

VIDEO NASTY

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BE KIND

PLEASE REWIND

## **EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Our heavy breath fills our MASK as we stare at THE HOUSE across the street.

It's a cookie-cutter AMERICAN CRAFTSMAN that looks like every other house on the block.

But there is something special about *this* house - a reason this is the one we're standing outside.

This is where THE GIRL (15) lives.

The girl watching TV in the living room - the one we can see through the window.

We move across the street and peer through the glass.

She's bathed in the glow of the TV sipping FRUIT PUNCH that stains her lip, and utterly oblivious to our presence until -

A CAT YOWLS and runs from the bushes.

Her head whips around.

We duck below the window as she comes to look outside.

*But she doesn't see us.*

So she goes back. We stand up just in time to catch her turn off the TV. A shiver runs down her spine...

She walks out of the living room and we follow her onto -

## **THE STOOP**

We look inside the frosted window by the FRONT DOOR and see The Girl's silhouette travel up the stairs.

Once she's out of sight, we look down at our YELLOW GLOVE - at the blood-soaked HOUSE KEY held within our palm.

We unlock the door and step into -

## **THE FOYER**

We quietly close the door behind us - *no reason to make the neighbors suspicious* - and listen.

We hear her upstairs. She's singing to herself a sweet, gentle melody.

We ascend the stairs slowly, the sound of her voice acting as our siren song, until we reach -

### **THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

At the end of the hall, we see the LIGHT glowing through the crack in her BEDROOM DOOR.

Her song grows louder with every step we take.

We look down at the KNIFE in our hand, our gloved thumb rubbing the fat end of the blade in anticipation, until we reach -

### **HER BEDROOM**

We push open the door and see her sitting at her VANITY, brushing her hair in front of the MIRROR.

Her song hides the groan of the floorboards as we get closer, and closer, *and closer...*

We gaze upon our BLADE as we raise it high into the air.

But when we look back down, we see it -

Her MIRROR.

We see OURSELVES peering out from behind our RUBBER MASK.

Then we come to a horrifying realization.

The Girl has NO REFLECTION.

At that moment, she WHIPS AROUND.

She opens her gaping maw to reveal her vicious VAMPIRE FANGS.

She POUNCES. We FALL backwards onto the floor.

She bites into our THROAT.

We see our BLOOD SPRAY across the room.

It's the last thing we see before we die...

**THE END**

**WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY SHAWN AND LENA WRIGHT**

LENA (O.S.)

Shawn.

**INT. THE OLD BEDROOM - DAY**

SHAWN WRIGHT (14) sits on the floor in front of his LAPTOP in a bedroom that's decorated like the floor of a Horror convention.

Between the POSTERS for Carpenter and Hooper flicks, NECA action figures, Stephen King BOOKS - it's a horror fan's dream.

Or it used to be, anyway. Now, half of his stuff has been packed into MOVING BOXES.

LENA (O.S.)

Shawn!

The door swings open and his sister LENA (15) steps inside. She's the same girl from the video, minus the fangs.

LENA

You haven't finished packing?

SHAWN

I was feeling nostalgic.

She walks inside and checks the screen.

LENA

Ah, *Girls Suck* - our masterpiece.

SHAWN

I always preferred *Mr. Buzzkill*.

LENA

That's because you kill *me* in that one.

She slams the clamshell closed.

SHAWN

Hey--

LENA

Mom's going to kill you when she finds out you're not done.

SHAWN

At least if I'm dead, I won't have  
to move to Pennsylvania.

She pretends to hack him with a RUBBER CLEAVER.

LENA

Holdenfield won't be that bad.

She starts throwing more stuff into boxes - knife gloves,  
hockey masks, a Good Guy doll.

LENA

Did you know a bunch of kids there  
went missing in the 80s? No one  
knows what happened to them. Just  
vanished.

SHAWN

Is that supposed to sell me?

LENA

Of course. We love that spooky  
shit.

Shawn goes to the window and looks outside at the bustling  
CITY LIFE happening outside their BROWNSTONE.

SHAWN

I just don't understand why things  
have to change.

Lena takes a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH off Shawn's shelf.

LENA

Yes you do.

She gazes at the image of the two of them as KIDS meeting  
ROBERT ENGLUND. Standing next to them is their smiling DAD.  
She places it gently in a box.

LENA

Because Mom can't afford this place  
by herself.

She unplugs the dusty VCR. When Shawn hears the sound of a  
TRASH BAG, he whips around.

SHAWN

What are you doing?

LENA  
...Throwing it out?

SHAWN  
No you're not.

He darts over and rips it from her grip.

LENA  
Shawn. It's ancient.

SHAWN  
Yeah. That means it's better. A lot  
of movies only exist on VHS.

LENA  
You can't take everything with you.

SHAWN  
Why not? Why does *everything* have  
to be different now?

She sees this is about more than a tape player.

LENA  
I know. I'm scared, too.

SHAWN  
I've seen every horror movie ever  
made. I'm not scared.

LENA  
Nothing important is going to  
change. You'll still have Mom.  
You'll still have me. We'll still  
make popcorn and watch gory movies.

SHAWN  
...Promise?

LENA  
Promise.

She takes the VCR from his hand.

LENA  
I won't leave you behind.

She tosses the VCR into the box and we SMASH to -

# VIDEO NASTY

## INT. THE BUS - DAY

Shawn sits alone on the bus listening to the *Halloween* soundtrack on a WALKMAN.

He looks out the window at the SUBURBS.

He's still not used to this.

## THREE MONTHS LATER

He twists around in his seat and looks past the rows of ROWDY KIDS to see Lena sitting in the BACK.

She's with another girl - IZZY (16).

Izzy is cool. *Much* cooler than Shawn.

Lena doesn't notice him staring at her. Or she's ignoring him. He can never tell anymore.

The truth is she just hasn't noticed. She has other things on her mind.

Namely Izzy, who is resting her head on Lena's shoulder.

They're sharing a pair of AIRPODS.

IZZY

This is my favorite part.

Lena tries to listen but she keeps getting distracted by the smell of Izzy's hair.

When the song ends, Izzy sits up and peels off the headphones.

IZZY

What did you think?

Lena stares into her eager eyes.

LENA

Beautiful.  
(but about the song)

LENA (CONT'D)

I don't really know much about music but...it's like it's happy and sad and familiar yet totally new all at the same time. How does she do that?

IZZY

She's bouncing between the fourth and the minor sixth so you're not sure where you are emotionally but then she builds you up with the pre-chorus and hits you with the drop and then the chorus and you get the lift - the catharsis you've been craving. She's a genius.

LENA

Amazing.

IZZY

She's going to play at The Factory. It's, like, the only venue in town but it's cool. Her show's at the end of the month - we should go together.

LENA

Really?

IZZY

Of course. This town can be kind of lame but it has its charms if you have the right person to show you around.

LENA

Yeah, that'd be awesome.

She blushes. She can't help it.

Shawn can see there's no way she's going to notice him.

But as he's about to turn around, a DOUCHEBAG stands up and blocks his sight.

DOUCHEBAG

Don't look at me.

*Shit*

Shawn turns back around and sinks into his seat, trying to appear as inconspicuous as possible. It doesn't work.

The Douchebag jumps into the seat BEHIND Shawn and looms over him. Shawn can feel his Flaming Hot Cheeto breath on the back of his neck.

DOUCHEBAG  
I said don't look at me.

Shawn tries to disassociate by turning up his music.

SHAWN  
I'm not.

He glances up to see all the kids waiting to see what will happen next. A bunch are filming with their CELL PHONES.

The Douchebag grabs the wire of Shawn's HEADPHONES and rips the walkman from his hands.

SHAWN  
Hey!

He hits a button and a CASSETTE pops out.

DOUCHEBAG  
What the fuck is this?

Before Shawn can respond, The Douchebag grabs Shawn's BACKPACK.

DOUCHEBAG  
What other weird-ass shit do you have in here?

SHAWN  
Stop!

He tries to grab it back but it's too late - The Douchebag is already digging around inside.

Shawn is forced to watch helplessly as The Douchebag pulls out a bottle of FAKE BLOOD.

Without missing a beat, he squeezes the tube and SPRAYS Shawn in the face to an eruption of laughter.

The commotion up front finally alerts Lena. She bolts to her feet.

LENA  
Hey--

The bus comes to a stop.

Shawn finally wrenches his bag away from The Douchebag and rushes to the exit.

**EXT. THE SUBURBS - DAY**

Shawn bounds down the steps and races home. A moment later, Lena follows him out.

LENA  
Shawn, wait--

But he's already out of earshot. She sighs.

She follows Shawn and the two walk home a full block apart, past rows of modest houses.

They pass an ABANDONED HOUSE littered with generations of MISSING PERSON SIGNS.

A strong GUST of wind blows some of the flyers loose. One hits Shawn in the face, sticking to the blood.

He rips it off and inspects it.

ALLISON QUIGLEY  
AGE: 16  
MISSING SINCE JUNE 30TH 1986

He tries and fails to get it off his fingers all the way home.

**INT. THE KITCHEN - EVENING**

Lena listens to music from her airpods and grins as she texts on her phone.

Shawn - his face still stained with traces of blood - stares at her as he moves the food around on his plate. Finally -

SHAWN  
What's so funny?

But she doesn't hear him.

SHAWN  
*Lena.*

She takes a pod out.

SHAWN  
What's funny?

LENA

Nothing.

But obviously that's bullshit because she gets another text and immediately cracks up.

MOM (O.S.)

Fuck!

They both look to their harried MOM storming into the room holding her PHONE.

SHAWN

What's wrong?

MOM

The company's sending me to Virginia for a mandatory team building retreat.

LENA

That sucks.

MOM

Yeah. It does. Anyway. That woman from down the street is going to stay here while I'm gone.

SHAWN

Miss Kerrigan?

Fuck no.

LENA

MOM

*Hey.*

LENA

A baby sitter? I'm sixteen.

SHAWN

So was Allison Quigley.

Lena shoots him daggers.

LENA

You're not helping.

SHAWN

*Just saying...*

MOM

He's right. Bradley Clarke, Joanne Merchant--

LENA

So because a few kids went missing -  
*in the 80s* - I need off-brand  
Shelly Winters to surveil my every  
move?

MOM

Not risking it, kiddo.

LENA

I'll stay at Izzy's.

MOM

What about your brother?

LENA

He can stay at a friend's house.

SHAWN

Whose?

Silence.

MOM

You're getting a baby sitter.

**INT. THE HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Lena stands in the dark outside a door covered in Fright Rag  
STICKERS. She knocks.

SHAWN (O.C.)

...What?

LENA

Can I come in?

After a pregnant silence -

SHAWN

It's open.

She opens the door to -

**SHAWN'S NEW ROOM**

It's practically empty. He still can't bring himself to  
unpack.

Shawn is on his bed watching a MOVIE on his old TV.

LENA

Hey.

She steps inside.

LENA

*Dream Warriors* again?

SHAWN

It's my favorite.

LENA

You've seen it a hundred times.

Oh, it's this part.

SHAWN

"Welcome to prime time,  
bitch."

LENA

"Welcome to prime time,  
bitch."

SHAWN

Exactly. No matter how many times I  
watch it, it never changes.

She chooses her next words carefully.

LENA

I'm sorry. About today. The bus...  
(beat)  
I didn't realize what was  
happening.

He shrugs.

SHAWN

You were talking to that girl. I  
get it.

She sits on the edge of his bed.

LENA

Sucks about the baby sitter.

SHAWN

Doesn't affect my weekend either  
way.

All right. Time for an olive branch.

LENA

Maybe since we're stuck together,  
we can watch a movie or something.

Shawn hits pause. That's intriguing.

SHAWN  
Really? You promise?

LENA  
I'll make popcorn the way you like  
it. Olive oil and Old Bay.

He sits up.

SHAWN  
Camp-Slasher marathon.  
*Sleepaway Camp, The Burning, Madman-*

LENA  
Just one.

SHAWN  
Deal.

She glances at the movie.

LENA  
Preferably one we haven't seen  
before.

SHAWN  
I'll find it.

She gets up and goes to the door.

LENA  
We cool?

He hits play on his movie. She'll take it.

She closes the door behind her. He grins.

**INT. THE CLASSROOM - DAY**

The TEACHER casually locks the door and turns out the lights.

TEACHER  
You know the drill, guys.  
Under your desks. No talking.

Shawn and the other students all crawl under their desks.

Shawn surveys his peers. Every one of them is on their phone -  
texting, tik-toking, instagramming, snapping.

