



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

(FUTURE) CULT CLASSIC

“Chapter One!”

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STATIC. THEN-- A SCENE CUTS IN!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

*Grainy, black and white footage. We look THROUGH A PEEPHOLE *
into a bathroom. A gorgeous blonde woman in her underwear
examines her face in the mirror. From the look of her
brassiere, let's call this 1960.*

*She removes her bra-- but we stay above the shoulders. This
is, after all, 1960. The woman steps into the shower.*

*Our P.O.V. steps away from the peephole. Slides a PICTURE
into place, covering the hole.*

*MOMENTS LATER -- Our P.O.V. enters the bathroom. A LEAD PIPE
rises in our hand. We RIP BACK the shower curtain, and--*

BACK TO STATIC. THEN-- ANOTHER SCENE CUTS IN. *

EXT. SUMMER CAMP - DAY

A group of TEENS sit around a campfire. A HANDSOME TEEN tells
a story. One PRETTY GIRL listens particularly intently. Looks
pretty 1980s to me.

HANDSOME TEEN

They say, every Valentine's Day, he
comes looking for the father that
abandoned him in the woods.

PRETTY GIRL

You're so stupid.

HANDSOME TEEN

I'm just repeating it, same way it
was told to me for years and years.
It's a tradition.

PRETTY GIRL

It's a dumb story, that's all.

A HULKING BEAST OF A MAN holding a CHAINSAW steps out of the
woods. He walks up behind the handsome teen. The others
SHRIEK-- then giggle. Must be part of the joke.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)

Very funny.

HANDSOME TEEN

What? I--

The chainsaw REVS. The handsome teen starts to turn around-- and
the chainsaw is JAMMED through his chest. NOW everyone screams.

The girl covers her eyes as the man LIFTS THE CHAINSAW UP-- *

SPLITTING the handsome teen in half. His body falls in two clean pieces (this should look as much like that driving scene from Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2 as possible).

YET AGAIN, STATIC. THEN, ONCE AGAIN--

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet. Remote. Neighbors a fair distance away.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A girl who kiiiind of looks like Drew Barrymore (but not too much, we don't want to get sued) sits on the couch eating popcorn. *On the TV, a scary movie plays.*

The phone RINGS-- a landline, because we're in the 1990s now. The girl looks over. It RINGS again. The girl SIGHS, sets the popcorn to the side, gets up. Answers the phone.

DREW BARRYMORE-LOOKING GIRL

Hello?

SCARY VOICE - PHONE

Do you have a favorite horror movie?

A FINAL CUT TO STATIC, AND THEN IN ON--

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A different suburban house than the one we just saw.

CLOSE ON the face of a girl who's trying so, so hard. Maybe she's trying a little too hard. This is EMILY (17). Made up to the nines, adorned with a cute dress, she stands in a group of people, fruity pink cocktail in her hand.

Around her in the living room, dozens of other very attractive teenagers. Another girl in Emily's CIRCLE OF FRIENDS talks. Visibly drunk. This is CHELSEA.

CHELSEA

I'm-- no, Em-- this was *such* a good idea. Parents gone, boom, like, why-- why *not* just party. With *real* people, too. Why not just dance?

Chelsea SPINS in a circle. She wobbles, almost falls.

EMILY
Easy there, Chels.

CHELSEA
I'm fine. I just-- this song is so
GOOD.

The song that's playing is *not good*. Not at all. It's indistinct and unoriginal electronic dance music. The song ENDS-- and is replaced by another that we LITERALLY CANNOT TELL APART from the first.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
I love this song too! This is like,
my song!

She SPINS AGAIN-- and falls to the ground. A general attitude of "oh shit" washes through the room. Conversations quieting down, everyone turning to look. Emily kneels beside Chelsea. She tries to help her up.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
It's-- no-- I'm fine--

Chelsea VOMITS onto the rug. Emily takes her by the arm. *

EMILY
Okay, time to sit down.

CHELSEA
I'm so--

EMILY (CONT'D)
It's okay, nobody's looking
at you, you're fine.

A handsome dude, PEYTON (17), walks up, puts his arm around Emily. Emily tries to brush it off.

PEYTON
She alright?

EMILY
It's fine. You shouldn't--

TOO LATE-- Chelsea sees it. She staggers to her feet.

CHELSEA
(to Peyton and Emily)
Wait. Is this-- *are you two back
together?* Emily, how could you-- *

PEYTON
Oh shit.

EMILY
I wanted to tell you-- *

CHELSEA
Tell me what, you fucking *bitch?*

Chelsea SLAPS Emily across the face. Another girl pulls her back. Emily massages her face.

PEYTON

Oh, shit... Em, are you okay?

Peyton looks at Emily's face. A little red, but she's fine. CHELSEA, beginning to tear up, looks between Peyton and Emily-- *betrayed*. The vibe of this party has died-- everyone looks around with a mix of concern and morbid curiosity.

EMILY

Okay. Alright everyone. It's been fun.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Emily stands by the door. Her friends file out of the house.

SOME GIRL

So crazy that she slapped you.

EMILY

I know. Don't worry about it, it's totally fine.

The last of the guests leave. PEYTON stops as he steps through the doorway.

PEYTON

You know I don't have to go--

EMILY

Oh, you don't *have* to? You would deign me with your presence?

She smiles, kisses him.

EMILY (CONT'D)

It's alright. I'll see you tomorrow.

PEYTON

Tomorrow.

He kisses her again, and leaves. Emily shuts the door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Emily walks back through the empty living room. The EDM still thumping. She turns it off. Quiet now. Emily walks to the kitchen, pours herself half a pint glass of vodka and adds SOME orange juice to it. SOME. Not much.

She walks back across the room. Sips the drink. She grimaces a little-- but she's used to the taste. She looks around. It's too quiet. She can fix that. Emily pulls out her PHONE--

Which, we should note, does not look like a normal phone. *It's basically just a thin sheet of glass. The screen lights up, apps displaying.* She swipes through them.

The phone is laid out like an iPhone. Shit, it probably IS an iPhone. It's not like Apple's gonna let go of its control of the phone industry within fifteen years.

Emily selects an app, opens it. She keys in some words, tweaks the settings, then hits a green button. She CLOSES HER EYES. And when she REOPENS THEM--

The living room is now FULL OF TEENAGERS AGAIN. Wow. Weird. *
It's clearly a little weird for Emily, too. Maybe this app is new. The ceiling sparkles with light-- inlaid technology from which the teenager projections beam down.

A BUFF, SHIRTLESS GUY walks by. Emily reaches out and runs her hand RIGHT THROUGH HIM-- his skin ripples in that way that holograms do. Shirtless Guy turns to Emily.

SHIRTLESS GUY

Whoa. You just went right through me. Want me to return the favor?

Emily BLUSHES, not sure how to respond. Shirtless Guy WINKS and pats her on the shoulder-- except he of course doesn't actually, because he has no physical substance. He walks off.

A GORGEOUS GIRL comes up to Emily.

GORGEOUS GIRL

Emily, you're so BEAUTIFUL. How do you get your skin to shine like that?

EMILY

I just-- I don't really do anything to it.

GORGEOUS GIRL

I'm so jealous.

ONE BY ONE, other people file up to Emily.

RANDOM GIRL

--so beautiful--

HOT DUDE

--never had the courage to tell you but I've had a crush on you for--

It's a virtual hologram party-- and Emily is the star.

MINUTES LATER -- The living room is now a dance floor.

The holograms shuck and jive to the shitty EDM. Emily dances in the middle of them, getting drunker and wilder by the second. The swirling in the room gets to be a little too much for her. She stops dancing to steady herself. She looks up--

Whoa, what the fuck? *Looking at her from across the room-- a dude in a cheap MONSTER MASK.*

A ghoulish red face with horns and feathers sticking out of it. He would look like he jumped off the cover of a *Goosebumps* book if not for the black turtleneck, black skinny jeans, and jet black Converse he wears from the neck down.

He stares at Emily. Just stares at her. Not moving.

Emily pulls out her phone. She tries to look at it, but it spins before her. She manages to navigate to the app-- and SHUTS OFF the party. She looks up. MONSTER FACE is gone, as are all the other teenagers. Thank god.

A glitch, maybe? Who's to say, especially when the room is starting to feel so quiet again, let's get this thing going again, Emily keys in some more settings and--

DANCE DANCE DANCE DANCE MOTHERFUCKER DANCE DANCE-- The holograms are back. Everybody dancin'. Emily dances too, grinds on someone, spins around, looks up--

*

MONSTER FACE is back. A little closer to her now. Still just standing, staring. Yikes. Emily SHUTS OFF the party, looks up--

He's GONE. She RESTARTS THE PARTY. Looks across the room--

And Monster Face is RUNNING TOWARDS HER, a butterfly knife in his hand. Emily SCREAMS and RUSHES to deactivate the party. And all the teens dancing in the room IMMEDIATELY disappear--

But Monster Face DOES NOT. He's STILL THERE, sprinting towards her. Emily turns to run, but he's FAST. He raises his knife and SWINGS IT DOWN--

Pop! Into her back right shoulder-blade. That pop we hear, that's her lung bursting from behind. Uh-oh.

Emily KICKS OUT backwards, her foot catching him in the groin, and RUNS FORWARDS.

