BLOODLIST

FRESH BLOOD SELECTS
EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Classic style. Straight out of the 1950’s.

Storm clouds. THUNDER. LIGHTNING.

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

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

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

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

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

SUPER: 25 Years Ago.

JEREMIAH HALLORAN, 35, tall and skinny, passionately KISSES DEBBIE ZANDER, 30, big hair, wearing tight acid wash jeans and a Sunshine Drive-in T-shirt tied so it exposes her bellybutton.

She pushes him away.

DEBBIE
Quit it, Jeremiah! I was nice and horny before you put on this chainsaw killing movie.

JEREMIAH
Come on, this is a classic!

DEBBIE
Horror movies aren’t romantic.

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

DEBBIE
You’re crazy.

JEREMIAH
Wanna hear something really crazy?
DEBBIE
Not really.

In the distance, THUNDER IS HEARD.

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

DEBBIE
And you believed him?

JEREMIAH
Of course not, but I told him I did. I wasn’t about to argue with someone giving me these bad boys for free! He said, “Never let the projector with the infinity symbol fall into the wrong hands. Guard its power.” I said, “You got it!”

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

DEBBIE
Put on a different movie, something romantic and funny.

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

DEBBIE
Then no coochie for you.

He considers.

JEREMIAH
Fuck it.

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

The CHANGEOVER HAPPENS. Horror movie to romantic comedy.

ROMANTIC MUSIC SWELLS. We faintly hear the song “It Had to Be You.”

DEBBIE
I love this movie! I wish I was a Sally.
JEREMIAH
Where were we?

They kiss.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Lightning fills the sky. THUNDER, LOUDER NOW.
LIGHTING STRIKES the projection booth.

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

The booth SHAKES. The WALLS CATCH FIRE. SMOKE fills the room.
Jeremiah and Debbie continue kissing. The Infinity Symbol on the second projector BEGINS TO GLOW.

She pulls away.

DEBBIE
Is that smoke?

JEREMIAH
No, it’s you driving me crazy.

DEBBIE
Look!

He looks.

JEREMIAH

Shit!

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The projection booth BURNS as RAIN BEGINS TO FALL.
A few cars START THEIR ENGINES and pull away.
Several PEOPLE step out of their cars and into the rain. Some look angry, some confused.

ONSSCREEN: The ROMANTIC COMEDY plays. Out of focus. Two CHARACTERS kissing to “It Had to Be You.”

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

TRUCKER HAT GUY
What’s this crap! I want chainsaw murders! Who’s in charge here?
INT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

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

DEBBIE
Get me out of here!

JEREMIAH
I’m trying!

The smoke becomes so dense, we can’t see Debbie and Jeremiah.

DEBBIE
Help!!!

Inside the smoke, A FLASH OF LIGHT.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

SUPER: Today.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

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

SALLY  
(whispering)  
Some party, huh?

JACK  
We’re gonna die!

SALLY  
I don’t think we were properly introduced before the horrific killing started. I’m Sally Zander.

JACK  
I know who you are. Everyone knows who you are. Stay away from me!

SALLY  
Well, we’re already awkwardly pressed together, so that’s going to be difficult.

JACK  
You’re gonna get me killed!

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

He starts CRYING SOFTLY.

SALLY (CONT’D)  
FYI, I’m totally single. Can you believe it?

JACK  
Stop...talking...

SALLY  
I am a chatterbox. Guilty.

JACK  
So much blood...so much death...

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

SALLY  
I heard you work in plastics. I’m morally opposed to plastic. Have you thought about changing careers?
FOOTSTEPS GROW LOUDER. A DOOR OPENS. DIRTY BOOTS STOMP down the steps.

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

An agonizing beat. Then...

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

Sally and Jack SCREAM. Jack tries to raise his hammer, but it’s too late. Slatter brings his knife down and CUTS OPEN Jack’s stomach. Jack CRIES OUT, then COLLAPSES.

Sally looks up at Slatter. He raises the knife. He starts to bring the knife down...

Then STOPS. A hesitation. Their eyes meet. Big blue eyes staring back at big blue eyes.

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

INT. HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

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

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

Slatter appears behind her, knife held high, chasing.

Sally nears the door. On the inside of the front door, a HEART HAS BEEN DRAWN IN BLOOD. Inside the heart, the name “Sally” written sloppily. She exits.

EXT. HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Sally rushes from the house.

POLICE stand by their cars, GUNS READY.

POLICE OFFICER
(to SALLY)
Down! Down!
Slatter exits the house, a few feet behind Sally.
Sally TUMBLES to the ground.
The Police OPEN FIRE. BLOW Slatter away in a HAIL OF BULLETS.
Sally turns and looks as Slatter stops moving, stops breathing. DEAD. Horror movie dead. So, you know, not really.
Sally stands up. A Police Officer runs over to her.

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

SALLY
I’m okay. I--

She FALLS into his arms and CRIES. MESSILY. LOUDLY.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT
Sally’s on a bed, a blanket draped over her legs. Dried blood all over her. Several creepy paintings of sad clowns cover the walls. A small television is mounted on the wall.

ON TELEVISION

A NEWS BROADCAST
A FEMALE ANCHOR looks into the camera.

FEMALE ANCHOR
Harold Slatter is dead. The masked killer’s nearly year-long reign of terror came to an end in a hail of bullets earlier this evening.

INSERT: VIDEO FOOTAGE OF SLATTER’S BULLET-RIDDLED BODY BEING LOADED INTO AN AMBULANCE.

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

FEMALE ANCHOR (CONT’D)
Amazingly, the lone survivor of the most recent Slatter massacre is once again Sally Zander. Many questions remain, but local residents can finally breath a sigh of relief knowing Slatter’s body is headed to the morgue. We spoke with Tyra Stallworth, who survived the latest massacre at Camp Paradox.
TYRA STALLWORTH, 24, tall, athletic, ripped, appears onscreen, standing next to a REPORTER.

TYRA
Psycho killers like Slatter, you never know. They thought John Georgie Heckle was dead like three times before I chopped off his damn head. I hope this Sally girl is doing all right, and I hope they killed Slatter enough.

SALLY
Shakes her head.

SALLY
Is she trying to jinx me!

DOCTOR ADAM CARTER, 28, enters and shuts off the television. He’s handsome in a TV doctor kind of way, blonde hair, nice smile, wearing a tie under his white coat.

ADAM
How are you holding up?

SALLY
I’m distracted by the terrible paintings.

ADAM
Are you an art connoisseur?

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

ADAM
Sounds cute.

SALLY
Cute is my thing. Surviving massacres is my other thing.

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

SALLY (CONT’D)
This is the third time Slatter tried to kill me. But now it’s over.

She sheds a happy tear.
ADAM
Third time? Holy cow.

SALLY
You haven’t heard about me?

ADAM
Sorry, I’ve been working eighty hour weeks this past year finishing my residency. Fill me in. Why was Slatter after you?

SALLY
My sparkling personality. Actually, I have no idea.

Sally BLOWS her nose. LOUDLY.

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

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

ADAM
I tried to paint once, but I’m artistically useless. I’m what many people might call “bookish.”

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

ADAM
Ha, no. My actual pick-up line is, “Hello, I’m Doctor Carter.”

SALLY
Much better. I think it’s working! Yes, this is totally our meet-cute!

ADAM
Our meet-who?

SALLY
It’s where two people meet in some clever, cute, funny way.

ADAM
Do meet-cutes usually happen after nights of horrific violence?
SALLY
I mean, not usually, but I’m pretty unique, don’t you think?

He smiles.

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

SALLY
My soul aches.

ADAM
Soul healing is above my pay grade. I’ll order an x-ray on that ankle. Perhaps we’ll see each other again under less grim circumstances.

SALLY
I’d love that. I work at the antique bookstore down the street. Come see me. No one reads books anymore, so I don’t work very hard.

(beat)
Oh, wait!

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

SALLY (CONT’D)
It’s a coupon. For books! Now you have to come see me.

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

ADAM
Uh, thanks.

He exits.

SALLY
(softly, to herself)
Desperate much, Sally?

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sally’s in a wheelchair, being WHEELED out by an ORDERLY. She’s wearing clothes obviously bought at the gift shop, a bright T-shirt that reads: ROMANTIC AF and pink sweatpants.
A car is parked in front of the hospital. The door opens and GABRIELLE GREER, 25, short dark hair, dark skin, nose-ring, glasses, Anime T-shirt, a cute nerd girl, runs over and hugs Sally.

SALLY
Gabrielle!

GABRIELLE
Oh, honey, how are you?

SALLY
Not dead.

GABRIELLE
You’re like a superhero or something. For real.

SALLY
Flatterer.

GABRIELLE
People are talking about you. There are Memes.

SALLY
Mimes?

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

SALLY
I hate the internet. Let’s not go there. Ever.

GABRIELLE
I’m in school to be a software engineer, so that might be hard.

SALLY
Traitor.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

MYSTERY P.O.V - SALLY

Someone is watching Sally from across street. Peeking out from behind a tree.
The Orderly helps Sally from the wheelchair to the car. Gabrielle gets in the driver’s side. The car speeds away.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY

Nice, flowery three-story apartment building.

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

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

The walls are covered with paintings, famous movie scenes recreated with cats.

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

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

GABRIELLE
I’m very particular about what
white people parties I attend.

SALLY
I didn’t even know most of them.
It’s so unfair they’re all dead.

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

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

SALLY
Romance?

GABRIELLE
Sex. It’ll clear your head.

SALLY
I can’t sleep with someone unless I
really like them.

GABRIELLE
Weird. I can’t sleep with someone
unless I really hate them.
They LAUGH.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)
Seriously, go on some dates. Move on and enjoy life.

SALLY
Might not be the worst idea.

Sally’s lies back on the couch and looks at the ceiling.

SALLY (CONT’D)
It’s finally over. I can do anything I want. I’m free.

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

LOUD MUSIC PLAYS.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER writes on a clipboard.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Slatter. This should be fun.

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

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

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

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

The Medical Examiner pulls the sheet off Slatter.

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sally’s walking down the street, big smile on her face, practically skipping. A happy SONG PLAYS. The PEOPLE who pass by appear either sad or dazed.
Sally walks up to a flower stand. The red-haired FLOWER SELLER is itching his arms, his eyes damp.

SALLY
Hey, Red!

FLOWER SELLER
I got that alien flesh-eating virus
I saw on the news, I’m sure of it.
I’ll be dead soon! My flesh is melting! It’s melting!

