

An artistic anatomical illustration of a human face, rendered in shades of green and teal. The face is shown with detailed musculature and a network of red and blue lines representing blood vessels. The eyes are closed. Overlaid on the face and the background are several semi-transparent anatomical diagrams of the head and neck, including the brain, sinuses, and facial bones. These diagrams are marked with numbers such as 19, 18, 29, 2, 24, 8, 7, 9, 20, and 30. The entire composition is set against a dark, textured background with a purple-to-green gradient. The text 'FRESH BLOOD' is centered in a bold, purple, sans-serif font.

**FRESH BLOOD**

SECOND ACT LIBRARY

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**SECOND ACT LIBRARY**

/sekənd/ /akt/ /'lɪbrerē, 'lɪb(ə)rē/  
noun, phrase

The "Second Act Library" is a term used to define a horror trope -- the period of a horror film (most often occurring in the latter half of the Second Act) where the hero/es research their foe/s in an effort to become more equally matched and equipped to battle them in the final act. Copyright-safe Google searches, Wikipedia scouring, Newspaper clippings, Microfiche scanning, and trips to the - you guessed it - **Library**.

**LEAD CAST**

(A lot of people had to die to get us here today. Here's a cheat sheet of the important ones)

CLIFF BAXTON - (***Under the Lighthouse***) Hunky meathead. Dimwitted. Looks like a surfer dude, but you'll never catch him in water. He's more of a "hey bro, let's toss the football in the sand" type.

SAMANTHA WHIPP - (***Back\Slash***) A bright-eyed plain Jane. As final girl as final girls get. She's reserved and slightly anxious. Though - you would be too with a masked murderer slowly picking off you and your friends one by one.

GREGORY 'GREG' OLDEN - (***Jīnghài Asylum***) Too cool for Youtube Red. A quasi-celebrity who's cornered the internet ghost-hunting market. Don't ask him about the science behind EVP's if you have anywhere to be.

LILLIAN SMITH - (***Baby, Book, and Candle***) A stoic, single mom-type. She looks too young to have a kid on her hip, but her natural maternal instinct gives her away. She's got other natural talents too, and they might have something to do with that locket around her neck.

CASEY JACKSON - (***The Devil and Willow Lane***) Sassy with a quick lip, but a laid back attitude. It's all a front though, 'cause deep down she's still reeling from the death of her twin sister. She'd do *anything* to get her back.

MARGOT THOMAS - (***Beta Cappa Die***) Blinded by ambition without a knack or care for social skills, Margot's fiery red hair and smooth skin could easily land her a spot in the A-Group. She only wants straight A's. But she'll go A-Group to get there.

JAMES BECK - (***The Valedictorian***) A steam train heading straight to the top. He'll take his loyal followers with him, but they'd better earn their keep. A nose for news, and an eye for details - you'd better talk fast and smart around him.

DEPUTY DALE WOODY - Just wants to retire. He always has his hand on his flashlight. Better that than his gun.

MADAM FORTUNA - An eerie old woman draped in shawls. Wirey hair and milky eyes.

THE LIBRARIAN - A taught bun, enviable posture, and feet that barely touch the floor.

COLD OPEN/FLASHBACK (SAMANTHA)

POV. We silently slink up a white wrap-around porch.

A front door.

*Unlocked.*

We enter. "The Ramones" BLASTS from another room.

The light on at the end of the hall. THE KITCHEN.

We slowly make toward it..

SAMANTHA WHIPP (more on her later) dances across the entrance.

We dip into the shadows.

FREEZEFRAME.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

**BACK\SLASH**

ON SAMANTHA:

She shimmies, a wooden spoon as her microphone.

SAMANTHA  
 I DON'T WANNA BE BURIED  
 INA PET SEM-UH-TERY  
 I DON'T WANNA LIVE MY LIFEE..  
 AGA-AIN.

A sound down the hall.. *Laughter?*

Samantha whirls her head around.

The front door is closed. Darkness. Empty darkness.

She continues dancing, a little more reserved now.

From the cupboard, She grabs a box of macaroni - dancing her way to the stove.

Behind her, a shadowy figure EMERGES IN THE HALL..

CREEPING toward the kitchen..

Samantha walks right past, opening the refrigerator door and grabbing a tub of margarine.

She slams the door – revealing THE FIGURE – FROZEN STILL!

She shimmies back over to the stove.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
I know you're there, David.

The figure droops.. entering the kitchen. It is DAVID (more on him later).

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
You laughed at my Joey Ramone.

He chuckles.

DAVID  
Was worried you heard that.

He pulls her into a bear hug.

She taps his head with the wooden spoon.

SAMANTHA  
Did you bring movies? I'm making you noodles.

DAVID  
I did... we planning on actually *watching* them tonight?

She serves him a questioning glance.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
When you said slumber party, I assumed it was gonna be a - you know - *sexy slumber*.

Samantha turns back to the stove.

SAMANTHA  
You're playing bodyguard boyfriend tonight - if you think I'm letting you get distracted..

He slides his arms around her waist.

DAVID  
Don't worry baby, no psycho killer is getting in here on my watch.

The doorbell rings.

SAMANTHA

Good. Cause Niya, Carl, and Julie  
are staying over too.

He deflates again.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Go get the door.

David drags his legs down the hall, disappearing.

Samantha - back to uninterrupted food prep - tears open the  
box of noodles..

Pouring the box into the pot...

A FOLDED UP LETTER FALLS OUT!

She fishes it out of the water with her spoon..

Winces - *hot!* - unfolds it..

Printed on on the paper as if pulled fresh from a typewriter  
(a wet one)..

**SUM1 GOING TO DIE TONITE.**

**;)**

As her group of friends enter the kitchen..

**SAMANTHA SCREAMS!**

EXT. NIGHT

A single lane road. The asphalt old. Crumbling.

Tufts of sunburnt grass poke through cracks. Tread-bare tires STEAMROLL over them. This is probably a good place for some opening credits.

The tires belong to a blue 4-door. Mid 80's. Rust that's been covered with turquoise blue paint from the local hardware store.

The car speeds down the road, the engine struggling to keep up.

INT. OLD TURQ

A young couple are in the car:

CLIFF BAXTON (18), with one of those dudebro seashell necklaces from every giftshop ever, and a muscle shirt showing off definitely-been-waxed shoulders. Driving.

MAY SUMMERS (17), passenger seat. Blonde. A bridge of freckles across her nose. A sunburn, a tan on top, and then another sunburn. Kinda like Old Turq.

MAY

Does this thing not go any faster??

CLIFF

I'm trying! Are you sure this is the right road?

May consults a large bi-fold map in her lap. It's old, weathered.

MAY

It should be right up here at the end.

EXT. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The road gives way to a large, colonial style library. Ornate and well maintained by the town (unlike the roads). It looks almost as if it could serve as the town hall, but for the word "LIBRARY" looming over the four column entrance.

INT. OLD TURQ

MAY

I see it!

May folds the map in haste, POINTING.

Cliff guns it over the threshold, the car bouncing into the parking lot.

They blaze towards the entrance..

MAY (CONT'D)

Okay, when we get in there, we have to find the records for every lighthouse keeper from the past 200 years. We need to find the origin of-

A SWORD PIERCES THROUGH MAY'S STERNUM FROM BEHIND THE PASSENGER SEAT.

Cliff stares IN HORROR as May SPUTTERS blood...

..then *SEA WATER!*

He reaches to her...

AND INSTEAD PULLS THE PARKING BREAK. They've arrived.

May looks down at the gaping wound in her chest...

BLOOD OOZES from the wound. The sword WIGGLES before being YANKED BACK by some invisible force behind the seat.

May slumps. Head lolls. *Dead.*

IN THE BACKSEAT:

A sea-swollen OLD MAN with grey, decaying skin and hollow eyes GROANS from a toothless mouth. He reaches out with pruny fingers and SWIPES FOR CLIFF!

CLIFF ducks, escaping through the driver's side door. The door SLAMS hastily behind him, locking the creature inside.

EXT. NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Gathering himself, Cliff presses his hands to the windows, looking longingly towards Dead May.

CLIFF  
I'll stop him, baby. I'll stop him  
for you.

A profound, emotional moment - but for the SLAPPING AND MOANING as we pull out to reveal the water-zombie in the backseat, pitifully smacking against the glass. Sockets on Cliff.

FREEZE FRAME. SUPER-IMPOSE:

**SECOND**

**ACT**

**LIBRARY**

INT. LIBRARY

Cliff enters. The space vast. Dark marble floors and mahogany pillars stretching up to a vaulted ceiling that we'll never see because it's over two stories up.

Cliff pads into the foyer.. there's no one around.

GROANING from outside.

Cliff runs towards a sofa and pushes it, SQUEEKING across entryway. BARRICADING the door.

He slumps over it, catching his breath.

SAMANTHA

Is there someone after you?

Cliff whirls around, to see SAMANTHA WHIP (17) [from our cold open]. Brown hair, a no-maintenance fringe hanging down over her forehead. A masculine green utility jacket that looks like it'll hold up well in a horror movie. Good choice.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

There's someone after me too.

Cliff straightens.

CLIFF

(wistful)

He killed everyone.

(beat, as if nothing happened)

I'm Cliff by the way.

SAMANTHA

Samantha.

They shake hands.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(at the moaning)

He's out there?

Cliff nods.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Good. ..Good.

A moment as the two strangers stand in the darkened lobby. Both compelled to do *something*... which manifests itself as talking at the same time:

CLIFF  
I gotta find out who this  
fucker is.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
I gotta find out who the  
bastard is.

Samantha smiles sheepishly.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Come on, I know my way around.  
We'll start in Non-Fiction.

FLASHBACK (CASEY)

A log cabin. Definitely an AIRBNB. Ikea brickabrack scattered Pinterest perfect. A fire crackles lazily in the hearth. Summer nighttime breeze floats through open windows.

A GROUP OF TEENAGERS surround a coffee table in the center of the room, lounging on every available surface.. the floor.. chairs.. armrests.

CASEY JACKSON sits among them. (More on her later.) She laughs coyly, lifting a beer to her lips.

FREEZE FRAME. SUPER-IMPOSE:

**THE DEVIL  
AND  
WILLOW LANE**

From a dark hall, JAN(17) enters, smiling wickedly under undrawn curtains of dark brown hair.

CASEY

Where'd you disappear to?

JACK (18), beside Casey, smirks.

JACK

Let's do a head count. Who's missing?

The guys laugh and jab at each other.

JAN

I was peeing, k thanks. But look-

She lifts to show off AN OLD OUIJA BOARD. Hand-carved, rustic. A matching planchette rests atop.

Jan trots over and places it on the coffee table, dropping effortlessly into crossed legs.

JAN (CONT'D)

Let's play!

Hands begin to find their way to the planchette.

Casey hesitates-

CASEY

Where did you find that?

Jan answers non-nonchalantly, eagerly urging fingers to find their places-

JAN

There was a false wall in the  
bathroom.. put your hand on!

CASEY

Jan, I don't think we should mess  
around-

JACK

Come on Casey. Maybe we'll reach  
Angelica.

The room stiffens..

*Quiets.*

Casey sighs and considers. *Angelica.*

She puts two fingers on the planchette, joining the rest of  
the Teens.