Monster Face holds onto the knife as Emily pulls away from it. It comes loose with a meaty *squelch*. Blood jets from the wound. Bad sign. Emily runs. Monster Face chases her.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

We don't see all of it. We stay OUTSIDE, looking in.

Emily RUNS PAST a window, looking backwards over her shoulder. Monster Face chases behind her a few seconds later.

MOMENTS LATER -- Emily STUMBLES BACKWARDS past another window. Her stomach has been *sliced open*. She tries to hold in her guts as she runs backwards. Then she's PAST this window. Monster Face ambles after moments later, in no hurry.

MOMENTS LATER -- Emily stumbles backwards past ANOTHER WINDOW. She now holds one hand over her stomach, one hand over her *bleeding throat*. Monster Face keeps pace with her as she moves. Taking his time. *

MOMENTS LATER -- All is quiet. Then, with a shattering CRASH-- Emily's body FLIES BACKWARDS out of an UPSTAIRS WINDOW. *

SLOW MOTION as her body plummets towards the ground. She HITS in slow motion too-- the impact rippling through her body.

WE LOOK DOWN ON HER as she LOOKS UP AT Monster Face, leaning out the window. He just looks at her for a long, long, time.

She's still beautiful. But probably not as beautiful as she'd like to be. Nor will she ever be.

OUR P.O.V. SHIFTS TO -- SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE looking down on Emily, taken from a camera mounted on the house's exterior.

We don't cut to static this time. This time we PULL BACK--

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

To reveal that this footage plays on a TV in either a basement or dark bedroom somewhere. The TV is massive and built into the wall of the room, no discernible edges around it.

ON SCREEN, the security cam footage of Emily's body plays.

We continue PULLING BACK to reveal-- *that this footage is being watched by somebody in an armchair. We don't see his face.*

ON THE WALLS AROUND HIM, movie posters. Not physical posters-- electronic frames displaying the *images* of movie posters. Some have been programmed to look sun-damaged, weathered. We recognize the posters from the movies we just saw.

*The woman in the shower -- "MADMAN."
The kids in the woods -- "VALENTINE'S DAY."
The girl on the phone -- "DON'T SCREAM."*

The dude in the armchair, well, we can tell he's a dude because his hand moves UP AND DOWN in his lap.

ON SCREEN, the security cam footage now CUTS TO BLACK. A *file name* appears at the top of the screen-- "JOHNSON HOUSE CAM 4 3.11.35"

Not a movie-- actual home security cam footage of a murder.

And the dude in the chair is jerking it.

MAIN TITLES. (FUTURE) CULT CLASSIC.

Our credits play over a swirling landscape of imagery from slasher movies throughout the decades. Various weapons going into various orifices and yeesh, yucky, etc., what have you.

All underscored by the song "The Future," by Tweak Bird.

SLAM IN ON--

INT. BREE'S HOUSE / BREE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A MICKEY MOUSE alarm clock springs to life as the minute hand ticks up to the twelve. Eight o'clock.

MICKEY MOUSE

Ha ha, ha, ha ha--

The standard Mickey Mouse laugh.

MICKEY MOUSE (CONT'D)

--well now, girly, it's time to wake up, it's time to wake the fuck up because you gotta get your sweet little cheeks on to school, ha ha, ha, ha ha, ha, ha ha--

Not the standard Mickey Mouse greeting. A HAND reaches out of bed, slaps Mickey on the head.

MICKEY MOUSE (CONT'D)

Get up, bitch, get up, bitch, get up--

The hand SLAPS Mickey a second time. Mickey shuts up. The person attached to the hand GROANS and sits up in bed.

Tank top, messy hair. This is BREE CAMPBELL (17). Blonde and grumpy, she could be a great Final Girl if she wasn't such an asshole. But, in a lovable way. She'd enjoy that comparison, too-- plastered on the walls of her rooms are actual physical posters for SLASHER MOVIES from the 80s and 90s.

Standing in Bree's doorway, hands on hips, is HERMIONE (9).

There's not really an organic way to work this into dialogue, but Bree is named Bree because in this future Brie Larson is now the world's biggest movie star, and Hermione is named Hermione because ten years ago they finally got around to adapting Harry Potter and the Cursed Child into a movie with the original cast returning and it was a huge hit, thus reinvigorating Potter-mania.

HERMIONE

It's not funny to make Mickey talk like that!

BREE

It's very funny. Thank Andy.

HERMIONE

Why would I thank him, I just said it's NOT FUNNY--

Bree walks to the door, shuts it in her sister's face. She turns around and leans against the door as Hermione BANGS AGAINST IT from the other side. Bree closes her eyes.

BREE

Fuck my life.

INT. BREE'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - LATER

BREE'S FATHER, JEFF CAMPBELL (40s), sits at the kitchen table reading a Stephen King novel. He looks up as Bree enters.

He speaks and moves with a Jeff Goldblum-like quirkiness-- it pervades his being.

JEFF

Oh, hello there, beloved daughter.

BREE

(Super dry. The driest.)
Ah. Yes. Dearest father. Fair morrow.

JEFF

First day back. This is big, this is exciting, tell me, did you dream about it? About dancing down the halls, about greeting your teachers with the same exuberant life force that I so know flows through you--

Bree ignores her dad and walks to the counter. A PINK TOASTER with A FACE ON IT blinks its eyeballs and smiles at Bree.

PINK TOASTER
Good morning, Bree.

BREE
Good morning, fuckface toaster
asshole.

PINK TOASTER
I detect that you have said
something impolite. But I love you
anyway. Here-- I have prepared toast
to your preferred specifications.

The toaster opens. A tray extends. On it, toast with jam. *

BREE
No, stupid toaster, I wanted veal on
my toast, why do you never remember
that?

PINK TOASTER
I am not programmed to put outlawed
foods on toast. I do apologize, Bree.

Bree takes the toast, chomps into it, and sits at the table
opposite her father.

JEFF
Must you belittle the technology?

BREE
I don't know what you heard, but
that toaster called me a bitch, so.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

Bree, now dressed for school, bikes down the sidewalk. She
wears a BLINK 182 tee, and jeans with holes in the knees, but
she's cool enough that she probably didn't buy them that way.

CARS pass. Cars haven't changed that much in fifteen years.
They're all electric now, though, so at least there's that.
Just kidding, they're not, because Trump was President for
twelve years. *They do at least seem to drive themselves.*

A BLUE KIA drives down the street past Bree. She brings her
bike to a stop and STARES as it passes-- as if in a trance.

INT. CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK

A YOUNGER BREE-- thirteen here-- watches the sky through the
window. Their car, a blue 2026 Kia, cruises down the road. *

BREE'S MOTHER (30s), beautiful and warm, drives the car. Well, sort of-- her hands aren't on the wheel. She composes a text as the car carries itself along.

13-YEAR-OLD BREE
I wish you wouldn't do that.

BREE'S MOTHER
It's fine, sweetie. They wouldn't sell them if it wasn't safe.

13-YEAR-OLD BREE
Just seems like irresponsible parenting if you ask me.

*Now more annoyed, Bree's mother turns to face her daughter. **

BREE'S MOTHER
One of these days you're gonna realize it's not "cool" to--

*Bree sees it before her mother does-- their car swerving into the wrong lane of traffic. **

BREE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
*--be negative about everything. Mom! 13-YEAR-OLD BREE **

RIGHT BEFORE THE COLLISION, WE CUT BACK TO THE FUTURE--

EXT. SIDEWALK - MORNING

BREE still stares at the self-driving car, briefly oblivious to her surroundings. Oblivious to--

A group of kids on HOVERBOARDS speeding down the sidewalk behind her. These too, at least, actually seem to hover now.

HOVERBOARD ASSHOLE
*Out of the way! **

Bree raises her arms defensively as they VEER around her. As soon as they're past, she lowers both arms in a double flip-off aimed at their backs. In case they don't see that, though--

BREE
Watch out, you fucking assholes!

The lead hoverboard asshole turns back, flips her off. We TRACK THEM as they carry on down the sidewalk.

One of the hoverboarders pulls out his glass phone and clicks on an app called "FriendHopper" (referred to casually as "Hop").

A holographic projection of a HIGH SCHOOL pops out of the phone. The words "Elmsborough High" floating below it. The hoverboard asshole raises it to his face.

HOVERBOARD ASSHOLE
Bree Campbell!

The hologram of the school is replaced with a GRID of tiny holograms of people-- each a unique individual, all teenagers-- all floating above the screen. In the MIDDLE of the bottom row, a little spinning BREE hologram. Highlighted red.

The kid puts his finger on Bree's hologram-- then DRAGS IT down to the bottom corner of the screen and drops it there. It flashes RED. The kid pockets the phone.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Yet another nice suburban house. All the houses in this town, they kinda look the same, don't they?

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / ANDY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ANDY (17) toys with his hair in front of the mirror.

A sweet, nerdy face-- the kind of kid whose mom probably tells him he'll grow up to be very handsome. And who knows, maybe he will-- but it hasn't happened yet.

His bedroom bears a similar aesthetic to Bree's in that he, too, has slasher movie posters slapped up on his walls. Andy goes to the window and peers through the blinds. He sees, down on the street below--

ANDY'S P.O.V. -- BREE parks her bike on the lawn next to another bike, then walks towards Andy's front door.