She looks at his arms.

SALLY
Looks like psoriasis, not the scary, melty thing. You’ll live.

FLOWER SELLER
Oh, thank heavens!

She smiles and continues on. She starts WHISTLING.

A CRYING POLICEMAN stands on the corner.

SALLY
Hey, officer! Working on a big case?

CRYING POLICEMAN
I just saw twenty dismembered bodies. I can’t do this anymore.

She considers.

SALLY
Only twenty? The cop down the street said he saw fifty!

CRYING POLICEMAN
Fifty!

She smiles.

POLICEMAN
Are you pulling my leg?

SALLY
Got ya!

He LAUGHS.

She continues on. Happy. A hop in her step. She walks up a to a WOMAN selling magazines and newspapers.
WOMAN
The magazines, the newspapers, they’re dying!

SALLY
It’s because of that dumb internet.

WOMAN
What am I going to do?

SALLY
You could sell flowers. They’re pretty.

The Woman smiles.

WOMAN
Flowers? Yes! That’s a great idea!

She hands Sally a magazine.

WOMAN (CONT’D)
On the house.

Sally looks at the magazine.

INSERT - A magazine called Killers Weekly. On the cover, JOHNNY PUGH, 21, dressed like he still thinks he’s twelve, on a couch, arms folded. Seated next to him is a GRINNING, FRECKLED DOLL – FRANKIE FUN TIME. The caption reads: “A doll killed his parents. He still wants to be friends.”

SALLY
Hands the magazine back to the woman.

SALLY
No, thanks.

She smiles and walks on. A BUTTERFLY flies past and catches Sally’s attention. She watches the butterfly, distracted. A TRUCK SPEEDS past, nearly hitting her, and SPLASHES her with dirty water.

INT. BOOKSTORE – DAY

Small store, with mostly antique books. Sally stands behind the counter next to Gabrielle. Sally looks like someone who was recently splashed with dirty water.

SALLY
Isn’t this great? We’re employed.
We’re friends. We have books!

(MORE)
SALLY (CONT’D)
They pay us money. I mean, wow, this is the life.

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

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

GABRIELLE
It means exactly that.

Gabrielle walks toward the door.

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

SALLY
Turkey club, hold the turkey, add shredded mozzarella cheese, don’t cut the pickle, and replace the lettuce with arugula.

GABRIELLE
That’s not a turkey club.

SALLY
I just want it the way I want it.

GABRIELLE
Okay, weirdo.

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

DYLAN
Sally Zander?

SALLY
Uh...yes.

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

SALLY
Thanks. Can I hire you to write my dating site profile?
DYLAN
Dating? Oh, that’s a joke, right?
Girls don’t really go for me, but
that’s okay. I have my career,
which is all that matters. I aim to
change the world.

SALLY
Are you a scientist or something?

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

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

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

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

SALLY
The Hotel Seven? You’ve got to be
kidding.

DYLAN
What’s wrong?

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

DYLAN
Can she get me a discount?

SALLY
I haven’t talked to her in years.
DYLAN
Forget her! Come meet your fans. The cult of Sally Zander is growing.

SALLY
I have a cult?

DYLAN
Not the Kool-Aide-drinking kind. It’s unofficial, just a bunch of nice horror nerds who talk about your heroic exploits and eat sandwiches with uncut pickles, because they know you love that.

SALLY
Sounds creepy.

DYLAN
We’re also screening the Harold Slatter movie. It’s one of those low-budget, quickie things where facts don’t matter. The girl from Vanderpump Rules plays you.

SALLY
Ooh, she’s good.

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

SALLY
Can I sell my cat paintings?

DYLAN
You have cats that paint? Awesome!

She considers.

SALLY
Let me think about it. I’m still hurting from the latest massacre.

DYLAN
I’m so sorry this keeps happening to you, and I understand fully.

SALLY
Thanks.
DYLAN
But I’ll die if you don’t come!
Literally. Everyone will kill me. I
already took their money.

SALLY
I can’t make any promises. I might
be falling in love that weekend.

DYLAN
With who?

SALLY
I don’t know yet. It’s going to be
a surprise.

DYLAN
Is that how love works?

SALLY
I think we’re done here.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE’S bedroom. Wedding photos on the wall.
Big, nice bed. High thread-count sheets.

SCREAMS ARE HEARD. Then GASPING. Then a THUD. Then silence.
The door opens and Slatter enters. His body is still covered
in bullet holes.

He FALLS onto the bed and SLEEPS. DEEPLY. SNORING.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Sally’s leaning on the counter, watching her phone.

ON HER PHONE

AN INTERVIEW

With NANCY BLOSSOM, 24, glasses, long, dark hair that covers
part of her face, baggy sweater.

INTERVIEWER
Mitchell Byers is still out there.
Will you ever babysit again.

NANCY
(soft spoken, shy)
No.

(MORE)
NANCY (CONT'D)
He ruined babysitting for me
forever. He ruined a lot of things.
I barely sleep anymore.

INTERVIEWER
What gave you the strength to
survive the massacre when so many
others did not?

NANCY
I had to protect the children. They
needed me. I summoned a strength I
didn’t know I... I

Nancy starts CRYING.

SALLY

Turns off her phone.

The door CHIMES.

Adam enters and walks to the counter. She perks up.

SALLY
Doctor Carter!

ADAM
Please, call me Adam.

SALLY
What can I help you with today?

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

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

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

SALLY
What are you looking for?

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

SALLY
We do. It’s three thousand dollars.
ADAM
Scratch that. What would you recommend for a slightly-tortured but not altogether horrible guy who doesn’t read much but likes to pretend he does?

SALLY
I’d have to think about that.

ADAM
Do you think better when you’re eating?

SALLY
Eating with you?

ADAM
As friends, I mean? I’m not looking to date right now, but I have no friends, and you seem like someone who’s fun to be around. I’ve done nothing but work for so long, I forgot how to be someone’s friend. I have a week off before I get back to working long hours. Can we have a Fun Friend Week?

SALLY
Fun friends who F--

ADAM
Fly? Sure, I’m up for some skydiving.

SALLY
Okay, I could use a new friend...to replace all the dead ones.

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT – NIGHT


Sally and Adam share a tray of oysters.

ADAM
You look really pretty tonight.

SALLY
Thank you. I like pretty things. I had a lonely childhood. No dad, a mom who barely acknowledged me. (MORE)
SALLY (CONT'D)
Painting was my escape. I could travel to different worlds of my own creation. Mostly, they were pretty worlds with rainbows, Renée Zellweger, and lots of cats.

ADAM
I understand. My parents were murdered when I was twelve. A crazed building manager went on a rampage and killed ten people. Mom and Dad were alive when I found them, and I tried to save them, but I was only a kid. That’s why I became a doctor, so the next time someone needed saving, I’d be ready. It’s my way of making this tragic world a little better.

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

He considers.

ADAM
You know, not really. I guess that’s why everyone is on meds.

SALLY
I’m not. I’m naturally happy.

She takes a GULP of ice water.

ADAM
Can you rub off on me?

She CHOKES for second, then SPITS out an ice cube. It HITS Adam in the face.

SALLY
Oh, crap! I’m sorry!

ADAM
It’s okay. I didn’t mean “rub” in a sexual way, of course.

SALLY
Too bad. You seem nice. The guys I date usually turn out to be either psychopaths or psychopath groupies.

ADAM
I hope you find someone decent.
SALLY
Are you against dating in general?
Or just against dating me?

ADAM
It’s nothing personal, I swear. I have career goals. I want to open my own practice before I’m thirty. I have a plan.

SALLY
So I might interrupt your plan?

He smiles.

ADAM
Oh, you would. You definitely would.

SALLY
I don’t make plans. I’m a spontaneous kind of girl.

ADAM
Spontaneity makes me nervous. I get hives. It’s not cute.

SALLY
Do you have any family?

ADAM
A grandmother. She’s great, but some days she doesn’t remember me.

SALLY
Sorry. I don’t have any family, aside from a mother I hate.

ADAM
This is nice. I really like having a friend.

SALLY
Friends. Yay.

ADAM
I hope I’m not keeping you from dating other guys. Please, date. I want you to. You and me, we’re different kind of people.

SALLY
If that’s what you really want.
ADAM
I want you to be happy.

SALLY
How thoughtful.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

ADAM
Have you thought about that book I need?

SALLY
We do have a first edition Fight Club for two hundred bucks.

ADAM
Perfect.

SALLY
And you’ve got that disgusting coupon, so...

ADAM
I had a great time. You’re a terrific woman.

SALLY
Just not the woman for you?

ADAM
Let’s not end this awkwardly.

SALLY
I don’t know the meaning of the word awkward.

They hug. He tries to pull away. She’s still holding on.

ADAM
Uh, maybe let go?

SALLY
Right. Did I make that awkward?

ADAM
Kinda.
INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY
Slatter sleeps on the bed. His bullet wounds are almost gone.

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY
Sally’s holding hands with DATE #1. They’re looking at art.

SALLY
I do a lot of painting.

DATE #1
I know. I moderate this Sally Zander Facebook page, and we talk about your paintings all the time. Have you ever painted with real blood? Because I’ll give you some of mine? Take it, please!

EXT. PARK - NIGHT
The sun is setting. Sally’s walking side-by-side with DATE #2. They pass some pretty flowers.

DATE #2
So, when Slatter chops people up, what happens to all the body parts? Did you ever take an arm or a leg with you? I totally would. I could get so much on ebay.

INT. CAR - NIGHT
Sally’s making out with DATE #3. She pulls away.

SALLY
Don’t be offended, but you’re my third date today. My roommate said it would be a good idea. Maybe third time’s a charm.

DATE #3
Since we’re being honest, I should mention that, while I’m not “technically” homeless, any girl I date should understand that I never go home. Ever.
EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Sally’s walking quickly, annoyed, lost in her own world, shaking her head, distracted. She BUMPS INTO SOMEONE. A MAN. Surprised, Sally KICKS him in the balls. He FALLS OVER. In PAIN. This is DR. HOSKINS, 50’s, balding, glasses, eye patch over his left eye.

DR. HOSKINS
Suh...Sally Zander?

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

She helps him up.

DR. HOSKINS
It’s understandable, after all you’ve been through. I’m Dr. Hoskins, and I need your help!

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Slatter is still asleep on the bed. His bullet wounds have now FULLY HEALED. He opens his eyes. He stands up. He walks to the door and exits.

