

BL DLIST



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

WHEN HORROR MET SALLY

by

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EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Classic style. Straight out of the 1950's.

Storm clouds. THUNDER. LIGHTNING.

A horror movie PLAYS on the big screen. A CHAINSAW-WIELDING MANIAC chases a BLOODY, SCANTILY-CLAD WOMAN.

The drive-in is mostly empty, just a few scattered cars.

INT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

A TWO-PROJECTOR SYSTEM is in place, working its movie magic, HUMMING gloriously. The faint SOUND of the movie's chainsaw is HEARD.

On the floor, several film canisters are piled up, with reels scattered about.

SUPER: 25 Years Ago.

JEREMIAH HALLORAN, 35, passionately kisses BETTY DEETS, 30. He's tall and thin, with big, wild hair. Creative facial hair. Kind of a hipster. She's wearing tight jeans and a sweater.

She pushes him away.

BETTY

Quit it, Jeremiah! Teenagers getting murdered by a maniac with a chainsaw isn't exactly romantic.

JEREMIAH

Come on, this movie's a classic!

BETTY

Horror movies are not romantic.

JEREMIAH

Then how come there's so much sex and nudity in horror movies? Because scares bring lovers together. Horror **is** romance.

BETTY

You're crazy.

JEREMIAH

Wanna hear something really crazy?

BETTY

Not really.

In the distance, THUNDER IS HEARD.

JEREMIAH

The old guy who gave me these projectors told me movies are **real**. He said he came from a science fiction movie.

BETTY

And you believed him?

JEREMIAH

Of course not, but I told him I did. I wasn't about to argue with someone giving me these bad boys for free! The old guy was dying, and he said, "Never let the projector with the infinity sign fall into the wrong hands. Guard its power." I said, "You got it!" See, I tell people what they want to hear to get what I want. Anyway, have I told you lately how stunningly beautiful you are?

He tries to kiss her again. She pushes him away.

BETTY

Put in a different movie. Something romantic and funny.

JEREMIAH

We're heading into the last reel. I can't just switch to another movie. The fans out there would kill me.

BETTY

Then no nookie for you.

He considers.

JEREMIAH

Fuck it.

He opens a film cannister labeled: "WHMS" and switches out the reel on PROJECTOR TWO, which has an INFINITY SYMBOL burned into the top.

The CHANGEOVER HAPPENS. Horror movie to romantic comedy.

ROMANTIC MUSIC SWELLS.

We faintly hear the song "It Had to Be You."

BETTY

Oh my God!!! I love this movie!!!

JEREMIAH

Now where were we?

They kiss.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Lightning fills the sky. THUNDER, LOUDER NOW.

LIGHTNING STRIKES the projection booth.

INT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

The booth SHAKES. Smoke begins to fill the room. The WALLS CATCH FIRE.

JEREMIAH

You're really rocking my world.

Jeremiah and Betty continue kissing. The Infinity Symbol on the second projector BEGINS TO GLOW.

She pulls away.

BETTY

Is that smoke?

JEREMIAH

No, it's you driving me crazy.

BETTY

Look!

He looks.

JEREMIAH

Shit!

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The projection booth BURNS as RAIN BEGINS TO FALL.

A few cars START THEIR ENGINES of leave.

Several PEOPLE step out of their cars and into the rain. Some look angry, some look confused.

ONSCREEN: A Romantic Comedy plays. Out of focus. Two CHARACTERS kissing. "It Had to Be You" on the soundtrack.

A GUY IN A TRUCKER HAT waves his fist at the screen.

TRUCKER HAT GUY
 What's this crap! I want more
 chainsaw murders! Who's in charge
 here?

INT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

The FIRE RAGES. The door is too hot to touch. The room fills with smoke. Jeremiah tries KICKING OPEN the door. No go.

BETTY
 Get me out of here!

JEREMIAH
 I'm trying!

The smoke becomes so dense, we can't see Betty and Jeremiah.

Inside the smoke, A FLASH OF LIGHT.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Trucker Hat Guy looks around and notices the projection booth ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

TRUCKER HAT GUY
 Fire!

SEVERAL PEOPLE gather around the booth. A GUY IN A MILITARY UNIFORM starts running toward the concession stand.

MILITARY GUY
 I'll call for help!

TRUCKER HAT GUY
 Is anyone in there?

A WOMAN wearing a SUNSHINE DRIVE-IN T-shirt, tied so it exposes her bellybutton, runs over. This is YOUNG DEBBIE, late-20's.

YOUNG DEBBIE
 Jeremiah's in there!

The FIRE BURNS.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Large house in the suburbs. LOUD DANCE MUSIC is heard. A blow-out party is going on. At any moment, we expect a drunk guy to vomit off the porch. But that's not what's happening here.

Several BODIES litter the lawn, along with beer cans and trash. At first, they appear to be drunken, passed-out young people. Soon, though, it's clear that the lawn is covered with DEAD BODIES.

SUPER: Today.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES. DEAD BODIES litter the floor, SLASHED TO PIECES. Total carnage.

A YOUNG WOMAN who appears dead suddenly opens her eyes. Covered in blood. She GASPS for air. WHEEZES. Knife sticking out of her back. She DRAGS herself forward. Her legs don't work. She looks up and SCREAMS.

A BOOT comes down on her head.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Dank. A tiny window. HEAVY FOOTSTEPS can be heard from above. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

SALLY ZANDER, 25, brown hair, blue eyes, athletic, cute, huddles with JACK BARKER, 25, a big, strong guy. They're under a table, dressed for a party, clothes torn and dirty. Jack flinches every time a FOOTSTEP is heard. Sally is somewhat calm.

SALLY
(whispering)
Some party, huh?

JACK
We're gonna die!

SALLY
I don't think we were properly
introduced before the horrific
killing started. I'm Sally Zander.
(beat)
I'd shake your hand, but we're
already awkwardly pressed together,
so...

JACK
He killed Tom and Barry and
Gooch...oh, God...

SALLY
I've seen you around, and always
thought you were cute.

JACK
How are you so calm?

SALLY
This isn't my first bloody rodeo.
The big guy with the long knife
upstairs terrorized me twice
before. I thought he was dead. It's
so annoying.

JACK
You're gonna get me killed!

She smiles.

SALLY
Or...I'm going to get you to fall
in love with me, and we'll have a
great story to tell.

He starts CRYING SOFTLY.

SALLY (CONT'D)
FYI, the guy I came with was just a
friend. Well, we **were** friends
before Slatter chopped off his
head. I'm totally single. Can you
believe it?

JACK
I've never seen so much blood, so
much death...

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

SALLY
I heard you work in plastics. I'm
morally opposed to plastic, so
we'll have to work that out if we
get serious. I buy these great
compostable straws. Have you ever
thought about changing careers?

FOOTSTEPS GROW LOUDER. A DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS GETTING
CLOSER. STEPS CREAK.

DIRTY BOOTS STOMP down the steps.

Sally sees Slatter's thick legs walk slowly past the table. Jack WHIMPERS. Sally puts her hand over his mouth.

An agonizing beat. Then...

The table is TOSSED aside. An ENORMOUS MAN, six and a half feet tall, 300 pounds, in overalls, holding up a large knife, blood dripping off it, stands above them. He's wearing a creepy BLOOD-RED HEART MASK, A CRACKED, BROKEN HEART, STITCHED BACK TOGETHER. This is HAROLD SLATTER, 25. He kills people. A lot.

Sally and Jack SCREAM. Slatter brings his knife down on them. The knife CUTS OPEN Jack's stomach. Sally looks up at Slatter.

He raises the knife. He starts to bring the knife down...

Then STOPS. A hesitation.

Their eyes meet. Big blue eyes staring back at big blue eyes.

Sensing the opportunity, Sally jumps up and runs toward the stairs. Slatter turns and starts to chase, but SLIPS on Jack's spilled blood and guts.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sally races across the room toward the front door, stepping over bodies, slipping and sliding on blood. PANTING.

FLASHING LIGHTS can be seen through the window. SIRENS HEARD.

SLATTER

Appears behind her, knife held high, chasing.

Sally nears the door.

On the inside of the front door, a HEART HAS BEEN DRAWN IN BLOOD. Inside the heart, the name "Sally" written sloppily.

Sally reaches the door and exits.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sally rushes from the house.

POLICE stand by their cars, GUNS READY.

POLICE OFFICER
 (to SALLY)
 Down! Down!

Slatter exits the house, a few feet behind Sally.

Sally TUMBLES to the ground.

The Police OPEN FIRE. BLOW Slatter all to hell in a HAIL OF BULLETS.

Sally turns and looks as Slatter stops moving, stops breathing. DEAD. Horror movie dead. So, you know, not really.

Sally stands up. A Police Officer runs over to her.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Are you okay, miss?

SALLY
 I'm okay. I--

She FALLS into his arms and CRIES. MESSILY.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sally's on a bed, a blanket is draped over her legs. Dried blood covers her skin. Several terrible paintings of sad clowns holding various fluffy animals cover the walls. There's also a small television.

ON TELEVISION

A NEWS BROADCAST

A FEMALE ANCHOR looks into the camera.

FEMALE ANCHOR
 Our top story tonight: Harold Slatter is dead. The masked killer's nearly year-long reign of terror came to an end in a hail of bullets this evening.

INSERT: VIDEO FOOTAGE OF SLATTER'S BULLET HOLE-RIDDEN BODY BEING LOADED INTO AN AMBULANCE.

INSERT: A PHOTO OF SALLY. A **terrible** photo of Sally, looking like she just crawled out of bed.

FEMALE ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Amazingly, the lone survivor of the most recent Slatter massacre is once again Sally Zander. Many questions remain, but local residents can finally breathe a sign of relief knowing Slatter's body is headed to the morgue.

SALLY

Shakes her head.

SALLY

They couldn't find a better picture of me?

DOCTOR ADAM CARTER, 28, enters. He's handsome in a TV doctor kind of way, with short blonde hair and a nice smile.

ADAM

How are you holding up?

SALLY

I'm distracted by the horrible paintings.

ADAM

Are you an art connoisseur?

SALLY

Painter. Well, wannabe painter. I recreate scenes from famous movies using cats instead of people.

ADAM

Sounds cute.

SALLY

The cutest.

He starts examining her. She SNIFFLES. He hands her a tissue.

SALLY (CONT'D)

This is the third time Slatter tried to kill me, but now he's **really** dead. It's over. Finally over.

She sheds a happy tear.

ADAM

Third time? Jeez. Why you?

SALLY

My sparkling personality? Actually,
I have no idea.

ADAM

How'd you escape?

He removes the blanket and checks her legs. He takes a close
look at her bruised, swollen ankle.

SALLY

Slatter sliced open Jack, who's
this cute guy I liked, and all his
guts spilled out. I took off
running up the stairs, and Slatter
slipped on Jack's intestines and
gore. I appreciate how slippery
Jack's insides were.

Sally BLOWS her nose. LOUDLY.

ADAM

What are you going to do now that
Slatter's dead?

SALLY

Paint. Cry. Eat lots of ice cream.
Paint some more.

ADAM

I tried to paint once. It went
badly. I'm artistically useless.

SALLY

Is that your pick-up line? Because
I gotta tell you, it needs work.

ADAM

Ha, no. My actual pick-up line is,
"Hello, I'm Doctor Carter."

SALLY

Much better. I think it's working!

ADAM

This is probably not the time to
talk about dating. You're in shock.

SALLY

No, this is totally our meet-cute!

ADAM

Our meet-who?

SALLY

It's where two people meet in some clever, cute way.

ADAM

Do meet-cutes usually happen after nights of horrific violence?

SALLY

I mean, not usually, but I'm pretty unique, don't you think?

He smiles.

ADAM

Right, moving on. Any pain I should be aware of?

SALLY

My soul aches.

ADAM

Not much I can do for that.

SALLY

I can think of a few things.

ADAM

You are something else.

SALLY

My life's been turned upside down by a crazed killer. I don't have the luxury of sitting around waiting for guys to ask me out.

ADAM

I'll order an x-ray on that ankle. Perhaps we'll see each other sometime under less grim circumstances.

SALLY

Yes, please! I work at the antique bookstore down the street. Please come see me. No one reads books anymore, so I don't work very hard.

(beat)

Oh, wait!

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a crumpled piece of paper, then un-crumples it. It's a coupon. With some DRIED BLOOD on it.

SALLY (CONT'D)

It's a coupon. For books. Now you
have to come see me!

She hands it to him. He begrudgingly puts it in his pocket.

ADAM

Uh, thanks.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sally's in a wheelchair, being WHEELED out by an ORDERLY.
She's wearing clothes obviously bought at the gift shop, a
bright T-shirt that reads: **ROMANTIC AF** and pink sweatpants.

A car is parked in front of the hospital. The door opens and
GABRIELLE GREER, 25, short dark hair, dark skin, nose-ring,
glasses, Anime T-shirt, a cute nerd girl, runs over and hugs
Sally.

SALLY

Gabrielle!

GABRIELLE

Oh, honey, how are you?

SALLY

Not dead.

GABRIELLE

You're like a superhero or
something. For real.

SALLY

Hardly.

GABRIELLE

People are talking about you. There
are Memes.

SALLY

Mimes?

GABRIELLE

No, Memes. You're internet famous.
I won't mention the conspiracy
theories. Some people think you're
Slatter's accomplice because you
keep not dying.

SALLY

I hate the internet. Let's not go
there. Ever.

GABRIELLE

I'm going to school to be a software engineer, so that might be hard.

SALLY

Traitor.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

MYSTERY P.O.V - SALLY

Someone is watching Sally from across street. Peeking out from behind a tree.

The Orderly helps Sally from the wheelchair to the car. Gabrielle gets in the driver's side.

The car speeds away.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Nice, flowery three-story apartment building.

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

First floor apartment. SOFT MUSIC PLAYS. What's left of Sally and Gabrielle's breakfast is on the table.

The walls are covered with paintings, famous movie scenes recreated with cats, like Tomcat Cruise and Renée Zellwisher kissing in a scene from the imaginary film *Furry Maguire*.

Sally has her easel set up. She's starting a new painting. Gabrielle's in front of her computer, playing a VIOLENT VIDEO GAME. They're both still in their pajamas.

SALLY

Everyone at the party who wasn't me died horribly, but one good thing happened: You didn't come.

GABRIELLE

I lucked out.

SALLY

I didn't even know most of those people. I only went because I knew Jack would be there. It's so unfair they're all dead.