THE PLANCHETTE ZOOMS ACROSS THE BOARD.

Spelling:

*B-A-D*

*I-D-E-A*

*J-A-N*

Teens murmer..

Hands Fall Slack..

Casey *GASPS!*

JAN'S HANDS ARE STILL ON THE PLANCHETTE, ARMS OUTREACHED.

EYES ROLLED UP IN HER HEAD..

ONLY THE WHITES SHOWING.

INT. NON-FICTION - LATER

Lights flicker on, bulbs pop like no one's flipped the switch in years. Aisles upon aisles of non-fiction books line 10-foot high bookshelves.

Cliff and Samantha enter.

Thunder booms outside (because of course thunder booms outside).

SAMANTHA

When did you start getting the notes?

CLIFF

..Notes?

SAMANTHA

From the killer!

They slink to the edge of the bookshelves, peering down an aisle cautiously.

CLIFF

I don't think he can write, can he? Seems a little pre-occupied with the sword.

SAMANTHA

Sword? You mean *the knife*?

CLIFF

..Is your killer not a water-logged lighthouse keeper back from the dead, hellbent on dragging teens down to their watery grave?

Samantha shakes her head.

SAMANTHA

I was starting to think it was my ex-boyfriend David, but the killer stabbed him him on the way over here.

Cliff, a little over-exuberantly -

CLIFF

MINE TOO!

Samantha stares.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

My girlfriend was murdered. She  
wasn't the killer though.  
Definitely not the killer.

Cliff lowers his head sorrowfully, clearly hamming it up for the attention. Gives Samantha a pained smile.

She smiles back.

He takes the opportunity - reaches for her hand.

*Bad call.* She pulls hers away, shaking her head -

SAMANTHA

Let's just.. figure things out.

She eyes him suspiciously.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

How come I've never seen you  
before?

CLIFF

I don't live here. I was camping  
with some friends on the beach..  
(wistful, again)  
we broke into the lighthouse.. we  
shouldn't have. But the beacon was  
just spinning. May said it was  
impossible.. been out of commission  
for years. I knew something was  
wrong.. the second I-

ANOTHER LOUD CLAP OF THUNDER.. TAKING THE POWER WITH IT.

The entire library shrouded in DARKNESS.

...

A FLASHLIGHT pointed on Samantha.

She holds her hands up to her eyes, trying to see.

SAMANTHA

..Cliff?

The flashlight twirls upwards, revealing the face and nostril contents of CASEY JACKSON (17). Toothy grin. Frizzy, humid curls tied up in a knot on the top of her head. Tendrils drooping in her face like she's wearing a dead squid for a hat.

CASEY

Sorry to scare you. Casey. Casey Jackson.

Cliff appears from the darkness.

CLIFF

Where'd you come from?

CASEY

A cabin, out on route 26.

CLIFF

No, I meant..

Cliff gestures around the library.

CASEY

Oh. Kids section. This place is a maze.

SAMANTHA

Have you been here the whole time? Did you see a person in a white mask?

CASEY

Mask? No. I just got here before the storm. I'm trying to find the town archive.

Casey jerks her head backwards toward the darkness like she **hears something**. Samantha and Cliff don't notice.

SAMANTHA

Us too. Can we keep with you and your flashlight?

CLIFF

We should stick together.

CASEY

Depends, I'm not the luckiest person to be around.

SAMANTHA

Me either.

CLIFF

Same.

Casey shrugs.

INT. LIBRARY - MEANWHILE..

Grainy camera footage. We think it's CCTV because we're looking down a dark, empty hallway..

but then the camera BEGINS TO MOVE. WE'RE THE POV OF A HANDHELD CAMERA.

We are lead down the hallway, one footstep at a time. Large windows allow blue light to illuminate rain-spattered reflections across the floor.

Occasionally, we catch legs and feet in the bottom of the frame.

We reach the edge of the hall. The end of the windows. Only darkness beyond.

We stop moving.

A long, looming silence.

MALE VOICE

Who's there?

FLASHBACK (CASEY)

The footage flutters like old film grain, and suddenly we're back in **THE DEVIL AND WILLOW LANE**.

Casey enters, her eyes wild. She casts the beam of a flashlight in every corner, every shadow, revealing:

BLOOD SPLATTERED ACROSS THE WALLS.

She steps OVER something unseen.

The flashlight continues to dart, finding..

THE OUIJA BOARD.

Resting on the coffee table. *Waiting.*

Casey looks at it, the beam held steady.

Cautiously, she looks around.. Quiet. Empty.

Then makes her way over to it..

Sits down..

It's then we see JACK SPLAYED OUT ON THE GROUND, HIS THROAT SLIT AND GAPING. The flashlight beam passes over him like it's nothing. Casey's mind is elsewhere now.

She rests the flashlight down, beam pointed at the board.

Very gingerly, her fingertips find the planchette..

She closes her eyes, a teardrop trickling down her face..

THE PLANCHETTE STARTS TO MOVE.

Casey slowly lowers her head, almost too scared to read out the letters..

T-H-E-Y-R

A-L-L

I-N

H-E-R-E

A-N-G-E-L-C-A-

I-N

H-E-R-E

INT. NON-FICTION - LATER

Cliff, Samantha, and Casey allow a single yellow beam to lead them into another section of the library.

SAMANTHA

This is History. There should be a section on the town somewhere..

CASEY

Can I just say.. This place is uber creepy. Who puts a gigantic, sinister looking library at the edge of town? I almost expected to tromp through a graveyard out back.

CLIFF

(laughing)

I bet it makes school trips a hoot. This is buddy system size FO SHO.

SAMANTHA

It's been here forever. The library's as old as the township. All of the old buildings were built with the docks. This used to be a trading town. Where the rail and water intersected. Was pretty prosperous at one time. It's why the University team's called THE GALLEONS.

Samantha mimes explosions with her hands, to signify canons going off. *Pew! Pew!*

CLIFF

We don't even need books, we've got the town archive right here.

Samantha smiles sheepishly.

The three pass the last shelf.. opening up to a series of desks.

At one of them..

MARGOT THOMAS (18) reads by candlelight. She looks up, revealing wireframe glasses underneath a shag of red, wild hair.

MARGOT

Hi.

Shadows dance around her in the dark space. Kind of spooky.  
The three stare, no one responding.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
You guys.. doing alright?

SAMANTHA  
Where'd you get that candle?

CLIFF  
There's a swamp man after us.

Everyone looks at Cliff and then - ignore him.

MARGOT  
The librarian gave it to me.

CASEY  
What Librarian? The place is empty.  
..I mean.. like, excluding all of  
us.

Margot shrugs.

MARGOT  
I don't know. The power went out,  
then she gave it to me, then she  
left. It was all very eventful.

SAMANTHA  
Do you know where the town records  
are kept?

MARGOT  
Look around. I don't work here.

Casey glares at Margot. Cliff and Samantha roll their eyes  
and then set off to check the shelves.

FLASHBACK (MARGOT)

A college quad. Late summer sun shines down as green leaves blow, their edges yellowing from the threat of fall. MARGOT and ZYANA (18) follow a roping sidewalk from a cluster of buildings.

Behind them, a gaggle of jocks in TEAM GALLEON sweats pass. (*this is one of those third watch rewards*)

The girls reach a NOTICE BOARD and stop.

ZYANA

Well, are you pledging?

MARGOT

I don't know. The faux *girl power*..  
it's not really me.

They stare at the notice board. Several Sorority and Fraternity posters shout back.

ZYANA

For your grade's sake, you better.  
Anyone who's anyone after grad is  
part of a sorority. Do it for your  
career. Plus, I'm joining one - so  
you need to make back-up friends  
for when I'm busy doing keg stands.

Margot winces at the word *career*. A leg up is too enticing.

MARGOT

Which one? they're all so..  
*vibrant*.

Neon posters crammed with text. "MAKE NEW FRIENDS". "DELTA PHI PHI IS PHAMILY PHIRST", "PLEDGE ALPHA DELTAS AND ALLPHA THOSE DELTS!" Margot cringes.

Then.. she spots *the one*.

Pink paper. Cardstock thicker than *Patrick Bateman's* business card.

BETA CAPP A PIE in ornate, black cursive.

No date, no location. Nothing. Just the name.

Margot touches the paper, entranced.

ZYANA

The Cappas? Yeah, I doubt you'll  
get in. The hardest of the bunch.

(MORE)

ZYANA (CONT'D)

They've never turned down a wannabe  
pledge though, so there's no harm  
in trying.

MARGOT

How do I..?

Margot's fingers trace the looping letters.

ZYANA

It's tonight. No wait - that's  
Delta. Tomorrow night at eight. I'm  
pledging so many I can hardly keep  
my schedule straight. Gotta keep  
your options open, right? I'll  
bring you. We'll keg stand  
together.

Margot nods, and they start away from the notice board..

Margot's eyes still glued to the poster.

INT. NON-FICTION - LATER

Casey hovers in the shadows.. Margot's focus already back to her book.

CASEY  
Soo... Whatcha readin'?

Margot doesn't look up.

MARGOT  
Research. For school.

CASEY  
Cool. What are you studying?

Margot doesn't answer.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Neat-o. I'm going to be going for Kinesthetics, super-stoked.

Margot sighs.

MARGOT  
Major English. Minor Sociology.  
Gotta study though..

CASEY  
Big project..?

Casey flashes the beam of her flashlight on the book, illuminating the title:

**MODERN DAY GUIDE TO DEMONIC FORCES AND POSSESSION**

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Project on *demons*?

MARGOT  
Go find your records.

CASEY  
Actually.. I'm pretty interested in demonic possession myself. Anything uh.. Anything in there about Ouija boards? Or like, a list of -

MARGOT  
No.

CASEY

C'mon it'll only take a sec. Or,  
you could just show me where you  
got it?

Casey dances on her heels. She shakes her head **strangely** as  
if a fly has just buzzed past her ear.

Margot doesn't notice.

MARGOT

No.

CASEY

Could you just point, maybe? 10  
paces, 11 o'clock.

MARGOT

No.

Casey rolls her eyes and turns..

CASEY

*Bitch.*

We CUT on Margot's appalled face.

FLASHBACK (MARGOT)

A pink room cast in shadow. White wire frame beds, a random assortment of posters for teen flicks pinned to every available surface - **SAY ANYTHING, 16 CANDLES, TEEN WOLF.**

A GROUP OF PLEDGES sit in a tight circle on lushly carpeted floor, around an altar of candles - providing an eerie flickering glow. (**TEEN WOLF** has never looked so ominous)

8 SORORITY SISTERS stand ceremoniously before the group, PINK HOODS obscuring their faces.

FREEZE FRAME. SUPER-IMPOSE:

**BETA  
CAPPA  
DIE**

HEAD HOOD:

Beta Cappa Pie alumni are psychologists, lawyers, surgeons, politicians. For over fifty years, hundreds of successful women have passed through these doors. We were, are, and remain the most tight nit, and exclusive sorority. We've maintained our status and prestige through the honor and dedication of our sisters. Pledge Beta Cappa Pie, *always* a Beta Cappa Pie.

The pledges look nervously to one another. We spot MARGOT and ZYANA among them.

