

URBAN LEGEND 2
FINAL CUT

by

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

A BLACK SCREEN. We hear the WHISPER of the SEA. Then OMINOUS MUSIC begins, and on the SOUND of a BREAKING WAVE we...

FADE IN ON: A TITLE SEQUENCE that plays against the rise and fall of OCEAN WAVES in the MOONLIT DARKNESS. Then a FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALS...

A FANCY YACHT

bobbing in the waves. A COLLEGE GUY SHOUTS from the deck:

COLLEGE GUY
Get outta there, man! A storm's comin' in!

GIGGLING, several SKINNY-DIPPING COLLEGE STUDENTS climb drunkenly up a ladder to the deck. MORE COLLEGE STUDENTS crowd the deck, dri-king and dancing, and PARTY MUSIC plays.

We PUSH IN ON A PORTHOLE, passing a WASTED GUY who's puking over the rail -- and when the PORTHOLE FILLS THE SCREEN, we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE YACHT'S LOUNGE -- BELOW-DECKS -- NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF A GIRL'S EYES staring intently in the DIMNESS. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she leans over to WHISPER to ANOTHER GIRL -- again, we only see her EYES...

FIRST GIRL
She swears the story is true...

Now we CUT WIDE TO REVEAL A PAIR OF COLLEGE GIRLS sitting on the floor beneath the porthole, each cradling a beer in her lap. LIBBY, the brunette, is whispering to SANDRA, the blonde:

LIBBY
That night, everybody's partyin', just kickin' back -- and the next morning, she's the only one left alive.

Sandra shakes her head in wide-eyed disbelief. We can see a few COUPLES making out in the semidark room. The SHIP ROCKS BACK AND FORTH in the growing storm...

SANDRA
So the Captain killed them all...?

LIBBY
Yep. Untreated syphilis. Drove 'im totally insane...
(sips her beer and BURPS)
Bet that's the last cruise she ever took.

SANDRA
...Who was this girl, anyway?

LIBBY
(shrugs)
Friend of my best friend's sister's boyfriend.

Suddenly, the SHIP PITCHES VIOLENTLY in the squall. The WIND HOWLS, and RAIN batters the porthole.

LIBBY
Whoa...!

The LIGHTS BEGIN FLICKERING erratically...then they CUT OFF. The MUSIC DIES as well, and we hear DRUNKEN VOICES in the DARKNESS: "What's up?" "Shit, what happened to the lights...?"

Then a STRANGE SOUND BEGINS, like someone CHOPPING wet firewood. Again and again, in a confusion of FUMBLING and EXCITED VOICES...

And then SILENCE, except for the WAILING WIND and the GROAN of storm-wracked timbers in the storm.

SANDRA'S VOICE
(a whisper)
Libby? Where are you, I can't --

LIBBY'S VOICE
--Shhh!!!

Now we hear FOOTSTEPS CREAKING slowly across the floor, and the ragged sandpaper BREATHING of emphysema-tortured lungs...

Libby is WHIMPERING as the BREATHING and the FOOTSTEPS approach. And then...

A HORRIFYING SHRIEK

cuts through the night, followed hard by a hideous CRUNCH. And the LIGHTS SNAP BACK ON, REVEALING...

THE YACHT CAPTAIN

wearing a SKIPPER'S CAP and a uniform drenched with BLOOD. Behind him, DEAD COLLEGE KIDS sprawl across couches and chairs. A POOL OF BLOOD creeps slowly across the floor...

And in his hand is an ANTIQUE NAVY CUTLASS, razor-sharp. BLOOD DRIPS from the short, heavy blade -- and we FOLLOW THE BLOOD-DROPS DOWN TO REVEAL...

SANDRA

crouching beneath a table as the Captain passes by. Now she HEARS HIS FOOTSTEPS STOP. She waits breathlessly: Is he gone? Cautiously, she sticks her head out to take a look, and...

THE CUTLASS

swipes at her head -- but just then, the SHIP ROLLS, and the blade MISSES, biting deep into the floorboards instead.

Sandra scuttles away like a crab across the HEAVING floor...

THE LIGHTS FLICKER on and off, shorting out, spitting SPARKS -- and LIGHTNING FLASHES rapidly as the storm reaches a peak.

It's a STROBE EFFECT: FLASHING from pitch dark to metallic light as the SHIP TOSSES WILDLY up and down...

A FLASH REVEALS LIBBY'S FACE: She's DEAD, her eyes frozen WIDE. Sandra shudders in horror as she crawls past...

ANOTHER FLASH reveals the Captain, GRUNTING and WHEEZING as he tries to yank the cutlass blade out of the floor...

SANDRA is lit for an instant as she looks around in desperation, and...

ANOTHER FLASH reveals a HARPOON GUN hanging on the wall.

THE CAPTAIN

turns, cutlass in hand, and lumbers toward Sandra. Grinning madly as each STROBING FLASH jump-cuts him closer, and CLOSER...

Until he LOOMS like a giant, raising the blade overhead, and...

K-THUNK! A SOUND in the DARKNESS -- and the next FLASH REVEALS...

THE CAPTAIN

with A HARPOON piercing his throat. He stands frozen for an instant, strobe-lit, a wide-eyed snapshot...

Then he drops the sword and STAGGERS BACKWARDS, clutching at the steel shaft in his throat, until he SLAMS into the opposite wall -- and the tip of the harpoon STICKS IN THE WALL behind him.

The LIGHTS FLICKER one last time, then STAY ON.

Clutching the HARPOON GUN, Sandra stares across the room at the Captain as he DIES. Then suddenly...

THE SHIP ROLLS VIOLENTLY

pounded by a wave -- and the PORTHOLE SHATTERS. Sandra tumbles as WATER jets into the room.

Then the SHIP STEADIES. Sandra tries to get to her feet...

And the HULL CRACKS in half a dozen places, springing LEAKS. The room is FLOODING.

Sandra SLIPS and flounders in the water, SCREAMING again and again as she struggles, SLAPPING at the water and becoming more and more hysterical...

CUT TO THE CAPTAIN

Glassy-eyed and stiff in death...until he BLINKS. Then BLINKS again. He reaches back behind his neck, and PULLS the tip of the harpoon out of the wall!

As we HEAR Sandra continue to SCREAM and flop around offscreen, we FOLLOW THE CAPTAIN across the room -- past a shattered lantern...a toppled bookcase...an overturned chair...

We CUT IN CLOSER and FOLLOW THE CAPTAIN'S HAND as he REACHES for something OFFSCREEN -- is that a DONUT...? Now he grabs something else that looks like a PAPER CUP...

And we FOLLOW THE PAPER CUP to the Captain's lips as he takes a sip of coffee despite the harpoon in his throat!

He watches and listens to Sandra carrying on. Finally, he rolls his eyes, shakes his head, and leans over toward...

TOBY

a young, round-faced guy who's also watching Sandra. Toby's a heavy-set, obsessive, 21-year-old Coppolla-type.

THE CAPTAIN
(whispers to Toby)
She's awful...

TOBY
I know...I know -- CUT!

Toby springs up from a DIRECTOR'S CHAIR, and we CRANE UP TO REVEAL...

INT. A UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER -- NIGHT

The "yacht" is a fake, partially OPEN on one side for filming the interior. It floats in an OLYMPIC-SIZE POOL. An OUTBOARD POWERBOAT MOTOR at one end of the pool creates the "waves." STROBE LIGHTS and a METAL SHEET make lightning and thunder.

5.
TWO STUDENTS seesaw a lever up and down to rock the boat. And KEVIN, a freshman P.A., operates a SPRINKLER that throws "rain" against the porthole. Kevin's a creepy kid: shifty-eyed, greasy-haired and pale. We'll keep an eye on him.

Toby crosses a short GANGPLANK to the open side of the yacht. He peers in at Sandra, who sits glumly in a puddle of water.

TOBY
Sandra...I don't know how to say this,
except...you're TERRIBLE!
(he throws up his hands)
Ah, never mind! God...!

DIRK AND STAN

a pair of geeky first-year film students, stand beside the Captain at a CRAFT-SERVICES TABLE that's loaded with coffee and food. They wear matching "Star Trek" t-shirts, look like Siskel & Ebert as 19-year-olds...and think Sandra's a babe.

DIRK
(the tall, skinny one)
Hmm...she has a certain quality...

STAN
(the short, fat one)
Yes...if I could just put my finger on it.

TOBY
Let's go! Back to make-up! Drain the boat!

Dirk casually PLUCKS the fake harpoon from the Captain's throat, and Stan DIPS the cutlass, giving it a fresh coat of "blood."

Toby turns back to Sandra with a sigh.

TOBY
And Sandra, please... Give me a little
bit less this time. Okay...?

SANDRA
(meekly)
...Okay.

INT. UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER -- MOMENTS LATER

Toby is back in the Director's chair, munching a donut, surrounded by the COLLEGE STUDENTS who make up his student film crew.

GRAHAM, operating the CAMERA, is totally Hollywood: dressed all in black, a tiny phone clipped to his belt. P.A. Kevin steps in front of the camera with a CLAPPER-BOARD...

VANESSA, a cute, tough-looking Latina, reaches out with a BOOM MIC and holds it over Kevin's head. We notice the message on her black t-shirt: "QUEER LATIN FEMINIST!"

TOBY
Let's do it again, everybody. Roll sound.

AMY MAYFIELD

sits nearby, wearing headphones. A thoughtful, 21-year-old beauty, she's perceptive and quiet, the kind of person who always has more behind the counter than she has on display.

She studies the dials on the NAGRA SOUND RECORDER in her lap.

AMY
...Speed.

TOBY
Roll camera...

P.A. KEVIN
"Bloodboat," Scene One, Take Nine.

He CLAPS the sticks together and steps aside. Graham pans the camera over to the YACHT, peering through the eyepiece...

GRAHAM
...Frame.

And as we PUSH IN SLOWLY on the LENS, Toby says:

TOBY
...ACTION!

The LENS COMPLETELY FILLS THE SCREEN, we go to BLACK, and...

CUT TO:

A STUDENT walking away from CAMERA to REVEAL...

EXT. ALPINE STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS -- DAY

Late January in a small Northern town. Bare trees shiver beneath Gothic buildings of stone -- including a chapel with a BELL TOWER that overlooks the entire campus. STUDENTS scurry to class, wearing heavy coats, as we HEAR:

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
...and I want to wish you all the best as
you return for the spring semester...

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM -- SAME

DEAN PATTERSON, a sweetly befuddled, 60ish, small-town politician-type, stands at the podium. Several FACULTY MEMBERS sit in a row of chairs behind him.

DEAN PATTERSON

(continuing)

...although I must say it feels a bit risky calling this the "spring" semester when it's thirty-eight degrees outside...!

He CHUCKLES, and looks around hopefully...

THE AUDIENCE OF FILM STUDENTS

about a hundred or so, stare back at him, unamused.

DEAN PATTERSON

Ahem...uh, furthermore, as Dean of Arts and Sciences, I would like to welcome the newest member of our Film Department, Melvin Zarcoff, who joins us to teach Camera and Lighting after a distinguished Hollywood career...

He turns to indicate ZARCOFF, a decrepit little man in his 70s, who's ASLEEP in his chair, and just beginning to drool...

IN THE AUDIENCE

Graham sits next to Toby, who looks at Zarcoff and MUTTERS:

TOBY

Ten bucks says he croaks before we graduate.

AMY MAYFIELD

sits in front of Toby and Graham, trying to ignore them as she listens to the Dean. Beside her is Vanessa, the tough Latina babe.

DEAN PATTERSON

...Dr. Fain is back from his studies abroad, and will be teaching his popular course on the French New Wave Cinema...

FAIN, a decadent middle-aged man from Des Moines who effects the manner of a French intellectual, offers a limp salute...

DEAN PATTERSON

...And we've added an exciting new course in Advanced Screenwriting this semester, which will be taught by Clive LaVey.

Dirk and Stan, the F/X geeks, ponder that one:

DIRK

Clive LaVey...didn't he write "Vampire
Discotheque"?

STAN

No. That was Nick Jordan. Clive LaVey
wrote all the "Splattertown" sequels.

DIRK

Oh, yeah...I knew that...

DEAN PATTERSON

And now, as I have several other
Departments to visit today, I will turn
things over to your own Professor Solomon.

SOLOMON rises from his chair. About 40, he tries to be the
"cool, wise guru" to the students, even though he's sometimes
gruffly paternal -- and, mostly, he pulls it off.

As he approaches the podium, there's scattered APPLAUSE, and
a few guys in the back chant "Sol-o-mon...Sol-o-mon...!" He
smiles slightly, then puts on a stern face:

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

Most of you know me. As for the rest, be
assured that you will fall into my
clutches soon...

More of the students are listening now -- obviously, they think
he's cooler than the rest of the lame-ass faculty up there.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

Many of you seniors have not completed
your thesis films -- in fact, some of you
have yet to submit your screenplays...

He directs his gaze at Amy, and she nervously looks away.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

At the end of the semester, you may submit
your thesis films to be considered for the
Hitchcock Award. I know you're all aware
of the Alpine graduates who've won the
Hitchcock and gone on to Hollywood success
-- names like Chip Voelker, Cecily Spector,
and Josh Bouvet...

Behind Amy, Graham and Toby are still MUTTERING...

AMY
(easy-going)
Could you guys maybe turn it down just a bit?
I really want to hear this.

GRAHAM
...Why do you care? The Hitchcock is for
fiction films, not nature documentaries.

VANESSA
(whirls around in her seat)
Hey! Shut the fuck up!

She's fierce. They try to play it off -- Toby says "Ooh!" and
Graham holds up his fingers like a cross...but they shut up.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
But let me remind you: Only one student
will win that Award -- and all of you are
required not only to complete your own
film, but to work hard as crew members on
each other's films as well. And you'll be
graded accordingly.

He looks around, his expression earnest...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
I've been here long enough to know how
cutthroat the competition can get -- but
as we enter this second semester, let's
not forget that film is a collaborative
art form... In other words: we're here
to work together...

CUT TO:

VENICE, ITALY

Gondolas and majestic houses overlooking the Grand Canal. Then
suddenly, Venice is PULLED ASIDE like a curtain to REVEAL...

EXT. UNIVERSITY FILM SCHOOL COMPLEX -- DAY

A COUPLE OF STUDENTS carry the wooden scenery flat of Venice
into an open SOUND STAGE, and ANOTHER struggles to unload a
camera dolly from the trunk of a car as we APPROACH...

THE "ORSON WELLES BUILDING"

Its doors open, releasing a flood of book-laden STUDENTS,
including Amy. She hurries out, Graham and Toby at her heels.

GRAHAM

C'mon, Mayfield...you're telling me you're actually gonna make a fictional film...? You really think you've got a shot at the Hitchcock?

AMY

Why wouldn't I?

TOBY

Well, for starters, I saw your documentary, "Zoo Prisoners"...

GRAHAM

I don't know, I kinda liked that one -- but I thought you only make "nature films."

AMY

That doesn't mean I can't make fiction films, too...

A GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

HEY, AMY!

Sandra, the blonde actress from the opening yacht scene, rushes up to them with a large MANILA FOLDER in her hand.

SANDRA

C'mon, I got my new headshots today!

GRAHAM

(ogling her)

Hey Sandra, you gonna audition for my thesis film? You know, you're welcome on my casting couch anytime.

SANDRA

No, thanks, Graham...I don't do wanna-bes.

She flashes the boys a smile as she drags Amy away.

SANDRA

(bubbling over)

So, check it out: I think this one really brings out my sophisticated side...

She whips out A HEADSHOT PHOTOGRAPH in which she looks about as "sophisticated" as Traci Lords.

AMY

It's...really...you.

SANDRA
Yeah! And that's what we can really
exploit in your thesis film -- me!

Sandra's very pleased with herself for using the word "exploit."

AMY
What film? I don't even have an idea!
You're lucky -- your film's finished.

SANDRA
Yeah, real lucky -- I wasted three years
in film school just to find out I really
belong in front of the camera...

AMY
Well, at least you found your calling.

SANDRA
Yeah... Hey, here's an idea for your film!
How 'bout a fun-filled week in the life of
a sexy blonde college babe -- sorta like
"The Real World"?

AMY
I don't know...I don't think I want to do
another documentary...

SANDRA
Omigod, really? Wow...
(pauses, "thinking hard")
Then, how 'bout a dramatic, romantic
adventure about this sexy blonde chick
who ain't takin' no more shit -- sorta
like, "Thelma" without "Louise"...?

AMY
(smiles at her)
You've got this all figured out, huh?

SANDRA
(a dazzling smile back)
I'm nothing if not helpful.

They're heading toward THE EQUIPMENT STOCKROOM, where handsome,
22-year-old TRAVIS STARK is checking in a camera and lighting
kit. Unshaven, Travis wears an old black sweatshirt full of
holes, and looks absolutely exhausted...

Sandra and Amy have stopped to stare at him.

SANDRA

Poor Travis...he must've finished shooting his film this weekend.

AMY

Yeah...looks like he hasn't showered in days.

SANDRA

I'd like to pour him a nice, hot bath...

AMY

(joining the fantasy)

Grab a big...thick...scratchy loofa sponge...

SANDRA

"Oops! Now where did I drop that soap...?"

(beat)

You should go talk to him. Just tell him you want it...

AMY

Yeah, right. I can't do that, Sandra.

I'm not like you...

(off Sandra's look)

I mean that as a compliment.

SANDRA

C'mon, I'll buy you a frozen latte.

AMY

(preoccupied)

No, I gotta get back to the room -- I got my own film to worry about.

SANDRA

(concerned, watching her go)

Cheer up, okay? I'll see you tonight.

Sandra turns away from Amy, and sees...

P.A. KEVIN

spying on her from the far corner of the building. He locks eyes with Sandra, eerily staring her down. After a moment, he steps back behind the corner, disappearing from view.

For a moment, Sandra looks concerned, but then shrugs it off and walks away, staring happily at her brand-new headshots.

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

as the words "FADE IN" are typed. Then the cursor returns and just sits there, blinking...

INT. AMY AND SANDRA'S DORM ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Amy stares grimly at the computer screen, open containers of Chinese food on the desk beside her. Frustrated, she starts GRINDING HER PENCIL into an ELECTRIC SHARPENER. MUSIC BEGINS, and we HEAR a MAN'S VOICE over the BEAT: "One-Two-One-Two..."

A SERIES OF TIME CUTS:

Billy Blanks KICKS with one leg, doing a "Tae Bo" workout on Amy's TV. Amy does the same thrusting kick as she watches...

CLOSE ON AMY'S FINGERS as she disinterestedly files her nails. SACCHARIN MUSIC from a TV soap opera plays...

A "JENGA" GAME sits on Amy's desk. Amy glances at her computer screen, which still says "FADE IN" and nothing else. She frowns, and removes one of the precariously balanced wooden blocks...