He rolls his eyes as he pulls a dog-eared Clive Barker BOOK from his bag and starts to read.

But he gradually becomes aware of the giggling happening around him. He sinks. He knows that sound well.

He looks up to see some kids looking in his direction. Then he feels a BUZZING in his pocket. He pulls out his phone.

It's a text - a PICTURE of Shawn taken a moment ago under the words "FOUND THE SCHOOL SHOOTER"

His ears go hot and he shoves the phone back in his pocket, swallowing the lump in his throat.

**INT. THE SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

Shawn keeps his head in his locker, a brief respite from the day.

Eventually he takes out his backpack and closes his locker. It's the only one with insults carved into its surface.

**EXT. THE SCHOOL - DAY**

Shawn trudges to the row of idling BUSES, one of the last to arrive.

He goes to his BUS and looks at the KIDS in the window. The ones who hate him.

And he sees Lena in the back, too distracted by Izzy to protect him.

He feels another BUZZ in his pocket. He looks at his phone. More abuse.

So with a hearty "Fuck this," he hurls his phone at the ground and turns around and walks away.

The bus pulls away without Lena ever realizing her brother isn't on it.

**EXT. THE OLD GRAVEYARD - DAY**

Shawn takes a shortcut home through the untamed grass of a forgotten CEMETERY.

After navigating through the tombstones, he emerges onto a neglected road when he notices something up ahead.

An empty parking lot. And a STRIP MALL.

**EXT. THE STRIP MALL**

Shawn looks up at the SIGN that looms over the parking lot and reads the names of the stores located here.

Only one catches his attention:

VIDEO CASTLE

A grin spreads across his face and he speeds past a ROW of STORES before arriving at the last one on the left, VIDEO CASTLE.

But when he gets there, his shoulders sink - it's obviously CLOSED.

He peers inside its dark windows when he hears a CAW. He looks up to see a CROW perched upon the sign.

It caws again, almost as if it's warning him.

He looks back at the store and furrows his brow.

The lights are ON. A sign on the door says OPEN.

He hadn't noticed that before, but Shawn knows a plot development when he sees one.

So he goes through its doors.

**INT. VIDEO CASTLE - DAY**

Shawn is immediately confronted by the smell of stale carpet and decaying plastic.

There's no one in here. Maybe it *is* closed.

SHAWN

Hello?

He clocks the sun-faded POSTERS, the expired snacks, and the SHELVES of DVDs.

He checks the SIGNS that hang from the ceiling - ACTION, DRAMA, COMEDY, and -

SHAWN

*Horror.*

He navigates the rows of shelves until he reaches the HORROR SECTION. He surveys the inventory.

*Abominable Dr. Phibes, Alice Sweet Alice, American Werewolf in London, Amityville Horror, April Fools Day, Army of Darkness, Audition, Audrey Rose--*

BARBARA (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Shawn jumps out of his skin. He turns to see, standing at the end of the aisle -

BARBARA (60s). Ghost white hair and a face like a Renaissance painting. Shawn swallows.

SHAWN

I'm sorry, I wasn't sure if...  
Are you open?

BARBARA

Difficult to say. No one comes in anymore, but I insist on keeping the lights on. Creature of habit.

She strolls closer.

BARBARA

Back in the 80s, there were so many people in here on a Friday night, one could barely move.

Shawn shakes his head.

SHAWN

Things were better then. The movies. The people...

BARBARA

But things change, don't they?

SHAWN

Yeah. I was born in the wrong era.

BARBARA

Is that so?

She towers over him. He clears his throat.

SHAWN

I'm looking for a scary movie.

BARBARA  
You've come to the right place.

Shawn looks over the selection.

SHAWN  
Is this all you have?

BARBARA  
This is the pinnacle of what the genre has to offer.

SHAWN  
You have the obvious ones, sure, but I'm trying to impress someone. I need something she's never seen.

BARBARA  
I'm afraid what you see is what we have.

Shawn sinks.

SHAWN  
All right, well...thanks anyway.

Barbara watches him move towards the doors.

BARBARA  
I do have some more obscure titles not on display.

Shawn turns back around.

BARBARA  
Unfortunately, they can only be played on an older device.

Shawn perks up.

SHAWN  
...Like a VCR?

**INT. THE BACK OFFICE - DAY**

Shawn hovers in the doorway as Barbara unlocks a DOOR in the FLOOR.

BARBARA  
Years ago, there were films deemed too horrific for public consumption.

She opens the door and reaches deep inside.

BARBARA

Cinema so filled to the brim with murder, mayhem, and mutilation that their mere existence was considered a crime against humanity.

She comes back with a stack of VIDEO TAPES.

BARBARA

They were called Video Nasties.

**INT. VIDEO CASTLE, FRONT COUNTER - DAY**

Shawn stands before the register appraising the stack of tapes. His eyes run down the titles:

*Slaughter Fodder, The Heinous, Piccolo Olocausto, God Can't Save You, etc.*

SHAWN

I've never heard of any of these.

BARBARA

Collector's items. Traded on the black market, known only to true aficionados of the morbid and the macabre. Some of these are the only bootlegs left in existence.

He takes one off the top of the stack.

SHAWN

*How They Bleed.*

He flips it over and reads the back.

SHAWN

*"One night in a sleepy suburb, a group of unsuspecting teenagers are terrorized by an unstoppable killer."*

(beat)

A slasher?

BARBARA

Indeed.

SHAWN

I don't know. We've seen *Faces of Death, Cannibal Ferox, and Mr. Hands* - I doubt a maniac with a mask and a machete is going to get our hearts pounding.

BARBARA

I promise you've never seen anything like this before.

She goes to take it back.

BARBARA

But if you're too frightened--

SHAWN

I didn't say that.

He scrutinizes the cover - a blood-drenched SICKLE.

SHAWN

She definitely has not seen this...

He pulls a wad of dollars from his pocket.

SHAWN

Do I need to open an account?

She opens the register.

BARBARA

I trust you'll return.

**EXT. VIDEO CASTLE - DAY**

Shawn grips the tape tight in his hand as he leaves Video Castle behind him.

From INSIDE the store, watching him from the window, Barbara is laughing like a mad woman.

**INT. THE FOYER - DAY**

Shawn opens the front door and is immediately greeted by his Mom's barely concealed rage.

MOM (O.S.)

Hello Kerrigan. Yeah, it's me again. Please answer your fucking phone.

**THE KITCHEN**

Shawn walks into the kitchen to see his Mom on the phone, pacing back and forth by her luggage, and -

Lena sitting on the counter top, eating an apple and grinning from ear to ear.

SHAWN

What's happening?

LENA

Kerrigan isn't coming.

SHAWN

Really?

MOM

She texted me. Two hours before my plane leaves, she *texts me*.

"Can't make it - cat is sick."

(beat)

*Hope it goes Cujo on her fucking ass...*

HONK

MOM

Great. My car is here.

She takes a breath. Settles down.

MOM

Okay...change of plan.  
No baby sitter.

The kids try not to celebrate too obviously.

MOM

Lena - you are in charge. That means you do not leave this house. You do not have anyone over. You don't consume anything that requires Federal identification. You text me a picture of yourselves together on the hour every hour, and you do not answer the door to strangers. Got it?

LENA

Yes mother dearest.

HONK HONK HOOOOONNNNNK

MOM  
ALL RIGHT!

Mom grabs her bag.

MOM  
Don't make me regret this.

She quickly hugs them both and rushes out the door. And then there were two.

LENA  
YES!!!

Lena hops off the counter and dances to herself. Shawn grins and proudly holds out the tape.

SHAWN  
Look what I got--

She pulls out her phone and marches down the hall and up the stairs.

Shawn sinks. He looks down at the tape, at the bloody sickle, and nods.

This is going to work. *He's going to win his sister back.*

IZZY (PRE-LAP)  
This is a phenomenal development.

**INT. LENA'S ROOM - DAY**

Lena wanders her room speaking to Izzy on Facetime.

LENA  
Game changer.

IZZY (FACETIME)  
And perfect timing. Word around the campfire is that Nate Evan's older brother gave him an unused keg from his frat. He's having people over at nine. Want to be my date?

LENA  
Oh my God, yes--

But then she stops in her tracks.

LENA  
 Wait. Actually...  
 (sigh)  
 I don't think I can leave Shawn.

IZZY (FACETIME)  
 Oh. Oh yeah...  
 (beat)  
 Well...maybe I could come over?

Yes

LENA  
 I don't want you to miss the party  
 because of me.

IZZY (FACETIME)  
 I mean, could I even have fun if  
 you weren't there? Who are we  
 kidding?

Lena blushes.

LENA  
 Well yeah...if we're being  
 honest...

IZZY (FACETIME)  
 Just us girls?

Lena bites her lip.

#### **INT. SHAWN'S NEW BEDROOM - EVENING**

Shawn searches through one of the moving boxes he still hasn't unpacked until he finds the VCR.

With the tape player tucked under one arm and the movie held in the other, he bounds out of the room and down the stairs.

#### **INT. THE KITCHEN - EVENING**

Shawn follows the smell of butter into the kitchen.

He sees Lena adding olive oil and Old Bay to a bowl of POPCORN - just the way he likes it. *Perfect.*

SHAWN  
 Ready for the movie?

IZZY (O.S.)  
What are we watching?

Shawn spins around to see, to his abject horror, IZZY holding a half-empty bottle of Merlot. He backs away.

SHAWN  
What is she doing here?

LENA  
She's sleeping over.

Lena walks by with the popcorn and Shawn watches as the two of them go into -

### THE LIVING ROOM

They sit down on the couch and start eating popcorn and pouring wine. Shawn follows.

SHAWN  
Mom said no one else was allowed.

Lena and Izzy exchange "Is he serious?" looks.

LENA  
...Are you going to tell her?

IZZY  
Yeah Shawn, you know what they say about stitches and who's liable to get 'em.

They're already ganging up against him.

SHAWN  
You said we were going to watch a scary movie.

IZZY  
Oh...

LENA  
Yeah, sorry - Izzy doesn't like horror movies.

IZZY  
I'm a wuss.

LENA  
Let's pick something else.

He grinds his teeth.

SHAWN

I don't want to pick something else. I want to watch the movie you promised to watch with me.

LENA

That was when we had a baby sitter. Things are different now.

"Things are different now" - he snaps.

Shawn KICKS the table, sending popcorn and wine spilling across the floor.

IZZY

Whoa dude!

LENA

What the fuck, Shawn?!

The girls jump up from the couch. The wine is all over the carpet.

LENA

What the Hell is wrong with you?

SHAWN

You've changed and I hate the new you.

Cool, so that's how it is now.

LENA

Yeah, I have changed. But you're still the entitled little shit you've always been. Grow the fuck up. Stay the fuck away from me. Go watch your stupid ass movie and leave us alone.

Shawn takes a survey of the chaos he's created, then he turns on his heel and storms away.

#### **INT. SHAWN'S NEW BEDROOM - EVENING**

Shawn punches his pillows until he's exhausted all his energy.

He focuses his attention instead on the VIDEO TAPE in the VCR.

When he's finally calmed down enough, he crawls across the floor -

And PRESSES the TAPE inside the VCR.

The screen goes BLACK. TRACKING LINES briefly fill the image before dispersing. And then...

### VIDEO TAPE

#### INT. THE MORGUE

A WOMAN lies DEAD within an open casket. Her skin is waxen, her eyes are shut -

And her hands are placed over her PREGNANT BELLY.

The lid is closed and NAILED SHUT.

#### INT. PAUPER'S GRAVEYARD - MORNING

The cheap pine coffin lies six feet under the earth in a freshly dug HOLE.

GRAVE DIGGER (O.C.)

Who was she?

Standing above the hole is a boney, gnarled GRAVE DIGGER and an ashen-white PRIEST.

PRIEST

No one knows. A vagabond. A drunk.  
A prostitute. Another pitiful soul  
buried in an unnamed grave. Such a  
tragedy.

The Priest walks off.

PRIEST (O.C.)

She was with child.

The Grave Digger shakes his head, then picks up his shovel and throws a pile of DIRT atop the coffin.

#### LATER

A layer of soil covers the surface of the coffin, and the Grave Digger keeps adding more.

But as he digs his shovel into the pile of dirt, he HEARS something - a CRYING BABY.

He surveys the foggy graveyard in search of the source of the wailing, but he sees nothing and no one.

That's when he realizes it's coming from INSIDE the coffin.

When his mind finally processes this, he JUMPS into the grave and frantically brushes aside the dirt.