HEAD HOOD: (CONT'D)

Tonight, Pledges - we invite you to test that honor. Not all of you will make it - but those of you who revere, who dedicate yourselves for the rest of your lives.. The gift of Beta Cappa will follow you. For good or bad. Forever. Blessings be balanced by Curse.

The sorority sisters LOWER THEIR HOODS.

Each places a hand on a pledge. There is an arm on every shoulder, criss-crossed. *No escape.*

HEAD HOOD (CONT'D)

Remember girls, *don't lie.*

Zyana gives Margot a look. They have no idea what's going on.

SORORITY SISTER 1, standing at the very edge of the group, speaks low, in a haunted tone-

SORORITY SISTER 1  
Never have I ever.

The sister beside her joins-

BOTH  
Never have I ever.

One by one, all of the sorority sisters join in, until the room HUMS with the chant..

SORORITY SISTERS  
Never have I ever.  
Never have I ever.

The Head Hood steps forward into the circle.

The chanting STOPS.

HEAD HOOD  
Never have I ever..  
Pledged a sorority other than Beta  
Cappa Pie.

The pledges look around, nervous.

Sorority sisters squeeze their shoulders. Margot closes her eyes, inhales.

HEAD HOOD (CONT'D)  
Say it.

PLEDGES TOGETHER  
..Never have I ever pledged a  
sorority other than Beta Cappa Pie.

HALF OF THE PLEDGES DROP. DEAD.

The remaining Pledges SCREAM.

Margot GASPS!

Zyana is **among** those sprawled out on the floor.

INT. NON-FICTION - LATER

Samantha scans shelves with a thumb..

Cliff not far away, his face perched on a chin-high shelf.  
Eyes glazed over with boredom.

SAMANTHA  
Something's really weird.

CLIFF  
What?

He joins her.

SAMANTHA  
Well, the section on Shadyside is  
right here. But then.. this section  
is Sandyville. And this section is  
Summersville. This one is  
*Sandyside*.

CLIFF  
Oh good! Sandyside. Did you find  
anything on lighthouses?

SAMANTHA  
Cliff. The town we're in is called  
*Shadyside*. But.. why are there so  
many others here?

AT THE TABLES:

Casey has started towards the bookshelves. Margot calls out -

MARGOT  
Wait, stop. Here, you can look at  
it. I'm sorry I'm being such a  
bitch.

Casey turns and returns to the table, sitting beside Margot.  
Margot slides the book over to her.

CASEY  
No worries, it hasn't been my  
favorite day either.

Margot tries to sneakily wipe a tear from under her glasses.  
Casey notices.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Do you want to like.. talk.. about it?

MARGOT

It's rush week. I'm just really overwhelmed. Maybe a.. maybe a **game** would make me feel better?

CASEY

Wait.. did you just say *rush week*?

AT THE BOOKSHELVES:

CLIFF

I don't know, Sam - I coulda sworn the map said *Sandyside*.

A MALE ARM reaches beside them and grabs a book from the *SUMMERSVILLE* section.

The arm belongs to..

JAMES BECK (17). His blond hair curves back into a dapper pomp. A collared short-sleeve shirt. Ballpoint pens tucked in the pocket. He's holding a candle.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Another fucking candle.

SAMANTHA

Who are you?

James looks at them, calm as a cucumber.

JAMES

James Beck. *Valedictorian* James Beck. Nice to meet you. Have you seen the yearbooks for class of '92 and '78? I'm thinking they might of got dropped over in *Shadyside*.

SAMANTHA

Are you from *Summersville*?

JAMES

Born, raised, and reigning.

SAMANTHA

Where is it? The town. *Summersville*.

JAMES

Is this some kind of joke? Are you being funny? We're in it, dollface.

SAMANTHA

This doesn't make any sense..

CLIFF

Have you ever heard of *Sandyside*?

JAMES

Well.. just now, yeah. Section's right in front of you. I don't know. I thought these were all small towns up north. Too small to have a swank library.

SAMANTHA

James, I've lived here all my life. This town is called *Shadyside*.

JAMES

Okay, sugar.

FLASHBACK (JAMES)

A Red and Yellow Banner. *SUMMERVILLE PROM - JUNE 8. Tickets \$50.*

TWO TEENS struggle to hang it across the hall, each perched on ladders at either side.

JAMES and ANN (17) walk below, a rushed pace. A ladder teeters. *Unlucky.*

FREEZE-FRAME. SUPER IMPOSE:

**THE VALEDICTORIAN**

They enter a student NEWSROOM.

ANN

What are you thinking?

JAMES

I think Principal Waters is a liar,  
is what I think.

ANN

..It could all be a coincidence,  
James. We can run the story as is.

JAMES

I have time. I'm going to do this  
piece justice - even if it's my  
send off.

ANN

Why don't you just abstain?

James shoots her a look. SUSAN (17) enters, a bunch of neon green posters tucked under her arm.

SUSAN

Hot off the press!

James claps his hands in excitement and rushes over.

Ann gives the back of his head a look, then joins.

Susan lays down a poster..

A pop-art, Andy Warhol-style James stares back. Underneath:

**VOTE YOUR VALEDICTORIAN JAMES BECK FOR PROM KING (OR QUEEN)**

Susan covers it with a second design..

This one, a 'candid' - James bears pearly whites, laughing at something off-camera. Underneath:

**KING OF THE CURSE. SEND VALEDICTORIAN JAMES BECK OFF IN  
STYLE!**

Ann tsks at the second poster.

ANN

Really?

James raises an eyebrow.

JAMES

Might as well market to my benefit,  
right?

SUSAN

You're not cursed, James.

JAMES

Just wait until we publish my  
exposé. Principal Waters be damned!

ANN

We need the facts, James. How can  
we prove there's a "Valedictorian  
death curse" without any evidence?

JAMES

Well you could run it posthumously.  
"SCOOP FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE:  
VALEDICTORIAN JAMES BECK SAID THIS  
WOULD HAPPEN!"

Susan giggles.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Are you still here? Posters up.  
Now.

James waves Susan off. She frowns, scooping up the posters  
and disappearing.

ANN

We'll need to get into the  
Summersville archive.

A CRASHING SOUND FROM THE HALLWAY. Ann and James run out to  
see -

Susan crushed under a fallen ladder, the SIGN HANGER (16) on  
top of the pile, pressing upwards. He SCREAMS.

BLOOD pools from Susan's head.. SPLIT OPEN ON THE LINOLEUM.

THE BLOOD OOZES ITS WAY OVER TO A NEON GREEN POSTER, the rest of them now scattered across the hall.

"..SEND VALEDICTORIAN JAMES BECK OFF IN STYLE!"

INT. NON-FICTION - LATER

Margot and Casey appear at the bookshelves where James, Samantha, and Cliff are arguing.

CASEY  
Guys, we just found out something weird.

MARGOT  
Okay so - I'm in rush week.

They all stare, dumbfounded. Margot rolls her eyes.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
It's the second week of September.

Casey butts in -

CASEY  
I'm on *summer vacation*. It's the last week of August.

Samantha and Cliff share glances..

CLIFF  
July..

SAMANTHA  
November..

JAMES  
End of May.

CASEY  
What is going on?!

Thunder crackles as the group stand together, lost. They look like a *deja vu* gone wrong.

SAMANTHA  
James, where *did* you get that candle?

JAMES  
The Librarian gave it to me. She was *just* here.

James motions to the hall behind him.

SAMANTHA  
Maybe we should go find her. Or anyone. Who can explain.. this section.

MARGOT  
..and the *date*?

CLIFF  
Do you have a better idea?

Cliff smiles over-eagerly at Samantha. Her eyes dart away.

Strange, LOW MOANS echo in the distance.

Wood CREAKS not far away.

With their own individual interpretations of the sound -

ALL  
Let's get out of here.

The gang hustle out of the History section, *Scooby style*.

FEMALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
Point the camera over here, I can't  
see anything..

INT. CAMERA POV

A camera's light illuminates rows upon rows of bookshelves in high contrast.

MALE VOICE  
Something's not right.

FEMALE VOICE  
Let's keep moving then.

The camera whirls around, now pointing the other direction. It struggles to illuminate the open space. Blackness.

MALE VOICE  
No, I'm going back to the entrance.

The sound of a BOOKSHELF CRASHING in the distance.

FEMALE VOICE  
What was that?!

ANOTHER ONE.

ANOTHER ONE.

ANOTHER ONE.

MALE VOICE  
RUN!

The camera dives head first into the blackness, the sounds of two sets of feet unevenly SLAMMING into the ground.

INT. LIBRARY - LOBBY - LATER

Candelabras aglow on every surface, casting deep shadows up the walls. Somewhere, a record player plays sad swing music. It's as if we're on a haunted cruise ship or attending a party at the Overlook hotel.

Our gang of teens enter cautiously.

CLIFF

This wasn't here earlier. Right,  
Samantha?

Samantha shakes her head.

They cross the space, edging towards the front desk.

No one there.

MARGOT

Is there a bell, or something?

SAMANTHA

(calling)  
Hello? Helloo?

A croaking female voice from somewhere in the room -

MADAM FORTUNA (UNSEEN)

She's doing her rounds. Quiet down.  
You'll unrest the spirits and their  
stories.

CASEY

(cautioned eagerness)  
What spirits?

CLIFF

Who said that? Where are you?

Margot holds her candle up, squinting around the room.

She gasps and points to the seating area. A high back chair faced away from them.

A LONG, WEATHERED HAND curls around the armrest. Long, cherry red fingernails dig into the fabric, puckering it.

The group inches over.

MADAM FORTUNA (UNSEEN)  
 Madam Fortuna. Come over here and  
 visit with an old woman.

They round the armchair...

Revealing:

MADAM FORTUNA - an old woman carved from a young one. Her hair in 1920's fingerwaves, a black beaded shall wrapped around her, the fringe wiggling like tiny snakes.

She holds her long, weathered hands out to them. It is then we realize... SHE IS BLIND.

MADAM FORTUNA (CONT'D)  
 Who has the locket?

The group trade eye contact. No one.

She scans each with a silent outstretched palm. (We pause on each scared face. Before moving on to the next, she folds down a taloned finger:)

MARGOT.. Five fingers to four.

CASEY.. Four fingers to three.

CLIFF.. Three fingers to two.

JAMES.. Two fingers, no change.

SAMANTHA.. she stops.

Gestures to Samantha with her hand.

MADAM FORTUNA (CONT'D)  
 Come child.

Samantha hesitates before sitting adjacent Madam Fortuna.

Madam Fortuna holds Samantha's hands over the wooden table. She pulls them back.. REVEALING a spread of TAROT CARDS. Five cards, all face down.

CLIFF  
 (whispering to group)  
 Were those there-

MADAM FORTUNA  
 We haven't much time.

SAMANTHA  
 Time for what?

CASEY

Sorry to interrupt, but you said something about spirits?

Lightning CRACKLES above.

The record SKIPS.

Casey and Samantha's questions go ignored.

MADAM FORTUNA

Choose one.

Stephanie points at the middle card. Then, realizing her error, she lifts the card and places it in one of Fortuna's hands.

Madam Fortuna doesn't even pretend to read it.

SAMANTHA

Want me to-

MADAM FORTUNA

THE FOOL.