Andy smiles at the sight of her. Then he steps back from the window and smells his armpit. Hmm. That won't do. He grabs his deodorant off the dresser, slaps some on.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - MORNING

Andy walks through his kitchen. Suburban, nondescript. their toaster also has a face. *Ding dong!* Pounding on the door.

BREE - O.S.
Let me in!

ANDY
Hold your damn horses!

*

*

*

*

Andy opens the door. BREE stands on the doorstep, smiling. She mock punches his arm.

BREE
Happy first day of school.

ANDY
Is it?

BREE
Thanks for tweaking the Mickey
clock. Hermione loved it. Oh, also!
Check it out.

*
*

Bree pulls out her phone, brings up Hop. *The hologram school comes up. She swipes it left. It's replaced by the GRID of holograms of teenagers. All the holograms displaying are highlighted in blue.*

Bree swipes UP. *These holograms SCROLL AWAY, replaced by new ones. She scrolls further, further... As she does, the colors highlighting the holograms change... green... then yellow, orange... and at the bottom, red.*

In the very bottom corner-- *highlighted in the DARKEST RED-- the Bree hologram. We notice-- the second-to-last hologram is a little spinning ANDY HOLOGRAM.*

BREE (CONT'D)
I finally dropped below you again.
Dead last, baby!

ANDY
Ah, no way, what did you do?!

BREE
Called some douchebags on
hoverboards assholes.

ANDY
You suck. Come to think of it, it
does feel like it's been a minute
since anybody's shoved me in a
locker. I gotta get on that. I'm
coming for you, Campbell.

BREE
In your dreams.

Andy smiles. He goes to the fridge, grabs a slice of pizza.

*

ANDY
Alright, good to go.

BREE
Breakfast of champions.

ANDY
The book, or the Bruce Willis
movie?

ANDY'S DAD - O.S.
Andy! You down there? *

Andy grimaces, motions for Bree to run to the door. No dice. *

BREE
Yes! We're in here, Mr. Gibson!

ON ANDY, exasperated. ANDY'S FATHER (50s) enters. Smiling,
wearing a craft beer shirt, he's an essential suburban dad.

ANDY'S DAD
Bree! What a nice surprise!

He goes in for a hug. Bree claps him awkwardly on the back.

BREE
How ya been, Mr. Gibson?

ANDY'S DAD
Great! Old ball and chain being out
of town has given me and Andy some
good boys time, right Andy?

ANDY
You're *lame*, Dad.

BREE
He doesn't mean that.

ANDY'S DAD
Were you guys running out?

ANDY
No. Jogging. Walking? Moving
out at the-- normal speed.

ANDY'S DAD
Just wanted to let you know I'm
gonna be home late. They're finally
letting my team get going
demolishing the old mall, so.

ANDY
Ah, the mall. The last surviving
relic of the 2010s. Rest in peace.

ANDY'S DAD
Want me to get you a souvenir from
the wreckage? Piece of rebar? Part
of an old pinball machine?

Andy walks to the cabinet under the sink. He opens it. Inside, a bag of trash. As Andy goes to put his pizza crust in-- *he notices it's three-quarters filled with beer bottles.* Andy pauses-- then drops the crust in.

ANDY
We're going! Bye dad!

ANDY'S DAD
Oh-- alright! Have a good day
kids! Love you Andy!

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

*

Andy and Bree walk to their bikes. As they get on--

BREE
You should be nicer to him. He's
like... one fifth of a parent to me.

ANDY
He's not always like that. I mean,
when you're around he is, but...

Andy hesitates, briefly vulnerable. Then--

*

ANDY (CONT'D)
Never mind. Race you! Loser has to
commit seppuku!

And Andy's OFF. Bree flips him off-- pedals after him.

EXT. ELMSBOROUGH HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A large, money-infused public high school-- the kind of public school that can only exist in a town that doesn't have enough people to justify building a *better* private school, so they had no choice but to make the public school decent.

Bree and Andy stow their bikes in the bike rack. Andy looks around at the campus.

ANDY
Halfway done. It feels like yesterday
that we were walking in here all doe-
eyed, just wanting to be popular--

BREE
I was popular then.

ANDY
Yeah, rub it in.

*

Bree pats him reassuringly on the back.

HENRY - O.S.
Whoa, hands off the other man!

HENRY (17), a CW Blake Jenner-looking motherfucker if you ever saw one, runs towards them. Bree smiles as he approaches. On Andy's face, just the faintest hint of annoyance-- it's gone before you finish reading this sentence.

Henry reaches them, puts his hands on Bree's shoulders, puts his face on her face. That was a weird way to say that-- they make out, I mean.

ANDY
 Well this is fun.

Bree and Henry separate.

HENRY
 What's up?

ANDY
 I didn't say anything. *

HENRY
 No, I know, I just meant, what's up? How's it going?

ANDY
 Just bemoaning the looming gloom of another year.

BREE
 Forgive him, he's not used to basic social pleasantries.

Henry looks around. He locks his eyes on a yoga pants-clad ass for a moment too long. He shifts his gaze and makes accidental eye-contact with PEYTON (who we of course remember from Emily's party), walking by. Peyton stops. *

HENRY
 Hey man.

PEYTON
 Hey.
 (beat)
 See you around. *

Peyton walks off. Henry looks at Andy with an expression that says, "That guy, am I right?"

ANDY
 Aren't you guys... friends?

HENRY
 Used to be. He was a football prospect at USC before they slashed the program in favor of the Contest.

BREE

And guess who just got tapped for their Contest program?

ANDY

Oh, you asshole! Congrats, though.

Henry's phone chimes. He pulls it out, pulls up HOP. The hologram pops out of his phone.

HENRY

Holy shit. Holy shit! I just dropped out of the top ten percent.

He looks around, sees a group of CUTE GIRLS pointing at him. *

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey, I see you bitches! Walk away. Damn. First time I haven't been blue since I was... ten?

ANDY

Yeah, that'll keep happening if you keep hanging around with us. One of the downsides of rooting for the downfall of everyone and everything about your generation.

HENRY

It's okay. It's liberating, not giving a shit anymore.

BREE

That's why you're dating me? Because you "don't give a shit" anymore?

HENRY

No. I'm dating you because *you* don't give a shit.

BREE

How oddly sweet.

ANDY

This is gross. *

A loud CHIME-- like a text notification, but it echoes wide across the school grounds. The students start to head towards class. Bree smacks Henry on the butt.

BREE

See you later.

Henry peels off in one direction, Bree and Andy in another.

ANDY

I *still* think it's weird that he started hanging out with us.

BREE

I think he just finally realized there are better things in life than being popular.

ANDY

You mean like getting to date the hot rebellious chick? Yeah, he's really making a big sacrifice there.

BREE

You think I'm hot?

ANDY

I-- I didn't--

*

This is apparently all Andy has to say on the matter. Bree grins at him, and speeds up. Andy walks after her.

INT. ELMSBOROUGH HIGH / HALLWAY - DAY

Bree and Andy walk down the hallway, other students bustling back and forth. *The status quo with the students is more or less the same-- textbooks seem to be a thing of the past, but we haven't gotten rid of backpacks.*

Extremely tight tube tops are very much in vogue, as is the trend of dying your hair in streaks of different colors. A lot of the dudes rep what look like basketball shorts, but MUCH tighter-- shifting gender norms of the future.

The hallway feels like the Times Square version of a high school, but with some Harry Potter shit going on-- a lot of the flyers advertising clubs are moving electronic displays.

*

*

In the chess club flyer, chess pieces jump back and forth.

Everything very bright and shiny, everything competing for attention. *It's fucking headache inducing.* As Andy and Bree walk towards a classroom--

*

BREE

I'll take the window seat so you can sit next to Mila.

Andy casts a glance her way.

ANDY

What if I don't want to sit next to... Mila?

BREE

Too bad. You're doing it. And don't say she's weird, she's my best friend.

ANDY

Bree--

BREE

What, she thinks you're cute!

ANDY

Did she actually say that?

BREE

Her eyes did.

ANDY

Oh, great, I'll be sure to thank... her eyes.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Bree and Andy enter the classroom. Sitting in a desk near the window, a girl with BUBBLEGUM PINK HAIR. She also CHEWS gum, rather aggressively, while she stares forward into space.

This is MILA (17)-- constantly distracted yet inherently kind, best described as the human equivalent of if you put bubblegum, Luna Lovegood and the nihilism of Camus into a blender and hit the purée button. But... in a charming way?

On her head, a pair of massive retro headphones-- legit these things would have been old school in 2010. Out of sync with the *wireless earpods* other kids wear. She bobs her head. *
*
*

CLOSE ON MILA'S FACE -- As, suddenly, we hear what she hears, blasting through the headphones. Holy FUCK they're loud. The sound of the classroom is GONE, replaced by--

"Ah, ah, ah ah ah ah ah. Ah ah, ah ah ah. After all another fella took ya. But I still can't overlook ya. I'm gonna do my best to hook ya. After all is said and done--"

Blondie's "I'm Gonna Love You Too."

Out of focus in the background, BREE comes up behind Mila and plants a SMACKING WET KISS on her cheek. Mila JOLTS and takes off her headphones. She turns to face Bree and Andy.