Amy mindlessly dips another pencil into the sharpener. She looks at a pair of CHOPSTICKS next to the open containers of Chinese food. She picks one up and GRINDS IT into the sharpener...

Amy stands in the SHOWER, looking preoccupied...

CLOSE ON AMY, hair wet, pulling another peg from the Jenga game...

Amy, in her robe, eats ice cream as she watches more TV. She glances guiltily over at the computer...

Lying sideways on her bed, Amy dials a number on her phone, which is set to "speaker" mode. A MAN'S VOICE cheerfully announces, "Hello, and welcome to Moviephone!" She HANGS UP...

Another block from the wobbling Jenga tower slides away...

CLOSE on ANOTHER CHOPSTICK GRINDING into the sharpener...

Amy stares numbly at the computer screen: It still says "FADE IN"...and nothing else. Slowly, her head tips down until it rests on the keyboard...

The now-ravaged Jenga block tower comes CRASHING DOWN as we...

CUT TO:

THE CHAPEL TOWER

that overlooks the University campus. The windows are dark.
As the CHAPEL BELL RINGS, we PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

EXT. OUTSIDE AMY'S DORM -- NIGHT

Amy stands alone in front of the dorm. A SEDAN labelled "CAMPUS POLICE" pulls up, and Amy moves toward it. The passenger window powers down. We don't see the driver, but we hear...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You call for an escort to the Library?

Amy nods and gets in.

INT. CAMPUS POLICE SEDAN -- TRAVELLING -- NIGHT

Amy glances up at the driver -- it's REESE, the campus cop from the original "Urban Legend": a young black woman who wears a brand-new uniform and a no-nonsense expression.

Reese looks plenty tough, but Amy notices one thing that doesn't seem to fit the hard-boiled image: A small STUFFED LION -- the plush, hugable kind -- rests on the front seat.

AMY
Nice lion... Do you keep a gun hidden inside?

Reese shoots Amy a surprised look.

REESE
Why would you say that?

AMY
(oops, bad joke)
I'm sorry, it's just...I'm a film student, and we're taking this "Film Genre" class. Last month we saw all these action movies from the Seventies -- you know, like, "Shaft" and "Dirty Harry"...

REESE
I love those old action flicks...

AMY
Really? 'Cause there's this one movie with Pam Grier, where she's got this stuffed lion, and she hides a gun in it to go kill this mobster who --

REESE
 --"Coffy." That's the name of the movie.
 It's my favorite.

AMY
 Yeah? I liked that other one she did --

REESE
 --"Foxy Brown."

AMY
 Yeah! Where she's got that coke-dealer
 brother -- what's that great line he says...
 (imitating a guy)
 "That's my sister, baby..."

Reese joins in, and they finish the line together:

AMY AND REESE
 (in unison)
 "...and she's a whole lotta woman!"

They both laugh.

REESE
 (still smiling, very pleased)
 You ever make an action movie?

AMY
 No...I'm supposed to start shooting my
 senior thesis film next week, but I've got
 a bad case of writer's block -- I can't
 seem to come up with a good story...

REESE
 (after a beat)
 I know a good story.

AMY
 (doubtful, she smiles)
 Really.

REESE
 Yeah...it's about a campus serial killer
 whose murders are based on "urban legends."
 (growing bitter)
 Eight people get killed, but the
 prestigious college still manages to
 cover it up...

We see a hint of that Pam Grier righteous anger in her eyes:

REESE

...And the Chief of Campus Security who refuses to help them cover it up gets fired, and spends a year looking for a job... Until, finally, she finds an "entry-level position" at Alpine State University.

AMY

Wait a minute...you mean those murders at Pendleton? You're saying that really happened...?

Reese says nothing, but Amy sees the answer in her eyes.

AMY

C'mon, I heard that was all just a hoax -- it's an "urban legend" itself... What, you're telling me you were there?

REESE

Honey, I got the scars to prove it.

Amy still doesn't look convinced. But the wheels are in motion now -- she's turning the story over in her mind...

AMY

It is a good story, though...

Reese stops in front of the LIBRARY.

AMY

(smiles, turns to Reese)
No...it's a great story...

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

as a WEBSITE appears: "AMERICAN URBAN LEGENDS." We scroll down a list of sub-categories: "SEX"... "MURDER"... "HUMOROUS"...

INT. LIBRARY -- LATE NIGHT

Electric with enthusiasm, Amy sits at a library computer terminal, trolling the Internet. She CLICKS into a sub-category, scans a bit, and writes something down...

Suddenly, SANDRA appears out of nowhere:

SANDRA

(overly loud)

Hey!

A few STUDENTS look over at her, including a BRAINY NERD, who frowns. Amy's startled, but has to smile...

AMY

Jesus, Sandra... What are you doing here so late -- are you studying...?

SANDRA

(holds up some papers)

Hell, no! I'm makin' copies of my acting resume!

Amy clicks the "BACK" button on her browser. The full list of "Urban Legend" sub-categories pops back onscreen.

AMY

Here, I want to show you something...

Sandra leans over Amy's shoulder to see the computer screen.

Amy clicks on "MURDER LEGENDS" and a long list appears: "The Carnival Killer"..."The Dead Hitchhiker"..."Humans Can Lick, Too"..."The Midnight Scream"...

SANDRA

...What's all this?

Now Amy clicks into "The Midnight Scream" and scrolls down to several COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS of COLLEGE STUDENTS sitting at their desks, SCREAMING...

AMY (O.S.)

Okay, check it out... It's a tradition during finals week: Everybody's up late studying, and at the stroke of midnight, the entire student body screams as a way of releasing tension...

Amy scrolls down to a PICTURE of a COLLEGE GIRL pinned down by a MAN with a large knife. The Girl is SCREAMING for help.

AMY (O.S.)

At the same time -- between midnight and 12:01 -- a coed is brutally attacked...

The last PICTURE shows the Girl being SLASHED to pieces by the knife-wielding Man.

AMY (O.S.)

...but her scream goes unnoticed, drowned out by the screams of her classmates.

Now Amy looks up at Sandra.

AMY
True story, right...?

SANDRA
(shrugs)
Yeah, I heard it happened at Harvard.

AMY
(shakes her head)
Nope. It's an "Urban Legend"...

SANDRA
You mean like that girl who ate the burrito with the pregnant roach, and the eggs all hatched inside her nose?

AMY
(grins)
That's the general idea...

SANDRA
(getting excited)
Or like that girl who bites into a chicken sandwich, then finds out the spoiled mayonnaise is really pus from a chicken tumor?

AMY
(truly nauseated)
Right...

SANDRA
Or how about the one where this guy gets a nasty case of crabs, and when he goes to unzip his fly --

AMY
--Okay, okay, Sandra, stop!

She looks around: Now the Brainy Nerd is GRINNING...

SANDRA
Sorry...

AMY
(turns back to the computer)
The point is...this whole thing gave me a great idea for my thesis film: Imagine a movie about a serial killer whose murders are all based on urban legends.

Sandra nods. She thinks a moment, and her eyes light up:

SANDRA

Hey, think there's a role in it for me?!

AMY

(turns to Sandra and smiles)

You can scream, can't you?

Sandra lets out a joyous, full-throated SCREAM which ECHOES THROUGH THE LIBRARY as we...

CUT TO:

A STUBBLY-FACED GUY

mouth open, drooling, leaning back in his chair...

INT. POST-PRODUCTION BUILDING -- LATE AT NIGHT

Amy stands at the check-in desk, several reels of magnetic sound tape under her arm. She starts to wake up the zonked-out POST MONITOR, then thinks better of it, and quietly slides the REGISTER out from under his empty pizza box.

As she signs in, she sees the name above hers: "Travis Stark." Her heartbeat quickens. She hesitates, then starts down...

THE DARK HALLWAY

toward the DUBBING STAGES, tiptoeing past locked EDITING BAYS and PROJECTION ROOMS. All of the windows are dark -- it seems like no one else is around...

But Amy hears MUFFLED DIALOGUE and SOUNDTRACK MUSIC from beyond the first dubbing stage door. She opens the door and peeks inside...

TOBY

sits behind a MIXING BOARD, his expression pained. He's watching Sandra's ridiculous performance in the bloody yacht scene which we saw him directing earlier. Depressed, he lowers his face into his hands.

Amy quickly backs out of the room and moves on down the hallway as Toby's suspenseful SOUNDTRACK MUSIC continues to build...

The door to the SECOND DUBBING STAGE is slightly ajar. Amy approaches it slowly. At the doorway, she hesitates. Then she leans closer to look...

INSIDE THE SECOND DUBBING STAGE

Travis Stark is mixing his film, sliding level controls up and down. He looks excited, smiling as he watches the scene play.

From this angle, Amy can't clearly see what's onscreen. But she sure can see Travis...

Now A TOWERING SHADOW appears on the wall behind Amy.

As the MUSIC from Toby's film reaches a TERRIFYING CRESCENDO, A HAND descends toward Amy from behind -- lower and lower until...

IT CLAMPS DOWN ON HER SHOULDER!

She JUMPS, and whirls around to see...

TWO FIGURES

in matching WINTER PARKAS, the hoods masking their faces. They both look like the killer from the original "Urban Legend."

Amy stares in bewilderment and fear as they slowly, simultaneously reach up and pull back their parka hoods to reveal...

LAUREL AND HARDY

Laurel's tall and skinny. Hardy's short and plump. But both wear the same "Hellraiser" t-shirt.

AMY

(a sigh of relief)

You guys scared the hell out of me!

DIRK

(pulls off the LAUREL MASK)

Unintentional...

STAN

We've been expanding our mask collection.

(pulls off the HARDY MASK)

In fact, we now have all three Stooges, should you care to join us...

(imitates Curly Joe)

Nyuck, nyuck, nyuck!

Travis heard that: He SHUTS OFF THE FILM and hurries toward the door. Amy sees him coming...

AMY

(embarrassed)

Oh, no...you geeks...!

Travis opens the door. Stares at the lurking trio.

TRAVIS

Hey, uh...I've got this room reserved...

STAN

We don't want it, we're working on our F/X reel...

DIRK

Yeah, we were just looking for her...

TRAVIS

(turns to Amy)

Did you want to use this room?

AMY

Yes...I mean, no, I was just...

STAN

She was just watchin' you, dude. Just starin' at ya.

AMY

I was not! Would you get out of here?!

Dirk hooks his fingers like claws and HISSES at her -- then he and Stan scurry off, GIGGLING, into the darkness.

AMY

(to Travis, smiling slightly)

I'm sorry...

TRAVIS

It's okay, but... What did you want?
'Cause I'm kind of busy...

AMY

Yeah, right, I just, um...was that your thesis film?

TRAVIS

(quickly)

It's not finished, I can't let anybody see it --

AMY

--No, no, of course... It's just that I got the script for my thesis film approved today, and I was wondering if maybe you would, you know, read it or something...

TRAVIS
You'd want my opinion?

AMY
Yes! Absolutely, I've always loved your work.

TRAVIS
You're Amy, right? We took Production 101 together.

AMY
That's right, and you're...

She pretends to rack her brain...

TRAVIS
Travis Stark.

AMY
Yes -- I always thought your films were the best. Brilliant, actually.

TRAVIS
Well...thanks...but, I've got to turn my thesis film in tomorrow, so I don't really have time to --

AMY
--I totally understand. And I'm sorry I bothered you, and... Good luck!

She starts to walk away...

TRAVIS
Wait -- I just meant...I could probably, this weekend, after I turn in my film...

AMY
(bounding back to him)
I'll give you my phone number!

She pulls out a 3-by-5 index card and starts scribbling with a Sharpie.

AMY
And you can just call me, you know, whenever you have time, to read...
(she hands him the card)
... 'cause I have a phone. In my room.

TRAVIS
Great...I'll call you this weekend.

He half-smiles at her, holding up the card.

EXT. THE "LION'S DEN" SPORTS BAR & GRILL -- AFTERNOON

Alpine State University's favorite hangout, full of team memorabilia and framed PICTURES of the University's sports legends. "GO LIONS!" is painted on the window.

Amy walks up with a stack of brad-bound SCRIPTS and an ARTIST'S FOLIO. We FOLLOW HER INSIDE...

INT. LION'S DEN -- CONTINUOUS

Dirk and Stan are standing near the entrance, arguing over an article in FANGORIA magazine.

DIRK
Death to Digital, man! Latex rules!

STAN
Dude, make-up and sculpture and scale-model effects are history -- it's all computers now.
(taps the MAGAZINE for emphasis)
George Lucas says --

DIRK
--Fuck George Lucas!

They're both shocked. Stan crosses himself.

STAN
You're going to Hell...

Sandra walks by wearing a CHEERLEADER'S UNIFORM.

SANDRA
Hey, guys! Come on back!

She grabs a stack of MENUS and leads Amy, Dirk, and Stan into the restaurant. It's packed, and heavy with FRAT BOYS.

STAN
(to Sandra, admiring her bod)
Did you join the cheerleading squad?

SANDRA
Nah, it's the new waitress uniform here
-- school spirit, y'know. "Go Lions!"

They pass a group of ENORMOUS JOCKS playing quarters with a bunch of giggling SORORITY GIRLS -- "Chug! Chug! Chug!"

SANDRA

I got your usual table.

She's taking them into a SECLUDED AREA in the back of the place. It's quieter here. Vanessa's already at the table, reading a textbook on "Gender Politics."

AMY

Where's Toby...?

VANESSA

(shrugs)

I saw him this morning, talking about doing reshoots for "Bloodboat."

AMY

(taking a seat at the table)

Great...a storyboard session with no cinematographer...Toby always does this.

DIRK

You got storyboards? Gimme-gimme-gimme...

He and Stan sit on either side of her, salivating. Graham walks in, dialing his cell phone. Amy starts handing out copies of the script. Sandra takes one, then scurries off.

SANDRA

I'll be right back...

AMY

(to Graham)

Could you join us, please?

GRAHAM

(cell phone at his ear)

Go ahead, I'm just checking messages.

Annoyed, Amy opens the FOLIO and shows everyone A DRAWING OF A GIRL sleeping in a darkened room.

AMY

Okay, here's what we're shooting tonight...

The girl in the drawing has one arm hanging over the edge of the bed, and a DOG is licking her hand.

AMY

There's this girl who's afraid of the dark. So whenever she hears noises at night, she reaches down, and if her dog licks her hand, she knows everything is okay...

Amy turns the page, revealing a CLOSE-UP of the Girl in bed, eyes wide, reaching down into the DARKNESS...

AMY

One night, she keeps hearing strange sounds... But every time she reaches down, she feels that wet tongue licking away... So she stays in bed, thinking everything's cool.

STAN

Can I be the dog? I'm a great lickier.

GRAHAM

Don't you mean "dicklicker"....?

DIRK

(with a smile)

Gee, I wish my dad was the head of a movie studio -- then maybe I could be a prodigious prick, too.

STAN

(mock-whispers to Graham)

Prodigious means "really big"...

Ignoring them, Amy flips the page, and we see a PICTURE with an ARROW: It's a shot FOLLOWING the Girl into her bathroom.

AMY

The next morning, she walks into the bathroom, and sees...

(FLIPS THE PAGE)

...her dog, hanging from the shower rod. And this message:

Amy points to the picture of the Girl and the dead dog: "Humans Can Lick, Too" is written in lipstick on the bathroom mirror.

AMY

(to Dirk and Stan)

I'm counting on you guys to make sure that dead dog looks real.

(back to the storyboards)

Anyway, then the Girl turns around, sees the killer, and --

A girl SCREAMS at the top of her lungs, and everybody JUMPS. They turn to see Sandra standing there with a huge PLATTER OF FOOD.

SANDRA
(to Amy)
...Whaddaya think?

AMY
I think you're gonna do fine.

Beaming, Sandra sets down the food: pizza, tacos, potato skins...

SANDRA
Happy hour grub -- on the house!
Dirk and Stan dive in like starving wolves.

STAN
(through a mouthful, to Sandra)
I love you, man...

Sandra grins and winks at him.

Suddenly, Toby barges up to the table, looking pissed.

TOBY
I need to talk to you. Now.
He steers Amy away from the table.

AMY
Toby, where've you been?
He's actually shaking with rage, backing her toward the wall.

TOBY
What are you doin'? Huh? First you bail on making your usual documentary piece-of-shit, and now you decide you're gonna do a horror film?!

AMY
It's a paranoid thriller, it's nothing like yours --

TOBY
--Bullshit! You stole my fuckin' idea!

AMY
Look, I didn't even know you were making a horror film! Sandra just said it's a "boat movie"...

27.
TOBY
..."BOAT MOVIE"...?!!

AMY
Toby, we start shooting TONIGHT! Where
am I gonna find another shooter?

TOBY
You think I'm gonna help you steal the
Hitchcock from me...?!
(in her face, menacing)
Fuck you, Mayfield. Find another D.P.

He pushes past her and storms out of the bar. Amy stares
after him, stunned -- and a little bit afraid...

EXT. CAMPUS -- TWILIGHT

Distraught, Amy walks along a row of DORMITORIES, clutching
her storyboards to her chest. She glances up, and sees...

TRAVIS

sitting on the dormitory porch, smoking a cigarette. He stares
down at the ground, thinking, gently biting his lower lip...
Then he looks up, and sees Amy standing there, watching him.

AMY
(lamely, to say anything)
Oh, hey, um...I didn't know you smoked.

TRAVIS
Only when I drink.

He holds up a half-empty FIFTH OF VODKA, then takes a swig.

AMY
Right... Listen, uh, I don't suppose you
know a D.P. I could call for tonight, do
you? Toby just dropped off my crew.

Travis says nothing, just takes another drag from his cigarette.

AMY
...You okay, Travis?

TRAVIS
I got graded on my thesis film today.
C...fucking...minus.

He takes another long drink, WINCES as he chokes it down.
Amy walks partway up the steps, and stops, looking up at him.

AMY
God, how could you get -- I mean, you're
so talented...

TRAVIS
So much for the Hitchcock Award.

AMY
(after a beat)
Well...that Award's not so important...

TRAVIS
(laughs)
Not important...?

AMY
C'mon, Travis, only one person can win.
What about everybody else --

TRAVIS
--I can't be everybody else!
(he stands up, swaying)
I got no money, no connections -- I
borrowed every dime to go here, I'm fifty
thousand bucks in debt! Without the
Hitchcock, I wait tables for the next
twenty years!

Beat. He sits back down. Quieter now:

TRAVIS
Every agent in Hollywood sees that
winning film. And anybody who's ever
made it from this school won that
Award... I fucked up. My future's gone.

He takes another long drink, nearly finishing the bottle.
Then he looks down at her, sees the compassion in her eyes.

TRAVIS
(softening)
I do know a good D.P. who might help you
out. His name's Simon -- he shot my film.
If you want, I'll give him a call...