Sally fights off tears. Gabrielle stands up and walks over to her. They hug.

GABRIELLE

It's not your fault, and Slatter is dead. You know what you need?

SALLY

Romance?

GABRIELLE

You need to get laid. It's the best thing to clear your head.

SALLY

I can't sleep with someone unless I really like them.

GABRIELLE

Weird. I can't sleep with someone unless I really hate them.

They LAUGH.

Sally's sits on the couch and lies.

SALLY

This past year has been so painful, like a nightmare that won't end. But now I'm free. I can do anything I want...

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

LOUD MUSIC PLAYS.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER writes on a clipboard.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Slatter. This should be fun.

He's standing over a LARGE BODY that's covered with a sheet. He's WHISTLING, dancing a little, enjoying the music. A tray of AUTOPSY TOOLS sits next to the body. He accidentally DROPS the clipboard, then bends down to pick it up, and just as he does...

SLATTER QUICKLY SITS UP. Then goes still, the sheet still covering him.

The Medical Examiner stands up, notices the body has moved, looks around.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)
 Okay, who's the practical joker?
 Johnson, that you again?

The Medical Examiner pulls the sheet off Slatter.

Slatter, wearing his mask, grabs a pair of scissors from the tray and STABS the Medical Examiner in the face, A BLADE IN EACH EYE.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Small store, with mostly antique books.

Sally stands behind the counter next to Gabrielle.

SALLY
 Isn't this great? We're working at a job. We're friends. We have books! And dust and leather. They pay us money. I mean, wow, this is the life.

GABRIELLE
 Yeah, life's great, until the next horrible thing happens.

SALLY
 Just because horrible things happen all the time, it doesn't mean we can't be happy all the time.

GABRIELLE
 It means **exactly** that.

Gabrielle walks toward the door.

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)
 I'm getting lunch. Want anything?

SALLY
 Can I get a turkey club, hold the turkey, add shredded mozzarella cheese, don't cut the pickle, and replace the lettuce with arugula.

GABRIELLE
 That's not a turkey club.

SALLY
 I just want it the way I want it.

GABRIELLE

Okay, weirdo.

As Gabrielle exits, DYLAN FREDRICK, 28, enters. He's a little overweight, wearing a *Frankenhooker* T-shirt with food stains on it. He approaches the counter.

DYLAN

Sally Zander?

SALLY

Uh...yes.

DYLAN

I'm such a big fan. You're the only person to survive three psycho killer attacks. You're legendary!

SALLY

Thanks. Can I hire you to write my dating site profile?

DYLAN

Dating? Oh, that's a joke, right? Girls don't really go for me, but that's okay. I have my career, which is all that matters. I aim to change the world.

SALLY

Are you a scientist or something?

DYLAN

Close. I own a toy store--thanks for the inheritance, Mom and Dad! I'm organizing the first ever Psycho Killer Survivor Convention. I've got babysitter survivors, camp counselor survivors, workplace survivors, evil doll survivors, but I need you. You're my Guest of Honor.

He takes out a FLYER for the convention, featuring a big picture of Sally, with several smaller pictures of other guests.

She looks at the flyer.

SALLY

You already put me on the flyer? Don't you need my permission?

DYLAN

I guess, but you have to come! It's at the Hotel Seven, right next to that old, abandoned drive-in down the road.

SALLY

The Hotel Seven? You've got to be kidding.

DYLAN

What's wrong?

SALLY

My mom worked at the drive-in, then, after it closed, she got a job at the Hotel Seven.

DYLAN

Can she get me a discount? I'm paying an arm and a leg for this convention. Well, my dead parents are paying, but still.

SALLY

I haven't talked to my mother in years. She's awful.

DYLAN

Forget her! Come meet your fans.

SALLY

I have fans?

DYLAN

The cult of Sally Zander is growing.

SALLY

I have a cult?

DYLAN

Not the Kool-Aide-drinking kind. It's unofficial, just a bunch of nice horror nerds who talk about your heroic exploits and eat finger sandwiches.

SALLY

Lovely.

DYLAN

We're also screening the Harold Slatter movie.

SALLY
They made a movie?

DYLAN
Yeah, one of those low-budget,
quickie things where facts don't
matter. The girl from *Vanderpump
Rules* plays you.

SALLY
Ooh, she's good!

DYLAN
I'm sorry about all the murdering,
but why not profit off your fame?
It's the American Way. I'll pay
you. You can even sell autographs
and make big money.

SALLY
Can I sell my cat paintings?

DYLAN
You have cats that paint? Awesome!

She considers.

SALLY
I don't know. Let me think about
it. Slatter's dead, and I'm trying
to move on from all that stuff.

DYLAN
I'll die if you don't come.
Literally. Everyone will kill me. I
already took their money.

Adam enters, smiles, waves at Sally, and walks to the
counter. Sally beams.

SALLY
Doctor Carter! You're here just in
time! I have a serious case of
nothing to wear.

ADAM
Please, call me Adam.

Dylan stares at Adam. Mesmerized.

DYLAN
Wow. You're, like, television
handsome.

ADAM
Not movie handsome?

DYLAN
TV handsome is great. You should be proud. I'm not even podcast handsome.

Dylan turns to Sally.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Keep the flyer, and please, please, please come! It's gonna be a blast.

Dylan exits.

SALLY
What can I help you with today?

ADAM
I actually need a present for a buddy, and I have that coupon.

He takes the coupon out of his pocket. It's now inside a plastic baggy.

She grins and takes the coupon.

ADAM (CONT'D)
It's better now because no one has to touch it.

SALLY
What are you looking for?

ADAM
Do you have a first edition *Catcher in the Rye*?

SALLY
We do. It's three thousand dollars.

ADAM
Scratch that. What would you recommend for a slightly-tortured but not altogether horrible guy who doesn't read much but likes to pretend he does?

SALLY
I'd have to think about that.

ADAM

Do you think better when you're eating?

SALLY

Eating with you?

ADAM

Okay, if you insist.

She smiles.

SALLY

I see what you did there.

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Casual. Crowded. Lots of framed pictures of lighthouses. Many happy DINERS wearing lobster bibs. Sally looks lovely.

Sally and Adam share a tray of oysters.

ADAM

For someone with nothing to wear, you look very pretty.

SALLY

You're supposed to say I look smart.

ADAM

Was that offensive? I'm trying to get "woke," I swear. Sorry.

SALLY

I'm teasing. When I got dressed this evening, I was very much trying to look pretty.

ADAM

How are you still single?

SALLY

It has something to do with the mass murderer who's killed almost every friend I've ever had.

ADAM

Right. But other than that.

SALLY

Maybe I'm too forward. I had a lonely childhood.

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)

No dad, a mom who barely acknowledged me. Painting was my escape. I could travel to different worlds of my own creation. Mostly, they were pretty worlds with rainbows, Renée Zellweger, and lots of cats. I never want to be that lonely little girl again.

ADAM

I understand loneliness. My parents were murdered when I was twelve. A crazed building manager went on a rampage and killed ten people in our building. Mom and Dad were alive when I found them, and I tried to save them, but I was only a kid. That's why I became a doctor, so the next time someone needed saving, I'd be ready.

SALLY

Do you know anyone who hasn't been involved in some sort of massacre?

He considers.

ADAM

No, not really. I guess that's why everyone is on meds.

SALLY

I'm not. I'm naturally happy.

She takes a GULP of ice water.

ADAM

Can you rub off on me?

She nearly CHOKES, SPITS a few ice cubes back into the glass. She's embarrassed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Still cute.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A car pulls up in front of the building. Sally steps out from the passenger's side. Adam steps out from the driver's side and walks over to her. He kisses her cheek.

ADAM

Have you thought about that book I need?

SALLY

We have a first edition *Fight Club* for a few hundred bucks.

ADAM

Perfect.

SALLY

And you've got that disgusting coupon, so...

ADAM

I had a great time.

SALLY

Me, too. Call me. Call me so friggin' much.

ADAM

How about I call you the normal amount, but think about you often.

SALLY

Deal.

She walks toward the building, turns back and waves. He gets inside the car and drives off. Sally watches his car until it disappears from sight.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Swoon.

Sally's lost in her own world. She turns and BUMPS INTO SOMEONE. A MAN. Surprised, Sally KICKS him in the balls. He FALLS OVER. In PAIN. This is DR. HOSKINS, 50's, balding, glasses, eye patch over his left eye.

DR. HOSKINS

Suh...Sally Zander?

SALLY

I'm so sorry! You scared me. Oh, jeez, I assaulted a super old guy.

She helps him up.

DR. HOSKINS

It's understandable, after all you've been through.

(MORE)

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
I'm Dr. Hoskins, and I need your
help. Can we talk?

She considers.

SALLY
Okay, I'm going to invite you in,
but if you're a vampire, I'll be
really mad.

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sally is seated next to Dr. Hoskins on the couch. They're
drinking tea.

SALLY
Tell me, Doc, how can I help you?
You don't seem like a guy who wants
a cat painting.

DR. HOSKINS
I'm a psychiatrist, and I'm writing
a book about Slatter. I want to
interview you, the woman who
vanquished the beast! I need to get
inside your brain.

SALLY
Is that a psychiatrist pick-up
line? Like, you want to Netflix and
chill my brain?

DR. HOSKINS
I have no interest in you sexually.
You're not my type.

SALLY
Why not?

DR. HOSKINS
I like boys.

SALLY
Like, kids? Eww.

DR. HOSKINS
What? No! I was married to a man. A
big, adult, kind man named Miguel.

SALLY
That's sweet.

DR. HOSKINS

Talk to me. Please. It will be cathartic. I think you need someone to talk to more than you even know.

SALLY

Why are you interested in Slatter?

He takes a very dramatic DEEP BREATH.

DR. HOSKINS

I was Slatter's doctor. He came to me as a boy, a broken, soulless child, an empty shell, a vessel filling with pure, unimaginable evil, and I--

SALLY

Made him worse?

DR. HOSKINS

That's not fair. I gave everything I had to fix that boy.

SALLY

Did he do that to your eye?

DR. HOSKINS

At ten years old, Harold Slatter murdered his mother and was institutionalized. I was his doctor for nearly fifteen years. Eight months ago, Slatter disfigured me, took my, and escaped.

SALLY

I'm sorry. It would be nice talking to someone. I mean, it'd be better if you were twenty-five, gorgeous, and straight, but I'll take what I can get.

DR. HOSKINS

Through all the horror and madness, you've never lost your sense of humor. Extraordinary.

SALLY

It's all I've got.

(beat)

You said you **were** married. What happened?

DR. HOSKINS

Miguel was visiting me at work the day Slatter escaped. They found Miguel in the parking lot. His head was twisted all the way around.

SALLY

I'm so sorry.

DR. HOSKINS

He's still with me, in spirit.

SALLY

I think we're going to be great friends. I've always wanted a gay best friend. Can we watch *Pretty Woman* together and cuddle?

DR. HOSKINS

Absolutely not.

The front door opens and Gabrielle enters with a HIPSTER DUDE, 20's. She's holding his hand.

GABRIELLE

Oh, sorry, I didn't know you had company.

SALLY

This is Dr. Hoskins. He was Slatter's psychiatrist for fifteen years.

GABRIELLE

I don't think your treatment worked, Doc.

DR. HOSKINS

That seems to be the consensus opinion, yes.

SALLY

Who's your date?

GABRIELLE

(to HIPSTER DUDE)

What's your name again?

HIPSTER DUDE

Rufus.

GABRIELLE

He's Rufus. You two have fun.

Gabrielle leads HIPSTER DUDE to her bedroom, closes the door.

SALLY

That's Gabrielle. She doesn't believe in romance.

Sally's PHONE RINGS. She's answers.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello? Yes. No, I haven't heard anything about...

(beat)

No, no! Please tell me this is a joke!

DR. HOSKINS

What is it?

THROUGH THE WINDOW, FLASHING LIGHTS.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sally and Dr. Hoskins step outside. A POLICE CAR parks in front of the building. TWO POLICE OFFICERS, looking dejected, step out of the car and approach Sally and Dr. Hoskins.

Sally breaks down. CRIES. Dr. Hoskins hugs her.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A nice house directly across the street from Sally's apartment building.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The usually-immaculate kitchen isn't so immaculate right now. A MAN and WOMAN, 30's. Dead. On the floor.

A MANNEQUIN is seated at the table. Brown wig. Blue eyes. In a pretty dress. It **kind of** looks like Sally. A plate of horrible-looking food is in front of her. A dead rabbit, barely cooked.

Slatter, wearing his mask, stares through the kitchen window, looking at Sally's building.

SLATTER'S P.O.V. - SALLY

Sally and Dr. Hoskins talk to the Police Officers. Several more POLICE CARS pull up in front of Sally's building.

BACK TO SCENE.

Slatter sits down in front of his own plate of food. He eats with his hands, shoving meat under the mask. He gets up and walks over to "Sally."

SLATTER

Sally?

He stares at "Sally," as if waiting for a response.

Slatter CRIES OUT, then grabs "Sally's" neck and CHOKES her. Hard. Until the HEAD FALLS OFF.

He goes still. BREATHING HEAVY. He picks up the head and puts it back in place.

Slatter gives "Sally" a hug.

His eyes are damp. He reaches down and takes the Woman's cell phone. He presses a few buttons, then shows the phone to "Sally."

SUPER: On the phone is a Sorry Face Emoji.

He SCREAMS, then picks up a can of LIGHTER FLUID off the counter and SOAKS himself. He grabs a lighter and SETS HIMSELF ON FIRE.

After a few seconds, the FIRE GOES OUT.

Slatter looks disappointed. He sits down, continues eating.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A POLICE CAR is parked out front. Two OFFICERS inside.

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sally's on the couch, with Gabrielle next to her. They're watching a reality dating show. Sally looks at her phone.

SALLY

When Adam finds out Slatter's alive, he's going to ditch me. I'd ditch me. I really like this guy. What am I going to do?

GABRIELLE

Why risk getting your heart broken? Why get that close to anyone in this shitty world?

SALLY

Because love **is** risk! You risk it all to win it all.

GABRIELLE

Not this girl.

SALLY

Let love take over your body and be your guide.

GABRIELLE

You're so perky I could kill you.

SALLY

Get in line.

Gabrielle smiles, then LAUGHS.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Made you laugh!

GABRIELLE

I hate you.

Sally takes Gabrielle's hands.