He uses his shovel to pry open the lid and cast it aside, revealing the woman's corpse. And between her legs -

A NEWBORN

GRAVE DIGGER

My God...

He cuts the umbilical cord with the edge of his shovel then picks up the baby and cradles it to his chest.

GRAVE DIGGER

This is a miracle.

No. A *plague*.

ADMINISTRATOR (PRE-LAP)

He's been with us for 21 years.

**INT. ASYLUM HALLWAY - DAY**

An ADMINISTRATOR and a NURSE walk side-by-side, their footsteps echoing in the cavernous hall.

ADMINISTRATOR

In all that time, he's never spoken a word to anyone. We used to think him an idiot, but in his way, he displays a remarkable intelligence. Or rather...cunning.

NURSE

But if he isn't able to communicate, and he's never lived on his own, why is the hospital releasing him?

ADMINISTRATOR

"The Two Bees" - budgets and bureaucracy.

NURSE

But is he...dangerous?

ADMINISTRATOR

No. No, we have no reason to believe he would ever hurt a soul.

But he doesn't sound entirely convinced himself as they reach a closed DOOR.

He fumbles with his keys and unlocks the door to -

## **THE ROOM**

ADMINISTRATOR

There he is.

They stand in the doorway and see - sitting on a thin cot by the window a hulking behemoth.

THE KILLER

He sits on the edge of his bed, his head hidden below his massive shoulders.

Neither the Nurse nor Administrator see the RAT in his grip, blood oozing from its mouth as he crushes its bones.

ADMINISTRATOR

In only a matter of hours, our dear boy will be set free into the world. He'll be amongst people. He'll learn how they speak, how they dress, how they love, and...

# **HOW THEY BLEED**

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## **INT. SHAWN'S NEW BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Shawn's eyes glow in the light of the TV, hypnotized by droning SYNTHS.

This is what he needed. This is medicine. This is heroin.

LENA (PRE-LAP)

He's such a shit.

## **INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

While Izzy collects popcorn off the floor, Lena distributes baking powder on the wine stain.

LENA

The audacity. The unmitigated gall.

IZZY

He just wanted to hang out with his sister...

Lena pours club soda over the baking powder.

LENA

He's an immature little ass who would rather live in the past than deal with reality.

IZZY

He sure likes his scary movies.

She goes to the DVD collection.

IZZY

I guess I never understood why anyone would want to be scared

LENA

Really? You don't think it's fun?

IZZY

When I was a kid, my cousin gave me her old Furby. Do you remember those? The toys with the giant eyes that would randomly speak in tongues. I still have PTSD from all the times it woke me up in the middle of the night and have constant nightmares that it's watching me sleep.

(beat)

Not once did I find that experience fun.

She pulls the *Halloween* box set off the shelf.

IZZY

Is this Jason?

LENA

No. *Halloween* is Michael Meyers. He kills baby sitters. Jason is *Friday the 13th* and he mostly sticks to camp counselors.

IZZY

And what about Freddy?

LENA

Haunts the nightmares of the children of Elm Street.

(beat)

Those were always our favorite, especially the third one - *Dream Warriors*. That's when the kids learn they can manipulate the dream world to fight back. Change into whatever they want to be.

Izzy watches amazed as Lena pats at the carpet with a paper towel, lifting the stain and leaving it clean underneath.

IZZY

Wow. You're good at that.

LENA

I've had a lot of practice getting bloodstains out of fabric.

IZZY

Um...

LENA

*Fake blood.*

(beat)

Back in the city, Shawn and I would make these dumb little movies that involved a lot of red dye and corn syrup. Proper cleanup became a survival method.

Izzy stands straight up.

LENA

What?

IZZY

You have to show me.

**INT. SHAWN'S NEW BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Shawn has moved even closer to the TV as blood and gore spray across the screen.

He watches an OLD MAN take a SICKLE to the JUGULAR.

Then a hard CUT TO BLACK followed by New Wave music...

**INT. TEEN GIRL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Steam fills the bathroom as a TEEN GIRL (16) dances to the RADIO behind the frosted glass of her SHOWER.

But suddenly the music cuts off.

## RADIO

Excuse the interruption. Police are reporting a double homicide at the Jenkins farm. The victims appear to have been murdered by what the authorities are describing as some sort of hooked blade--

She reaches her arm out and turns OFF the radio. She then grabs a TOWEL and emerges a moment later.

She wipes the steam off the mirror revealing her FACE.

## PAUSE

**INT. SHAWN'S NEW BEDROOM**

Shawn narrows his eyes.

He scrutinizes the girl's expression as the tape gently tremors. He inches closer, then grabs the tape's BOX.

## SHAWN

*Where have I seen you before...*

He reads the back of the box, but he sees no names of actors. He bites his lip and continues to stare. Shrugs.

He hits PLAY and watches her brush her wet hair, still trying to place her face when -

## BOOM

Both Shawn and The Teen Girl JUMP at the sound of THUNDER outside their respective windows.

Shawn clutches his chest - she does the same. He looks to the window and sees the first drops of RAIN pelt the window.

Meanwhile, The Teen Girl doesn't see THE KILLER standing in her yard holding a SICKLE.

**INT. LENA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Lena and Izzy sit on the edge of Lena's bed, her LAPTOP between them.

Izzy is watching Lena run screaming from what is clearly Shawn in a WELDING MASK with two BUZZ SAWS for hands.

Meanwhile, Lena is watching Izzy with growing anxiety.

LENA

I know, it's gross and stupid--

IZZY

*You are so effing cool.*

Lena breathes a sigh of relief.

LENA

Really? You like it?

IZZY

Are you kidding me? That was amazing!

She blushes.

IZZY

You're such a good actress. And that was Shawn as Mr. Buzzkill, right?

LENA

Yeah. I mean, we had to shoot it *Lord of the Rings* style so that he'd look taller.

IZZY

I'm in awe of you. Literal awe. I had no idea you were so spooky. I just...I...

The two stare deep into each other's eyes.

Then Lena KISSES her. It was only a matter of time.

But after a moment, she pulls away.

LENA

I'm sorry.

IZZY

Wow.

LENA  
 I'm really sorry. That was so not cool. You didn't consent to that. I just like you so much but I shouldn't have...

Lena takes Izzy by the chin.

IZZY  
*Shh.* Hi.

LENA  
 ...Hi

THE TEEN GIRL (PRE-LAP)  
 Hello?

**INT. THE TEEN GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Wrapped in her towel, The Teen Girl holds her giant PHONE to her ear, twirling the cord around her finger, as she searches her closet for an outfit.

BRAD (PHONE)  
 Hey there.

She smiles.

THE TEEN GIRL  
 Hi, Brad.

CLICK

HER FATHER (PHONE)  
 Hello?

THE TEEN GIRL  
 It's for me, Daddy. Brad's calling.

BRAD (PHONE)  
 Hi Mr. Q.

HER FATHER (PHONE)  
 You kids don't hold up the line for too long, now.

CLICK

THE TEEN GIRL  
 To what do I owe the pleasure?

BRAD (PHONE)  
 Wondering if you're going to  
 Joanne's party tonight.

THE TEEN GIRL  
 It's only the social event of the  
 season.

CLICK

THE TEEN GIRL  
 Dad! Get off the line.

Silence

THE TEEN GIRL  
 Daddy?

BRAD (PHONE)  
 What's going--

THE TEEN GIRL  
*Shh.*

She listens and hears on the phone, ever so faintly...

HEAVY BREATHING

THE TEEN GIRL  
 Brad, I'm going to call you back.

She hangs up and looks out into her HALLWAY.

THE TEEN GIRL  
 Dad...?

**INT. SHAWN'S NEW BEDROOM**

Shawn watches The Teen Girl peer out into her hallway as the music gets more ominous. He smiles. The good shit is coming.

Outside - LIGHTNING FLASHES.

**INT. LENA'S ROOM**

Lena and Izzy awkwardly kiss atop Lena's bed, neither sure what to do with their hands, when -

BOOOOOM

They both jump. Izzy giggles, but Lena frowns at the RAIN battering her window.

LENA  
Was it supposed to storm tonight?

IZZY  
Who cares?

She pulls Lena's face back to hers.

#### **INT. THE TEEN GIRL'S KITCHEN**

The Teen Girl - wearing the PINK DRESS - steps into her KITCHEN.

The first thing she sees is the PHONE hanging off the hook, dangling back and forth. She looks to the LIVING ROOM.

Her DAD sits in his LAY-Z BOY in front of the football on TV.

THE TEEN GIRL  
Daddy. The phone is off the hook.

No response. The volume is loud. Maybe he didn't hear her.

So she hangs up the phone and marches into the -

#### **LIVING ROOM**

She reaches for the back of the chair.

THE TEEN GIRL  
You know if you sit too close to the TV, you're going to give yourself a splitting headache.

She SPINS the chair to find her Dad EVISCERATED - *cut in half groin to scalp.*

She SCREAMS as the last threads of sinew holding him together TEAR and he SPLITS like a banana peel, his insides spilling onto the floor.

#### **INT. SHAWN'S NEW BEDROOM**

Shawn grabs his face with ecstatic disgust, marveling at the ingenuity and skill that went into the makeup.

SHAWN  
Holy shit!

**INT. THE TEEN GIRL'S LIVING ROOM**

The Teen Girl's face goes white as she backs away from her dead father, her feet sloshing on the blood-soaked carpet.

She turns and runs back into the -

**KITCHEN**

But as soon as she steps onto the sleek linoleum, she SLIPS and falls to the ground.

She scrambles and crawls to the wall where she grabs the PHONE and dials.

THE TEEN GIRL  
Hello? Police? My name is Allison  
Quigley and my Dad has been--

But the blade of a SICKLE cuts the phone cord. She looks up and SCREAMS when -

SHAWN (O.C.)  
Wait.

**INT. THE BASEMENT**

Shawn leans forward, his brow furrowed as he watches her narrowly escape the killer. He focuses on her SCREAMING FACE.

SHAWN  
No way.

He jumps to his feet and runs to the TRASH CAN in the corner.

SHAWN  
No fucking way.

He digs around inside until he pulls out the sticky, crumpled MISSING PERSONS FLYER.

His eyes go wide as he absorbs the sight of ALLISON QUIGLEY.

And as The Teen Girl in the movie manages to escape her house and run outside, he holds up the flyer and compares the images.

IT'S. THE. SAME. FUCKING. GIRL.

He grabs the remote as the camera gets a CLOSE UP of her terrified face. As she opens her mouth to SCREAM -

He hits PAUSE...

...Only to hear a SCREAM coming from OUTSIDE.

His heart drops into his stomach. He looks to the window.  
*There's no way.*

**INT. LENA'S ROOM**

Lena releases her lips from Izzy's.

LENA  
Did you hear that?

IZZY  
No.

Lena gets up off the bed.

IZZY  
No, come back--

LENA  
I heard someone screaming.

She looks out the window but can't see anything past the rain.

IZZY  
It's probably your brother's movie.

LENA  
No. It was outside. A girl...

She listens for more screaming, but all she hears is the rain on the window. Until -

BANG BANG BANG

The girls exchange frightened looks.

BANG BANG BANG - the FRONT DOOR

**INT. SHAWN'S NEW BEDROOM**

Shawn holds his breath, only the hum of the TV and the patter of rain on the window, waiting for -

BANG BANG BANG

ALLISON (O.S.)  
Someone! Please! Help!

**INT. THE FOYER**

Lena and Izzy hold each other as they quietly creep down the stairs, their eyes fixed on the door.

They reach the bottom and Lena slowly, cautiously peers out the WINDOW when -

SHAWN (O.C.)  
Don't open it!

They yelp and turn to see Shawn cowering at the top of the stairs.

LENA  
There's no one there...

Just then - a GIRL bangs on a WINDOW in the KITCHEN.

ALLISON  
Help me!

The girls scream. Shawn's heart drops into his stomach.

The Girl is in the dark, obscured by the rain, but she's wearing a PINK DRESS...

LENA  
It's a girl!

She runs into the kitchen and sees the girl in the dark - soaked from the rain.

SHAWN  
Lena, stop--

But she's already gesturing to the back door.

LENA  
She needs help!

While Izzy runs after Lena, Shawn slowly descends the stairs, his knees shaking, his fingers tightly gripping the banister.

**INT. THE LIVING ROOM**

Lena and Izzy rush to the BACK DOOR and unlock it, letting inside the teen girl.

Shawn turns the corner into the KITCHEN.

His legs almost buckle beneath him when he sees her.

