of the office doors. Reese laughs to herself. She walks to the window, shuts it. She goes to close the door. The sign on it reads "Professor Wexler." The door doesn't shut. She looks down and sees the end of a lamp peeking out.

Reese is puzzled. She opens the door.

97 INT. PROF. WEXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

97

It's completely dark.

REESE

Hello?

A flash of lightning reveals that the office has been completely wrecked. Something is not right.

98 INT. FRAT HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT.

98

Sasha is talking loudly to a couple of other GIRLS as Brenda fills up a couple of cups with beer from the keg.

GIRL #1

So I heard the biology T.A. was in the emergency room last week.

GIRL #2

The cute one?

GIRL #1

Mmm-Hmm. Seems he had a furry friend stuck up his poop shoot.

Brenda turns around.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDA
A gerbil?

GIRL #1
You did not hear it from me.

SASHA
I just want all of you to know, my radio show's taken a very strong position against gerbiling. (to Brenda) Did you see Paul?

BRENDA
He's here?

SASHA
I just saw him chatting Natalie up.

BRENDA
Thanks for letting me know.

Brenda walks away. Sasha turns back to the girls and they continue gossiping.

99 INT. FRAT HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT.

99

Paul and Natalie are sitting alone on the stairs that lead up to the second floor.

PAUL
I'm sorry I doubted you.

NATALIE
Don't worry about it. We just gotta get a hold of the cops.

PAUL
Seems Dean Adams already beat us to it. They thought it was a practical joke.

NATALIE
Paul it almost feels like we're being set up...like we're becoming a part of someone else's elaborate urban legend.

PAUL
You listen to me...the only legend we'll ever be a part of is our own, very happy one, you understand?

They look deep into each other's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Most urban legends...there's some sort of ironic twist.

PAUL

Someone gets what they deserve in some unexpected way. I get it. So maybe, if this is our legend...we'd be getting to that twist right about now.

Paul slowly eases his lips unto hers. They kiss passionately.

As they make out, we see A SHADOW come over them. Natalie opens her eyes and quickly pulls back.

It's Brenda, standing in front of them, holding two beers. She's not happy.

BRENDA

Let him come to me, huh Natalie?

NATALIE

No Brenda --

BRENDA

Here. It's a light.

She shoves the beer in Natalie's face, spilling most of it, and walks out.

NATALIE

Brenda! Shit.

PAUL

What was that all about?

NATALIE

She...has a thing for you.

PAUL

Kinda figured.

NATALIE

I'm going to get her.

100 INT. PROF. WEXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

100

Reese grabs her flashlight and shines it on the office. She slowly walks around. A disaster. Papers everywhere, a turned over chair.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

She walks towards the closet door slowly. She holds her breath and swings it open.

ANGLE ON CLOSET

The ax and the black parka are missing. Reese steps back. She almost slips, dropping her flashlight. She holds herself up against the desk. When she looks down, the flashlight is shining in a pool of blood.

101 INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT.

101

Parker and the other frat guys are drinking shots. Natalie approaches him.

NATALIE

Have you seen Brenda?

PARKER

Yeah. Running out the front door.

Paul walks over to Parker and whispers in his ear.

PAUL

Look Parker, it might be a good idea to end this party a little early.

PARKER

What?

PAUL

(whispering)

There may be a killer out there. It's not safe.

PARKER

Really? (screaming) EVERYONE! EVERYONE!
LISTEN UP!

The music quiets down. People turn around and face Parker.

PARKER (cont'd)

Paul here thinks I should end the party!

BOO'S from the crowd.

PAUL

Come on man.

PARKER

Now tell everyone why you think they should go home.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

Paul looks at Natalie. He's on the spot.

PAUL

There's a serial killer out there.

The room bursts into LAUGHTER.

PARKER (cont'd)

And let me guess...this serial killer is
offing people based on urban legends.

PAUL

That's right.

Again everyone laughs.

PARKER

I've got a legend you may or may not have
heard of. Mediocre, attention seeking,
Woodward and Bernstein wanna-be realizes
he's gonna graduate and end up writing
gardening tips for Martha Stewart's
"Living." Unless, of course, he finds
something to write about that'll give him
lots of attention and a possible job.

Aaaah's from the crowd. Natalie stares heavily at Paul.

PARKER (cont'd)

There's not much happening in hicksville
so he takes advantage of his homicidal
instincts and starts killing people in a
trendy, cover of Time, very special
edition of Oprah way. Basing them on
urban legends.

Paul stares at him.

PAUL

Yeah Parker. Doesn't sound like a bad
idea.

PARKER

Maybe you're the one that should take off
and let everyone else have a good time.

Paul nods then looks at Natalie one last time before walking
out.

102 INT. PROF. WEXLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

102

Reese is on the phone with the Dean's answering machine.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

DEAN ADAMS (O.S.)
Please leave a message.

REESE
Hi, Dean Adams. This is Reese. Are you
there? Hello?

She slams the phone down. She taps her fingers on her desk,
unsure of what to do.