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

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

SALLY
How can I help you? Did you hear about my cat paintings?

DR. HOSKINS
I’m a psychiatrist, and I’m writing a book about Slatter. I want to interview you, the ultimate survivor! I need to get inside your brain.

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

DR. HOSKINS
I have no interest in you sexually. You’re not my type.
SALLY
I’ve heard that a lot lately.

DR. HOSKINS
I’m gay. I was married to a man
named Miguel.

SALLY
Good for you.

DR. HOSKINS
Talk to me, Sally. I think you need
someone to talk to, a professional.

SALLY
Why are you interested in Slatter?

He takes a very dramatic DEEP BREATH.

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

SALLY
Made him worse?

DR. HOSKINS
That’s not fair. I gave everything
I had to fix that boy.

SALLY
Did he do that to your eye?

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

SALLY
It’d be nice talking to someone. I
mean, it would be better if you
were young, gorgeous, and straight,
but I’ll take what I can get.

DR. HOSKINS
Through all the horror and madness,
you’ve never lost your sense of
humor. Extraordinary.
SALLY
It’s all I’ve got.
(beat)
You said you were married. What happened?

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

SALLY
I’m so sorry.

DR. HOSKINS
He’s still with me, in spirit.

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

DR. HOSKINS
Absolutely not.

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

GABRIELLE
Oh, sorry, I didn’t know you had company.

SALLY
This is Dr. Hoskins. He was Slatter’s psychiatrist.

GABRIELLE
I don’t think your treatment worked, Doc.

SALLY
Who’s your date?

GABRIELLE
(to HIPSTER DUDE)
What’s your name again?

HIPSTER DUDE
Rufus.

GABRIELLE
He’s Rufus. You two have fun.
Gabrielle leads HIPSTER DUDE to her bedroom, closes the door.

SALLY
That’s Gabrielle. She doesn’t believe in romance.

Sally’s PHONE RINGS. She’s answers.

SALLY (CONT’D)
(into phone)
Hello? Yes. No, I haven’t heard anything about...
(beat)
No, no! Please tell me this is a joke!

DR. HOSKINS
What is it?

She looks at him. He understands.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, FLASHING LIGHTS.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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


Slatter, wearing his mask, stares through the window.

SLATTER’S P.O.V. – SALLY

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

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

SLATTER

Sally?

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

Slatter CRIES OUT, then grabs “Sally’s” neck and CHOKES her. HARD. Until the HEAD FALLS OFF.

He goes still. BREATHTING HEAVY. He picks up the head and puts it back in place. Slatter gives “Sally” a hug.

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

INSERT: On the phone is a Sorry Face Emoji.

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

After a few seconds, the FIRE GOES OUT.

Slatter looks disappointed. He sits down, continues eating.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

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

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

Sally’s on the couch, with Gabrielle next to her. They’re watching a NEWS PROGRAM. Sally looks at her phone.

SALLY

Is it weird that I’m thinking about Adam? He’s the only thing that takes my mind off Slatter.

GABRIELLE

Why risk getting your heart broken in this shitty world?

SALLY

Because love is risk! You risk it all to win it all.
GABRIELLE
Not this girl.

SALLY
Let love take over your body and be your guide.

GABRIELLE
You’re so perky I could kill you.

SALLY
Get in line.

Sally takes Gabrielle’s hands.

SALLY (CONT’D)
You should stay somewhere else for a while. Slatter is out there. You’re the only good friend of mine Slatter hasn’t murdered. I’d like to keep it that way.

GABRIELLE
I won’t abandon you. I’m not going anywhere. Besides, with all these cute cops guarding me, I feel safe.

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

GABRIELLE
I’m sure they can multitask.

SALLY
I’m serious!

ON TELEVISION

A PROFILE OF ALISON YEE, 28, mildly Goth, androgynous, short hair. She’s walking through a graveyard. A CAMERAMAN is following her around.

ALISON
I think about death all the time. The stillness. The silence. The chill. I took a man’s life after he killed fifteen of my coworkers. His soul passed through me...then went into the video game I created, Silicon Valley Massacre, which you can buy for fifty bucks.

(MORE)
ALISON (CONT’D)
Twenty percent of the profits go to my therapist.

INT. SENIOR CITIZENS HOME - COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Several SENIORS sit in front of easels, painting.

Sally sits next her own easel, in front of the group, teaching. She’s painting a bright, colorful rainbow, a cat floating on a cloud nearby (of course).

SALLY
With a painting, it’s not about realism or perfection, it’s about the feeling. If a painting makes you feel good, it’s a success. Think about the reds and oranges and yellows. Doesn’t that make you feel warm and nice?

SENIOR LADY #1
Yeah, this is great and all, but when are we going to do the nudes? You promised us a naked man.

SALLY
Oh, I only said that to get you here. I totally lied.

SENIOR LADY #1
You owe me a penis!

Adam enters. Sally’s eyes widen.

Senior Lady #1 smiles.

SENIOR LADY #1 (CONT’D)
I’ll take his!

GRANDMA CARTER, 80’s, waves at Adam. He waves back.

ADAM
Hey, Grandma!

GRANDMA CARTER
So good to see you.

He hugs Grandma Carter, then walks over to Sally.

ADAM
What are you doing here?
SALLY
I teach art therapy. I used to
 teach kids, but they were little
 bastards. This crowd is more my
 style.

ADAM
That’s really...surprising.

SALLY
Because you thought I was selfish?

ADAM
I wouldn’t say that.

SALLY
But you’d think it.

He shrugs.

SENIOR LADY #2
Sally, can you help me?

Sally walks over with her paintbrush. Adam follows. Sally
 starts painting a rainbow on Senior Lady #2’s canvas.

SALLY
Just go with the feeling of the
 brush. Let it guide your hand.

ADAM
I heard about Slatter. I’m sorry.
 I’m guessing that’s why there are
 police cars outside.

Sally keeps painting, while looking at Adam, distracted.

SALLY
Yeah, I probably shouldn’t be here,
 but it’s a bright spot in my week.

ADAM
This is really nice...what you’re
 doing here.

SALLY
I enjoy helping seniors. Making
 them feel good, and look go--

ANGLE ON Senior Lady #2. Sally’s painting her face.

SALLY (CONT’D)
Ooops.
Sally takes the paintbrush and paints her own face.

SALLY (CONT’D)  
(to the SENIORS)  
Paint is also great for clogged pores!  
(whispers to ADAM)  
Not really.

The Seniors start painting their own faces.

EXT. SENIOR CITIZENS HOME - DAY

Adam and Sally stand outside, a police car nearby.

ADAM  
I can’t believe Slatter is alive.  
The news said he was shot to death.

SALLY  
Slatter doesn’t do death,  
apparently. But I’m done playing  
the victim. I’m done waiting around  
for him to show up. I’m going to do  
something. I don’t know what, but  
something.

ADAM  
You need a plan!

SALLY  
No, I don’t.

ADAM  
I could help you with the plan. I’m  
a planner! I’m Dr. Planner!

She considers.

SALLY  
You’d really help me?

ADAM  
Of course.

SALLY  
It could get super dangerous.

ADAM  
That’s okay. It’s Fun Friend Week!
INT. DR. HOSKINS’ OFFICE - DAY

Sally is seated across from Dr. Hoskins. Many framed degrees from prestigious schools hang on the walls. A few awards. A PICTURE of a smiling Dr. Hoskins hugging MIGUEL.

SALLY
I need to do something. I can’t have Slatter keep showing up every few months, killing all my friends.

DR. HOSKINS
We’ll stop him. We’ll find a way.

SALLY
When Slatter attacked me, every time, I saw something in his eyes, a glimmer of something, like a cry for my help.

DR. HOSKINS
I’ve seen that in him as well.

SALLY
I never even heard of the guy until he escaped from the mental institution. What draws him to me?

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

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - SLATTER’S ROOM - DAY

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

An ORDERLY, 20’s, in the hallway leans on the room’s metal bars. He’s WATCHING A MOVIE ON HIS PHONE. WHIMS. The song, “It Had to Be You,” STARTS PLAYING.

Slatter stirs. Stands up. GRUNTS. We don’t see his face.

The Orderly smiles as he watches the movie, oblivious.

SLATTER’S HANDS
Come through the bars. He CHOKES the Orderly. The Orderly FIGHTS, but he’s not strong he enough. The Orderly DIES.

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

**EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL – DAY**

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

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

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

**DR. HOSKINS**

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

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

**DR. HOSKINS**
Slatter hasn’t hurt anyone in years.

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

**DR. HOSKINS**
Is that the phone?

**SECURITY OFFICER**
Yes.

**DR. HOSKINS**
Play the song.

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

Slatter sits up straight. His fingers start to move. He make two fists. He SLAMS his fists on the table. He GRUNTS.
DR. HOSKINS (CONT’D)
That’s it!

SLATTER
Sally!

Dr. Hoskins looks shocked.

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

SLATTER
Sally!

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

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

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

Slatter’s fists CRACK THE TABLE.

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

The Security Officer fumbles with the phone.

SECURITY OFFICER
Sorry. It’s not my phone.

Slatter GRUNTS and BREAKS THE HANDCUFFS.

DR. HOSKINS
TURN IT OFF!!!

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

DR. HOSKINS (CONT’D)
Ahhh! It burns!

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

DR. HOSKINS (CONT’D)
No, Harold! No!
A LARGE MALE NURSE runs over. He’s carrying several big keys on a keychain. He puts his arms out, defensively pleading with Slatter.

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

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

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

    DR. HOSKINS
    I can still help you. Please, don--

Slatter JUMPS ON HIM. Dr. Hoskins FALLS to the ground. Slatter JABS the keys into Dr. Hoskins’ eye.

Slatter gets up and runs away.

    DR. HOSKINS (CONT’D)
    Nooooooo! You monster!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DR. HOSKINS’ OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Hoskins is fighting off tears.

    DR. HOSKINS
    That song triggered something in him, a long-buried memory.

    SALLY
    A memory that must involve me.

BEING FLASHBACK:

EXT. SLATTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Rundown house. Grass mostly dead. A car on blocks.

The mailbox has been sloppily painted white, but beneath the paint the name SLATTER can faintly be seen.

INT. SLATTER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The room is in shambles. Shattered dishes all over the floor. Broken chairs. Food spilled.
FRANK SLATTER, 50’s, crawls along the floor toward the back door, leaving a trail of blood. He’s wearing a dirty mechanic uniform with the name **FRANK S.** on it.