It's ALLISON - *Allison from the god damn fucking movie.*

To avoid fainting, he keeps repeating -

SHAWN

*It's only a movie, it's only a  
movie, it's only a movie...*

Allison collapses into Lena's arms, gasping for air between heaving sobs.

ALLISON

*He...he killed him...he...he's  
coming for me.*

Lena and Izzy exchange panicked looks. Lena immediately LOCKS the door.

IZZY

I'm calling 911.

Izzy dials her phone while Lena clutches Allison and tries to keep it together.

LENA

Who is coming for you?

ALLISON

*The...the...the killer...*

IZZY

My call isn't going through...  
(checks her phone)  
I don't have any service!

Lena checks her phone.

LENA

Neither do I.

IZZY  
Do you have a land line?

LENA  
Is that a serious question?

IZZY  
What do we do?

Allison breaks away from Izzy's grip.

ALLISON  
We have to hide!

She runs into -

### THE KITCHEN

Shawn backs into the corner as Allison runs past him. They make eye contact. It's her. *It's really her in his house.*

ALLISON  
*We're all going to die.*

She runs down the stairs into the BASEMENT. Shawn keeps swallowing, trying to speak.

SHAWN  
*Lena...*

But he can barely hear himself. He clears his throat.

SHAWN  
(louder)  
Lena--

BOOOOOOM - they all jump.

LENA  
Fuck!

Lena and Izzy rush for the stairs leaving Shawn paralyzed in the corner.

Alone in the kitchen, he watches the bloody handprints get washed away in the rain, his entire world shifting beneath his feet.

He thinks, then runs UPSTAIRS.

**INT. THE BASEMENT**

Shawn carries the VCR down into the basement.

He finds Lena and Izzy by Allison, clutching her knees and rocking back and forth on the couch.

LENA

You're safe with us. We won't let anyone hurt you.

Shawn inches towards the TV.

ALLISON

*No...you didn't see him...he's coming for me. He's coming for all of us.*

He plugs in the VCR.

IZZY

What's your name?

Before she can answer -

SHAWN (O.C.)

Allison.

They turn to Shawn turning on the TV.

SHAWN

Her name is Allison Quigley.

He knows how crazy this is going to sound but -

SHAWN

She's the girl who went missing in the 80s.

LENA

Shawn. This isn't the time--

ALLISON

Everyone calls me Ali.

Lena and Izzy stare. Wait...*wut?*

LENA

How did you--

SHAWN

Look...

He pushes the TAPE back into the VCR.

Then - on the screen - A HOUSE.

But not just any house.

*THEIR HOUSE*

Shawn's face falls. He wasn't expecting that. Both Lena and Izzy stand and approach the television.

LENA

What is this?

Shawn doesn't have an answer.

IZZY

That's your house...

Lightning flashes both on the screen and outside the window.

IZZY

Is this live? How are you doing this?

LENA

It's a VHS...

(beat)

Wait...

She grabs the remote and turns up the volume.

LENA

Do you hear that?

Yes. They hear HEAVY BREATHING. And it dawns on them...

LENA

*That's a POV shot...*

On cue, the POV moves across the street onto the FRONT YARD.

The blood drains from all their faces. They all look to each other for answers that no one has.

Allison buries her face in her knees and whimpers.

ALLISON

*He's coming...*

Despite everything about this being utterly at odds with their conception of the rational rules of the universe, no one can deny it.

He *is* coming.

The POV moves onto the FRONT PORCH where Allison's bloody HAND PRINTS are still on the door.

SHAWN

*He's outside...*

Izzy can't handle this.

LENA

*Who is "he?" The movie? Are you saying the fucking movie is outside?*

They watch a dirty HAND try the door.

SHAWN

*Is it locked?*

LENA

*I don't remember...*

The hand pulls on the door but it *is* locked. The POV looks through the window's frosted glass.

SHAWN

*At least we know where he is...*

And because this is a horror movie, and all of the elements are conspiring against them - LIGHTNING FLASHES outside, THUNDER BELLOWS, and -

THE POWER GOES OUT plunging them all into DARKNESS.

The lights, the TV, their hope for survival - all GONE.

All they can hear is their own hushed, panicked breathing.

Lena turns on the FLASHLIGHT on her phone.

ALLISON

*He's going to kill us, he's going to kill us--*

LENA

*Shh.*

But then - CRASH - the sound of BREAKING GLASS, then the GROAN of floorboards above their heads.



Her HEAD bounces down the steps

It rolls to Lena's feet

And after a moment

It looks up at her with wide eyes

ALLISON'S HEAD

*Don't let him kill you.  
If he kills you he has you forever.  
Trapped on the tape for eternity.  
Dying over and over again.  
And it always hurts, Lena.  
It always hurts.*

She saw it. She heard it. But she can't believe it.

She looks up to see The Killer coming down the stairs, stepping over Allison's crumpled, headless body.

Instinct kicks in. She turns and grabs Izzy by the hand and RUNS, pulling Izzy behind her.

Shawn starts to follow but STOPS.

He looks from the girls running upstairs, to the VCR, to The Killer stalking towards him.

He dives for VCR. He hits eject - *no power*. He reaches inside and tries to pry the tape out - *can't do it*.

LENA (O.S.)

Shawn!

*Fuck it* - he yanks the power cord out of the wall and the aux cables from the TV and takes the whole VCR.

The tape player under his arm, he scrambles up the STAIRCASE where Lena and Izzy are waiting at the top.

IZZY

Hurry!

With The Killer perilously close, he runs through the door and falls into -

## THE KITCHEN

Lena looks back to see The Killer right behind him.

He SWINGS his sickle as she SLAMS the door closed.

The blade PIERCES through the wood as she LOCKS the door. The three watch in horror as he pulls back the sickle and then - SLAMS into the door over and over again.

They back away as splinters fly through the air.

LENA

Come on.

Lena runs down the hall to the front door. Izzy follows.

LENA

Now!

Shawn starts for the door then realizes - The Killer has stopped trying to break through.

SHAWN

*Shit.*

But he runs after them anyway.

#### **EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The three scramble out the front door and run across the lawn but when they get to -

#### **THE STREET**

IZZY

Wait...

They stop and survey their surroundings.

IZZY

Where are we?

They're in their neighborhood, but it's different.

The HOUSES are smaller. The CARS in the driveways are all from the 70s and 80s. Palm trees line the street.

But there's no time to process this because--

LENA

Guys!

They look to see The Killer emerge from the cellar and stalk across the lawn.

LENA

Run!

They sprint up the road, racing as fast as their legs will take them.

Shawn looks back at The Killer walking slowly behind them.

He turns back and keeps running, but when he looks behind again -

The Killer is *still* walking *and still just as close*.

But then - a Godsend. HEADLIGHTS up ahead.

IZZY

A car!

The three frantically wave and yell at the approaching 1983 CHEVY MALIBU.

But despite their cries, it SPEEDS towards them.

LENA

*STOP!*

Finally, the car hits the BRAKES and SCREECHES to a stop right in front of them.

The three circle the car and jump inside -

**THE CHEVY MALIBU**

BRAD (17) in his Letterman jacket watches helplessly as Shawn jumps into the passenger seat and Lena and Izzy dive into the back.

BRAD

Hey, what the fuck you guys--

SHAWN

Drive!

BRAD

This isn't a fucking taxi service--

He sees The Killer.

BRAD

Who's that butthead?

And then he sees his bloody sickle glowing in the headlights, and he's getting closer and closer.

BRAD

Oh. Oh shit--

Shawn hops over the center console and slams his foot on the gas, shooting the car forward and HITTING The Killer.

He ROLLS over the hood, CRACKS the windshield and tumbles across the roof before the BLADE stabs through the ceiling and -

SLASHES Lena's arm.

She cries out in pain and looks back at The Killer's distorted face in the back window, still holding onto his weapon.

He winds up, PUNCHES through the glass, and GRABS -

LENA

Izzy!

The Killer's filthy, meaty fingers grip Izzy's shirt and he WRENCHES her backward but -

Lena grabs her and pulls her back. Shawn watches frozen as Lena and Izzy try to pry his fingers away.

While Brad's distracted by their struggle in the rearview, he drives through an intersection and -

A STATION WAGON smashes into the TRUNK.

The Malibu SPINS as The Killer is HURLED through the air.

The car comes to a stop in the middle of the road.

Once they've recovered, Lena holds Izzy tight.

LENA

Are you okay? Are you okay?

But Izzy focuses on Lena's torn sleeve and bleeding arm.

IZZY

Are you?

Shawn and Brad focus on the Station Wagon through the shattered windshield.

After a moment, the DRIVER gets out. He looks at his totaled car.

DRIVER  
What the Hell?!

He turns to them.

DRIVER  
There was a god damn stop sign,  
asshole--

The SICKLE slices through his waist.

BRAD  
Oh my God!

His torso topples onto the asphalt revealing The Killer behind the geyser of blood erupting from the pelvis.

Brad throws the car into reverse, accelerating backwards before whipping the car around and careening forward.

The kids look back through the broken window at the shower of sparks caused by Brad's dragging bumper and -

The Killer standing in the distance, watching them go.

They're safe. *For now.*

Brad keeps the pedal pressed to the floor, blowing through intersections, getting as far from The Killer as possible.

BRA  
My Malibu! My beautiful fucking  
Malibu! You fuckers! It's fucking  
fucked! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

He turns to Shawn.

BRAD  
This is your fault. This is all  
your fucking fault.

Shawn's about to respond, but then he gets a good look at Brad's face and realizes -

SHAWN  
Oh shit. You're Brad.

BRAD  
Yeah? So what?

SHAWN  
Bradley Clarke. You disappeared in  
1987.

For a brief moment, Brad's anger falters and a look of recognition flashes across his face.

But then he SLAMS on the breaks and sends everyone flying forward.

BRAD  
Get out.

IZZY  
Excuse me?

He doesn't wait for them before climbing out of the car and marching to the passenger side.

He swings the door open, grabs Shawn by the shirt, and DRAGS him out onto -

### **THE STREET**

Shawn hits the asphalt.

LENA  
Hey!

Lena and Izzy leap from the car.

IZZY  
You can't leave us here!

Brad makes his way to the driver's seat.

LENA  
The killer--

BRAD  
Is not my god damn problem.

He slams the door closed and peels out, dragging the bumper behind him until it finally falls off.

The three of them stand alone in the middle of the dark street with no idea what to do next.

LENA  
Fuck!

Shawn picks himself up as Lena paces back and forth.

LENA  
What the fuck, Shawn? *What the fuck?* What is happening?

IZZY

And where are we? This is not your  
neighborhood. This is  
like...Pasadena.

Shawn looks around at the neighborhood he doesn't recognize,  
trying to make sense of the senseless.

SHAWN

*We're in the movie.*

LENA

What?

SHAWN

The tape I rented from the video  
store. We're in it. I don't know  
how but we're *in* the movie.

LENA

No. Shut up. That isn't possible.

IZZY

It talked to you.

She looks to Izzy - she can't be buying this, right?

IZZY

That poor girl's head...it...*it*  
*talked to you.*

(beat)

That isn't possible, but I saw it  
happen.

Lena can't deny that. But she's going to try anyway.

SHAWN

...What did it say?

She shakes her head, refuses to answer. Why should she? *It*  
*didn't happen.*

IZZY

*Lena.*

Lena swallows. *Fine.*

LENA

...If he kills us, we're trapped in  
the tape forever.

Izzy looks to Shawn.

IZZY

The girl. You said she's one of the kids who disappeared in the 80s.

SHAWN

Allison Quigley.

IZZY

And that was really Bradley Clarke?

He nods.

SHAWN

They must have rented the same movie I did.

LENA

*Enough.*

What movie are you talking about?

SHAWN

*How They Bleed.* I got it from a weird woman at a video store with a lot of red flags I'm only now recognizing in retrospect.

LENA

So this is your fault.

SHAWN

I wanted to watch *Sleepaway Camp!*

IZZY

Stop it!

(beat)

Assuming I'm not actually dead or in a coma and all of this is really happening, we can't waste time fighting with each other. We need to get out of here without dying or we'll be trapped here just like them.

LENA

How do we get out if we don't even know how we got in?

It's a good question, one neither has an answer for. But after searching his brain, Shawn has a revelation.

SHAWN

The tape.

(beat)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Reality started warping after I put it on. If we destroy it, well...maybe things will go back to normal.

LENA

Or we'll be stuck here forever.

SHAWN

Do you have a better idea?

Lena and Izzy exchange looks. They don't.