Margot jumps slightly.

MADAM FORTUNA (CONT'D)

Naivety. Innocence. A Curiosity..

MUFFLED BANGING interrupts from the closed double doors off the side wall. Everyone stops - looking cautiously. The sound far off in the distance.

It stops.

Madam Fortuna continues-

MADAM FORTUNA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

A journey into the unfamiliar. With the unfamiliar..

Samantha quickly glances at Cliff.

MADAM FORTUNA (CONT'D)

Spontaneity. Yes. You'll need to outwit even yourself. Tap into the confines of your soul. The record skips. You are bound to this path.. but even the tightest bind may be broken. Flip the switch and trick the witch. The record skips..

Samantha leans in, engrossed by Fortuna's prophetic babbling.

DISTANT SCREAMING erupts from the side doors.

JAMES

-We should go help? Maybe?

James grabs a candelabra from one of the tables.

CLIFF

Come on, Sam.

Samantha pulls herself away from Madam Fortuna, pausing to look down at her card one last time.

The upturned FOOL. Surrounded by face down cards.

Cliff tugs her away.

MADAM FORTUNA

(repeating)

Every bind may be broken...

FLASHBACK (SAM)

A bustling space. High walls, white marble. Similar architecture to the library, but BRIGHTER. Noon.

SAMANTHA sits at a lunch table where CARL (19) and NIYA (19) are already eating. She forces a small, sad smile at them.

CARL

How are you holding up?

SAMANTHA

I just can't believe she's gone.  
It's all my fault.

NIYA

Don't.. don't blame yourself, Sam.  
A psycho killed Julie. You couldn't  
have known he was already in the  
house.

SAMANTHA

But - if it's.. if it's David.. *I'm*  
the one who brought him into our  
circle. *I'm* the one who lined us up  
for easy pickings. I just wish my  
mom was here you, know? To tell me  
what to do.

Carl's eyes BULGE at something beyond them, before lowering them to his tray. He whispers-

CARL

Don't look up, Sam.

Samantha tenses up as DAVID (19), marches toward the table.

He swings a leg over and straddles, slidint right up close to Samantha. She stiffens.

DAVID

No "Welcome back, David?"?!

NIYA

*David-*

David SLAMS HIS HAND on the table. Other students turn to look.

DAVID

I spent the weekend IN JAIL,  
Samantha. I had to pee next to a  
junky's head. They took my  
SHOELACES.

Samantha doesn't respond. She looks desperately to Niya and Carl. They return the same gesture. *Helplessness.*

DAVID (CONT'D)

You still think I'm the killer?

He stands now, becoming aware the entire student body is watching the drama unfold.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You ALL still think I'm the killer?

He leans down into Samantha again. His words are so close, they ruffle through her hair..

DAVID (CONT'D)

Add this to your collection.

He throws a folded piece of paper on the table and storms out of the cafeteria.

The three friends stare down at the paper.

Finally, Samantha reaches for it.

She unfolds it, but we can tell from her face she already knows what it is..

THE PAPER:

***Now U know what it's like 2 not B trusted.  
Soon u'll know what it's like 2B dead.***

INT. LIBRARY - EAST WING - LATER

The group march through a hall of books. A scattering of light sources shared between them.

CASEY

What are we doing? We have no idea where the sound even came from.

CLIFF

Or *what* the sound came from.

Samantha trails from the pack, her cogs still turning from the visit with Madam Fortuna.

SAMANTHA

What are we even doing here? We don't know each other. We're strangers. From different towns.. different months. Different lives.

CLIFF

Or we're all just going crazy.

CASEY

*..At the same time?*

JAMES

I don't know, I'm kind of enjoying it. I feel like Nancy Drew.

MARGOT

I've got an idea. Let's do an icebreaker.

Margot is too eager. It's out of character.

Casey raises an eyebrow.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

You guys ever play.. Never Have I Ever? It's fun. We play it in my sorority. It's kind of a tradition.

CASEY

Is now really a good time?

MARGOT

(ignoring)

Typically, one of us says something they've never done and everyone who's done it has to drink. Or repeat it if they haven't done it. Or - raise their hand, I guess.

(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Whatever works. But you have to tell the truth. Here, I'll start-

Never have I ever lived in Shadyside.

Samantha frowns. Her eyes swell with tears.

CASEY

C'mon. Lay off the towns thing.

CLIFF

(to Samantha)

Don't worry. We'll figure it out.

MARGOT

Lay off what? It's just a tease. A little party game.

James stops. He turns to Margot.

JAMES

Hey.. I think I know this one..

MARGOT

The game?

JAMES

(remembering)

No.. the *movie*..

Everyone stops now, hovering around James and his candelabra.

JAMES (CONT'D)

A college sorority is haunted by a student who was accidentally killed while rushing. Every year, she exacts revenge on the new pledges..

Margot's eyes bulge slightly.

JAMES (CONT'D)

By killing them for lying. Becoming part of the same fate that befell her... In a game of NEVER HAVE I EVER.

Margot steps back a pace, the shadows deepen across her eyes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

In order to survive.. they have to keep the game going. Forever.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

The sorority never says no to new pledges. They have to feed the vengeful spirit.

James waves his arms spookily.

MARGOT

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

Her eyes glint in the darkness.

JAMES

Okay. I'll play -  
(beat)  
Never have I ever tried to trick a group of strangers into playing a deadly game.

James lifts his hand.

Casey's hand shoots up.

Samantha and Cliff share a shrug and raise their hands.

Margot bites her lip.

James taps his foot.

Margot - slowly - raises her arm...

IT STOPS HALFWAY.

Her face screws up, twists.. HORROR IN HER EYES.

Her mouth moves, POSSESSED-

POSSESSED MARGOT

NEVER HAVE I EVER..

..LIVED PAST EIGHTEEN.

HER NECK TWISTS, SNAPPING SEVERAL TIMES.

It's as if she's been wrung like a towel. Her body COLLAPSES in a heap on the floor.

Her candle, snuffed from the fall, quietly rolls away from her..

A delay before -

EVERYONE SCREAMS!

They back away.. before turning and RUNNING FOR IT.  
 The group race to the other end of the darkened hall.  
 They stop at a large double-doors. Panting.  
 Casey leans into her knees, catching her breath.

CLIFF  
 We gotta keep moving. Ready?

Cliff motions to the door, and whatever's beyond it.

Casey nods, ready to move on into the next room.

Samantha holds her arms out to stop them. Tears welling in her eyes.

SAMANTHA  
 Are we not going to talk about what just happened!?

JAMES  
 No.

CASEY  
 No.

CLIFF  
 ..No.

Samantha pulls at her hair, exacerbadated. She's the only one still processing the heap that was Margot.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
 (quietly, to Samantha)  
 Listen, Sam. I won't let anything happen to you - okay? I promise.

She stares at him, her eyes questioning.

SAMANTHA  
 I don't even know you!

JAMES  
 You gotta cool your jets, doll.

CASEY  
 If you stay here, your - what was it? Maskey knifey guy - is just going to find you anyways.

CLIFF  
 Stay with us. Stay with me.

Samantha's at a loss. These teenagers are crazy-indifferent, but they're right. All that's behind her is darkness.. darkness with a corpse in it.

She nods.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Okay.

Cliff nods to James, and they go on either side of the large, looming doors.

James nods..

THEY PUSH OPEN THE DOORS... REVEALING:

INT. LIBRARY - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

They enter the lobby. FROM THE WEST WING.

They stare in disbelief at the sitting area (Madame Fortuna is gone), to the door they originally entered... **directly across** from the one they've just come out of.

SAMANTHA

This is impossible.

JAMES

A girl was just murdered by a drinking game. I think we've already dropped that phrase from our repertoire.

Thunder BOOMS.

CASEY

What do we do?

SCREAMING erupts from the EAST WING. Louder this time. We can distinguish the voices of a male and female.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Seriously, what do we do?

CLIFF

Yeah, I'm not going back in there.

JAMES

I don't think you're going to have to...

The SCREAMING CRESCENDOS - Whatever it is, it's heading right for them.

THE DOORS BURSTS OPEN, revealing:

LILLIAN SMITH (24) - still young enough to fit in, but a little older, a little more tired. Head-to-toe in Old Navy chique. Fast, cheap, durable.

GREGORY OLDEN (17) - Too cool with a k-pop vibe. A denim shirt under a bright blue puffer vest, hair tall and spiked. He's holding A HANDHELD CAMERA.

Gregory and Lillian BURST INTO THE HALL out of breath - pausing when they notice the others - directly across from them.

GREG

RU-

Before Greg can finish shouting 'RUN' - a 1950's style NURSE, complete with the traditional starched hat - ROTATES DOWN FROM THE TOP OF THE DOORFRAME BEHIND THEM, SNATCHING GREGORY.

She SCREECHES at them, upside down, revealing a sinewy grey mouth of ash. MOTHS ESCAPE.

The air has been sucked out of the room.

The Nurse SWINGS BACKWARD, GREGORY IN TOW, and is GONE.

The camera CLATTERS on the ground.

Silence.

CLIFF

(to Lillian, calmly)

Cliff.

She stares at him.

LILLIAN

..Lillian.

FLASHBACK (LILLIAN)

Rain pelts the roof, rattling the wooden frame of an old house.

A BABY CRIES.

In her bed, LILLIAN stirs.

As if sleepwalking.. she climbs from the bed. Her feet find slippers.

Laid across a rocking chair - a housecoat. She puts it on.

From the dresser - a candle. She lights it.

Guarding the burgeoning flame.. she pads down the HALL.

The KITCHEN.

(CRYING STILL from somewhere beyond)

She fills a pot with hot water and places it on the stove.

Pulls formula from the cupboard. Two scoops into a bottle. Water from the tap. She shakes, mechanically. Still barely awake.

CRYING STILL.

Lillian pads down the hall, yawning. Shaking a warm bottle.

THE CRYING CONTINUES behind a door at the end of the hall - ajar.

Blue light from the storm leaks out.

Sleepily - without hesitation - she pushes the door open..

She enters a NURSERY.

CRYING STILL.

Over to a cradle.

She cracks the cap off the nipple.

THE CRIB IS EMPTY.

Lillian holds the bottle, staring at the empty bed.

Rested gently - a framed photograph of a small infant, swaddled. A SILVER LOCKET.

INT. LIBRARY - LOBBY - LATER

We join the group immediately after meeting Jillian (and losing Greg).

JAMES

Hi. James.

James and Lillian shake hands.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Any idea what that just was,  
Lillian?

She shakes her head.

LILLIAN

I only just bumped into him.

She nervously grabs at a locket around her neck.

Samantha stares in horror at the darkened door.

CASEY

That's two down. Can I just say  
that I don't want to meet anyone  
else's monster tonight?

A straggling moth flutters overhead. They all watch it.

JAMES

We better get moving. Lest another-

An unfamiliar female voice ECHOES through the space.

LIBRARIAN (O.S)

May I help you?

The group turn all at once, revealing:

THE LIBRARIAN. A proper, taut bun. A grey, woven dress -  
buttoned high to her neck. Posture. Envious posture.  
Standing behind the counter.

They rush over, all thankful to see another soul. (Lillian  
grabs Greg's CAMERA on the way)

CLIFF

Boy, are we happy to see you.