AMY
Thanks...y'know, I could stay, for a
while...if you want...

TRAVIS
I just want to be alone.

AMY
(hiding her disappointment)
Sure. I'll be at the Kubrick Stage.

INT. FILM SCHOOL SOUND STAGE -- NIGHT

Stan and P.A. Kevin are painting the walls of a "BATHROOM" SET. Dirk is up on the CATWALK, adjusting a LIGHT to cast a tree-branch shadow through the "bathroom window"...

Vanessa unpacks the sound equipment while Graham studies the Wall Street Journal and YELLS into his cell phone:

GRAHAM
It closed DOWN ELEVEN POINTS! What the fuck do I pay you for...?!

Amy hurries in, checking her watch.

AMY
...Anybody seen Sandra?

STAN
I wish.

DIRK
Well, hell-o, Beautiful...!

Amy looks up -- but Dirk's not talking to her: He's looking at someone who's hidden from us by the wall of Amy's set...

SANDRA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hiya, Dirk. Watcha doin' up there?

Ogling Sandra, Dirk leans distractedly against an ENGINEERING PANEL, accidentally PRESSING A LEVER with his back, and...

A TWO-HUNDRED-POUND SANDBAG
plummets from the flies!

AMY
LOOK OUT!!!

The SANDBAG DISAPPEARS behind the set wall -- and we hear an IMPACT, then Sandra's FAMILIAR, PIERCING SCREAM.

Everyone RUSHES around the set wall to see...

SANDRA

lying motionless, her body TWISTED, her face turned sharply to one side -- STARING wide-eyed, BLOOD seeping from her skull.

A moment, as Amy stands over Sandra, her heart stopped...
Then Sandra SITS UP, and smiles.

SANDRA
Pretty good, huh? Was I "in the moment"?

AMY
SANDRA! What are you doing...?!

SANDRA
Rehearsing! I got an audition to play a
coma patient on "ER"!

She runs over to Stan, gives him a hug.

SANDRA
Awesome job, guys -- they're gonna love me!
(to Amy)
I'll just go get cleaned up, okay?

She hurries off, leaving a SPLOTCH OF "BLOOD" on Stan's cheek.
He wipes it off with his finger, and stares at the blood...

STAN
Kissed by a bloody corpse...
(he looks up at Dirk)
I'm strangely aroused.

Dirk smiles down at him from the catwalk...

CUT TO:

A DEAD DOG

The small, white, fluffy-Fifi kind, hanging from a shower rod.
Gutted from sternum to groin.

A HAND reaches in to add more BLOOD to the protruding entrails...

INT. FILM SCHOOL SOUND STAGE -- NIGHT

Stan dabs the plastic pooch with a bloody sponge while Amy
walks Sandra through the scene.

AMY
All right...the camera follows you in.
You see the dog, you see the message...

She points to the MIRROR, where "Humans Can Lick, Too" is
scrawled in crimson lipstick.

AMY

Then you turn around, and -- BAM! -- you see the killer and scream. Got it?

Sandra nods. Amy walks away from the set and picks up the 16MM CAMERA, an old piece-of-shit Bolex, and steps up behind Sandra, who stands near the open "bathroom door."

AMY

Okay, everybody ready...? Roll sound.

Vanessa, looking sexy and strong in a white tank top, reaches high with the BOOM MICROPHONE.

Graham sits beside the SOUND RECORDER, talking on his cell phone.

GRAHAM

--I gotta go, babe.
(hangs up, turns on the Nagra)
...Speed.

Holding up the CLAPPER-BOARD, Stan imitates Count Dracula:

STAN

"Urban Legend"...Scene One...Take One...!

AMY

(looking through the eyepiece)
Ready, and...action!

But a MAN'S VOICE interrupts her:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(heavy Eastern-European accent)
Pardon me -- this is shooting place for
Amy Mayfield...?

AMY

Cut! Damn it --

She turns to see a PALE, SINEWY YOUNG MAN in black boots and black jeans, wearing wrap-around sunglasses and a threadbare black t-shirt. He's smoking a hand-rolled cigarette, and carries a black leather bag.

AMY

(after a beat)
I'm Amy Mayfield.

YOUNG MAN

I am Schorm Jakubisko.
(off her expression)
You call me Simon. I get phone call from
Travis...eh...Stark.

AMY
 Oh -- God, I'm so glad you're here.
 Um...the good cameras were checked out --
 this is all we could get.

She holds out the battered camera. He eyes it with distaste.

SIMON
 Eh...I bring my own.

He opens his bag and takes out a beautiful, classic BEAULIEU R16 with a Zeiss 15-to-1 zoom.

SIMON
 (holds it lovingly and smiles)
 My baby, yes?

AMY
 (smiles back at him)
 Yes, baby.

EXT. LOADING DOCK -- LATER THAT NIGHT

It's a wrap. Sandra helps Amy fill out camera reports. P.A. Kevin loads the sound gear into Graham's Range Rover. Simon helps Vanessa carry her equipment from the stage. He hits on her, unaware that he's barking up the wrong tree...

SIMON
 You are...beautiful woman...

A CAR HORN HONKS. They both turn to see a petite BLONDE GIRL pulling up in a Miata.

VANESSA
 (a hint of a smile)
 Come on. We'll give you a ride.

Simon squeezes into the car between the two sexy babes. Then Vanessa leans across in front of Simon and GIVES HER GIRLFRIEND A DEEP, WET KISS...

Watching them go at it, Simon just GRINS from ear to ear.

SIMON
 (thick accent)
 What a country.

BACK ON THE LOADING DOCK

Sandra hands Amy the exposed reels of film.

SANDRA
You heading home?

AMY
No, I need this footage for dailies
tomorrow.
(checks her watch)
The lab closes in ten minutes...

SANDRA
You want me to go with you?

AMY
Nah, it's okay -- I'll see you back at
the room.

Amy smiles and hurries off, preoccupied.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

All alone, Sandra walks up to her new VW BEETLE and digs in
her pocket... No keys.

SANDRA
Shit.

She turns and walks back toward the film school complex.

EXT. SOUND STAGE -- NIGHT

Everyone is gone now. It's eerily quiet. As Sandra walks
toward the stage door, A SHADOW FLITS ACROSS a nearby wall.
She stops and looks around, but sees nothing...

INT. SOUND STAGE -- NIGHT

It's very dark. No windows.

The DOOR OPENS, admitting a wedge of LIGHT, and Sandra steps
inside. She fumbles for the switch on the wall, and...

A FLASHING RED LIGHT

comes on above the stage door, beneath a sign: "DO NOT ENTER
-- FILMING IN PROGRESS."

SANDRA
I guess that'll do...

She walks away, disappearing into the cavernous room.

The FLASHING LIGHT strobes the space, PULSING BLOOD-RED on
the walls, on the shrouded stage lights and scenery flats, on
a big pile of black duvetyne cloth...

And now that pile of black wool cloth begins to RISE, taking on a HUMAN SHAPE...

SANDRA

looks around the bathroom set, hunting her keys...

A HAND

picks up the forgotten BOLEX CAMERA. We HEAR it CLICK ON, and now the faint CLATTERING SOUND of the film running...

CUT TO:

THE CAMERA'S SHAKY POINT-OF-VIEW

as it's carried across the room. The BLOOD-RED LIGHT PULSES like a heartbeat as we slowly approach Sandra...

She's on her knees beside the "shower," digging through a mess of BLOODY SPONGES, right under the hanging pseudo-dog.

SANDRA

Eewww...what a mess...

Stalking CLOSER, the CAMERA RE-FOCUSES -- her face blurs, then snaps sharp and clear as she says...

SANDRA

Finally...!

And grabs her KEYS. She stands, taking a step, blurring again. The Camera is very close now, and the CLATTERING is loud...

Sandra hears it. She starts to turn toward the sound as the Camera frantically looks for focus in the dim, crimson-pulsing room...

SNAPPING INTO A SHARP CLOSE-UP OF SANDRA'S FACE as she looks right into the Camera, her eyes popping wide.

THE CAMERA

blocks our view of the PERSON behind it. We see the FLASH of a RAZOR BLADE as we...

CUT TO:

SANDRA

SCREAMING melodramatically. Then WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. SCREENING ROOM -- MORNING

Amy and her crew are watching dailies. ANOTHER TAKE of the "Humans Can Lick, Too" scene unspools: Sandra sees the dead dog and the message, then turns to CAMERA and SCREAMS as AN ACTOR attacks her with a phony butcher knife.

It's well-lit and well-shot, but Sandra is bad, and she's not getting better from take-to-take. Stan, sitting next to Amy, leans to whisper in her ear:

STAN

At least the dog is convincing.

Amy turns to Graham, who's seated on her other side.

AMY

Where's Sandra?

GRAHAM

(shrugs, cell phone at his ear)
I dunno...she's your roommate.

Amy turns back to face the screen.

AMY

(softly, to herself)
She never came home...

ONSCREEN

Sandra butchers another take -- "SCREE-EECH!" -- and we HEAR Amy's weary voice on the soundtrack: "Cut..."

Then THE SCREEN THEY ARE WATCHING GOES BLACK, and for a moment, the students sit silently in the dark...

Until LOUD MUSIC BLASTS from the theater speakers -- a deafening ROCK/HIP-HOP BEAT...

And onscreen, the darkness is broken by a pulsing, BLOOD-RED LIGHT, and a HAND-HELD POINT-OF-VIEW slowly crossing a vast, empty room...

Approaching SANDRA, who kneels alone beside the fake shower.

AMY

suddenly pays full attention to the screen, confused...

ONSCREEN

the CAMERA STALKS CLOSER to Sandra, her face slipping in and out of focus.

Graham and Vanessa trade a look -- they don't remember this take.
Amy leans forward and pokes Simon, who sits in the next row.

AMY

Did you shoot this...?

Simon shakes his head and shrugs.

The film they are watching has no "sync sound," only the LOUD POUNDING of the rock/hip-hop beat...

Over the beat someone has mixed in "SAMPLES" FROM FAMOUS HORROR FILM SOUNDTRACKS -- the high strings from "Psycho," the low cello from "Jaws," the tubular bells from "The Exorcist"...

ONSCREEN

Sandra stands, BLURRING for a moment...

Then she turns to Camera, and her face contorts in a TERRIFYING, SILENT SCREAM as A RAZOR BLADE SLICES her cheek!

SWOOP IN ON AMY'S FACE

as her heart jumps into her throat.

Dirk and Stan get backslapped by a couple of their geek CRONIES, who came along to watch dailies with them.

CRONY #1

Dude, that looked so real! You guys are good.

Amy grabs Stan by the arm, shaking him.

AMY

(angry)

Did you do this? Did you do this...?!

The F/X geeks both give her an innocent look...

ONSCREEN

Sandra is RUNNING out of the sound stage, into the NIGHT -- across the concrete courtyard toward the POST-PRODUCTION BUILDING...

The CAMERA POV careens after her, SANDRA'S IMAGE swinging wildly through the frame...

BURSTING THROUGH THE DOUBLE DOORS

into Post, and now it's a FOOTTRACE down the LONG, DARK HALLWAY -- Sandra SCREAMING silently when she looks back, and throwing herself against the handle of each locked editing room door...

A DOOR OPENS

and Sandra tumbles INTO AN EDITING ROOM, staggering backwards until she hits a six-plate FLATBED EDITING MACHINE...

She SCREAMS as she loses her balance and falls, sprawling on her back across the flatbed's empty plates...

A LIGHT COMES ON, and the CAMERA POV CLOSES IN relentlessly, FOCUSING patiently as Sandra HURLS an empty film core, a trash can -- she's groping for any weapon, for anything...

A BIG CLOSE-UP as she lets out one last, SILENT SCREAM...

Then the RAZOR BLADE SLASHES her again and again, finally catching her THROAT -- and Sandra's body goes limp.

THE CAMERA RETREATS, backstepping across the tiny room, and we can see Sandra lying on the flatbed, her eyes fixed wide...

Then the Camera's IN THE HALLWAY, the DOOR closing in front of us. Painted on the door: Editing Room #6

The SOUNDTRACK MUSIC FADES DOWN, and then THE FILM ROLLS OUT. Baffled, the crew members stare at the WHITE SCREEN...

But Amy is trembling, terrified -- just trying to breathe.

INT. POST-PRODUCTION BUILDING -- DAY

Dirk and Stan watch Amy pace back and forth outside Editing Room #6. The room has no windows, so they can't see inside. They look up and sees REESE approaching...

REESE
(points at the door)
This one, here...?

Amy nods. Reese finds the key on her HUGE KEYCHAIN and unlocks the editing room door. The all step forward to see...

INSIDE THE EDITING ROOM

One flatbed, one trash can, one chair...and NO BLOODY CORPSE. Not a trace of the murder we've just seen.

As they step back outside, Amy turns to Dirk and Stan.

AMY
You guys swear to me that you didn't stage that thing with Sandra?

STAN
It was good, but we could do better.

AMY
So you don't think it was real?

DIRK
Nah...not enough blood.

STAN
Trust me -- this is just your classic
"wannabe-actress-seeking-the-big-break"
behavior.

AMY
(quietly, her mind spinning)
No...this isn't right. Something's
wrong, I know it...

REESE
What do you mean?

AMY
She wasn't acting -- she's not that good...

Reese studies Amy's anxious face.

REESE
You kids work too hard...maybe you should
get some rest.

AMY
(not listening)
This isn't right...

She walks away. Dirk and Stan trade a look, and follow her.
Reese just watches them go, thinking...

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH -- DAY

Amy enters, and sees SEVERAL FILM REELS stacked on a table.
She sifts through them, checking the labels.

Then she checks one of the PROJECTORS: Her film is still
strung up on the machine. She slides her film off the take-
up reel and holds it up to the light, scanning the frames...

The projectionist walks in, stirring a cup of coffee. He
looks up and we can see that it's P.A. KEVIN. He freezes
when he sees Amy -- he's obviously surprised to see her.

AMY
Where's the last take?

He just stares at her, saying nothing.

AMY
(holds up the reel)
My dailies -- the last take is missing.

P.A. KEVIN
I have no idea...
(an eerie GRIN)
But that did look really...really...real...

Now Amy notices a COMMOTION outside the door -- STUDENTS are hurrying past. She follows them outside...

EXT. ORSON WELLES BUILDING -- DAY

Amy finds most of her crew and VARIOUS OTHER STUDENTS milling about in front of the building. Everybody looks shocked: some in animated conversation, others just staring into space...

AMY
(approaches Vanessa)
...What's going on?

VANESSA
It's freaky...Travis Stark is dead.

Baffled by the missing footage and floored by this news, Amy just stands there, shell-shocked, like she can't quite take it in.

Now Dean Patterson walks by, pale and mumbling, with Solomon at his side.

DEAN PATTERSON
This is a disaster...oh, Lord, a disaster...

Amy steps forward, finding her voice again:

AMY
Professor Solomon...?

He stops, and walks toward her as the Dean wanders on. The other students gather around him, expectant.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
I guess you've all heard the news...

AMY
Is it true...?

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
(a beat, then he nods)
Travis Stark shot himself last night, in
the Chapel Tower.

The TOWER looms behind Solomon as he speaks. Amy looks up at
it -- something she walks past every day...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
He left a note... Apparently, he was upset
by the grade he received on his thesis
film... He saw himself as a failure.

He pauses, emotional.

AMY
(softly, to herself)
Oh my God...

The Students all stare at Solomon, waiting to hear more.
They're upset -- a few of them are CRYING silently...

Solomon looks a bit overwhelmed. He takes off his wire-
rimmed glasses and rubs his eyes. Speaks quietly:

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
We have to remember...this is just school.
This is where you get to learn by making
mistakes -- it's the last time in your
life where it's okay to "fail"... God, if
I don't teach you anything else, at least
let me teach you that...!

His voice is cracking. He puts his glasses back on.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
You know, in Truffaut's movie, "Day for
Night," the director asks the question:
"Are films more important than life...?"
(beat)
Believe me, people... The answer to that
question...is no.

He walks away. Moved, Amy watches him until he's out of sight.
Then, turning away, she catches a glimpse of...

A FIGURE

standing at the edge of the film school complex, watching
from a distance. He wears a black cap, dark glasses and a
green Army jacket...

When he sees Amy staring at him, he ducks around a corner and disappears.

EXT. EQUIPMENT STOCKROOM -- LATER THAT DAY

Somber-faced FILM STUDENTS stand around in small groups, SPEAKING to each other in low voices. They've obviously been deeply affected by the news of Travis's suicide.

Amy looks especially distraught. As she absently arranges a big PILE OF FILM EQUIPMENT, she looks up and sees Graham approaching.

AMY

...Did you hear about Travis Stark?

GRAHAM

Yeah, that's too bad...but hey, the show must go on.

(checks his watch)

Let's go, I got a haircut appointment.

AMY

A haircut...?! Aren't you the least bit weirded out about Travis?

GRAHAM

(shrugs)

Okay, sure, it's "weird"...

AMY

...You're such a jerk.

Pissed, she starts to pick up the camera, but Graham stops her.

GRAHAM

Hey, wait -- I'm sorry. Let me help.

As Amy stares at him in surprise, he turns away, and WHISTLES...

P.A. Kevin walks over, eyeing Amy as he approaches.

Graham holds out a twenty and gestures toward the film equipment. P.A. Kevin takes the twenty, then lifts the heavy camera kit and hustles off with it toward Graham's Range Rover.

AMY

(still watching P.A. Kevin)

Graham... Do you think the footage of Sandra was just another practical joke?

GRAHAM

I wouldn't stress about Sandra -- isn't she a coma patient...on "ER"...in L.A....?

He smiles. Reassured, Amy takes a deep breath.

AMY

(trying to be polite)

Well...thanks for hauling the equipment.

Graham looks her over. She's so damn beautiful...

GRAHAM

No problemo... Y'know, Amy, after graduation, I could really help you out. With my father's connections, I can get anyone in Hollywood to look at your film.
(he moves closer to her)

I think you and I make a good team...

He's backing her into a dark corner...

AMY

C'mon, Graham, don't... Let's just get through this shoot tonight, okay?

Beat. His expression sours, and he steps back.

GRAHAM

Christ, Amy. I've been asking you out for what, three years now?

(beat)

You should wise up, girl. If you ever want to make it in Hollywood, you'd better learn how to connect with the right people.

AMY

If I "make it," it will be because of my talent, not because of my "connections."

GRAHAM

That...is hypocritical bullshit. I know about you... You're a Hollywood kid, just like me.

AMY

(uneasy)

...What are you talking about? I grew up in Alabama.

GRAHAM

Not before 1984. You were five years old when you and your Mama moved from Beverly Hills to Alabama... Right after your Daddy, Taylor Mayfield, burned to death on location in the jungle.

Amy stares at him, stunned.