LENA

Fine. Where is it?

He opens his mouth, but then remembers his hands are empty and his shoulders sink.

SHAWN

In the Malibu.

LENA

You left it in his car?

SHAWN

He dragged me out onto the street!

LENA

God fucking damn it, Shawn!

IZZY

*Stop!*

And because it's Izzy saying it, Lena listens. Izzy scans their surroundings.

IZZY

We need to go.

LENA

Go where?

IZZY

Anywhere. Need I remind you there's a killer out there in the dark.

All three of them survey the dark neighborhood with no idea which way to go first.

SHAWN

At least it stopped raining.

At that moment, the POWER comes back on, illuminating the street lamps and house lights.

As they blink their eyes, a strange sound gradually rises in the distance.

IZZY

What is that?

It's the faint sound of teenagers CHEERING followed by a sudden blast of NEW WAVE MUSIC.

Shawn's eyes go wide.

SHAWN

Joanne's party.

LENA

What--

SHAWN

It's the social event of the season. We need to go.

LENA

We're in a horror movie and you want to go to a high school party? Are you *trying* to get murdered?

SHAWN

We're going...

Shawn marches to the Malibu's fallen bumper and holds up the warped LICENSE PLATE - RAD-BRAD

SHAWN

Because that's where Brad's going.

#### **EXT. JOANNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Shawn, Lena, and Izzy follow the sound of music and revelry all the way up the long, arduous hill until they see -

JOANNE'S HOUSE - a large Victorian that sits perched atop a hill surrounded by woods.

The party has already spilled outside, with drunken TEENAGERS gallivanting across the yard.

They pass car after car, but no sign of the Malibu.

LENA

Does anyone see the car?

IZZY

No, but I see someone who would know where it is.

She points to the front door. They see Brad hooting and hollering with the rest of the FOOTBALL TEAM before disappearing inside.

LENA

Okay. Here's the plan. We find Brad, force him to take us to his car, and leave with the tape before the inevitable massacre.

The three of them hurry up to the house, but then Shawn stops moving. When Lena notices -

LENA

What are you doing?

SHAWN

I just realized...  
This is the first party I've ever been to.

Neither Lena or Izzy know what to do with that.

LENA

Let's go.

After a moment, he joins them, all the while unaware that -  
FROM THE WOODS - *they're being watched.*

**INT. JOANNE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The house is PACKED with TEENS in various stages of inebriation.

Shawn, Lena, and Izzy navigate a sea of JOCKS, NERDS, PREPS, FREAKS - the entire Breakfast Club - all engaged in Reagan-era debauchery.

LENA

Jesus, we really are in an 80s movie.

SHAWN

Yeah, I've been hearing a lot of "hard effs" being tossed around...

It's a struggle just to move.

IZZY

You guys are the experts - are there any "horror movie rules" I should be aware of?

SHAWN

Definitely don't have sex with anyone here.

Izzy passes a throng of HORNDOGS ogling a Hustler magazine.

IZZY

Not going to be an issue.

Suddenly a SPAZ shoves a CAMCORDER in Lena's face.

LENA

Hey!

SPAZ

I'm making a documentary on the hottest babes in school and journalistic integrity means I gotta get an interview with you.

She SMACKS it away.

LENA

Get out of my face.

SPAZ

Whoa, whoa - watch the merchandise. This is a brand new, top of the line Panasonic camcorder.

They push past him and scan the chaotic living room, they hear OUTSIDE -

THE CROWD (O.S.)

JO-ANNE! JO-ANNE! JO-ANNE!

**INT. JOANNE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT**

The Three of them manage to push and shove their way to the POOL.

A CROWD has formed to watch JOANNE (17) stretching on the DIVING BOARD.

Joanne runs, jumps, and does a perfect DIVE into the water. The Crowd goes wild with cheers and applause.

Shawn can't help but clap, too. The GUY next to him even gives him a high-five.

IZZY

There he is!

They see Brad chugging beer by the side of the pool. They fight their way over as Joanne is climbing up the ladder.

She shoves her hand in their face. None of them know why.

JOANNE

...Towel?

IZZY

Uh...

She rolls her eyes and pushes them aside, taking a TOWEL from a Freshman DISCIPLE all too eager to serve the Queen Bee.

DISCIPLE

Thank you, Joanne. You're so perfect--

But Joanne has already moved on, drying off as she moves through her party, her guests parting out of her way like the Red Sea.

Lena struggles to keep her eyes on Brad when suddenly, Izzy grabs her wrist.

LENA

What--

IZZY

That's Joanne Merchant.

When Shawn realizes what she means -

SHAWN

*Oh shit.* You're right.

IZZY

She went missing in 89. My Mom had her as a student. I can't believe it. *She's here.*

But Lena is focused on the mission.

LENA  
But where's Brad?

She's lost him.

Meanwhile, Joanne takes someone's drink - glugs it - then throws the crushed cup back at them before cupping her hands and yelling to everyone outside -

JOANNE  
Everyone - the band is starting. I want to see all those sexy bodies moving on the dance floor!

There's a roar of cheers followed by a mass exodus from the backyard into the living room.

LENA  
Goddamn it.

They join the mass migration inside. Meanwhile, in -

### **THE WOODS**

Spaz is hiding in the WOODS behind the house filming the BIKINI GIRLS still in the pool.

He chuckles to himself as he ZOOMS in.

SPAZ  
Russ Meyer, eat your heart out.

*THUNK*

He looks down to see a SICKLE jutting from his STERNUM.

SPAZ  
*Ow...*

The CAMCORDER slips from his grip and falls into the dirt as he's slowly raised high into the air...

Then dropped to the ground with a wet thud. Blood splashes across the lens.

### **INT. JOANNE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

THE BAND is wailing on their synths and keytars for a room absolutely packed with kids dancing to the music.

Shawn, Lena, and Izzy have to fight their way into the middle of the DANCE FLOOR.

They get pushed and shoved from all sides, and there's no sign of -

LENA  
(shouting)  
Brad?!

But her voice can't compete with the band.

LENA  
Okay. Screw it. Let's just find the car and break the window.

SHAWN  
But we just got here.

Both turn to Shawn - *what?*

SHAWN  
I know, I know, but...

He gazes at the party that looks just like the ones in the movies he's watched all his life.

SHAWN  
Isn't this amazing? It's the 80s.  
We're at a party. *We're in a movie.*

LENA  
*A slasher movie. We could be decapitated.*

SHAWN  
Better than getting shot by an AR-15 in math class. Look at this place - no one has their phones and there's still time to do something about climate change.  
It's awesome!

Lena opens her mouth to respond when - over the sound of the music - they hear a SCREAM.

Not everyone heard it - some are still dancing while others look around, silently asking each other if they heard it too.

Then there's another. One by one, the members of the band stop playing. For a moment, all that can be heard is a confused murmur. Then -

DANCER

The pool...

People look into the backyard and see that the once brilliant aquamarine pool is now a deep, dark RED.

SHAWN

Okay. We can leave now.

A PREP is thrown against the big GLASS DOORS. BLOOD SPRAYS from out his throat and all across the glass.

There are screams and wails but people are too shocked by the sight to move.

But his body falls and his blood drips down the glass and they see - standing behind him - The Killer.

All Hell breaks loose.

Shawn, Lena, and Izzy are TRAPPED by bodies and can only watch helplessly as two WRESTLERS try to hold the door closed.

But The Killer SWINGS his sickle - BREAKING the glass and CHOPPING their arms off.

It's pandemonium as a STAMPEDE moves away from the door. Partiers are pushed and shoved and crushed and trampled.

The Killer moves through the room like a lawn mower - slicing and dicing everything in his path, which just makes people more desperate to get away, which makes them push harder, which means more people slip on the slick floor.

Shawn, Lena, and Izzy are swept up in the wave, with no control of where they're going. They start to separate.

IZZY

Lena!

SHAWN

Lena!

Lena sees Izzy pulled to the LEFT and Shawn shoved to the RIGHT, both of them reaching out their arms for her.

But The Killer is closer to Izzy, and he's only getting closer. *So she has to make a choice.*

Shawn watches as Lena TAKES IZZY'S HAND and pulls her back towards herself as he drifts further away until they're at opposite ends of the room.

He sees Lena and Izzy disappear into the KITCHEN while he is pulled into -

### **THE LIBRARY**

As soon as he steps foot inside, he trips on a SEVERED LEG and falls to his knees atop the rug.

He tries to stand but he's kicked and pushed and stepped on by fleeing teens.

Finally, the last one runs by and he can scramble back onto his feet. He turns just in time to see -

*The Killer marching towards him, sickle held high.*

Thinking fast, Shawn grabs hold of a BOOK SHELF and pulls it down. It TOPPLES into the wall, BLOCKING the door.

The Killer watches Shawn run away. *Temporary setback.*

### **INT. JOANNE'S KITCHEN**

Gripping each other's hands tight, Lena and Izzy are pulled along the raging river of bodies.

LENA

We need to find Shawn!

With her free hand, Izzy grabs hold of the ISLAND and the two brace themselves against the onslaught.

When everyone else has passed through, they both takes KNIVES from the RACK.

### **INT. JOANNE'S DINING ROOM**

Shawn runs past the long, oak dining table, checking over his shoulder as he runs into -

### **THE FOYER**

He sprints for the FRONT DOOR but there is a GRIDLOCK of teens all trying to escape at the same time.

With no choice but to join the congestion, he runs up -

*Just as The Killer arrives from the other side.*

Shawn stops short and falls backwards as The Killer makes gruesome work of the poor souls bottlenecked at the door.

He jumps to his feet and changes trajectory, running instead up the STAIRCASE.

As The Killer pulls his blade from the last body, he looks up and catches sight of Shawn fleeing just as he makes it to -

#### **THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Shawn runs across the hall, looking from room to room for a place to hide, when his eyes catch a DRAWSTRING swaying back and forth above his head.

He jumps and grabs it, pulling down a LADDER and as fast as he can, he climbs up into -

#### **THE ATTIC**

He pulls up the ladder and shuts the door, then slowly backs away, trying to remain as quiet as possible.

But as soon as he allows himself to exhale, a HAND wraps around his mouth.

JOANNE (O.S.)

*Shhhh.*

He turns to see Joanne hiding in the shadows.

JOANNE

*You shouldn't be here.*

She leans in close and whispers in his ear.

JOANNE

*This is where I die.*

A chill runs down his spine.

#### **EXT. JOANNE'S HOUSE**

Teens run for their lives across the yard, racing to their cars.

Brad manages to push himself through the front door and run for his Malibu, scrambling to get the KEYS from his pocket.

**THE MALIBU**

Brad jumps behind the wheel and starts the engine. But after he throws it into REVERSE -

He FREEZES. And he doesn't know why. He trembles.

BRAD

*Fuck...*

He grits his teeth. Sweat drips down his brow.

BRAD

*Please...I don't want to...*

But he can't help it.

As if compelled by something outside of himself, he puts the car in DRIVE and speeds up the DRIVEWAY back to the house.

**INT. THE DINING ROOM**

Lena peers around the corner of the LIBRARY looking like Laurie Strode with her knife at the ready.

Izzy looks, too, but they see neither Shawn nor The Killer.

They creep along the wall, checking under the table before getting to -

**THE FOYER**

They freeze when they see the pile of DEAD BODIES. Lena holds her breath as they cautiously approach the mound.

She scans the faces for a sign of Shawn. Thankfully, there isn't one. Izzy looks out the open door.

IZZY

Maybe he got out.

But then Lena sees the massive bloody BOOT PRINTS going up the stairs, and instinct tells her that's not true.

**INT. THE ATTIC**

Shawn sets his jaw.

SHAWN

*...What do you mean "where you die?"*

JOANNE

*This is where the killer stabs his sickle through my skull. Just like he always does. Over and over. That's my role.*

SHAWN

*No. It doesn't have to be like that. This isn't real. We can take you back with us to the real world.*

After a moment - Joanne grins.

JOANNE

*Why would I want that?*

SHAWN

*Uh...*

JOANNE

*You know the only thing I remember about the "real world?"  
(beat)  
How lonely I was.*

That hits close to home.

JOANNE

*But here? I'm the most popular girl in school. I'll always be seventeen, I'll always have friends, and I'll always host the greatest party of all time.  
(beat)  
No matter how many times I die, I always wake up happy.*

Shawn freezes as he hears heavy FOOTSTEPS stalking across the hallway beneath them.

When they're right below their feet - they stop. Silence.