103 INT. FRAT KITCHEN - NIGHT.

103

A drunk Parker's pigging out on leftover pizza and drinking
beer. The microwave is on. It sounds like popcorn popping.
The phone rings.

PARKER
(mouth full)
Hello?
(no answer)
Hello?

He slams the phone down and gets back to the pizza when the
phone rings again.

PARKER (cont'd)
What!

DISGUISED VOICE (O.S.)
I'm going to kill you.

PARKER
Oh really?

He walks over with the cordless to the Caller ID. It reads:
"Damon Brooks: 618-563-0562."

PARKER (cont'd)
The call's coming from inside the house.
This is very familiar. Could it be? An
urban legend. Am I right? Hello? Don't
get shy on me all of a sudden, fuckface.

Parker starts heading out of the kitchen.

PARKER (cont'd)
This is the one about the baby-sitter.
She's getting the scary, harassing phone
calls. And when she traces them...
they're coming from inside the house!

104 INT. FOYER - NIGHT.

104

Parker is standing at the edge of the stairs. He starts walking up.

PARKER (cont'd)

But...ass wipe...aren't you forgetting something? I'm not baby-sitting any kids!

DISGUISED VOICE (O.S.)

Wrong legend. This is the one about the old lady who dries her wet dog in the microwave.

A loud series of BEEPS coming from the kitchen. Parker spins around and runs back.

105 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

105

The microwave has just stopped. He walks slowly towards it. Stares at it. Pops it open.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE

A look of horror. He looks away in disgust.

PARKER

(breaking up)

Hootie! (into phone) You sick motherfucker!

He turns and runs out.

106 INT. DAMON'S ROOM - NIGHT.

106

Parker bursts in, still clutching onto his beer. The phone is off the receiver. He tears the room apart.

PARKER

(hysterical)

Damon I'm gonna furnish you with a new ASSHOLE! You hear me?!?

He walks towards the closed closet door. Swings it open. BOOM! A basketball bounces off his head. He heads out.

107 INT. FRAT HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT.

107

Parker staggers down the hallway, cup of beer still in his hand. There's a closed door. He swings it open.

HIS POV

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

A JOCK BROTHER and a TRASHY GIRL are having sex.

JOCK BROTHER
WHAT THE FUCK PARKER!

PARKER
Sorry man, it's just --

JOCK BROTHER
Get the hell out of here!

TRASHY GIRL
Yeah!

PARKER
Sorry.

Parker shuts the door. He takes another swig of the beer. He holds his stomach. He looks like he's going to be sick. He goes inside the bathroom.

108 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.

108

Parker sets the beer down and lifts up the toilet seat. He kneels, about to throw up, when...

A GLOVED HAND

grabs the toilet seat and SLAMS it on his head, knocking him out.

109 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

109

Natalie looks up at the ceiling. She heard something. She looks around nervously.

110 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.

110

Parker comes to. He's bound and gagged. The beer funnel tube stuck in his mouth. The Killer hovers over him. He grabs a packet of Pop Rocks from his pocket and pours it down the funnel. Parker's muffled SCREAMS are quickly eclipsed by the sound of SNAPPING AND POPPING. The killer then grabs a bottle of Drano and pours it completely down the funnel.

Parker starts spasming wildly. Finally he stops. Dead. The killer removes the tube and tape from his mouth. Blue liquid and pop rocks drool down the sides of Parker's mouth, the only sound the CRACKLING of the candy. He exits the room.

111 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

111

Sasha walks out of the kitchen and towards Natalie. She looks impatient.

SASHA

Where the hell is he? He knows I have to be at work in fifteen minutes and I am not walking in this rain.

NATALIE

Look for the dog. You know wherever Hootie is, so is Parker.

SASHA

Can't find the mutt either.

She looks to a wooden keyholder hanging on the wall. She grabs one of the keys.

SASHA (cont'd)

I'm taking his car. You need a ride back to your dorm?

Natalie thinks for a moment.

NATALIE

Sure.

112 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT.

112

Reese picks up the phone and dials "911." She gets a recording.

RECORDED MESSAGE (O.S.)

All circuits are busy. Please try your call again later.

Lightning FLASHES and thunder RUMBLES outside. Reese shakes her head incredulously.

113 INT. PARKER'S CAR - NIGHT.

113

Sasha pulls up alongside Natalie's dorm. It's barely visible through the pouring rain.

SASHA

...So you two wanna get jiggy with each other, but Brenda's into him too. Do you know how many calls I've gotten about similar situations?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

NATALIE

I don't know what to do. I don't want to hurt her.

SASHA

Well, what's more important to you? The best advice I can give you is to be honest...otherwise it could turn into a bad Jerry Springer scenario. Gotta go.

NATALIE

Thanks Sasha.

SASHA

Anytime. Call me at the station later if you're bored. Come up with some scandalous questions.

NATALIE

Will do.

Natalie gets out of the car and runs to the front door of her dorm.

114 INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT.

114

Natalie walks towards her room. It's the first time she's been there since Tosh's death. She puts the key in the lock, holds her breath and opens the door.

115 INT. NATALIE'S DORM - NIGHT.

115

Still standing in the hallway, Natalie reaches in and turns on the lights.