GRAHAM

Don't look so surprised, it's all in your Admissions file.

AMY

(incredulous)

How did you get into my --

GRAHAM

--And I'm sure that being the daughter of an Oscar-winning documentary filmmaker didn't hurt your chances of getting into film school. So why don't you cut the crap, and stop acting like you're better than me.

Now Toby walks up to them, a big BANDAGE on his hand.

GRAHAM

What happened to you, Boy Genius?

TOBY

Editing class, I cut it on a razor blade...

Amy looks at him sharply -- but he shoots her such a vicious, menacing look that she turns quickly away.

AMY

(walking off)

I...gotta go, I'll see you on the set.

GRAHAM

Sure, babe. And remember what Smokey the Bear says...

She stops and looks back at him, puzzled. Graham points at her, and speaks in a deep "Smokey-the-Bear" voice:

GRAHAM

..."Only you can prevent forest fires."

A beat. Then Amy's face REDDENS with rage -- and she storms off, her head down, as Graham smiles.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS -- DUSK

Amy walks alone, hugging herself in the cold. STORM CLOUDS crowd the early MOON, and dead leaves skitter through the shadows, blown by the WIND. Amy still looks upset, her eyes distant, as if she's lost in a memory, or a baffling dream.

Suddenly, she stops, staring up at...

A SILHOUETTE

in the LIGHTED WINDOW of the CHAPEL TOWER -- and then the light GOES OUT. Amy stares up at the tower, wondering...

EXT. UNIVERSITY CHAPEL -- SAME

Amy walks slowly toward the chapel, still staring at the darkened tower window above...

She stops at the chapel's huge, engraved, black OAKEN DOORS. Reaches out for the heavy brass handle, presses the latch...

AND THE DOOR OPENS

with a slow, ponderous CREAK. Amy hesitates, trying to see into the BLACKNESS inside. The wind WHISPERS in her ears.

Finally, she steps into the chapel...

INT. CHAPEL -- CONTINUOUS

She looks around: STAINED GLASS WINDOWS loom on all sides, faintly LUMINOUS from the twilight outside...

And across one window flits a HUMAN SHADOW.

AMY

...Hello?

Now she sees a person's EYES shining in the dimness. A few heartbeats of silence...then:

A MAN'S VOICE

What are you doing here...?

AMY

I...saw a light, in the tower window...

MAN'S VOICE

What do you want?

AMY
Nothing -- I just, I thought I saw
someone, and I wondered...

He's MOVING CLOSER -- Amy can make out a shape against the
darkness, moving toward a SLIVER OF LIGHT from the open door...

Now the LIGHT cuts across his face -- and Amy GASPS:

AMY
Travis...?!!

TRAVIS STARK

stares at her curiously from the shadows. He looks changed,
somehow -- a little less self-consciously the "artist" than
before, wearing a black cap and a green Army jacket -- he's
the same mysterious figure Amy saw earlier.

TRAVIS
This doesn't make any sense...

Amy just stares back at him, wide-eyed, white as a sheet...

AMY
I...I don't understand...

Travis stares right past her, a far-away look in his eyes.

AMY
...Travis...?

TRAVIS
(emotional)
My brother wouldn't kill himself.

Amy stands frozen -- and it's like when a bomb drops far away,
it takes a moment for the shock wave to hit...

Boom.

AMY
(shakes her head, backing away)
You're not Travis...

TRAVIS/NOT TRAVIS
I'm Trevor -- who are you?

AMY
Amy...

She looks at him closely, still apprehensive.

AMY
...God, you look so much like him -- it's
unbelievable.

TREVOR
Not really. One zygote splits into two.
Twins are pretty common, actually.

He steps past her and goes...

OUTSIDE

It's dark now. The sky is full of hard bright winter stars.
Amy stands in the doorway behind him.

After a moment, he turns to her, anguished.

TREVOR
...Why would Travis commit suicide?

AMY
I know he was upset -- about his film,
and his grades...

Beat. Trevor looks away, thinking...

AMY
(gently)
It's a lot of pressure, here...maybe he
just got really depressed...

TREVOR
No way. Not Travis. He'd get upset,
he'd get pissed, but he wouldn't get
depressed -- not like that. He never
gave up on anything...
(turns to Amy)
Something happened up in that tower. But
my brother did not kill himself...

He turns and starts to walk away.

AMY
Wait -- where are you staying...?

Trevor turns back and moves quickly toward her.

TREVOR
Look. I don't want anyone to know that
I'm here. Nobody needs to know...okay?

AMY
(nervously)
Yeah...sure...

He's standing very close to her now. They stare into each other's eyes for a moment, and it's like he really sees her for the first time...

TREVOR
...Were you his girlfriend?

AMY
No, I...I didn't really know Travis that well.

TREVOR
(after a beat, he nods)
We'll talk again. When the time is right, I'll find you.

Then he walks quickly into the darkness, leaving Amy alone.

CUT TO:

A CUTE COLLEGE GIRL

sitting at a desk piled with TEXTBOOKS, staring at her WATCH:

COLLEGE GIRL
(grinning with anticipation)
...four...three...

CUT TO:

A COLLEGE GUY

also sitting at a desk and staring at his watch...

COLLEGE GUY
...two...one, and...

INT. DORM ROOM -- NIGHT

The Guy and Girl look up from their watches and face each other across the desk as they SHOUT:

GUY AND GIRL
(in unison)
...MIDNIGHT!

Then they both throw back their heads and SCREAM.

AMY

wearing headphones, watches and listens...

AMY

All right...cut. That's a wrap.

The two actors get up from the desk, and AMY'S CREW begin to strike the location set. Standing next to Vanessa, Graham whips out his cell phone.

VANESSA

You know, I've heard that those things
give you brain cancer...

He's not listening, he's too engrossed in his phone.

GRAHAM

(mutters)

Shit, no reception...

He hurries outside. Simon cuts off the camera and also heads out the door, rolling a cigarette. Amy approaches Vanessa.

AMY

Wait -- don't pack the microphone yet.
Hey, everybody...

The actors and crew stop what they're doing and gather round.

AMY

...I need to record a wild track of
screaming to edit in later -- for the
shots of people screaming all over campus.

DIRK

Cool.

STAN

Therapy.

Amy puts the headphones back on, takes the boom from Vanessa. She adjusts the Nagra on her lap, then:

AMY

Okay, y'all, I need at least sixty
seconds. Ready, and...let it rip.

As everybody SCREAMS, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DORMITORY -- NIGHT

Simon stands on the front steps, lighting up a smoke as SNOWFLAKES fall softly all around him. He hears the SCREAMING start up inside, flips up his jacket collar, and wanders off toward the corner of the building...

INT. INSIDE THE DORM ROOM -- NIGHT

Everybody's SCREAMING their heads off, having a blast. Despite all that's on her mind, even Amy cracks a smile...

EXT. DORMITORY -- NIGHT

Simon ambles along next to the building, passing out of the LIGHT from the porch, and into SHADOW. He's WHISTLING "Peer Gynt," the killer's theme from the classic horror movie "M"...

From inside, we can still hear the others SCREAMING.

Now Simon enters another POOL OF LIGHT, from a spotlight mounted on the corner of the building. The light reflects off the SNOW, which is like a soft, white blanket on the ground.

He HEARS SOMETHING. Stops under the SPOTLIGHT, and looks around.

SIMON'S POV: THE PARKING LOT

The oval SPOTLIGHT GLOW melts into the hulking shapes of parked cars and SUVs... No movement, only his own shadow...

CLOSE ON SIMON

as he frowns, squinting into the darkness... Then he tosses his cigarette, turns back toward the dorm --

-- and SOMETHING CLUBS HIM to the ground.

INT. DORM ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The SCREAMING continues, everybody's red in the face, Amy's checking her watch and laughing silently...

EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

On his knees, Simon SCREAMS, begging for his life, and we can't see who's BLUDGEONING him -- only an arm swinging a long, hard, cylindrical object, again and again and again...

Simon goes down, covering his face and curling up in a fetal position as the POUNDING continues. BLOOD pours out between his fingers...

CUT TO:

THE FACES OF THE CREW

SCREAMING in the dorm room, their voices giving out...

CUT TO:

AMY

grinning, giving the crew a five-finger countdown...

CUT TO:

SIMON'S POV: SNOW FALLING gracefully down from the sky...

Then a HUMAN SILHOUETTE steps into view, wearing a black cap, with a large, cylindrical object in one hand.

Simon, his face striped with blood, summons his strength for one more desperate SHOUT...

SIMON
PLEASE...HELP ME...!

CUT TO:

INT. THE DORM ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

As Amy waves the SCREAMING to a stop...

AMY
All right, guys, that's enough...

...then she FREEZES, hearing ANOTHER VOICE, oh-so-very faint:

SIMON'S VOICE
(over Amy's headphones)
...help me...

JUMP-CUT IN ON AMY'S FACE

Her eyes widen in horror, and her face goes white.

SIMON'S VOICE
(over headphones)
Oh God, please, help --

The last word is cut short by a sickening CRUNCH, and we...

CUT TO:

A LONG, HEAVY TELEPHOTO LENS

falling to the concrete and rolling slowly to a stop.

PUSH IN CLOSE ON THE LENS GLASS: It's cracked, but we can make out the reflection of Simon, lying crumpled and still in the spotlight's glow.

INT. INSIDE THE DORM ROOM

Amy whips off her headphones.

AMY

Did you guys hear that...? Hey! SHUT UP!

Everyone stops talking and stares at her.

VANESSA

Hear what...?

Of course they didn't: Amy stares at the powerful MICROPHONE in her hand... Then she jumps up and runs out the door.

EXT. DORMITORY -- MOMENTS LATER

Heart pounding, Amy walks along the front of the building, looking around. Her teeth chatter in the cold.

She enters a POOL OF LIGHT, and looks around -- but there's no one in sight. Then she looks up, noticing something...

A SECURITY CAMERA

is mounted on the wall at the corner of the building, right below the spotlight.

Amy stares up at the camera, thinking. Then as she walks away, we TILT DOWN to reveal...

TINY DROPLETS OF BLOOD

disappearing as they are covered over by FALLING SNOW.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICE -- NIGHT

SECURITY MONITORS are lined up on three sides of the small, windowless, boxy room, with FOUR VIDEO SCREENS ON EACH WALL. An observation chair faces each bank of monitors. Two of the chairs are empty...

Reese sits in the third chair, facing four of the monitors -- black-and-white SECURITY-CAMERA SHOTS of a parking lot, a classroom building, the Music Center, a dorm...

But Reese isn't watching her bank of monitors. Her sleepy eyes are glued to a tiny PORTABLE TV/VCR showing a scene from "Greased Lightning" with Richard Pryor and Pam Grier.

As Reese's eyelids droop and flutter closed, the DOOR OPENS behind her, and Amy rushes in.

AMY
Officer Reese....!

Reese snaps awake, spinning her chair around and slapping the holster on her hip --

REESE
Damn, girl! Don't go sneakin' up like that!

AMY
I'm sorry... Have you been watching these security monitors for the last half hour?

REESE
Now, how am I supposed to watch all these monitors?

AMY
I don't know, I just --

REESE
(going off)
There's supposed to be three people in here. This one...
(points at one EMPTY CHAIR)
...is out "gettin' pizza" with her boyfriend -- yeah, right. And my boss --
(points at the other EMPTY CHAIR)
-- the so-called "Chief of Campus Security" -- he's on vacation in the Caribbean for the next two weeks. So, how can I watch all these cameras? I don't have eyes in the back of my head!

After Amy takes a moment to absorb this harangue...

AMY
(looking past Reese)
So you watch "Greased Lightning" instead.

Reese glances at her little TV/VCR: Pam and Richard mugging away...

REESE
(busted)
Yeah, well...they got me workin' double shifts. It helps with my stress.

AMY
(after a beat)
Look...I really need a favor. Can I borrow the security tapes for a while?

REESE
All of 'em...? What happened, somebody break in your car?

AMY
No, it's about...it might have something to do with what I saw this morning.

REESE
You mean the film thing with your roommate...? Y'know, honey, that was probably just a practical joke.

AMY
Please. This is really important.

Reese sees the earnestness in Amy's eyes. After a moment, she starts gathering the tapes from the machines...

REESE
All right -- but if you find anything unusual or illegal on 'em, you bring 'em to me. Understand?

AMY
Believe me, I will.

INT. POST-PRODUCTION BUILDING -- SCORING STAGE -- NIGHT

Amy steps partway into the room, reaches for the light switch and FLIPS IT ON. She wears a backpack, and carries TWELVE VIDEOCASSETTES and A REEL OF SOUND TAPE.

She looks around: a few stacked chairs, a piano, a cluster of studio microphones, and some music stands. Amy crosses the room and opens another door...

INT. ENGINEERING ROOM -- SAME

Amy turns on the LIGHT, and we see wall-to-wall equipment: PLAYBACK DECKS, COMPUTERS, VIDEO SCREENS. She reaches back and TURNS OFF the light to the scoring stage, then closes the door behind her.

Amy sets the videotapes on a table. Then she strings up her reel of quarter-inch SOUND TAPE on a playback deck that's hooked to a computer.

She slips a DISK into the computer drive, flips on the playback deck, and we HEAR the first take of "The Midnight Scream" scene begin as Amy starts the transfer...

Amy listens, her expression grave, as SIMON'S DYING SCREAMS play back over the speaker... Then the tape ends, and Amy pops the disk out of the computer and crosses the room to...

A WALL OF VIDEO MONITORS

anchored by a "PRO TOOLS" DIGITAL SOUND-EDITING SYSTEM. She inserts the disk, and A HORIZONTAL SOUND-WAVE GRAPHIC appears on the Pro Tools monitor screen.

Amy searches forward to the last chapter on the disk, and hits "PLAY."

CLOSE ON THE PRO TOOLS MONITOR

A VERTICAL LINE like the tuning slide on an FM radio moves from left to right across the SOUND-WAVE GRAPHIC as we HEAR the wild-track recording of the cast and crew screaming...

Then the other voices stop, and we HEAR SIMON'S DYING CRIES.

Amy RUNS THE SOUND IN REVERSE. Then she bumps it forward slowly, stopping at the start-point of SIMON'S FIRST SCREAM.

She PLAYS HIS SCREAM AGAIN, turning knobs to adjust the gain, and checks a VU METER and a PEAK INDICATOR as she brings up the volume and improves the clarity of the faint recording.

Then she adjusts the slider controls on a five-band FREQUENCY EQUALIZER to bring up his words and lower the ambient sounds.

Now Amy grabs the SECURITY VIDEOTAPES and begins feeding them into VCRs, one after another...

Soon, ALL TWELVE TAPES are playing on the the wall of video screens. At the bottom of each screen, TIME CODE is running -- the hour, minutes, and seconds...

CLOSE ON AMY'S EYES

flicking side-to-side and up-and-down, as she tries to watch all twelve screens at once...

Then her eyes STOP, focusing on...

ONE VIDEO SCREEN

that shows a WIDE-ANGLE VIEW of a DORMITORY. Snow is falling, and we see A YOUNG MAN sitting on the porch steps, alone.

Now the Young Man stands, and begins walking along the sidewalk in front of the building...

He stops under a SPOTLIGHT, looking around -- and we can make out A FIGURE slinking toward him through the shadows...

CLOSE ON AMY

watching, as her breath catches in her throat...

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN

The Figure ATTACKS the Young Man, CLUBBING him to the ground, and...

AMY

rushes to the control panel, STOPPING the video and backing it up, frame-by-frame, to the instant the first blow is struck. Then she flips on the SOUND...

And we HEAR SIMON'S FIRST SCREAM as Amy looks back up at the video screen, watching Simon and his Attacker as they struggle in the shadow of the building wall.

The screams seem to play in sync with the movements of the tiny figures in the shadows. But it's hard to tell, and the view is too far away to make out a face.

Amy rewinds to the beginning of the struggle and the screams, and notes the TIME CODE at the bottom of the video screen:

AMY

(saying it aloud to herself)

Ten-fourteen-oh-one...

She returns to the system control panel, hits "REWIND" -- and all twelve tapes STOP and REWIND to the beginning.

Now Amy flips the "INTERLOCK" switch, and she FAST-FORWARDS ALL TWELVE TAPES, the time code a blur as the minutes fly by: 10:01...10:05...10:13...

She hits "PLAY," and all twelve tapes play in perfect sync, at normal speed: The twelve cameras are scattered all over campus, and they recorded different pictures. But the time code is the same on every screen: 10:13:01, :02, :03...

Amy glances at the wide-angle dormitory view, sees the tiny figure of Simon walking in the shadows, and watches this until the attack begins. Then she scans the other monitors...

ANOTHER VIDEO SCREEN

provides a much closer, overhead view -- it must be the camera she saw, the one mounted on the dormitory wall.

She stops that tape, rewinds it to the beginning of the attack. Then she TAKES A BLANK TAPE FROM HER BACKPACK, inserts it into the Pro Tools deck, and presses "PLAY" and "RECORD."

Amy watches the horrifying attack from the closer, overhead view. She FLINCHES at each brutal blow, and her face twists in horror as she sees the blood begin to flow...

AMY
(whispers)
Oh my God, stop...stop...

The Attacker wears a hat, and looks down toward the victim, so we never see the Attacker's face...

But Simon's face is agonizingly clear as he looks straight up past his Attacker's shoulder -- almost directly into the security camera's point-of-view...

...and his FINAL SCREAM plays over the Pro Tools sound system in perfect sync with his screaming face.

The DEATH-BLOW is struck. Simon folds into himself, and the Attacker DRAGS SIMON'S BODY out of the camera's view.

Amy hits a button, STOPPING the video. Then she EJECTS her tape from the Pro Tools control center and stares at it, turning it in her hand...

It's now a full video recording, with sound, of Simon's murder.

She turns to slip the tape into her backpack, and...

SHE HEARS A SOUND

over the Engineering Room speakers. The sound was picked up by a microphone inside the SCORING STAGE, which is the large room directly in front of her.

Amy stands motionless, frozen by paranoid fear...

Finally, she leans over to the SOUND MIXING BOARD, presses a button, and speaks into the mic:

AMY
Hello...?

She listens. Not a sound. She's looking through the glass window into...

THE SCORING STAGE

which is totally dark.

Keeping her eyes focused on the window, Amy slowly reaches over, feeling her way to the Scoring Stage light switch...

She FLIPS THE SWITCH and sees A FACE STARING BACK AT HER!

Amy GASPS, and jumps back in fear -- then realizes that the face is her own reflection. By accident, she TURNED ON AN OVERHEAD SPOTLIGHT, creating a MIRROR-IMAGE of herself in the glass.

Amy breathes a sigh of relief. She reaches down and TURNS OFF the spotlight, then FLIPS ON the Scoring Stage light switch, and sees...