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

**FRANK**

No, please! Don’t do it, Son!

Slatter picks up Frank by the legs and SLAMS him into the kitchen cabinets. Frank WEEPS. SPITS UP BLOOD. Some TEETH.

**SLATTER**

Sally!

**FRANK**

Sally? Is that who you want?

**SLATTER**

Sally!!!

**FRANK**

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

**SLATTER**

Sally!

**FRANK**

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

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

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. DR. HOSKINS’ OFFICE – DAY**

Sally’s pacing.

**SALLY**

Let’s analyze everything. Did you ever notice anything unusual? I mean, unusual for a maniac killer?
DR. HOSKINS
He read a lot of books. He read romance novels.

SALLY
I read romance novels!

DR. HOSKINS
Millions of people read romance novels.

SALLY
Anything else?

DR. HOSKINS
He had moments...moments of real sweetness. He drew me a heart once for Valentine’s Day. Of course, he used his own blood to color it, but it was very thoughtful. When he saw people kissing on visitation days, he would often smile.

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

DR. HOSKINS
You’re not an enemy of the state.

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

DR. HOSKINS
No.

She considers.

SALLY
Okay, we gotta dig deeper. When you talk about his nature, the romance novels, the flashes of sweetness...other things start to make sense. I...I think Slatter was trying not to kill me.
BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sally enters the dark apartment.

SALLY
Now would be a good time to jump out and say, “Happy Birthday.”

She turns on the lights. A banner hangs that reads: Happy Birthday, Sally! The room is littered with DEAD YOUNG PEOPLE. A SEVERED HEAD is in the punch bowl.

Sally takes a few steps forward.

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

She turns around and...

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

SALLY (CONT’D)
Who are you?

SLATTER
Suh...Sally.

SALLY
You don’t look like a Sally.

He throws the gift at her. She catches it. Slatter GRUNTS.

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

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

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

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

Their eyes meet. Slatter hesitates. For only a second or two. Giving Sally enough time to roll away as Slatter finally brings the knife down.
Sally picks up the punch bowl and SMASHES it over Slatter’s head. KNOCKS HIM DOWN. She grabs the knife and STABS Slatter THROUGH THE CHEST. He doesn’t move.

Sally runs away.

FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS can be seen through the windows.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DR. HOSKINS’ OFFICE – DAY

Sally lies back on the couch and stares at the ceiling.

SALLY
I see it now. Slatter fighting himself. It was almost like a kids’ game. He gave me just enough time to get away.

DR. HOSKINS
What about the second attack?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BARN – DAY

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

SALLY
Why won’t you leave me alone?

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

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

SALLY (CONT’D)
Please don’t start singing a Peter Gabriel song.

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

SALLY (CONT’D)
No! Please!
As he’s about to kill her, he pauses. Again, the hesitation. Sally grabs the rake and RAMS the metal tines into Slatter’s neck. He DROPS the pitchfork. She then KICKS his KNEE with everything she’s got. His leg bends the wrong way. He FALLS.

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

FLASHING POLICE LIGHTS can be seen outside.

Sally reaches the door as a POLICE OFFICER enters.

SALLY (CONT’D)
I got Slatter, I--

She turns and looks back.

Slatter is GONE. Sally GASPS.

SALLY (CONT’D)
Are you shitting me?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DR. HOSKINS’ OFFICE – DAY

Dr. Hoskins hands Sally a cup of coffee.

DR. HOSKINS
I can only imagine how these events have affected you.

She considers.

SALLY
Trish Donnelly was going to be a fashion designer. Bradley Johns was working on a revolutionary way to solve the homeless crisis. Katherine Conner awkwardly kissed me once when she was drunk, and we laughed about it for months. Ted Miller was devastatingly handsome and I was madly in love with him, but it was never the right time for us. We both kind of knew in some unspoken way, “Maybe someday.” Ted has no more somedays. These were real people with dreams, desires, goals. They made me laugh and cry. Slatter murdered them all.

(MORE)
SALLY (CONT'D)
In front of me. Horribly. In order to get by, to live my life and be happy, I have to put them in a little corner of my brain, a closed box, and I feel shitty about that.

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

She smiles faintly, fighting off tears.

SALLY
All I want is love and happiness.

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

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

DR. HOSKINS
We’re getting somewhere, but we need more. We need your mother.

SALLY
The convention! We can talk to her at the convention!

DR. HOSKINS
What convention?

SALLY
It’s a psycho killer survivor convention thingy. Girls like me, who survived their own attacks from their own psycho killers, are coming together. Mom works at the hotel that’s hosting it.

DR. HOSKINS
Sounds promising.

SALLY
Wait! These other girls...they’re strong...they’re warriors...they can help fight Slatter! Maybe a few more girls like me is what it’s going to take to defeat Slatter!
DR. HOSKINS
I guess we’re going to a
convention.

SALLY
Can I bring a handsome doctor?

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT – SALLY’S ROOM – DAY
Sally’s packing a bag. Gabrielle’s painting her toenails.

SALLY
Sure you don’t want to come?

GABRIELLE
To a murder convention? No thanks.

SALLY
It’s not a murder convention. It’s
a survivor convention.

GABRIELLE
Go have fun. I’ve got a hot date.

SALLY
Are you going to be okay?

GABRIELLE
I’ve got police protection. I’m
good. Are you?

SALLY
Adam’s coming.

GABRIELLE
Are you two...?

SALLY
Yes, he’s been friendshipping the
hell out of me.

GABRIELLE
Oh, he’s one of those.

INT. HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – DAY
JAZZ MUSIC PLAYS on a record player.

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

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

THROUGH THE WINDOW

We see several police cars parked in front of Sally’s building. Two OFFICERS lean against a police car, smoking.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING – FIRE ESCAPE – DAY

Adam stands below a fire escape on the side of the building. Sally climbs down from the roof, then TOSSES her bag. Adam tries to catch it, but doesn’t even come close. She climbs down the fire escape to the second floor, about fifteen feet off the ground.

SALLY
Catch me.

ADAM
What?

She JUMPS. FALLS ON HIM. They TOPPLE OVER. She lands on top.

SALLY
Come on, before they see us!

They get up. Adam grabs her bag. They run.

ADAM
Why are you sneaking out?

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

ADAM
What about us?

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

ADAM
You talked to them about Slatter?
SALLY
Of course not. You know I’m not a planner.

EXT. HOTEL SEVEN - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

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

Debbie, now 55, with a prosthetic left leg, exits the hotel and LIGHTS a cigarette. She’s wearing a uniform and name-tag. She uses a cane.

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

DR. HOSKINS
Debbie Zander? Is that you?

She sizes him up.

DEBBIE
Not interested.

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

DEBBIE
Does she owe you money?

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

DEBBIE
I don’t know anything about Slatter.

Debbie FLICKS her cigarette.

DR. HOSKINS
What happened to your leg?

DEBBIE
Rabid weasels.
DR. HOSKINS
Was Sally adopted?

Debbie gives him the finger.

DEBBIE
Fuck off! I will call the police.

DR. HOSKINS
I’m sorry. Slatter is out there.
Time is of the essence.

DEBBIE
I can’t help you, Patch Adams.

DR. HOSKINS
You know Sally’s coming here for
the convention. Please talk to her.
She misses you.

DEBBIE
You’re a bad liar.

Debbie shakes her head and walks back inside.

EXT. HOTEL SEVEN – DAY

Four SECURITY GUYS stand in front of the building. They’re
pimply and look like they still belong in high school.

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

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

Several YOUNG FANS stand near the red carpet, each wearing a
T-shirt featuring a different psycho killer, like Harold
Slatter, Mitchell Byers, John Georgie Heckle, and Fred Gundy.

Sally and Adam walk up to the red carpet.

SALLY
Thanks for coming.

ADAM
I can’t wait to meet your mother.
Is she anything like you?

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

Dr. Hoskins runs over to them.
SALLY (CONT’D)
Hey, Doc! This is Adam.

DR. HOSKINS
Nice to meet you.

Dr. Hoskins and Adam shake.

DR. HOSKINS (CONT’D)
I spoke to your mother.

SALLY
How was that?

DR. HOSKINS
Entirely unpleasant, but I now believe you were...adopted.

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

ADAM
Like, a magic trick?

SALLY
You’re adorable.

Dylan runs over. He bows in an “I’m not worthy” kind of way.

DYLAN
Welcome, welcome! Isn’t this cool?

SALLY
It’s something.

Dylan looks at Dr. Hoskins and his eyes widen.

DYLAN
Doc Hoskins! It’s really you!

DR. HOSKINS
You know of me?

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

DR. HOSKINS
I don’t know. I’m here for Sally.
DYLAN
Pop in and say hi. It’ll be fun!
You have fans too, you know.

Dr. Hoskins smiles faintly.

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

DYLAN
What was it like when Slatter took your eye?

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

Dr. Hoskins walks off.

DYLAN
Oh, man, this convention keeps getting better and better.

Adam extends his hand.

ADAM
Hey, Dylan. I’m Adam.

Dylan shakes his hand.

DYLAN
You are, like, television handsome. I’m not even podcast handsome. Are you and Sally...?

ADAM
We’re good friends.

DYLAN
Cool. Me and Sally have some real chemistry, I think.

SALLY
We do not.

They walk the red carpet together. The Young Fans CHEER.

YOUNG FAN #1
We love you, Sally!

YOUNG FAN #2
You’re the best survivor!
YOUNG FAN #3

Marry me!

Sally looks slightly embarrassed by the attention.

DYLAN
Tonight we’re screening The Slatter Mutilations at the drive-in next door, followed by a Q&A with you and the other massacre survivors.

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

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

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

Sally grabs Dylan by the shirt.

DYLAN (CONT’D)
Ouch.

SALLY
What if an actual psycho killer shows up? We need to be ready. We must be ready!

DYLAN
Okay, okay, I’ll take care of it.

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

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

Dylan looks off in the distance.

DYLAN (CONT’D)
Gotta run, but don’t miss the private meet-and-greet in the tiki bar at seven.
He runs away. Sally looks at Adam.

SALLY
You really didn’t have to come.

ADAM
Isn’t this what friends do?

She smiles.

SALLY
Yeah, it kinda is.

ADAM
I’ll pull the car around and grab our bags. Be right back.

SALLY
How manly of you.

He runs off.

Sally looks up at the banner, the large picture of herself, keeps walking, distracted, then BUMPS INTO...

A MAN DRESSED LIKE SLATTER.