HER POV

The room looks the same. She shuts the door behind her and double locks. She looks at the wall where the message was scrawled. There's a fresh coat of white paint, but underneath it we can still make out a faint shade of red. Natalie looks away. She grabs her walkman. There's a FLASH of lightning and Natalie jumps into bed, covering herself with the blanket. She turns on the radio and tunes to Sasha.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT.

116

Sasha is talking into her wireless mike.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE CALLER (O.S.)

It just feels soooo awkward for me to go get birth control pills. So Sasha, I did something really bad.

SASHA

What is that?

FEMALE CALLER

Well my roommate has birth control pills.

SASHA

So you borrowed some.

FEMALE CALLER

Not exactly.

SASHA

She doesn't know?

FEMALE CALLER

I've been replacing them.

SASHA

What have you been replacing them with?

FEMALE CALLER

(losing it)

Baby aspirin...Now she's pregnant and I don't know what to do!

Suddenly the line goes dead.

SASHA

Hello?

117 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

117

Natalie is listening.

SASHA (O.S.)

Can anyone out there hear me?

She sits up in bed. Something's not right.

118 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT.

118

Sasha starts hitting every button on the switchboard. Nothing.

SASHA (cont'd)

(into mike)

WVOP, Voice of Pendelton.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

Pan down to the window looking into the engineering room. It's dark inside. Her reflection is clearly visible on the glass. Sasha slowly walks towards it. She's in front of her reflection. She presses her face against the glass, trying to peer inside. Suddenly, the lights in the engineering room glow brightly revealing...

THE KILLER

directly in front of her face. Sasha SCREAMS.

119 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

119

The SCREAM jolts Natalie out of bed.

120 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT.

120

The killer SMASHES through the glass with the ax. Sasha moves away before the blade slashes her. She runs to the door, tries opening it...locked.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

It's been blocked with some office furniture.

INSIDE THE BOOTH

With each swing of the ax, glass flies across the room. The opening in the glass is getting larger. Sasha is BANGING on the door, looking back in terror.

121 INT. NATALIE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

121

Natalie tries calling Sasha. She gets a busy signal and hangs up. She looks worried.

122 INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT.

122

The nerdy guy we'd met earlier Shh's everyone up and turns up the volume on the radio. People are suspicious.

NERDY GUY

Listen! She's doing a radio play to commemorate the massacre.

AAAHH'S from the crowd.

123 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT.

123

The killer's almost broken through the glass. Sasha manages to open the door enough to climb through.

124 INT. STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT. 124

Sasha squeezes through the opening, over the furniture.

BEHIND HER

The killer's almost to her. Sasha pushes back the furniture to keep him in. He starts banging on the door.

125 INT. STATION LOBBY - NIGHT. 125

Sasha runs down the steps and goes to open the front door. It's locked up. She starts banging on it.

SASHA

Please! If anyone can hear me! There's someone trying to kill me.

It's glass so she can see out. The jogger we'd seen earlier is running past the station.

SASHA

HELP!

126 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT. 126

The jogger runs on.

127 INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT. 127

Everyone listens intently.

SASHA (O.S.)

Please...I don't wanna die.

NERDY GUY

She's a pro.

128 INT. STATION LOBBY - NIGHT. 128

Sasha turns around.

ANGLE ON STAIRCASE

The killer is now at the top of the stairs.

SASHA (cont'd)

NOOOOOO!

ANGLE ON SASHA

She looks around --- the elevator.

- 129 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT. 129
She runs in and presses 3, the last floor, then pounds on "Door Close." As the doors shut, the Killer tries to stick his arm in, but it's too late.
- 130 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT. 130
Natalie is walking swiftly in the rain, holding an umbrella. She's heading for the station. She's listening to Sasha CRYING on her walkman.
- 131 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT. 131
The elevator slowly goes up to the third floor. The doors open onto a shelf-lined room filled with old records. She steps out cautiously.
- 132 INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT. 132
Trembling, she walks slowly through the room. She spots a window and runs to it. She opens it up. Climbs halfway out.

ANGLE ON GROUND

It looks like quite a drop.

SASHA
One...Two...

Just as she jumps, the killer plunges his knife into her hand.

DISGUISED VOICE (O.S.)
Three.

Sasha is left dangling off the side of the building as the knife holds her hand to the sill. She SCREAMS in pain as the killer pulls her up and throws her against one of the record shelves, toppling one over.

He walks over to her, holding up his knife. He goes to plunge it into her chest. She rolls over and the knife goes straight through a Celine Dion album.

Sasha pushes one of the shelves on top of him, knocking him down. She hobbles towards the stairs. As she makes her way down...

THE KILLER appears behind her and shoves her down the stairs. She crawls into the radio booth.

133 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT. 133

Natalie is BANGING on the front door. Locked. Suddenly, music PLAYS on her walkman. "Rollercoaster of Love." She backs away and looks up at the window looking into Sasha's booth.

134 INT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT. 134

Sasha backs into a corner.

SASHA
Please, anyone listening --

The killer bursts into the room.

SASHA (cont'd)
He's going to...AAAAHHHH!