NOTE: Mila's reactions always seem a second or two behind whatever is actually happening around her, and when she speaks, it's in a spacey, disaffected manner.

MILA

Oh. Hey guys.

Mila takes Bree's hand in her own.

MILA (CONT'D)
Are you gonna sit by me?

BREE
Mmm, sorry. Think that seat over there will give me a better eyeline on this alleged hot new teacher.

She points to her eyes, then points to the front of the room.

ANDY
I'm telling Henry you said that.

MILA
See you at lunch?

BREE
Course. Have fun, you two. *

Bree peels out across the room. We FOLLOW HER as she goes, taking a seat closer to the middle of the room. As she sits, her phone beeps. She pulls it out, sees a TEXT on the screen.

INSERT -- From an unknown number. It reads: "Howdy partner."

Bree frowns, texts back-- "*Who is this?*" The response bubble appears... the three pulsing typing dots... then they disappear. Bree pockets the phone. *

BACK WITH ANDY AND MILA -- As Mila locks some intense eye contact on Andy.

MILA
Hi, Andy. How have you been?

ANDY
How have I *been*? We saw each other two days ago. Settlers of Catan and *Don't Scream 2*?

MILA
Oh, yeah, I know, but two days can be a long time, for instance I got this new old Blondie album this morning but I feel like it's all I've been listening to for my whole life, it's, nobody remembers Blondie but--

A fly zooms past. Mila's eyes tick after it, then flutter back onto Andy.

MILA (CONT'D)
Wanna hear?

She holds out her headphones. Andy takes them and puts them on. IMMEDIATELY, the ultra-loud music blasts back in. Andy JOLTS in his seat. He takes off the headphones.

MILA (CONT'D)
Do you like it?

ANDY
I--

MAN - O.S.
Alright, guys, settle down. *

Andy and Mila look up as-- A MAN walks into the classroom. He writes his name on the board-- MR. SNOW. Then he turns around to face the class. GOOSH. That's the sound of every girl and guy in the class getting wet, that's how hot this guy is.

Two expensively-dressed girls, KAYLA and RHODA, sit in the back corner. They both look up from their phones.

KAYLA
Fuck me.

Rhoda chews on her hair. Kayla opens Hop, swipes past the student hologram grid to the separate faculty hologram grid, and DRAGS Mr. Snow's little hologram all the way to the top left. Light blue.

MR. SNOW
Holograms away, kids. That's right.
Put your... creepy classist
hierarchical phones away.

Light laughter in the classroom as kids pocket their phones. Snow smiles. His smile causes world peace IMMEDIATELY. *

MR. SNOW (CONT'D)
Well. Look at that. A class full of smart, attractive students. Damn if that isn't what I like to see first thing in the morning. If I look new, it's because I am. You may have heard, but Mr. Johnson is no longer with the school-- *

OVERWEIGHT STUDENT
What happened to him?

KAYLA
I heard he cheated on his wife and got chlamydia.

MR. SNOW
Well, I can't speak to that.
Because I signed an NDA.

Everyone laughs. Snow clears his throat.

MR. SNOW (CONT'D)
 Okay but really, I didn't say that.

Snow surveys the room. A quiet falls.

MR. SNOW (CONT'D)
 This is interesting. All this tech you guys grew up with, this wasn't around when I was a kid. I'm more old fashioned myself. From the school of paper and pencil, not "tablet learning," as it's been dubbed.
 (pointing at Bree)
 Blink 182. Old school, I dig it. *
 Frankly, I think all the tech stuff is a little silly. But, a job's a job. And to that end-- this school year will begin with a special address from my beloved boss, and your beloved principal, Principal Grant.

LOUD GROANS from the students, who start to stand up.

MR. SNOW (CONT'D)
 Whoa there, where are you going?

BREE
 The auditorium? That's where these normally happen.

MR. SNOW
 Not this time.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- Of students opening their desk drawers.

In each drawer, a VR headset. Slimmer than VR headsets we know in 2018-- think slightly thicker sunglasses that could almost be considered stylish. Earbuds dangle from each of them.

ANDY
 They finally work out the bugs? *

MR. SNOW
 Let's find out. Up and at 'em.

Snow reclines in his desk chair and dons his VR glasses. One by one, the other students all do the same thing.

MILA
 I hate these things. Is it too much work for us all to just walk to the auditorium?
 (putting in her earbuds--)
 Blind to the world. *
 (MORE) *

MILA (CONT'D)

In the old days somebody could have just come up behind me and murdered me. And I'd be dead... But oh well...

*

Bree puts on her VR headset and the real world drops away...

COMMENCE! VR! SEQUENCE!

A black screen. One by one, the black field is populated by stars. The SUN RISES in this sky. Blue, cloudless, beautiful.

*

*

We PAN DOWN to find ourselves on a **TROPICAL BEACH**. Reclining in a beach chair, sipping a margarita, is... a DUDE. He has the body of a thirty-year-old golden god.

Photoshopped onto this body is the head of PRINCIPAL GRANT (60). VERY BRITISH, kind of funny and handsome, but also kind of obnoxious. He's-- well, he's Hugh Grant, isn't he?

Principal Grant pretends to notice people are watching him and sparks to attention.

PRINCIPAL GRANT

Oh, hello there, students!

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

All of the students GROAN. Bree visibly SHUDDERS.

KAYLA

This is why old people shouldn't be allowed to have technology.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

BACK IN THE VR -- Grant looks down at "his" Speedo-clad body.

*

PRINCIPAL GRANT

Excuse me, I was just getting some tanning done. You've caught me at an indecent moment, haven't you?

Principal Grant gets up and SPINS in a circle. He spins FASTER AND FASTER-- so fast he becomes a BLUR. *The beach backdrop drops away, replaced by-- the stage of the DOLBY THEATER.*

*

*

INT. DOLBY THEATER - DAY

*

Grant's face is now grafted onto Jimmy Kimmel's body from when he hosted the Oscars in 2020-- the last of four consecutive hosting gigs, before Colbert took over. Grant grabs the mic.

*

*

*

PRINCIPAL GRANT

That's more like it. How are you
all doing this morning?

*
*
*

SERIES OF SHOTS -- Of celebrities cheering in the audience.

*

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

*

Kids shaking their heads. Mr. Snow jots something down on his
notepad-- "REMINDER -- Kill Principal Grant, then self."

*
*

INT. PRINCIPAL GRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

The REAL Principal Grant reclines in his chair, feet up on
his desk, VR goggles on his face. He chuckles.

PRINCIPAL GRANT

They're gonna eat this up.

INT. DOLBY THEATER - DAY

*

PRINCIPAL GRANT

*

I just wanted to take a moment to
welcome you all to a new year at
Elmsborough High! I know it's gonna
be a great one. We've got some
exciting events planned, and we've
even upgraded some of the tech. It
may take some getting used to, but I
assure you, in due time it'll all be--

Suddenly two CGI cats are sitting on Grant's shoulders.

PRINCIPAL GRANT (CONT'D)

Purr-fectly normal. NOW WHO'S WITH ME?!

The celebs in the audience CHEER AND APPLAUD.

IN THE CLASSROOM -- The students shake their heads. Murmurs
of "no" and "go fuck yourself."

IN THE THEATER -- Principal Grant nods his head approvingly.

PRINCIPAL GRANT (CONT'D)

Fantastic. Then I'll see you all...
(winks)
In the real world.

WE CUT TO STATIC. THEN--

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Footage from a DAYTIME TALK SHOW. The timestamp tells us it's from 2028. JEFF, younger here, talks to LEAH REMINI.

LEAH

So, give us the breakdown, the bullet points, how has the world of true crime changed in 2028?

JEFF

Every gun registered, outlawed completely in California-- it makes it, quite literally, *impossible to shoot somebody* without getting arrested. If I'd told you that five years ago would you have believed it? Plus, with home security being what it is, the fear of being killed in your own home has been eradicated--

*
*
*
*
*
*

LEAH

Goodbye Donald Trump's America.

JEFF

Goodbye, and good riddance!

*

CHEERS from the audience.

JEFF

It's like I always say, at least the man died doing what he loved. Being a piece of shit.

*

LEAH

Strong words! All of this must be a little bit of a relief, right? I know the books, some of the fans, caused some... issues for your family. But it also makes it harder for a true crime writer like yourself to make a living. Is that what you're saying?

*
*
*
*

JEFF

It's been a challenge. But I'm nothing if not one to adapt. And as long as there is human interaction-- there will be murder. Even now. Things always slip through the cracks.

*
*

INT. BREE'S HOUSE / JEFF'S OFFICE - DAY

*

This interview plays on the TV on the wall of Jeff's office. Clearly the office of a writer.

Digital posters on the walls bear the covers of Jeff's TRUE CRIME NOVELS. They start out sounding pretty gnarly-- *

"SLAUGHTER -- ONE MAN'S RAMPAGE THROUGH A PEACEFUL TOWN."
"THE BLOODLETTER -- THE GREAT MILLENNIAL SERIAL KILLER." *

As we pan across them they start to take on a different vibe--

"MURDER IN 2025 -- A RUMINATION."
"BLOODLESS AMERICA -- THE STATE OF CRIME IN 2030." *

Jeff sits with his head slumped on the desk. His cell phone RINGS. Jeff rubs his hands together.