She GASPS.

MORE MEN DRESSED LIKE SLATTER APPEAR. They surround her.

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

SLATTER #1
Sally! Holy cow! It’s you!

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

SALLY
Thank you, but you guys are freaking me the eff out.

SLATTER #3
We’re very sorry.

SALLY
You’re very polite psycho killers.

The SLATTERS walk off.
INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOBBY

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

Sally turns around.

SALLY
I can’t do it. Let’s go home.

Adam grabs her hand.

ADAM
You’re fine. Relax.

She takes a DEEP BREATH. Stretches. SHADOW BOXES.

SALLY
Let’s do this.

They approach the front desk. Debbie sees Sally.

SALLY (CONT’D)
Hi, Mom. Can we talk?

Debbie considers. Not happily.

DEBBIE
I have lunch coming up. Meet me at the diner on the corner in fifteen minutes.

SALLY
Okay.

Sally and Adam stand there. Unmoving.

DEBBIE
What?

SALLY
We need to check in. You work here.

EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Gabrielle walks past a police car. OFFICER JACKSON, 30, steps out from the car.

OFFICER JACKSON
Hey!

GABRIELLE
Hey, yourself.
They stare at each other, both smiling.

OFFICER JACKSON
I want you to know that I’m here. Rest easy. You’re too cute to die.

GABRIELLE
So ugly people dying is fine?

OFFICER JACKSON
No, I mean...you take my breath away, that’s all.

GABRIELLE
So I’m protected?

OFFICER JACKSON
Yeah, you’ve got protection.

GABRIELLE
Good, I always use protection.

OFFICER JACKSON
That’s, uh, nice information to put out there.

They can’t stop smiling.

INT. DINER – DAY

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

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

Debbie LAUGHS BITTERLY.

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

She PUNCHES her prostatic leg.

SALLY
Was I adopted?

DEBBIE
I don’t know what your shrink is telling you.

(MORE)
DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Did he talk to that bitch at social services with the baby arm?

SALLY
Slatter is trying to kill me. Again! And again! And friggin’ again! You might not like me, but I can’t believe you want me dead.

DEBBIE
Fine. You want the truth? I didn’t birth you. I found you.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

THUNDER IS HEARD. LIGHTNING brightens the sky.

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

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I was working at the drive-in. Didn’t pay much, but I got to see free movies every night, and I had a sex thing with the owner.

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

LIGHTNING STRIKES. The projection booth CATCHES ON FIRE as rain begins to fall.

Several people gather around the booth, staring, stunned, including TRUCKER HAT GUY and a CONCESSION STAND WORKER.

TRUCKER HAT GUY
Is anyone in there?

CONCESSION STAND WORKER
Jeremiah and Debbie are in there!

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

Fire. Smoke. Hard to see anything clearly.

DEBBIE
Help!!!

A FLASH OF LIGHT, then...
THE SOUND OF TWO BABIES CRYING.

DEBBIE (CONT’D)
What the hell?

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

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

Debbie, COUGHING, rushes out of the booth, carrying TWO NAKED BABIES.

DEBBIE (V.O.)
I found you on that stormy night, in the middle of the fire. I saved you and became your mommy.

Debbie looks down at the Babies and smiles.

DEBBIE
Well, fuck a duck.

Trucker Hat Guy runs into the booth, arm over his mouth and nose, a second later, he comes back out.

TRUCKER HAT GUY
Empty!

CONCESSION STAND WORKER
Where’d Jeremiah go?

DEBBIE
I’ll get the babies somewhere safe!

Debbie runs off.

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

DEBBIE (V.O.)
Jeremiah was never seen again. I took you two babies home and raised you as my own. For a while.

END FLASHBACK.
INT. DINER - DAY

Sally’s mouth hangs open. Shocked.

SALLY
That other baby was Harold Slatter!
He’s my brother!

DEBBIE
Yeah, it’s true. Harold was five
when I gave him up.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DEBBIE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Children’s toys scattered about. A big mess.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. DEBBIE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Debbie is sleeping on the bed. Harold climbs onto the bed.
Raises the knife high. STABS HER LEG. OVER AND OVER. She
SCREAMS.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DINER - DAY

Debbie’s plate is empty. She licks the ketchup off the plate.
Sally’s picking at a piece of cake.
SALLY
The boy I remember from my childhood...you said he was a neighborhood kid who got eaten by a family of gypsy cannibals.

DEBBIE
I lied.

SALLY
God, Mom. You could’ve just said he moved.

DEBBIE
(smiles deviously)
Maybe that was a bit much.

SALLY
You hate kids. Why would you take two?

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

SALLY
Why did you treat me so badly?

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

SALLY
That’s not fair.

DEBBIE
Who ever told you life was fair?
SALLY
Harold was only five. You could’ve gotten him treatment. Instead, you let another family take him. It’s your fault he’s like this.

DEBBIE
Maybe. Or maybe killing’s his nature.

Sally shakes her head.

SALLY
They never found Jeremiah after the fire?

DEBBIE
Nope. Jeremiah had a lot of debt. Maybe he took off and let people think he was dead. He used to talk about this magical movie projector with an infinity symbol on it. He got it from a strange old guy who said the projector was a doorway into the movies. Can you imagine that? Movies being real?

Sally’s eyes widen.

SALLY
What movie was playing when you found us?

DEBBIE
Some chainsaw movie was playing, but then it switched to When Harry Met Sally... right before I found you. That’s why I called you kids Harold and Sally.

SALLY
Where did you think me and Harold came from?

DEBBIE
Someone must’ve abandoned you two at the drive-in.

SALLY
How did we get inside the booth?

DEBBIE
It was really smoky. Anything could’ve happened.
Sally looks like her head is going to explode.

SALLY
Let me get this straight, Mom. Two babies appeared out of nowhere on a stormy night inside a projection booth when a romantic comedy started playing. At the same time, a man vanished into thin air. Also in that booth was a mysterious movie projector whose original owner claimed was a doorway into the movies themselves?

DEBBIE
It does sound weird, when you say it like that. Maybe you’re some kind of outer space alien.

Sally considers, excitedly.

SALLY
No, not an alien. A romantic comedy girl.

DEBBIE
You think you came from a movie?

SALLY
I’ve never felt at home in this world.

Debbie stands up.

DEBBIE
I should get back.

Sally stands up, with the help of her cane.

SALLY
Can I walk with you?

DEBBIE
Free country.

Debbie starts walking. She exits. Sally follows.

THROUGH THE DINER WINDOW
We see Debbie nearly trip.

Sally locks arms with Debbie. Helps her. They walk. Together.
EXT. HOTEL SEVEN - DAY

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

DEBBIE
Thanks, kid.

Debbie goes inside.

Dr. Hoskins approaches Sally.

DR. HOSKINS
Did you discover anything useful?

SALLY
Not much. Just that Slatter’s my brother, movies are real, and me and my brother are supposed to be in an entirely different movie.

Dr. Hoskins grins.

DR. HOSKINS
A romantic comedy perhaps?

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

DR. HOSKINS
I remember reading about the unsolved Jeremiah Halloran disappearance years ago.

SALLY
Jeremiah switched movies. He’s in the romantic comedy where I belong, and I’m in the horror movie. We need to make things right.

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

SALLY (CONT’D)
What’s wrong?

DR. HOSKINS
Since Harold escaped, I’ve been blaming myself. All those years of treatment meant nothing. He grew up and killed again. But there was never anything I could’ve done. Harold is playing his role.
SALLY
And I’m playing mine. But, you know, funnier.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - SALLY’S ROOM - DAY

Sally and Adam each sit on their own bed.

ADAM
You believe you and Slatter are in a movie?

SALLY
We’re all in a movie.

ADAM
But you’re in the wrong movie?

SALLY
It makes its own weird sense. I’ve always felt different, like a rainbow stuck inside a coffin.

She walks over to his bed and sits next to him.

SALLY (CONT’D)
What if there are other realities? It’s not so much that movies are real, but that movie universes are real. One world is a romantic comedy, another is a fantasy movie, and ours is a horror movie.

ADAM
I must admit, you make people around you happy. I see it wherever you go. You made my grandma smile. You shine like no one else.

SALLY
I can bring the biggest smile to this world by sending Slatter back where he belongs.

ADAM
Who are you, Sally Zander?

SALLY
I’m supposed to be Julia Roberts but this world turned me into Jamie Lee Curtis.
EXT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

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

    POLICE OFFICER
    Oh, yeah...

A LONG KNIFE

Goes into his back.

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

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

MOANING. Gabrielle is HAVING SEX with Officer Jackson. They finish. LOUDLY. Gabrielle turns onto her stomach, smiling. Officer Jackson lies next to her, stroking her back.

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

    OFFICER JACKSON
    I should probably get back to guarding you.

    GABRIELLE
    Isn’t that what you’re doing?

    OFFICER JACKSON
    I mean with my clothes on.

    GABRIELLE
    Oh, right.

    OFFICER JACKSON
    Could we maybe...I don’t know...go on a real date?

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

He kisses her, then stands up and starts dressing.

    OFFICER JACKSON
    I’m here. I got this. Nothing bad is going to hap-
THE WINDOW SHATTERS.
SLATTER JUMPS INTO THE BEDROOM...
And STABS Officer Jackson.

GABRIELLE
No!
Officer Jackson FALLS TO THE GROUND.
Gabrielle runs from the room.
Slatter PULLS the knife from Officer Jackson.

INT. SALLY AND GABRIELLE’S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT
Gabrielle reaches under the couch and pulls out a BASEBALL BAT.
Slatter enters the room. She HITS HIS KNEES. CRACK. He FALLS OVER. She runs toward the front door.
Slatter, from his knees, THROWS the knife in her direction. Just as Gabrielle reaches the door, as she NEARLY escapes, the knife HITS her, going STRAIGHT THROUGH HER CHEST. The KNIFE STICKS in the door, holding Gabrielle up as she dies.
Slatter walks to a table covered with papers. He sorts through it and quickly finds the Psycho Killer Survivor Con flyer. He stares at it.

SLATTER
Sally.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN – LOWER LEVEL – BAR – NIGHT
Tiki-style bar. The area is closed off. A sign reads: Closed For Special Event.
A ROCK BAND PLAYS on a small stage.
The BARTENDER, 20’s, wearing a lei around her neck, looks bored as she texts and leans on the bar.
The room has several picnic-style tables, with various CONVENTION PEOPLE having drinks. Dylan is making the rounds, checking in with people at different tables.
At the table closest to the bar are Sally, Nancy, Alison, Johnny, Tyra, and her boyfriend, NICK WASHINGTON, 30, bald, strong, handsome.
TYRA
Let’s get to introductions. I’m Tyra. I was a camp counselor when John Georgie Heckle decided to slaughter everyone.