135 INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT. 135

Over the GIRL'S SCREAM in "Rollercoaster of Love." we hear Sasha's SCREAM. The remaining party guests listen in. They start laughing.

NERDY GUY
She remembered the story I told her!

136 INT. SECURITY CAR - NIGHT. 136

Reese is driving through campus scanning through the radio stations. It stops on WVOP and the horrific SCREAM. She can't understand what is going on.

137 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT. 137

Natalie is listening on in horror.

HER POV

Through the window, we see Sasha jumps up. Her last gasp. She presses her hands against the glass. As she falls slowly, the blood smears. Behind her we now see THE KILLER.

The song abruptly stops. Another one starts playing....Blondie. "One way, or another, I'm gonna find ya...I'm gonna getcha, I'm gonna getcha getcha getcha --"

The killer is looking down on Natalie. Horrified, she runs away.

138 INT. PAUL'S DORM - NIGHT.

138

Natalie is banging on his door. No answer. Someone slowly walks up to her from behind. Paul.

PAUL

Hey.

Natalie hugs him.

NATALIE

Paul...

He's completely soaked. She lets go and eyes him suspiciously.

NATALIE

Where were you?

PAUL

I just moved my car into the garage. The lot out back was flooding. What's wrong?

Natalie breaks down.

NATALIE

Sasha's dead! I saw her Paul. I know he's coming after us. We have to get help.

Paul is shocked. He runs into his room picks up the phone.

PAUL (cont'd)

It's dead. God damn storm. Natalie, let's just get out of here.

He gets up and heads for the door. Natalie stares at him then picks up the phone. He looks back at her.

NATALIE

I was just making sure --

PAUL

I told you the phones were dead. You didn't believe me. Tell me, if I were the killer, don't you think I would've killed you by now?

NATALIE

I don't know, it'd probably be smarter to wait till we were out of your room.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

PAUL
Better legend possibilities, right?

She stays quiet.

PAUL (cont'd)
Come on, let's go.

She hesitates before heading out with him.

139 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT.

139

Natalie and Paul step out of his dorm. They're huddled closely under an umbrella.

NATALIE
Where are you parked?

PAUL
Over there --

As he points, there's a sudden FLASH of lightning revealing...

BRENDA standing in front of them. They jump, startled. She's soaked.

BRENDA
(worried)
I heard Sasha on the radio. What's going on?

NATALIE
Brenda, It's no joke. There's a killer on campus. Sasha's dead.

BRENDA
Oh my God.

PAUL
Come on, we're leaving.

Brenda looks at them both. Natalie grabs her.

NATALIE
Brenda, I'm sorry. But you're my best friend and I'm not leaving you here.

Brenda nods and follows them.

140 EXT. RADIO STATION BUILDING- NIGHT. 140

Reese runs out of her car in the rain. She takes out a large keyring and opens the front door.

141 INT. RADIO STATION LOBBY - NIGHT. 141

She walks to the elevator and presses the call button. Looks around. Just as the elevator door opens, there's a BLAST of thunder. Reese jumps and looks out the window, unaware of...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT.

Sasha's dead body.

142 INT. RADIO STATION LOBBY - NIGHT. 142

As the door begins to close, Reese turns and comes face to face with the horrible sight. The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

143 INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT. 143

The group is driving down the dark road out of campus. They're all silent. The only sound, the SQUEAKING of the windshield wipers. Natalie grimaces in disgust. Brenda is breathing through her mouth.

NATALIE
What is that smell?

PAUL
Dirty laundry. Sorry.

Outside, there's a brightly lit Shell station in the distance. The same one Michelle drove past.

BRENDA
Why don't we stop there and see if the phones work?

PAUL
I just wanna drive straight into town.

NATALIE
Paul, Brenda's right. The roads are a mess. You shouldn't be driving.

He looks at them.

PAUL
Fine.

144 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

144

Natalie and Brenda stand outside. The overhead carport keeps them dry. Natalie is leaning against the trunk.

THEIR POV

Paul is inside, talking to the clerk.

BRENDA

I'm fine with you two together, by the way.

NATALIE

Brenda, I fucked up. I shouldn't have done what I did.

BRENDA

No. Look, I thought about it. And I'm not going to be one of those selfish, just-because-I-don't-have-a-boyfriend-doesn't-mean-you-can't-have-one-either type of friends. You two like each other. You should be together.

Natalie smiles at her. She goes to give her a hug, stepping away from the trunk.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Natalie.

She points at the trunk. It's unlocked and there's a piece of cloth sticking out of it. Brenda walks over and starts to open it. They both make a face as they catch a strong whiff of whatever's stinking up the car.

TOGETHER

Ugggh.

Brenda opens the trunk all the way. Their eyes widen. Lying inside is Professor Wexler's body, his toupee stuffed in his mouth. She lets go of the top.

ANGLE ON PAUL

He's still talking to the clerk.

BRENDA

Like I said...you could keep him.

NATALIE

We have to get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

PAUL is heading out.

BRENDA
We're in the middle of nowhere.

NATALIE
Yeah and you think he's planning to drive
us into town?