JEFF

Good news, good news, good news... *

(answering the phone) *

Give it to me, give me the numbers.

(as his face falls--)

You've gotta be missing a decimal point. I-- I know it's disappointing, *

Stan, but what do you want me to do?

Nobody cares about anything that happened more than five years ago, and people don't get killed in the same way they used to! Jesus. Maybe I should start making my own source material. At least that would give me something to write about.

(beat)

Yeah. Yeah, alright.

Jeff hangs up. He slumps back over on the desk. PRE-LAP of the school alarm ringing out. *

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY *

Students pour into the cafeteria. They line up at HUGE VENDING MACHINES displaying pictures of a number of entrees. Kids hit BUTTONS on the machines, and corresponding, unappetizing meals are spat out onto lunch trays. BREE AND ANDY are far back in line. Bree holds a paper bag. *

BREE

It's gonna be gross.

ANDY

Yeah, I know it's gonna be gross! I forgot to pack lunch, what do you want from me?

ELSEWHERE IN THE CAFETERIA -- A NERDY-LOOKING KID carries a tray of nasty MACARONI across the lunch room.

He takes a seat at a TABLE of similarly nerdy dudes (at least a couple nerdy girls thrown in with them for good measure). They all look down at GLASS TABLETS. *

MACARONI KID
Oh shit. Is it happening?

A nerd with a MOHAWK nods.

MOHAWK NERD
It's go time. Watch.

Principal Grant stands AGAINST THE FAR WALL, in front of a bulletin board full of dancing, moving ANNOUNCEMENTS (school schedules, lunch menus, etc). *

IN UNISON, the nerds tap their tablet screens. The bulletin board behind Grant briefly goes BLACK--

Then the moving announcements are replaced by MONTAGE FOOTAGE of BIKINI-CLAD WOMEN galavanting on a beach.

The same image appears on screens all around the room. Grant looks at the screen behind him. Flustered, he taps the screen. No response. *Laughter, snickering spreading throughout the room. Some gasps, "ooohs."* *

In the line, Bree and Andy share a look. She raises her eyebrows. Grant turns towards the students.

PRINCIPAL GRANT
Who did this?!

AT THE TABLE -- The nerds hide their tablets. Two of them do a low-down HIGH-FIVE.

PRINCIPAL GRANT (CONT'D)
We can track this, you know! We have technology too!

Grant looks at the screens again. ON SCREEN-- the girls start to REMOVE THEIR BIKINI TOPS.

PRINCIPAL GRANT (CONT'D)
Somebody turn this off!

AT THE TABLE -- The nerds snicker.

THEN, SUDDENLY -- The screens CUT TO STATIC. AT THE TABLE, the nerdy kids, disappointed, tap their tablets. Share looks. *Not sure what's wrong.* *

THEN -- The screens come back on. Not images of softcore beach porn this time, but-- the screens are DEEP CRIMSON RED.

THE SOUND OF STATIC emanates from the cafeteria speakers.

Grant looks around-- not sure what to do, what he's seeing.

AT THE TABLE -- The kids look at one another, confused.

MOHAWK NERD

Was this us?

MACARONI KID

I don't think so.

*

THEN -- The screens change again. *Suddenly FILLED with images of violence. The sound of static growing LOUDER, LOUDER.*

ON THE SCREENS -- *A knife plunges into a stomach. A noose is lowered around a man's neck, and the man is jerked off the ground. A knife is raised to a woman's throat-- SLICE. Disgusting, horrific violence. Almost looks real.*

IN THE CAFETERIA -- Some kids avert their eyes. Others watch, fascinated. Grant's face fills with rage.

IN LINE -- Bree and Andy watch, transfixed.

ANDY

What the hell...

*

THEN-- *WITHOUT WARNING--* The announcements return. The sound of static disappears. As if it never happened.

PRINCIPAL GRANT

We're going to find whoever's responsible for this! We'll--

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Bree and Andy walk out of school-- Andy now holding a lunch tray. They walk past... Chelsea, Kayla and Rhoda standing in a circle, looking down at their PHONES, Hop open on them.

*

*

KAYLA

Anyone seen Emily today?

CHELSEA

Ugh. Forget her. Come on, who should we try to drop?

Bree and Andy CARRY ON to a grassy hill, where HENRY AND MILA wave to them. They sit. Mila motions to her and Henry.

MILA

I'm so glad you're here. We have nothing to talk about.

HENRY
Yeah. Yeah I am. *

PEYTON
Why?

HENRY
Because she's awesome. And she'd
never ask me a question like that. *
Let's go. *

INT. ELMSBOROUGH HIGH / AUDITORIUM - DAY *

All the kids sit on bleachers that probably were built in 2017. Very little talking. Bree, Andy and Mila sit together. A *whisper* goes through the crowd. Bree looks up to see--

HENRY walking into the auditorium. Still shirtless. Even the girls that are crying lock their eyes on his sweet-ass nips. *
Henry jogs up the bleachers, sits next to Bree, Andy and Mila. *

BREE
Where's your shirt?!

HENRY
Peyton punched a mirror.

BREE
And then punched your shirt off?

HENRY
I had to wrap his hand.

BREE
So... it's true?

Henry looks at her. His eyes confirm it. Bree puts her hand over her mouth. Henry hugs her-- a purely tender moment. On the other side of her, Andy puts a comforting hand on her shoulder. Still hugging Henry, she puts a hand on Andy's hand. *

SITTING FURTHER BACK -- Kayla and Rhoda. They watch Bree and Henry. Kayla shakes her head.

RHODA
I don't get what he sees in her.

PRINCIPAL GRANT strolls into the auditorium and stands before the bleachers in the middle of the floor. He clears his throat. An overall different vibe than we got out of him last time.

PRINCIPAL GRANT
Hello everybody. This isn't how I
wanted to start the year, obviously.
(MORE)

PRINCIPAL GRANT (CONT'D)

But I unfortunately have to come to you with a somewhat more somber announcement than the one this morning. Did you guys... enjoy... no, nevermind, not important.

(beat)

I regret to inform you that our beloved student and friend Emily Saunders... passed away last night.

Everyone in the crowd already pretty much knew it, but the confirmation sweeps through the auditorium. CHELSEA begins to sob. Maybe a little too hard.

PRINCIPAL GRANT (CONT'D)

At the moment, the only information I can give you is that the police... They are investigating the possibility of foul play.

Confused whispers now. KAYLA leans over to RHODA.

KAYLA

How do you even get murdered anymore? Aren't all weapons registered now?

RHODA

I heard it happened the old-fashioned way.

She mimes bringing a knife up and down.

PRINCIPAL GRANT

In light of this information, we've decided to cancel school for the day. Everyone be safe, and we'll see you tomorrow, hopefully when more light has been shed on this situation.

*

ON BREE as all of this hits her.

INT. BREE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Here we find Bree's bedroom from A FEW YEARS AGO. The posters on the walls different here: Mean Girls: The New Generation. Clueless, but the remake, starring Joey King. The Divergent Series: Allegiant (I guess it aged well?).

*

Sitting on the bed, the THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BREE. Standing in the middle of the room, a THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD EMILY. Emily points her PHONE (an early version of the glass phone in our main timeline) at her body and taps the screen.

The HOLOGRAM of a pretty flower-patterned sundress grafts itself onto her form. She TWIRLS. There's a bit of a lag, but then the dress twirls with her.

13-YEAR-OLD EMILY

What do you think of this one?

13-YEAR-OLD BREE

It's fine, it looks exactly like the other one. Can we just play more Wii?

13-YEAR-OLD EMILY

If we don't keep up on our fashion we'll drop on Hop. I'm starting to feel like you don't even care about being popular since your mom died.

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD BREE looks at her, understandably shocked that she would say something like that.

13-YEAR-OLD BREE

Are you fucking kidding me?

EXT. ELMSBOROUGH HIGH - DAY

BACK IN THE PRESENT (well, the future) -- Bree walks down the steps of Elmsborough High. Henry jogs up behind her.

HENRY

Hey!

Bree doesn't respond. Henry puts a hand on her shoulder. She JUMPS-- then turns to look at him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You alright? I can come over. *

BREE

Don't you have to practice? For the Contest next week?

HENRY

I mean, sure, but I can hold off a day. The basement ninjas answer to me, not the other way around.

BREE

No, it's fine.

She continues walking. He grabs her, turns her to face him.

HENRY

Bree. You sure?

BREE

It's fine, Henry. None of the ninth grade girls who are in love with you would forgive me if I distracted you and you lost. I'll see those sweet buns tomorrow, yeah?

She kisses him, and peels away. As she walks off, her face collapses. Tears start to come. She tries to hold in the sobs as the self-driving cars roll by without judgement. *

INT. BREE'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

JEFF comes down the stairs into the kitchen. He sees Bree entering through the front door.

JEFF

Ah. Sweetest. How are you on this fine afternoon, what brings you back to our domicile so early, did something happen at... school? *

He falters when he sees her tear-streaked face. *

BREE

Uh, yeah. Emily died. *

JEFF

She-- she what? At school?

BREE

Somebody killed her. Last night. *

Jeff rushes to hug her. *The rest of this conversation plays out with the two of them hugging, her head against his chest.* *

JEFF

Somebody... murdered her? Do they, this is awful, do they know anything?