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

TYRA
You’re welcome.

NICK
One day, I’m gonna save you back.

TYRA
It’s not a competition.

NICK
Says you.

Dylan walks over and PLOPS DOWN between Nancy and Sally.

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

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

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

SALLY
No one’s judging.

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

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

Sally squeezes her hand.

SALLY
Do you know how many psycho killers we’ve taken out combined? We have the Guinness World Record. Besides, a sledgehammer? A kid mask? Loser!

Nancy smiles.

NANCY
Thank you. You’re wonderful.

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

TYRA
This psycho killer shit has put a serious damper on my sex life. I’ll be getting it on with my studly man here, and meanwhile, I’ve got a big-ass knife under my pillow.

NICK
It’s not exactly a turn-on.

Everyone LAUGHS.

DYLAN
I love sex! I mean, I would.

Nancy smiles coyly at Dylan.

NANCY
Me, too. I imagine sex is wonderful.

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

Everyone LAUGHS. Nancy shyly hides behind her hair.
JOHNNY (CONT’D)
I’m Johnny Pugh. I survived an attack by a killer doll.

TYRA
Come on.

JOHNNY
No, it’s true! My doll’s name is Frankie Fun Time, and he was possessed by the spirit of a serial killer. He killed my parents.

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

JOHNNY
He might make an appearance.

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

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

ALISON
Hella creepy, dude. I’m Alison. I survived a mass murder at a start-up. Fred Gundy was this disgruntled employee who lost his shit. He stabbed me, but I wasn’t dead. I electrocuted the bastard. Then I created a video game about it and made a million bucks. So it all worked out. Except I’m awful now.

SALLY
Let’s toast.

They raise their glasses.

SALLY (CONT’D)
To surviving!

They CLINK glasses.

EVERYONE
To surviving!
Everyone drinks, except Sally.

TYRA
You don’t drink?

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

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

JOHNNY
It is?

TYRA
Hell yeah! Let Slatter show up. He’ll regret it. Nancy’s guy is out there, too. So what? We’re ready.

ALISON
I wouldn’t mind some excitement.

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

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER – NIGHT

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

Storm clouds look ominous.

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

ONSCREEN

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

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

MOVIE SALLY
You’re corny, dude!

AT THE OLD PROJECTION BOOTH

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

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

ADAM
No one is ever going to see this horrible movie.

SALLY
I’m seeing it. This is torture.

ADAM
Everyone seems to be enjoying it.

NANCY AND DYLAN

Smile at each other. She brushes back her hair, revealing a scar on the side of her face. Dylan leans in and gently kisses her scar.

NANCY
I’ll bet no one knows how romantic you are.

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

JOHNNY

Is seated next to Frankie Fun Time, who has his own seat. Johnny looks sad.
JOHNNY
I miss you. I miss us. Talk to me.

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

FRANKIE
I heard this sob story before.

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

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

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

BLONDE GIRL
I’m a little nervous.

ALISON
Don’t be.

Alison SNIFFS the Blonde Girl’s hair.

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

ALISON
Ever been with a woman before?

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

ALISON
Then why are you here?

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

Alison pulls away.
ALISON
Such a buzzkill.

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

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

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

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

She looks at him like “really?”

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

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

TYRA
You chose to date me. Your insecurities are not my concern.

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

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

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

AT THE OLD PROJECTION BOOTH

Adam BREAKS the door open.
ADAM

Got it!

They enter.

LIGHTING FILLS THE SKY. THUNDER BOOMS.

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


DR. HOSKINS

Damn it!

SALLY

The projector has to be somewhere.

Dr. Hoskins, holding a flashlight, bends down and starts looking through the papers. They look like invoices.

SALLY (CONT’D)

Anything?

He stares at one paper in particular.

DR. HOSKINS

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

SALLY

Who bought it?

DR. HOSKINS

Someone named Calvin Hearst.

SALLY

Never heard of him.

Dr. Hoskins smiles.

DR. HOSKINS

Look at the stationary. Look where it comes from.

She looks. Her eyes widen.

SALLY

The Hotel Seven. It’s here!
DR. HOSKINS
If it is, I will find it. I must!

Dr. Hoskins runs off.

ADAM
That guy is intense.

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

It starts to RAIN. HARD.

The credits begin to roll on the movie.

Everyone hurriedly gathers their things. Dylan runs to the front of the crowd, near the screen.

DYLAN
(to the CROWD)
Everyone! Change of plans! We’re moving the Q&A inside, to the lower level ballroom. See you in thirty!

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

NANCY
I’m having so much fun.

DYLAN
It wouldn’t be nearly as much fun without you.

NANCY
I’m pretty boring.

DYLAN
Now way! In fact, I want you to be my girlfriend.

NANCY
I can’t.

DYLAN
Why not?

NANCY
Because there’s a psycho killer after me.

DYLAN
There’s a psycho killer after half the girls I know. Big deal.
NANCY
Wouldn’t you prefer someone much prettier, like Sally?

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

NANCY
So if Sally said, “Hey, Dylan, you stud, let’s get married,” you’d turn her away?

DYLAN
Absolutely.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOBBY - NIGHT

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

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

YOUNG MAN
Can I have your autograph? I’m a big fan!

SALLY
Which massacre is your favorite?

She autographs the paper and hands it to him.

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

The Young Man walks away.

ADAM
You’re enjoying this.

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

ADAM
But you wish we were having a different kind of fun...?
SALLY
Since Slatter entered my life, I felt like I needed to find a guy in a hurry, because who knows how much time I had left. I was looking for any guy, but I found the guy. But he’s not into me.

ADAM
I do like you.

SALLY
But not in that way.

ADAM
Actually, I was kind of falling for you, but now you want to leave and go to another world without me, so it seems kind of pointless.

SALLY
Wait, what?

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

DYLAN
We’re about to start the Q&A in the lower level ballroom. Come on!

Dylan grabs their hands and leads them toward the elevator.

ADAM
Lower level sounds like a deathtrap.

DYLAN
We’ll be fine.

SALLY
Said everyone ever before they were murdered horribly.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The room has been quickly set-up for a Q&A, with YOUNG VOLUNTEERS still setting up chairs. Sally, Dr. Hoskins, Johnny, with Frankie Fun Time on his lap, Alison, Tyra, Nick, Nancy, VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL, 20’s, blonde hair, low-cut top, and Dylan are seated on the stage, each holding a microphone. A crooked banner hanging behind them reads: Psycho Killer Survivor’s Panel.
About a hundred FANS are seated in front of the stage, with FANS still coming in and getting settled. At least five people are dressed as Slatter, mask and all. Other fans are dressed as various masked killers.

A Young Volunteer stands in the middle of the seating area, also holding a mic. Two Security Guys, bored and staring at their phones, stand by the doors. Debbie and Adam are seated in the front row.

DYLAN
Welcome to Psycho Killer Survivor
Con #1! Whoooo!

The Fans CHEER.

DYLAN (CONT’D)
I’m Dylan, your master of ceremonies. I want to introduce two late-arriving guests. Movie Sally is here! You might know her from Vanderpump Rules. How are you, Movie Sally?

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

The Fans CHEER WILDLY.

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

The Fans CHEER.

DYLAN (CONT’D)
Slatter only took your eye. Any idea why he didn’t finish you off?

DR. HOSKINS
Inside Harold, buried deep, is a person with feelings. Maybe on some level, he appreciated and even liked me.
DYLAN
Or...maybe he hates you and wants to kill you slowly. Next time, he'll get your other eye, then maybe your spleen.

DR. HOSKINS
I don’t believe that.

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

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

SALLY
You’re pretty great yourself, Doc.

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

DR. HOSKINS
If Slatter is near you, never play the song “It Had to Be You.” He’ll kill you.

DYLAN
But won’t he kill us anyway?

DR. HOSKINS
Yes, probably.

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

DR. HOSKINS
No. When he arrives, you will all most likely die painfully.

The Fans are stunned into SILENCE.

DYLAN
Uh...okay, great, thank you!

Dr. Hoskins stands up and waves goodbye. A few Fans hesitantly CLAP. Dr. Hoskins exits.
DYLАН (CONT’D)
Our other guests need no introduction, so let’s jump right in. Sally, what was it like seeing your story brought to life by Hollywood?

SALLY
(nervous)
I wouldn’t say, uh, Hollywood. That movie looks like it was shot by some perverted teenagers.

The Fans LAUGH. Sally smiles, gets more comfortable.

SALLY (CONT’D)
But yeah, very surreal. I want to give a shout-out to Holly. She gave my breasts a personality, range, and circumference they’re sorely lacking in real life.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL
Boob work is really important to my craft.

DYLАН
(to VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL)
Did you think about maybe contacting Sally, the person who your character was based on?

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL
Who?

DYLАН
Sally. She’s right here.

Sally gives a little “here I am” wave.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL
There’s a real Sally?

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

She SIGHS.

SALLY
Slatter could’ve killed me. I’m not especially strong. I’m not the smartest girl.

(MORE)
SALLY (CONT'D)
I’ve got a good sense of humor, and maybe some charm on a good day, but that didn’t save me.

DYLAN
What did?

SALLY
Get your Twitters ready. Harold Slatter is my brother.

The Fans GASP.

DYLAN
Oh, classic psycho killer twist!

SALLY
Here’s the thing: Slatter will never stop pursuing me. I’m supposed to be in a romantic comedy, and so is Slatter. We’re forever linked. Harry and Sally. We’re in the wrong genre, and we need to get back where I belong.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

DR. HOSKINS’ P.O.V. - HOUSEKEEPER

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

BACK TO SCENE.

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

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

He puts the flyer in his pocket, then steps into the room.
INT. HOTEL SEVEN - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The Housekeeper is VACUUMING, facing away from the door. Dr. Hoskins grabs the keys off the table and quickly exits.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

On the stage, Dylan turns to Johnny.

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

JOHNNY
Why’d you kill my parents, Frankie?

FRANKIE
I didn’t. You did.

Johnny’s doing bad ventriloquism.

JOHNNY
Come on, what’s more believable? That I took a knife and stabbed my parents, or that you were possessed by the spirit of a serial killer after he was electrocuted and killed my parents in doll form.