PAUL steps out of the store. Natalie and Brenda smile, wave,
then run the hell out.

PAUL
Hey! What the hell!

NATALIE AND BRENDA run into the woods, back towards campus.

PAUL starts chasing them.

145 INT. WOODS - NIGHT.

145

NATALIE AND BRENDA smash through a thicket of branches,
trying to keep from slipping in the rain.

BRENDA
(crying)
Natalie where are we going?!?

NATALIE
(breathless)
Back to campus.

PAUL (O.S.)
(screaming)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

The girls pick up their pace. Brenda's lagging behind
Natalie. Natalie stops to catch her breath. She looks back.
Brenda's gone.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Brenda?

She's all alone. She scans the area. Out of nowhere...

A DEER jumps over a fallen tree, startling her. Natalie
laughs, relieved. Then a loud, ghastly SCREAM echoes through
the woods. It's Brenda.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Brenda!

Natalie hears FOOTSTEPS approaching.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

PAUL (O.S.)
Natalie?

Natalie starts running frantically. She slips and falls down, then quickly gets up.

146 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

146

Natalie runs into the road, crying. She's caught in the headlights of an incoming car. The car comes to a screeching halt. It's the Janitor. He steps out.

NATALIE
Help me!

JANITOR
What's going on?

NATALIE
He's after me! Please, people are dying!

JANITOR
Get in the car. I'll drive us out of here.

Natalie nods and climbs in.

147 INT. JANITOR'S CAR - NIGHT.

147

They're heading out of campus. Natalie is holding herself, trembling.

JANITOR
Oh my, this is horrible.

He notices her shivering.

JANITOR (cont'd)
I've got a coat in the backseat. Put it on.

Natalie turns around. In the backseat is a BLACK PARKA. She turns around slowly. Stares at him.

JANITOR (cont'd)
It ain't gonna bite ya. Put it on.

NATALIE
No that's okay.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The car speeds past an intersection.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE (cont'd)
You missed the turn.

JANITOR
I know a shortcut.

The janitor stares straight ahead, his face blank. Natalie is nervous now.

NATALIE
Look, why don't you drop me off here.

JANITOR
What?

She goes to open the door. He locks it.

JANITOR (cont'd)
What are you doing?

NATALIE
Please, just let me out.

JANITOR
I'm not gonna do that.

Natalie furiously starts banging on the door, trying to open it.

JANITOR (cont'd)
Stop that! What's wrong with you?

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A car is driving in their direction. Its headlights are turned off.

JANITOR
Idiot kids.

They've almost passed the car. Natalie looks up and realizes what's happening.

CLOSE ON HIGH BEAM SWITCH

The janitor is about to pull on it to signal them.

NATALIE
NOOOO!!!

Too late. The high beam's flashed. The car speeds past them. It's Paul's car. It makes a sharp u-turn and starts chasing them.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (2)

147

NATALIE (cont'd)

It's him.

ANGLE ON SIDE MIRROR

The hooded figure is driving the car.

THE JANITOR tries flooring the accelerator but the car begins to lose control in the rain. He slows down.

148 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

148

Paul's car starts slamming into the back of the janitor's.

149 INT. JANITOR'S CAR - NIGHT.

149

The janitor is trying to keep the car from skidding out of the road.

JANITOR

What is he doing?

150 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

150

BOOM. Paul's car hits the janitor's.

151 INT. JANITOR'S CAR - NIGHT.

151

The janitor is trying to keep control of the car.

NATALIE

Come on...

Paul's car pulls up alongside the janitor's. The killer is staring straight at her. He SMASHES into the side of the car.

152 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

152

The janitor's car flies head first into a ditch.

153 INT. JANITOR'S CAR - NIGHT.

153

It's quiet. The only sound, the rain RAGING outside. The janitor is unconscious.

NATALIE

Hey. Hey!

The killer appears at the driver's side window. He's holding a knife. Natalie SCREAMS. He opens the door. She tries opening her door. It's blocked. She rolls down the window. The killer climbs in. He swings his knife but misses. With

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

one swift movement, Natalie KICKS him. He drops his knife. She climbs out the window just as he's grabbing for her.

154 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

154

She's running as fast as she can when she looks back.

HER POV

Paul's car is gone and so is the killer.

155 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT.

155

Reese bursts through the door. The intensity we saw in her eyes when we first met her is back. She looks over to the "Foxy Brown" poster and locks eyes with Pam Grier. NOTE: Funky, early 70's blaxploitation music scores the rest of the scene.

Reese opens up a drawer with a key and takes out a wooden box. Inside lies a huge, silver Colt .45 with a mother-of-pearl handle. She loads the cartridge and CLANKS it shut. With one quick motion, she bends her knees, holds the gun straight out and points it to her reflection in the mirror. Reese is one Bad Mama.

156 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT.

156

Natalie is running through the wet, desolate campus. She stops at an emergency phone, picks it up.

NATALIE

(into phone)

Hello?

It's dead. We hear a faint O.S. SCREAM. Natalie turns around.