SALLY

You should consider staying somewhere else for a while. Slatter is out there. You're the only good friend of mine Slatter hasn't murdered. I'd like to keep it that way.

GABRIELLE

I won't abandon you, Sally. I'm not going anywhere. Besides, with all these cute police officers guarding our building, I feel safe.

SALLY

Please do not invite any cops in.

GABRIELLE

What do you think I'm going to do?

SALLY

I'm begging you, don't have sex with any cops guarding our building. They don't need that kind of distraction.

GABRIELLE
I'm sure they can multitask.

SALLY
I'm serious! Don't.

Gabrielle grins.

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sally walks around the office, checking out Adam's framed academic degrees.

CLOSE ON Doctor Derek Carter's medical license, which was issued from someplace called: **Official Doctor School of the Bahamas.**

Adam enters, white coat, stethoscope.

SALLY
You went to med school in the Bahamas? Isn't that where people go when they're going to be terrible doctors?

ADAM
Probably. I didn't get accepted to my first few choices, so I decided to go somewhere beautiful. If I'm going to a crappy school anyway, why not a school in the Bahamas?

SALLY
Did you get a good education?

ADAM
(smiles)
Oh no, terrible. I don't know what I'm doing.

He sits on his cluttered desk. Sally stands, facing him.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What was so urgent?

SALLY
We can't date.

ADAM
Why not?

SALLY

Look, Slatter is going to kill the people closest to me. He's going to kill **you**, and I can't live with that guilt. I've been thinking about this, and I won't take "no" for an answer. I mean "yes." Whichever one means we're over.

ADAM

I'm a big boy. I understand the risks. I still want to be with you.

SALLY

Don't be an idiot. Find some other girl. The minute I call you my boyfriend, Slatter will kill you. It's happened before.

He pulls her close, wraps his arms around her, and KISSES her. She kisses back.

ADAM

I'm someone who's never believed in love. I've dated, broken hearts, had fun, but never put my heart on the line. I haven't let myself care enough to get hurt. With you, I finally let my guard down. I want to put my heart out there. I'm okay with whatever happens, as long as we give us a chance.

SALLY

You mean that?

He kisses her again, pulls her on top of him, then ROLLS OVER. He FALLS OFF the desk.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Adam!

ADAM

Sorry, I'm really clumsy.

SALLY

So of course you became a doctor.

INT. DR. HOSKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Sally is seated across from Dr. Hoskins. Many framed degrees from prestigious schools hang on the walls. A few awards.

A PICTURE of a smiling Dr. Hoskins hugging MIGUEL, a handsome man with a bushy beard.

SALLY

I'm glad I have you around. I feel safer.

DR. HOSKINS

We will stop him. There must be a way.

SALLY

When Slatter attacked me, every time he attacked, I saw something in his eyes, a glimmer of something. Maybe he's crying out for my help.

DR. HOSKINS

But why you?

SALLY

I never even heard of the guy until he escaped from the mental institution. It makes no sense.

DR. HOSKINS

There's something I haven't told you. Slatter never spoke to me. For fifteen years, he was silent. Then one day, on the very day he escaped, he said your name, Sally.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - SLATTER'S ROOM - DAY

Slatter sits on his bed, staring out through the barred-window. We don't see his face. A tray of uneaten food sits in front of him. The floor is littered with books. Romance novels.

An ORDERLY, 20's, leans on the metal bars of the door. He's HE'S WATCHING A MOVIE ON HIS PHONE. *WHMS*. The song, "It Had to Be You," STARTS PLAYING.

Slatter stirs. He stands up. He GRUNTS. We still don't see his face.

The Orderly smiles as he watches the movie, oblivious.

SLATTER'S HANDS

Come through the bars. He CHOKES the Orderly. The Orderly FIGHTS, but he's not strong enough. The Orderly DIES.

A NURSE runs over, sees the Orderly, and SCREAMS.

EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Hoskins, no eye patch, two good eyes, walks toward Slatter's table. He's holding a bag of food. He sits down across from Slatter on a wooden picnic table in the fenced-in area behind the building. He takes a burrito and hot sauce packets out of the bag, then messily and LOUDLY takes a bite.

Slatter's face is almost completely covered by a *Silence of the Lambs*-style LECTER MASK. He's also handcuffed.

An armed SECURITY OFFICER stands next to the table, right next to Slatter, holding a phone. Several PATIENTS wander the grounds, NURSES, DOCTORS, and other Security nearby.

DR. HOSKINS
(to SECURITY OFFICER)
Okay, tell me exactly what happened. **Exactly.**

SECURITY OFFICER
Slatter killed an orderly. Choked him through the bars. We are taking no more chances with him.

DR. HOSKINS
Slatter hasn't hurt anyone in years. Something triggered him.

SECURITY OFFICER
The nurse who witnessed the murder said she heard a song playing on the orderly's phone, and when the song ended, Slatter calmed down.

DR. HOSKINS
Is that the phone?

SECURITY OFFICER
Yes.

DR. HOSKINS
Play the song.

The Security Officer nods, then PLAYS "It Had to Be You."

Slatter sits up straight. His fingers start to move. He makes two fists. He SLAMS his fists on the table. He GRUNTS.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
That's it!

SLATTER
Sally!!!

Dr. Hoskins looks shocked.

DR. HOSKINS
Yes, tell me, who is Sally?

SLATTER
Sally!!!

DR. HOSKINS
Is she someone on the outside? An
actress on a tv show? Someone from
one of your romance novels?

Slatter gets more agitated. He BANGS his fists over and over.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
Calm down, Harold.

Slatter's fists CRACK THE TABLE.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
(to SECURITY OFFICER)
Turn off the song!

The Security Officer fumbles with the phone.

SECURITY OFFICER
Sorry. It's not my phone.

Slatter GRUNTS and BREAKS THE HANDCUFFS.

DR. HOSKINS
TURN IT OFF!!!

Slatter grabs several hot sauce packets, SQUEEZES THEM, and
SQUIRTS Dr. Hoskins in the eyes.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
Ahhh! It burns!

The Security Officer reaches for his gun. Slatter turns and
SQUIRTS hot sauce into his eyes. He SCREAMS and DROPS the
gun. Slatter picks up the gun and THROWS IT. Slatter then
BREAKS THE LEGS OFF A CHAIR and RAMS A LEG THROUGH the
Security Officer's chest.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
No, Harold! No!

A LARGE MALE NURSE runs over. He's carrying several big keys on a keychain. He puts his arms out, defensively pleading with Slatter.

NURSE

Harold, calm down. Let's talk this out. We'll get you more books, whatever you want, just--

Slatter THROWS a chair leg at his THROAT, TEARING IT OPEN. The Nurse bleeds, covers his throat, falls to his knees. Dying. Slatter grabs his keys.

Dr. Hoskins, eyes red and watery, runs over to Slatter.

DR. HOSKINS

I can still help you. Please, don--

Slatter JUMPS ON HIM. Dr. Hoskins FALLS BACKWARDS to the ground. Slatter holds the keys tight and RAMS them into Dr. Hoskins' eye.

Slatter runs away.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)

Noooooooooo! You monster!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DR. HOSKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Sally looks confused.

SALLY

But I never met him before he escaped.

DR. HOSKINS

That song triggered something in him, a long-buried memory. But a memory of what?

BEING FLASHBACK:

EXT. SLATTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Rundown house, grass mostly dead. A car on blocks in the driveway.

The mailbox has been sloppily painted white, but beneath the paint the name **SLATTER** can faintly be seen, like graffiti someone tried to cover up.

INT. SLATTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The room is in shambles. Shattered dishes all over the floor. Broken chairs. Food spilled.

FRANK SLATTER, 50's, crawls along the floor toward the back door, leaving a trail of blood. He's wearing a dirty mechanic uniform with the name **FRANK S.** on it.

Slatter walks into the kitchen. He's still wearing his clothes from the mental institution and his Lecter-style mask.

FRANK

No, please! Don't do it, Son!

Slatter picks up Frank by the legs and SLAMS him into the kitchen cabinets.

Frank starts WEeping. He SPITS UP BLOOD. Some TEETH.

SLATTER

Sally!

FRANK

Sally? Is that who you want?

SLATTER

Sally!!!

FRANK

Please, I'll tell you everything you wanna know if you let me live! I forgive you for killing your mother, I swear.

SLATTER

Sally!

FRANK

Okay, okay! In my bedroom, under the bed, box of papers, everything you need to know. Don't kill me! I helped you, right? I did you a favor! Let your dear old dad live. No hard feelings!

Slatter sits down on Frank's back, wraps his arms around his neck, like a wrestling choke hold, and RIPS OFF Frank's head.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DR. HOSKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Sally's pacing.

SALLY

You were around him for years. Did you ever notice anything unusual? I mean, unusual for a maniac killer?

DR. HOSKINS

He read a lot of books. All romance novels.

SALLY

I read romance novels!

DR. HOSKINS

Sally, millions of people read romance novels. I'm not sure that's a strong enough connection.

SALLY

Anything else seem odd?

DR. HOSKINS

He had moments...moments of real sweetness. He drew me a heart once for Valentine's Day. Of course, he used his own blood to color it, but it was very thoughtful. I also vividly remember Harold watching a couple kiss in the visitor's area, and he was smiling. He understood the sweetness in the moment.

SALLY

His true nature isn't evil. Maybe he was hypnotized. No, wait! I got it! He was brainwashed by the government to be an unstoppable killing machine to take out enemies of the state!

DR. HOSKINS

You're not an enemy of the state.

SALLY

I could be. I once wrote a very critical letter to the President of the United States. I mean, I was five, but still.

DR. HOSKINS
Escaping from Slatter wasn't luck,
was it?

She considers.

SALLY
When you talk about his nature, the
romance novels, the flashes of
sweetness, other things start to
make sense.

DR. HOSKINS
Tell me about the attacks. Tell me
everything.

SALLY
I...I think he was trying **not** to
kill me, as weird as that sounds.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sally enters the dark apartment.

SALLY
I'm here. Now would be a good time
to jump out and say, "Happy
Birthday."

She turns on the lights. A banner hangs that reads: **Happy
Birthday, Sally!**

The room is littered with the DEAD BODIES of well-dressed
YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SEVERED HEAD is in the punch bowl.

Sally takes a few steps forward.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Okay, great prank, guys...

She turns around and...

SLATTER is right in front of her. His HEART MASK is fully
intact, not yet broken. He's holding a VERY BADLY WRAPPED
GIFT in one hand, a knife in the other.

SALLY (CONT'D)
Who are you?

SLATTER
Suh...Suh...Sally.

SALLY
You don't look like a Sally.

He THROWS the gift at her. A little too hard. She catches it.
Slatter GRUNTS.

SALLY (CONT'D)
You want me to open it?

She unwraps the gift. A shoebox. She opens the shoebox and finds...

A SEVERED FEMALE HAND, A FEW PRETTY RINGS ON THE FINGERS. She GASPS and DROPS the box.

Sally takes a few steps back and stumbles. Slatter comes at her, raises the knife and...

Their eyes meet. Slatter hesitates. For only a second or two. Giving Sally enough time to roll away as Slatter finally brings the knife down.

Sally picks up the punch bowl and SMASHES it over Slatter's head. KNOCKS HIM DOWN. She grabs the knife and STABS Slatter THROUGH THE CHEST. He doesn't move.

Sally runs away.

FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS can be seen through the windows.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DR. HOSKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Sally lies back and looks at the ceiling.

SALLY
I've tried not to think about these attacks, but I see it now. Slatter fighting himself. It was almost like a kids' game. Him giving me just enough time to get away.

DR. HOSKINS
What about the second attack?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BARN - DAY

Slatter CHASES Sally. He's holding a pitchfork. DEAD BODIES all around.

SALLY

Why won't you leave me alone? What did I ever do to you?

Sally TRIPS OVER A RAKE and FALLS DOWN. She crawls backwards, away from Slatter.

Slatter stops, puts down the pitchfork. A DEAD BODY is by his feet. He reaches down into the DEAD PERSON'S CHEST and PULLS OUT THE HEART. He holds it up high over his head with both hands, in a very John Cusak kind of way.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Please don't start singing a Peter Gabriel song.

Slatter DROPS the heart, grabs the pitchfork, and quickly comes at her.

SALLY (CONT'D)

No! Please!

As he's about to kill her, he pauses. Again, the hesitation. Sally grabs the rake and RAMS the metal tines into Slatter's neck. He DROPS the pitchfork. She then KICKS his KNEE with everything she's got. His leg bends the wrong way. He FALLS.

She picks up the pitchfork, stands up, then THRUSTS the pitchfork into his face. His MASK BREAKS IN HALF. She STABS his face again and again. She DROPS the pitchfork and runs away. Slatter lies motionless on the ground.

FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS can be seen outside.

Sally reaches the door as a POLICE OFFICER enters.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I got Slatter, I--

She turns and looks back.

Slatter is GONE. Sally GASPS.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Are you shitting me?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DR. HOSKINS' OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Hoskins' pours coffee from a coffee maker into a cup and hands it to Sally.

DR. HOSKINS

I can only imagine how the events of this past year have affected you.

She considers.

SALLY

Trish Donnelly was going to be a fashion designer. Danielle Rose was in her last year of med school. Bradley Johns was working on a revolutionary way to solve the homeless crisis. Katherine Conner awkwardly kissed me once when she was drunk, and we laughed about it for months. Ted Miller was devastatingly handsome and I was madly in love with him, but it was never the right time for us. We both kind of knew in some unspoken way, "Maybe someday." Ted has no more somedays. These were people I knew. Real people with dreams and desires and goals. They made me laugh. They made me cry. Slatter murdered them all. In front of me. Horribly. In order to get by, to live my life and be happy, I have to put them in a little corner of my brain, a closed box, and I feel shitty about that.

DR. HOSKINS

We all do what we must to go on. You're not tarnishing their memories by living your life. You're honoring them.

She smiles faintly, fighting off tears.

SALLY

I made them laugh. They all said I was the one person that could make them smile no matter what. Doc, all I want is love and happiness.

DR. HOSKINS

You're a romantic at heart, and Slatter seems to be one, too. Maybe there **is** more to this.

SALLY

So, he's like me...except for the killing people part?

DR. HOSKINS

We're getting somewhere, but we must dig deeper. We need your mother.

SALLY

I could talk to her at the convention.

DR. HOSKINS

What convention?