FRANKIE
Do you even know what you’re saying, dummy?

Johnny starts CRYING.

JOHNNY
You made me do it!

FRANKIE
Uh oh, we have a confession!

JOHNNY
But I still love you.

FRANKIE
Same here, old chum.

SALLY
Well, that took a turn.

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

DYLAN
Getting more comfortable?

TYRA
You know it.

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

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

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

TYRA
I’m not angry. I hate when people say that... when they see that in me. I have rage, sure, but I still want to be the girl I was before the massacre, that sweet girl.

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

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

NICK
Don’t go there. I will kick--

Tyra squeezes his hand.

TYRA
No one’s judging you, honey.

NICK
Right. It’s about equality. We’re both the man in the relationship.

FRANKIE
Sounds gay.

Scattered LAUGHTER. Vanderpump Rules Girl GIGGLES.
VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL
That doll is the only person up here I’d party with.

FRANKIE
Thanks, hot stuff.

Nick looks embarrassed.

NICK
I’ll break that damn doll.

FRANKIE
Try it, chump!

Dylan turns to Alison.

DYLAN
Moving on. Did the massacre teach you anything, Alison?

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

ALISON
Sorry. What?

DYLAN
I asked if the massacre taught you anything.

ALISON
Yeah, that I’m a shitty person. We teased Fred every day. Laughed at him. Tormented him. Thought we were cool, us fucking tech assholes. Fred was a nerd, an easy target. It was bullying, pure and simple. I was a mean girl, and got a bunch of people killed because of it.

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

Alison fights a smile.

SALLY (CONT’D)
If what happened makes you a better person, move on, don’t look back.

ALISON
Thanks.
DYLАН
Let’s take some questions from our audience.

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

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

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

ANGRY-LOOKING MAN
Fake, fake, faker! Look at you people up there...white girl, black girl, Asian girl...it’s like Central Casting sent you over.

SALLY
(to ANGRY-LOOKING MAN)
It doesn’t cost anything to be nice, you know.

ANGRY-LOOKING MAN
You, Sally! You’re the fakest of all the fakers! You just happened to be in three massacres? Right! How much is the government paying you?

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

ANGRY-LOOKING MAN
Fake!

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

The Fans look at him, a bit confused.
DYLAN
Do you have a question, man in the very convincing Slatter costume?

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

The Fans SCREAM as they push and shove, rushing toward the exit. Slatter SLASHES FANS left and right.

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

Vanderpump Rules Girl stands on the stage, looking confused.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL
Is this part of the show?

Slatter walks toward the stage.

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

ADAM
We need to run!

Sally and Slatter make eye contact.

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

Slatter stops for a beat, then continues toward her.

Adam pulls her away.

SALLY (CONT’D)
I can reason with him.

ADAM
No, you can’t!

Debbie stands by a door behind the stage.

DEBBIE
This way!

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

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

Sally!

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

Vanderpump Rules Girl walks up to Slatter.

VANDERPUMP RULES GIRL
What are you doing? My film crew isn’t even here yet.

Slatter SWINGS HIS KNIFE.

Her HEAD HITS the floor.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY

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

At the other end of the hallway...

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

SCREAMS fill the air.

ALISON
Fuck me.

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

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

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

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

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

SLATTER (O.S.)

Sally!

THE SOUNDS OF STABBING. OF PEOPLE DYING. OF GASPING FOR AIR. OF BLOOD DRIPPING. OF LIFE BEING SNUFFED OUT.
Tears stream down Alison’s face as she HEARS the carnage.

BLOOD FLOWS UNDER THE STALL.

Alison pushes a few buttons on her phone.

Her stall door BURSTS OPEN.

Slatter looks at Alison. Stares.

SLATTER (CONT’D)

Sally!

ALISON

Sorry, wrong stall.

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

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

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

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

Slatter walks to her. She starts FILMING him.

ALISON (CONT’D)

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

SLATTER

Sally.

ALISON

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

He keeps coming.

ALISON (CONT’D)

That’s it, come on.

She pulls out a TASER and TASES Slatter. He SHAKEs and FALLS DOWN. She crawls toward the door.

Slatter stops shaking, pulls out the darts, and TOSSES the Taser. He grabs Alison’s good leg and BREAKS it. She SCREAMS.
ALISON (CONT’D)
(desperate)
How about money? I’m rich!

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

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

SCREAMS ARE HEARD. Nick is PANTING.

NICK
I can’t make it. I’m cramping.

TYRA
Suck it up, dude!

She runs back the way she came. He follows.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

SLATTER
Sally.

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

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

SALLY
Where are you taking us?

DEBBIE
To the bomb shelter. It’s the safest place.

ADAM
Bomb shelter? At a hotel?

DEBBIE
It was built during the 1950’s, when everybody thought the Russians were gonna nuke us.

(MORE)
DEBBIE (CONT’D)
Not much going on down there now.
The younger employees organize
movie nights sometimes. They
probably have sex orgies.

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

DEBBIE (CONT’D)
Down these stairs.

SALLY
And you have the key?

Debbie shows a large keychain full of MANY keys.

DEBBIE
It’s on here. Probably.

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

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

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

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

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

FRANKIE
You mean that? Little old me?

JOHNNY
Of course. You’re my best friend.

FRANKIE
But I’m not even human.

JOHNNY
You have more humanity than a
hundred full-grown men.
FRANKIE
Okay, let’s kill this jerk.
Together.

JOHNNY
That’s the spirit. You and--
The door BREAKS OPEN. Slatter grabs Johnny and pulls him out.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS
Slatter STABS Johnny in the back, then LIFTS him high off the
ground. Johnny hangs from the knife, blood dripping down,
unmoving.

FRANKIE FUN TIME
Flies out of the closet and grabs on to Slatter. Frankie
BITES Slatter’s neck.
Slatter THROWS Frankie off, then STOMPS him. Breaks him into
little bits.
Slatter DROPS Johnny on Frankie Fun time and walks away.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT
Debbie, Sally, Adam, Dylan, and Nancy walk down a long flight
of stairs.

SALLY
I’m sorry I brought Slatter here.

NANCY
Don’t be. These things happen.

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

Nancy takes Dylan’s hand.

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

DYLAN
(proudly, to everyone)
We totally made-out.
SALLY
I stand corrected.

ADAM
Love is all around, and it’s
because of you, Sally. You make
people see that love is possible,
even in the worst conditions. You
bring joy and hope wherever you go.

SCREAMS of agony and death from above.

SALLY
Yeah, sounds super joyous and
hopeful up there.

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

The SCREAMING from above GROWS LOUDER.

NANCY
He’s getting closer!

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

DEBBIE
This could take a while.

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

SLATTER

Stands over them. Staring.

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

YOUNG WOMAN
I love you, too.

They kiss, tears streaming down their faces.

SLATTER

Love.

Slatter turns and walks away. The young couple can’t believe
it.
INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

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

NICK
It’s not working!

TYRA
The stairs!

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

Nick peeks into the door’s small window.

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

NICK
We’re trapped.

SLATTER

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

Tyra raises her nunchucks.

TYRA
Come get me, fucker.

Nick steps in front of her.

NICK
I got this, babe.

Tyra steps back in front of Nick.

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

Slatter walks toward them. With purpose.

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

Slatter ATTACKS. Tyra SWINGS her nunchucks like an expert and HITS Slatter’s head. He STUMBLES backwards, DROPPING his big knife. She HITS him again. And again. And again. Nick takes the switchblade from his pocket, runs at Slatter and, SCREAMING, RAMS the knife into Slatter’s ear. Slatter FALLS down, bleeding from his ear. He goes still.
NICK
I did it! Hell, yeah! I saved you!

Tyra’s not so excited.

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

Nick grabs Tyra and hugs her.

NICK
I put a knife in his brain. Game
over! I win!

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

NICK (CONT’D)
No!

Tyra CRIES OUT.

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

Nick JUMPS ON Slatter and starts PUNCHING him.

NICK (CONT’D)
Why won’t you die!!!

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

TYRA
Nick! No!

Tyra PULLS the knife from her back. PAINFULLY.

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

Tyra THROWS the knife at Slatter. It HITS his leg. He FALLS.

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

Slatter looks up. She’s gone.
INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Debbie continues FIDDLING with the keys. She DROPS them.

DEBBIE
Shit on a shingle!

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

NANCY
Hurry! He’s here!

DYLAN
(in awe)
He’s so big...

Nancy SCREAMS.

Slatter STOMPS down the stairs.

Sally picks up the keys and hands them to Debbie.

Debbie tries several more keys. No go.

DEBBIE
Maybe the key isn’t on here.

SALLY
Mom, please!

Adam starts KICKING the door.

Slatter is nearly upon them when...

The DOOR SUDDENLY opens.

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

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

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

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

DR. HOSKINS

Stands near the door, facing them.

Sally runs over and hugs him.
SALLY
You saved us!

DR. HOSKINS
Guess what I found.

He points to the projectors.

SALLY
Is that...?

DR. HOSKINS
It is.

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

SALLY

DR. HOSKINS
There is hope, Sally.

SALLY
Does anyone know how to work a movie projector?

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

SALLY
Great! We’re sending me and Slatter back where we belong.

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

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

SALLY
It’s okay. Well, it’s not okay, but it has to be okay.

Debbie hugs Sally, tears in her eyes.

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

BANG. BANG. BANG.
ADAM
Do you think the door will hold?

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

SALLY
Slatter is not a “man.” He’s been shot, burned, stabbed, and...

BANG. BANG. BANG.

SALLY (CONT’D)
He doesn’t stop.

DYLAN
This is so great! They’re totally going to make a movie about this. I want Jonah Hill to play me. He’s funny and occasionally chubby.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

SALLY
It’s time for my plan.

ADAM
You made a plan? Without me? That’s the whole reason I’m here. For my plans. You didn’t let me make a single plan.

SALLY
It’s nice not making plans all the time, isn’t it?

He considers.

ADAM
It really is. So, what is the plan?

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

BANG. BANG. BANG.

DYLAN
The door’s not going to hold much longer.
Nancy takes Sally’s hand.

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

SALLY
Thank you.

They hug. Sally turns to Adam.

ADAM
I’m not ready to lose you.

SALLY
You’ll find a new friend.

ADAM
I don’t want a friend. I want more. I realize now that we are the same. You bring light to this world with love and laughter. I bring light with medicine and healing. We both wanted to make this world better.