HER POV

Stanley Hall brightly lit in a FLASH of lightning. Natalie drops the phone and walks towards the dorm. Again, a SCREAM. This time, the voice is distinct.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Someone! Help!

NATALIE (cont'd)

Brenda?

Natalie looks from side to side, there's no one around. She holds her breath and runs towards the entrance.

157 INT. STANLEY HALL - NIGHT.

157

Natalie climbs through the broken wood that boards up one of the windows and falls into the dorm. Inside it's dusty and bare. A FLASH of lightning reveals some rats scuttling through the room.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Help me!

Natalie looks up. Brenda's upstairs.

158 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT.

158

Natalie cautiously walks up the stairs. Again she hears the SCREAM. It sounds like it's coming from behind the closed door up ahead. She opens it up. It's one of the old dorm rooms. She heads in.

159 INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT.

159

A couple of twin-sized beds fill up most of the room. There's a broken down desk to the side. Natalie doesn't see

THE DOOR BEHIND HER SHUT

She spins around. Tries to open it. Someone's locked her in. She panics. There's a couple of other doors in the room. She rushes to one, opens it. Suddenly, a beer keg propped against the door falls down. Some beer pours out. It becomes more and more reddish and then PARKER'S HEAD spills out.

Natalie SCREAMS. She turns to run and slips in the beer. She crawls away. She's up against the bed. Another FLASH of lightning reveals AN ARM sticking out from underneath the mattress. Natalie jumps. Stands up. She stares at the arm. Slowly lifts up the mattress...

THE DEAN is inside the box spring.

Natalie is in tears. She runs to the other door. When she opens it, DAMON'S BODY swings out. He's still hung.

NATALIE

Noooo!

There's another room beyond Damon. It's lit. She has no choice and must walk through the doorway, right up against him.

160 INT. SECOND DORM ROOM - NIGHT.

160

Natalie looks in. It's lit by dozens of candles. She sees Brenda lying on the bed. She walks to her. She's dead. Natalie starts crying. She sinks down to the floor. A SHADOW rises over her. She turns around and...

A FIST slams into her face, knocking her out.

FADE TO BLACK.

161 INT. SECOND DORM ROOM - NIGHT.

161

Natalie regains consciousness. She's tied up and gagged in bed. She struggles but it's pointless. To her side is a hospital operating room tray with medical equipment, including a large SCALPEL. The Killer in the parka appears. Takes off the hood. It's Brenda. She smiles at Natalie.

BRENDA

Gotcha!

Natalie looks at her in disbelief.

BRENDA (cont'd)

I must say, you've proved your friendship to me Natalie. Coming to my rescue without even a little pepper spray to defend yourself. Very endearing.

Natalie tries to talk through the gag.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Excuse me? I'm sorry, I can't understand a thing you're saying doll. Now if I remove the gag, you gotta promise me you won't scream or it goes back in.

162 INT. SECURITY CAR - NIGHT.

162

Reese is driving through campus, big gun sitting in the passenger seat. In the distance is Stanley Hall. Something catches her eye.

HER POV.

There's light flickering in one of the second floor windows. She hits the accelerator.

163 INT. SECOND DORM ROOM - NIGHT.

163

Brenda removes the gag from Natalie's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE
You're fucking crazy.

BRENDA
I prefer the term "eccentric." But yeah,
I guess you can say I'm a little nutty.

NATALIE
Why?

BRENDA
Why? Why? You still haven't figured it
out. Well, lucky for you Miss Thing,
I've got a visual aid.

She takes out a slide machine, the same one from Wexler's
class, and turns it on. The image reflects off the wall
opposite Natalie. She CLICKS. A picture of a younger,
happier Brenda appears. She's holding hands with a YOUNG
MAN.

BRENDA (cont'd)
There I am with my boyfriend. The love
of my life, Natalie. Have you met the
love of your life yet? Of course not,
you're too self-involved to bother.

CLOSE ON NATALIE

Something in the picture is familiar.

BRENDA (cont'd)
Pic ringing any bells Nat?

NATALIE
Oh my God.

BRENDA
Ding ding ding.

Brenda CLICKS the slide machine. A picture of a newspaper
clipping appears. The headline, "Teenager Killed in Apparent
Gang Initiation."

BRENDA
Marty Stuart was his name. The one you
and your friend decided to have a little
fun with, that one night.

NATALIE
Brenda, I wasn't --

(CONTINUED)

BRENDA

You weren't driving. But it was your car Natalie. And you were there. Didn't you tell me something about not being able to forgive yourself? Well, I thought, as a friend, I could help you out in that area.

Brenda stares at the picture. There's a trace of sadness in her eyes. But just for a second. She turns back to Natalie.

BRENDA (cont'd)

The reporters immediately jumped on the gang story because it was so much more interesting than a couple of ditzy cheerleaders playing a practical joke.

NATALIE

They made the correction the next day.

BRENDA

Too late. The urban legend had already spread. You two never even spent a night in jail for what you did. Payback's a bitch, isn't it, Natalie?

NATALIE

Please Brenda, you need to get help.

BRENDA

I told you I already tried therapy. Obviously did me no good. I must say, I kinda enjoyed all of this. Playing with your head. You used an urban legend to kill my boyfriend and now...