LIBRARIAN

Glad to be of service.

The Librarian smiles non-descriptively.

SAMANTHA

Where are we?

The Librarian tilts her head.

LIBRARIAN

Why, the Library.

JAMES

Is there anyone else here?

CASEY

Yeah, where did Madame Fortuna go?

The Librarian shoots Casey an irritated glance - a flicker of an emotion, and then back to nothingness.

LIBRARIAN

Madam Fortuna is not to be disturbed. She is a frail old woman. You'd be best to mind your business. Do your research.

CLIFF

Yeah, we're trying.. but we keep getting eaten by shit.

CASEY

And this place is a maze.

SAMANTHA

What town is this?

LIBRARIAN

The answers you all seek... are in the basement.

The group trade looks.

CLIFF

Nope. Not doing that.

CASEY

Basement equates death.

JAMES

(sarcasm)

Do we have to split up into pairs, as well?

LIBRARIAN

There's *microfiche* down there.

The Second-Act-Library holy grail. Their eyes all alight.

CLIFF  
Ooo.. microfiche.

The Librarian points down yet another darkened hall.

The group shrug and get moving.

The Librarian watches them as they go.

INT. LIBRARY- BASEMENT

A dripping pipe. Claustrophobic ceilings. The click and whir of the Microfiche machine.

A screen swiped away - a new one replaces it:

**"1892 - GOODY CROIX, HAVERBROOK, AND GIBBENS BROUGHT TO TRIAL, FOUND GUILTY OF BEDDING THE DEVIL HIMSELF"**

ON: James and Casey at the microfiche machine. Candles glow beside each.

JAMES  
Guys, listen to this. It looks like Shadyside was the site of late 19th Century witch burnings.

The sound of the microfiche again.

ON: Samantha at an old laptop across the room. Cliff leaning over her, his hand on the back of her chair. He stands intimately close.

They look over.

ON: Lillian at a table, pouring over a giant leatherbound book of old newspaper clippings.

ON: James and Casey, still reading.

JAMES (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
It looks like they continued into the early 20th Century. There are almost a hundred names here. That's a lot of innocent girls.

CASEY  
Goody Linden, Goody Martin, Goody Croix, Goody Gibbens. Flamed, stoned.. tortured..

CLIFF

What does this have to do with us?  
Anyone here have a witch chasing  
them? Anyone?

Lillian stands.

LILLIAN

I.. might.

She holds the locket tightly.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

My great-grandmother was almost  
among those names. She was able to  
flee town.. I just moved back to  
Shadyside. Some.. life troubles in  
the real world. Her house has  
always been in my family, a safety  
net - that no one ever had to use.  
Except for me, go figure. I just  
wanted somewhere safe to raise my  
baby. There was a book.. in the  
basement..

FLASHBACK (LILLIAN)

Lillian in an old, stone basement. Kneeling before a makeshift altar. Shadows dance around her from candlelight, chasing the darkness up stone walls. The wax drips on the damp cement.

She's trembling, tears welling in her eyes.

Lillian clutches desperately to a soft, blue blanket. Rubbing her face with it. Smelling it. She struggles to pull it away from herself.

She rests it down, moving to AN OLD SPELLBOOK. Her hands graze the pages, searching.

As instructed, she grabs the SILVER LOCKET and wraps it in the tiny blanket.

Then... pausing first to check the book..

SHE THROWS IT ON THE CANDLE'S FLAME.

First, nothing. We think she's extinguished it.

But then... a single flame PIERCES THE BLANKET, creating a singed hole.

THE LOCKET GLINTS UNDERNEATH.

THE BLANKET IGNITES.

Upstairs..

A BABY CRYING.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

**BABY, BOOK, AND CANDLE**

INT. LIBRARY- BASEMENT - LATER

LILLIAN

It was supposed to bring him back..  
But it's not him. It only *sounds*  
like him. But that's enough for me.

Lillian pets the locket protectively.

Cliff and Samantha's eyes bulge silently in the background.

CASEY

Do you still have the book?

LILLIAN

(manic)

No. I didn't bring it. His cries  
are so weak now. I'm running out of  
tokens to burn. I need a better  
spell, the right book. It can't be  
undone, so don't think you can undo  
it!

Lillian clutches the locket, her eyes wild.

CASEY

Chill - I was just thinking there  
might be, I dunno, a spell innit..  
to help us.

MEANWHILE:

Samantha and Cliff share shifty glances at Lillian's revealed  
crazy.

A MESSAGE POPS UP ON THEIR COMPUTER SCREEN:

**YOUR GOING 2 DIE TONIGHT :)**

SAMANTHA

(whisper shouting)

It's the KILLER!

CLIFF

He's IN THE LIBRARY!

They look around suspiciously, heads popping up over the  
monitor like groundhogs.

...

JAMES

And this was your grandmother's book?

LILLIAN

Great. My grandmother was only an infant when they fled. The town had turned almost overnight. No one was safe. She knew to run before the townfolk came knocking. She.. um - she was a lady of the night.

CLIFF

A vampire?

CASEY

No you idiot, she means a prostitute.

LILLIAN

The house is at the edge of town. Far from prying eyes. She used to entertain guests and travelers. But she was one of the only lucky ones. This very library served as an overflow courthouse, there were so many trials. All of them led to death.

JAMES

That's terrible.

LILLIAN

Dozens of women. Tortured, for using their god-given.. or otherwise.. talents.

Lillian's knuckles go white, still gripping the locket.

Samantha stares at the message from her killer, barely listening.

SAMANTHA

We should hurry up in here.

Casey also barely listens, now staring down a dark hall towards the newspaper archive. An EXIT sign flashes.

She stands.

CASEY

I'm just going to check the newspaper archive for something.

(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)

The cabin I'm staying at.. I think  
it might.. be involved.

Casey dips into the shadows behind a wall of newspaper  
bindings.

AT THE COMPUTER:

ANOTHER MESSAGE:

**YOU\*RE**

Samantha tries to click away, to close the window, but  
there's no X. She panics, clicking furiously, pointlessly at  
the mouse.

ANOTHER MESSAGE: (CONT'D)

**YOU'RE GOING 2 DIE TONIGHT :)**

ANOTHER MESSAGE: (CONT'D)

**DIE.**

ANOTHER MESSAGE: (CONT'D)

**DIE.**

ANOTHER MESSAGE: (CONT'D)

**DIE.**

CLIFF

Alright, enough of this..

He stands and marches toward the computer cord, plugged into  
the wall - but stops.

He straightens..

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Wait - isn't the power still out?

Lightning CRASHES. The computer and microfiche machine power  
down.

JAMES

Did you *have* to say anything?

CLIFF

I'm sorry, I didn't realize natural  
laws didn't apply when I woke up  
this morning.

JAMES

That's fine, we'll just keep  
solving this mystery by  
candlelight. It's proven a fruitful  
effort so far.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

We're what, only down 2 people? And that's this round.

LILLIAN

Round?

JAMES

How many dead did you leave behind you tonight, Cliff?

CLIFF

4... oh no wait, May makes 5. But whatabout you, huh?

JAMES

Only 3, but I'm not far down the list.

SAMANTHA

Guys, stop.

JAMES

Oh, the Scream Queen wants us to stop. Why, don't want the new squad to hear your kill count?

SAMANTHA

No.

CLIFF

Come on Samantha, you don't have to be ashamed. We're not going to judge you.

SAMANTHA

Well, it did also happen last year..

JAMES

WHAT?! Oh this is too good. We've got a 2x multiplier over here, people!

(beat)

Samantha's got a see-quel!  
Samantha's got a see-quel!

James keels over, laughing hysterically.

Cliff is taken aback. Emasculated.

CLIFF

Oh.

Samantha shrugs.

LILLIAN  
 (interrupting)  
 Well, I found Greg's movie.

James, Cliff, and Samantha look:

Lillian is watching the viewfinder of Greg's camcorder.

CLIFF  
 Who's Greg.

Samantha elbows him.

LILLIAN  
 It looks like he was filming some..  
 Ghosthunter show. He's with a bunch  
 of-

Screams crackle out of the tiny speakers.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
 Was with some friends.

GREGORY'S TITLE APPEARS:

***Jīnghài Asylum***

SAMANTHA  
 Stop, I don't want to hear anymore.

Lillian nods and slaps the camera screen closed. Timed with  
 THE SLAP, the TITLE DISAPPEARS.

JAMES  
 Let's go grab Casey. I'd like to  
 depart the cold, murderly basement.

MOMENT'S LATER:

The group peer down the row of newspaper-loaded binders. At  
 first it looks empty...

but then we pan down...

Casey, kneeling on the ground. Surrounded by torn out bits of  
 newspaper. LETTERS.

YES. NO. GOODBYE.

Her palms rest gently on a COMPUTER MOUSE. She uses it as a  
 PLANCHETTE.. pushing the mouse towards each letter.

She is MUMBLING CONTINUOUSLY. Inaudible.. but creepy as heck.

JAMES

Casey..

Casey Stiffens.. LOOKS UP AT THEM-  
HER EYES ARE MILKY WHITE. POSSESSED.

CASEY

He knows me best. He knows me best.

Her mouth hangs open open while she struggles to find the words.

CASEY (CONT'D)

He got every one but me.. *but I'm his favorite.*

Casey's hands circle with the planchette..

CASEY (CONT'D)

*He said he'd bring Angelica this time.*

harder and harder...

faster and FASTER...

The newspaper letters tear and SHRED underneath...

He WHITE EYES still on the group..

SHE FREEZES.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I tried to do the work.. Find out his name.

She reaches for something from her pocket.

A PENKNIFE.

She flicks it open -

CASEY (CONT'D)

It was easier just to let him in.

She DRAGS THE KNIFE ACROSS HER NECK.

It is DULL.. so she really has to WRENCH IT THROUGH.

BLOOD SPURTS OUT ONTO THE MAKESHIFT OUIJA BOARD.

She coughs - wet - sputtering on the blood.

The milky whiteness evaporates from her eyes..

Casey is back. And for a brief moment..

we GLIMPSE HER COMPLETE AND UTTER TERROR.

Samantha gasps, letting her hands cover her mouth.

Lillian looks away.

Cliff takes off his jacket, stepping forward..

Resting it tenderly over Casey. (Who is still gurgling and not actually 100% dead. More like 96%).

He returns to the group, solemnly patting Samantha on the shoulder.

JAMES

Uh.. guys?

The all look at James.. and see he's POINTING.

We follow his hand.. across the aisle..

Past the corpse o' Casey..

To the very end...

A MASKED KILLER stands. (think copyright-safe *Ghostface* from SCREAM). He waves.

SAMANTHA

IT'S HIM.

All of the air wooshes out of her.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

RUN!

The four turn and book it out of the basement.

Past the bank of computers..

SAMANTHA LOOKS BACK:

The killer is hot on their trail. Taunting with his MANIACAL PLASTIC GRIN. Knife high in one arm. Black, tattered cloak billowing.

They race past the microfiche..

Samantha hurls chairs behind her, obstructing his path. The killer is SLOWED, stumbling.

Toward the dripping pipe..

Samantha looks back to see the Masked Killer regaining his balance. HE TOSSES A CHAIR ASIDE.