BREE

Nothing. It's so screwed up. I just hope they get the guy. This town hasn't seen a murder in so long-- *

JEFF

And I'm sure, certain, positive they will, dearest. You know as well as anyone how hard it is to make a clean break with something like this.

BREE

And you're a true crime writer. You know there are ways around that shit. *

JEFF
Not so much anymore.

*
*

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

*

VOMIT spews out of somebody's face into a trash can. The person stands up, revealing themselves to be a COP. *The place is crawling with cops in fact.*

The body has been mostly cleaned up-- AKA the chunks and big parts and whatnot-- but the carpet, the furniture, they're still stained with droplets of brownish red and always will be.* Standing at the head of a particularly dark concentration of blood is DETECTIVE MOSCOVITZ (40s).

Like a lot of small town cops, he's a nice, smart guy, but outwardly seems a little out of his element when it comes to all this murder solving stuff. Think Patrick Wilson in Fargo.

He stands, just looking down at the blood stains. Another young cop, OFFICER KIPPER (20), comes up behind him.

OFFICER KIPPER
Um-- excuse me? Sir? If I could--
have your attention?

Moscovitz shakes his head, turns to Kipper.

MOSCOVITZ
You don't have to-- you can just come up to me and say "Detective Moscovitz," and then I'll say "What," and then you tell me whatever it is you have to tell me, we don't have to go through the whole rigmarole of you asking for my attention, okay son?

*

OFFICER KIPPER
Sorry sir.

MOSCOVITZ
That's alright, you'll get the hang of it. Now what is it?

*

OFFICER KIPPER
They sent me to tell you-- well-- the power's back up. We have the surveillance footage.

*
*

Moscovitz turns, marching down the hallway. Kipper follows.

OFFICER KIPPER (CONT'D)
But there's something else--

Moscovitz and Kipper join a cluster of cops. A CLOSET DOOR in the hallway has been slid open revealing a HIGH-TECH SURVEILLANCE WALL built into the side of the hallway. Video screens, control monitors, etc. *

One screen displays a feed of Emily's party-- the real party with the real kids.

The screen below that shows footage from a couple hours later. Blood on the living room floor, Emily's body on the front walkway, all grisly.

MOSCOVITZ

Great. Where's everything that happened in the middle?

OFFICER KIPPER

That's the thing. It's gone. He must have gotten the code from her. Before he... Finished her off. Or if it was written down somewhere. *

MOSCOVITZ

No, that doesn't make any sense. It must have been somebody who knew her. Somebody she already trusted enough to give it to. The boyfriend, the name the parents gave us, did we-- *

Kipper puts his phone in front of Moscovitz.

INSERT -- On the screen of the phone, a *sped up feed of Emily's party*. It moves at five times normal speed, the dancing teens now bobbing and twerking with inhuman speed.

Suddenly the feed SPINS AROUND and we see the face of the person shooting this footage-- PEYTON.

MOSCOVITZ (CONT'D) *

What am I looking at here?

INSERT -- Still shot from Peyton's perspective, it's footage we've already seen-- teenagers filing out of the house. Peyton is the last one out. He points the camera UP to catch him kissing Emily goodnight, then he's off out the door.

OFFICER KIPPER

Peyton, the boyfriend. It's his SnapStream feed.

MOSCOVITZ

Is that like SnapChat?

Kipper stifles a laugh. Moscovitz glares at him.

OFFICER KIPPER

Sorry, just-- SnapChat was over ten years ago. This is totally different. *

MOSCOVITZ

Yeah, they always are.

INSERT -- First person footage of Peyton getting into a car, kids drinking in the backseat, Peyton getting a blowjob-- *

MOSCOVITZ (CONT'D)

Our most likely suspect is getting a blowjob on camera at the time of the murder. How convenient.

OFFICER KIPPER

Do you still want to bring him in?

MOSCOVITZ

Maybe. Let's wait until tomorrow. See if anything here doesn't shake out by then.

But for a beat, Moscovitz continues to eye the screen warily. *

INT. MILA'S HOUSE - DAY *

Mila sits at her kitchen table. The front door opens. She looks up, sees-- MOSCOVITZ.

MILA

Hey Daddy.

He sits across from her at the table. *

MOSCOVITZ

Hey sweetie. I guess... you know. *

MILA

They told us. Gave us the afternoon off, I thought that was nice of them.

MOSCOVITZ

I'm sorry. I don't know what to say. *

MILA

What did it look like?

MOSCOVITZ

What?

MILA (CONT'D)

I just mean-- I don't mean what did it look like, I mean, did she suffer? Or was it all quick-like?

MOSCOVITZ

I shouldn't be telling you any of this, so don't repeat it. It was quick. He got her from behind. I doubt she even felt anything.

*

*

MILA

Oh. Good.

(beat)

Got her with what? He stabbed her?

Moscovitz just looks at her, unsure what to say. *The front door opens.* Mila's MOTHER (40s) and BROTHER (8) walk in. Mila and her father both look at them.

MILA'S MOTHER

What's wrong?

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andy's Dad sits in his armchair, sipping a glass of Scotch.

FROM THE TV IN FRONT OF HIM, we hear the sounds of moaning, grunting. He watches... intently.

At the sound of the FRONT DOOR OPENING, he jolts-- rushes to simultaneously change the channel on the TV, and hide his Scotch from view. ANDY steps through the door behind him.

ANDY'S P.O.V. -- As he juuust glimpses his dad hiding the Scotch from view. His dad then turns to face him.

ANDY'S DAD

Andy! How, uh-- how was your day?

ANDY

It, uh-- Why are you home? Don't you have work?

ANDY'S DAD

They pushed back the start date of the project. Town can't seem to get its Goddamn budget together.

*

And that, right there-- that's the first hint of anything other than jovial dad-ness that we've seen from Andy's father. But quickly, he's all smiles again.

ANDY'S DAD (CONT'D)

But uh, don't worry. We're gonna be alright.

ANDY
 Are we?
 ANDY'S DAD
 Course! We'll pull through. *
 We always do.

He notices Andy looking at the GLASS OF SCOTCH, still visible even though Andy's dad tucked it between his leg and the chair.

ANDY'S DAD
 Oh, come on, your old man can't have a glass of whiskey now and then?

Once again, just a *hint* of an edge-- gone almost before we notice.

ANDY'S DAD (CONT'D)
 Hold on, why are you home?

ANDY *
 One of my classmates was murdered. *
 You knew her too. It was Emily.

ANDY'S DAD
 Oh. Oh, my god. Andy.

He holds out his arms for a hug.

ANDY *
 That's-- I'm okay. But thanks. *

Andy's dad awkwardly lowers his arms. *

INT. BREE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bree lies in bed, looking up at the ceiling. Numb. A *knock at the door*. Bree glances at the door-- then just looks back up at the ceiling. The door opens anyways. Hermione steps in. *

Wordlessly, she crosses the room to the bed, puts her head in Bree's lap, and looks up at her sister. *

HERMIONE *
 Dad told me.

BREE
 Ah. Jesus. He shouldn't have done that, that's--
 HERMIONE *
 That's Dad. I can handle it.
 I'm nine.

BREE
 I *know* you're nine. Do you remember her?

HERMIONE

A little bit. She was nice to me.

BREE

People keep saying that, but
there's no way it's true.

INT. HENRY'S BASEMENT - DAY

*

HENRY marches down the steps of his house into his basement.

HENRY

INITIATE CONTEST.

The basement fills with RED LIGHTS. *HENRY'S BASEMENT*, when it speaks, it's in the voice of Sylvester Stallone.

HENRY'S BASEMENT - V.O.

Contest practice today, Henry?

HENRY

Yes.

HENRY'S BASEMENT - V.O.

Four combatants?

HENRY

Six. Ninjas. Set difficulty
at a seven point two.

*

HENRY'S BASEMENT - V.O.

*Getting ready for that big
tournament, I see.*

HENRY

I told you to stop asking me personal
questions. Forget everything you know
about my schedule.

HENRY'S BASEMENT - V.O.

You got it, buddy. My apologies.

Henry lowers a VR HEADSET onto his head. He attaches an ELECTRODE to the back of his neck.

HENRY

Don't worry about it. Let's do this.

HENRY'S P.O.V. -- As he looks through the VR headset.

The basement looks exactly the same-- a barren room filled with red light. Then, in massive letters, the words "CONTEST -- SIX COMBATANTS" flash across the screen.

A FUCKING NINJA drops down from the sky with no warning and lands in front of Henry.

NINJA
You killed my four-year-old sister!

HENRY
What? No I didn't. What is it with these backstories?

NINJA
Now I will kill YOU!

The ninja CHARGES TOWARDS HENRY. The two of them FIGHT, trading blows and kicks, both moving with real ferocity. The ninja lands a KARATE CHOP to Henry's neck.

WIDE ON HENRY -- He's still in the VR, but we are now outside of it, so we can't see the ninja.

The electrode on the back of his neck BUZZES. Henry's head JERKS, *moving the way it would if he'd actually been karate chopped.* Henry quickly rebounds, continues fighting. *
*
*

HENRY'S P.O.V. -- He kicks the ninja in the face. The ninja's neck SNAPS BACKWARDS. He falls dead. Henry turns. TWO MORE *
*
*
NINJAS behind him. Henry YELLS and rushes towards them--

INT. BREE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bree walks down the stairs. She has dark rings around her eyes-- but we get the vibe that she's done crying.