Brenda laughs. She walks to the tray and grabs the scalpel.

NATALIE

What are you gonna do?

BRENDA

Just my fave U.L. The kidney heist. You know this one don't you? Guy gets picked up by a woman at a bar. They go back to her hotel room. She gives him a drink. It's drugged. He's knocked out. When he wakes up...one of his kidney's been removed. Supposedly they're sold on the black market to wealthy foreigners in need of organ transplants. Don't think it's ever really happened...till tonight.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

You won't get away with this.

BRENDA

Of course I will. I've got the perfect murderer in the trunk of Paul's car...Wexler.

NATALIE

You're sick.

BRENDA

This was his room you know. He probably slept in that same bed when that crazy professor came and tried to kill him. Twenty-five years ago this weekend. It's a pattern. Tonight he does away with students and kills himself...in the same manner as the course he teaches! It's so clean isn't it? The symmetry of it all. Well, enough chat!

She walks to Natalie's side.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Unfortunately, I have no anesthesia. Sorry. You'll just have to bite real hard on the gag and hopefully go into shock soon enough.

NATALIE

Please don't do this...

BRENDA

Don't you want to become an urban legend Natalie? All your friends are now.

Brenda lifts up Natalie's shirt.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Now let me see...is the kidney here or is that the liver? I was always such a dope at anatomy. Who cares, right? First organ I see...I'm grabbin' it!

She goes to stuff the gag in Natalie's mouth. Natalie bites her hand hard.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Ouch! You stupid bitch!

She slaps Natalie.

(CONTINUED)

BRENDA (cont'd)

I'm really gonna enjoy watching you bleed to death.

Brenda stuffs the gag into her mouth. she takes the scalpel and traces over Natalie's skin. Blood is coming out of the cut. Through the gag Natalie is SCREAMING in terror.

BRENDA (cont'd)

Paul's going to have his story after all. And I'm going to have him. What did you think? I was going let you take two guys out of my life?

PAUL (O.S.)

Sorry Brenda. You're not my type.

They turn to look. Paul is standing at the door.

PAUL (cont'd)

Saw my car next door. You're not as clever as you think.

BRENDA

Oh great. I'm running out of legends here Paul. What am I gonna have to do with you?

PAUL

Drop it.

BRENDA (cont'd)

From the looks of it, I'm the one with the weapon here so...make me.

Reese steps into the doorway next to Paul, Colt .45 drawn.

REESE

With pleasure.

Brenda looks on, unbelievably. She drops the scalpel.

BRENDA

Well, well, if it isn't wanna-be cop.

REESE

Get your hands up and stand against the wall, you loonie-psycho bitch.

Brenda grudgingly follows orders. Reese walks over to her. Paul runs to Natalie and removes her gag. They hug passionately.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

You okay?

NATALIE

No.

PAUL

Neither am I.

He starts untying her.

ANGLE ON REESE AND BRENDA

Reese is patting Brenda down. Brenda looks down at her coat pocket. Just as Reese is about to touch it, Brenda draws a knife out of the pocket and slashes her. Reese drops her gun. Brenda grabs it. Just as Reese lunges for her, she shoots her.

ANGLE ON PAUL

He's running towards her. She points the gun at him.

BRENDA

Don't move! Oh Pauly, you sure you don't want to reconsider? We could be so...cute together.

PAUL

Sure I'll reconsider.

He walks towards her.

BRENDA

Really?

PAUL

(sweetly)

Yeah. Just give me the gun.

Brenda's taken by him. She starts to lower the gun. They exchange smiles. Suddenly, he lunges at her, knocking her down. A SHOT escapes, puncturing the ceiling. Brenda drops the gun. The two of them struggle on the floor. She's reaching for it, when...

A HAND GRABS THE GUN. Natalie.

NATALIE

Get off of him.

Brenda stands against the boarded up window.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (6)

163

BRENDA

You're gonna shoot me Natalie? Huh?
What kind of friend are you.

She goes for Natalie when a loud BANG stops her cold.
Another BANG and Brenda flies back, CRASHING through the
rotted wood boarding up the window. She lands with a THUD
outside.

REESE, is holding onto the standard issue security gun she
usually carried. Her pant leg is raised and we see the
hidden holster.

164 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT.

164

Brenda lies on the wet asphalt, motionless.

165 INT. SECOND DORM ROOM - NIGHT.

165

Natalie looks down.

PAUL (O.S.)

Hey...Can you give me a hand here?

Natalie turns around. She casually sticks the gun in her
coat pocket. Paul is on the floor, obviously in pain. She
gives him a hand.

Reese is breathing heavily, lying down.

NATALIE

Reese...

REESE

(weakly; bittersweet)
Got me in the abdomen...thought I'd have
to wait to be a cop before that ever
happened.

PAUL

Can you get up?

REESE

Hell no. Go and get help...quick.

Paul and Natalie turn to leave.

REESE (cont'd)

And Natalie...good work there.

NATALIE

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

Reese winks at her.

166 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT.

166

Paul and Natalie are climbing into his car.