SALLY
I don’t belong here. I never did. Maybe I’ll see you on the other side.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The door frame begins to CRACK.

ADAM
I love you, Sally.

SALLY
I love you too, but it’s time.

He KISSES her. She KISSES back. After a passionate kiss...

SALLY (CONT’D)
You wait ‘til now to kiss me!

INT. HOTEL SEVEN - LOWER LEVEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Slatter runs at the door and BREAKS THROUGH.
INT. HOTEL SEVEN - BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Slatter rushes in.

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

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

DR. HOSKINS
Do you remember me, Harold?

Slatter stops, nods “yes.”

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

Behind Slatter, Nancy and Debbie rush toward the door.

Debbie TRIPS.

Nancy stops to help.

DEBBIE
Go! Get out of here!

Nancy runs out of the room.

Slatter turns and sees Debbie. He walks to her.

DR. HOSKINS
No, Harold!

Debbie looks up at Slatter.

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

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

SALLY
NOOO!!!
Slatter TOSSES the leg, then turns and walks quickly toward Dr. Hoskins.

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

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

Dr. Hoskins TOSSES the gun to Adam.

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

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

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

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

Dr. Hoskins FALLS OVER, DYING.

Slatter turns to Sally.  Walks toward her.

She takes a DEEP BREATH.  She’s ready.

**SALLY**
I’m not running this time.  Never again.

**SLATTER**
Sally.

**SALLY**
Hello, Harold.

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

**SALLY (CONT’D)**
I wonder how much you know.  Do you know we popped out of a movie?  We do not belong here.  In another reality, we’re different.  I probably work at a fashion magazine as a lowly, clumsy intern, then the magazine’s mean but secretly kind editor-in-chief notices me and I work my way to the top.

(MORE)
SALLY (CONT’D)
And you’re my brother, and you probably don’t have a real job. You create wacky inventions until one day you make the right wacky invention and get rich. At my wedding to Adam, one of your wacky inventions blows up the wedding cake. I kiss Adam, the credits roll, and everyone is happy and covered in cake. Perfectly. Hilariously.

SLATTER
Sally.

SALLY
You don’t have to kill anymore. I’ll bet you don’t want to kill, but you must. It’s the rules of this reality. I’m a Survivor Girl and you’re a psycho killer. You’re my brother Harold, but you’re trapped inside the Slatter nightmare machine. The heart, the severed hand, you weren’t being creepy. You were offering me gifts. You want to spend time with your sister.

SLATTER
(sweetly) Sally.

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

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

SALLY (CONT’D)
Free yourself from the mask.

Slatter slowly REMOVES HIS MASK. His horribly-mangled face is covered with tears.

Sally walks to him.

SALLY (CONT’D)
It’s not so bad. I’ve seen worse. Okay, if I’m being real, I have’t seen worse, but I’m sure someone somewhere is worse.
She reaches her left hand toward his face and wipes away his tears.

    SLATTER
    (softly)
    Sally.

    SALLY
    Harold.

    ADAM
    Don’t get too close!

She turns to Adam.

    SALLY
    He won’t hurt me. I don’t think he can.

    ADAM
    You’re getting distracted!

    SALLY
    I am not distracted--

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

    ADAM
    Sally!

    SALLY
    I was wrong! He can totally hurt me! Now! Do it now!

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

Slatter turns and sees Dylan.

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

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

We HEAR “It Had to Be You.”

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

The infinity symbol GLOWS.
DYLAN
I did it!

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

Sally reaches the projectors. So does Slatter.

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

A FLASH OF LIGHT.

They VANISH.

Gone in an instant.

ADAM
I’ll be damned.

He looks down at Dylan.

ADAM (CONT’D)
You okay?

DYLAN
I think I’m dead! Do I look dead?
Oh, God...my soul’s leaving my body!

ADAM
No, it’s not, but this might hurt.

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

EXT. HOTEL SEVEN - NIGHT

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

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

Adam applies pressure to Dylan’s wound.

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

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

Tyra shakes her head.

NANCY (CONT’D)
I’m so sorry.

TYRA
Sally?

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

TYRA
But we’re stuck here.

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

TYRA
You sound like Sally.

NANCY
Because there always has to be a Sally.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB – DAY

Set up for a wedding. Gorgeous flowers all around.

It’s a bright, sunshine day.

Sally looks STUNNING in her WEDDING DRESS. She’s staring at herself in the mirror, standing behind a curtain, just about to walk down the aisle. She has TWO HANDS again.

WEDDING PLANNER HOSKINS, no eye patch, well-groomed, and Miguel, holding hands, stand next to Sally.

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

SALLY
What’s happening here? Where am I?

WEDDING PLANNER HOSKINS
At your wedding, of course.
MIGUEL
Like, hello! It’s only the moment when all your dreams come true.

SALLY
Miguel! You’re alive!

MIGUEL
You think I’d die before I got to wear this outfit?

She grabs Hoskins.

SALLY
Slatter! Where is Slatter, Doc?

WEDDING PLANNER HOSKINS
I don’t know anyone named Slatter, and I’m certainly not a doctor.

She starts HYPERSONIC VENTILATING. She PASSES OUT. Hoskins catches her. A second later, she opens her eyes.

WEDDING PLANNER HOSKINS (CONT’D)
Are you okay?

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

SALLY
Never been better.

WEDDING PLANNER HOSKINS
What do you think of the flowers? I outdid myself.

SALLY
Beautiful. Thank you.

WEDDING PLANNER HOSKINS
Don’t thank me. You’re paying for them.

She does a few JUMPING JACKS, SHADOW BOXES.

SALLY
Okay, I’m ready.

She hugs them. Hoskins and Miguel walk away.

Sally’s MOM and DAD walk over. They look VERY familiar.

DAD
My little girl. Come here, you!
She hugs them. Dad looks Sally over.

    DAD (CONT’D)
Look at you. A vision.

    SALLY
Thanks, Dad.

    DAD
You’re lucky. You only got the best parts of your parents. If you got my nose or your mother’s butt, yikes.

    MOM
What’s wrong with my butt?

    DAD
Flat as a pancake.

Sally GIGGLES.

    MOM
Have I told you the story of how your father and I almost never got together?

    SALLY
A hundred times.

    MOM
I hated him for years.

    DAD
Still does.

    MOM
I do not. I love you very much. I just hate your personality. And your nose. And your clothes. And your taste in music.

    DAD
See what I have to deal with?

A LARGE MAN walks up behind Sally.

A CALLOUSED HAND grabs her shoulder.

She turns, startled.

    HAROLD (O.S.)
Sally!
It’s HAROLD. He looks...

Very handsome.

Sally turns, smiles, hugs him.

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

HAROLD
I heard Mom and Dad bickering like Scarlett O’Hara and Rhett Butler. I came over to save you.

DAD
When are you going back to med school?

HAROLD
As soon as med school offers a film program.

MOM
We love you no matter what you do.

DAD
Right. But we’d love you more if you were a doctor.

HAROLD
Give it up, Dad.

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

MOM
It’s their lives.

DAD
What’s the point of being a dad if I can’t tell my kids what to do?

MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY.

Dad puts out his arm.

DAD (CONT’D)
Shall we, kid?

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

As she walks, Sally notices something...

A DOLL sitting by itself, smiling, watching the ceremony. It’s FRANKIE FUN TIME.

SALLY
I don’t remember inviting a creepy doll.

DAD
What?

SALLY
Nothing.

They walk on. Sally notices a SMILING OLDER MAN in a catering uniform. It’s JEREMIAH. He gives Sally the thumbs up.

SALLY (CONT’D)
The caterer seems awfully happy to be here.

DAD
Interesting guy. He said he used to own a drive-in theater. You were conceived in a drive-in. Your mother forgot her underwear and--

SALLY
TMI, Dad!

They walk on.

Waiting for Sally is the groom...

DYLAN
Standing in front of the MINISTER. He looks REALLY happy.

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

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

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

SALLY (CONT’D)
(to DYLAN)
We’re really doing this.
DYLAN
I know, right! And you’re so hot!

SALLY
You’re sweet.

DYLAN
Thank you for choosing me.

SALLY
It wasn’t a contest.

DYLAN
Yeah, but I won, right?

Sally looks off in the distance and sees...

A MAN wearing a basic plain white MASK that appears as if a child drew eyes, a nose, and a mouth on it. He’s holding a SLEDGEHAMMER. This is MITCHELL BYERS.

Sally GASPS. She closes her eyes. Looks again. He’s gone.

MINISTER
(to SALLY)
Are you ready?

SALLY
Sorry, got distracted. I’m ready.

The Minister nods.

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

Suddenly, a COMMOTION. Several guests GASP.

ADAM

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

ADAM
(to SALLY)
Stop the wedding! Don’t do this. I made a terrible mistake. I do want to be with you. Always. I love you!

Sally glances at Dylan and offers a sheepish smile. She looks back at Adam, then back at her Dylan.
SALLY
(softly, to herself)
Oh boy. What a pickle.

DYLAN
(to the MINISTER)
Hurry! Let’s do this fast!

Sally nervously turns to Harold.

SALLY
Help me out here. Do something weird.

Harold considers.

HAROLD
Okay.

He pulls out the HEART MASK from inside his coat, puts it on, then pulls a long knife from a nearby bouquet of flowers, and STABS Dylan several times. Everyone SCREAMS.

Sally looks at Harold and GASPS.

Adam grabs Sally’s hand.

ADAM
Come on!

They run. Harold chases.

SOMEONE SMASHES A CHAIR OVER HAROLD’S HEAD. Harold FALLS DOWN.

It’s ANOTHER DR. HOSKINS. This one is wearing goggles and Steampunk-like clothes. This is SCIENTIST HOSKINS.

SCIENTIST HOSKINS
Come on!

Sally, Adam, and Scientist Hoskins run.

SALLY
What’s happening?

SCIENTIST HOSKINS
The fabric of reality is unraveling! **Every** reality! I need your help!

SALLY
But you’re a wedding planner. And what are you wearing?
SCIENTIST HOSKINS
I’m a scientist!

As they run, SCIENTIST HOSKINS BUMPS INTO WEDDING PLANNER HOSKINS.

ADAM
I didn’t know Hoskins had a twin.

WEDDING PLANNER HOSKINS
I don’t!

SCIENTIST HOSKINS
(to SALLY)
You broke the doorway between worlds. Everything’s bleeding together! Only you can fix it!

Behind them, Slatter gets up.

SALLY
This is so not how I thought my wedding day would go.

THE END?