JOANNE

*Don't fight it. It's really not so bad.*

On cue - the sickle BURSTS through the bottom of her foot.

Shawn backs away as Joanne FALLS to the floor. The sickle retracts from her foot and ERUPTS out her back.

JOANNE

*See you at school tomorrow.*

The blade finally EXPLODES through her head, and he sees her lips curl into a smile before her eyes roll back.

Shawn holds his hands over his mouth and listens to the sound of footsteps moving across the hall.

Then he sees it - across the room - a WINDOW.

The attic door SWINGS open and the ladder falls.

Shawn makes a run for it.

As he passes the door, The Killer's arm shoots up from the hole and GRABS his ankle.

He hits the ground hard. He looks back at The Killer halfway up the ladder. He tries to kick his leg free but it's no use.

He's doomed. So he takes a deep breath and prepares for death. *The first of many.*

But as The Killer raises his sickle and starts to pull Shawn backwards -

#### **THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Lena STABS him in the back.

The Killer looks down at this unexpected development. Lena's just as surprised as he is, but she doesn't waste the opportunity.

She STABS him again. *Then again and again and again.*

So does Izzy. She goes fucking *apeshit* on his legs as they're showered in his BLACK BLOOD.

He SLIPS.

#### **THE ATTIC**

Shawn feels The Killer's grip loosen. He looks back just in time to see him disappear beneath the hole.

He picks himself up and runs to the window.

**THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

The Killer hangs UPSIDE DOWN, his leg stuck through the rung of the ladder, his SICKLE on the floor.

The girls look to each other, neither knowing what to do.

So they just start stabbing him, plunging their knives in and out of his torso.

His arms flail, trying to grab one of the girls but it's no use. After taking more stabs than Caesar -

*The Killer goes limp.* The girls stand back.

IZZY

Is he dead?

LENA

They never are.

Izzy notes his sickle by their feet. She holds her breath, then picks it up.

IZZY

Well in that case...

LENA

No--

Too late. Izzy CHOPS The Killer's head OFF. Oily black blood spurts from the hole in his neck.

LENA

...Well damn.

**THE ATTIC**

Shawn looks out the open window. After a moment's hesitation -  
He JUMPS.

**THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY**

Lena sees Shawn PLUMMET past the WINDOW at the end of the hall.

LENA

Shawn!

**EXT. JOANNE'S BACK YARD - NIGHT**

Shawn sails through the air and plunges into the blood-red POOL.

He sinks to the bottom where he sees a FOOTBALL PLAYER'S waterlogged CORPSE staring back at him with dead, soulless eyes.

He kicks himself up off the bottom of the pool, but just as he's about to reach the surface - he STOPS.

Panic flashes across his face. He looks down to see The Football Player holding onto his leg.

BLACK BLOOD oozes from his nose, swirling in the water around him.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

*Where you going, man?*

Shawn kicks his leg.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

*Don't fight it. Join us. It's better in here. The water's fine.*

Shawn's lungs burn and scream for air.

He sees a deep GASH in his forearm. So he reaches down, shoves his fingers into the flesh, and PULLS.

The arm SEPARATES and Shawn swims back to the surface.

As he splashes and gasps for air, Lena and Izzy race through the shattered back door.

LENA

Oh thank God.

Shawn hurriedly swims to the ladder where Lena tries to help him climb out.

LENA

We bought some time. Izzy killed him. Maybe. You know how these things go--

But he swats her arm away.

SHAWN

Fuck off.

Lena and Izzy watch confused as Shawn storms away, the arm still gripping his ankle.

LENA  
Where are you going?

SHAWN  
Away from you.

Lena and Izzy look to each other. Neither knows what's going on, but they follow him anyway.

LENA  
Shawn. This is insane. We have to stick together--

She grabs his arm but he wrenches it away and whips around.

SHAWN  
You chose her.

Izzy stops in her tracks.

LENA  
What are you talking about?

SHAWN  
He could have killed me. I'm your brother. You might never have seen me again but you chose her anyway.

LENA  
It wasn't like that--

SHAWN  
*You left me behind.*

That hits her like a freight train.

LENA  
*Shawn...*

But he's already turned around and rushing away, kicking Savini's arm off as he goes.

LENA  
Shawn, stop.

She chases him into THE WOODS.

Izzy starts to follow but then STOPS when something catches her leg.

She looks back at an INTESTINE jutting from a DEAD NERD's eviscerated gut and wrapping around her ankle.

IZZY

*Gah.*

She tries to pull away but it coils higher and tighter.

### **THE WOODS**

Shawn navigates through the trees when he hears -

LENA (O.S.)

Shawn! Where the fuck are you?

He hides behind a tree and peers around to see Lena looking for him.

He quietly darts the other direction, putting distance between them when he TRIPS.

He looks back at Spaz's TORSO and next to that - the CAMCORDER. He picks it up as an idea percolates.

### **ELSEWHERE IN THE WOODS**

Lena desperately searches for Shawn but he's nowhere to be found. She tries calling again.

LENA

Shawn!

She listens for his response. She doesn't hear it. But she hears something else instead. A familiar sounding ENGINE.

When she places it -

LENA

Brad!

### **THE BACK YARD**

Meanwhile, Izzy is still trying to escape the clutches of the Nerd's large intestine.

She tries to kick away with her free leg, but then his SMALL INTESTINE bursts out and grabs the other.

It PULLS her back towards the body.

IZZY  
I fucking hate horror movies!

### THE FRONT YARD

Lena emerges from the woods into the front yard where she sees - idling in the driveway - THE MALIBU.

She runs to the car and swings open the door and she looks inside and YES - there it is. The VCR.

She reaches in and grabs it. But as she holds it triumphantly above her head -

The sleeve of a LETTERMEN JACKET wraps around her face.

Her eyes go wide as BRAD pulls her backwards and she DROPS the VCR onto the asphalt. It SMASHES into pieces.

BRAD  
I'm sorry.

She struggles as he drags her to the TRUNK. He pops it open and she manages to wrestle his arm away from her mouth long enough to SCREAM.

### THE WOODS

Shawn heard it.

SHAWN  
Lena?

### THE BACK YARD

Izzy heard it to.

IZZY  
Lena!

That's it - enough fucking around. She grabs hold of the small intestine and RIPS it off of her.

She tries the same with the large intestine but it's too strong. So she pulls it to her mouth and BITES it off.

She gags as she jumps to her feet and runs to -

**THE FRONT YARD**

She arrives just in time to see Brad lock the crumpled TRUNK of his car as Lena yells and bangs from inside.

IZZY

Hey!

He looks up at Izzy racing toward him. He jumps in the driver's seat, starts the engine, and SPEEDS AWAY.

IZZY

No!!

She's forced to watch helplessly as it disappears over the road's horizon.

IZZY

Oh God oh God what do I do what do I do?

She paces in a panic when her foot crunches a piece of plastic. She looks down at the remains of the VCR and -

The TAPE.

She picks it up. Has no idea what to do with it now.

But then she sees RED and BLUE lights flashing across the trees. She turns to see a POLICE CAR driving towards her.

IZZY

Oh thank God.

She races towards it as the window rolls down and two OFFICERS - TOMMY and JARVIS - look out at her.

OFFICER TOMMY

What's going on out there, miss?

**INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The Killer's headless body hangs limp from the ladder. His head lies on the floor.

It twitches. Just once. Then again. And again.

Until suddenly it starts spasming. His body, too. They convulse violently until both the body and the head -

DISSOLVE into pools of BLACK BLOOD that melt into the floor.

**INT. THE TRUNK - NIGHT**

In the DARK, Lena kicks at the trunk's door until her ankle twists.

LENA

Fuck!

She grabs her ankle and winces. Realizing what she's doing isn't working, she changes tactics.

She twists around and tries to speak through the crack in the seats.

LENA

Brad. I don't know what you're doing or why but you need to let me out.

**INT. THE CHEVY MALIBU**

Brad drives, staring ahead with pained eyes.

LENA (O.S.)

I know who you are. You're Bradley Clarke from Holdenfield, Pennsylvania. You went missing in 1987. People looked for you. People miss you.

(beat)

Whatever you're doing, you can make the choice to stop.

BRAD

No. I can't.

He turns on the RADIO and blasts generic Van Halen to hide her pleas.

He wipes BLACK BLOOD from his nostrils.

**INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT**

Izzy is in the back of the cop car frantically looking out the windows as Jarvis drives and Tommy shines a LIGHT at the surrounding woods.

OFFICER JARVIS

Now what did you say he was driving?

IZZY

I don't know anything about cars.  
It's red and it was in an accident.  
There's no bumper. Isn't that  
enough?

Jarvis gets on the radio.

OFFICER JARVIS

We got a 207, suspect is driving a  
red car, missing a bumper, the  
victim is in the trunk.

Izzy looks down at the VHS held tightly in her hand.

OFFICER JARVIS

So this...*psycho killer*? He's dead,  
you say?

IZZY

His head is on the floor, but from  
what I understand that doesn't  
necessarily mean he's dead because  
these movies are fucking stupid.

She realizes they're slowing down. She looks around - they're  
in the middle of the road.

IZZY

What are we doing?

Jarvis turns off the engine. Both officers look straight  
ahead.

OFFICER TOMMY

You're not from around here, are  
you?

Izzy sinks into her seat. *Fuck.*

OFFICER JARVIS

We locals, well...we got a way of  
doing things.

OFFICER TOMMY

A culture of tradition.

She tries the door but of course it's locked.

OFFICER JARVIS

And out-of-towners? It's been our  
experience that they don't show  
much deference to the done thing.

OFFICER TOMMY  
Fortunately, when things go off the  
beaten path...

Officer Tommy twists around in his seat.

BLACK BLOOD oozes from out his eyes and nose and cascades  
down his grinning lips.

OFFICER TOMMY  
We got a way of course correcting.

Izzy pushes back as far into her seat as she can.

Officer Tommy convulses in his seat, his rictus grin  
contorting into an expression of torture. He howls in pain.

Next to him, Jarvis can't stop LAUGHING.

OFFICER JARVIS  
Here he comes...

Izzy can do nothing but watch helplessly as Officer Tommy  
grabs at his face and hair and disappears beneath the seat...

Only to return as THE KILLER.

Jarvis looks back at her.

OFFICER JARVIS  
He's mad, now.

The Killer looks from Izzy to Jarvis. *First thing's first.*

The Killer grabs hold of Officer Jarvis's head and SMASHES it  
through the car window.

Izzy watches as The Killer opens the passenger door and  
lumbers past the windshield.

He pulls Jarvis' body through the shattered glass and onto  
the road, then lifts his boot and STOMPS, splattering blood  
across her window.

*Now it's her turn.*

Izzy scrambles to the other side as The Killer comes up to  
her door, but there's nowhere to go and nowhere to hide.

The Killer RIPS the door off the hinges and looks inside.

With nothing to lose, she flips him off.

IZZY  
Fuck you, assface.

He reaches inside when -

*BLAM*                      *BLAM*                      *BLAM*

Three BULLETS burst through The Killer's head and chest.

His body collapses onto the seat, revealing SHAWN behind him, CAMCORDER in one hand, Jarvis' GUN in the other.

They share a brief *holy shit did that just happen* look, then -

IZZY  
Get in.

Shawn nods and jumps in the driver's seat. His hands still shaking, he starts the engine. But then -

SHAWN  
...I don't know how to drive.

*God damn it.* Izzy looks through the partition.

IZZY  
See the handle? Move it from P to D.

He tries.

SHAWN  
I can't.

IZZY  
Foot on the brake.

Okay, that works.

SHAWN  
Now what?

She's about to respond when The Killer lifts his head.

IZZY  
Shit!

SHAWN  
Huh?

He looks back to see Izzy KICKING The Killer in the head.

SHAWN

*Oh.*

IZZY

Hit the gas!

He steps on the pedal and the car zooms forward.

Lena kicks at The Killer again and again as his legs drag across the road until he finally FALLS out of the car.

She looks back to see The Killer's body rolling across the asphalt, but takes little comfort in this.

*It's only a matter of time before they see him again.*

**EXT. THE ROAD**

The Killer rolls down the street until he finally comes to a stop.

He picks himself up, cracks his neck, and walks into the WOODS.

**INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT**

When Izzy catches her breath -

IZZY

I have the tape.

SHAWN

What?

She shows him the VHS.

IZZY

What do we do? Break it? Shoot it with the gun?

Shawn considers this. Shakes his head.

SHAWN

No. Not without Lena.

(beat)

Where is she?

IZZY

Brad took her. She's in the trunk of his car.