SALLY

It's a psycho killer survivor convention thingy. Girls like me-- who survived their own attacks from their own psycho killers--are coming together. Mom works at the hotel that's hosting it. I wasn't gonna go--

DR. HOSKINS

You must! **We** must. Not only to get information from your mother, but also...these other girls...they can help fight Slatter. You need a team of warriors!

SALLY

I guess we're going to a convention.

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT - SALLY'S ROOM - DAY

Sally's packing a bag. Gabrielle's on the bed, painting her toenails.

SALLY

Sure you don't want to come? It might be fun.

GABRIELLE

To a **murder** convention? No thanks.

SALLY

It's not a murder convention. It's a survivor convention.

GABRIELLE

You go and have fun. I've got a hot date.

SALLY

Are you going to be okay?

GABRIELLE

I've got police protection. I'm good. Are you going to be okay?

SALLY

Adam's coming with me.

GABRIELLE

Wow, that's moving fast.

SALLY

We're trying to have a whirlwind romance before Slatter murders us.

GABRIELLE

How romantic.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JAZZ MUSIC PLAYS on a record player.

SLATTER DANCES with the Sally Mannequin. Gracefully, like someone who dances all the time.

The SONG ENDS.

Slatter lays the Sally Mannequin down gently on the couch, then walks to a chair facing the window and sits. And watches. He goes completely still, like a statue. Patient.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

We see two police cars parked in front of Sally's building. Two POLICE OFFICERS lean against one of the police cars, smoking.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

Adam's car is parked across the street. Adam stands below a fire escape on the side of the building.

Sally climbs down from the roof, then TOSSES her bag. Adam tries to catch it, but doesn't even come close. She climbs down the fire escape to the second floor, about fifteen feet off the ground.

SALLY
Catch me.

ADAM
What?

She JUMPS. FALLS ON HIM. THEY TOPPLE OVER. She ends up on top of him.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

SALLY
Yeah. Come on, before they see us!

They get up. Adam grabs her bag. They run to the car.

ADAM
Why are you sneaking out?

SALLY
I want as many police here protecting Gabrielle as possible. I don't want them following me.

ADAM
What about us?

SALLY
We're going to a psycho killer survivor convention. These girls kick ass. They eat psycho killers for breakfast.

ADAM
You talked to them about Slatter?

SALLY
Of course.
(beat)
Not.

They reach the car, get in, and drive away.

EXT. HOTEL SEVEN - PARKING LOT - DAY

Generic-looking. Five stories. The rotting corpse of the SUNSHINE DRIVE-IN can be seen next to the hotel.

A huge banner hanging out front reads: **Welcome to the 1st Annual Psycho Killer Survivor Con!** Sally's picture is prominently featured on the banner.

Dr. Hoskins walks across the lot, checking out the hotel.

DEBBIE ZANDER, 50's, petit, short hair, prosthetic left leg, exits the hotel and LIGHTS a cigarette. She's wearing a uniform and name-tag. She uses a cane.

Dr. Hoskins sees her, looks surprised, then approaches.

DR. HOSKINS
Debbie Zander? Is that you?

She sizes him up.

DEBBIE
Not interested.

DR. HOSKINS
I know your daughter.

DEBBIE
I don't have a daughter.

DR. HOSKINS
I'm a psychiatrist. I'm working with Sally on--

DEBBIE
I don't believe in all this psychiatrist nonsense. Everybody wants a safe space. They didn't have all this psychiatrist stuff when I was a kid.

DR. HOSKINS
Of course they did. Millennials didn't invent psychiatry.

DEBBIE
Does Sally owe you money or something?

DR. HOSKINS
Do you know why Slatter is so interested in Sally?

DEBBIE
I don't know anything about Slatter.

Debbie FLICKS her cigarette.

DR. HOSKINS
What happened to your leg?

DEBBIE
Rabid weasels.

DR. HOSKINS
This may seem like an odd question,
but was Sally adopted?

Debbie gives him the finger.

DEBBIE
Fuck off! I will call the police.

DR. HOSKINS
Are you secretly a romantic at
heart, Debbie?

She looks startled for a moment.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
You know Sally's coming here for
the convention. Please talk to her.
She misses you.

DEBBIE
Liar.

Debbie shakes her head and walks back inside.

EXT. HOTEL SEVEN - DAY

Four SECURITY GUYS stand guard in front of the building.
They're all skinny and pimply, and look like they might still
be in high school.

Dylan, wearing a Psycho Killer Survivor Con T-shirt, stands
in front of the Security Guys, greeting GUESTS.

A makeshift RED CARPET runs from the hotel doors to the curb.

Several YOUNG FANS stand near the red carpet, each wearing a
T-shirt featuring a different psycho killer, like Harold
Slatter, Mitchell Byers, John Georgie Heckle, and Fred Gundy.
One Young Fan wears a shirt with a freckled killer doll named
Frankie Fun Time.

Sally and Adam walk up to the red carpet.

SALLY
Thanks for coming along.

ADAM

I can't wait to meet your mom. Is she anything like you?

SALLY

Yeah, if Satan reached up from hell and ripped out my soul.

Dr. Hoskins runs over to them.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Hey, Doc! This is Adam.

DR. HOSKINS

Nice to meet you.

ADAM

Same here. Thank you for helping Sally.

DR. HOSKINS

We're helping each other.

Dr. Hoskins and Adam shake.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)

I spoke to your mother.

SALLY

How was that?

DR. HOSKINS

Entirely unpleasant, but I now believe you were adopted. Her reaction when I asked was telling.

SALLY

Adopted? That would explain a lot.

DR. HOSKINS

Why are the police not guarding the hotel?

SALLY

I snuck away. I was afraid if the police saw me leave, they'd follow me and stop guarding Gabrielle.

DR. HOSKINS

Let's hope the others girls like are up to the challenge.

SALLY

Adopted, wow. I really hope that's true. I always assumed I was a trick baby.

ADAM

Like, a magic trick?

Sally smiles.

SALLY

You're adorable.

Dylan runs over to greet them. He bows in an "I'm not worthy" kind of way.

DYLAN

Welcome, welcome! Isn't this cool?

SALLY

It's something.

Dylan looks at Dr. Hoskins and his eyes widen.

DYLAN

Doc Hoskins! It's really you!

DR. HOSKINS

You know of me?

DYLAN

Are you kidding? Who wears an eye patch better than you? No one, that's who! The fans would love to hear you speak. Would you be a part of the Q&A? Please?

DR. HOSKINS

Oh, I don't know. I'm here for Sally.

DYLAN

Just pop into the Q&A and say hi. It'll be fun! You have fans too, you know.

Dr. Hoskins smiles faintly.

DR. HOSKINS

Well, I suppose I...I could say a few words.

SALLY

Don't get a big head, Doc.

DR. HOSKINS
I will try to stay modest.

DYLAN
What was it like when Slatter took
your eye?

DR. HOSKINS
Painful. Now, if you'll excuse me.

Dr. Hoskins walks off.

DYLAN
Oh, man, this convention keeps
getting better and better. I'm a
genius.
(looks at ADAM)
Hey, Doctor Handsome!

ADAM
Dylan.

DYLAN
Are you and Sally serious now?

ADAM
I'm her boyfriend.

Sally smiles.

DYLAN
Bummer. I thought me and Sally had
some real chemistry.

SALLY
We did not.

The three of them walk the red carpet together. The Young
Fans CHEER.

YOUNG FAN #1
We love you, Sally!

YOUNG FAN #2
You're the best survivor!

YOUNG FAN #3
Marry me!

Sally looks slightly embarrassed by the attention.

DYLAN

So, tonight we're doing a special screening of *The Slatter Mutilations* at the old drive-in next door, followed by a Q&A with you and the other massacre survivors.

They reach the front doors. Sally notices the Security Guys. One's picking his nose.

SALLY

Is that really your security team? They look like they're at a junior high school Halloween party.

DYLAN

No, they're the best. They've all had karate classes and other fighting stuff.

Sally grabs Dylan's shoulder.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Ouch.

SALLY

What if an actual psycho killer shows up? Dylan, this could happen! We **need** to be ready. We **must** be ready!

DYLAN

Okay, okay, I'll take care of it.

ADAM

What made you want to put on a psycho killer survivor convention?

DYLAN

I wanted to do a psycho killer convention, but it's really hard to get in touch with them. I mean, does Slatter even have e-mail?

Dylan looks off in the distance.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Gotta run, but don't miss the private meet-and-greet in the tiki bar at seven.

He walks away. Sally looks at Adam.

SALLY
Boyfriend? Are you sure you want to
call yourself that?

ADAM
I do.

They kiss.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I'll pull the car around and grab
our bags. Be right back.

He runs off.

Sally looks up at the banner, the large picture of herself,
then looks back down and sees...

A MAN DRESSED LIKE SLATTER

Right in front of her.

He approaches.

She GASPS.

Then, MORE MEN DRESSED LIKE SLATTER APPEAR. They surround
her.

Sally starts BREATHING HEAVILY. She starts to sweat. She
starts to shake.

SLATTER #1
Sally! Holy cow! It's you!

SLATTER #2
You're prettier in person than on
the news.

SALLY
Thank you, but you guys are
freaking me out, no offense.

SLATTER #3
We're very sorry.

SLATTER #4
We apologize.

SALLY
You're very polite psycho killers.

The SLATTERS walk off.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOBBY

Sally and Adam walk toward the front desk. Debbie sits behind the desk, checking someone in. Sally sees Debbie.

Sally turns around.

SALLY

I can't do it. Let's go home.

Adam grabs her hand.

ADAM

You're fine. Relax.

Sally takes a DEEP BREATH. Jogs in place. Stretches.

SALLY

Let's do this.

They approach the front desk. Debbie sees Sally.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Hi, Mom. Can we talk?

Debbie considers. Not happily.

DEBBIE

I have lunch coming up. Meet me at the diner on the corner in an hour.

SALLY

Okay.

Sally and Adam stand there. Unmoving.

DEBBIE

What?

SALLY

We still need to check in.

INT. DINER - DAY

Debbie and Sally sit across from each other. Tense. Silent. Sally's drinking coffee. Debbie's eating fries.

SALLY

Why have you always been so horrible to me? I'm a good person. I deserve happiness.

Debbie LAUGHS BITTERLY.

DEBBIE

You deserve happiness? What about me? I only got one leg!

She PUNCHES her prosthetic leg.

SALLY

Was I adopted?

DEBBIE

Who told you? Was it that cunt at social services with the baby arm?

SALLY

Please, Mom. Tell me the truth. Slatter is trying to kill me. Again! Help me end this. You might not like me, but I can't believe you want me dead.

DEBBIE

Fine. You want the truth? I didn't birth you. I **found** you.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

THUNDER IS HEARD. LIGHTNING brightens the sky.

ONSCREEN: A SCREAMING GIRL runs from a CHAINSAW-WIELDING MANIAC.

Young Debbie picks up trash in front of the movie screen.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

I was working at the drive-in. Didn't pay much, but I got to see free movies every night.

The horror movie is suddenly replaced with a ROMANTIC COMEDY, TWO CHARACTERS KISSING, the 1990'S, A SONG: "IT HAD TO BE YOU" ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

LIGHTNING STRIKES.

Young Debbie turns and sees the projection booth CATCH ON FIRE. She runs to it.

Rain begins to fall.

Several people gather around the booth, staring, stunned, including Trucker Hat Guy.

TRUCKER HAT GUY
Is anyone in there?

Young Debbie reaches the projection booth.

YOUNG DEBBIE
Jeremiah's in there!

Trucker Hat guy INHALES DEEPLY, holds his breath, and RUNS INTO the door with all he has. The door BREAKS OPEN. Smoke pours out of the booth. The rain begins to dampen the fire. He rushes inside.

THE SOUND OF TWO CRYING BABIES IS HEARD.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I found you on that stormy night.

Trucker Hat Guy comes out of the booth, holding TWO NAKED BABIES. He puts them down and coughs.

Young Debbie walks toward them. She bends down and picks them up. In her arms, they stop crying.

YOUNG DEBBIE
Well, fuck a duck.

CONCERNED WOMAN
Is anyone else in there?

TRUCKER HAT GUY
Nope, just them little ones.

YOUNG DEBBIE
I'll get these babies somewhere safe!

Young Debbie runs off, smiling.

YOUNG DEBBIE (CONT'D)
(to the BABIES)
How would you like to come home with me?

DEBBIE (V.O.)
Jeremiah and his girlfriend were never seen again. I took you two babies home and raised you as my own.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DINER - DAY

Sally's mouth hangs open.

SALLY
Harold Slatter is my brother!

DEBBIE
Yeah, it's true. Harold was five
when I gave him up. If I didn't,
I'd be dead right now.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:**INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Children's toys scattered about. A big mess.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I took you two home and it was okay
for a while. Then it all went to
shit.

Five-year-old SALLY plays with dolls on the floor. Five-year-old HAROLD plays alongside her. He's holding scissors. He CUTS THE HEAD off a Ken Doll.

SALLY
Hey, you killed dolly's boyfriend!
I hate you!

Harold gets up and walks to the kitchen. Sally picks up her headless Ken Doll.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Harold killed you. He
does that sometimes.

Harold returns from the kitchen, holding a big knife. He walks upstairs.

INT. DEBBIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Young Debbie is sleeping on the bed. Harold climbs onto the bed. Raises the knife high. STABS HER LEG. Blood everywhere. Then he starts SAWING.

She SCREAMS.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
Your brother took my leg.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DINER - DAY

Debbie's plate is empty. She licks the ketchup off the plate. Sally's picking at a piece of cake.

SALLY

The boy I remember from my childhood...you said he was a neighborhood kid who got eaten by a family of gypsy cannibals.

DEBBIE

I lied.

SALLY

God, Mom. You could've just said he moved.

DEBBIE

Maybe that was a bit much.

SALLY

You hate kids. Why would you take two?

DEBBIE

All my life, I never did anything good. My parents thought I was a piece of shit, so I believed it. Thought I was worthless. Then I saw you two babies and, I dunno, for once in my miserable life I wanted to do a good thing. One good thing. What did it get me? Made me a gimp. I got rid of Harold, and another family took him in, the Slatters. I didn't tell anyone what Harold did. I said some wild animals did it. I wanted him gone, out of my sight. A few years later, Harold killed Mrs. Slatter and got put away.

SALLY

Why did you treat me so badly?

DEBBIE

Every time I looked at you, I saw Harold, what he did to me. I blamed you, too.

SALLY
That's not fair.

DEBBIE
Who ever told you life was fair?