INT. BREE'S HOUSE / JEFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Knock knock knock. JEFF looks up. Bree stands in the doorway.

JEFF
Sweetest. BREE
Can we talk?

MOMENTS LATER -- Bree sits across from Jeff's desk.

JEFF
I feel like I know what you're gonna ask-- BREE
I want to know your thoughts. *
About what happened.

JEFF

It's pointless to start speculating so early. We don't even know anything yet, the police, no information--

BREE

But... why her? I was thinking about what you said, about how this doesn't happen anymore. Her house would have secured itself. So it can't have been a random break-in, can it? *

JEFF

I, well, no, sweetest, I doubt it. Either someone must have had the codes to get in, or it was someone she let in. But Bree, I--

BREE

And if it was either of those-- the police would know who it was by now. But Mila says they don't. So it must have also been somebody who had the codes to erase the security footage, right?

Jeff looks like he's about to respond-- then instead he smiles, shakes his head.

JEFF

This is what I get for trying to get you interested in my books at a young age. And for letting you watch all those horror movies. You know all the tricks.

BREE

This feels like a bad horror movie. *

JEFF

Sweetest. I love ya, you've got more tenacity than most people who become President, and I know she was your friend, but-- the cops'll sort this. *

BREE

Isn't it you who's always saying that cops now are idiots? Because they've never had real crimes to worry about?

JEFF

I mean it doesn't *sound* like something I'd say.

He smiles sheepishly at Bree-- he totally says that. But--

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Leave the true crime stuff to me,
 alright sweetest?

Bree looks at him. For a lingering moment. Then--

BREE
 You can't write about it.

JEFF
 What?

BREE
 You can't write a book about
 her.

Beat.

JEFF
 I-- No, I wouldn't dream of it.

He waited a beat too long. Bree turns, walks out of the room. *

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Bree!

INT. BREE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bree enters her room. She closes her door and leans against the wall. Her phone *beeps*. She gets it out, sees a TEXT from Mila. She opens it.

INSERT-- From Mila: "Stabbed. Thought you'd want to know. Top secret." Then a SMILEY EMOJI, a SAD EMOJI, and a KNIFE EMOJI. *

Bree shakes her head and clicks BACK, displaying the MAIN TEXT SCREEN on her phone. *Below the text from Mila--*

The text from the unknown number is still there. "Howdy partner." Bree looks at it for a long moment-- gears turning. *

BREE
 Howdy partner... Where...
 (then, realizing--)
 Like a bad horror movie.

And, suddenly, she looks up at a POSTER on her wall-- for a slasher movie called "DON'T SCREAM 2." She jolts. We SEE the realization hit her.

BREE (CONT'D)
 Holy shit.

Bree runs across the room to her desk. She opens her computer.

INSERT -- She navigates to a STREAMING SERVICE site. Instantly, a POP-UP comes up on screen. Bree shakes her head, irritated.

BREE (CONT'D)
Fucking... ads...

She closes the ad and brings up the page for "Don't Scream 2." *
She hits play. The opening credits roll. Bree skips through *
them-- skips twenty minutes into the movie, hits play again.

INSERT -- In the movie, a TEEN GIRL is backing across a DARK LIVING ROOM. Looking around, in terror. Suddenly-- A MASKED ASSAILANT in a COWBOY HAT pops out from behind a doorway.

MASKED ASSAILANT
Howdy partner.

And he PLUNGES the knife into the girl's stomach.

Bree stops the movie. She scoots back from her desk.

BREE
What the hell? What the hell? *

INSERT -- She EXITS the movie and navigates to Hop (the browser version of it looks more or less the same as the app).

Bree goes to Emily's PROFILE, begins scrolling through her *
photos. In all of them, she has the same expression. Never *
caught unaware by a camera. In some of the recent ones, her arm *
is around PEYTON. Bree hesitates-- then picks up her phone. *

INT. PEYTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Peyton sobs into his pillow. His phone rings. He answers it.

We INTERCUT between Bree and Peyton.

PEYTON
Hello?

BREE
Peyton. It's Bree Campbell. I
just wanted to say I'm sorry.
I've been looking at pictures
of Emily and--

PEYTON
Why are you calling me, Bree?

BREE
Come on, you know she used to be my
best friend. I know you guys dated,
I just wanted to check on you-- *

PEYTON

Are you trying to find out if I killed her? Is that what you're doing?

BREE

What, no, I just--

PEYTON (CONT'D)

Because I didn't. I was SnapStreaming when it happened, it couldn't have been me.

BREE

I didn't ask you that--

PEYTON (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Bree.

BREE

Hey did you by chance get a new pho--

Peyton hangs up.

GIRL'S VOICE - O.S.

Who was that?

Peyton looks up-- sees CHELSEA standing just inside the door.

INT. BREE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bree looks at her phone. Realizes he hung up on her.

BREE

Jesus.

ON HER PHONE -- She navigates to SnapStream. Finds Peyton's stream from the night of the murder and starts to scroll through it. She comes to the moment when Peyton is leaving Emily's house. Peyton and Emily kiss-- the camera pointed up from below to catch it.

Bree tries to pause the SnapStream on this moment-- misses it. She tries to track backwards but goes back way too far. Plays it again. Tries to pause it on the kiss-- misses again. *

BREE (CONT'D)

This fucking-- okay. *

FINALLY, she pauses it right on the kiss. And ZOOMS IN.

INSERT -- In the still frame, Emily is leaned in, fully committed to the kiss, eyes closed.

Peyton's eyes, though, are OPEN. It's a little hard to see-- the frame is pixilated this close-- but it's creepy. He's kissing her yet staring at her with cold, dead eyes.

Bree navigates to her contacts and clicks ANDY'S name. The phone starts to ring. Once, twice, three times--

*

ANDY - PHONE
(in a robot voice)
This-- is-- Andy's-- voicemail--
leave-- a-- message-- beep-- boop--

BREE

*

Goddamnit-- Andy, when you get this, call me back. I'm freaking out. I got a weird text earlier, I think-- I don't know what I think, I think we should talk.

Bree hangs up. Thinks a beat. Then begins to compose a TEXT.

INSERT -- On the phone as she composes a group text to HENRY, ANDY and MILA: "Are you guys around? Can you come over tonight? Need to talk."

Bree puts the phone down. She walks to the CHALKBOARD on her wall. At least, it looks like a chalkboard. She uses her finger to write EMILY in the middle of the board. The word appears as if written by chalk. Bree grabs the word and drags it to the top of the board.

*

On the left side of the board she writes "PEYTON?" and circles it several times. On the top of the board, she writes "Creepy text??" and CIRCLES IT several times. She goes back to her phone, continues to track through his SnapStream.

*

*

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy puts on his headphones-- not as massive as Mila's, but certainly a step up, size-wise, from the microscopic Bluetooth earbuds that are the norm now.

He hits play. The same Blondie song from earlier, "I'm Gonna Love You Too," starts to BLARE. Andy sits on his bed with a *Sandman* graphic novel and starts to flip through the pages.

*

"--say you miss me, and you're gonna say you'll kiss me--"

*

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy's Dad walks in, glass of Scotch in his hand. He stops in front of the window and looks out into the front yard. Dark out. But... It almost looks like there's movement out there...

THERE IS.

MONSTER FACE-- wearing a DIFFERENT cheap monster mask than last time, this one BRIGHT GREEN and DEMONIC-- bursts forth from the darkness and SPRINTS towards the front of the house. He's about sixty yards out. *Andy's Dad's eyes GO WIDE.*

ANDY'S DAD

AHHH---

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

"Ah, ah, ah ah ah--" Andy's Dad's "AHH" drowned out by Blondie's "Ahs." Andy turns another page. *

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Monster Face forty yards out. Andy's Dad drops his Scotch glass and SPRINTS to a security panel on the wall. He lifts it up, SLAMS his hand into a button that reads "LOCKDOWN."

The house speaks with the voice of a matronly British woman.

HOUSE - V.O.

Request processed. Enter security code.

Andy's Dad POUNDS the code into the keyboard. Monster Face is twenty-five yards out and HAULING.

HOUSE - V.O. (CONT'D)

Request processed. Are you sure you wish to initiate--

YES!

ANDY'S DAD

He slams his hand on the button again.

HOUSE - V.O.

Request processed. Lockdown in... Five.

Monster Face's feet pound across the lawn.

HOUSE - V.O. (CONT'D)

Four.

Come on!

ANDY'S DAD

*

HOUSE - V.O.

Three.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

--care what you told me, you're gonna say you'll hold me--"

Andy flips to another page.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy's Dad looks out the window. Monster Face is nowhere to be seen--

HOUSE - V.O.

Two.

--because he has ROUNDED THE CORNER and is now running towards the kitchen window, which Andy's Dad HAS HIS BACK TO.

HOUSE - V.O. (CONT'D)

One. Lockdown initiated.

SHUNK! SHUNK! SHUNK! SHUNK! SHUNK! METAL PLATES slam down over the windows. CLICK! The locks in the doors flick shut. Thank God. Just in time.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

"--gonna say you love me, cause I'm gonna love you too."