AN EMPTY ROOM

She scans the Scoring Stage carefully. Nothing. Amy shakes her head, feeling silly -- and then...

JACK NICHOLSON

POPS UP right in front of her!

Only it's not really Jack -- it's somebody in a NICHOLSON MASK, now standing in the Scoring Stage window. He's close enough for his breath to fog the glass as he SHOUTS:

ATTACKER
(a decent imitation)
"Heeere's...Johnny!"

Amy quickly goes from scared shitless to pissed off.

AMY
Dammit, Dirk! This isn't funny!

Now the attacker raises a LARGE AXE into view.

As she looks at the axe, Amy's anger starts to change back into fear. She makes a sudden move toward the door, and the Attacker moves right with her. She stops, and he stops.

Again, she moves -- and he moves. She stops -- he stops.

Finally, both Amy and the Attacker BOLT for the door between the Scoring Stage and the Engineering Room. She THROWS her body against the door, trying to keep him from entering, but the Attacker's too strong: He BURSTS IN, knocking Amy backwards.

Now she's trapped. The only way out is to get past the Attacker and go through the Scoring Stage. She looks up in terror, gasping for breath as he slowly approaches...

Suddenly, he SWINGS THE AXE at her head! AMY ducks, and the axe misses her by inches, burying itself in the wall.

As the Attacker tries to jerk the axe from the wall, Amy BARRELS INTO HIM, driving him backwards against the SOUND BOARD. They hit the SWITCH to the SCORING STAGE LIGHT, turning it OFF.

Amy breaks free, and runs past the Attacker into...

INT. THE SCORING STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

It's barely lit by the light coming from the Engineering Room. As the Attacker chases Amy through the darkness, they're knocking over music stands and microphones...

THUNGGG! The Attacker stumbles against the low-register keys of the PIANO just as Amy THROWS OPEN the door to the hallway...

INT. THE HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Amy SPRINTS down the hall and HURLS herself against an EXIT DOOR...

EXT. POST-PRODUCTION BUILDING -- NIGHT

Amy runs outside into the freezing night. Crystalline SNOW blankets the ground, and a MISTY WHITE FOG fills the air.

She glances back: Through the snowy mist, a LIMPING, axe-wielding Attacker slowly emerges, still in pursuit.

Amy takes off running into...

EXT. A UNIVERSITY PARK -- SAME

Amy stops behind a tree, breathing heavily. She looks back and sees her FOOTPRINTS in the snow -- an easy trail for the Attacker to follow.

AMY
(whispers)
Shit...

Now she hears the DISTANT CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS approaching...

THE ATTACKER

limps through the snow, axe in hand, WHEEZING behind the Nicholson mask. He stops and looks around. Notices AMY'S FOOTPRINTS.

As he begins following the footprints, he hears a DISTANT SPLASH. He runs toward the sound...

AMY

walks backwards in the snow, carefully stepping inside her own FOOTPRINTS. She stops at the foot of a LARGE TREE...

THE ATTACKER

is still following Amy's footprints. Soon, the FOOTPRINTS END at the edge of A SWIFTLY-FLOWING CREEK.

Did she cross? He sees NO FOOTPRINTS on the opposite bank -- could she have been swept downstream...?

As he stares down into the water, we CRANE UP to reveal...

AMY

terrified, wrapped around the frozen branch of a tree ten yards away.

After a moment, the Attacker turns and heads back toward the film school, passing right beneath her.

Pause. Then AMY JUMPS DOWN, and runs as fast as she can in a different direction. She glances back to make sure the Attacker isn't following, then turns around and runs smack into...

REESE

scaring the shit out of both of them.

REESE

Damn! Slow down, girl!

AMY

(gasping for breath)
Someone's...after...me...

Reese looks over Amy's shoulder: There's NO ONE BEHIND HER.

REESE

Pizza Girl came back, so I thought I'd make my rounds... You all right? Did you see something on those tapes?

AMY
(still out of breath, she nods)
...Come with me.

INT. ENGINEERING ROOM -- NIGHT

Amy barrels in with Reese in tow. Amy's a mess. Her hair is wet and stringy, she's covered in bits of tree bark and mud. Her teeth chatter as she grabs her backpack and looks inside it.

AMY
(mutters)
Where's the tape -- it's gone...

She goes to one of the VIDEO MONITORS, hits the "EJECT" button. Nothing comes out. Amy stands there a moment, stunned...

Then, in a frenzy, Amy goes down the wall of video monitors, hitting all the "EJECT" buttons, faster and faster... She turns to Reese, emotional, her voice cracking:

AMY
They're gone -- all the tapes are gone!

She sags back against the wall of monitors and sinks slowly to the floor, despairing...

AMY
It's all gone...no one will believe me.

Reese kneels down beside her.

REESE
I know what it's like when no one believes you, honey... Now, why don't you tell me what you saw.

FADE TO BLACK. Pause. Then we FADE BACK IN ON:

A POV: WALKING through the snow toward a familiar building...

EXT. TRAVIS STARK'S DORMITORY -- NIGHT

As Amy approaches the dorm, she sees that the front door is slightly ajar. A SHADOW is moving just inside the doorway...

Amy stops. Should she go inside? Slowly, she reaches out to push open the door, and...

P.A. KEVIN

suddenly BURSTS out the door, nearly knocking Amy down. P.A. Kevin stands very close to her, just staring...

AMY
(spooked)
I...I didn't know y-you lived here...

P.A. KEVIN
(after a long pause)
I don't.

He steps past her, still staring, and as Amy watches him LIMP AWAY, she sees ANOTHER FIGURE approaching, head down. Passing by P.A. Kevin, the Figure lifts his head -- it's Trevor.

TREVOR
Hey. I've been looking for you.

AMY
(still on edge)
Yeah, I was looking for you, too -- I thought you might be here...

She hesitates...should she trust him? His eyes finally tell her "Yes."

AMY
...I think you were right. I don't think your brother committed suicide.
(beat)
I think, maybe, Travis was murdered.

Trevor just stares back at her, trying to absorb her words.
Boom.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LION'S DEN -- BAR -- 1:00 A.M.

Amy and Trevor share a booth and a couple of beers. Other than the BARTENDER, they're all alone in here.

TREVOR
Have you told this to anybody else?

AMY
Just the campus cop I told you about -- she's been through something like this before... But without the footage of Sandra, or the video of Simon, there's nothing she can do. We filed a police report, but...I mean, who's going to believe me? I can't prove anything...

TREVOR
I believe you.

AMY
(manages a weak smile)
Thanks...

TREVOR
Can you think of any connection between my brother and these other two? If there's a killer, he's got to have a motive...

AMY
Well...they were all film students.

TREVOR
...Anything else?

AMY
(after a beat)
Yeah...they were all seniors...
(something's dawning on her)
Which means...oh my God...

TREVOR
What...

AMY
The Hitchcock Award. It pretty much guarantees you a career as a filmmaker -- or, at least, a damn good shot at one.

TREVOR
I think I remember Travis talking about it...

AMY
(getting intense)
Travis, Sandra, and Simon -- they were all seniors, and they'd all finished their thesis films...

TREVOR
(getting it)
So...you think, maybe, somebody's knocking off the competition for the Hitchcock Award?
(Amy nods)
And you really think somebody would kill for a shot at a directing career?

AMY

(after a beat, thinking)

Yeah...I do... There's this guy, Toby --
he's super competitive, he wants the
Hitchcock so bad he can taste it...

Her eyes widen as she remembers something else...

AMY

...And the day after I saw the film
footage of Sandra -- Toby had a bandage
on his right hand. He could have cut
himself attacking Sandra...

They both think about that for a beat...

TREVOR

Shit, I'm supposed to head back to L.A.
tomorrow, I've got a shoot coming up --
but now, I don't know...

AMY

(surprised)

...You work in film production?

TREVOR

Yeah... Travis, he was the "artist,"
y'know -- film school, directing, and all
that... Me, I just finished high school
and said, what the hell. Went to L.A.
and got a job.

AMY

What do you do?

TREVOR

I'm a technician for a special effects
company...

(grins)

You know. An F/X geek.

AMY

(smiles)

I know some F/X geeks, and believe me,
you're not one of them.

She downs the last of her beer.

TREVOR

...You're a senior, right?

AMY
(good-naturedly)
What, am I a suspect, too?

TREVOR
(smiles at her)
No. But the killer came after you...so
that fits your theory.

AMY
You're right...God, this is crazy. I
should just cancel my shoot and get the
hell out of Dodge...

TREVOR
No...don't do that.

AMY
Why not? People are dying, here. Who
cares about making a movie?

TREVOR
The only way we'll catch this guy is if he
shows up again -- and that won't happen
unless we go on, like everything's cool...

Amy looks down, speaks quietly:

AMY
You say "we"...does that mean you're
staying?

TREVOR
(after a beat)
We both want the truth about what's
happened...I won't leave until we get it.

She looks up at him. God, he looks just like Travis...

Boom.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF DREAMLIKE IMAGES

Graham on his cell phone...Dirk and Stan in Laurel and Hardy
masks...Vanessa reading, Simon smoking, Toby SCREAMING at Amy
in the Lion's Den...And Sandra, lying "DEAD" on the floor...

Then we see AMY'S EYES SNAP OPEN, and we WIDEN TO REVEAL...

INT. AMY'S DORM ROOM -- NIGHT

Amy lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. The cold winter WIND outside is the only sound.

It was just a dream...

Suddenly, she wrinkles her nose, as if a sneeze is coming on. Then a look of panic washes over Amy's face, and she BOLTS UPRIGHT in bed as her NOSE begins to BLEED...

CLOSE ON AMY'S FACE

The flesh begins to RIPPLE, as if something is MOVING underneath her skin -- and then suddenly...

A COCKROACH

comes crawling out of Amy's bleeding nose! She SCREAMS, and her face begins to CRACK and BLEED...

Now DOZENS OF COCKROACHES come POURING OUT of her MOUTH AND FACE, and we...

CUT TO:

AMY

waking up in bed. Breathing heavily, drenched in sweat.

She sits up and touches her face, realizing it was a nightmare... Then she falls back onto her pillow, shaking. And just lies there, eyes wide open, too afraid to sleep.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS -- MORNING

Head down, looking disturbed, Amy walks across campus underneath a PREDAWN SKY. Her mind is still reeling from the previous night's events.

She crosses in front of the FOOTBALL FIELD, and we see the TEAM scrimmaging in the background. As she approaches the film school campus, she glances up and sees...

THE LIGHTED WINDOW

of the CHAPEL TOWER. And then the LIGHT GOES OUT.

Amy stops and stares up at the tower. Then she looks back down, and faces the film school campus. Her jaw tightens and her eyes focus ahead as she steels herself to act normal despite her suspicions...

She takes a deep breath, and walks on.

INT. STUDENT FILM LAB AND ARCHIVES -- DAY

Amy steps up to the service window. Vanessa's working there.

AMY

Five hundred feet of Kodak 400 ASA, please.

VANESSA

(coolly)

You got your production I.D. card?

AMY

Vanessa. It's for our shoot tonight --
the "Tunnel of Terror" sequence...!

Vanessa just eyeballs her. Amy sighs, digs out a card with
her production number on it. Vanessa hands her a BOX OF 16MM
FILM and a carbon triplicate form.

VANESSA

Fill it out.

AMY

(taking the form)

You haven't seen Sandra or Simon, have you?

Vanessa shakes her head, "no," just as DR. FAIN, the Critical
Studies professor, hurries in and starts to open the door to
a back room labelled: "STUDENT FILM ARCHIVES."

VANESSA

(blocking the door)

Excuse me....! What are you doing?

DR. FAIN

I gotta grab a copy of "Mondo Beyondo" --
it's Chip Voelker's student film, it won
the Hitchcock Award in 1989...

VANESSA

I know what it is, Professor. But you
gotta check it out.

DR. FAIN

(desperate)

But Chip Voelker is here -- he's a guest
in my class today, and I'm late...!

VANESSA

And while you sign the book, I will get
his film for you.

She shoves a LARGE RECORD BOOK through the service window.

DR. FAIN

This is ridiculous...

VANESSA

(heading off to the back)
So's your tie.

Fain frowns, and grabs a pen.

GRAHAM

(walking up to the window)
Somebody takes her work-study job wa-ay
too seriously...

(to Amy)

Hey, there...how you doing?

AMY

(still filling out the form)
I'm fine.

GRAHAM

(crowding her)
You sure? I've been worried about you...

AMY

(moves away from him)
Don't.

In the background, ZARCOFF, the ancient professor, hobbles
past the Orson Welles Building using a walker.

Now Amy sees REESE and PROFESSOR SOLOMON exit the building.
Solomon sees Amy and says something to Reese. Amy watches
them approach with a sense of dread.

Vanessa returns with the STUDENT FILM. Dr. Fain grabs it and
storms out.

DR. FAIN

(MUMBLING to himself)
Procedure Nazi...

Vanessa cracks a tiny smile. Amy hands her the form and
turns to go. Graham blocks her path.

GRAHAM

You know, Amy, there's something about me
that you really oughtta know by now...

Reese and Solomon stop a few yards away. Solomon beckons to Amy.

AMY

Fuck off, Graham.

Amy pushes past Graham. He calls after her:

GRAHAM

...I always get what I want.

CLOSE ON AMY

as she stops and glances back at Graham, who's already leaning
in the service window, talking to Vanessa.

Could it be him...?

REESE

(gently)

Amy...we need to talk to you about Sandra.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

I heard about your dailies -- if you and
Sandra were playing a joke with that film
footage, now's the time to come clean.
This is getting serious.

AMY

No, Professor Solomon, I swear...

REESE

Sandra's parents called the Dean this
morning. Apparently, Sandra never showed
up for her "ER" audition in Los Angeles...

Amy's mood darkens as the bad news sinks in.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

The last time anyone saw her, she was
working on your film... Have you heard
from her since then?

Amy shakes her head, "no." Solomon stares at her a beat, then
nods and checks his watch.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

...Well, if you two will please excuse me,
I've got a one o'clock class.

He walks off, and Amy turns to Reese.

AMY
Officer Reese, are you working tonight?

REESE
Hell, I'm workin' every night. Why?

AMY
I really need a favor...

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS -- LATE AT NIGHT

We see several ESTABLISHING SHOTS of the quiet, MOONLIT campus.

In the final shot, Reese's Campus Police sedan pulls up in front of the EQUIPMENT STOCKROOM.

INT. EQUIPMENT STOCKROOM -- SAME

The DOOR OPENS, and a hand reaches in, flips on the LIGHT -- revealing Reese in the doorway with her huge KEYCHAIN. Trevor and Amy follow her in...

REESE
Let's all just hope this cloak-and-dagger
shit don't get me fired.

AMY
I thought you hated your job...

REESE
I do, but I gotta maintain my lifestyle.

AMY
I really appreciate this. And I swear,
someday, I'll make it up to you.

REESE
(deadpan)
Yeah, sure...put me in a movie someday.

She exits, pulling the door shut behind her. Amy motions toward the far aisle.

AMY
It's this way...

Trevor follows Amy down the aisle, past rows of tall shelves packed with carefully arranged FILM EQUIPMENT.

They pass by dozens of cameras and film mags, finally stopping in front of a long shelf packed with SILVER CASES.

Amy and Trevor start opening and shutting the silver cases, checking the contents of each one -- but we don't yet see what's inside them.

Finally, Trevor opens a case and freezes. Amy looks up.

AMY

What...?

Trevor sets the case on the floor, and now we can see inside.

THE SMALL SILVER CASE

holds a set of 16MM LENSES: but one of the lenses, the largest one, is obviously missing.

TREVOR

Is it the right size? Could it have been the lens that killed Simon...?

Amy nods, her eyes never leaving the space where the missing lens should be. She reaches over and pulls a library-style CHECK-OUT CARD from inside the lid of the case.

AMY

This will tell me who had the kit last.

She looks at the card, sees the name, and her face drops.

AMY

(quietly)

"T. Motessi"...

(she looks up, afraid)

Toby...

Now she slumps back against the shelf, her voice trembling.

AMY

This is really scaring me.

(beat)

I'm supposed to be shooting a scene off-campus in an hour...God, I don't want to be out there tonight...

Trevor moves closer to her. He reaches out and wraps her hand in his.

TREVOR

I'll be there, too -- we're in this
together now, y'know? I've got your back.

He smiles. Encouraged, she manages a small smile in return.

AMY

If people see you, they'll freak --
they'll think you're Travis...

TREVOR

Don't worry. Leave that to me.

CUT TO:

A BANNER

hung between two poles that reads:

WINTERFEST 2000!

And now we PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

EXT. A PARK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN -- NIGHT

LOCALS -- mostly FAMILIES -- exit the park as a Miata pulls
up to the entrance. Amy and Vanessa pile out of the car, and
Vanessa's blonde Girlfriend drives away.

We FOLLOW AMY AND VANESSA as they walk beneath the banner into...

THE WINTER FESTIVAL

TINNY MUSIC -- "Walkin' in a Winter Wonderland" -- plays from
concealed speakers as Amy walks past a kiddie SLEIGH RIDE,
EGGNOG VENDORS, and CHRISTMAS DECORATION SHOPS...

INTERCOM VOICE

The park will close in fifteen minutes.
Please move toward the exits... Thank you.

Despite all the JINGLE BELLS and cheerful holiday spirit,
Amy's mood is sinking as she walks through the park.

AMY

(in a worried voice)

Vanessa...

VANESSA

(doubtful)

I don't know...maybe it'll work...

They come to a sign -- "NORTH POLE 50 FEET AHEAD" -- and Amy's expression finally registers total dismay as she sees...

THE "TOY MOUNTAIN" RIDE

a wood-and-styrofoam "mountain" about 30 feet high and twice as deep, with a TUNNEL passing through it. A small open "TRAIN CAR" is lined up outside, and tracks lead into the tunnel.

Next to the cars is a "REINDEER STABLE," where animatronic reindeer "graze" on phony reindeer moss. And there's a SIGN over the tunnel entrance that reads: "TO SANTA'S WORKSHOP." Vanessa looks at "Toy Mountain" and grins.

VANESSA

Now, that's scary...

As Amy stares at the ride, she's approached by the FESTIVAL MANAGER, a hillbilly type whose grin reveals sporadic teeth.

FESTIVAL MANAGER

You must be the Director! I'm the Festival Manager, Jimmy Newell.

AMY

(shaking his hand)

Thanks again, Mr. Newell.

FESTIVAL MANAGER

Welp, it's all yours...

(turns to look at the ride)

It's got animatronic elves an' everything...
What'd you say yer usin' if for?

AMY

(staring at it bleakly)

A movie -- it's supposed to be a "Tunnel of Terror" ride.

FESTIVAL MANAGER

(laughs)

Yeah, well, them little elves scare the shit outta me. Horny little bastards...