Still running..

she turns forward..

- **THUNK!** -

*Black.*

## FLASHBACK (SAMANTHA)

Inside a dark, 70s panel van. The back windows blocked out by sheets haphazardly pinned. A red light glows from the ceiling, casting a haze over the makeshift stoner's quarters.

THE SOUND OF MUFFLED SOBBING as we see..

SAMANTHA, TIED TO THE PASSENGER SEAT, a bandanna taugt around her mouth.

DAVID is driving.

(Samantha wriggles the bandanna down as he talks..)

DAVID

You have to believe me, Samantha -  
this was for your own good!

(Inching down..)

DAVID (CONT'D)

We're getting out of here. He can't  
find us now.

(..Free!)

SAMANTHA

YOU LEFT THEM BACK THERE TO DIE!

DAVID

Were you going to be the hero? Save  
them? They're dead, Sam. As good as  
dead. All of them.

She sobs, wrenching at her bindings. Trying to struggle free.

SAMANTHA

If you're going to kill, me, just  
kill me.

David slams on the breaks. The car lurches to a halt.

He glares at her.

DAVID

After all this. I'M SAVING YOU,  
SAM. The killer is back there.

He flings his arm back in the direction they came from, and  
we notice -

THE KILLER! STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF THE BACK OF THE VAN!

DAVID (CONT'D)

You'd love it, wouldn't you. This has all been some weird victim ego trip. How much attention you could milk out of this. *"Oh, my friends are all being murdered, and my boyfriend did it!"...*

Samantha spots THE LIBRARY up ahead. She quietly, carefully, pulls a PENKNIFE out of her jacket, struggling with her restricted mobility.

She begins CUTTING AT THE ROPES.

David continues his tirade -

DAVID (CONT'D)

Did you ever think about me? I LOVE YOU. All of this has been to protect you! If you'd just see.. I'd die for you, Sam.

The KILLER rushes forward, KNIFE HELD HIGH.

David reacts in terror, bracing himself - but he's TOO LATE!

THE KILLER BRINGS THE KNIFE DOWN..

INTO HIS CHEEK.

We can see the blade GLINT in David's open mouth.

A *SHLINK!* as the killer pulls it back out again.

Samantha *SCREAMS!* She rushes now, no time for subtlety. She *WRENCHES* the dull blade across the ropes.

The van slows into a grassy ditch.

DAVIDS MOUTH GAPES as blood trickles out of it.

THE KILLER SLASHES AT HIS ARMS, creating diamond gashes everywhere.

DAVID PUSHES HIM INTO THE BACK OF THE VAN.

THEY STRUGGLE.

A whirlwind of the killer's rags, a glinting knife, and blood flinging from David's open wounds.

Samantha *FREES HERSELF.* She stands, holding the tiny knife out.

David sputters on blood, his cheek gaping like a post-punk's spacer of a regrettable gauge -

DAVID (CONT'D)  
RfUN, Samanthra. JUFST RfUN!

She stares at David hopelessly, as the Killer PLUNGES THE KNIFE DOWN INTO HIS BELLY, and WRENCHES IT BACK OUT, INTESTINES COMING ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

*That's not good.*

She exits the VAN. Sobbing, frantic.

She runs toward THE LIBRARY.

INT. LIBRARY - CLASSROOM

An old, unused classroom. Cobwebs hang from corners, layers of dust on a wooden desk. Laying across a butted up row of them - Samantha stirs.

She sits up, wincing and rubbing her head.

James, Lillian, and Cliff stare back at her, slightly bored. Legs swing, arms are crossed around knees.

Samantha remembers THE KILLER - and panic fills her face.

JAMES

Don't worry. We got away. *Duh.*

He motions to the door. A wardrobe and several desks are pushed against it, blocking it.

SAMANTHA

That won't stop him. We've got to get out of here!

JAMES

Calm down a minute, sugar. We've all got shit out for us, you aren't the prized pig.

CLIFF

Hey man, cut her a break.

JAMES

Why, the killer won't.

Lillian stands, going over to comfort Samantha.

LILLIAN

How's your head?

Samantha lifts up a section of her bangs, a small gash. A wince escapes her.

SAMANTHA

I'll live.

She realizes what she's said and frowns. She touches gingerly at the cut with the cuff of her jacket.

LILLIAN

We do need a game plan. And we should probably do it now while we're not swarmed with ghosts, murderers, and whatever else is waiting for us out there.

Bingo. James points at her, standing and rounding the main desk at the front of the class.

He flips over a whiteboard scrawled with old cursive writing ("*The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy camp counselor*") revealing a blank - though dirty - green chalk board.

He writes each of their names:

MARGOT  
CUTE ASIAN

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
His name was Greg.

~~CUTE ASIAN~~ GREG  
CASEY  
CLIFF  
LILLIAN  
SAMANTHA  
JAMES

CLIFF  
Why do you get to be last man standing?

SAMANTHA  
C'mon.

James sticks his tongue out.

JAMES  
So, lets look at the facts. Margot, dead. Movie plot. Casey dead. Haven't seen the movie, but def would watch. It looks as if each of us are following a pre-ordained story.

SAMANTHA  
Or, we were.

JAMES  
Let's not jump ahead. Margot - was in a supernatural sorority horror. Her want to continue the game - and to essentially murder a group of strangers she met in a library - we'll mark her down as..

He writes:  
**MARGOT: KILLED BY AMBITION**

JAMES (CONT'D)

And Casey.. well she dun dabbled in  
the occult.

LILLIAN

What was it she said?

Samantha repeats:

SAMANTHA

*"He said he'd bring Angelica this  
time."*

Lillian and Samantha both shudder.

James Writes:

**CASEY: SPIRITUAL**

JAMES

And Cute Asian, well he was dancing  
with the moth mistress, so let's  
just put him down as MEDICAL, shall  
we?

**~~CUTE-ASIAN GREG: MEDICAL~~**

LILLIAN

That leaves-

CLIFF

Us.

JAMES

Time to get introspective, people.  
Sun hunk - what's after you?

CLIFF

Uhh.. Lighthouse keeper. Zombie..  
ghost.. A dead one.

JAMES

Okay, so water. You got a thing  
with water?

Cliff hesitates.

CLIFF

I almost drowned when I was 6. This  
little camping trip was the first  
time I'd been back to the ocean.  
May organi-

JAMES

Perfect!

James writes:

**CLIFF: ELEMENTAL**

JAMES (CONT'D)

And ghost mother-to-be..

He points at Lillian, and writes:

**LILLIAN: MATERNAL**

JAMES (CONT'D)

What about you, Final Girl? Is it a Holiday, the anniversary of a prank? Whatchu got in your slasher pot?

SAMANTHA

I.. I don't know who it is.

JAMES

C'mon you've gotta know by now what your movie is.

CLIFF

Hey, lay off. What about you?

JAMES

My film's an interesting one, but's probably got some uninspired title.. like *THE VALEDICTORIAN*. Hopefully it's *PROM KING*.

Everyone stares, eyes glazed. James focuses-

JAMES (CONT'D)

Our school has a death curse that befalls the graduating class speaker.

CLIFF

So you don't have anything chasing you around the library?

JAMES

Well, not in the literal sense - but I did lose my assistant editor who should have been doing all of this leg work. So don't think I'm not suffering, here.

Everyone rolls their eyes as James Writes:

**JAMES: SOCIAL**

JAMES (CONT'D)

Alright dollface, you're the last one - and the only teen scream we haven't touched on.

James Writes:

**SAMANTHA: ROMANCE**

SAMANTHA

David wasn't the killer though!

JAMES

Nail on head. You spent the whole spree accusing him though, didn't you? Does it really matter if he held the knife at the end?

Samantha puts her head down. Cliff rests an arm around her shoulder.

LILLIAN

Okay.. so we're being killed by what? Our pride - our fears? Are we going to tiptoe to the self-help section? Cure ourselves and save the day?

JAMES

If cognitive behavioral therapy didn't take months, I'd say yes, but no. We're learning about our killers. The same reason we all came here in the first place.

SAMANTHA

Alright - so, we've all seen my umm.. killer. Fast, quiet, and he's got a knife.

James writes "STANDARD SLASHER" under her name.

JAMES

Anything supernatural you've seen?

SAMANTHA

No.. he writes notes?

JAMES

And I'm sure he's got an Instagram too. Baby mama, your turn.

LILLIAN

I've told you most of it. Uhh.. I don't know the full extent. The spellbook was all in Latin. I kept trying.. spells. To try to bring him back. So many didn't do anything. Or - I thought they didn't.

JAMES

Okay.. so your saying you have no idea what you've unleashed.

Lillian nods.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Great. Dandy.

James writes "**WITCHY WILDCARD**" under Lillian's name.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Anything else?

Lillian fingers the locket.

LILLIAN

I do know.. everything is concentrated to my great grandmother's locket.

CLIFF

Have you tried.. *smashy smashy*?

Cliff mimes smacking his hand with a hammer.

Lillian shakes her head and clutches the locket.

JAMES

Okay, and tuff stuff has the waterlogged sword wielding lighthouse keeper. Does he have -

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Everyone stiffens.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Anyone got a killer with manners?

They all shake their heads.

ANOTHER KNOCK. Louder now. The wardrobe RATTLES.

There are GUNSHOTS OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

Cliff STANDS.

SAMANTHA  
Wait, Cliff!

Behind the Door:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)  
Officer Woody. Open Up.

Cliff walks towards.

JAMES, LILLIAN AND SAMANTHA  
Don't open it!

CLIFF  
How do we know you're a police  
officer?

OFFICER WOODY (O.S)  
For CHRISAKES LET ME IN! There's  
something out he-

MORE GUNSHOTS!

Silence.

Cliff waits another long second.. and then PUSHES THE  
WARDROBE from the door.

SAMANTHA  
Be careful, Cliff!

He turns the nob -

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN!

OFFICER DALE WOODY (56) RUSHES INSIDE, SLAMMING THE DOOR  
BEHIND HIM. Sweat on his brow, hat gone. Receding strawberry  
blonde hair with a bristly mustache for an upper lip.

OFFICER WOODY  
Help me, boy!

Cliff and Officer Woody slide the wardrobe back in place.

Woody leans on his knees, catching his breath.

OFFICER WOODY (CONT'D)  
You all alright in here?

JAMES  
Uhm, no. Several of us are dead.

SAMANTHA

What were you shooting at out there? Did you get it??

OFFICER WOODY

I have no idea, Miss. It was dark as sin and something's just not right. My cruiser was attacked by a gaddamn sea monster!

CLIFF

(raising hand)

That's.. mine.

Officer Woody wipes his brow and rips his radio from his vest.

OFFICER WOODY

(into radio)

Summerville station, come in. I have a 219. I need back-up. I repeat - back-up required at the Shadyside Library.

(James and Samantha share a glance upon hearing the town names We )

Officer Woody shakes the radio. No crackle. No signal. No response.

He puts his head in his hands, defeated.

OFFICER WOODY (CONT'D)

Last call of the night, I tell you. "Woody, get down there to the old Library, we got a call for a disturbance. The Librarian says some teens are causing a nuisance." I thought I'd be chasing some teenagers popping wheelies and calling some parents..