The window behind Andy SHUNKS shut-- But he doesn't hear it over the sound of the music.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andy's Dad pulls out his phone and looks at it. He tries to bring up the number pad, but he's old.

ANDY'S DAD

How the hell-- Hey, call 911!

*

The phone does not respond to this command. Then-- WHIIIRRR. Andy's Dad WHIRLS AROUND in time to see-- the metal plates over the kitchen window RISING OPEN.

ANDY'S DAD (CONT'D)

No, no! What the fuck!

Monster Face stands outside, CALM-- just waiting for the windows to finish opening. Once they're wide enough--

He starts to climb through. Andy's Dad rushes back to the lockdown panel and hits the button again.

ANDY'S DAD (CONT'D)

LOCKDOWN, GODDAMNIT!

HOUSE - V.O.

Lockdown overridden. Would you like to re-initiate?

ANDY'S DAD

I--

He turns, sees--

Monster Face in the house, CHARGING TOWARDS HIM. He STABS OUT with his butterfly knife. Andy's Dad holds out his hand to stop him. The knife STICKS THROUGH HIS HAND.

ANDY'S DAD

AHHH!

Monster Face pulls the knife out, STABS IT FORWARDS again. AGAIN, Andy's Dad reaches out his OTHER HAND to stop it. The knife GOES THROUGH THIS HAND TOO and carries forwards--

STABBING THROUGH ANDY'S DAD'S LEFT EYEBALL. It looks like he's slapping himself in the face except, well, you know, it's significantly more murderastic than that. *

Monster Face pulls the knife out. Blood spills from Andy's Dad's hand and puss spills from his eye socket, but Andy's Dad isn't done.

He HEADBUTTS Monster Face in the monster face, then turns and RUNS to the door. He tries to open it-- LOCKED. Fuck. Trapped by his own security system. *

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The song remains the same. *"After all another fella took ya. But I still can't overlook ya."* Andy flips another page.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andy's Dad yanks at the doorknob.

ANDY'S DAD

Come on, COME ON--

The butterfly knife PLUNGES INTO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. Skulls are thick-- it doesn't go all the way in and he SPINS, with the knife still in him, and PUNCHES Monster Face in the face.

His hand appears to SINK THROUGH THE MASK as the punch connects-- odd.

Monster Face falls to the ground. Andy's Dad pounces on top of him and brings his thumbs to where he thinks the guy's eyes might be-- *and again, his thumbs DISAPPEAR into the mask.*

The portions of mask around his thumbs flicker in that way holograms do-- *and we realize, the mask is a HOLOGRAM projected onto Monster Face's face. Monster Face YELLS as Andy's Dad's thumbs grind into him--*

Then BOUNDS BACK UP, flipping the momentum, sending Andy's Dad sprawling back down onto his back--

And when the back of his head hits the floor, the knife SINKS the rest of the way into his brain. It makes a sound that's kind of like, *splursh*. Andy's Dad leaps to his feet. He doesn't go for Monster Face.

Instead, he runs around the living room in circles, slapping madly at the back of his head, his brain short-circuiting.

What looks like a more futuristic ROOMBA spins across the room.* Andy's Dad TRIPS over it and falls forwards, landing flat on his face with a nasty CRACK. Finally, he's still.

Monster Face walks over to him. He grabs the handle of the knife, plants a foot on his back, and YANKS IT OUT. Moving casually now, he FLIPS Andy's Dad's dead body over. He raises the knife above his head and-- *

splicksplacksplicksplpacksplicksplacksplicksplacksplick

RAMS IT DOWN INTO HIM OVER AND OVER, OVER AND OVER, OVER AND OVER, FACE, CHEST, FACE, CHEST, FACE, CHEST, FACE, CHEST, OVER AND OVER, OVER AND OVER, OVER AND OVER, OVER AND OVER. *

He throws the knife aside. He grabs Andy's Dad's punctured stomach with two hands and YANKS IT OPEN. Then he starts reaching in and throwing his guts and organs out behind him, like a kid ripping candy out of a piñata. *

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

"You're gonna say you'll love me, 'cause I'm a-gonna love you too. I'm a-gonna love you too. I'm a-gonna love you too."

Andy continues reading. The song ENDS, plunging the house into silence. Finally, Andy notices the security-sealed window. As he watches--

WHIR! The metal plates over the window SLIDE BACK UP.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE / HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Andy exits his room, walks towards the staircase.

ANDY

Dad?

Andy descends the stairs into--

INT. LITERAL FUCKING HELL - NIGHT

If this scene doesn't make every single person watching it vomit, I quit. Andy's Dad's guts have been, like, forking splorked all over the Goddamn place.

His intestines hang from the ceiling fan in giant gooping loops. The ceiling fan is ON-- his innards are just, like, swingin' around. Little flecks of blood flick off as they spin.* The big front window is divided into forty-two separate panes of glass-- on each one, a smiley face has been drawn in blood.

Nearly every surface in the room has been graced by gore. The actual body lies in the middle of the floor. His head is smashed open like a post-Gallagher watermelon. Brain matter spills out onto what looks like a reasonably expensive rug.*

Andy stands on the stairs, taking in the scene. Impossible to read the expression on his face.

ANDY

Dad?

INT. MILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mila sits on her bed, *Hello Kitty* blankets pulled around her. *The Departed* plays on the TV at the foot of the bed.*

INSERT -- The elevator doors open. Leonardo DiCaprio's head BLOWS OFF (the best movie death of all time). Mila LAUGHS way too hard, and for way too long. That's a little alarming.*

INT. HENRY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Henry, VR goggles on, ducks and bobs and weaves, punches, kicks, he's an athlete, he's a real fucking athlete.

IN THE VR SIMULATION -- Henry fights off FOUR ATTACKERS. They come at him from all sides-- shirtless, athletic warriors. They punch, they jab. Henry ducks.

Henry pops up, reaches out, grabs one of them by the throat, and *TEARS HIS THROAT OUT*. It's disgustingly violent.

BACK IN THE BASEMENT -- Henry stands with his hand thrust out, the same throat-ripping position as in the VR. He GRINS. *That's a little alarming.*

INT. ELMSBOROUGH HIGH / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Principal Grant walks through the abandoned halls.

The technicolor motion posters are still active on the walls-- a benefit of radically improved solar power is that you can keep this shit on all the time, but it casts a creepy vibe.

Pink and purple lights dance on Grant's face as he moves, like somebody's stepdad decided to throw a one-man rave. He talks on the phone as he goes, glancing into empty classrooms. *

PRINCIPAL GRANT

Yes. Yes, obviously I know it doesn't look good. But it wasn't on school gr-- it has nothing to do with-- things will be *fine*.

EXT. ELMSBOROUGH / STREET - NIGHT *

A car cruises down the street. *

IN THE CAR -- MR. SNOW sits behind the wheel. The car drives itself. Snow turns around and looks into the backseat-- where his *THREE IDENTICAL EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTERS* sit in a row. *

MR. SNOW *

What do you guys want? *

TRIPLET #1

Big Macs!

MR. SNOW *

You got it. *

THE CURB -- The car PULLS TO A STOP in front of... A LARGE, METALLIC RED BOX BEARING A MCDONALD'S LOGO. Its design is similar to that of Bree's toaster-- it stands on cartoony legs, has a giant smiling face, and its mouth is an output tray. *When the McDonald's box speaks, it's in a Barney-esque voice.* *

MCDONALD'S BOX *

What can I get you today? *

MR. SNOW *

Four Big Macs. *

MCDONALD'S BOX *

Youuuu got it! Would you like to add a bottled water to your order for twelve dollars? *

MR. SNOW *

We're fine. *

A series of CLICKING NOISES emerges from the McDonald's box-- then FOUR BIG MACS fall into the output tray. As Snow hands them out to his daughters, his phone BEEPS. He takes it out, looks at it. A text on screen. *

INSERT -- It's from Principal Grant. "Faculty members-- back to school as normal tomorrow. Let's poot on a brave face for our students!!!" Then a STOIC FACE emoji. A second later, another text. "Put!! Autocorrect."

Snow SIGHS, slides his phone away from him. *

INT. BREE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Bree stands in the middle of her room, looks at the chalkboard. *On it, the names of everyone in attendance at the party. Some names, like CHELSEA, larger than others, but all there.* *

SUDDENLY -- Her phone BEEPS. She JUMPS, then relaxes, realizing what it is. She pulls out the phone and looks at the screen.

INSERT -- An incoming TEXT from the same UNKNOWN NUMBER. It's a picture. CLOSE on something red, chunky.

Bree looks closer, can't make it out. ANOTHER TEXT comes in.

INSERT -- WIDER ON the same image as the last photo. It's a picture of a man with his EYES STABBED OUT. From the photo alone, hard to tell who it is-- but of course, we know.

Bree SCREAMS, drops the phone.

CUT TO BLACK.

THEN-- AN IMAGE CUTS IN.

SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE of Andy's Dad's murder. FROM ABOVE, we see the knife plunge into the back of his head. We PULL BACK to reveal--

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

--this footage is playing on the same TV, in the same dark room, as the slasher movies earlier.

Sitting in the same armchair, the same dark figure. Just watching. Watching all of it.

THE END