SALLY
Harold was only five. You could've gotten him therapy, some kind of treatment. Instead, you let another family take him. It's **your** fault he's like this. You **created** him.

DEBBIE
Maybe. Or maybe killing's his nature.

SALLY
Wait, so Jeremiah and his girlfriend were in the projection booth, but never found after the fire?

DEBBIE
Yeah, they vanished...some crazy theories out there. Jeremiah used to talk about this magical movie projector with an infinity symbol on it. He got it from a strange old guy who said the projector was a doorway into the movies themselves. Can you imagine that? Movies being real?

Sally's eyes widen. Light bulbs going off. Rapidly.

SALLY
What movie was playing when you found me and Harold?

DEBBIE
Some chainsaw bloodbath movie was playing, but then it switched to *When Harry Met Sally...* right before I found you. That's why I called you kids Harold and Sally. I've never been accused of being creative.

SALLY

Let me get this straight, Mom. Two babies appeared out of nowhere on a stormy night in a projection booth as a romantic comedy suddenly started playing. At the same time, two other people vanished into thin air in the same projection booth. Also in that booth was a mysterious movie projector whose original owner claimed was a doorway into alternate movie worlds?

DEBBIE

It does sound a little wacky, when you say it like that.

Sally considers, excitedly.

SALLY

Oh my God! Me and Harold are from somewhere else!

Debbie stands up.

DEBBIE

I should get back.

Sally stands up, with the help of her cane.

SALLY

Can I walk with you?

DEBBIE

Free country.

Debbie starts walking. She exits. Sally follows.

THROUGH THE DINER WINDOW

We see Debbie nearly trip.

Sally locks arms with Debbie. Helps her. They walk. Together.

EXT. HOTEL SEVEN - DAY

Sally and Debbie reach the hotel front doors. Dr. Hoskins is waiting for Sally.

DEBBIE

Thanks, kid.

Debbie goes inside.

Dr. Hoskins approaches Sally.

DR. HOSKINS
Did you discover anything useful?

SALLY
Not much. Just that Slatter's my
brother, movie universes are real,
and I'm supposed to be in an
entirely different movie.

Dr. Hoskins grins.

DR. HOSKINS
A romantic comedy perhaps?

SALLY
Bingo. It's the old projector, Doc.
That's the key! It has an infinity
symbol on it.

DR. HOSKINS
If we locate that projector...

SALLY
Maybe we can send me and Harold
back where we belong. It's a long
shot that also happens to be our
only shot.

Dr. Hoskins sits down. His eyes dampen. Sally sits next to
him.

SALLY (CONT'D)
What's wrong? This is a happy
moment.

DR. HOSKINS
Since Harold escaped, I've been
blaming myself. All those years of
treatment meant nothing. He grew up
and killed again. But there was
never anything I could've done.
Harold is playing his part in this
horror movie world.

SALLY
And I'm playing mine. But, you
know, funnier.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - SALLY'S ROOM - DAY

Tiny. One single bed. Several religious paintings hang on the walls. Very Jesus-y. But it's a fun, happy Jesus.

Sally and Adam cuddle on the bed, their bags on the floor.

ADAM

We need to discuss you and Slatter and this romantic comedy business. You really believe all this?

SALLY

It does sound unbelievable, but it makes its own weird sense.

ADAM

You think you belong in a different movie? You know we're not **in** a movie, right?

SALLY

What if there **are** other realities? It's not so much that movies are real, but that movie **universes** are real. One world is a romantic comedy, another is a horror movie, yet another is a fantasy movie. These worlds all exist.

ADAM

I want a normal life. With you.

SALLY

What is our normal life? Running from psycho killers and praying every day that something horrible doesn't happen? Our world is not normal. Maybe there is a normal world somewhere out there, a sweet, romantic world.

ADAM

I don't know what to think.

She sits up, takes off her shirt, then kisses him.

SALLY

Thinking is overrated.

ADAM

Wait, don't you have that meet-and-greet thing in ten minutes?

SALLY

Can you satisfy me in ten minutes?

ADAM

I can barely satisfy myself in ten minutes.

SALLY

Close enough.

They kiss.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - BAR - NIGHT

Tiki-style bar. The area is closed off. A sign reads: **Closed For Special Event.**

A ROCK BAND PLAYS on a small stage.

The BARTENDER, 20's, wearing a lei around her neck, looks bored as she texts and leans on the bar.

The room has several picnic-style tables, with various CONVENTION PEOPLE having drinks. Dylan is making the rounds, checking in with people at different tables.

At the table closest to the bar are Sally, Adam, and Dylan; NANCY BLOSSOM, 24, glasses, long, dark hair that covers part of her face, old fashioned dress; TYRA STALLWORTH, 26, tall, in amazing shape, dark skin, and her boyfriend, NICK WASHINGTON, 30, bald, strong, handsome; ALISON YEE, 28, mildly Goth, androgynous, short hair; and JOHNNY PUGH, 21, dressed like he still thinks he's twelve.

TYRA

Let's get to introductions. I'm Tyra. I was a camp counselor when John Georgie Heckle decided to slaughter everyone. I chopped off his head with a machete.

NICK

I'm Tyra's boyfriend, Nick. We met at camp. Tyra saved my life. Heckle was about to kill me, and Tyra ran in and chopped dude's head off.

TYRA

You're welcome.

NICK

One day, I'm gonna save you back.

TYRA
It's not a competition.

NICK
Says you.

Dylan walks over and PLOPS DOWN awkwardly between Nancy and Sally.

DYLAN
Are we having fun? I love you guys.
I don't get to be around people
much.

TYRA
I can tell.
(looks at NANCY)
What's your story?

NANCY
I'm Nancy. I, um, I'm so nervous.
You're all so beautiful and cool,
and I'm just little old me.

SALLY
No one's judging.

NANCY
I was babysitting two kids on
Halloween when I was seventeen, and
a masked killer named Mitchell
Byers showed up on my street and
killed all my friends. I saved the
kids, though. I saved them. I--

Nancy starts to CRY.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I shot him. I shot him five times.
But somehow he disappeared. He's
still out there. I'm constantly in
fear he'll come back. I don't sleep
much. I still see that mask, like a
child made it, and the
sledgehammer.

Sally squeezes her hand.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

THROUGH THE GLASS ENTRANCE DOOR, we see A TALL MAN dressed
like an auto mechanic, his clothes stained with what looks
like blood.

He's wearing a basic plain white MASK that appears as if a child drew eyes, a nose, and a mouth on it. He's holding a SLEDGEHAMMER and trying to get into the bar.

NANCY SCREAMS.

NANCY (CONT'D)

That's him! That's Byers! That's my psycho killer!

They all look at the door.

TYRA

I've got weapons. We can take him.

A Security Guard walks over and opens the door.

NANCY

(to SECURITY GUARD)

No, he'll kill you!

The Tall Man takes off his mask. He's a big, nerdy guy.

SECURITY GUARD

This is a private event.

TALL MAN

Oh, sorry. I didn't know.

The Tall Man walks away.

Nancy breathes a SIGH of relief.

Every relaxes.

NANCY

What's wrong with me? I'm so paranoid.

SALLY

Nancy, do you know who you're with here? How many psycho killers have we taken out combined? We've got, like, the Guinness World Record. Besides, a sledgehammer? A baby mask? Come on! Byers is a loser.

Nancy smiles.

NANCY

Thank you. You're wonderful.

SALLY

It's hard keeping my cheery
demeanor with all the killing, but
I try. I laugh, I love, I ugly cry.

TYRA

Good on you, girl. This psycho
killer shit has put a serious
damper on my sex life. I'll be
getting it on with my studly man
here, and meanwhile, I've got a big-
ass knife under my pillow, and I'm
ready to kill.

NICK

It's not exactly a turn-on.

Everyone LAUGHS.

DYLAN

I love sex! I mean, I would.

Nancy smiles coyly at Dylan.

NANCY

Me, too. I imagine sex is
wonderful.

JOHNNY

Ding, Ding! I think we have a love
connection!

Everyone LAUGHS. Nancy shyly hides behind her hair.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I'm Johnny Pugh. I survived an
attack by a killer doll.

TYRA

Come on.

JOHNNY

No, it's true! We had a priest come
and Exorcise the evil spirit from
the doll. My doll's name is Frankie
Fun Time, and he was possessed by
the spirit of a serial killer. He
killed my parents.

TYRA

Please tell me you didn't bring
that creepy-ass doll.

JOHNNY

Frankie Fun Time might make a surprise appearance.

ALISON

Are you sure it wasn't you who killed your parents and afterwards blamed the stupid doll?

JOHNNY

Frankie Fun time killed them. He's reformed now, trying to make a good life for himself.

ALISON

Hella creepy, dude. So, I'm Alison. Yo! I survived a mass murder at a tech start-up in Silicon Valley. Fred Gundy was this disgruntled employee who lost his shit and killed fifteen people. He stabbed me, left me for dead, but I wasn't dead. I electrocuted the bastard. Then I created a video game called *Silicon Valley Massacre* and made a million bucks. So it kind of all worked out, if you don't take into consideration my depression, anxiety, and inability to keep a girlfriend for more than a month because of my rage issues.

DYLAN

Lesbians are cool.

Everyone glares at him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Did I say that out loud?

SALLY

It's nice to meet all of you. Let's toast.

They raise their glasses.

SALLY (CONT'D)

To surviving!

They CLINK glasses.

EVERYONE

To surviving!

Everyone drinks, except for Sally.

TYRA
You don't drink, Sally?

SALLY
I need to be ready. Slatter, my
psycho killer, is out there, and I
think he's coming here. I'm sorry
to put this on you all.

TYRA
We got your back. It's unspoken. If
any of our killers show up, we all
fight. That's what we do.

JOHNNY
It is?

TYRA
Hell yeah! Let Slatter show up.
He'll regret it.

ALISON
I wouldn't mind a little excitement
around here.

SALLY
I feel better. Thanks. You girls
are like the sisters I never had.

LATER

Debbie and Sally are seated together at the table. Debbie's
in her work uniform. She takes off her nametag and SLAMS it
down.

The table is littered with half-empty glasses of booze.

DEBBIE
I'm officially off-duty! Barkeep,
bring me some booze!

The Bartender doesn't look up from her phone.

BARTENDER
Eat shit, Debbie.

DEBBIE
Fine.

Debbie starts grabbing half-empty glasses of booze and
CHUGGING them.

SALLY

Classy.

DEBBIE

I need a buzz to tell you this: I'm sorry.

SALLY

I always felt so alone at home. It was a shitty childhood.

DEBBIE

I know. I was there.

SALLY

The worst was when I was fourteen, and my only friend, Mary, got abducted in the woods, and the guy almost got me, too. I was traumatized for months. A hug would've been nice.

DEBBIE

I have a lot of regrets.

SALLY

I've been thinking...if me and Harold came from a romantic comedy movie, then there must be a way **back**. I can rid this world of him, maybe give him a chance to be someone else in the process. I can save both of us.

DEBBIE

You sounds crazier than shit.

SALLY

That's because I'm supposed to be Julia Roberts but this world turned me into Jamie Lee Curtis.

Sally puts out her hand. Debbie takes it. They smile at each other very sweetly. Then Debbie BURPS.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A police car is parked out front. It's empty.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A POLICE OFFICER is peeing against the side of the building.

POLICE OFFICER

Ah, yeah...

A LONG KNIFE

Goes into his back and out his chest.

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT - GABRIELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Very pink. Big, comfortable-looking bed. Lots of pillows. Video games scattered all over the floor.

MOANING.

Gabrielle is HAVING SEX with OFFICER JACKSON, 30. He's handsome and fit, his uniform on the floor. They finish. LOUDLY.

Gabrielle turns onto her stomach, smiling. Officer Jackson lies next to her, stroking her back.

GABRIELLE

Nice work, Officer. I think you cracked the case.

OFFICER JACKSON

I should probably get back to guarding you.

GABRIELLE

Isn't that what you're doing?

OFFICER JACKSON

I mean with my clothes on.

GABRIELLE

Oh, right.

OFFICER JACKSON

Could we maybe...I don't know...go on a real date?

GABRIELLE

What's the point? Something bad will happen and ruin everything.

He kisses her, then stands up and starts dressing.

OFFICER JACKSON

I'm here. I got this. Nothing bad is going to hap--

THE WINDOW SHATTERS.

SLATTER JUMPS INTO THE BEDROOM...

And STABS Officer Jackson.

GABRIELLE

No!

Detective Jackson FALLS TO THE GROUND.

Gabrielle runs from the room.

Slatter PULLS the knife from Officer Jackson.

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gabrielle reaches under the couch and pulls out a BASEBALL BAT.

Slatter enters the room.

She HITS HIS KNEES. CRACK. He FALLS OVER. She runs toward the front door.

Slatter, from his knees, THROWS the knife in her direction. Just as Gabrielle reaches the door, as she NEARLY escapes, the knife HITS her, going STRAIGHT THROUGH HER CHEST. The KNIFE STICKS in the door, holding Gabrielle up as she dies.

Slatter walks to a table covered with papers. He sorts through it and quickly finds the Psycho Killer Survivor Con flyer. He stares at it.

SLATTER

Sally.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A DIGITAL PROJECTOR has been set up in front of the boarded-up, old projection booth.

Storm clouds look ominous.

Dylan is seated next to Nancy. Johnny, Alison, and Tyra and Nick are also watching the movie front different seats. About a HUNDRED PEOPLE in total watch the movie on the ratty old screen.

ONSCREEN

The Slatter Mutilations plays. The large-breasted ACTRESS who plays Sally, wearing only a bra and panties, runs through a farm, across a corn field. The MAN playing Slatter, who's average height and skinny, chases, BREATHING HEAVY and carrying a large knife. Dead bodies are all over the ground, ridiculous, fake-looking guts spilled out, including what looks like hot dogs and macaroni. Movie Sally runs, breasts bouncing in classic horror movie style. The entire movie seems to be one long chase scene, where Movie Sally's scantily clad body is seen in leering close-ups.

Movie Sally comes across a bucket containing ears of corn. She knocks it over, and keeps running. Movie Slatter comes running right behind her, and trips over the corn, impaling himself with the knife. Movie Sally jumps for joy.

MOVIE SALLY

You're corny, dude!

AT THE OLD PROJECTION BOOTH

Adam holds a CROWBAR, trying to PRY OPEN the projection booth door. Sally and Dr. Hoskins stand next to him. Sally's watching the movie.