LILLIAN

Wait, the Librarian called you?

Everyone shares a glance.

CLIFF

Something is up with her.

JAMES

Someone should go inter-ro-gate her.

Everyone stares hard at Officer Woody.

OFFICER WOODY

Listen kids, I'd love to solve this mystery as much as you - but it's my duty to ensure you all make it out safe. If we quietly make our way to the back exit, I know -

LILLIAN

Leave!?! We can't leave!

Lillian shakes her head.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.. I don't know why I said that.

JAMES

Hold on. Why *haven't* we tried to leave?

CLIFF

I don't know what's stopping you guys, but my dude's just tailgating out there, waiting.

JAMES

Shouldn't we of at least *tried*?

SAMANTHA

Whatever's hunting each of us in here is still going to hunt us out there..

Lillian softens. James softens.

Officer Woody stares blankly.

OFFICER WOODY

As an officer of the law, I'm afraid I'm going to be calling the shots now. If we're all going to make it out of here alive, I really do demand that we get on the same page..

Officer Woody swipes sweat from his brow.

JILLIAN

She's right..

JAMES

We need to do what we came for.

CLIFF

Figure this shit out.

Officer Woody sighs. Shakes his head.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry sir, we won't be leaving.  
People have *died* here tonight.

Officer Woody pops open his revolver, gives it a whirl and slaps it closed.

OFFICER WOODY

Alright, we'll find the Librarian.  
But I want you kids to stay behind  
me. Keep an eye on one another, and  
direct me where to go. If at any  
point we get separated.. if one of  
us should- get to a secure space,  
barricade yourself in. If you can  
find a phone - use it. If you find  
an exit - *exit*. You hear me?

The kids nod.

OFFICER WOODY (CONT'D)

Alright, let's go.

INT. LIBRARY - DARK HALL - LATER

The group inch through the darkness, trailing behind Officer Woody. Holding his gun and flashlight high, he whirls and bobs to target shadowy corners like a overzealous Ghosthunter who just got their first EMF. Greg would be proud. RIP Greg.

SAMANTHA

(whispering)

Her desk is just up here.

Officer Woody nods and moves ahead. Light from the lobby casts an eerie glow into the hall ahead.

It's quiet. Dead quiet.

Cliff reaches down and grabs Samantha's hand. She smiles, clutching it back.

INT. LIBRARY - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Officer Woody enters, the gang hanging behind in the shadows.

LIBRARIAN (O.S)

Yes Minerva, as scheduled.

(beat)

Well, you'd better hurry up, the  
cop's already here.

(beat)

I hear what you're saying, but we  
will start without you. I can't  
have him running around and getting  
killed by the wrong film.

We're behind him, unable to see what he sees.

OFFICER WOODY

Ma'am? I'm going to need you to  
step away from the desk.

The sound of a PHONE RESTING ON THE CRADLE.

Officer Woody's gun raises, tracing movements outside of our  
view.

OFFICER WOODY (CONT'D)

Ma'am! Slow.. Raise your hands in  
the air, ma'am. Ma'am!

Officer Woody tenses up.. and we see -

THE LIBRARIAN FLOATING TOWARDS HIM, HER FEET INCHES FROM THE  
FLOOR.

Before his finger can tighten on the trigger..

ARM HIGH - SHE STABS HIM WITH A CEREMONIAL DAGGER.

He crumples.

IN THE SHADOWS:

Lillian GASPS TO SCREAM but James puts his hand over her  
mouth.

JAMES

(whispering)

SHH!

The group watches in horror as Officer Woody dies at the  
(floating) feet of the Librarian.

His gun DISCARDED nearby, slowly submerged in a glowing pool  
of red.

A KNOCK at the main entrance.

The Librarians feet touch down, she hop-steps over the blood, and we see her head towards the front door. She disappears from view, the sound of her footsteps trailing away behind her.

SAMANTHA

We have to get that gun. It's our only chance.

CLIFF

I'll go.

Samantha looks at Cliff, and smiles affectionately at his bravery. They share a quiet, romantic moment...

WHEN A SWORD SWINGS DOWN AND SEVERS CLIFF'S ARM.

Samantha is STILL HOLDING IT.

Cliff yelps as the SEA SWOLLEN LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER SPLITS HIS SKULL IN ONE SWOOP.

Samantha SCREAMS!

JAMES

RUN! THE BASEMENT!

Samantha, Lillian and James take off, pounding through dark halls...

They reach the entrance to the basement..

BUT THE SLASHER KILLER IS THERE!

LILLIAN

Fiction!

The do a one-eighty and spin away, bolting towards the Fiction section...

THREE WITCHES CLOAKED IN BLACK STAND IN THE DARKNESS. The tallest lifts her head, baring a toothy, sinister grin.

SAMANTHA

Who are they!?

JAMES

IN HERE!

James opens a door. The three barrel inside.

INT. LIBRARY - DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pitch black.

A BEEP as Lillian turns on Greg's video camera, using the flash. The room is illuminated..

GLASS CASES OF OLD MEMORABILIA. A STORAGE ROOM.

James barricades the door with whatever he can find. A writing desk, an ornate chair.

Samantha plunks on the ground, a waterless sob.

SAMANTHA

We're going to die here.

Lillian fingers her locket, scanning the room with the camera. She illuminates some familiar, but aged.. WHITE MASKS.. a miniature of a LIGHTHOUSE... SPELLBOOKS... Several TIARAS..

James spots the tiaras.

JAMES

These-

He rushes over, opening the glass case.

He touches a tiara. The costume jewelry underneath struggles to shimmer under a caked layer of dust.

He grabs a sash and throws it overhead. It reads PROM QUEEN SUMMERVILLE '92.

Samantha stands.. finds the case of masks..

Her fingers softly touch the glass as she stares eye to eye-holes with the very mask that taunts her.

SAMANTHA

..They're our movies.

Lillian stares at framed photographs of staff at an old-timey hospital. A sinister nurse (the human form of Greg's moth lady) smiles back in each. 1899. 1909. 1949.

LILLIAN

There's so many.. Why are there so many?

Samantha shakes her head. Her hand falls from the glass.

JAMES

I don't know, but if I have to die here.. at least I got to be Queen first.

He grabs the tiara, about to put it on his head..

SAMANTHA

DON'T!

James gives her a look.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Didn't you say it was cursed?

James looks at the tiara, considering. He sighs and puts it back in the case.

JAMES

Never have I ever been Prom King.

The sound of FLUTTERING PAGES.

Lillian slowly walks past the glass cases... as old, dusty spellbooks crack open and pages flip and flutter.

She puts her hand tenderly to the glass. Affectionately.

They quiet, go still. Some resting open, others half-so.

Turning away from the glass cases, Lillian plays with her locket. A look of sudden guilt.

LILLIAN

This is my fault. Somehow.

SAMANTHA

What do you mean?

LILLIAN

Something in the spellbook, it must have been.

JAMES

..You think one of your spells might have conjured a hamster ball of horror movies that double back on themselves with self-aware characters, cognizant of their own fate?

LILLIAN  
I dropped Latin in Grade 9.

JAMES  
Great.

SAMANTHA  
Listen, it doesn't matter how we  
got here -

*What? Wait - yes it does.* Samantha shakes her head, changing  
tactics -

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
The point is, we have to keep  
fighting. To do that - we have to  
know our monster. That's what you  
said, right James?

JAMES  
We do. They're running around  
outside.

SAMANTHA  
No.

LILLIAN  
The Librarian.

Samantha nods.

She points to an air duct in the ceiling.

SAMANTHA  
I'm going to find out.

MOMENTS LATER:

Samantha's feet disappear into the duct. Lillian and James  
underneath, wobbling on chairs.

INT. AIR VENT - CONTINUOUS

Samantha shimmies on elbows and knees, quietly scooting along  
the vent. The sounds of Lillian and James disappear behind  
her.

She comes up to a grate ahead. Peeking in...

Nothing but darkness.

She continues on.

INT. LIBRARY - DISPLAY ROOM - LATER

James and Lillian are sitting on the floor under the vent.

JAMES

So, who's movie do you think those  
witches in Fiction belonged to?  
Think we missed a final girl  
roaming 'round the halls?

Lillian thinks, racking the locket up and down the chain.

LILLIAN

I don't.. think they were part of a  
movie. What if all of this - my  
baby, the slasher, your curse,  
everyone - what if it's part of  
something bigger?

INT. AIR VENT - CONTINUOUS

JAMES (POST-LAP)

Like another spell? This is getting  
too far-fetched.

Samantha crawls towards another grate.. The flickering glow  
of a thousand candles casting light through it. Murmured  
voices within.

She inches.. quiet as she can..

LIBRARIAN (O.S)

Welcome everyone. Thank you all for  
arriving early. While I know  
tonight hasn't exactly gone as  
planned, I guarantee the slaughter  
will indeed be glorious to behold.

WITCHES (O.S)

Here, here!

They come into view..

Shrouded in black, thirty or so women, standing in audience  
of the Librarian. Candles everywhere.

LIBRARIAN

The slasher girl was too involved  
with her murder mystery, so I had  
to take care of the police officer  
myself.

WITCH 1  
She never called him?

WITCH 2  
Has that happened before?!

LIBRARIAN  
Calm down everyone. Let me explain.

INT. LIBRARY - DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James and Lillian, still on the floor.

JAMES  
So, if you're some kind of white witch, and there's bad witches out there making horror movies real - *do something*. Grab one of those spell books. Give me some of that 9th Grade Latin.

LILLIAN  
I don't.. I can't.

INT. AIR VENT - CONTINUOUS

Samantha exhales, her eyes wide.

LIBRARIAN  
She went off-book. I don't understand it, but we're going to deal with it.

WITCH 2  
Does she know?

WITCH 3  
They all know!

LIBRARIAN  
Silence! They do not know what they know. Yes, it is true - they have awareness. Somehow, *the mother* conjured it. They have awoken from their nightmares. Their Films. But there is no refuting - THEY ARE STILL MICE IN THIS MAZE. They will be captured, they will be caught, and our revenge will be as sweet and satiating as EVER!

The witches APPLAUD.

INT. LIBRARY - DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James and Lillian are still sitting. There is banging outside the door now. They are oddly calm, used to the constant threat.

JAMES

Lillian look at me. If these are spells - not films..

LILLIAN

But they are films. She's killing us with the classics. Somehow, we went from being on the screen.. to in the theatre.

JAMES

But if they're just magic.. and you can... you know - do magic as per your film's rules..

Lillian nods, slowly catching his drift.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Maybe let's change it?

LILLIAN

..Make something new.

INT. AIR VENTS - CONTINUOUS

LIBRARIAN

Everyone, I do ask that you get into formation. Our guests of honor will be arriving very soon.

WITCH 1

How many made it through?

LIBRARIAN

Presently, only three remain.

There are murmurs in the crowd as they shift into a large semi-circle.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

See, even banding together they are no match for their fates. We will triumph.

MADAM FORTUNA

But they've seen their fears..

We don't notice Madam Fortuna until she speaks. She's in the shadows, sitting on a chair at the edge of the group.

LIBRARIAN

Hush!

INT. LIBRARY - DISPLAY ROOM - LATER

James and Lillian are now standing - alert - poised by the door. James holds out his SASH and TIARA.