(hands her a set of KEYS)

See ya in the mornin'!

As he hurries off, Amy turns to Vanessa.

AMY

Where's Graham? He's supposed to record sound.

Vanessa shrugs -- then sees something:

VANESSA

Oh, man -- would you look at this...?

DIRK AND STAN

approach, leaving a trail of SHOCKED FESTIVAL-GOERS in their wake -- including several grinning little boys and bug-eyed Dads.

Stan cradles A NAKED WOMAN in his arms: anatomically perfect, like a sleeping Playboy "Playmate."

STAN

Dr. Frankenstein, at your service.

Amy is amazed: The "prop" is molded of skin-colored latex, with human hair, and looks incredibly real.

AMY

Where did you get this? It's great!

Stan just grins and waggles his eyebrows.

DIRK

They've had a beautiful relationship...

STAN

(eyes the female dummy wistfully)
Yes...but it's time to move on.

Amy whips off her coat and drapes it over the "naked woman."

DIRK

(looking at Toy Mountain)
That's the "Tunnel of Terror"?

AMY

Not yet. Can you guys make it work?

STAN

Madam, we can do anything...but we'll need three hours.

AMY

You've got one.

DIRK

Perfect. We were just negotiating. Step aside, please...!

They stride off toward the ride with solemn hero faces...

TREVOR

watches Amy and the others from the top of a CONCESSION STAND about 30 yards away.

He looks to his right and sees MOVEMENT behind a huge, plastic "FROSTY-THE-SNOWMAN"... Finally, TOBY'S HEAD peeks out from behind Frosty -- he's watching Amy and her crew.

Trevor speaks low into a WALKIE-TALKIE:

TREVOR

He's here...

SWOOP IN ON AMY'S FACE

as she also speaks into a walkie-talkie...

AMY

Where...?

TREVOR'S VOICE

(over walkie-talkie)

Behind Frosty.

Amy looks over at the big fat plastic snowman. Now Vanessa steps up next to Amy, following her gaze...

VANESSA

...What are you looking at?

Toby's head pops out again. Vanessa sees him and flares.

VANESSA

Is that Toby...? What the fuck is he doing here?!

(storming off toward Toby)

HEY!!!

AMY

Vanessa! Wait!

But it's too late -- Vanessa's on the warpath.

Trevor sees both Amy and Vanessa approaching Toby fast...

TREVOR

Oh, shit...

Vanessa YANKS Toby out from behind Frosty's big plastic butt.

VANESSA
(in Toby's face)
You here to give us trouble, *pendejo*?!
'Cause I'd be happy to give it back!

AMY
(approaching)
What are you doing here, Toby...?

Toby jerks his arm free from Vanessa.

TOBY
(bitterly)
I just thought I'd stop by and see if
maybe I could learn something, y'know?
Maybe steal a few ideas for my film.

AMY
(keeping her cool)
It's a closed set. I don't want you here.

TOBY
Fine.
(he looks around and GIGGLES)
There obviously ain't nothin' to steal
here, anyway.

He hurries away. Vanessa turns back to Amy:

VANESSA
I'll go set up the Nagra. If Graham's a
no-show, I'm gonna have to run sound.

AMY
(smiles at her)
Thanks, Vanessa...

Trevor is watching Toby as he nears the park exit.

TREVOR
(into his walkie-talkie)
Toby's leaving. What should I do?

AMY'S VOICE
(over walkie-talkie)
Follow him -- just stay with him,
wherever he goes...

TREVOR
What about you?

AMY'S VOICE

(dryly)

I think I'll be safe here with Vanessa.

TREVOR

(smiles)

Okay. Just be careful.

He takes off after Toby.

CUT TO:

AN ELECTRIC CABLE

as someone connects it to a POWER GRID...

EXT. THE "TOY MOUNTAIN" RIDE -- NIGHT

Dirk finishes hooking the cable to the main power grid next to the ride's TUNNEL EXIT. He FLIPS A SWITCH to test the connection, and...

BZZZTT!!!

A BLUE ELECTRIC CURRENT arcs across the grid's transformer.

DIRK

(jumping back)

Whoa....!

He waits. Nothing else happens. After a moment, he shrugs and FLIPS THE SWITCH OFF, heads into the ride...

AND WE FOLLOW HIM INTO THE TUNNEL

tracing the path of the cable, which is attached to a SERIES OF STROBE LIGHTS Dirk has rigged to the tunnel ceiling.

Finally, Dirk reaches the end of the tunnel, and emerges in...

INT. THE "SANTA'S WORKSHOP" SET -- CONTINUOUS

Little ANIMATRONIC ELVES work in an assembly line with various tools, building TOYS that pass by them on a CONVEYOR BELT. But none of it is moving, it's all turned off right now.

Stan is strapping the FEMALE DUMMY (now dressed as MRS. SANTA CLAUS) onto the conveyor, right in front of an ELF who holds a wicked-looking little SAW. As Stan moves the dummy into position, he cops a feel of her plastic tits.

DIRK
Careful, her husband's making a list...

STAN
(squeezing both boobs)
...Yeah, and he's checkin' it twice.

Dirk has a hand-held BAND SAW. He switches it ON.

Now we notice that Stan (the short, fat one) wears a black t-shirt with a picture of R2-D2, and Dirk (the tall, skinny one) has a picture of C-3PO on his.

Dirk starts CUTTING right through the female dummy's belly, SPLITTING her in half. The body JERKS and JIGGLES under the blade -- it looks nauseatingly real.

Meanwhile, Stan grabs a MAKE-UP KIT and some SCULPTING CLAY, and goes to work on the Elves...

EXT. TOY MOUNTAIN -- THE "REINDEER STABLE" -- LATER

The park is dark and deserted now, icy-cold under a high FULL MOON. Amy and Vanessa sit on Donner and Blitzen, glum-faced and shivering. Amy squints at her watch.

AMY
Shit...I think my watch froze. What time you got?

VANESSA
(checks her GLOWING sports watch)
...Eleven fifty-nine.

AMY
The actors are due at midnight...
(clicks on her walkie-talkie)
Hey...how you guys doin'?

We hear a CRACKLE -- then:

DIRK'S VOICE
(over walkie-talkie)
Almost done, boss. Come check it out.

Vanessa hops off the reindeer.

VANESSA
I'll meet the actors out front -- they'll never find us back here.

AMY

Wait...you better not go alone...

VANESSA

(laughs)

Don't worry about me, sweetheart. I can take care of myself.

She walks off, playfully holding the boom mic like a weapon. Amy looks worried, watching her go... Then Amy looks around, suddenly feeling very alone and vulnerable herself out here.

AMY

(into walkie-talkie)

Hey, guys. I'm gonna do a run-through.

DIRK

(over walkie-talkie)

Okay, we're good to go.

Amy walks over to the ride's POWER GRID. She flips a switch, and THE LIGHTS COME ON over the tunnel entrance. Then Amy walks toward the passenger car at the start of the ride...

INT. TOY MOUNTAIN -- SAME

Now "Santa's Workshop" is full of Elves Gone Bad, made up like little gremlins, attacking each other with bloody KNIVES and PICK-AXES. "Mrs. Claus" is cut in two, as if the saw-wielding Elf on the toy assembly line has just sliced through her torso.

Dirk SHUTS OFF the band saw, and steps back to admire his work.

STAN

A most excellent mutilation.

DIRK

Yes. Now get the blood.

Stan reaches back and grabs A BUCKET OF BLOOD. It sloshes a bit as he picks it up, SPLASHING some blood onto...

A PAIR OF BLACK SLEIGH BOOTS

that stick out from behind a curio shelf full of toys. Suddenly, one boot STEPS BACK slightly...

EXT. TOY MOUNTAIN -- SAME

Amy sits in the empty car and eases the throttle-stick forward. The car slowly APPROACHES THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL...

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP -- SAME

Stan empties his bucket over the fake corpse with gleeful abandon. Mrs. Claus just got a blood-bath.

DIRK

You are truly an artist, Dude.

Stan turns to him appreciatively -- and JUMPS BACK in shock!

DIRK

(whirling around)

...What?!

THE ELVES ARE MOVING

coming to animatronic life -- swinging their tools, LAUGHING and SINGING a CHRISTMAS SONG in creepy high-pitched voices...

Stan gives Dirk a sheepish look.

STAN

Sorry...they kinda gave me the willies.
I guess Amy must've turned the power on.

DIRK

(disgusted)

Scared by elves... Dude, hang your head
in shame.

As the JOYFUL CHRISTMAS MUSIC CONTINUES, we HEAR the CRACKLE
of a WALKIE-TALKIE:

AMY'S VOICE

Okay, I'm on my way.

Dirk SETS DOWN THE BAND SAW and takes a walkie-talkie off his
belt, speaks into it:

DIRK

Better hurry, boss...Stan thinks the
elves are out to get 'im...

CUT TO:

A HAND

picking the BAND SAW up off the conveyor as Dirk continues:

DIRK (O.S.)

...I think he saw "Willie Wonka" too many
times.

CUT BACK TO:

DIRK

as he frowns, HEARING the WHINE as the BAND SAW IS TURNED ON.

DIRK

Hey! Don't cut 'er up any more.

Stan just stands there, empty bucket in hand, staring in shock.

DIRK

Now what...?

He turns around to see...

SANTA CLAUS

in full red costume and long white beard. He carries a big red TOY SACK over one shoulder, and the BAND SAW in the other hand.

Santa RAISES THE BAND SAW with its wicked SPINNING BLADE...

DIRK AND STAN

trade a look of disbelief -- then take off RUNNING.

INT. TOY MOUNTAIN TUNNEL -- SAME

Sitting in the MOVING CAR, Amy squints ahead, her eyes adjusting to the gloom. The ride carries her toward a SUBURBAN CHRISTMAS SCENE: a row of miniature houses beneath a nighttime sky. PINPOINT STARS provide the only light...

Now Amy sees RUDOLPH hanging from the ceiling, a noose around his neck, his RED NOSE BLINKING on and off...on and off...

AMY

(passing beneath poor Rudolph)

Cute, guys...

Suddenly, her walkie-talkie CLICKS ON, and she hear's DIRK'S VOICE -- distorted, shouting and gasping for breath:

DIRK'S VOICE

A...AMY! AMY, YOU THERE...?!

AMY

(into walkie-talkie)

Dirk? What's going on?

DIRK

IT'S SANTA CLAUS...HE'S TRYING TO KILL US!

Amy rolls her eyes. Speaks into the walkie-talkie:

AMY
Ho-ho-ho, very funny...

INT. TOY MOUNTAIN -- DARK TUNNEL -- SAME

Walkie-talkie in hand, Dirk runs flat-out, following the train tracks. He sprints around a curve, and he's in...

A COZY LIVING ROOM

on Christmas Eve: decorated TREE, wrapped PRESENTS, STOCKINGS hung by the chimney with care, and a flickering GAS FIRE in the styrofoam "fireplace."

He stops, and looks back into the DARKNESS...

DIRK
STAN! YOU COMIN', MAN? STAN...!

No answer -- but he thinks he sees a dim, approaching SHAPE. It could be Stan...or Santa...

DIRK
(backpedaling slowly)
Stan...? Shit...!

He turns to run again, and...

THE TOY SACK

whips down over his head, pinning his arms to his sides. His SHOUTS are muffled as the sack is pulled all the way down to the floor, completely engulfing him...

Then Santa DRAGS THE SACK AWAY with Dirk wriggling inside.

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP SCENE -- SAME

FAKE BLOOD slicks the floor. The TWO BLOODY HALVES of Mrs. Claus are sprawled across the conveyor belt, and...

MUTILATED ELVES

are scattered all over -- little Elf-arms and Elf-legs, Elf-heads and Elf-hands laid out like cannibal hors d'oeuvres.

No sign of Dirk and Stan. But over the walkie-talkie, Amy hears GASPS of panic, SHUFFLING, and muffled SCREAMS...

Now her face tightens in fear: That sounds too real.

AMY
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Dirk...?

Nothing but the sounds of a close, desperate struggle -- and then it STOPS.

Amy JUMPS out of the passenger car, and BOLTS down the tunnel.

INT. FARTHER DOWN THE TUNNEL -- SAME

Stan lumbers down the tunnel, WHEEZING, out of breath.

STAN
 Dirk...wait up! DIRK...!

He stops and bends over, clutching his knees. Glances back:

HIS POV: SANTA IS COMING

down the tunnel, closing in fast...

STAN
 (terrified)
 ...Oh, shit...!

He RUNS AGAIN, and is just about to collapse when he STAGGERS OUT OF THE TUNNEL EXIT and sees...

DIRK

TWITCHING, GLOWING BLUISH-WHITE from head to toe, tied up against the POWER GRID by the HIGH-VOLTAGE CABLES.

Stan is frozen in horror, staring at his frying friend...

Then, just as he remembers, and starts to look back --

A SHOVE

sends him stumbling into Dirk's burning embrace.

INT. TOY MOUNTAIN TUNNEL -- SAME

Amy's still running when the LIGHTS GO OUT with the SOUND of a PIERCING SCREAM -- then SILENCE. The WHISPER of WIND.

We can barely see Amy as she slows to a walk, listening as she approaches the DIM MOONLIGHT of the TUNNEL EXIT ahead...

A HUMAN SILHOUETTE flits across the tunnel's end.

AMY
(stops in fear)
Dirk...? Stan...?

BAM!

She JUMPS ASIDE with a SCREAM as THE PASSENGER CAR BUMPS HER from behind, passing by on its way to the end of the ride.

That's it for Amy -- she RUNS through the BLACKNESS to the TUNNEL EXIT, and RUSHES...

OUTSIDE

as the LIGHTS SNAP ON, revealing...

A HUGE FAT SANTA CLAUS

propped above the EXIT, staring down at her wild-eyed, and sputtering "HO-HO-HO, MERRY CHRISTMAS" as the MUSIC winds back up to speed...

Amy keeps running, away from the tunnel. Turns a corner and sees...

DIRK AND STAN

their SCORCHED, BLACKENED BODIES stuck to the POWER GRID.

Amy's HORRIFIED SCREAM echoes through the night as we...

CUT TO:

DIRK'S CHAR-BROILED FACE

as he's zipped into a BODY BAG...

EXT. WINTERFEST PARK -- 2:00 A.M.

UNIFORMED POLICEMEN seal off the "Toy Mountain" ride while PARAMEDICS strap the two body bags onto gurneys. Amy's wrapped in a blanket, numb from more than the cold. Shell-shocked, she stares at the tunnel as if expecting a monster to emerge...

Instead, she sees A TALL MAN IN A SUIT exit the tunnel with a FLASHLIGHT. And now ANOTHER MAN -- shorter and rounder, but dressed the same -- is approaching her with a tight smile.

SHORTER MAN

You must be Amy Mayfield. I'm Detective Archer, and my colleague --

(nods toward the Tall Man)

-- is Detective Spade.

AMY

I'd really like to go home now.

Archer nods sympathetically. Spade is walking toward them.

ARCHER

(gestures toward Toy Mountain)

Thought we had a real bloodbath in there,
but I guess it's all fake. Still...

(he stares at her pointedly)

...somebody's got a pretty sick take on
Christmas.

The Paramedics carry Dirk and Stan past them, toward an ambulance.

ARCHER

That was a helluva strange accident...
Did they know what they were doing?

AMY

Yeah...they were the best.

Now Spade stands at Amy's side. She's feeling a bit surrounded.

ARCHER

So what exactly was this scene you were
shooting?

AMY

(uneasily)

It's an urban legend... A carnival comes
to town, it has a "Tunnel of Terror"
ride, and everybody thinks it's the
scariest ride they've ever seen. Then
they find out that a serial killer's on
the loose -- and it turns out that the
dead bodies in the ride were real.

ARCHER

(after a beat)

What the hell's that got to do with
Christmas?

AMY

This location was all I could get.

Before Archer can say anything else, Reese walks up to them.

AMY

(relieved to see her)

Officer Reese...!

REESE

I heard it on the scanner -- you okay?

Archer takes in Reese's uniform at a glance.

ARCHER

Could you excuse us, please? This is a police matter.

REESE

Oh, you don't want any "Rent-a-Cops" around, huh...?

She lays a protective hand on Amy's shoulder and stands her ground. Archer frowns slightly. He takes out a small NOTEBOOK, studies it a moment...

ARCHER

I believe you know Sandra Petruzzi.

AMY

...She was my roommate.

ARCHER

You say "was"...you don't expect her to come back?

AMY

(quietly)

No.

Reese looks up at Spade, who stands impassively right next to her. She nudges him and WHISPERS:

REESE

Hey...what kind of piece do you carry?

Spade doesn't respond.

REESE

Oh, you the strong, silent type, huh?

ARCHER

(glances at his notebook)

Last night, you filed a report with Campus Security that says you were attacked in the "Post Production Building" -- and that you think you may have witnessed a murder.

AMY

Yes. Simon Jakubisko. He was my D.P. -- my Director of Photography.

The two detectives trade a look. Then Archer smiles.

ARCHER
This "thesis project" of yours...sounds
like it's some kind of murder mystery...

SPADE
(deadpan)
My favorite.

REESE
(looks up at him in surprise)
Ooh, he speaks...

ARCHER
Yeah, he loves 'em...I like romances
myself...

Beat. He gives Amy a hard stare.

ARCHER
...But your movie looks more like a
documentary to me. It's a little too real.

She says nothing, just avoids his gaze.

ARCHER
We'll be in touch, Amy.

He turns to go. Spade follows him.

SPADE
(grins)
"See you at the movies..."

Amy watches the detectives walk away.

AMY
It was no accident. Somebody was here
tonight...somebody killed Dirk and Stan.
(she looks up at Reese)
...Do you think I'm crazy?

Reese studies her a beat.

REESE
No, honey. You're not crazy.

AMY
Thank you.

REESE
 (glances at the detectives)
 Don't thank me yet.

INT. TRAVIS'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Amy climbs the dimly-lit stairs and approaches Travis's room.
 She KNOCKS on the door: No response.

AMY
 Trevor...?

As she reaches for the knob, SOMEONE moves in the shadows behind her, and A HAND touches her arm. She GASPS, whirling around to see...

TREVOR

regarding her with concern.

TREVOR
 (intense)
 Hey, I've been looking for you -- what happened?

AMY
 (shakes her head; quietly)
 Please...can we just go inside?

CUT TO:

A CANDLE

as the wick is touched by flame...

INT. TRAVIS'S DORM ROOM -- NIGHT

Trevor walks around, lighting a few scattered CANDLES.
 Stacks of boxes loom around them in the semi-dark room.

TREVOR
 They cut the power off today.

He LIGHTS another CANDLE and walks over to Amy. She stares up at him, her eyes shining wetly in the candle-glow. She looks devastated by what's happened, and afraid.

TREVOR
 (gently)
 Come on, sit down...