SALLY

Why am I in a bra and panties? None of this stuff happened! Can't I sue someone?

ADAM

No one is ever going to see this horrible movie.

SALLY

I'm seeing it. This is torture.

ADAM

Everyone else seems to be enjoying it.

NANCY AND DYLAN

Smile at each other. She brushes back her hair, revealing a scar on the side of her face.

Dylan leans in and gently kisses her scar.

NANCY

I'll bet no one knows how romantic you are.

DYLAN

Before I met you, I never did anything romantic, unless you count the time I married my Strawberry Shortcake and G.I. Joe toys. I had to get it annulled. Turns out Strawberry Shortcake is underage.

Nancy GIGGLES.

JOHNNY

Is seated next to Frankie Fun Time, the freckled doll, who has his own seat. Johnny looks sad.

JOHNNY

I miss you, Frankie. I miss us. Talk to me.

He picks up the doll and puts it on his lap.

FRANKIE

I heard this sob story before.

JOHNNY

Let's get past all this and start fresh. Let's do the Q&A together. Let's be a team again. Please?

FRANKIE

Okay, chump. Let's do it. Don't embarrass me.

ALISON

Is seated next to a BLONDE GIRL, 22. They're holding hands, watching the movie. Alison turns toward the Blonde Girl and kisses her neck.

BLONDE GIRL

I'm a little nervous.

ALISON

Don't be.

Alison SNIFFS the Blonde Girl's hair.

BLONDE GIRL

I'm such a big fan of yours. I've practically given myself Carpal tunnel syndrome playing your game.

ALISON

Ever been with a woman before?

BLONDE GIRL
No, um...I have a boyfriend.

ALISON
Then why are you here with me?

BLONDE GIRL
Well, I want to kill someone, and you've killed someone, so I thought you might be able to give me a few pointers. Like, how can I get away with it? He totally deserves it, so it's cool.

Alison pulls away.

ALISON
Such a buzzkill.

TYRA

Has a bag on her lap. She opens the bag. It's full of weapons. She hands Nick a switchblade. He puts it in his pocket.

NICK
If we get pulled over on the way back home, and the cops find that shit...I mean, I don't have to remind you that we're black, right? We don't get the benefit of the doubt, we get dead.

TYRA
Sally thinks shit's going down. We need to be ready.

NICK
You don't have to worry about that. I'm here. I'll protect you.

She looks at him like "really?"

TYRA
Nick, I love you. But we both know who handles the serious business.

NICK
Stop treating me like the girl in this relationship. I'm a man, damn it! A strong-ass man!

A COUPLE sitting behind Nick and Tyra look annoyed, and SHUSH them. Nick turns, politely.

NICK (CONT'D)
Sorry, my bad.

TYRA
Look, Nick, you **chose** to date me.
Your insecurities are not my
concern.

NICK
If I could save you one time, I'd
feel a lot better.

TYRA
Fine. I'll let you save me once,
for the sake of our relationship.

NICK
See, that's all I'm asking.
Compromise.

AT THE OLD PROJECTION BOOTH

Adam GRUNTS again. He's getting close.

ADAM
Why am I doing this again?

SALLY
Because you're super into me, but
you're not quite sure if I'm crazy
or not, so you're playing along
just in case I'm not.

ADAM
Right. But why else am I doing
this?

DR. HOSKINS
The projector. We need to find the
projector with the infinity symbol.

SALLY
So I can go back where I came from.

ADAM
What about Slatter?

SALLY
He's coming with me.

ADAM
Right. Of course. You're taking a
mass murderer with you but not your
boyfriend.

HE BREAKS THE DOOR OPEN.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Got it!

They enter.

LIGHTING FILLS THE SKY. THUNDER BOOMS.

INT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Dust. Cobwebs. A knocked over, broken filing cabinet. Papers scattered all over the floor. No projector. No film cannisters.

DR. HOSKINS

Damn it!

SALLY

The projector has to be somewhere.

ADAM

So you'd actually leave me in this horror movie world?

SALLY

I have to.

ADAM

How are we ever going to be happy if you keep dreaming of going to some imaginary better place?

SALLY

Please understand.

He shakes his head and exits.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Adam! Damn.

Dr. Hoskins bends down and starts looking through the papers. They look like invoices.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Anything?

He stares at one paper in particular.

DR. HOSKINS

Invoices for the sale of the old drive-in equipment to different parties from decades ago, including this invoice for the purchase of two projectors and several 35 millimeter films.

SALLY

Who bought it?

DR. HOSKINS

Someone named Calvin Hearst.

SALLY

Never heard of him.

Dr. Hoskins smiles.

DR. HOSKINS

Look at the stationary. Look where it comes from.

She looks. Her eyes widen.

SALLY

The Hotel Seven. It's here!

DR. HOSKINS

If it is, I will find it.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

It starts to RAIN. HARD.

The credits begin to roll on the movie.

Everyone hurriedly gathers their things.

Dylan runs to the front of the crowd, near the screen.

DYLAN

(to the CROWD)

Everyone! Change of plans! We're moving the Q&A inside, to the lower level ballroom. See you in thirty!

Dylan walks over to Nancy. They hold hands as they walk quickly back toward the hotel. She OPENS an umbrella.

NANCY

I'm having so much fun.

DYLAN

It wouldn't be nearly as much fun without you.

NANCY

I'm pretty boring.

DYLAN

Now way! In fact, to show you how not boring you are, I want you to be my girlfriend.

NANCY

I can't.

DYLAN

Why not?

NANCY

Because there's a psycho killer after me.

DYLAN

There's a psycho killer after half the girls I know. Big deal.

NANCY

Wouldn't you prefer someone much prettier, like Sally?

DYLAN

Sally? No way. You can't have two funny people in the same relationship. Never works.

NANCY

So if Sally said, "Hey, Dylan, you stud, let's get married," you'd turn her away?

DYLAN

Absolutely.

She beams. They kiss.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOBBY - NIGHT

Sally and Adam are on the couch. Many WET PEOPLE are entering the hotel.

A YOUNG MAN approaches Sally. He's holding a pen and paper.

YOUNG MAN

Can I have your autograph? I'm a big fan!

SALLY

Which massacre is your favorite?

She autographs the paper and hands it to him.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, the second one, for sure. Anytime there's a killer in a barn it's epic!

The Young Man walks away.

ADAM

You look like you're enjoying this.

SALLY

Modest fame is nice. Wouldn't be much fun without you here, though.

ADAM

I'm sorry about how I acted earlier. The idea of losing you to all this insanity, it pisses me off. But I get it.

SALLY

No matter what happens, I will always cherish the time we had together. You might be a terrible doctor, but you're a good man.

ADAM

I'm not a terrible doctor. I was joking.

SALLY

Sure you were.

They smile. They kiss. Passionately.

Dylan, now wearing dry clothes, walks over to Sally and Adam.

DYLAN

We're about to start the Q&A in the lower level ballroom. You two can eat each other's faces later.

Dylan runs off, down a flight of stairs.

They walk toward the elevator. A CROWD of people are waiting ahead of them.

ADAM

I hate going underground. It's a deathtrap.

SALLY

Tyra's bringing weapons. We'll be fine.

(beat)

"We'll be fine" is what people say right before they're brutally murdered, isn't it?

ADAM

Every time.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The room has been quickly set-up for a Q&A, with YOUNG VOLUNTEERS still setting up chairs. Sally, Dr. Hoskins, Johnny (Frankie Fun Time on his lap), Alison, Tyra, Nick, Nancy, VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL, 20's, blonde hair, low-cut top, and Dylan are seated on the stage, each holding a microphone. A crooked banner hanging behind them reads: **Psycho Killer Survivor's Panel.**

About a hundred FANS are seated in front of the stage, with FANS still coming in and getting settled. At least five people are dressed as Slatter, mask and all. Other fans are dressed as various masked killers.

A Young Volunteer stands in the middle of the seating area, also holding a mic.

Two Security Guys, bored and staring at their phones, stand by the doors.

Debbie and Adam are seated in the front row.

DYLAN

Welcome to Psycho Killer Survivor
Con #1! Whoooo!

The Fans CHEER.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm Dylan, your master of ceremonies. I want to introduce two late-arriving guests. Movie Sally is here!

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You might know her from *Vanderpump Rules*. How are you, Movie Sally?

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL

Um, my name is Holly. Like, hello! I have a new single out this month, "Money Can't Buy You Class, But It Can Buy You Boobs." Who's gonna download it?

The Fans CHEER WILDLY.

DYLAN

We also have Dr. Hoskins! Not only was he Slatter's psychiatrist for fifteen years, he also survived a Slatter attack and lost his eye. He can only stay a few minutes, so let's hear it for Dr. Hoskins!

The Fans CHEER.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Slatter only took your eye. Any idea why he didn't finish you off?

DR. HOSKINS

Inside Harold, buried deep, is a person with feelings. Maybe on some level, he appreciated and even liked me.

DYLAN

Or...maybe he hates you and wants to kill you slowly. Next time, he'll get your other eye, then maybe your spleen.

DR. HOSKINS

I don't believe that.

DYLAN

You're attending the con with Sally Zander. How long have you two been friends?

DR. HOSKINS

Friends? I haven't thought of her as such, but...yes, I guess we are friends. She's wonderful.

SALLY

You're pretty great yourself, Doc.

DYLAN

Before we let you go, anything you can tell us about Slatter that only you know?

DR. HOSKINS

If Slatter is near you, never play the song "It Had to Be You." He'll kill you.

DYLAN

But won't he kill us anyway?

DR. HOSKINS

Yes, probably.

DYLAN

Is there a song we can play to have Slatter **not** kill us? Because that would be really useful.

DR. HOSKINS

No. When he gets here, and that will probably happen soon, you will all most likely die painfully.

The Fans are stunned into SILENCE.

DYLAN

Uh...okay, great, thank you!

Dr. Hoskins stands up and waves goodbye. A few Fans hesitantly CLAP. Dr. Hoskins exits.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

The other people up here need no introduction, so let's jump right in. Sally, what was it like seeing yourself portrayed onscreen, and seeing Slatter brought to life by Hollywood?

SALLY

(nervous)

I wouldn't say, uh, Hollywood. That movie looks like it was shot by some perverted teenagers.

The Fans LAUGH. Sally smiles, gets more comfortable.

SALLY (CONT'D)

But yeah, very surreal. I want to give a shout-out to the wonderful performance by Holly.

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)

She gave my breasts a personality, range, and circumference they're sorely lacking in real life.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL

Boob work is really important to my craft. I watched a lot of slasher movies, and really paid attention to the Final Girl's boobs.

DYLAN

(to VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL)

Did you think about maybe contacting Sally, the person who your character was based on?

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL

Who?

DYLAN

Sally. She's right here.

Sally gives a little "here I am" wave.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL

I don't know any of these people. Honestly, it's making me uncomfortable being around people who wear so little makeup.

DYLAN

Right, okay. Any behind-the-scenes tidbits from the three massacres you'd like to share, Sally?

She considers.

SALLY

You'd be surprised to know that Slatter actually smells nice, like Drakkar Noir.

DYLAN

Interesting. Anything else?

She pauses, considers.

SALLY

Slatter could've killed me. I'm not especially strong. I'm not the smartest girl in the room. I've got a good sense of humor, and maybe some charm on a good day, but that didn't save me.

DYLAN

What did?

SALLY

I shouldn't tell you this, but I will. Big scoop here. Get your Twitters ready. Harold Slatter is my brother.

The Fans GASP.

DYLAN

Oh, classic psycho killer twist!

SALLY

Here's the thing: Slatter will never stop pursuing me. I'm supposed to be in a romantic comedy, and so is Slatter. We're forever linked. Harry and Sally.

The Fans LAUGH.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm not joking. Somehow, I ended up in the wrong genre.

DYLAN

Fascinating. If I could pick another genre, I'd be in one of those 1970's Nunsploitation films...no! I'd be in an Italian Giallo film...no! If I say Blaxploitation, is that racist?

TYRA

You should probably not say anything with the word "black" in it.

DYLAN

Cool. Got it.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dr. Hoskins walks down a long hallway. He notices a housekeeper's cart near a partially-opened door. He peeks inside the room.

DR. HOSKINS' P.O.V. - HOUSEKEEPER

Inside the room, a HOUSEKEEPER turns on a VACUUM CLEANER. A set of keys is on a table near the door.

BACK TO SCENE.

He begins rooting through the cart, lifting up towels, trash bags, cleaning supplies. He finds a folded piece of paper, a FLYER, and unfolds it.

INSERT FLYER: A drawing of a big bucket of popcorn. It reads:
**"The Return Of The Hotel Seven Employee Bomb Movie Night!
 This Sunday Night - BACK TO THE FUTURE! 10pm @The Bomb
 Shelter."**

He puts the flyer in his pocket, then steps into the room.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The Housekeeper is VACUUMING, facing away from the door.

Dr. Hoskins quickly grabs the keys off the table and exits.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Dylan turns to Johnny.

DYLAN

Johnny, what's it like hanging out
 with the puppet that killed your
 parents?

JOHNNY

Why'd you kill my parents, Frankie?

FRANKIE

I didn't. You did.

Johnny's doing bad ventriloquism.

JOHNNY

Now, now. We all know the truth. I
 mean, what's more believable? That
 I took a knife and stabbed my
 parents, or that you were possessed
 by the spirit of a serial killer
 after he was electrocuted and
 killed my parents in doll form.

FRANKIE

Do you even know what you're
 saying, dummy?

Johnny starts CRYING.

JOHNNY
You made me do it!

FRANKIE
Uh oh, we have a confession!

JOHNNY
But I still love you.

FRANKIE
Same here, old chum.

SALLY
Well, that took a turn.

The Fans LAUGH.

Dylan turns to Tyra. She takes out her nunchucks and lays them on her lap.

DYLAN
Getting more comfortable, Tyra?

TYRA
You know it.

DYLAN
What would you do if you saw your killer again?

TYRA
I'd wrap these nunchucks around his neck, and squeeze and squeeze, until his head popped like a zit.

DYLAN
I won't mess with you! So angry.

TYRA
I'm not angry. I hate when people say that...when they see that in me. I have rage, sure, but I still want to be the girl I was before the massacre, charming and funny, like Sally.

SALLY
I'm giving her lessons.

The Fans LAUGH.

NICK
I can confirm that Tyra is much more than just a survivor.

DYLAN

Nick, how does it feel to date a woman as strong as Tyra? Do you sometimes feel like she's the man in the relationship?