Lillian lifts her LOCKET overhead.

JAMES

Are you ready?

The banging continues outside the door.

LILLIAN

What about Samantha?

JAMES

She'll meet us in the third act.

Lillian nods.

Together...

THEY WRENCH THE DOOR OPEN-

THE KILLER RUNS IN!

Ready for him..

JAMES DROPS THE SASH OVER THE KILLER'S SHOULDERS..

The killer SLASHES WILDLY at James.

Lillian drops THE LOCKET over his head.

THE KILLER WHIRLS AROUND..

ARM HELD HIGH. KNIFE READY TO STRIKE LILLIAN..

BUT IT DOESN'T.

THE KILLER IS FROZEN. SOMETHING *CHANGED*.

James carefully.. slowly.. with great ceremonial care..

LOWERS THE TIARA ONTO THE KILLER'S HEAD.

It is *beautiful*. (Picture: A kickass song at full volume. "Good Times" by Finger Eleven, "The Beautiful People" by Marilyn Manson. Something calling back to early 2000's horror. Light flares behind the killer, glinting majestically. He's poised with his knife high in the air, wearing the tiara and sash. This is a **magical** moment, and we spend way too long celebrating it)

James and Lillian don't stop to watch. They RUN out..

INT. LIBRARY - GRAND HALL - LATER

The ceremony is set. Witches stand in a semi-circle, an aisle down the middle. At the head, THE LIBRARIAN, her arms raised before an altar. The corpses of GREG, CASEY, MARGOT, CLIFF, and OFFICER WOODY are slumped at the base.

LIBRARIAN

I hear our guests. What do you think, should we go for the villain's grand, finale speech? I do love a poetic denouement.

The witches LAUGH.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Come in, come in! We can smell your cliches outside the door..

A hesitation, as the great hall doors OPEN.

INT. AIR VENT - CONTINUOUS

Samantha GASPS, clutching her mouth to keep silent as..

INT. LIBRARY - GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

James and Lillian enter. Un-armed - walking right in.

LIBRARIAN

You're missing someone? Ah.. I wouldn't worry about that. I suspect she'll be dropping in very soon.

INT. AIR VENT - CONTINUOUS

Samantha jolts as the VENT CREAKS, GROANS, and SHIFTS.

INT. LIBRARY - GREAT HALL - CONTINUOUS

The Librarian's eyes are locked dead on the vent.

Lillian distracts her-

LILLIAN  
Why are you doing this!?

The witches chuckle and snicker.

The Librarian smiles.. turning back to them. She sucks in a large breath of air. Here comes the monologue..

LIBRARIAN  
You already know what we are.  
Witches burned, slaughtered,  
starved, hung. Dead but not  
forgiving..

The Librarian raises her arm, twisting her wrist at the Air vent. It groans and shakes under the bend of her will.

LILLIAN  
Quick! We've got to cushion the  
fall!

James and Lillian rush over, grab books - whipping them open and hurling them to the ground.

The witches HISS-

LIBRARIAN  
Oh let them. Looks like our Dear  
Lillian has lost her locket. She  
has no power. Oh what a fluke this  
all was! Just mice in a maze.. MY  
maze.

The witches LAUGH.

Sam shouts from somewhere inside the vent -

SAMANTHA (V.O.)  
But what about Madam Fortuna!! The  
microfiche!?

The Librarian chortles.

THE LIBRARIAN  
How sweet. The air vent thinks it  
has free will. *Mummy* -

MADAM FORTUNA steps out from the crowd of witches. She smiles and waves eerily at Lillian and James, opening her mouth wide. Her false teeth slip - revealing slimy, pinkgrey gums.

The Librarian clears her throat and goes back to her monologue-

LIBRARIAN

A hundred years we rested. But we did not slumber.

The Librarian wrenches her arm - A SCREW FALLS FROM THE VENT ABOVE!

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

I was lying in my grave. The one your ancestors dug.

(she glares at Lillian)

The one yours escaped.

(beat)

And then I heard the screams.

The Librarian wrenches her arm again, ANOTHER SCREW! The vent shudders, dropping a half a foot - before catching itself. Samantha YELPS inside.

James and Lillian continue whipping books out, creating a mound below.

JAMES

(to Lillian)

Should we be paying better attention?

Lillian shrugs.

LIBRARIAN

They were screams of PLEASURE. You were LAUGHING! There was no true evil in the world. Just this artificial box with screams on demand. Fears that were safe, exposed, and drained of all value.

The witches groan and grimace.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

We had to come back. To take back fear. And to punish those who had wronged us. Again.. and again.

(beat)

It was time for life..

(beat)

To imitate art.

The LIBRARIAN SWINGS HER OPEN PALM -

THE GRATE BUSTS OPEN..

Samantha is HURLED from the VENT..

Just barely she GRASPS THE EDGE! Is able to hang on, for dear life. Struggling. Legs dangling.

The witches applaud.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)  
Our Final Girl has arrived!

James rolls his eyes.

Lillian looks impatiently at the doorway. Nothing there. No killer.

The LIBRARIAN CLOSES HER HAND INTO A FIST!

Samantha clutches as THE VENT CRUMPLES LIKE A TIN CAN. SHARP METAL CUTS AT HER FINGERS..

An idea spreads across Lillian's face.

LILLIAN  
Samantha.. You have to call him.

James nods, understanding immediately.

SAMANTHA  
What?!

LILLIAN  
Your Killer.

SAMANTHA  
What??

JAMES  
SCREAM!

Samantha, still clutching the vent, legs kicking, knuckles bleeding.. LETS OUT A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM.

THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS POUNDING FROM A DISTANCE.

The Librarian stares cautiously at the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
We've brought you a treat.  
Something you've never seen before.

THE KILLER RUNS IN, TIARA ON, KNIFE HELD HIGH, AMULET AROUND NECK.

THE AMULET AND DAGGER ACTIVATE EACH OTHER LIKE MAGNETS:

THE AMULET GLOWS, PULLED TAUGHT TOWARDS THE DAGGER.

THE KILLER'S KNIFE transforms into A BOUQUET OF BLACK ROSES.

THE LIBRARIAN'S DAGGER PULLS TOWARD THE KILLER. The Librarian struggles to maintain her grasp. She tumbles down the altar - regains her balance.

SAMANTHA

I'm gonna fall!

No one hears her. Everyone stares as VINES CREEP OUT from the killer's black bouquet.

THE WITCHES ARE ENTRANCED BY THEM.

LIBRARIAN

Help me! Help me you fools! Get him!

SAMANTHA FALLS... but it's in the background and no one notices. (We've broken out of horror cliché so this should be as anti-climactic as possible) She drops behind the wall of entranced witches. A soft thud.

The vines CREEP along the floor, twirling their way toward the witches..

A black rose SPROUTS, a tiny bud, swelling, and then unfurling...

A SHARP-NOSED WITCH leans down to touch it...

BUT THORNS SHOOT FROM THE VINES LIKE A SPRAY OF BULLETS.

Black cloaks are RIPPED! Arms fly and flail! Horrible SCREECHES!

THE COVEN FALL INTO A BLOODY HEAP ON THE GROUND.

Every. Last. One.

The killer DROPS THE BOUQUET.

The vines WITHER and PETRIFY.

THE LIBRARIAN

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?

She struggles to keep grip on the knife.

JAMES

So sorry our ancestors burned yours.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

That was your big monologue, right?  
..These endings never make sense.

The killer begins stalking towards The Librarian, pulled by the amulet.

James and Lillian watch.

James remembers -

Looks up to the vent.. *shoot! Samantha!*

He runs to her aid at the pile of books, now surrounded by the black shrouded bodies of the coven.

The Librarian begins shouting an incantation.

THE LIBRARIAN

Nocturnus, Di morte Diantartus  
Nocturna Di Morte Diantatus  
Nocturnus, Di morte Diantartus  
Nocturna Di Morte Diantatus

The amulet FLICKERS.

LILLIAN

No!

The amulet drops, GOING DARK. The Killer stiffens. No longer the gait of a pageant queen..

The Librarian REGAINS CONTROL over the dagger.

THE LIBRARIAN

Get back in your story, Lillian!

The Killer whirls around, laser-focused on JAMES and SAMANTHA!

He takes off, running toward them..

Lillian takes off - running to intercept..As the killer dips down to pick up HIS KNIFE FROM WITHIN THE WITHERED BOUQUET -

LILLIAN ZIPS PAST, LIFTING THE AMULET OFF HIS NECK.

He CONTINUES TOWARD JAMES + SAMANTHA..

Lillian places the amulet over HER OWN NECK...

IT GLOWS AGAIN.. Lifting..PULLING Lillian towards The Librarian...

(MEANWHILE..)

The Killer SLASHES at James and Samantha. Samantha's arm is definitely broken - she can barely fight back.

James HURLS BOOKS at the killer, struggling to fend him off -  
HIS ARM GETS SLASHED!

(BACK AT THE SHOWDOWN..)

Lillian is PROPELLED toward the Librarian.. her feet skitter across the tile.. She's pulled RIGHT INTO -

THE OUTSTRETCHED DAGGER!

It slides into her gut as the pair COLLIDE, tumbling to the ground.

Lillian on top of the Librarian - who laughs maniacally, her bun unraveled.

BLOOD SPUTTERS out of Lillian's mouth.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)  
You think you'd be used to it by  
now. Dying.

Lillian coughs.

THE LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)  
To think you were a match for  
century old magic with ONE  
SPELLBOOK - a book I gave you.

Lillian is pale.. she **is** dying. Her voice is low, weak -

LILLIAN  
Some magic.. doesn't come from a  
book.

With her remaining strength, Lillian RIPS THE NECKLACE OFF HER NECK AND WRENCHES IT UP AND BACKWARD - high in the air.

THE DAGGER RIPS THROUGH HER BODY, PULLED TOWARDS THE AMULET.

Lillian's arm DROPS straight to the ground.

THE DAGGER ROTATES, AND STABS DOWN THROUGH BOTH OF THEM.  
IMPALED TOGETHER.

The Librarian SCREAMS underneath Lillian, a blood curdling wail. Her mouth fills with blood, a stream trickles down her nose.

LILLIAN is dead.

The amulet goes dark.

The Librarian's head slumps over, blood spills out into a GROWING POOL around them.

THE KILLER, who was still slashing at James and Samantha.. FALLS INTO A CRUMPLE OF BLACK RAGS.

The two sit atop a mound of books, surrounded by dead bodies. Friends, foes, and one mega bitch.

EXT. DAWN

The library entrance. Autumn. Leaves blow past the entrance. Peaceful almost.

From within - the sound of furniture being moved away from the door. It opens..

JAMES and SAMANTHA step out.

They stare outwards..

A parking lot of SHITTY CARS and one POLICE CAR (covered in seaweed).

EXT. EARLY MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Down the rural road. The library in the background. Samantha and James walk slowly, her nursing her broken arm.

Gravel crunches under their shoes.

SAMANTHA

I never got to find out who my killer was.

JAMES

(sarcastically)  
It was the Librarian.

SAMANTHA

Oh.

We pull away.. as they pass A TOWN SIGN:

**WELCOME TO SUNSET**