*Shit*

IZZY

The video - it's treating us like a virus. Seems like everything's trying to kill us now that we're changing the story.

SHAWN

And we have no idea where they went?

IZZY

No.

She sees his lip tremble in the rearview. He swallows the lump in his throat.

SHAWN

This is all my fault.

He can't fight any longer. He beats his fist against the wheel.

SHAWN

This is all my stupid fucking fault!

IZZY

We'll find her.

SHAWN

How? They could be anywhere! She could be dead by now!

He's right. They have no way of knowing. Except...

Izzy looks at the tape in her hand. Her eyes go wide.

IZZY

*Spaceballs!*

SHAWN

...Excuse me?

IZZY

*Spaceballs?*

Nothing.

IZZY

Dark Helmet? Pizza the Hut?

SHAWN

I don't know what those words mean.

She rolls her eyes.

IZZY

This is why you should expand your horizons.

(beat)

We need to get to a TV.

**EXT. TOWN - NIGHT**

The cop car drives through TOWN as Izzy looks out the window.

IZZY

There!

Shawn pulls over and the two of them get out of the car.

Tape in hand, they rush across the sidewalk to a DEPARTMENT STORE.

**INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT**

Shawn and Izzy march through the store, passing the various departments - KITCHEN, YARD, PETS, BATHROOM.

SHAWN

*Electronics, electronics,  
electronics...*

While Shawn looks for the electronics section, Izzy is keenly aware of the stares their getting from the other customers.

IZZY

Keep in mind everyone in here could potentially try to murder us.

They pass HOME REPAIR and she grabs a CLAW HAMMER off a shelf just in case.

SHAWN

I don't care. All that matters is that we find Lena.

IZZY

You really love her.

SHAWN

She's my sister.

IZZY

I have a brother. Trust me - we're not that close.

He considers this.

SHAWN

I never had a lot of friends...any friends. Everyone always thought the stuff I liked was weird and I was a creep. I was alone, and other kids can sense loneliness like sharks to chum.

But Lena protected me. Took an interest in my life. I mean, I don't know if she even likes horror movies all that much, but she at least pretended for my sake.

(beat)

But not anymore. She's outgrown me.

IZZY

That's not true.

SHAWN

It is. And I don't blame her.

(beat)

We're here.

They arrive at the -

### **ELECTRONICS DEPARTMENT**

They run to a a display of TELEVISION SETS all playing the same WORKOUT VIDEO.

SHAWN

Do you really think this will work?

IZZY

It did in--

SHAWN

*Spaceballs* - got it.

Shawn locates the VCR that's the source of the video. He hits EJECT. All the screens turn BLUE.

Shawn throws away the workout tape and inserts *How They Bleed* into the deck.

After a moment, every TV is suddenly filled with Lena's wailing FACE the sound of her scream multiplied by every set.

IZZY  
That's her!

SHAWN  
She's alive...

They watch as she kicks and screams in the TRUNK.

SHAWN  
But where is she?

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)  
What the heck, kid?

Shawn keeps his eyes on the screens while Izzy turns to the pimple-faced EMPLOYEE marching their way.

EMPLOYEE  
You can't do that.

He reaches to hit eject but Izzy blocks his way.

IZZY  
We'll just be a second.

Shawn watches as the shot CHANGES.

Brad is behind the wheel, driving through a thick FOG when POP - something bursts under the car's hood.

The engine sputters and smoke billows out from the sides. The car comes to a stop as the engine dies.

The shot changes again, revealing that they're outside a GRAVE YARD.

SHAWN  
They're at a cemetery!

Izzy looks up at the screens.

IZZY  
Yes!

EMPLOYEE (O.S.)  
I said...

She looks back at the Employee. Black blood spills from his mouth onto his uniform.

EMPLOYEE

You can't do that...

He GRABS her by the THROAT and SHOVES her into the display.

Shawn looks up to see her being throttled. He hits EJECT.

Izzy's eyes bulge, but after a second - she remembers the HAMMER.

She winds up and PLUNGES the CLAW into the top of his skull. She then rips it back out and he collapses.

Shawn grabs the tape.

SHAWN

Run!

They run through -

### **THE STORE**

They pump their legs as they race for the exit. They see CUSTOMERS turn their heads and start walking towards them.

IZZY

Shawn...

Suddenly, a MOM abandons her SHOPPING CART and LUNGES for them.

Izzy SMACKS her in the face with the hammer, dropping her immediately.

Shawn grabs the shopping cart and together they careen down the aisle with it.

Various PEOPLE try to stop them but they MOW THEM DOWN.

Finally, they reach the exit. They leave the cart and run outside.

### **INT. THE MALIBU - NIGHT**

Brad sits behind the wheel of the unmoving car looking out at the GRAVE YARD shrouded in FOG.

As if on autopilot, he gets a FLASHLIGHT from out of the glove box. Then, with a resigned sigh, he gets out of the car.

**INT. THE TRUNK**

Lena realizes they're not moving.

LENA

...Brad?

**EXT. THE OLD ROAD**

Brad wipes the geyser of black blood pouring from his nose onto his sleeve.

BRAD

I'm sorry.

He turns on the flashlight and shines it across the fog.

BRAD

I don't want to hurt you, but I can't help it. The tape won't let me...

LENA (O.S.)

*Brad, stop it.*

He walks to the back of the car.

BRAD

It's not so bad. The more you die, the more you forget what came before. You give up. Play your role. Follow the script.

He stops outside the trunk.

BRAD

This is where it always ends for me.

**INT. THE TRUNK**

Lena hears the KEYS in the lock, then the trunk OPENS.

She looks up at Brad standing above her, blood running down his chin.

BRAD

*And where it begins for you.*

Her eyes go wide as she sees a behemoth of SILHOUETTE behind him in the fog.

LENA  
Behind you!

She climbs out of the car onto -

### THE OLD ROAD

But her legs give out from under her. As she scrambles back to her feet, Brad grabs her wrist.

BRAD  
No. Don't run.

LENA  
Get the fuck off me!

BRAD  
It will be better this way. Maybe now we'll die together. Forever.

She sees THE KILLER emerge from the fog.

LENA  
Let go of me you stupid fucking jock asshole!

Then she sees - in the trunk - the CAMCORDER. She grips the handle and WHACKS it across his face.

Brad stumbles backwards, letting Lena go, and she takes off into the fog.

Just as Brad recovers, the SICKLE bursts through his gut and The Killer HURLS him through the air.

The Killer wipes the blood off on his pant leg and sees Lena run through the IRON GATES into -

### THE GRAVEYARD

Breathing hard, Lena limps on her twisted ankle across the moist dirt of the CEMETERY, past crucifixes and tombs.

She hides behind an OBELISK, pressing her back against the stone and catching her breath.

She peers around the corner but can't see through the fog.

**INT. THE POLICE CAR**

Shawn pulls up next to the Malibu.

SHAWN  
They're here!

They rush out of the car.

**INT. THE GRAVEYARD**

Lena is about to dart away again when she hears -

IZZY (O.S.)  
Lena!

She gasps and looks back - is about to call out when -

She sees The Killer's hulking frame illuminated by the HEADLIGHTS. He's coming right towards her.

She can't help it - a SCREAM escapes her lips.

**EXT. THE OLD ROAD**

Izzy hears Lena's scream from within the cemetery. She doesn't hesitate - she runs in after her.

Shawn checks the chamber of his gun - THREE BULLETS.

He follows Izzy inside.

**EXT. THE GRAVEYARD**

Lena limps through the cemetery, desperately searching all around for Shawn and Izzy when -

She TRIPS over a GRAVE MARKER and hits the ground hard.

But she's lucky, because she was INCHES away from falling into an OPEN GRAVE. She breathes a quick sigh of relief.

Then she sees - next to the grave - a mound of DIRT covered by a TARP. And next to that - a SHOVEL.

She gets up and grabs it.

**ELSEWHERE**

Izzy runs past a GNARLED TREE when she hears FOOTSTEPS.

She whips around, her eyes darting in all directions as she backs up into -

Shawn, doing the same thing. They knock into each other, SHRIEK, and spin around.

The gun FIRES and FLIES out of Shawn's hand. Once he's recovered from the shock -

SHAWN

*The gun...*

Shawn crouches down, searching the dirt under the fog for the revolver. But just as he finds it -

The Killer's BOOT presses it into the mud. Shawn looks up -

As the sickle SWINGS past his throat.

He falls backwards, scrambling away as The Killer lumbers towards him ready to strike again when -

Lena SMACKS the SHOVEL into The Killer's face.

While he's stunned, she STABS him in the chest with the shovel's blade and pushes him backward into the tree trunk.

But he recovers. He RIPS the shovel from her hands and throws it away.

Lena dodges his sickle and runs back to Shawn and Izzy.

SHAWN

You saved me.

LENA

Of course. You're my brother.

She grabs Shawn's hand and PULLS him to his feet.

LENA

Now come on!

The three of them run through the fog until they hit the gate's IRON BARS - a *dead end*.

LENA

Oh no...

She looks all around.

SHAWN

What?

LENA

I think we went the wrong way...

Then Izzy screams as The Killer lurches from the mist and marches right towards them.

Their backs against the gate, Lena takes Shawn and Izzy's hands, squeezes them tight, preparing for death.

But then The Killer takes a STEP

Onto the dirt-covered TARP

And falls into the OPEN GRAVE

Izzy and Shawn open their eyes to see Lena rush to the STATUE of the VIRGIN MARY looming over the hole.

LENA

Help me!

They see Lena shove against the statue and realize this was all part of her plan. So they run to join her.

As The Killer reaches up and finds purchase on the edge of grave, The Three push the statue with all their collective might.

And just as The Killer starts to pull himself out -

The statue TOPPLES over and CRUSHES him.

The three look down at The Killer at the bottom of the grave, struggling under the weight of the concrete, unable to escape.

SHAWN

You could have told us you had a plan before I pissed myself.

Izzy turns to Lena.

IZZY

You're alive.

LENA

I am--

Izzy grabs her face and KISSES her hard.

SHAWN

Whoa! What the fuck is this...

But as the two suck face, The Killer stops struggling. Shawn notices. He looks down into the grave as The Killer goes limp.

SHAWN

*Hey...*

He watches as The Killer's body pulsates and then DISSOLVES. Shawn tugs at Lena's sleeve until she tears herself away.

LENA

What?

But then she sees The Killer's blood seep into the soil.

LENA

Shit.

IZZY

It's not going to stop, is it?

LENA

Not until we figure out how to get home.

But Izzy remembers -

IZZY

We have the tape!

### **EXT. THE OLD ROAD**

The three of them haul ass out the gates and back to the cop car.

Shawn swings open the door and emerges with the VHS.

LENA

Yes!

IZZY

Now what?

Shawn considers his answer, but before he speaks, he sees something in the distance.

LENA

We need to be smart about this. We only have one shot.

As Shawn thinks, he hears the CAW of a crow in the distance.

He squints, looking through the fog at a GLOWING LIGHT - a SIGN.

IZZY

Do we rewind it to the beginning?  
Smash it into a hundred pieces.

SHAWN

No...

Shawn walks to the glowing light like a moth to flame.

SHAWN

We return it.

They watch him vanish into the fog.

Izzy looks to Lena and shrugs. She follows him.

Lena starts to, but something catches her eye. She reaches into the car and grabs the CAMCORDER.

She bites her lip as a thought occurs to her. She takes it with her as she follows them.

#### **EXT. THE STRIP MALL - NIGHT**

The SIGN glows brightly in the foggy night as it looms over the packed PARKING LOT.

Shawn walks past the CARS and the STORES straight to the last one on the left.

#### VIDEO CASTLE

#### **INT. VIDEO CASTLE - NIGHT**

Shawn enters the video store, and just like he was told, it is indeed popping off on a Friday night.

PATRONS of all ages, shapes, and sizes peruse the shelves looking for the night's entertainment.

CHILDREN run through the ANIMATION aisle while OLDER COUPLES wander through FOREIGN. DADS are in ACTION, MOMS are in DRAMA, TEENS are in COMEDY and HORROR alike.

Then he sees it - THE BACK OFFICE.

He pushes past customers on his way to the DOOR. He checks to make sure the coast is clear...

Then goes inside -

**THE BACK OFFICE**

Shawn flips the light switch, illuminating the room with flickering florescent light.

His eyes find what he's looking for - THE DOOR in the FLOOR.

He rushes towards it and crouches down and opens it...