NATALIE

Wait Paul. We should make sure she's dead.

PAUL

We don't have time Natalie!

He's right...maybe. She gets in the car.

167 INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT.

167

They're heading out of campus. Paul's driving.

PAUL

Me, a serial killer. Good one.

NATALIE

Sorry.

PAUL

I tell ya, when I write the story, there won't be anything left to sensationalize.

BEHIND THEM we see something moving. Brenda.

NATALIE

This'll become a legend too you know.

PAUL

You think?

NATALIE

No doubt. It'll change from person to person though. Brenda will become a guy, You'll become a criminology student, not a journalist and I'll end up in some insane asylum.

Brenda raises an ax.

PAUL (cont'd)

So...if this is a legend...at what point do we get to the ironic twist?

IN THE BACKSEAT, Brenda is getting ready to swing...

CLOSE ON REARVIEW MIRROR. Paul sees her reflection.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

PAUL (cont'd)

DUCK!

Natalie and Paul duck, just as Brenda swings her ax. She narrowly misses their heads. She swings again, misses. It gets stuck on the side of the door.

Brenda is going to grab it. Natalie lets her seat go all the way back and PUNCHES Brenda in the stomach.

Brenda and Natalie are fighting in the backseat. Brenda swings open the back door. She grabs Natalie by the neck and pushes her head outside. A tree stump is just a few yards away.

NATALIE

Paul!

He swerves the car, knocking Brenda back. Natalie jumps, as the tree SLAMS into the back door.

168 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

168

Paul's car swerves into another road, heading into the woods.

169 INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT.

169

Natalie grabs Reese's gun. She aims at Brenda and shoots just as the car goes over a bump. The shot SHATTERS the side window.

PAUL

Watch it!

Brenda kicks the gun out of Natalie's hands. She's trying to pry the ax out. As she does this, Natalie leans up and fastens Paul's seat belt. They look at each other. He starts speeding up.

170 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

170

We see the lake up ahead.

171 INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT.

171

Natalie fastens her seat belt just as Brenda pries the ax loose. She's standing above Natalie.

NATALIE

So did you hear the legend about the girl who didn't wear her seatbelt?

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

BRENDA

No...

NATALIE

Neither did I.

172 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT.

172

A tree is approaching.

173 INT. PAUL'S CAR - NIGHT.

173

Paul shuts his eyes.

CLOSE ON BRENDA

She's about to swing, when BOOM! Paul SLAMS into the tree.

Brenda CRASHES through the front windshield, flying out of the car.

174 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT.

174

Paul and Natalie slowly step outside. It seems calm when suddenly, Brenda jumps up.

BRENDA

AAAAHHH!

Natalie grabs the gun and SHOTS out every last bullet. Brenda falls into the lake and slowly starts to sink in the rain.

Paul and Natalie embrace. They're completely soaked.

PAUL

Is this it?

NATALIE

For us. But legends never go away. They just change.

They look towards the lake and see Brenda finally sink completely.

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)

The lake was so cold, they had to wait a couple of days to get the body. When some special, extreme weather Navy SEAL type guys could get over here and get it out. the thing of it is...they never found a body.

175 INT. STANLEY HALL - NIGHT.

175

Six college kids, guys and girls, are gathered around BLAKE, a young Parkerish frat guy who's finishing telling the story. They're sitting in one of the old rooms. It's lit by candles.

BLAKE

It wasn't there.

Everyone stares at him, wide-eyed. Then, at once, they all begin laughing.

JENNY

BULLSHIT!

BLAKE

It's true guys! Happened right here at Pendelton. I swear to God.

HIPPIE GUY

So why haven't I heard it before.

BLAKE

Duh...have you listened? It all keeps getting covered up.

DORKY GUY

I've heard it. Matter of fact, Natalie's my old roommate's cousin.

TRENDY GIRL

No, Natalie's my brother's ex-girlfriend's sister.

BLAKE

Oh, you see? This is how totally real stories become unbelievable. Everyone has to add a little something to it.

Suddenly, Reese appears at the door. They're startled.

REESE

As you all probably know, this building is off limits. So get your asses up and out of here...NOW.

BLAKE

Hey Reese?

REESE

What?

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

He looks around. Everyone's waiting for him to ask.

BLAKE

Nothing.

They stream past her. She suddenly grabs her stomach. A pain of some sort.

176 EXT. STANLEY HALL - NIGHT.

176

The group is outside.

JENNY

Good-bye guys. Thanks for another brain cell deadening session.

HIPPIE GUY

Hey...be careful out there.

JENNY

I'm shaking in my Hush Puppies.

She walks away.

177 EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT.

177

Jenny is on a darkened walkway.

HER POV

The lake is in the distance. There's some fear in her eyes. She looks away quickly.

Leaves RUSTLE behind her. She stops and turns.

JENNY

Hello? Is there someone there?

She rolls her eyes and laughs to herself.

JENNY (cont'd)

Paranoid.

She turns around.

BEHIND HER, a gloved hand reach out and covers her mouth. Her SCREAM is muffled. We see an ax swing up and glisten in the moonlight and hear a loud THUMP as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END