NICK

Don't even go there. I don't take a backseat to anyone. I will kick--

Tyra squeezes his hand.

TYRA

No one's judging you, honey.

NICK

Right.

Nick smiles.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's about equality. We're **both** the man in the relationship.

FRANKIE

Sounds gay.

Scattered LAUGHTER. Holly GIGGLES.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL

That doll is the only person up here I'd party with.

FRANKIE

Thanks, hot stuff.

Nick looks embarrassed.

NICK

I'll break that damn doll.

FRANKIE

Try it, chump!

Dylan turns to Alison.

DYLAN

Moving on. How has surviving a massacre changed you, Alison?

Alison isn't paying attention as she fiddles with her phone. Suddenly, a SIREN BLARES FROM HER PHONE. Everyone covers their ears. She shuts it off and looks up.

ALISON

Sorry. What was the question?

DYLAN

Has the massacre changed you?

ALISON

I hate everyone now, and can't form a real, meaningful relationships.

(beat)

I'm a shitty person. We teased Fred every day. We laughed at him. We tormented him. We thought we were so cool, us fucking tech assholes. Fred was a nerd, an easy target. It was bullying, pure and simple. One day, he got his revenge. I was a mean girl, and got a bunch of people killed because of it.

SALLY

Well, on the plus side, you're a really snazzy dresser.

Alison fights a smile.

SALLY (CONT'D)

If what happened makes you a better person, move on, don't look back.

ALISON

Thanks.

DYLAN

Let's take some questions from our audience.

ANGLE ON an ANGRY-LOOKING MAN, wearing a suit and tie, sitting near the front, with his hand raised. A large, masked man dressed very convincingly as Slatter is seated next to him. The Young Volunteer walks over and puts the mic in front of the Angry-Looking Man's face. He stands up.

ANGRY-LOOKING MAN

This is all fake. You're all fake! You're all crisis actors! There are no psycho killers. It's bullshit. It's staged by the powers that be to keep us all scared so we won't discuss real issues like crop circles and chemtrails.

TYRA

You think I'm fake? I nearly died.
I was in the hospital for weeks.
I'm fake? Go to hell!

ANGRY-LOOKING MAN

Fake, fake, faker! Look at you
people up there...white girl, black
girl, Asian girl...it's like
Central Casting sent you over.

SALLY

(to ANGRY-LOOKING MAN)

It doesn't cost anything to be
nice, you know.

ANGRY-LOOKING MAN

You, Sally! You're the fakest of
all the fakers! You just happened
to be in **three** massacres? Right!
How much is the government paying
you?

SALLY

Have you considered Buddhism? It
really helps me center myself.

ANGRY-LOOKING MAN

Fake!

The man dressed as Slatter next to the Angry-Looking Man
suddenly SHOOTs UP out of his chair, then goes still.

The Fans look at him, a bit confused.

DYLAN

Do you have a question, man in a
very convincing Slatter costume?

The man dressed as Slatter quickly pulls a knife from beneath
his seat and STABS the Angry-Looking Man in the face.

The man dressed as Slatter is the REAL Slatter.

The Fans SCREAM as they push and shove, rushing toward the
exit. Slatter SLASHES FANS left and right. He slices his way
through people like someone in the jungle slices through
branches.

The Security Guys run away. It's total MAYHEM.

Vanderpump Rules Girl stands on the stage, looking confused.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL
Is this part of the show?

Slatter walks toward the stage.

Adam and Debbie run onto the stage. Adam grabs Sally's hand. Sally is frozen in place.

ADAM
We need to run!

Sally and Slatter make eye contact.

SALLY
Don't do this, Harold! It's not you. You're meant for something better.

Slatter stops for a beat, then continues toward her.

Adam pulls her away.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I can reason with him.

ADAM
No, you can't!

Debbie stands by a door behind the stage.

DEBBIE
Sally, this way!

Adam and Sally run toward Debbie, who opens the door. Dylan and Nancy also race over to the door. They all exit, then Debbie SLAMS the door.

Tyra grabs Nick's hand and they race to the front of the room and exit. Alison exits next, and then Johnny, who's holding Frankie Fun Time.

SLATTER
Sally!

Slatter climbs onto the stage. Blood drips from his knife. The room has emptied out. The floor is littered with DEAD BODIES and SEVERED LIMBS.

Vanderpump Rules Girl walks up to Slatter.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL
What are you doing? My film crew isn't even here yet.
(MORE)

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL (CONT'D)
 If it's not filmed, it didn't
 happen, duh! I guess we could fake
 it later, but--

Slatter SWINGS HIS KNIFE AND CUTS HER IN HALF.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY

Alison races down the hallway, KNOCKING PEOPLE OVER, pushing her way through. She reaches a door at the end of the hallway, and tries to open it. It's stuck.

At the other end of the hallway...

SLATTER SLICES his way through people. The crowded hallway quickly becoming less crowded.

SCREAMS fill the air.

ALISON
 Fuck me.

Alison looks around. She spots a bathroom and rushes in.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

Alison runs in and opens a stall. THREE HOTEL EMPLOYEES are huddled together, scared. She closes the stall door.

Alison goes into the next stall, closes the door and LOCKS IT. She puts her feet up, chin on knees, and looks at her phone. She's BREATHING HEAVILY. She covers her own mouth.

WE HEAR THE DOOR OPEN. FOOTSTEPS. LOUD. A STALL DOOR CREAKS OPEN. PEOPLE SCREAM.

SLATTER (O.S.)
 Sally!

THE SOUNDS OF STABBING. OF PEOPLE DYING. OF GASPING FOR AIR. OF BLOOD DRIPPING. OF LIFE BEING SNUFFED OUT.

Tears stream down Alison's face as she HEARS the carnage.

BLOOD FLOWS UNDER THE STALL.

Alison pushes a few buttons on her phone.

Her stall door BURSTS OPEN.

Slatter looks at Alison. Stares.

SLATTER (CONT'D)

Sally!

ALISON

Sorry, wrong stall.

Alison points her phone at Slatter and a BURST OF BRIGHT LIGHT blinds Slatter for a moment. Alison crawls out between his legs, in the puddle of blood.

She's almost past him when he turns and grabs her leg.

She pushes another button on her phone and a SIREN BLARES. Slatter covers his ears. DROPS his knife. Alison wiggles free. She runs toward the door.

Slatter grabs the lid off the toilet tank and THROWS IT at Alison. It HITS her leg. The leg SHATTERS. She FALLS.

Slatter walks to her.

She starts FILMING him.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make you hella famous.
I'm live-streaming this!

SLATTER

Sally.

ALISON

You will **never** get Sally. We'll make sure of that. We're all in this together.

He keeps coming.

ALISON (CONT'D)

That's it, come on.

She pulls out a TASER and TASES Slatter. He SHAKES and FALLS DOWN.

Alison crawls toward the door.

Slatter stops shaking, pulls out the darts, and TOSSES the Taser. He grabs Alison's good leg and BREAKS it. She SCREAMS.

ALISON (CONT'D)

(desperate)
How about money? I'm rich!

He grabs her phone, pulls open her mouth, and SHOVES THE PHONE DOWN HER THROAT. She can't breathe. She clutches her throat, then falls over. No air. Dying.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nick and Tyra run down the hallway. A dead end.

SCREAMS ARE HEARD. Nick is PANTING.

NICK

I can't make it. I'm cramping.

TYRA

Suck it up, dude!

She runs back the way she came. He follows.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Slatter stands over several DEAD BODIES. He bends down and, like an artist, shapes the bodies into a big heart.

SLATTER

Sally!!!

He waits a beat. Looks disappointed. Continues his search.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Debbie leads Sally, Adam, Dylan, and Nancy down a long hallway. The lights above FLICKER.

SALLY

Where are you taking us?

DEBBIE

To the bomb shelter. It's the safest place.

ADAM

Bomb shelter? At a hotel?

DEBBIE

It was built during the 1950's, when everybody thought the Russians were gonna nuke us. Not much going on down there now. The younger employees organize movie nights sometimes. They're probably down there having sex orgies.

They reach a door at the end of the hallway. SCREAMS can be heard in the distance.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
It's down these stairs.

SALLY
And you have the key?

Debbie shows a large keychain full of MANY keys.

DEBBIE
It's on here. Probably.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

Johnny sits in the small, dark closet, amid mops and brooms and buckets. Frankie Fun Time sits on his lap. Johnny is again doing bad ventriloquism.

JOHNNY
Frankie, you gotta kill this guy.
Summon the power of Satan or
whatever. You're our only hope!

FRANKIE
I'm a freakin' doll. You pull all
the strings.

JOHNNY
No, that's not true. Without you,
I'm just another college drop-out
with one testicle. You are what
makes me special. You are what put
me on the map.

FRANKIE
You mean that? Little old me?

JOHNNY
Of course. You're my best friend.

FRANKIE
But I'm not even human.

JOHNNY
You have more humanity than a
hundred full-grown men.

FRANKIE
Okay, let's kill this jerk.
Together.

JOHNNY
That's the spirit. You and--

The door BREAKS OPEN. Slatter grabs Johnny and pulls him out of the closet.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Slatter STABS Johnny in the back, then LIFTS him high off the ground. Johnny hangs from the knife, blood dripping down, unmoving.

FRANKIE FUN TIME

Flies out of the closet and grabs on to Slatter. Frankie BITES Slatter's neck.

Slatter THROWS Frankie off, then STOMPS him. Breaks him into little bits.

Slatter DROPS Johnny on top of Frankie Fun time and walks away.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Debbie, Sally, Adam, Dylan, and Nancy walk down a long flight of stairs.

SALLY
I'm sorry I brought Slatter here.

NANCY
Don't be sorry. These things happen.

SALLY
But they **shouldn't** happen. This world is screwed up. Nice things should happen. Pretty things. Romantic things. Ryan Gosling-kissing-Emma Stone things.

Nancy takes Dylan's hand.

NANCY
Romantic things are happening. You know, in-between all the death.

DYLAN
(proudly, to everyone)
We totally made-out.

SALLY
I stand corrected.

Adam kisses Sally.

ADAM
Love is all around, and it's
because of you, Sally.

SALLY
Me?

ADAM
You make everyone around you see
that love is possible, even in the
worst of conditions. You brought
joy and hope to this world.

SCREAMS of agony and death from above.

SALLY
Yeah, sounds super joyous and
hopeful up there.

Debbie looks at Adam.

DEBBIE
So you two are fucking?

SALLY
Mom!

ADAM
We're in a relationship, yes.

DEBBIE
You love her?

ADAM
Yes, I do. Do you?

Debbie looks away.

They reach the bottom of the stairs and a big metal door.

The SCREAMING from above GROWS LOUDER.

SALLY
He's getting closer!

Debbie fumbles with the keys. She starts trying them, one at a time.

DEBBIE
This could take a while.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A YOUNG COUPLE, 20's, hold each other tight as they cower in the corner.

SLATTER

Stands over them. Staring.

YOUNG MAN
This is it, baby. I love you.

YOUNG WOMAN
I love you, too.

They kiss, tears streaming down their faces.

SLATTER
Love.

Slatter turns and walks away. The Young Couple can't believe it.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Nick and Tyra reach the elevator and push the "Up" button. Nothing lights up. The elevator's ALARM can be faintly heard.

NICK
He disabled the elevator.

TYRA
The stairs!

They run toward a nearby exit sign, and then try to open the door to the stairs, but it won't budge.

Nick peeks into the door's small window.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, a pile of DEAD BODIES.

NICK
We're trapped.

SLATTER

Appears at the end of the hallway. He SLICES his way through several more PEOPLE. Then stares at Nick and Tyra.

Tyra raises her nunchucks.

TYRA
Come get me, fucker.

Nick steps in front of her.

NICK
I got this, babe!

Tyra steps back in front of Nick.

TYRA
You can save me some other time.
Stay back.

Nick looks defeated.

Slatter walks toward them. With purpose.

TYRA (CONT'D)
You ain't the first killer I took
out, and you won't be the last.

Slatter ATTACKS.

Tyra SWINGS her nunchucks like an expert and HITS Slatter's head.

He STUMBLES backwards, DROPPING his big knife. She HITS him again. And again. And again.

Nick takes a switchblade from his pocket, runs at Slatter and, SCREAMING, RAMS the knife into Slatter's ear. JAMS the blade all the way in.

Slatter FALLS over. Unmoving. Bleeding from his ear.

NICK
I did it! Hell, yeah! I saved you!

Tyra's not so excited.

TYRA
Don't celebrate yet. This dude
doesn't die easily.

Nick grabs Tyra and hugs her.

NICK
I put a knife in his brain. Game
over. I win! He never had to deal
with a man like me before.

Slatter suddenly moves, GRABBING Tyra's leg, JERKING HER DOWN. He PULLS the knife from his ear, then RAMS IT into her back.

NICK (CONT'D)

No!

Tyra CRIES OUT.

Slatter grabs hold of the nunchucks and SWINGS them at Nick, KNOCKING him back. Slatter SWINGS them again, just as Tyra grabs his leg and JERKS. The nunchucks go flying up, KNOCKING OUT a drop ceiling panel.

Nick JUMPS ON Slatter and starts PUNCHING him.

NICK (CONT'D)

Why won't you die!!!

Nick PUNCHES the mask and hurts his hand. Slatter puts Nick in a bear hug and SQUEEZES. Nick's bones CRACK.

TYRA

Nick!

Tyra PULLS the knife from her back. PAINFULLY.

Slatter squeezes Nick until he's broken and lifeless, then DROPS him.

Tyra THROWS the knife at Slatter. It HITS his THIGH. He falls onto all-fours.

Tyra runs at Slatter, JUMPS on his back and into the air, grabbing onto the opening in the ceiling. She pulls herself up, and crawls away in the air duct, like Bender in *The Breakfast Club*.

Slatter looks up. She's gone.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Debbie continues FIDDLING with the keys. She DROPS them.

DEBBIE

Shit on a shingle!

FOOTSTEPS above them. A DOOR OPENING. SLATTER can now be seen at the top of the stairs, knife in hand.

NANCY

Hurry! He's here!

DYLAN
 (in awe)
 He's so big...

Nancy SCREAMS.

Slatter STOMPS down the stairs.

Sally picks up the keys and hands them to Debbie.

Debbie tries several more keys. No go.

DEBBIE
 Maybe the key **isn't** on here.

SALLY
 Mom, please!

Adam starts KICKING the door.