He takes her hand and guides her across the room. She looks around, her eyes adjusting to the darkness...

Trevor stops next to the bed: just a bare mattress on the floor.

Amy hesitates, then sits. He sits beside her, and sets the candle on the floor. The FLICKERING CANDLELIGHT plays on their faces.

AMY

(distraught)

Dirk and Stan are dead...

TREVOR

Are you sure? Did anyone else --

AMY

They were dead -- I saw them. The police came, they think it was an accident...but I know somebody killed them.

(beat)

...What happened to Toby?

TREVOR

(sheepishly)

I followed him back toward campus, but I lost him on the way, so I hurried back to the set. By the time I got there, the police had blocked it off.

Beat. Then she eases back onto the bed, closes her eyes.

AMY

I was wrong about everything...my theory's shot to hell.

TREVOR

...What?

AMY

Dirk and Stan. They weren't seniors, they were freshmen. They haven't made a final thesis film...

TREVOR

...Which means they're not up for the Hitchcock Award...

AMY

Which means it's not about killing off the competition.

(beat)

Whoever it is wants me to take the blame...it's like they're framing me.

Trevor stares off toward the window, thinking, his face bathed in the MOONLIGHT. Amy opens her eyes as he frowns and gently bites his lower lip -- just like Travis did...

AMY

God...you look so much like Travis.

Trevor turns to look at her. Then he stretches out beside her on the bed, propping up on one elbow, and stares down into her eyes.

TREVOR

I'm not him, Amy. My brother's gone...

She nods. After a moment...

AMY

You ever heard of Taylor Mayfield?

Trevor shakes his head "no"...

AMY

He was my Dad...he was a pretty famous documentary filmmaker. He died on location in Africa when I was five. There was a huge fire in the jungle...a whole bunch of people died...

TREVOR

I'm sorry.

AMY

(shakes her head)

No, it's okay...I just wanted to tell you. I wanted you to understand that I lost someone, too...I know what that's like...

Hesitantly, she reaches up and touches his face... Trevor leans down and kisses her. A long, tender kiss.

When he pulls away, questioning with his eyes, her hand slides down his neck to his shoulder, his arm... He feels so good, and strong...

She leans over, and blows the candle out.

CUT TO:

AMY AND TREVOR

making love in the SOFT BLUE MOONLIGHT. Trevor kisses her neck, and she closes her eyes, lost in pleasure...

FOLLOW TREVOR'S HAND

as he reaches under Amy's pillow and slowly slides out A KNIFE...

Trevor pulls Amy toward him, and the BLADE catches the LIGHT as he RAISES IT behind her back...

He hesitates for an instant, and Amy opens her eyes: He's just staring at her -- a cold, strange expression...

Then the blade FLASHES DOWN as Trevor PLUNGES THE KNIFE INTO HER BACK!

CUT TO:

AMY LYING ON HER SIDE

She CONTORTS, as if stabbed in the back. Her eyes open and she sits up in bed, looking around...

She's still dressed, her clothes rumpled, her shirt untucked. Trevor is sound asleep, lying right beside her. Amy just sits there a moment, breathing deeply, trying to shake off the nightmare...

Then she crawls quietly out of bed. Goes to the window, looks outside, and sees...

THE CHAPEL TOWER IN THE DISTANCE

with its SINGLE LIGHTED WINDOW. Now the LIGHT GOES OUT.

Amy stares at the tower. Is she still dreaming...?

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS -- DEAD OF NIGHT

FREEZING WIND reddens her cheeks as Amy walks alone in the blue-cold MOONLIGHT, across the campus grounds. The icy grass CRUNCHES softly beneath her feet -- otherwise, all is SILENT except for the wind...

Amy looks up at the TOWER WINDOW: It's still dark. Her pace slows as she looks around at the strangely EMPTY CAMPUS, at the dark stone faces of the buildings that seem to watch her pass...

Maybe she should just turn around, and go back...

Suddenly, she hears the SHARP CLICK OF BOOTSTEPS on cold concrete, echoing in the empty night. She looks back, and sees...

TOBY

walking along a sidewalk behind her, a SILVER LENS CASE in his hand. Now Toby STOPS, and turns, as if feeling her gaze.

Amy stands frozen as Toby peers into the dimness -- hoping that she'll be invisible, that she'll just melt into the darkness of the campus grounds...

But Toby sees her. He begins walking quickly her way.

AMY

Shit...!

Toby's between Amy and most of the other campus buildings -- including the dorm where Trevor is asleep. Behind her is only the chapel, and beyond that, open ground.

She's got no choice. She turns and hurries toward the chapel.

TOBY

Hey! WALT...!

Amy rushes past the huge CHAPEL DOORS and around to the side of the building, SLIPPING and SLIDING on the icy grass. Passing the row of stained-glass windows, she sees...

A SMALL, PLAIN WINDOW

that's cracked open slightly -- and now she hears:

TOBY'S VOICE (O.S.)

MAYFIELD! I need to talk to you!

Amy looks back at the small window again. Toby's getting close, and there's nowhere else to go...

She slides the window all the way open and CLIMBS INSIDE.

INT. THE CHAPEL -- CONTINUOUS

Amy HOPS DOWN from the window, landing on a PEW with an echoing THUD. She looks around nervously: The room is eerily dark and quiet.

Quickly, she starts down the center aisle, wincing at the soft SLAP-SLAP of her shoes against the floor.

She HEARS TOBY OUTSIDE, puffing and out-of-breath, and SEES HIS BULKY SHADOW pass the stained-glass windows...

Up ahead, she sees a CLOSED DOOR next to the altar, and she hurries toward it -- but she doesn't see...

THE SECURITY MOTION DETECTOR

mounted high in one corner of the room.

CUT TO:

A SMALL RED LIGHT

as it FLASHES and makes a BEEPING SOUND...

INT. CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICE -- NIGHT

REESE spins around in her chair and faces AN ELECTRONIC MAP mounted on the wall.

The map shows the entire Alpine State campus, and the RED, BEEPING LIGHT indicates an intruder in the chapel tower.

REESE
(frowns, and mutters)
Rats...

CUT TO:

AN ENORMOUS RAT

its nose and whiskers twitching. We hear a DOOR CREAK, and A SLIVER OF LIGHT slants across the rodent's face...

INT. CHAPEL -- SAME

Opening the altar door, Amy JUMPS BACK with a GASP as the huge rat darts past her feet and scampers away down the center aisle.

Now she HEARS the chapel doors open behind her...

TOBY'S VOICE
Amy, you in here...?

He's coming in. Amy steps through the altar door, and sees...

A SPIRAL STAIRCASE

that climbs up into TOTAL DARKNESS.

Amy reaches into her purse and removes her CAR KEYS. Attached to the key ring is a TINY FLASHLIGHT.

She CLICKS the flashlight ON: It's only powerful enough to cast a narrow beam a few feet in front of her.

Fearfully, Amy ascends the staircase. The old wooden stairs CREAK at every step, and she hears soft SCRATCHING and SHUFFLING SOUNDS coming from above...

She hesitates, peering up into the INKY BLACKNESS -- and now she hears TOBY'S BOOTS clomping through the sanctuary below, approaching the front of the chapel. She looks back down...

HER POV DOWN THE STAIRCASE

is a "Vertigo" shot down the center of the spiral. At the foot of the stairs, the ALTAR DOOR SWINGS SLOWLY OPEN, and a WEDGE OF MOONLIGHT cuts into the stairwell.

TOBY'S VOICE (O.S.)

C'mon, Mayfield...you can't hide from me...

Now TOBY'S SHADOW APPEARS in the triangle of light.

Amy hurries on, finds a CLOSED DOOR at the top of the stairs. She pushes it open, and enters...

THE BELL TOWER

Amy shines the LIGHT around the room, and several more RATS scurry out of sight. She hears Toby POUNDING HEAVILY up the stairs behind her. The room is empty. Nowhere to hide...

Her flashlight discovers a CLOSET on the far side of the room. The SOFT SCRATCHING SOUNDS come from behind the closet door.

As she approaches the closet, Amy hears TOBY'S FOOTSTEPS getting closer. She hesitates, her hand on the knob...

The FOOTSTEPS STOP. She looks back: There's no one in sight. Oh-so-slowly, she starts to open the closet door, and...

SOMEONE SHOVES HER INTO THE CLOSET

SLAMMING the door behind her, and LOCKING HER IN!

Amy SCREAMS, dropping her flashlight -- and it CUTS OFF. In the BLACKNESS, we hear her panicked WHISPERS:

AMY

Oh God, oh God, oh God...

Desperately, she scrambles to find the tiny flashlight. Finally, her hand closes around it, and...

CLICK! It's on. She stands up, and sees...

SIMON'S FACE

staring back at her, haloed in the FLASHLIGHT BEAM. His dead body is stuck on an old-style iron COAT HOOK. His head is battered and swollen and striped with blood.

Amy starts to HYPERVENTILATE. Backing away, she STUMBLES OVER SOMETHING. She sweeps the LIGHT down to the floor, and sees...

SANDRA

covered by DOZENS of SWARMING RATS: They make soft SCRATCHING and SHUFFLING sounds as they feed on Sandra's rotting flesh...

Amy can't handle it -- in a mad panic, she starts POUNDING on the closet door, THROWING her entire weight against it...

And the old wood gives way: The LOCK SNAPS, the DOOR SWINGS OPEN, and Amy stumbles headlong into the tower room...

Right into TOBY'S OUTSTRETCHED ARMS!

She SHOVES HIM AWAY, but he comes right back at her -- WIDE-EYED and stiff, his arms outstretched -- and Amy's SCREAM is drowned out by the RINGING OF A BELL...

And now she sees that Toby's feet aren't touching the floor. He's swinging like a pendulum -- HANGING from the long BELL ROPE that's tied in a noose around his STRETCHED, BROKEN NECK!

Amy just stands there, staring, as RATS scurry over her feet, and TOBY'S CORPSE swings back and forth, RINGING the HUGE CHAPEL BELL in the shadows above: DING...DINGG...DINNGGG!!!

CUT TO:

A VIEW THROUGH A CAR WINDSHIELD

as we approach...

EXT. THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL -- NIGHT

Reese is behind the wheel of her Campus Police car. Hearing the RINGING of the bell, she sees Amy RUN out of the chapel and disappear into the darkness.

REESE

What the hell...?

Reese parks, gets out of her car, and hurries toward the chapel doors, which Amy left wide open...

EXT. CAMPUS STREET -- NIGHT

Amy's still running flat-out as she approaches Travis's dorm. Terrified, she looks back to make sure that no one is behind her. When she turns back around...

BAM! She runs right into Trevor.

TREVOR
Hey, hey, hey...! What's the matter? I
woke up, and you were gone...

She looks at him, disoriented -- it takes a moment for her to
realize that she's safe now...

AMY
Oh God, Trevor...

She throws her arms around him and starts to cry.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CHAPEL -- NIGHT

Spade and Archer pull up in a drab sedan. They get out and
approach the chapel steps, where Reese is waiting.

REESE
(points)
The bodies are up there...

Spade and Archer both look up at the tower, then back at Reese.

ARCHER
And what made you look up there...?

REESE
(after a beat)
I saw somebody running out of the chapel.

Archer studies her face: She knows something...

ARCHER
Did you recognize who it was...?

Reese doesn't want to say it, but she's got no choice...

REESE
...I know who it was.
(beat)
Amy Mayfield.

ARCHER
I see. Well, Officer Reese...let's go
take a look.

They all three head into the chapel.

EXT. CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICE -- NIGHT

Trevor watches Amy POUND on the door...

AMY

Dammit, Reese, where are you...?

TREVOR

Maybe we should just call the police...

AMY

We can't do that! Once the police go up there, they'll know I was in the tower -- I'll get arrested...

(beat)

If we don't figure this out soon, I'm gonna get blamed for everything.

She shivers, hugging herself.

TREVOR

Hey...your teeth are chattering...

He wraps his arms around her, pulls her close. Her head against his chest, she closes her eyes...

AMY

Everyone who's dead...somehow, they've gotta be connected...

Then an idea hits her. Excited, she looks up at him:

AMY

The film school database! We could check their files...

TREVOR

(after a beat; he smiles)

Y'know, you're pretty cute for a killer.

EXT. FILM SCHOOL COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Amy and Trevor approach the "STUDY CENTER." It's closed.

Trevor looks around: there's no one in sight. He takes something from his pocket and starts fiddling with the Study Center door...and it OPENS.

AMY

I'm impressed...

He holds up the CREDIT CARD he used to slip the lock.

TREVOR

Don't leave home without it.

INT. FILM SCHOOL STUDY CENTER -- NIGHT

All the lights are off. Amy and Trevor sit close together, bathed in the GLOW from a COMPUTER TERMINAL.

AMY

(speaking quietly)

There's got to be a connection between all of them -- Sandra, Simon, Toby, Dirk and Stan...and Travis. This "CREDITS" program keeps track of who does what on every student film made at this school...

The program logo appears, and a cursor prompt. Amy starts typing in "SANDRA PETRUZZI"...

AMY

...so when you're putting together a crew, you know who's got the right experience for each job...

Now Sandra's LIST OF CREDITS appears onscreen.

TREVOR

(reading off the screen)

"Learning To Say No"....?

AMY

Yeah, that was her thesis -- not very good, I'm afraid. What else is here: "Far From Home" was my first-year film, she did camera on that...she was editor on "Suicide Roommate," boom on "The Gods of Men"...waitamminute, that sounds familiar.

She EXITS Sandra's file, and types in "The Gods of Men"...

TREVOR

What are you looking for?

A CREDIT LIST appears. Amy scans it quickly.

AMY

(excited)

That's it -- all the names are here! Simon, Sandra, Toby, Dirk and Stan...

TREVOR

"The Gods of Men"....?

AMY
(looks up at him)
That's the connection! They all worked
on your brother's film!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDENT FILM LAB AND ARCHIVES -- NIGHT

The DOOR OPENS, and a hand reaches in, flips on the LIGHT --
revealing Vanessa in the doorway, holding a set of KEYS.

VANESSA
I can't believe you talked me into this...

She steps inside, her GIRLFRIEND right beside her: They're
both sleepy-eyed, with serious bed-head, wearing oversized
Melissa Etheridge concert t-shirts and nothing else...

Amy and Trevor follow them in. Trevor hangs back near the
door as Amy starts scanning the shelves...

VANESSA
Sorry about your brother. He was cool.

TREVOR
Thanks.

Amy grabs a 16MM ANSWER PRINT labelled "THE GODS OF MEN."

AMY
Got it!

She and Trevor turn to go -- but Vanessa blocks the doorway,
holding a big fat RECORD BOOK labelled "FILM ARCHIVES LOG."

VANESSA
You gotta sign the book.

AMY
Come on, Vanessa!

Vanessa just yawns, shaking her head. Impatiently, Amy
scribbles her name in the book. As she and Trevor hurry out,
Vanessa calls after them:

VANESSA
And bring it back when you're done...!

INT. POST-PRODUCTION BUILDING -- NIGHT

Amy and Trevor tiptoe past the snoozing Post Monitor...

INT. EDITING ROOM -- NIGHT

Amy is threading Travis's film onto a FLATBED EDITING MACHINE.

AMY

Y'know, I feel kind of weird doing this.
Travis was so private about his work...

She FLIPS ON the machine, and sits next to Trevor.

AMY

But I hope in this case, he wouldn't mind.

THE FILM BEGINS TO PLAY on the flatbed's small MONITOR SCREEN...

TIME CUT TO:

LATER. The LIGHT from the flatbed monitor illuminates their faces as Amy and Trevor stare at the screen. FROTHY MUSIC plays over the flatbed speakers as they watch the final scene...

Then it fades to black.

Amy and Trevor just stare at the blank screen, overwhelmed by what they've just seen.

AMY

(after a moment)

That was just...horrible...

TREVOR

(dismayed)

How could Travis make such a shitty movie?

The CREDITS appear on the flatbed screen: "Written and Directed by Travis Stark" -- and every other credit goes to Sandra, Simon, Toby, Dirk, and Stan.

AMY

Hold on -- I think I saw something...

She stops the film and "rocks" it backwards, one frame at a time, stopping it again with a BLURRY IMAGE on the monitor screen.

AMY

That's a splice...

TREVOR

...So?

She grabs the film, holds it up where he can see it:

AMY

It's a hard splice -- see? That's a piece of splicing tape, connecting the last frame of the final scene to the first frame of the credits...

TREVOR

Sorry, but I don't get it...

AMY

This is an answer print! It's a copy, made from the negative, so the cuts are seamless -- none of the splices should show.

TREVOR

(looks at the splice)

So you think somebody changed the credits on Travis's film?

AMY

(thinking)

No...these are the right credits... But this is not your brother's movie!

They stare at each other, freaking...

TREVOR

Who could do that? I mean...who had access to his film...?

CUT TO:

THE FILM ARCHIVES LOGBOOK

as Amy's hand flips through the pages...

INT. STUDENT FILM LAB AND ARCHIVES -- NIGHT

Amy and Trevor stand at the service window. She's flipping through the book, which now hangs from the window by a chain.

AMY

This will tell us the last person who checked out your brother's film...

Amy turns a page and sees the name she's looking for.

AMY

(an astonished whisper)

Oh my God...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ORSON WELLES BUILDING -- NIGHT

A set of double doors beneath a sign: "SCREENING ROOM." The doors open, and an AUDIENCE of students and faculty stagger out. Everyone is yawning and stretching.

Professor Solomon walks out with Dr. Fain, the Crit Studies prof.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
(checking his watch)
Three-and-a-half hours...God, what a bore.

DR. FAIN
(a dry wit)
Yes...like Bergman, without the action.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
And for this I missed "Ally McBeal"...

A PRETTY FRESHMAN GIRL catches up to them.

FRESHMAN GIRL
Professor Solomon...!

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
Now, Cecily, how friendly is that?

FRESHMAN GIRL
(blushes)
Sorry...Phil. Do you think we could go over my script tomorrow?

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
I'll be in my office all afternoon.

FRESHMAN GIRL
Thanks -- I'll see you then!

She scampers off. Solomon and Fain enjoy the view.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
Suddenly, I feel resurrected.

DR. FAIN
You know what they say: A girl is worth a thousand pictures...

EXT. FILM COMPLEX PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The two professors split up as they exit. We FOLLOW SOLOMON as he crosses the film complex, approaching his car, a used, slightly beat-up Beamer sedan. As he CHIRPS the alarm...

SOMETHING

flits across his peripheral vision. He stops, keys in hand, and turns a slow circle, peering into the gloom...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

Dr. Fain...? Is that you...?

A SHADOW passes across the row of parked cars. Solomon stands there a moment, a tingle of fear at his neck...

Then he quickly gets into his car, and DRIVES AWAY.