SHAWN

*What the...*

He's peering into a dark, seemingly BOTTOMLESS PIT

BARBARA (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Shawn jumps out of his skin. He looks to see, standing in the doorway -

BARBARA. She looks...*exactly the same*. Ghost white hair and a face like a Renaissance painting. Even the same age as when he first met her.

BARBARA

You appear to be lost. This is my office. Off limits to customers.

Shawn searches her face. Isn't sure how to play this.

SHAWN

Sorry, I was just...I needed to...

BARBARA

What's the matter, Shawn? You're not enjoying the movie?

His blood goes cold.

**INT. VIDEO CASTLE**

Lena and Izzy enter the store.

LENA

Where's Shawn?

**INT. THE BACK OFFICE**

Barbara strolls closer.

BARBARA

What about your sister? Was she impressed by the flick? Was she *spooked*?

He backs away.

SHAWN

Who are you?

BARBARA

I'm someone just like you, Shawn. A connoisseur of the way things were. A preservationist.

Shawn backs into the wall as Barbara kneels to the floor.

BARBARA

Admittedly I've been forced to evolve methods over the years.

She reaches inside the hole and returns with an OLD BOOK.

BARBARA

For centuries, fairy tales were my purview.

She opens the book and flips through its pages, revealing to Shawn ILLUSTRATIONS of CHILDREN in peril - cooked by witches, ravaged by wolves, crushed by giants.

One of the CHILDREN turns to Shawn and opens her mouth to scream, but Barbara slams the book shut.

BARBARA

But of course I had to adapt. Change with the times. Convert my gingerbread house into a humble video store.

She stands.

BARBARA

For years I collected the souls of the wayward youth who stumbled inside, but little by little they stopped coming. Video stores became a relic. All anyone wanted was...

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
 (shudders)  
*Streaming.*

She grins.

BARBARA  
 But not you, Shawn. In you I found  
 a special someone who appreciated  
 the past as much as I do. Someone  
 who longed for a return to a time  
 when things were better.

She caresses his face.

**INT. VIDEO CASTLE**

Lena and Izzy navigate the aisles searching for Shawn.

All the while, their fellow customers are keeping a watchful  
 eye on their every move...

**INT. THE BACK OFFICE**

Barbara takes a step forward. Shawn takes a step back.

BARBARA  
 This is my gift to you, a fellow  
 nostalgic. To be forever  
 immortalized on video tape.  
 (beat)  
 I've been watching you, Shawn. It's  
 been a wonderful show. And I see  
 there's nothing you want more than  
 for your sister - the one and only  
 companion you've ever known - to  
 return to your side in comfortable  
 familiarity.

She takes another step. This time, he stays put.

BARBARA  
 Out there? In the world to which  
 you wish to return? She'll outgrow  
 you. Forget you. Leave you behind.  
 But here? In the movie? You'll  
 always have her. You'll never know  
 loneliness again. *I promise.*

*...He's listening.*

BARBARA

I'll make Izzy a nerd. A dork. A freak. So low in the social hierarchy that Lena won't even register her existence. She'll never get between the two of you again.

*It's tempting.*

BARBARA

And yes - you'll be murdered. A lot. But that's small price to pay for never really dying, wouldn't you say?

She takes one last step so that she's looming over him.

BARBARA

I'll make sure it's quick and...*relatively painless.*

She reaches past Shawn and takes from her desk a razor-sharp LETTER OPENER.

BARBARA

Nothing will ever change, Shawn.

She holds it to his jugular. He gulps.

BARBARA

Now hold still.

Shawn looks past her shoulder.

SHAWN

Yeah. Do it.

But before she can plunge the blade into his throat, a TAPE flies through the air and SMACKS her in the back of the head.

Barbara spins around to see Lena and Izzy standing in the doorway.

SHAWN

Run!

Shawn shoves past her and the three sprint back into -

## **VIDEO CASTLE**

The run for the exit, but before they can escape -

A line of PATRONS blocks him from leaving. They stop in their tracks.

SHAWN

Um...excuse us--

BLACK BLOOD oozes from all their eyes and noses.

IZZY

Does it ever fucking end...

Barbara emerges from her office holding the VHS.

BARBARA

Shawn?

They look back.

BARBARA

You had your chance.

(beat)

Now your deaths will be brutal,  
extended, and excruciating.

And with that, every person in the store oozes black from their orifices and lumbers towards them like ZOMBIES.

Everywhere they turn - Zombies. They're forced to move to the one aisle that isn't occupied - HORROR.

SHAWN

I'm so fucking sick of zombies.

LENA

I'm sorry, Shawn.

SHAWN

For what?

LENA

This is all my fault. I should have been there for you. I'm your sister. I should have watched whatever movie you wanted. There's nothing wrong with watching something you've seen a hundred times before.

SHAWN

No. This is my fault. All because I was afraid of losing you, afraid of things being different. I should have just learned to change...

And then a thought occurs to him.

SHAWN

Wait.

(beat)

*I can change.*

Izzy throws a TAPE at one of the zombie's heads.

IZZY

Great. You're self-realized.

SHAWN

No, I mean we can change into whatever we want to be. This is all just movie stuff. Zombies aren't real. Undead slashers and talking heads aren't real. This is not reality.

LENA

What are you--

Shawn shoves the VHS of *Nightmare on Elm Street* in Lena's face.

SHAWN

This is *dream world*. We're not bound to the rules. Which means...

Her eyes go wide - *he understands*.

LENA

We can be Dream Warriors.

Shawn nods. And just as a ZOMBIE DAD reaches out to grab her, Shawn gestures to the MIRROR on the ceiling. They look up.

Lena has NO REFLECTION.

Zombie Dad grabs her neck but she whips around and opens her gaping maw to reveal her vicious VAMPIRE FANGS.

She BITES into his throat and RIPS out his jugular and SPRAYS black blood across the room.

Izzy wipes the blood from her eyes and hears a ROAR. She turns around to see -

Shawn wearing an IRON WELDING MASK, his hands replaced by massive BUZZSAWS.

The siblings exchange holy-shit-we're-actually-doing-this-looks move down opposite ends of the aisle.

Lena pounces from one zombie to another, biting throats and slashing with her talons.

Shawn mows through the horde with his spinning blades, churning through zombie flesh.

All the while Izzy stands frozen in the center getting showered in blood.

After Lena rips off a ZOMBIE DUDE'S head -

LENA

Izzy! Turn into something!

IZZY

I don't know about horror stuff!

Shawn looks back as he saws through ZOMBIE PUNK'S guts.

SHAWN

It doesn't matter! You can be anything! Whatever scares you!

But the pressure is too much. Izzy shuts her eyes and holds her ears and tries to concentrate.

IZZY

*Think, think, think...*

But it doesn't matter - this is a massacre.

Lena and Shawn obliterate the Zombie horde, sending blood and bone and flesh flying through the air with glee.

And all the while, Barbara stands at the sidelines, her amusement turning to anger.

BARBARA

All right, you've had your fun.

BLACK BLOOD oozes from the carpet beneath her feet and travels up her body.

It overtakes her. Her clothes change to black COVERALLS. She GROWS into a hulking behemoth.

She becomes a massive, rebooted, extreme *Jason-X*-version of THE KILLER.

A distorted MASK covers her face and an enormous SICKLE forms in her hand.

But the siblings don't notice that yet.

Lena tears the heart out of a ZOMBIE PREP and Shawn cuts a ZOMBIE YUPPY down the center. And then there were none.

Coated in black blood, they turn to look at each other.

SHAWN

Welcome to prime time, bitch--

LENA

Welcome to prime time, bitch--

Suddenly - an entire SHELF careens into them, sending them flying across the room before pinning them underneath.

Barbara leaps across the room and lands on the shelf, crushing them beneath her, only their heads sticking out.

BARBARA

I'm sorry children, but there are no final girls in this movie. I'm the only returning star of this franchise.

She raises the sickle high in the air.

BARBARA

But don't worry.  
At the end of the tape we rewind  
and do it all over again.

But just before she can decapitate them -

Izzy POUNCES from the Horror Section.

But this isn't your standard Izzy.

This Izzy is covered in thick, matted FUR with enormous, wolf-like EARS and a vicious, razor-sharp BEAK.

Before Barbara knows what hit her, Izzy sinks her TALONS into Barbara's arm and RIPS it OFF.

Barbara lets out a tortured HOWL.

Shawn and Lena push the shelf off as Izzy and Barbara grapple like Kaiju monsters. Shawn is about to join the fight when -

LENA (O.S.)

Shawn!

He turns to see Lena holding the CAMCORDER.

LENA

The tape!

He sees the VHS on the ground. He avoids the wild swings of claws and blades and GRABS it.

He TOSSES it to Lena who catches it out of the air.

SHAWN

What are you--

LENA

I don't want to rewind the tape!

She inserts it into the camcorder and smacks it closed.

LENA

I want to rewrite the ending!

She hits RECORD.

LENA

Action!

From the camera's LENS, Lena records Shawn jumping in to help Izzy take on Barbara.

They bite and rip and saw and shred until all that's left of her -

Is her HEAD. She looks up at Izzy's snarling face.

BARBARA

Wait--

Izzy PULVERIZES her skull under her monstrous foot.

And in the quiet that follows, they hear a -

**CLICK**

The camera STOPS recording. Lena checks the VHS.

LENA

That's the end of the tape...

Shawn nods.

SHAWN

It's over.

Lena appraises Izzy, Barbara's blood staining her fur black.

LENA

*Furby?*

She shrugs.

LENA

What do we do now?

Shawn lifts his mask up and looks out at the HEAVY FOG outside the store.

SHAWN

We go home.

**EXT. THE STRIP MALL - NIGHT**

The thick fog swirls as the three open the door and walk outside.

It begins to dissipate. As it fades, it reveals the three of them have turned back to normal.

When it has lifted completely, they turn around.

The store is EMPTY. Decaying. A relic of the past.

IZZY

Did it work?

LENA

I don't know...

But then - a BUZZ.

Lena reaches into her pocket and pulls out her vibrating CELLPHONE.

LENA

It's Mom!

(beat)

I have thirty-seven missed calls...

She answers.

LENA

Hello--

She immediately holds the phone away from her ear because of her Mom's screaming at her.

LENA

I know, I know, I'm sorry. It was a weird night.

But as Lena tries to calm her mother down, Shawn and Izzy hear something moving inside the Video Store.

They see the silhouettes of ZOMBIES lumbering inside.

SHAWN

Oh shit.

They back up into Lena. She sees them, too.

LENA

God damn it.

They're about to run when the door bursts open...

And out steps Allison, Joanne, and Brad, each wearing the non-stereotypical outfit they wore the night they entered the VHS.

Everyone just looks at each other, no one knowing what to say.

Finally, Allison raises her arm to point at Lena's cellphone.

ALLISON

What the fuck is that?

.  
.
   
.

**ONE MONTH LATER**

SHAWN (PRE-LAP)

*That was so cool!*

**EXT. THE FACTORY - NIGHT**

A mass exodus of CONCERTGOERS spill out from the venue and onto the street.

Shawn bounds out excitedly, adrenaline pumping through his veins, as Lena and Izzy follow behind.

LENA

Glad you enjoyed it.

SHAWN

I loved it. The way she was playing those old instruments, but they were, like, all different and modified, and the way they sounded coming out of the speakers, it was like...who has ever made sounds like that before?

IZZY

I told you.

SHAWN

And you were right! Old and new coming together to make something incredible. Holy shit, that was amazing.

Lena and Izzy laugh as Shawn bounces around on -

### **THE SIDEWALK**

He can't contain his enthusiasm.

SHAWN

Do they do shows like that here all the time?

IZZY

They sure do. Lots of different artists. Lots of new stuff to discover.

SHAWN

I want to go to them all. Can we go to them all? Let's go to them all.

LENA

We'll go to a lot.

SHAWN

You want to start a band? We should definitely start a band.

Lena and Izzy exchange looks - they may have unleashed a monster. As they pass an ELECTRONICS REPAIR SHOP -

SHAWN

I'll come up with the name. How about Hypnocil? Or Mrs. Voorhees. Or...

He trails off when he sees the TELEVISION behind the window.  
He furrows his brow.

LENA  
What's wrong?

Lena and Izzy join him by his side and watch the screen. It's  
an old movie playing on VHS.

A GIRL is screaming and running for her life through a  
CORNFIELD.

In the distance, they hear the roar of a CHAINSAW.

LENA  
Do you hear that?

They lean forward.

SHAWN  
Is that getting closer...?

We wonder if it is as we SMASH TO -

**THE END**