Slatter is nearly upon them when...

The DOOR SUDDENLY opens.

Debbie, Sally, Adam, Dylan, and Nancy run in. Adam SLAMS the door shut just as Slatter reaches the bottom of the stairs. Slatter BANGS on the door and SCREAMS.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

Massive space. Cans of food and bottled water stacked everywhere.

The MOVIE PROJECTORS are set up to face a white wall. Dozens of 35 millimeter film cannisters are stored on metal shelves.

DR. HOSKINS

Stands near the door, facing them.

Sally runs over and hugs him.

SALLY
 You saved us!

DR. HOSKINS
 Guess what I found.

He points to the projectors.

SALLY
 Is that...?

DR. HOSKINS

It is.

Sally walks over and runs her fingers over the projector with the infinity symbol on it.

SALLY

I feel something. Energy. Magic. I don't know. Something.

DR. HOSKINS

There is hope, Sally.

SALLY

Does anyone know how to work a movie projector?

DYLAN

I do! I rent out theaters sometimes to show old horror movies.

SALLY

Great! We're sending me and Slatter back where we belong. Into a romantic comedy.

BANG. BANG. BANG. Slatter banging on the door. HARD.

DEBBIE

It's my fault Slatter's here. I should'a never kept all those secrets.

SALLY

It's okay. Well, it's **not** okay, but it has to be okay.

Debbie hugs Sally, tears in her eyes.

DEBBIE

I do love you, Sally. I just don't know how to love anybody right.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

ADAM

Do you think the door will hold?

DEBBIE

It was meant to stand up to a nuclear blast. I'm sure it can hold off one man.

SALLY

Slatter is not a "man." He's been shot, burned, stabbed, and...

BANG. BANG. BANG.

SALLY (CONT'D)

He doesn't stop.

DYLAN

This is so great! They're totally going to make a movie about this. I want Jonah Hill to play me. He's the perfect combination of brilliant, misunderstood, and occasionally chubby.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

SALLY

It's time for my plan.

ADAM

What **is** the plan, exactly?

SALLY

We're going to recreate the events of that stormy night twenty-five years ago.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

NANCY

The door's not going to hold much longer!

ADAM

I'm not ready to lose you, Sally.

She kisses him.

SALLY

You'll be there, too. A different version of you, the romantic comedy version. You'll be funny.

ADAM

I'm not funny?

SALLY

I mean, not ha-ha funny.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The door frame begins to CRACK.

They look at each other for a long, tense beat.

Nancy takes Sally's hands.

NANCY

I want you to know, this world
needs happiness and love and joy.
If you leave, I'm going to be the
sunshine of this world. You've
inspired me. Your legacy will live
on.

SALLY

I hope so. Thank you.

They hug. Sally pulls away and looks around.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Let's do this, people.

ADAM

I love you.

SALLY

I love you too, but it's time.

They kiss.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Slatter runs at the already-damaged door and BREAKS THROUGH.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Slatter rushes in.

Nancy and Debbie hide behind a large stack of bottled water, near the door. Dr. Hoskins stands about twenty feet from the door, holding a gun. Sally and Adam stand in the back of the room, holding hands. Dylan stands by the running projectors, holding a reel of film. A MOVIE featuring a CHAINSAW-WIELDING MANIAC is being projected onto the wall.

Adam turns from Sally, grabs a long electrical cord from the ground and attaches one end to the movie projector, the other end attached to an electrical panel.

DR. HOSKINS

Do you remember me, Harold?

Slatter stops, nods "yes."

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
We're going to help you. We're
going to set things right. All you
have to do is let us.

Behind Slatter, Nancy and Debbie rush toward the door.

Debbie TRIPS.

Nancy stops to help.

DEBBIE
Go! Get out of here!

Nancy runs out of the room.

Slatter turns and sees Debbie. He walks to her.

DR. HOSKINS
No, Harold!

Debbie looks up at Slatter.

DEBBIE
Go ahead. You'd be doing me a
favor.

Slatter RIPS OFF her prosthetic leg and BASHES her head in
with it.

SALLY
NOOO!!!

Slatter tosses the leg, then turns and walks quickly toward
Dr. Hoskins.

DR. HOSKINS
I know you can fight this, Harold.
Please, fight it with all you've
got. We only need a minute.

Slatter raises his knife. Dr. Hoskins FIRES SEVERAL SHOTS,
hitting Slatter in the hand. The knife FALLS TO THE GROUND.

Dr. Hoskins TOSSES the gun to Adam, who clumsily DROPS IT.
The gun ROLLS away. Adam chases after the gun.

Slatter picks up the knife and again walks toward Dr.
Hoskins.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
Fight, Harold, fight!

Dr. Hoskins doesn't bother to run. Slatter STABS him in the stomach. Blood trickles from his mouth.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)
I'm coming, Miguel...

Dr. Hoskins FALLS OVER, DYING.

Slatter turns to Sally. Walks.

She takes a DEEP BREATH. She's ready.

SALLY
I'm not running this time. Never again.

SLATTER
Sally.

SALLY
Hello, Harold.

He stops walking. Stares at her. Just a few feet away.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I wonder how much you know. Do you know we popped out of a movie? We do not belong here. In another reality, we're different. I probably work at a fashion magazine as a lowly, clumsy intern, then the magazine's mean but secretly kind editor-in-chief notices me and I work my way to the top. And you're my brother, and you probably don't have a real job. You create wacky inventions until one day you make the right wacky invention and get rich. At my wedding to Adam, one of your wacky inventions blows up the wedding cake. I kiss Adam, the credits roll, and everyone is happy and covered in cake. Perfectly. Hilariously.

SLATTER
Sally.

SALLY
You don't have to kill anymore. I'll bet you don't want to kill, but you must. It's the rules of this reality. I'm a Survivor Girl and you're a psycho killer.

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)

You're my brother Harold, but you're trapped inside the Slatter nightmare machine. The heart, the severed hand, you weren't being creepy. You were offering me gifts. You want to spend time with your sister.

SLATTER

(sweetly)

Sally.

SALLY

I can save you. Us. I think I know how. We go back where we came from. Back to a happier place. Trust me.

Slatter has tears in his eyes. He looks down at the floor, like an embarrassed child.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Free yourself from the mask. Take it off.

Slatter slowly removes his mask. His horribly-mangled face is covered with tears.

Sally walks toward him.

SALLY (CONT'D)

It's not so bad. I've seen worse. Okay, honestly, I haven't seen worse, but I'm sure someone somewhere is worse.

ADAM

Don't get too close!

SALLY

He won't hurt me. I don't think he can.

She reaches her left hand toward his face and wipes away his tears.

SLATTER

Sally.

SALLY

Harold.

Slatter quickly raises his knife and CHOPS OFF Sally's left hand. She SCREAMS, turns, and runs toward the projectors, her stump leaving a trail of blood.

SALLY (CONT'D)
I was wrong! He can totally hurt
me! Now! Do it now!

ADAM
Sally!

Dylan fumbles with the projector, his hands shaking, as he tries to change reels. He DROPS the reel.

Slatter turns and sees Dylan.

Dylan grabs the reel, and puts it into place on the projector with the infinity symbol.

Dylan finishes changing the reel. The horror movie being projected on the wall SWITCHES to a romantic comedy.

We HEAR "It Had to Be You."

Adam SHOOTS the electrical panel. It SPARKS, then EXPLODES.

The infinity symbol GLOWS.

DYLAN
I did it!

Slatter's KNIFE COMES FLYING, GOING INTO DYLAN'S SIDE. Dylan SCREAMS, FALLS OVER.

Sally reaches the projectors. So does Slatter.

He JUMPS ON HER. His fingers tighten around her neck.

A FLASH OF LIGHT.

They VANISH.

Together. Gone in an instant.

ADAM
I'll be damned.

He looks down at Dylan.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You okay?

DYLAN
(in pain)
I don't know. Do I look dead?

ADAM
Nah, but this is going to hurt.

Adam PULLS the knife out of Dylan's side. Dylan SCREAMS.

A POLICE OFFICER runs into the room.

POLICE OFFICER
Slatter?

ADAM
Gone.

POLICE OFFICER
Come on!

Adam helps Dylan up. They exit, following the Police Officer.

The projector is still running.

Suddenly, TWO PEOPLE APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE.

JEREMIAH AND BETTY.

They're 25 years older. His hair is white, wild, and thinning. Her hair is short, graying.

BETTY
Where are we, Jeremiah?

Jeremiah looks around. His eyes widen.

JEREMIAH
No, no, no! What have they done!

EXT. HOTEL SEVEN - NIGHT

Police cars surround the hotel. HOTEL GUESTS and EMPLOYEES stand around, many are CRYING. It's a chaotic scene.

Tyra LIMPS out of the hotel, her clothes bloody. She wipes away tears. A few seconds later, Nancy and Adam walk out, both helping Dylan. They set Dylan down.

ADAM
Let me check out your wound.

Adam looks at Dylan's injury. He applies pressure.

DYLAN
This convention really got crazy. I don't know how I'm going to top it next year.

Nancy kisses Dylan, then sees Tyra and runs over to her. They hug.

NANCY

Nick?

Tyra shakes her head.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

TYRA

Sally?

NANCY

She made it out. She went to another place, a happier place.

TYRA

But we're stuck here.

NANCY

Yeah, but we can make this place **better**. We can spread happiness!

TYRA

You sound like Sally.

NANCY

Because there always has to be a Sally.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Set up for a wedding. Gorgeous flowers all around.

It's a bright, sunshine day.

SALLY

Looks STUNNING in her WEDDING DRESS. She's staring at herself in the mirror, standing behind a curtain, just about to walk down the aisle.

Dr. Hoskins and Miguel, holding hands, stand next to Sally.

Sally looks confused. She looks at her arms, her feet. Her fingers. Her ENGAGEMENT RING.

SALLY

What's happening here? Where am I?

DR. HOSKINS

You're at your wedding.

MIGUEL

Like, hello! It's only the moment
when all your dreams come true.

SALLY

(to MIGUEL)
You're alive!

MIGUEL

You think I'd die before I got a
chance to wear this outfit?

She grabs Dr. Hoskins.

SALLY

Slatter! Where is Slatter?

DR. HOSKINS

Who?

She starts HYPERVENTILATING. She PASSES OUT. Dr. Hoskins
catches her. A second later, she opens her eyes.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

She stands up, looks in the mirror, smiles. BIG smile.

SALLY

Never been better.

She does a few jumping jacks.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm ready!

DR. HOSKINS

Good luck.

She hugs them. Dr. Hoskins and Miguel walk away.

Sally's MOM and DAD walk over. (They look VERY MUCH like
Billy Crystal and Meg Ryan...hhhmm, go figure! Do you think
they'll do our movie? I think they will. I'm an optimist.)

DAD

My little girl. Come here!

She hugs Dad, then Mom. He looks Sally over.

DAD (CONT'D)

Look at you. I'm verklempt.

SALLY

Thanks, Dad.

MOM

It's a miracle we're all here. Your father and I almost never got together. Did we tell you that story?

SALLY

A hundred times.

DAD

We still argue about *Casablanca*. I like Humphrey Bogart, and she likes the other guy.

MOM

You're making things up now. You're senile.

DAD

This is true.

A LARGE MAN walks up behind Sally.

A CALLOUSED HAND grabs her shoulder.

She turns, startled.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Sally!

It's Harold. He looks...

Very handsome.

Sally turns, smiles, hugs him.

SALLY

Are you trying to give me a heart attack on my wedding day?

HAROLD

I heard Dad talking about *Casablanca* again.

(to DAD)

Paul Henreid, Dad. Can we give the other guy credit for once?

DAD

Oh, mister film buff. When are you going back to med school?

HAROLD

As soon as med school offers a film program.

MOM

We love you no matter what you do.

DAD

Right. We'd just love you more if you were a doctor.

HAROLD

Give it up.

DAD

All the dreams we had for our children are out the window.

MOM

It is their lives.

DAD

What's the point of being a dad if you can't tell your kids what to do?

MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY.

Dad puts out his arm.

DAD (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Sally takes his arm. They come out from behind the curtain and walk down the aisle.

The WEDDING PROCESSION begins.

Waiting for Sally is the groom...

DYLAN

He's wearing a tuxedo T-shirt, in front of the MINISTER. Dylan looks REALLY happy.

The procession ends. Everyone takes their places. It's time.

FAMILY and FRIENDS are seated, watching the ceremony with excitement and tears.

Gabrielle, the Maid of Honor, stands next to Sally. BRIDESMAIDS and GROOMSMEN, including Harold, stand nearby.

SALLY
 (to DYLAN)
 We're really doing this.

DYLAN
 I know, right! And you're so hot!

SALLY
 You're sweet.

DYLAN
 Thank you for choosing me.

SALLY
 It wasn't a contest.

DYLAN
 Yeah, but I won, right?

MINISTER
 (to SALLY)
 Are you ready?

SALLY
 As ready as I'll ever be.

The Minister nods.

MINISTER
 We are gathered here today to
 witness and celebrate the union--

Suddenly, a COMMOTION. Several guests GASP.

ADAM

Runs down the aisle, toward Sally. He's sweating, PANTING,
 disheveled. He TRIPS, TUMBLES, and POPS right back up.

ADAM
 (to SALLY)
 Stop the wedding! Don't do this. I
 love you, and I know you love me,
 too. Don't make the safe choice,
 make the right choice!

Sally glances at Dylan and offers a sheepish smile. She looks
 back at Adam, then back at her Dylan.

SALLY
 (softly, to herself)
 Oh boy. What a pickle!

DYLAN
(to the MINISTER)
Hurry! Let's do this fast!

Sally nervously turns to Harold.

SALLY
Help me out here. Do something
weird.

Harold considers. His face goes blank. Vacant. Trance-like.

HAROLD
Okay.

He pulls out the HEART MASK from inside his coat, puts it on,
then pulls a long knife from a nearby bouquet of flowers, and
STABS Dylan in the chest SEVERAL TIMES. Everyone SCREAMS.

Sally looks at Harold and GASPS.

Adam grabs Sally's hand.

ADAM
Come on!

They run.

Harold chases.

SOMEONE SMASHES A CHAIR OVER HAROLD'S HEAD. Harold FALLS
DOWN.

It's JEREMIAH.

He turns to Sally.

JEREMIAH
The fabric of reality is
unraveling! **Every** reality! I need
your help!

SALLY
This is so not how I thought my
wedding day would go.

THE END?