EXT. UNIVERSITY DRIVE -- NIGHT

Traffic is light as Solomon's car leaves the campus behind...

INT. SOLOMON'S CAR -- TRAVELLING -- NIGHT

Solomon hums along to his CAR STEREO, "air-conducting" an opera as he drives. He sees something up ahead...

HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: A CAR

is parked on the shoulder of the road, the hood raised, SMOKE billowing from the engine.

A YOUNG MAN in an "Alpine State University" sweatshirt runs in front of Solomon's car, WAVING for him to stop. His black baseball cap is pulled down low, completely shading his face.

Solomon slows down, cautious... He sees an "ASU Film School" sticker on the bumper. He stops, and rolls down his window.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

...You all right?

Head down, the Young Man jogs over to Solomon's car...

YOUNG MAN

Man, thanks for stopping...

Now the kid looks up, removes the cap -- and Solomon's jaw drops.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

(astonished)

...Travis...?

TRAVIS STARK

leans in the driver's-side window and smiles...or is it Trevor?

TRAVIS/TREVOR

...Ever hear the "urban legend" about the guy who picks up a hitchhiker who turns out to be dead...?

Solomon shakes his head...and now he notices the 9MM PISTOL in Travis/Trevor's hand.

TRAVIS/TREVOR

C'mon. We'll take my car.

INT. TRAVIS STARK'S CAR -- TRAVELLING -- NIGHT

Solomon drives, Travis/Trevor's gun pointed at his heart. The Professor keeps stealing glances at him: It can't be Travis, and yet -- the rumpled clothes and sloppy hair, the brooding expression...

All the mannerisms, the voice and posture of Travis the self-conscious "artist" have returned, so different from Trevor that we're not even sure which twin it is.

A CAR comes toward them, travelling in the opposite direction. As it passes, Solomon glances at the REAR-VIEW MIRROR and sees...

A HOODED FIGURE

in the back seat, wearing a winter PARKA and a JACK NICHOLSON MASK!

Solomon stares up at the mirror, stunned, until the HEADLIGHTS PASS BY, and the Figure DISAPPEARS.

TRAVIS/TREVOR

What's a matter, Phil? Look like you seen a ghost...

He LAUGHS, enjoying himself. But the gun remains steady.

ANOTHER CAR APPROACHES, and Solomon checks the mirror again: This time, there's nobody there...

INT. A DINGY OFFICE -- NIGHT

Solomon enters, Travis/Trevor right behind him with the gun.

TRAVIS/TREVOR

Have a seat, Professor...

Solomon looks around, sees a shabby desk and a couple of battered wooden chairs -- it looks like the back room in a seedy police station.

Over the desk hangs a SINGLE BARE BULB. Travis/Trevor flips a switch, and the bulb casts a HARSH SPOTLIGHT on Solomon's face. Travis/Trevor stands over the Professor like a cop doing an interrogation.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
(squinting up into the glare)
H-how can you be here...? I thought you died, you...killed yourself...

TRAVIS/TREVOR
Why would I do that, Professor? Because you gave me a C-minus on my film...?!

He LAUGHS, a bit maniacally, and paces back and forth, gesturing carelessly with the gun...

TRAVIS/TREVOR
You checked out my film the day after I died...why? I saw your name in the logbook... What the fuck were you doing with my film...?!

He holds the gun loosely at his side, as if he's completely forgotten it's there. Solomon's eyes never leave the gun as he speaks...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
They found your body in the chapel tower...

TRAVIS/TREVOR
(distractedly)
That wasn't my body, it was someone else --

Solomon suddenly LUNGES from the chair, grabbing the gun with both hands and TWISTING Travis/Trevor's arm, sending them both to the floor.

Travis/Trevor CRIES OUT as he comes down hard on his back...

And now Solomon stands over him, holding the GUN.

Travis/Trevor scrambles to his feet and starts backpedaling, wide-eyed with fear. Solomon comes forward, stalking him...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
Who are you?

TRAVIS/TREVOR
...Travis Stark...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

Wrong!!

Solomon SLAPS him, hard. Travis/Trevor stumbles backwards until he loses his balance and...

CRASHES RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL

landing on his back in the flight deck of A SPACESHIP, complete with control panels, blinking consoles, and window views of "outer space"!

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

(advancing on him)

I put a shotgun in Travis Stark's face
and pulled the fucking trigger -- now,
who are you...?!

TREVOR

stares up at him. His eyes are cold now, his face a mask of quiet rage.

TREVOR

So...you did kill my brother.

SOLOMON

is backlit by the BARE BULB, a silhouette haloed with fire -- and now we can see that the walls of the "office" behind him are just scenery flats: We're in the FILM SCHOOL SOUND STAGE.

Solomon stares down at Trevor with a madman's eyes...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

(after a beat)

I'll be goddamned...an identical twin.

CUT TO:

GRAHAM AND P.A. KEVIN

sitting up on the catwalk, covered with PAINT and DUST from working on the sets. They're watching Solomon and Trevor in the sound stage below...

P.A. Kevin gets up and slips out a "FIRE EXIT" door. Graham just sits there, staring down at Solomon and the twin...

CUT BACK TO:

THE "SPACESHIP SET"

Trevor's still on the floor, staring up at Solomon.

TREVOR

Why did you do it? Why'd you kill my brother...?

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

(after a beat)

"The Gods of Men."

TREVOR

I don't understand...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

You're a little slower than your brother, aren't you, boy...? Travis was a fucking genius -- that was the best student film I've ever seen...

Trevor just stares up at him, still not getting it. So Solomon spells it out for him:

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

(intense)

I killed your brother...for his film.

(beat)

And I'm passing it off as my own.

He gestures, taking in everything around them...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

You think this is what I wanted? Teaching these kids so they could go on to fame and success, leaving me here...? FUCK TEACHING -- I wanted to be an ARTIST!!!

(bitterly)

But I was passed over. When I was a student here, the faculty judges for the Hitchcock Award were deadlocked between my film, and a film by Chip Voelker. So what did they do? They asked a "guest filmmaker" to cast the deciding vote...

(sneering)

Taylor Mayfield... With his vote, my dreams were stolen away from me...

CUT TO:

THE HOODED FIGURE

in the Nicholson mask, watching and listening from the shadows...

CUT BACK TO:

SOLOMON

as he continues, more quietly now:

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

Over the years, I tried to accept my fate. And I'd almost made my peace with it, almost made myself believe that I was truly "born to teach"...

(quiet rage)

Then Amy Mayfield showed up at this school -- like an insult, like a slap in the face -- and all the pain came flooding back... And every time I saw her face in my classroom, it reminded me of how her father, "the great Taylor Mayfield," had completely RUINED MY LIFE! I couldn't stand it, I was losing my fucking mind...!

(beat; he grows eerily calm)

Until I saw your brother's film. At that moment, I knew exactly what I had to do.

TREVOR

(seeing it now)

You had to kill them all...everyone who would know that the film wasn't yours.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

(smiles)

You're not so slow after all. But I still had a problem: How do you kill five people and get away with it...?

He leans down closer to Trevor, pokes him hard with the gun.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

You don't -- unless someone else takes the blame. And when I read Amy's twisted little thesis script, I knew it was payback time.

He stands tall again, relishing his victory...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

Now everyone who worked on your brother's film is dead. And with my name on "The Gods of Men," every agent and producer in Hollywood will be lining up to kiss my ass...
(beat; a psychopath's smile)
I'll be the "king of the world."

A long moment...then:

TREVOR

So what you're saying, Professor...is that what you really want to do is direct.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

You betcha.

And he FIRES, BLOWING THREE HOLES IN TREVOR'S CHEST.

CUT TO:

EXT. FILM SCHOOL COMPLEX -- NIGHT

P.A. Kevin runs down the sidewalk, limping on his gimpy leg. He sees a CAMPUS POLICE SEDAN up ahead, and as he WAVES FRANTICALLY to flag it down...

PING! He SLAMS his bad knee right into a fire hydrant.

P.A. KEVIN

SHIT...!

Reese drives up, rolling down the window. She sees Kevin grimacing in pain...

REESE

What's wrong with you, boy?

P.A. KEVIN

Travis Stark is alive -- he's in the sound stage with Professor Solomon, and...he's got a gun!

Reese eyeballs him a beat. Then she REACHES INTO THE STUFFED LION on the seat beside her, and takes out...

A COLT .45 AUTOMATIC

Silver, with a fancy, mother-of-pearl grip.

She HOPS OUT of the car and takes off running...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE -- SPACESHIP SET -- SAME

Trevor sprawls on the floor, motionless, blood soaking his shirt. Solomon stands over him, breathless, gun in hand...

Then the Professor hears a FAINT CLATTERING SOUND, getting steadily louder -- and he turns to see...

THE HOODED FIGURE

approaching, holding a TAPE RECORDER and pointing a 16MM CAMERA at him.

The Figure SHUTS OFF THE CAMERA and SPEAKS, voice muffled by the Nicholson mask:

THE HOODED FIGURE

Cut! Beautiful! I think we'll print that one!

Bewildered, Solomon just stares as the Figure lowers the hood and takes off the mask, revealing...

AMY

There's my "confession scene" -- now the movie's complete...

(she smiles)

...Think I'll get an "A"?

Raging, Solomon raises the gun and SHOOTS at Amy -- BLAM!

But she's still smiling.

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! His clip is empty, and Amy just smiles down at him, untouched.

Trevor slowly gets to his feet...

TREVOR

You think I'd give you a gun with real bullets, ya dang freak?

AMY

It's over, Professor...

Suddenly, Solomon turns and CRACKS Trevor in the skull with the gun, knocking him unconscious -- or worse.

AMY

TREVOR!

The Professor advances on Amy slowly. She backs away from him, afraid, and steps into...

A "JUNGLE SET"

Fake "grass," styrofoam "boulders," balsa-wood "trees" -- and a REAL TREE STUMP, surrounded by SPLIT COCONUTS, with a wicked-looking MACHETE stuck in the wood.

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

You're going to die in the jungle, just like your Daddy -- ironic, don't you think?

AMY

Professor, please...I'm not my father, I never did anything to you...

He's not listening. Amy sees the MACHETE and makes a move to grab it. But Solomon CATCHES her arm, and FLINGS her across the set...

WHAM!

She SLAMS against a scenery flat, and crumples to the floor.

Solomon tosses the empty gun aside and YANKS the machete from the stump. He turns, and walks slowly toward Amy.

She struggles to her feet and looks around: She's trapped, backed up against the scenery flats...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

(softly)

Nowhere to go...

Suddenly, a DEEP VOICE calls down from above:

A DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

"Only you can prevent forest fires..."

Amy REACTS, recognizing the voice, and she glances up to see...

GRAHAM

holding A BUCKET OF TURPENTINE in one hand, and in the other, a rolled-up newspaper that's BURNING like a torch.

Now Solomon looks up in confusion -- and Amy seizes the opportunity, SHOVING HIM BACKWARDS, away from her and right into Graham's line of fire.

Graham reaches out, TIPPING THE BUCKET OVER THE TORCH, and...

FLAMING TURPENTINE

pours like napalm from the sky, SPLASHING all over Solomon and the Jungle Set. The balsa-wood trees CATCH FIRE, and...

FOOSH!

Solomon's CLOTHES light up like a candle. He SCREAMS, dropping the machete, and starts rolling on the floor, SHRIEKING, trying to put out the flames.

Amy RUNS past him, dodging FLAMING TREES as they topple across her path...

She reaches Trevor, lifts his shoulders, and starts to DRAG him toward the EXIT DOOR. The FIRE ALARM IS RINGING, and now...

THE SPRINKLERS

on the ceiling come on, filling the stage with an artificial "rainstorm" and QUICKLY PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.

Amy rushes through the spray, her hair and clothes soaking wet, dragging Trevor. She's halfway to the door when...

SOLOMON GETS UP

Scorched from head to toe, dripping wet, he SNATCHES the machete off the floor and closes in on Amy, BLOCKING her path...

Then we hear A FAMILIAR VOICE shout over the "rain":

REESE
ALL RIGHT, HOLD IT, EVERYBODY!

REESE

stands at the stage entrance, the NICKEL-PLATED .45 in her hand.

REESE
Both of you, just....nobody move...

Solomon gestures toward Amy and Trevor:

PROFESSOR SOLOMON
They tried to kill me...!

AMY
He's lying, Officer Reese! I swear!

REESE
(walking toward them)
Just put down the knife, Professor. They
can't hurt you now...

Solomon hesitates. His eyes drift upward, and he sees...

A SANDBAG

soaked by the sprinklers, TEARING LOOSE from a cable overhead. Suddenly, THE CABLE SNAPS, and the SANDBAG FALLS --.

AMY
REESE, LOOK OUT!

The sandbag SMACKS into a BIG 5K LIGHT, and it TOPPLES ONTO REESE, knocking her flat and pinning her legs to the floor. The .45 FLIES out of her hand...

Still gripping the MACHETE, Solomon turns on Amy, his eyes glowing with hatred. She turns to run, but SLIPS and falls on the water-slick floor.

REESE

winces with pain as she tries to free herself from the heavy light stand. She watches Amy scramble backwards across the floor in desperation as Solomon closes in for the kill...

REESE
BEHIND YOU -- THE GUN...!

Amy turns and sees...

THE NICKEL-PLATED .45

on the floor three feet behind her, its silver barrel REFLECTING in the watery sheen...

As Amy stretches to reach it, we see the MACHETE BLADE rise up behind her, and...

BLAM! Amy puts one clean shot square in Solomon's gut. He stands still a moment...then falls.

Trembling, Amy drops the gun...

Reese smiles through her pain, and murmurs softly:

REESE
"That's my sister, baby...and she's a whole lotta woman."

SOLOMON

clutches his stomach, watching with shocked disbelief as his own BLOOD seeps out between his fingers...

And now the ROAR of the SPRINKLERS begins to fade into the sound of APPLAUSE -- and it grows and grows until we...

CUT TO:

A MOVIE SCREEN

as the APPLAUSE CONTINUES over the FINAL CREDITS of TRAVIS'S FILM. Then the LIGHTS COME UP, and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. THE FILM SCHOOL AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT

A HOLLYWOOD BIGSHOT in an Armani suit steps up to the podium:

HOLLYWOOD BIGSHOT

(into microphone)

Our top award this year is tinged with sadness, for its recipient is no longer with us...

AMY

sits in an audience of STUDENTS, FACULTY, and FILM INDUSTRY GUESTS.

HOLLYWOOD BIGSHOT

Tonight, we all saw "The Gods of Men." We were profoundly affected by the genius of the young man who not only wrote and directed it, but also played all three acting roles in the film...

CUT TO VARIOUS AUDIENCE MEMBERS listening, moved, as the Bigshot continues:

HOLLYWOOD BIGSHOT

...And we are very proud to give this year's Alfred Hitchcock Award to Travis Stark. We're fortunate to have his brother here tonight to accept on his behalf... Trevor, please come forward.

TREVOR

stands and starts down the aisle, APPLAUSE swelling all around him. People point at him and comment excitedly about the uncanny resemblance, APPLAUDING LOUDER as if this is a chance to cheer for Travis himself...

Even Zarcoff is CLAPPING, sitting in a wheelchair, hooked up to an oxygen tank...

The Bigshot shakes Trevor's hand and gives him a ROTUND STATUETTE, like an Oscar in the shape of Alfred Hitchcock.

VANESSA AND GRAHAM

are near the front, CLAPPING loudly. P.A. Kevin sits next to them, his leg in a brace, WHISTLING wetly through his grimy fingers...

Standing onstage, Trevor searches the audience and catches Amy's eye. Amy and Trevor, in this public moment, share a very private look and a smile...

IN THE BACK ROW

Archer and Spade are CLAPPING as loud as anyone. Spade turns to Archer with a grin:

SPADE

I guess that's a wrap.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POST-PRODUCTION BUILDING -- NIGHT

Reese walks down the LONG, DARK HALLWAY, checking doors...

Suddenly, she hears MUFFLED SCREAMS. She races to the EDITING ROOM at the end of the hall, grabs the handle --

It's locked. HORRIFIC SCREAMS CONTINUE inside.

Reese draws her BIG SILVER COLT .45. She braces herself, and KARATE-KICKS the door. It doesn't budge.

Again -- WHAM! And with a third, mighty, Foxy Brown SLAM...

SHE BREAKS OPEN THE DOOR

revealing a KILLER in a Santa Claus suit, holding a MACHETE and wearing a JACK NICHOLSON MASK.

REESE

Freeze, you freaky motherfucker!

The Killer LUNGES, swinging the machete with a SNARL...

And Reese FIRES -- BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! -- blowing the Killer nine ways from Tuesday.

HOLD ON REESE

in a wide stance, gripping the SMOKING GUN with both hands.

Then FUNK MUSIC KICKS IN, and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

INT. A MAJOR STUDIO SOUND STAGE -- DAY

Amy leans back in her DIRECTOR'S CHAIR and smiles.

AMY

Cut. Print. Beautiful... Now, can we do it again?

She turns to the KILLER, who's taking off the BLOODY, SPECIAL F/X SQUIB VEST. He lifts the mask from his face and smiles.

TREVOR

You betcha.

And as he hooks up another "bullet-squib" vest and they prepare for another take, we CONTINUE PULLING BACK to reveal the CREW scrambling about, the ACTORS in make-up, the CRAFT SERVICE -- all the frenzy of a major studio film shoot...

GRAHAM

stands near the stage exit, talking into his cell phone:

GRAHAM

...Look, babe, I'm her agent, and I'm telling you, we'll take nothing less than a three-picture deal -- capeesh...?

AMY

looks blissfully happy in the eye of the storm, as the CLAPPER-GIRL -- VANESSA -- holds up the board and says...

VANESSA

"Urban Legend," Scene Six, Take Two.

...and when she SLAPS THE STICKS, we...

CUT TO BLACK -- and THE END TITLES BEGIN.

As the TITLES RUN, we very gradually PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the titles are playing on a TELEVISION SCREEN...

A MAN is watching the TV from a rickety WHEELCHAIR. We see him from behind -- balding head, dinky food tray, hospital gown -- and we can't see his face.

Now a NURSE STEPS INTO FRAME. As she begins preparing a LARGE, SCARY-LOOKING HYPODERMIC SYRINGE, we CIRCLE AROUND so we can see...

PROFESSOR SOLOMON

sitting in the wheelchair. He turns away from the TV to stare at the ENORMOUS NEEDLE. The Nurse taps the syringe, SQUIRTS some liquid from the tip...

NURSE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Don't worry, Professor...

...and now we TILT UP TO REVEAL THE NURSE'S FACE: It's
BRENDA, the Pendleton University urban-legend serial killer!

NURSE BRENDA
...this won't hurt a bit.

Her lip curls with pleasure, and she JABS THE NEEDLE IN as we...
SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK.