

"HACK / SLASH"

By

Martin Schenk & Todd Lincoln

Based on the comic book by  
Tim Seeley and Stefano Caselli

Revisions by Ben Magid 7/15/07

Revisions by Todd Lincoln 9/21/07

Current Revisions by

JUSTIN MARKS

7/11/08

ROGUE PICTURES

FADE IN

EXT. MIDWEST WILDERNESS - NIGHT

SHADOWS

Bouncing in the moonlight. Threatening, forboding, until-

70'S ROCK

Fills the soundtrack and the shadows melt into REFLECTIONS of young bodies lounging around calm water on a humid summer night.

WIDER TO REVEAL

A keg party in the middle of the woods. GMC trucks, campfires, and a beautiful view of a FRESH WATER LAKE stretching as far as the eye can see.

Ordinary kids doing what ordinary kids do best. Some tell stories, some make out, some chug beers.

TRACKING WITH A BLONDE

As she rises up from the campfire and pulls off her top to reveal a glistening hot body underneath. After some coaxing, she runs onto the dock and-

CANNONBALLS into the water.

Everyone cheers. Then other kids strip down to shorts and join her in the warm water.

All but one...

...a GIRL on a bench, in t-shirt and cargo pants, watching them like it's an alien mating ritual. This is-

CASSIE HACK (18)

Her hair in an asymmetrical cyber-punk cut, dyed jet-black. Beautiful, if only she'd let it show.

She observes the hot blonde seductively luring a JOCK into the woods for some alone time.

CASSIE

(rolling her eyes)

Keep working it, slut.

CUTE BOY (O.C.)

Let me guess. You're not a swimmer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks over to see a CUTE BOY (19) approaching.

CASSIE

Don't tell me you're about to sell  
me on a rufeed drink.

CUTE BOY

That's not how I work.

CASSIE

Wow. Your game's that good?

The boy gently reaches out and takes her hand. He's too  
cute to resist.

CUTE BOY

Come on. Live a little.

Cassie stares into his eyes and knows she can't say no.

She casts a nervous glance towards the woods, then rises  
and walks with him towards the lake. On the way, she  
removes her blouse, revealing a GORGEOUS BODY beneath.

CASSIE

For the record, this isn't what I  
do every Friday night.

CUTE BOY

Trust me, it's obvious.

Together they jump into the water.

The teens laugh and play around as the rock music SWELLS.

Cassie tries to enjoy herself amidst the fun, but she  
gets knocked backwards by an errant elbow, only to be-

CAUGHT

By the cute boy, who takes her by the chin, about to  
bring her in for a romantic kiss when suddenly-

A SCREAM

Echoes out through the woods.

Everyone stops. For a moment not sure if what they heard  
was what it sounded like. Then another FEMALE SCREAM,  
this one more urgent.

TEENAGE BOY #1

Where's Jenny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEENAGE GIRL #1

She went off just a second ago-

Before anyone can react, Cassie's already out of there, sprinting into the woods like she's on a mission. The group follows.

They push through the endless evergreen branches, following the screams, until they finally come to the hot blonde, a.k.a. JENNY, topless and on her knees, holding the hand of the jock as his eyes go BLANK.

CUTE BOY

What happened?

Cassie looks down, and that's when she sees-

SHE IS STANDING ON THE BOY'S LOWER HALF. A full ten feet away. He's been sliced in two!

CASSIE

We've got to leave now.

TEENAGE GIRL #1

Is he dead?!

And then suddenly-

A FLYING AXE

Hits the girl's back, its momentum so powerful that it throws her into a tree, pinning her there.

Everyone splits in ten thousand different directions as-

A LOOMING FIGURE comes at them through the woods.

A hulking, terrifying SLASHER. In the moonlight we can see his face is horribly disfigured, melted by first degree burns, his jaw dislocated several times over.

He rips the axe out of the girl's back as he walks by. She drops to the ground, her eyes dead white.

ON CASSIE: sprinting in bare feet, looking over her shoulder frantically.

ON THE OTHER TEENS: screaming, crying to themselves, running lost through the dark woods.

Cassie hears BRANCHES CRACKING under the feet of the lurking slasher behind her. He's getting closer. She makes a hard right just as-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHE RUNS INTO THE CUTE BOY!

Both of them hit the ground, out of breath.

CUTE BOY

Are you okay?

Before Cassie can answer, a HAND comes down and picks him up, tossing him sideways into a tree. The boy tries to get up but the slasher-

BRINGS DOWN THE AXE

Causing Cassie to look away in horror as fresh blood sprays all over her half-naked body. She pulls herself to her feet and runs away.

The slasher discards the boy and goes after her.

Cassie runs wildly, eventually stumbling across-

A LOG CABIN

In a clearing. Lights off. Abandoned.

Out of breath, she runs for it and disappears inside. The slasher sees her go in.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

He runs in after her, ready for a feast, when-

THE DOOR SLAMS BEHIND HIM.

The slasher looks back to see SEVERAL IRON LATCHES, slamming down in succession over the door frame, rigged by some kind of homemade contraption. And more amazing yet...

...the room is filled with HACK-ASSEMBLED WEAPONS...

Crossbows, cleavers, anything you could buy at a pawn shop to kill a slasher, it's all here.

Cassie stands in the center, holding-

A BASEBALL BAT

With the words "KISS IT" burned into the side. Nails and barbed wire protrude from the top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

You just made the biggest mistake  
of your un-dead life.

The slasher tilts his head, a brief moment of "what the fuck" just as-

A LARGE SLINGSHOT CONTRAPTION

Launches a HAIL OF KITCHEN KNIVES straight towards him. They plunge into his thick flesh and throw him backwards into a wall.

The slasher recovers, but Cassie comes at him with her baseball bat and-

AN ALL-OUT FIGHT ENSUES.

Cassie uses speed and smarts to out-think the powerful but lumbering man coming at her. She's definitely not the innocent girl we saw on the beach, but she's not quite the hardened warrior either. A mix of anger and vulnerability.

She dives around him, jumping off a wall and knocking him with her bat just as she slides sideways along the ground, rolling into a table, where she grabs-

A CROSSBOW

Which she points and FIRES.

TRACKING

With the arrow as it DIVES THROUGH the slasher's chest and lodges in the wall on the other side. He tries to come at her when he notices-

A CORD

Running through the arrow (and now his chest), connected to Cassie's hand on the other side. She pulls at it, causing him to drop to his knees, and then anchors it to a broken fridge on the other side of the room.

The slasher rises back to his feet, coming towards her in a straight line as the cord runs through him.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

That's right. Walk the line.

He's about to grab her when he HITS A BARB in the cord, causing him to momentarily stop. Their faces are inches apart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cassie smiles and points upwards. That's when the slasher looks up and sees-

AN INVERTED BEAR TRAP

Dangling from the ceiling, which suddenly CLAMPS DOWN on top of his head as we-

CUT TO:

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The surviving teenagers gathering together outside the log cabin.

PAINED SCREAMS

Echo from inside. Except these aren't a girl's screams. These are coming from the slasher himself.

They reach a powerful crescendo and then suddenly STOP.

Moments later, the door slams open and out walks Cassie, still in her cargo pants and a bra, caked in blood, with a duffel bag over her shoulder.

She stares blankly at the confused teenagers, none of whom know what the hell is going on.

POLICE SIRENS

Rise in the distance. And then-

A BEAT-UP SHIPPING VAN

Pulls up to a stop behind them. Blue, dented. A sticker on the rear window: "Caution: Live Animals Inside."

The side door slides open. Cassie heads towards it, dropping at the feet of the teenagers-

THE SLASHER'S HEAD.

One of the girls, soaking wet, her breasts practically showing through her wet t-shirt, steps forward.

TEENAGE GIRL #2

Wait. Who are you?

CASSIE

Just another scared slut who should've kept her clothes on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And with that she jumps into the van as it DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE CARD: "HACK / SLASH"

EXT. FREEWAY ONRAMP - NIGHT

The delivery van sails down the feeder ramp as a CARAVAN OF POLICE CARS zoom past it in the opposite direction.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - NIGHT

ON THE SIRENS: disappearing in a side-view mirror.

WIDER TO REVEAL

The van's driver: a hulking man wearing a hood, thick gloves, and most notable of all, an INDUSTRIAL FILTER MASK over the lower portion of his face...

VLAD (40s)

Think of him as Lenny from OF MICE AND MEN. Face covered in old scars, as if he was beaten when he was young. Anyone else would call him a freak, but Cassie calls him her best friend in the world.

Vlad fiddles with an old beat-up POLICE SCANNER while beside him-

CASSIE (O.C.)  
GODDAMNCOCKSUCKINGMOTHERFUCKING  
CHRIST IN A TREE!

Cassie has changed into a "STARVIN' MARVIN" sweatshirt, holding up her blood-stained sports bra.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
I gotta stop bleeding these guys  
so bad. We can't afford the  
wardrobe change.

VLAD  
Took his head?

CASSIE  
Yes, Vlad. What do you think this  
is, amateur hour?

She crawls into the back of the van. Their makeshift home on the road...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sleeping bags strapped to the wall. Air sanitizers. Fast food wrappers, mini hotel soap and shampoos, glamour magazines, and DVD copies of old horror movies piled up along the floor.

Tools-of-the-trade are stowed in a multi-drawer, industrial sized TOOL TOWER: ropes, chains, animal traps, clamps, drills, bolt cutters, axes, knives of every style, a blowtorch, a chainsaw.

Cassie unzips her duffel bag and pulls out her bloody baseball bat. Cleans it off and uses a match to burn a notch in the side. There are EIGHT TOTAL notches.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Five slashers in three months.  
We're picking up the pace.

VLAD

So are they.

CASSIE

More target practice for us, then.

Cassie takes out the BLOODY AXE that the slasher used.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

What do you think? Use it or lose it?

VLAD

Will scare the butt out of next slasher.

CASSIE

Scare the shit, Vlad. We really gotta work on your swearing.

She pulls out from a nearby shelf-

A DIARY

Very girly, pink with daisies on the cover, and her name: "Property of Cassandra Hack".

This is her slasher Bible. Jammed with dense, detailed notes, Polaroids, newspaper clippings, and morbid hand-drawn diagrams.

She jots notes about her recent kill next to a hazy sketch of the slasher we just saw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You, my friend, will not be missed.

She puts the book away.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

That's eight total. I say this calls for a celebratory dinner.

VLAD

Piggy is empty.

CASSIE

Come on, Vlad, girl's gotta eat. Piggy's a dirty slut anyway.

She leans forward and rests her head on Vlad's shoulder.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(sing-song)

We can have your favorite...

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The drive-thru is backed up five cars deep. Honking and yelling. At the front of the line: the van.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Vlad are searching for change. Vlad is counting pennies in his hand. Cassie finds a dime underneath the floor mat.

CASSIE

How many is that?

VLAD

Three dollars and forty-seven cents.

Outside, the CLERK waits, annoyed.

CLERK

Ma'am, if you don't have the cash, please pull off to the side-

CASSIE

Freckles, where's the fire? You're getting paid by the hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vlad retrieves something on the floor and holds it up to the clerk.

VLAD

Bubbalicious?

EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cassie and Vlad sit in the front seat, savoring a wonderful meal --- one order of Waffles split two ways. POP COUNTRY MUSIC plays in the background.

CASSIE

Ugh. One more second of this shit trying to pass for country music and I'm gonna slash myself.

She changes the station. A NEWS REPORT comes in.

NEWSCASTER (ON RADIO)

*...in a related story, are nearly invulnerable killers preying on small towns across America? Another murder in the homeland, another question raised...*

VLAD

They're beginning to notice.

Cassie turns off the radio. They eat in silence.

She catches sight of her reflection in the windshield. Healed scars and bruises on her face, sustained from previous battles. And a vulnerability beneath it.

CASSIE

Vlad? Do you think I'm pretty?

VLAD

Prettier than some.

CASSIE

Jeez, who taught you how to talk to girls? You act like you've been living in a basement for twenty years.

VLAD

I was.

CASSIE

I know. That was a joke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vlad goes back to eating his waffle.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
I almost got kissed tonight.

VLAD  
Oh?

CASSIE  
He was pretty cute, too. At least  
before he was chopped in half.  
(pauses)  
For just a second... I don't know,  
it felt like I fit in. People  
actually liked me there.

VLAD  
I like you.

CASSIE  
You've got something on your chin.

Vlad wipes off a large chunk of waffle. Cassie sighs.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
These people are always so  
carefree. Not a worry in the  
world. How do they do it, day in  
and day out?

VLAD  
They're ordinary.

CASSIE  
Ordinary?

Cassie leans back.

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I guess we're all ordinary  
until some psycho comes at us with  
a fire axe.

Vlad checks his digital watch. Eleven o'clock.

VLAD  
Speaking of which, we should check  
on our friend.

CASSIE  
(sighs)  
Always more work to do.

EXT. LOCAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cassie's van pulls into the empty lot and parks close enough to make a quick exit.

INT. LOCAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS - MOMENTS LATER

A POLICE DETECTIVE signs out with the female ORDERLY at the counter.

POLICE DETECTIVE

Seven dead kids in seven weeks.  
One hell of a summer.

ORDERLY

Hope this one puts an end to it.

The detective shrugs and walks out the door. The orderly gets up from her desk with a pile of files. As she does-

CASSIE AND VLAD

Slip in undetected.

Cassie sees a cart filled with JELLO DESSERTS and swipes a few as she walks by.

They arrive at a glass door leading to a staircase marked: "MORGUE"

Cassie tries the knob. Locked.

She takes out a hairpin and, making sure no one is looking, leans in to pick the lock.

After a beat, she stands back up.

CASSIE

Okay, I have no idea what I'm doing.

Vlad quietly SHOULDERS the door open.

INT. MORGUE BASEMENT - NIGHT

TIGHT SHOT: Cassie and Vlad eat Jello against a wall. A machete sits on the floor between them.

Cassie checks her Mickey Mouse watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

Two thirty-four and sleeping  
beauty's still out.

WIDER TO REVEAL

They are sitting across from several thick sealed body lockers, all closed except for one.

A BODY BAG

Lies on the floor a few feet away. Headless. It's the slasher from earlier that night.

VLAD

Some slashers are different. Some take longer, some take shorter.

CASSIE

None of these honeys have ever taken longer than three hours to bounce back and you know it. Maybe he wasn't a slasher after all?

Vlad checks his digital watch, which is COUNTING DOWN.

VLAD

Fourteen seconds left.

CASSIE

Your watch isn't accurate. Mickey's always on the dime-

Suddenly-

THE BODY BAG LIFTS UP!

And the leather fabric tears open to reveal a HEADLESS SLASHER thrashing about, his powerful arms reaching for anything within sight.

Vlad takes the machete, rises, and-

SLICES

The body several times, causing more blood to spray as the slasher spins limply into the wall. It tries again to rise with renewed life, but this time Vlad takes it out with authority. A few extra hits for good measure.

VLAD

Mickey was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cassie smiles sheepishly.

EXT. PIG FARM - NIGHT

Just off to the side of a two-lane, country road.

Cassie and Vlad lean on a fence. On the other side... pigs battle to devour something in the muck.

It's the slasher's corpse. The pigs rip his body to shreds. Wolfing down huge chunks.

CASSIE

That's gonna turn me off BLT's  
pretty much forever.

They begin to load their gear, shovels, body bag, etc. back into the van. Cassie stops, entranced by the sight of the stars overhead.

VLAD

Something is on your mind.

CASSIE

Summer's winding down.  
(after a beat)  
It's almost the one year  
anniversary.

Vlad stops what he's doing. Looks at her.

VLAD

You think she will come back?

Cassie shrugs. Distracted.

VLAD (CONT'D)

You have a feeling, yes?

CASSIE

Yeah. Lots of feelings.

EXT. STARBUCKS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

An all-hours coffee shop advertising "FREE WIRELESS!" On the front window.

Cassie's van is parked directly outside.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - NIGHT

Cassie steals the wireless signal using her beat-up LAPTOP. Duct-taped, dented, missing keys.

Vlad, in an army surplus sleeping bag, scans a NEWSPAPER.

VLAD

Woman killed in Michigan.

CASSIE

I saw that. Husband did it.

VLAD

Family found dead in Indiana home.

CASSIE

Saw that too. Jewelry was stolen.  
Not a slasher.

Vlad sighs, goes back to searching.

Cassie types in a search phrase on her laptop and-

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Hitch that bronco!

VLAD

What is found? A decapitation? A  
disembowelment?

CASSIE

Shoe Warehouse is having a Labor  
Day sale on all their boots!

Vlad sighs, rolls over on his back. Cassie pulls out a Dora the Explorer sleeping bag.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It's never gonna end, is it? We  
can kill them here and there, but  
we're always gonna have the same  
fights ahead of us.

VLAD

Advantage of being undead. They  
get to keep coming back.

CASSIE

I guess this beats how it used to  
be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VLAD

Yes. Much better than the  
basement for me.

(pauses)

Good night, Cassie Hack.

Vlad closes his eyes to sleep.

Cassie looks back to her computer and continues her  
internet search.

ONSCREEN: various sites display stories about gruesome  
killings. Some on myths and legends, some police  
blotters, some serial killer fan sites. Cassie takes it  
in like this is business as usual.

After a few moments, Vlad begins SNORING. Cassie picks  
up his filtration mask and places it over his mouth.

Then, after a beat of making sure he's asleep, she  
switches over to a bookmarked site...

FACEBOOK

She logs in and scans through various pictures of young  
faces. People from her past. All linked to one group:

"CHIPPEWA FALLS CLASS OF 2010"

Cassie absorbs each image of teenagers enjoying  
themselves. There's a sadness in her eyes. Not quite  
nostalgia. More like regret.

Finally she comes to her own face. One year younger.  
Glasses. Straight brown hair. Not smiling one bit.

ON CASSIE: the memories flooding back as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHIPPEWA FALLS H.S. - CAFETERIA - DAY --- FLASHBACK

ONE YEAR EARLIER.

A crowded lunchroom.

Younger Cassie sits on the edge of a long table, her  
homely brown hair mopped over her face.

MEGAN (O.C.)

Cass, you just gotta ignore them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

That's easy for you to say.  
You're the one with tits.

ON MEGAN (18): pretty in a modest kind of way. Cassie's best friend, sitting next to her.

DARREN (17), nerdy and likeable in a Computer Science kind of way, comes over and kisses Megan on the cheek.

DARREN

Did I hear something about tits?

MEGAN

Someone put shit in Cass's locker.

DARREN

Human or otherwise?

MEGAN

We're not sure. Any idea who's behind it?

Darren indicates to his left, where we see-

A GROUP OF BOYS

Talking to themselves at a table. One of them steals a glance in our direction and laughs. This is KYLE (18), the local burnout, big guy with a snake tattoo running up his neck. He's surrounded by his misfit friends.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(starting to get up)

That chapped asshole...

Cassie grabs her hand.

CASSIE

Meg, please don't. I don't want this getting around-

MEGAN

It'll get around, babe. We just gotta make it come around-

CASSIE

Not in front of him.

She looks towards the entrance of the lunchroom, where in walks-

PATRICK (17)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Emo cute, everybody's best friend. He's the kind of geek who elevated himself to popular through sheer willpower (and good looks). Still, he's got enough awkwardness left over to give him a sympathetic streak.

MEGAN

Here we go again. Cass,  
unrequited love is really bad for  
the skin.

Patrick sits down next to LUCY (16). Charter member of Cheerleader Cunts for First Lady. All the warmth of a Heather, all the cleavage of a slut.

CASSIE

Look at them together. He used to  
be different.

MEGAN

That's the way the order works.  
Nice guy takes pretty bitch to  
junior prom, pretty bitch ruins  
nice guy's life in ten years.  
Expensive divorce. Rinse, repeat.

CASSIE

What does he see in her?

DARREN

Great ass and a warm place to  
shove it?

Megan smacks him on the back of the head.

MEGAN

Forget him. Patrick is  
yesterday's news. A lost cause.

Cassie stares at Patrick as he quietly eats his food while Lucy gabs on about whatever popular girls gab on about.

Finally, Cassie turns her eyes down to her milk, which she opens up, only to see-

A FLOATING CONDOM

In the container. She jumps back and stifles a scream. The whole cafeteria looks over.

ON KYLE'S TABLE: laughing hysterically.

KYLE

Freak!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lucy joins the laughter as well.

Cassie makes eye contact with Patrick. He's not laughing, but his gaze is what's most humiliating to her.

PATRICK

Cut it out. She's got enough problems.

LUCY

Yeah. If I were the Lunch Lady's daughter, I'd have problems too.

ON THE LUNCH LINE: tracking behind the counter, to where, watching all of this from afar is-

DELILAH HACK (50s)

The Lunch Lady. Heavysset, bad skin, awful hair. And worse yet, she's Cassie's mom. She observes helplessly as the students laugh at her daughter's expense.

ON HER BUTCHER'S KNIFE: slicing angrily into a slab of beef. Blood oozes to the cutting block.

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - EVENING --- FLASHBACK

Historic Chippewa Falls. Also known as the run-down neighborhood. Small homes on ill-kept lawns.

Cassie's two-bedroom house is no exception.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - ENTRANCE - EVENING --- FLASHBACK

Delilah comes into the house, walking with a slow, tired limp. She drops her keys next to the front door.

MUFFLED CRYING

Coming from upstairs.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - HALLWAY - EVENING --- FLASHBACK

Delilah climbs up the stairs and comes to Cassie's door, which is opened a crack. Inside she can see-

A GIRL'S BEDROOM.

Innocent, serene, filled with dolls and typical trinkets from a lonely childhood. Cassie is curled in a corner on her bed, crying into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON DELILAH: watching silently. Unable to console her.

INT. CASSIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING --- FLASHBACK

Cassie wakes up, rolled into a ball on her floor. A blanket is wrapped around her. She looks around groggily and sees-

A NOTE

On her pillow. Cassie unfolds it to read:

"Mommy will make it better."

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY --- FLASHBACK

Cassie walks to school alone, kicking at the ground, when she comes to the parking lot and sees-

A LINE OF POLICE CARS

Holding off onlookers, students and teachers alike, as they try to see what's going on inside.

Something's wrong. Very wrong.

Cassie pushes through the line, finally getting to Megan, who stands at the front, tears in her eyes.

MEGAN

Cass, you need to leave...

Cassie looks to see an ambulance carrying away-

A WRAPPED BODY

Bloodstains pouring through.

CASSIE

What happened?

Megan doesn't know what to say, but by the look on her face Cassie begins to understand. She pushes through the line and starts inside.

MEGAN

Don't go in there!

INT. CHIPPEWA FALLS H.S. - HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER ---  
FLASHBACK

Cassie sprints towards the noises of distant shouting.

INT. CHIPPEWA FALLS H.S. - CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS ---  
FLASHBACK

She turns a corner and walks right into-

A BLOODBATH

Sixteen teens all splayed out in various positions. Some at tables. Some on the floor. Blood everywhere. A few bodies we recognize as Kyle's punk friends.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)  
Delilah, please put your hands in  
the air!

Cassie looks towards the serving counter, where she can hear many voices yelling at once.

She creeps towards the kitchen, still unnoticed by anyone, until she finally sees-

HER MOTHER

Blood spread out on her white apron, standing over a pot of boiling oil. A bloody butcher's knife is in her hand.

ALL AROUND HER

Local COPS stand with their sidearms raised, pleading with her to drop the knife. She's ignoring them, staring straight ahead, her gaze meeting Cassie's.

Mother and daughter share a moment...

CASSIE  
Mom?!

...and then Delilah bends over and-

DOUSES HER HEAD IN THE OIL!

ON CASSIE: her eyes frozen in a horror that will never leave her so long as she lives.

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY --- FLASHBACK

WIDE SHOT

Of the day's events, seen over a harrowing time lapse. Police cars zooming in and out. Ambulances pulling away. News cameras everywhere.

FINALLY SETTling ON

Cassie, staring straight ahead, her eyes locked. This is a girl whose world has just been rocked forever.

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS CEMETARY - DAY --- FLASHBACK

Mourners walk away from the scene of another teenager funeral as news cameras snap pictures across the street.

ELSEWHERE

A quiet plot, unheralded, on the far corner of the cemetery. On the headstone it says simply:

"DELILAH HACK"

Cassie sits on her knees in front of it, alone and lost.

A hand comes down on her shoulder. It's Megan, her eyes stained with tears.

MEGAN

Ready to go?

Cassie nods and gets up, leaving the lonely grave behind.

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT --- FLASHBACK

After hours.

Several SUVs and pickup trucks are pulled up in the parking lot outside the town's recreational hall.

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT --- FLASHBACK

A door is jimmied open in the corner, near which-

A group of kids, all survivors of the massacre, including Patrick, Lucy, and Kyle, lounge around the pool in half-darkness. Beers are passed around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Kyle, would you give it up?

KYLE

How can we just stand here when that bitch is resting in peace not one mile from here?

LUCY

We've gotta move on. Keep living.

Kyle drunkenly limps towards the swimming pool and unzips his fly. Begins URINATING into the water.

KYLE

This isn't living.

INT. MEGAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT --- FLASHBACK

Cassie is packing away belongings into her van, which looks much less beat-up.

Megan sits on the curb nearby.

MEGAN

Cassie. You don't have to go. None of this was your fault.

CASSIE

I don't belong here. Never did.

Cassie slams the rear door and walks around to Megan, who sees that her best friend can't be convinced.

They share a long embrace.

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS CEMETARY - NIGHT --- FLASHBACK

Cassie's van pulls to a stop in front of the cemetery entrance. She takes a deep breath, then grabs a bundle of flowers and climbs out.

She walks through the lonely headstones to the plot where her mother is buried, finally coming to-

DELILAH'S GRAVE.

Something's wrong. Cassie's flowers drop to the ground as we get wider to reveal...

A GAPING HOLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Where the body had been buried. And what's more, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS leading away into the woods...

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT --- FLASHBACK

More drinks have been consumed. Everyone is in a much more plastered state.

One of Lucy's GIRLFRIENDS reclines in a chair and stares out across the pool, at the fluorescent lights overhead, just as they-

BEGIN TO GO OUT. One by one.

GIRLFRIEND

Guys? Do you see that...?

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT --- FLASHBACK

Cassie's van screeches to a halt near where everyone's cars are parked. She runs inside.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT --- FLASHBACK

Cassie sprints through the hallways, listening for voices, anything. It's dead silent in here.

CASSIE

Hello?!

And then distant footsteps. Light. Delicate. Frantic.

Cassie turns to see, at the far end of the hallway-

LUCY

Limping towards us. As she gets closer we see-

SHE IS DRENCHED IN BLOOD.

Not hers. Cassie tries to stop her, but Lucy is catatonic, shell-shocked. She simply continues straight past Cassie and out the door. All that's left are her bloody footprints.

A SHRILL SCREAM

Suddenly echoes out from a distant hallway.

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - MOMENTS LATER --- FLASHBACK

SEVERAL BODIES

Float in the pool, face down. The water is tainted by the black shade of blood.

Cassie turns to see Kyle, a deep cut in his chest, righting himself along the side of the pool, like a fish flopping on dry land. He catches sight of Cassie and his eyes widen in horror.

CASSIE

Wait, Kyle. It's okay-

KYLE

Get the hell away from me!!!

CASSIE

Kyle. Where is she?

A LOUD SLAMMING NOISE

In the distance. Like a dull thud. Cassie turns her head towards the locker rooms behind them.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER --- FLASHBACK

Dark, grimy, and empty. Cassie nervously creeps through the space, following what sounds like a distant SCRATCHING NOISE.

She creeps into the next set of stalls just as-

HANDS GRAB HER

And throw her up against the wall, covering her mouth. Cassie is about to scream when she sees it's-

PATRICK

What are you doing here?

CASSIE

I saw the grave.

Suddenly the wall of lockers comes-

CRASHING DOWN

Next to them. Patrick pushes Cassie out of the way. He's about to be crushed when-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEY HIT THE BENCH

Which stops their fall just inches from his head.

Cassie tries to help Patrick up. Then she catches sight of a DARK FIGURE, just inside her line of vision, standing in the alley blocking their exit...

DELILAH, A.K.A. THE LUNCH LADY

Obscured in darkness. A carving knife in her left hand, dripping with blood.

Cassie screams out and crawls away. Her mother looms with the hulking presence of a demon, her body hidden entirely by shadows.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this?!

Her mother takes a step closer when suddenly-

PATRICK JUMPS OUT

Knocking himself into the Lunch Lady and causing her to fall backwards, the carving knife clattering to the floor. They roll over on the wet tiled floor together, struggling for dominance.

The Lunch Lady has all the strength, grabbing Patrick by the throat and shoving his face into the mirrored wall-

SHATTERING IT VIOLENTLY.

The Lunch Lady picks up one of the splintered glass fragments and raises it in the air, about to slice it across Patrick's throat when-

THE CARVING KNIFE PLUNGES INTO HER BACK!

The Lunch Lady furiously whirls around. Cassie raises a locker door and SLAMS IT into the blunt end of the knife, pushing it further into her heart. Her mother falls back against the wall, shuddering in shadows.

Patrick sits up and watches as her legs stop gyrating. Then he looks towards Cassie-

HUDDLED IN THE CORNER

Hugging her knees to her chest, hysterical, not knowing what to do.

POLICE SIRENS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rise in the distance. Patrick crawls towards Cassie and puts a hand on her knee. He looks at her with eyes that Cassie wishes would say so much more, but instead...

PATRICK

Don't come back here again.

Cassie stares at him, heartbroken and afraid.

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS CEMETARY - NIGHT

Sobbing in grief, Cassie pushes her mother's corpse back into the open grave. It falls with a dull THUD.

Cassie retreats to her van as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - MORNING --- PRESENT DAY

Cassie awakes with a start, momentarily not knowing where is. Noises of metal clanking outside. She gets up and draws away her sleeping bag.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Vlad is working on the engine, having trouble with the carburetor, which is smoking in his face.

VLAD

Gasket's out.

CASSIE

How much is that gonna set us back?

Vlad wipes his face. Knows what must be done.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

A sign reads: "We buy anything!"

The HEAVYSET CLERK stands behind the counter, reading a copy of Fangoria. Behind him, lots of horror movie posters and paraphernalia.

The bell rings above the door and in walks Cassie and Vlad, standing before him with a heavy cardboard box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

Sign says you buy anything?

HEAYVSET CLERK

Whatever sells, sweetheart.

Cassie places the box on the counter, full of-

USED SLASHER ARTIFACTS. Things they've picked up along the way. Gloves, hats, masks, weapons --- some stained with dried blood.

The clerk incredulously pulls out-

A FRACTURED HOCKEY MASK. Blood stains around the edges.

HEAYVSET CLERK (CONT'D)

Is this...

CASSIE

How bad do you want it?

The clerk looks on eagerly.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Vlad emerges from a local mechanic's shop, carrying the parts that he needs.

Cassie, meanwhile, lounges with the van door open. She's spent some of their new money. She wears big Gucci knock-off sunglasses and a wide brim hat. Eats a large ice cream.

VLAD

You were supposed to buy food.

CASSIE

Dippin' Dots aren't food?

Vlad walks around to the engine. Cassie grabs TODAY'S NEWSPAPER out of the grocery bag and walks around to join him.

LAUGHTER NEARBY.

At a picnic table, a group of teens enjoy ice cream. Nothing out of the ordinary, which is what strikes her. This is the life she can never have.

She snaps out of it, begins leafing through the newspaper...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...and then she STOPS.

Staring at her on the state crime blotter is a familiar face. DARREN. Her friend from high school. Right beneath a headline that reads:

"Chippewa Falls Teen Slaughtered in Home"

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Vlad.

She grabs him by the shoulder and pulls him out of the engine, shoving the paper into his face.

Vlad scans the top of the article.

VLAD

Violent dismemberment. Teenage  
boy murdered-

CASSIE

In Chippewa Falls. He was a  
friend of mine.

(pointed)

One of the survivors.

Vlad stops. Looks at her curiously.

VLAD

Do you think...?

CASSIE

You don't wanna know what I think.

EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING

The van is parked at a pump, but not filling up.

Vlad leans over the windshield, scraping bugs off the glass with his machete.

A customer finishes fueling up his Lexus SUV nearby. As he walks into the station, Vlad withdraws a long rubber tube and siphons the SUV's gas into the van.

Meanwhile, Cassie stands at a pay phone, listening to a dial tone ring.

MEGAN (ON PHONE)

*Hey this is Megan. Leave a  
message.*

BEEP. Cassie hangs up. She's nervous, distracted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks back to the van, past Vlad and around to the back.

CASSIE  
Nothing on the phone.

VLAD  
She's probably fine.

CASSIE  
Well we won't know until we find out for sure, will we?

She goes inside and comes out with a ratty old box marked: "Cassie's stuff. Stay out!!! That means you, Vlad!!!"

She pulls it open and begins going through journals, Polaroid photos, various notes taken on pink paper.

VLAD  
Cassie. I do not like the city.

CASSIE  
If there's a chance she's in trouble, we've got to be there.

Cassie comes to an ADDRESS scrawled on a bus receipt... "Megan in Detroit."

CASSIE (CONT'D)  
Motor City here we come.

Vlad sighs wearily as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DETROIT WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

RAIN POURING DOWN OVER...

A lonely urban wasteland. Harsh reality. A stark contrast to the serene American flatlands.

ON A PIZZA SHOP

Closing up for the night. The marquee lights turn off. Moments later the door opens and out walks-

MEGAN

One year older, looking like she's changed a lot since we saw her in the flashbacks. Matured. Hardened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She locks up, checks her surroundings, and moves off into the night.

EXT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

As she turns the corner, Megan begins to get the sense that she's being followed.

She checks across the street. A DERELICT is passed out against a wall. Creepy, but nothing suspicious.

She accelerates her pace. Reaches into her purse, where we see A KNIFE BLADE --- quite the self-defense technique for just another teenage girl.

BREATHING BEHIND HER

Someone's there. Getting closer. Megan is about to draw the knife when-

CASSIE (O.C.)

Meg.

She spins to see CASSIE standing there. Across the street, the derelict stands to reveal it is Vlad.

MEGAN

Christ, Cass, I almost pissed myself!

CASSIE

You know how I love surprises.

Megan smiles and they embrace. She notes Cassie's hair.

MEGAN

What's with the goth-punk thing?

CASSIE

PMS, a pair of scissors, and a lot of regret. Let's leave it there.

Megan glances across the street towards Vlad, hovering a good distance away, his hood pulled up around his face.

MEGAN

I see you're still hanging with that guy.

CASSIE

That "guy" is my friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

Well your friend freaked out my dog the last time you guys visited. I'm serious. I had to give him away.

Cassie smiles sheepishly.

CASSIE

Any chance I can crash for the night?

Megan glances reluctantly towards Vlad.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

He'll sleep in the van.

ON VLAD: slumping his shoulders in disappointment.

As Cassie and Megan go into the apartment building, we-

CRANE UP

Over the street, soaring up the fire escape of an abandoned building on the other side, towards the parapet, where-

A THIN FIGURE

Stands alone, silhouetted against the distant skyline. Watching. Waiting.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A STEEL GATE

Slides open across a glass door, padlocked in three separate places.

CASSIE

What's with the security?

MEGAN

Ever since I started living alone, I stopped taking chances.

They climb the stairs and approach Megan's door, which has been reinforced with BULLETPROOF STEEL PLATING. Megan types in a code and the door un-bolts.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Mi casa es su casa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

"Casa" my ass. This is Fort Knox.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - NIGHT

Vlad gets settled in his army surplus sleeping bag, rolling around uncomfortably. He looks up to see water leaking in through the ceiling, right onto his head.

He sighs and picks up some reading material. One of Cassie's glam magazines. Tries to leaf through it.

Finally he gives up and finds his own private stash...

CHILDREN'S COMIC BOOKS. His personal favorite is a title called Chippy the Chipmunk.

Vlad begins to read himself to sleep.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A girlfest slumber party. Junk food, various perfumes laid out, freshly baked cupcakes...

...finally settling on Cassie and Megan, sitting cross-legged on the floor, leaning up against each other while chick rock plays lightly in the background.

Megan holds open a yearbook photo of Darren.

CASSIE

How'd you find out?

MEGAN

Remember Christy? The B-F-F who stopped B-effing when puberty hit? Her mom called last night.

(pauses)

I hadn't talked to him since I moved out. I just can't believe he's gone. He was so young...

CASSIE

They were all young.

Cassie takes the yearbook from her. Begins leafing through the various faces.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You hear they're calling it the Lunch Lady Massacre now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEGAN

It's got a nice ring to it.

Cassie circles the survivors with her finger.

CASSIE

Only three other survivors left.  
Kyle, Lucy, and...

She comes to the image of Patrick, smiling and carefree.  
Her voice trails off.

MEGAN

He's still with her, you know.

CASSIE

Fine. They deserve each other.  
(smiles)  
And here we are, alone as usual on  
a Saturday night.

Megan kicks her feet up into Cassie's lap and examines  
her toe-nails.

MEGAN

I miss you, Cassie. Maybe high  
school was a shitty time for both  
of us, but we had each other.  
That counts for something, right?

CASSIE

Meg. I'm not staying. I just  
wanted to make sure you were okay.

Megan sits up and looks at her.

MEGAN

How much longer are you gonna keep  
this up?

CASSIE

This is my life.

MEGAN

Traveling the country in that beat-  
up old van, doing God knows what  
with that creepy guy? That's what  
you call a life?

CASSIE

I don't have a choice.

Cassie turns and stares at the rain pouring down against  
the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Every time I look in the mirror, I see my mother. I think about all the rage and hate I have towards the people we went to school with, and I wonder, do I have enough in me to come back like she did?

MEGAN

Cass. She didn't "come back."

CASSIE

You weren't there.

Megan angrily grabs the yearbook out of Cassie's hands.

MEGAN

I just want things to be normal again.

CASSIE

Normal's for bowel movements and perky blondes with perky tits. I don't think we fit the bill.

Megan smiles and strokes her hair affectionately.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The girls lie asleep, head-to-toe, in Megan's queen bed.

OFF CASSIE'S SLEEPING FACE we-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHIPPEWA FALLS H.S. - HALLWAYS --- DREAM SEQUENCE

FEET CLICKING ON LINOLEUM.

Cassie walks through the hallways of her youth, looking into classrooms as she passes. Science, math, home ec, study hall.

A YOUNGER VERSION OF HERSELF is in each one, being teased by other students, the slain and the survivors...

Chalky erasers are thrown at her, leaving dusty stains on her clothes. Kids playing keep-away with her glasses. Cassie without a lab partner in science.

She stops at the last classroom as kids clear out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Young Cassie is still in her seat, head bowed, crying. She looks up at her older self. They lock eyes.

A DOOR SWINGS BEHIND HER.

Cassie spins to see the women's room, its door flapping in the wind. Eerie. Creaking.

WHISPERING VOICE (O.C.)

*Cas-sie...*

She cautiously pushes through the door.

INT. GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM --- DREAM SEQUENCE

WATER VAPOR everywhere. Cassie can't see a thing. But she can hear the noise of...

A WOMAN'S HUMMING

Soft, sweet, like how a mother would sing to her daughter at night.

Cassie follows the noises and walks straight into a MIRROR, its glass fogged over by the mist. She reaches up and wipes across it only to see in place of her reflection-

HER MOTHER'S HIDEOUS FACE!

Burn marks from the fatal hot oil bath she took a year earlier.

Cassie screams and jumps back as we-

CUT TO:

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT --- PRESENT DAY

Cassie's eyes SLAM OPEN.

Rain beats lightly against the window. Next to her, Megan is still peacefully asleep.

Cassie sighs and gets up, being careful not to stir her best friend.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - NIGHT

Vlad stirs uncomfortably in his sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A KNOCKING ON THE DOOR

Wakes him for good. He grabs a machete off the ground and opens it up to see-

CASSIE

Standing in the rain with a Tuperware box containing the cupcakes she and Megan were eating earlier.

CASSIE

Figured you could go for a midnight snack.

VLAD

Sprinkles?

CASSIE

The works.

Vlad smiles and devours two cupcakes at once. Cassie catches sight of his Chippy the Chipmunk comic.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You know, far be it from me to tell you what to read, but maybe we should up your standards.

VLAD

Butcher taught me to read with them. Chippy the Chipmunk was my favorite.

CASSIE

You're a giant dork.

Vlad hungrily devours another cupcake.

Cassie leans up against the door, taking shelter from the rain and dangling her legs off the back of the van. Something's on her mind.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Hey Vlad. Why do you think we do what we do?

VLAD

Feels good to kill slashers.

CASSIE

Yeah. Normal feels good every now and then too.

Vlad nods. Chews on his cupcake thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VLAD

I think you are proving something to yourself. That you're not like your mother.

CASSIE

Where'd you read that?

VLAD

Thought of it myself.

CASSIE

Bullshit. Stop going through my chick magazines, okay?

Vlad smiles sheepishly. Cassie smacks his thigh.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You're the only one who gets me out here. Do you know that?

VLAD

Maybe we get each other.

Cassie grins.

CASSIE

Don't catch cold out here.

She heads off back into Megan's building, leaving Vlad and the cupcakes behind.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A BEEPING NOISE

Sounds out throughout the apartment. Megan groggily comes out, looking around.

MEGAN

Cassie?

She comes to the alarm blinker, which indicates a BREACH LIGHT. Types a code to turn it off.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Cass, where'd you go?

She leans up on the counter and looks around at the living room. Nothing. No signs of life.

And that's when she sees the WINDOW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a HOLE SLICED STRAIGHT THROUGH IT. Plate glass is apparently no match for whatever cut in.

Megan backs up, reaching for the phone, when-

SEVERAL THIN BLADES

Come down on her wrist, SLICING OFF HER ENTIRE HAND as she screams out and drops to her knees.

Emerging from the shadows behind her is a horrific figure, gaunt and pale. The same one we saw watching them from the rooftop. We will call him...

RAZOR (30s)

Thousands of self-inflicted scars cover every inch of his body. Some razor blades are still imbedded in his skin where scabs have formed over them. But worse yet, fused onto all ten of his fingertips we see-

INDUSTRIAL RAZOR BLADES. Dripping with blood.

Megan drops to her knees as he looms over her and we-

CUT TO:

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie comes back in through the door, closing it behind her, just as she sees-

MEGAN HITTING THE FLOOR

Blood pouring from her throat. Razor stands over her.

CASSIE

No!

He looks at Cassie and SMILES in the half-darkness. Then he leaps out the window with lightning-fast agility. Within moments he has disappeared.

Cassie runs to Megan's aid, holding her bleeding friend and using a dish towel to wrap around her neck.

Megan looks into her eyes. It's too late. She's a goner. There's nothing Cassie can do but watch as her best friend dies.

Tears run down Cassie's cheeks. Then she turns to the open window.

EXT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cassie climbs out onto the fire escape and looks above just in time to see Razor's body slipping over the edge of the rooftop.

She looks down towards the van below.

CASSIE

Vlad!

Cassie pulls herself up the ladder in pursuit of the slasher.

EXT. DETROIT ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Cassie emerges over the parapet just in time to see Razor leaping athletically onto an adjacent rooftop.

She grabs an antenna and TEARS IT OFF its mount, pulling away the multiple prongs to use it as a weapon. Then she pursues Razor across the roof-

JUMPING

And barely clearing the gap between the buildings. She does a quick roll across the slick asphalt roof.

No sign of Razor. But Cassie can sense he's not far.

She creeps around the multiple chimneys and obstructions, ducking under a clothesline, keeping her eyes on all sides as she tries to listen for sounds of the slasher.

SHADOWS

Of antennae and different buildings loom on her back as she slides sideways. That's when she notices that-

ONE OF THE SHADOWS IS MOVING!

She ducks sideways just as Razor leaps down from a landing overhead, his blades wielded. She manages to avoid most of his attack, but he still-

SLICES HER

Brutally across the shoulder as she lands. Cassie rears back and swings with her antenna, cutting his face. Blood pours down Razor's cheek. He only smiles.

He feels no pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie looks down at her bleeding shoulder. She's only got one side to attack with.

Razor comes back in again but she ducks backwards, propping her legs up and kicking him away. He bounces off the wall and recoils quickly.

Cassie thinks fast, seeing a cluster of ELECTRICAL WIRES wrapped nearby, which she picks up, tearing at the base, exposing the crackling copper end to the rain and then-

JAMMING IT INTO RAZOR!

The shock throws him around wildly, his entire body coursing with electricity as he hits each surface like a convulsing animal. Finally he goes sliding down a wet incline and stops on the edge of the roof.

He tries to sit up, but Cassie is already on top of him. He brings one of his hands towards her, but she quickly grabs it and-

SHOVES THE BLADES AGAINST HIS THROAT!

She holds him there, hostage by his own weapon.

CASSIE  
(filled with rage)  
Who are you?!

Razor only responds by sticking out his shredded tongue...

...AND THEN BITING IT OFF!

Blood pours from his mouth. He's not saying anything.

Cassie backs off in horror, giving Razor time to right himself and PICK HER UP, holding her between his lanky arms and then-

THROWING HER OFF THE LANDING

She slides down the slanted roof and lands with a thud on the next landing fifteen feet below.

She rolls over on the asphalt, injured badly, her shoulder wound bleeding profusely, when Razor emerges above her.

Cassie has no weapons. No more energy to fight. Her vision is blurring in and out of focus.

Razor picks up her chin with one of his barbed fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cassie glares up at him. Death is upon her. There's nothing she can do.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Do it.

Razor lifts his hand, about to strike, and then-

HE SUDDENLY WITHDRAWS INTO THE DARKNESS

Leaving Cassie alone on the rooftop.

Just before she passes out, a HULKING FIGURE appears next to her, leaning into her field of vision to reveal the concerned face of-

VLAD.

He picks her up hastily and carries her away.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - NIGHT

Cassie fades in and out of consciousness in the passenger seat as Vlad puts the pedal to the metal.

ON HER HAND: clinging to Vlad's as blood pours down her arm.

INT. CVS CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

An all-night drug store. Virtually empty at this hour.

Vlad bursts in through the doors carrying Cassie in his arms. He approaches the CASHIER.

VLAD

First Aid, please?

The cashier looks at him like he's seen it all. Points to Aisle 3.

Vlad drags the half-conscious Cassie over there and drops her in the middle of the aisle.

CASSIE

(delirious)

Megan...

He frantically tosses items off the shelf. Kneels and pours peroxide onto Cassie's shoulder. The wound foams up and bubbles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Vlad, she's dead...

VLAD

Yes. But you are not.

He opens a package of super glue, spreading it out over the cut, sealing it. Cassie squirms in pain, slowly coming into focus.

Vlad grabs a pack of gauze, rips it open.

CASSIE

No. The pretty one. With the flowers.

Vlad looks at her oddly, then grabs another pack of gauze with flowers on it and wraps it around her wound.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It hurts.

VLAD

That means you will be okay.

Cassie leans back, tears running to her eyes.

CASSIE

I couldn't stop him. She was right there and I couldn't save her...

VLAD

It wasn't your fault.

She thinks about this for a long beat. And then:

CASSIE

Why didn't he kill me?

Vlad looks at her curiously.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

He had me in his sights. But he backed off. Like he knew who I was.

VLAD

Very unusual.

Cassie levels a gaze at Vlad.

CASSIE

This is only the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VLAD

You don't know that-

CASSIE

Vlad. She's coming back. I don't know how, but she is.

Just then, an ELDERLY WOMAN passes, stops, aghast.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Please, like you've never been bleeding to death on the floor of a CVS before.

The woman hurries away, leaving them alone again.

VLAD

The other survivors still live in your hometown?

CASSIE

Yeah.

VLAD

Then we know where to go next.

Cassie isn't so sure. She can't go back there.

VLAD (CONT'D)

If what you believe is true, then this is not a choice.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - NIGHT

Vlad drives over the endless expanse of midwestern highway. Cassie sits next to him, glugging half a gallon of orange juice to replenish her blood supply.

A pay-as-you-go cell phone is hooked up to her laptop via Bluetooth. She searches the internet, using phrases such as "nervous disease" and "feels no pain".

CASSIE

It doesn't make sense. These are my mother's victims. Why is she hiring out the killing to some freak we've never seen before?

VLAD

Slashers never work together.

Cassie goes to a new site. An urban legend database. Her search comes up with...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

(reading)

Jonah Greer. Also known as Razor.

An old BLACK AND WHITE photo of Razor as a living man. Creepy even then. Skinny as hell. Dusty black hair.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Vlad, this is him!

(reading)

It says he was a janitor at Chippewa Falls High School twelve years ago. Before my time, but my mother must have known him. Died in a shop class accident when he was cleaning after hours. No one heard his screaming.

VLAD

Good slasher motive.

CASSIE

He went around the county as some killer they called "Razor," but it says here that when he realized no one was responsible for his death, he stopped killing. Disappeared.

VLAD

Maybe working for your mother has given him a purpose again.

CASSIE

Maybe this situation is fucked up to the max.

Vlad nods. This isn't good.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - MORNING

A lazy Saturday morning in the middle of nowhere.

Cassie, sleeping in the passenger seat, opens her eyes just in time to see them passing a sign which reads:

"Welcome to Chippewa Falls. Home of the Fighting Squirrels."

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

The beat-up van pulls through a suburban wasteland. Strip malls and chain restaurants.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - DAY

Cassie watches the people outside the window with a mixture of disdain and regret.

NEWSCASTER (ON RADIO)

*...and of course, a big Chippewa salute to the Boy Scouts who made their badges last week. In sports, don't forget next Friday is our homecoming football game. Go Squirrels-*

Disgusted, Cassie turns off the radio.

VLAD

Want music instead?

CASSIE

I want to suffocate myself with a paper bag.

EXT. STARBUCKS PARKING LOT - DAY

Cassie climbs out of the van through the sliding door. Vlad lingers inside, pulling the hood up over his head.

CASSIE

One milk, two sugars, right?

VLAD

Yes please.

CASSIE

Okay. Stay in the car. Wouldn't want you freaking out the Walmart crowd.

Cassie leaves the back door open to let air in and heads inside the coffee shop.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

A thin crowd waits in line. Cassie gets to the front just as the clerk, a perky blonde, turns to face her and we realize-

IT'S LUCY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Welcome to Starbucks, how may I-  
(sees Cassie)  
HOLYSHITONASTICK.

CASSIE

You work here? Figures.

LUCY

What the hell are you doing here?

CASSIE

Look, Lucy, I just came for  
coffee, I don't want any trouble.

She turns back towards her MANAGER.

LUCY

Ray? I'm going on break.

MANAGER

You just punched in-

LUCY

Well I'm punching my shit out.

She tosses her apron off and walks around the counter,  
pushing past Cassie on her way outside.

EXT. STARBUCKS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Cassie follows Lucy as she pulls out a pack of cigarettes  
and begins to walk away.

CASSIE

Look, I know what's going on.

LUCY

How'd you figure that out,  
detective?

CASSIE

I can help you.

LUCY

Help what?! Darren's dead. And  
not the accidental kind either.  
The kind that only happens when  
one of you shows up in town.

She stops and turns to face Cassie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

What made you think any of us wanted you back, Cassie?

CASSIE

Trust me, I've got a pretty good guess where everyone around here thinks I can shove it.

LUCY

Good. Maybe you should experiment.

She starts to walk away again when-

CASSIE

You're in danger, Lucy. You and Patrick and even Kyle, if he's still around. At the very least you can take my warning.

VLAD (O.C.)

Cassie?

Both of them look towards the van to see Vlad half-leaning out, having watched the whole conversation.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Did you get the coffee?

Lucy takes in Vlad's horrible appearance and then looks back at Cassie.

LUCY

This is a friend of yours?

Cassie averts her eyes.

LUCY (CONT'D)

How come you always have to be such a freak?!

And with that Lucy storms off, leaving Cassie alone with Vlad in the van behind her.

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS CEMETARY - DAY

A somber funeral for Darren. Families standing around a single grave as the priest reads the final rights.

WIDER TO REVEAL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie and Vlad watching from afar, leaning up against a gravestone on top of a hill.

CASSIE'S POV: among the mourners, we see Kyle, as well as Lucy, sobbing into the chest of Patrick, who stares ahead stoically.

Cassie watches this couple from afar. Again, something she could never have.

CASSIE

Look at them. Sole survivors.  
They're all family now.

VLAD

You're a survivor too.

CASSIE

Not like them.

They begin walking away, striding through the headstones until they finally come to-

DELILAH'S GRAVE

Pissed on, kicked at, marked up with obscene phrases.

Cassie kneels over and brushes off some old beer cans and debris. Vlad pinches the earth.

VLAD

Undisturbed.

CASSIE

If she's still down there, what's she waiting for?

VLAD

Very strange.

Cassie sits on top of another stone. Vlad stands and wipes his hands.

VLAD (CONT'D)

We can dig her up. Kill her for sure.

CASSIE

And risk bringing her back into the world? It's not going to stop this Razor guy who's already out there.

Vlad nods, turning to look around at the cemetery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cassie kneels in front of the headstone. She clenches her fists as she settles her gaze on her mother's name...

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Please. Don't do this.

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT - EVENING

The van drives down a side street that turns into a gravel road, entering "Old Chippewa Falls."

A sign says: "Historic Chippewa Falls" and "Affordable Homes" in front of a painting of the still-to-be-completed development.

Many houses have been completed, and many more are in various stages of construction. Wood frames of identical shape and size. A future that hasn't happened yet.

Many more houses here are abandoned, awaiting demolition. The town's dying past. Warning signs and caution tape mark the area.

Cassie looks out as they drive.

CASSIE

My old neighborhood. Looks like having a slasher killer nearby does great for real estate.

(pauses)

Make a left here.

EXT. DARREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The van stops in front of an abandoned home. POLICE LINES canvas the area. No sign of life.

CASSIE

Darren's house. The report says this is where he was killed.

INT. DARREN'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE FOYER - NIGHT

Vlad shoulders open the sealed door.

Furniture's been covered, valuables have been packed away. Signs of a hasty departure in light of the fact that someone was murdered here.

Cassie and Vlad continue inwards. Their feet creek against the wooden floorboards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VLAD

Better than how I grew up.

CASSIE

You don't have much to compare it by.

Cassie observes a few old pictures of DARREN and his parents. A life that's been erased.

Vlad steps backwards, suddenly sensing-

A PRESENCE.

He reaches to his belt and grips his machete. Then he spins and swings his machete, slicing a CAT in half!

Cassie kneels, looks at its tags.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Fluffy is no more.

VLAD

Slasher cat?

CASSIE

Highly doubtful. But if it makes you feel any better, these tags were expired.

Vlad sighs, holsters his machete.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Come on. It happened upstairs.

INT. DARREN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie and Vlad push past more police tape and finally come to the horrific scene of the crime.

BLOOD STAINS

Dot the floor and the walls. Furniture has been cut up. Windows have been broken.

CASSIE

He came in through the window. Just like with Megan.

Vlad points straight up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BLOOD OUTLINE is on the ceiling, splayed out, leg broken off to the side. A dozen puncture holes, as if Darren was pinned there with knives and tortured.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Looks like his M.O., alright.

VLAD

Maybe this isn't related to your mother. Maybe he is a copycat. Coincidence.

Cassie glances over towards Darren's dresser, on which she sees a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH...

CASSIE

Wish I could agree with you there...

SLOW ZOOM ON THE PHOTO

Where we see a picture of Darren, Megan, and Cassie, arms wrapped around each other...

AND A BLOODY CIRCLE OUTLINING CASSIE'S FACE.

EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

The typical Saturday night hangout for local teenagers. Pickups and SUVs pulled up all around the parking lot. Kids munching on food.

At a table apart from the rest of the group, Lucy, Patrick, and Kyle are sitting. The mood is a bit more somber here.

Kyle brown-bags a 40. He's in the middle of an argument with Patrick.

KYLE

I say we go through with it. We've suffered long enough-

PATRICK

We can't throw a party now.

KYLE

You're the one who said this is exactly what the class needed, a chance to blow off steam and put the past behind us-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

That's when I thought the past was behind us!

KYLE

It is! Tomorrow's the one year anniversary. And while the rest of these suckers are out there crying away, we're not going to let it get the best of us. We're going to have a party that puts an end to last year once and for all.

Patrick looks to Lucy, puts his hand on hers.

PATRICK

What do you think, Lucy?

LUCY

Maybe we shouldn't do it at her actual house.

KYLE

That's part of the charm!

PATRICK

Kyle, give it a rest-

KYLE

Canceling this party is exactly what that bitch would have wanted us to do.

Kyle leans towards them, speaking with grim conviction.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I don't care what you say. Tomorrow night we're going to the Lunch Lady's house...

(pauses)

...and we're going to burn it down once and for all.

EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cassie's van pulls into the back of the lot and she gets out. Vlad starts to come with her.

CASSIE

Don't even think about it.

She approaches the area where the kids are sitting.

EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

Lucy sees Cassie coming. Her eyes lock in a dead stare.  
Kyle glances over his shoulder.

KYLE

Holy shit.

He gets up to confront her.

PATRICK

Kyle, wait...

KYLE

What the hell are you doing here,  
bitch?!

Everyone at the drive-in stops to observe Cassie's arrival. She can feel a hundred eyes staring straight through her.

Patrick grabs Kyle just as he gets inches from Cassie's unflinching face.

PATRICK

Leave her alone.

CASSIE

I didn't come for a fight.

KYLE

Well you sure brought the body  
count with you-

Patrick shoves Kyle away.

PATRICK

Kyle! Give it a rest!

Kyle glares at him.

KYLE

Right, I forgot about how you were  
always soft on her.

PATRICK

Just because I'm not an asshole  
doesn't mean I'm taking her side.

KYLE

Yeah. Don't forget whose side  
you're on, Patrick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kyle storms away, taking Lucy with him as he goes. She gives Cassie a dirty look over her shoulder.

Patrick waits until they are alone, then turns to face Cassie. There's anger in his eyes - an anger that stems from fear - but he's trying to move past it.

PATRICK

What do you want?

CASSIE

Look, I know I'm the last person anyone wants to see. But I can help.

Patrick just waits for it.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Someone's going after the survivors of the Lunch Lady massacre. They're finishing the job my mother couldn't.

PATRICK

One death doesn't make a killing spree-

CASSIE

Megan's dead too.

Patrick stops. Registers. Shakes his head in disbelief.

PATRICK

Then we should go to the cops.

CASSIE

They're not going to protect you from this.

PATRICK

Why not?!

CASSIE

You can't arrest these people. You have to kill them. Sometimes more than once.

Patrick glances back towards his friends. To Lucy. His bereaved girlfriend.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Patrick, I know what she means to you. I can protect you-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK

No. I don't know what you've seen out there, but we're survivors now. All we need is each other.

CASSIE

Listen to me-

PATRICK

Cassie, don't you get it?  
(pauses)  
You're the thing we survived.

ON CASSIE: the hurt hitting her like a ton of bricks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have come back.

He turns and walks away.

EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie rushes back to the van, choking back tears. Vlad gets out to meet her.

VLAD

What is wrong?

CASSIE

Get in the car.

VLAD

Cassie-

CASSIE

(losing it)  
Just shut up and drive, Vlad!  
Okay?! Can you do that?

Vlad gets into the driver's seat. Cassie climbs in next to him, watching behind her as Patrick consoles Lucy in the distance.

Vlad starts the ignition and they peel off.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - LATER

Cassie stares straight ahead, her eyes swollen. Vlad glances at her sideways, not knowing what to say.

CASSIE

It was pointless to come here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie looks down at her lap, where she's holding an old PHOTO ALBUM. Pictures of herself and Megan during happier times.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Megan was the only person worth saving. Everyone else can go to hell.

VLAD

Everyone is worth saving.

CASSIE

What do you know? You grew up in a basement, remember?

She angrily tosses the photo album into the back.

Vlad finally speaks what's on his mind...

VLAD

I do not like that we meet these people and then they die. When I lived in the basement, I knew only one person, the butcher. One day he died, and it was very sad. But after that I knew no one else. So at least I was not hurt again.

(pauses)

Then I met you. You were the only one who didn't hate me because of my looks. And we became friends.

CASSIE

Vlad, I thought you were a slasher. I tried to kill you.

VLAD

Misunderstanding. All forgiven.

Cassie sighs and leans on the door.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think I will lose you. Like I lost the butcher. And I will be sad again.

(pauses)

But then I think about not having anyone. And this is better.

Vlad looks at her earnestly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VLAD (CONT'D)

Caring for other people is the only thing that makes us better than slashers.

TEARS begin to form in Cassie's eyes. She knows he's right, but she's got a lifetime of pain to answer to.

CASSIE

Vlad. Promise me something. If I die, if I lose it and go over the edge someday... don't let me come back like those things.

Vlad looks at her seriously.

VLAD

If that happens, I will take you down myself. I promise.

She reaches out and squeezes his hand.

EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN - LATER

2am. After hours.

Kyle drunkenly crashes a BEER BOTTLE into the side of the Drive-In shack, which has been closed for the night.

KYLE

Screw those bitches. Screw 'em all.

Patrick helps him walk straight. Behind him, Lucy is getting into her Jeep Cherokee.

PATRICK

I'm gonna drive him home. You okay to get back?

LUCY

Yeah. I'll be okay.

Kyle, meanwhile, drops to his knees and begins vomiting drunkenly into a drainage gutter.

Lucy looks away. Patrick kisses her softly.

PATRICK

Hey. It's gonna be all right.

LUCY

You really think so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

(grins)

We made it this far, didn't we?

She smiles and presses her forehead against his. They share a moment. Then she gets into her car and drives off.

Patrick watches her taillights disappear before turning back down to Kyle.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

All right, ass hat. Let's get some sleep.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Lucy drives cautiously through the windy back-roads leading to the town's residential area.

She pulls out a cigarette and fumbles for the lighter. As she sits back up she suddenly sees straight ahead-

A BODY

In the road. We're not sure what, or how, but Lucy's instincts kick in and she immediately pumps the breaks and swerves the SUV violently.

It fishtails across the road and BROAD-SIDES a thick oak tree on the passenger side.

Lucy, shaken, in tears, but not injured, stumbles out of the car and limps around to the road, where she sees-

A DEAD DEER

Lying there. Not exactly the body we were suspecting.

LUCY

Jesus Christ...

She starts to turn back for her car when she notices something about this animal...

ITS BODY HAS BEEN SLASHED UP.

Violently, bloody, with many small razors. We recognize the M.O. immediately. Of course, Lucy doesn't, and she creeps closer towards the carcass just as-

HEADLIGHTS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly blare into view. An oncoming pickup truck, rushing at 70 miles per hour. It HONKS at her loudly.

Lucy dives out of the way as the truck sails by, blasting country music out of the side of its cab. She raises her arms and screams after it.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Fucking townies!

She's about to cross the street again when suddenly-

ARMS REACH AROUND

And grab her from the darkness. Lucy screams and thrashes at the attacker, pushing him away as she falls on her back in the middle of the pavement.

Emerging from the woods is RAZOR himself. His hands extended, the razor blades showing.

Lucy stares in horror at his awful appearance.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you?!

Razor slices at her body, taking away shards of blood and clothing as Lucy backs up against her SUV, kicking and screaming.

She manages to prop up her feet and push him away, then crawls over the hood of the car and lies there, crying, panting, trying to catch her breath. Suddenly-

TWO HANDS

Grab her by the hair from overhead and drag her back over the hood, landing with a thud on the ground. Lucy tries to struggle against him but he smacks her face into the side of the car, momentarily dazing her.

Lucy lies on the ground as Razor walks around to the back seat of the car and pulls out-

A SPARE GASOLINE TANK. He takes the spout end of the tank and-

JAMS IT INTO HER MOUTH!

Razor holds her in place with uncanny strength, staring into her eyes as she flails about helplessly. Gasoline pours down her throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Finally he withdraws the spout and tosses it off into the woods. Lucy bends over on her hands and knees and-

VOMITS GAS AND BLOOD

Splashing the pavement. She slicks her chin and chest with flammable liquid. Dizzy. Puking repeatedly.

Razor stands back as she tries to crawl away, leaving a wet trail behind her.

Then he calmly walks around to the driver's side door, reaching inside and finding on the floor of the front seat...

HER CAR LIGHTER.

He walks it back around again. Stops where Lucy first vomited. She sees what he's doing.

LUCY (CONT'D)

No-

But he only smiles hideously, flickering the lighter and dropping it to the pavement as-

WHOOSH!

The gas ignites. Flames race up the long line of vomited gas. There's nothing Lucy can do as the fire leaps up her chest and-

DISAPPEARS INTO HER MOUTH!

Now something truly awful happens. Her stomach starts GLOWING ORANGE. Like ET. And then it starts to bubble. And cave in.

A hole has formed in her stomach, exposing cooked intestines, growing larger as she's burned from the inside out. Her melted eyes pool out of the sockets as we-

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL REST STOP - EARLY MORNING

4am.

Cassie and Vlad are preparing to sleep in the back of her van when suddenly they see-

HEADLIGHTS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flooding through the windows. Cassie shields her eyes. Vlad grabs his machete. They both climb out of the back and stand in the empty lot to see-

AN ACURA INTEGRA

Whose doors open and Patrick and Kyle emerge. Both of them look exhausted, like they've been up all night.

CASSIE

What do you want now?

Kyle, still sobering up, comes striding towards her, his eyes wild with anger.

KYLE

Did you do this? You little bitch, was this your work?!

Patrick pulls him away.

PATRICK

Lucy was killed out on Highway 9. They say it was an accident-

CASSIE

Nothing's an accident. I tried to stop this...

PATRICK

Cassie-

CASSIE

But you wouldn't listen. Why wouldn't you listen?!

PATRICK

We're here now.

Patrick glances past her towards Vlad, who stands with his filtration mask over his face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time you filled us in on what the hell is going on.

EXT. LOCAL REST STOP - LATER

Cassie, Vlad, Patrick, and Kyle sit around a makeshift propane flame, hovering over it for warmth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

They're called slashers. They're a type of undead. Like a vampire or a zombie. But pissed off. And relentless. And nearly impossible to bring down. We're still working out all the rules.

PATRICK

That's what you've been doing for the past year?

VLAD

We're slasher hunters.

Kyle glances at Vlad, who still hides behind his hood and mask.

KYLE

Yeah, and what are you, exactly?

CASSIE

Leave him out of this.

Patrick rubs his eyes in disbelief.

PATRICK

I can't believe these things are real...

CASSIE

Believe it. And they don't stay dead. Stab 'em, shoot 'em, burn 'em, they just keep coming back.

PATRICK

Why?

CASSIE

Revenge. It's usually linked to a vendetta against a person, family, group of friends. Like the kind of people who make fun of a lunch lady's daughter.

Kyle looks at Cassie like she's insane.

KYLE

So your mother's really the one who's doing this? Again?

CASSIE

One-year anniversaries are kind of a big deal for these guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cassie stands, pacing thoughtfully.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Something else is at play here.  
Someone is doing the killing for  
her. We checked the grave. She's  
still underground.

Patrick levels a gaze at Kyle. As if they know something  
no one else does.

PATRICK

You've got to tell her.

KYLE

That was a long time ago-

PATRICK

Kyle, it matters now!

Cassie turns towards Patrick and Kyle, her eyes  
narrowing.

CASSIE

Tell me what?

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

4:30am.

An all-night convenience store, empty during these wee  
hours of the morning.

OVERHEAD SHOT: on a patch of pavement, with Cassie, Vlad,  
Kyle and Patrick standing around it in a tight circle.

KYLE

It was a few months back, right  
after everything had finally  
started to calm down. A few of  
us, we went over to the cemetery  
one night after mid-terms. We  
were drunk, a little pissed... and  
after what happened before, let's  
just say the Lunch Lady had a  
little payback coming. So we dug  
her up. Gave her the burial she  
deserved.

Kyle gestures down to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE (CONT'D)

Of course, this used to be a vacant lot. They paved over it in the spring.

CASSIE

...and she's been trapped under concrete ever since.

Vlad kneels to study the asphalt. Inspects thin hairline cracks with his fingers.

VLAD

Yes. She is still there.

CASSIE

That explains why she contracted out the help. She needs someone to dig her out. Probably doesn't know where she is.

Vlad nods slowly.

KYLE

I guess this means we should cancel the party.

Cassie turns her gaze to Kyle.

CASSIE

You need serious psychiatric help.

KYLE

That's a lot coming from a girl who hunts the living dead.

Cassie and Kyle stare off. Patrick gets between them.

PATRICK

Stop it, okay?

CASSIE

Sometimes I wonder who's the sicker fuck. The slashers, or the ones they're going after. You don't see them hurting each other just to be spiteful.

Kyle suddenly reaches to his shirt and unbuttons the top to reveal-

A DEEP TISSUE SCAR

Stretching diagonally down the length of his body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KYLE

Then what do you call this?

PATRICK

This isn't solving anything. We should get out of here.

KYLE

Yeah.

(looks down at the  
concrete)

This place gives me the creeps.

ON THE CRACKED ASPHALT: what awful life lurks beneath, we don't want to know...

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - LATER

Cassie's van pulls away and leaves the lot.

WIDER TO REVEAL

Hiding himself at the tree-line is RAZOR. He directs his eyes towards the place where they were standing.

EXT. LOCAL REST STOP - EARLY MORNING

Cassie sits alone, apart from the rest of the group, who hang out near the van.

Patrick comes over. Sits next to her.

PATRICK

You didn't deserve this.

She glances over to him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What we did to you in high school, it wasn't right. Nobody should go through what you had to go through. Especially with a mother like yours.

CASSIE

(sparking)

What about my mother?

PATRICK

She made it worse for you. And it wasn't your-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

Made it worse for me?! Is that what you think this is about?

She levels a gaze at Patrick, and when she does we see the dried remnants of tears on her cheeks.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Here's a little bit of hard truth for you to swallow, Patrick. You go on with your Honor Society, college-bound bullshit about right and wrong and the kids who don't deserve to die, but when you trim the fat and get down to what this is really about, my mother was just doing what anyone else would have done.

PATRICK

You don't mean that.

CASSIE

I do. That's the problem with slashers... sometimes they've got the right idea.

PATRICK

We're all just kids. We didn't know what we were doing-

CASSIE

Sure, I've seen it a thousand times. A bunch of jocks tease the unpopular girl until she falls out a window. Camp counselors go drinking during free swim and some kid drowns. The prom queen runs over a homeless guy and hides the body before anyone can find out. But when the poor dead guy comes back with an axe and a fucked up sense of justice, nobody seems to know it was coming.

(pauses)

Well I'm calling bullshit. Anywhere else they'd be putting out a warrant for these people's arrest, but here we say they were just kids. Like being a negligent asshole is par for the course.

Cassie gets up and storms away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE (CONT'D)

This isn't right. It never was.

She disappears into the van, slamming the door shut.  
Patrick just watches her go.

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - LATER

The sun is almost beginning to come up.

RAZOR'S GAUNT FIGURE

Creeps over the empty concrete, headed towards the 7-11 kiosk with grim determination.

INT. 7-11 CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

A pimply-faced 7-11 CLERK (19) doesn't look up from his copy of "Chippy the Chipmunk" as the bell rings to indicate a new entrance.

Razor's head moves behind the aisles, obscured by the racks. The clerk doesn't seem bothered.

RAZOR (O.C.)

(guttural whisper)

Power tools.

The clerk looks up again to see Razor, puss perpetually oozing from his scars, now standing at the counter.

7-11 CLERK

(deadpan)

We don't carry power tools. This is a 7-11.

Razor gives him a long look, then walks away. The non-plussed clerk goes back to reading.

Razor goes to the back of the store, where a door is labeled "SUPPLY CLOSET". He takes the handle and TWISTS IT OFF, pushing in the door.

The clerk hears the noises, but simply turns the page of his comic and keeps reading.

Moments later, Razor emerges carrying-

A LARGE SLEDGEHAMMER

That he drags down the aisle, past the main counter on his way out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7-11 CLERK (CONT'D)  
Gotta pay for that.

Razor keeps walking. Exits the store.

7-11 CLERK (CONT'D)  
(not looking up)  
I hate this job.

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Razor drags the sledgehammer along the concrete towards the point where several cracks mark the presence of something beneath.

He checks his surroundings. Then he raises his arms and with all of his might-

BEGINS HAMMERING DOWN

Onto the asphalt, splintering it apart with each powerful, resounding blow, digging it open until the rest of the earth below-

CAVES IN

Revealing a deep chasm that the concrete had covered over. Like someone was digging their way out from the inside but stopped at the pavement.

There's something in the darkness down there. A presence.

Razor drops the sledgehammer, kneels... and waits.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - EARLY MORNING

ON CASSIE: wrapped in her sleeping bag, stirring in her sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHIPPEWA FALLS H.S. - CAFETERIA --- DREAM SEQUENCE

The scene of the bloodbath, just like we saw during the flashback. Cassie, in her present-day look, walks through the carnage like she's seen it all before.

She pushes into the kitchen, which is surprisingly empty, except for...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A BOILING POT OF OIL

Heating up on the giant industrial stove. Cassie slowly approaches, not knowing what to expect, when-

POLICEMEN BURST IN FROM ALL SIDES!

Their weapons are drawn, and amazingly, they're all pointed straight at Cassie!

She looks around in disbelief, not understanding what's going on, when we get wider to reveal SHE'S WEARING HER MOTHER'S BLOODY APRON.

Cassie's eyes widen in horror. She's become her mother.

She turns to the boiling pot of oil and knows she has no other choice. She dunks her head inside.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - DAY

Vlad shakes Cassie awake. She sits up with a start, thrashing around violently. He has to subdue her.

VLAD

There is something you should see.

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie emerges from the van to find they have driven back to the parking lot, which has picked up with the standard rush of morning traffic.

Patrick and Kyle stand nearby. Staring down at...

THE GIANT HOLE

Where asphalt used to be. A gaping void in the center of the concrete.

KYLE

Fuck-ing hell.

VLAD

Yes. There is much hell to fuck.

Vlad leans on the hood of the van and looks at Cassie.

VLAD (CONT'D)

No joking around now. We have to fight her, yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie just stares at the hole, its deep void, like she's staring into her own soul.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Cassie.

CASSIE

Yeah. We've got to fight her.

KYLE

This is fucked. You hear me?  
Gangbang fucked.

Cassie turns to Kyle, her cold gaze penetrating.

CASSIE

You guys are still throwing that  
soiree at my house, right?

Patrick and Kyle exchange nervous glances.

PATRICK

I told him to call it off.

KYLE

It's the day of the party. People  
are gonna show up whether we want  
them to or not.

PATRICK

(to Cassie)

What are you thinking?

CASSIE

One thing in this situation has  
always been the same: my mother's  
instinct.

PATRICK

To do what?

CASSIE

Kill as many kids as possible.

(pauses)

Wherever they are, that's where  
the Lunch Lady goes.

Cassie turns towards Vlad.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

We're crashing the party. And  
we're gonna need some new toys.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - EVENING

A sign posted on the front window says, "CLOSED". But the door has been muscled open.

Rows of tools and hardware inside. Cassie, Vlad, Patrick, and Kyle move through. Cassie's like a kid in a candy shop.

KYLE

What are we looking for, exactly?

CASSIE

Things that hurt.

Cassie grabs a set of PINK HEDGE CLIPPERS and tosses it into a shopping bin.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Cassie loads up on power drills, long serrated bits.
- Vlad stops before a wall of chainsaws. Smiles.
- Cassie throws a pack of walkie-talkies at Kyle.
- Patrick warms up batteries on the power tools.
- Cassie attaches a dozen circular saw blades to a power tiller.
- Vlad tests a blowtorch.

LATER

Out the window, we can see Vlad loading up the crafted weapons into the back of the van.

In the foreground, on the counter, Cassie has left behind a small note that reads: "I O U :)"

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Moving through the fallen houses of an older era. Sounds of music rising...

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

...finally settling on Cassie's humble two-story home in the middle of it all. Falling apart, vandalized. Like a haunted house. The perfect site for a RAUCOUS PARTY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Graffiti mars the walls. Slogans like: "Fuck the Hacks", "Die Bitches die!", and "The Lunch Lady is a dead cunt".

Several dozen CARS are pulled up on the front lawn and all around. No regard for the law in a neighborhood where nobody comes anymore.

BONFIRES

Burn in separate areas across the front and back lawns. Lights move around inside the house. All signs indicating the presence of-

A HUNDRED LOCAL TEENS

Enjoying themselves in the unique location, pouring beer from kegs, listening to music, having a good time in spite of the somber setting. This party is about closure, and they're doing it with a vengeance.

ON CASSIE'S VAN

Parked across the street, unnoticed by anyone else.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Vlad and Kyle sit inside, checking the batteries on various pieces of equipment.

The walkie-talkie chirps on.

CASSIE (O.S.)  
(on walkie-talkie)  
Vlad, come in, over.

Vlad picks up the device and presses the talk button.

VLAD  
Yes, this is Vlad. Who may I ask  
is calling, please?

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Cassie walks through the lines of moving bodies, grinding together to the music. Patrick stands nearby, observing the scene nervously.

CASSIE  
It's me, Vlad. It'll always be  
me.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Kyle reaches for the walkie-talkie.

KYLE

Let me talk to her.

VLAD

This is high-tech equipment. You are not cleared for it.

KYLE

I know how to use a walkie-talkie.

VLAD

(into walkie-talkie)  
We have a problem, over.

CASSIE (O.S.)

Slasher?

VLAD

Kyle. He wishes to use the walkie-talkie.

CASSIE (O.S.)

Did you tell him he's not cleared for it?

Vlad looks to him. See? Kyle yanks the walkie-talkie out of his hands.

KYLE

How much longer am I gonna have to stay in here like this?

CASSIE (O.S.)

Until I give the signal.

KYLE

This is bullshit. Why do I have to be in the van? I should be outside with you.

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

CASSIE

Sorry Kyle, you're the best slasher-bait we've got and I'm gonna use it sparingly.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Kyle shakes his head in disbelief.

KYLE

Slasher-bait?

CASSIE (O.S.)

You're the white elephant. The one my mother wants. Now give the walkie back to Vlad.

KYLE

Fine. But I'm not screaming. And I sure as hell ain't taking my clothes off.

He hands off the device to Vlad, who picks up.

VLAD

See anything?

CASSIE (O.S.)

Nothing out back. Keep your eyes peeled on the street. They've gotta come from somewhere.

VLAD

Out and over.

CASSIE (O.S.)

Yeah. Whatever.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

What was once someone's humble living room has now been reduced to something resembling a crack house. Graffiti mars the walls. A dirty mattress where daring teens must have had sex.

But now the area's been lit and plays host to a keg party. Some teens are dangling their legs out the broken windows while a few JOCKS...

...are rigging up a Molotov cocktail chain. Small bottles tied together via a soaked newspaper line. They're getting ready to burn down the place.

JOCK #1

Ah man, this is gonna be so good...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCK #2

End of an era, baby.

Cassie and Patrick walk through this, taking note of what they are doing. Cassie just sighs.

She goes towards a closet, filled with toilet paper and used condoms, and discreetly stashes a few homemade weapons from her backpack.

PATRICK

You're really gonna need all of those?

CASSIE

In this business, you never know.

They cross towards the main stairway. Cassie sits on the steps. Listening to music outside.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

How are you holding up, Patrick?

PATRICK

Just trying to keep the plan straight-

CASSIE

That's not what I'm talking about.

Patrick glances at her. Understands.

PATRICK

I miss her. Thinking of her being alone when she died... it's my fault.

CASSIE

If you'd been there, you'd be dead too.

PATRICK

But maybe she wouldn't.

Cassie bites her lip, thinking for a beat.

CASSIE

I remember when we were younger. We used to be friends. You were different before you met her. Remember that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK

Lucy was fun. I can get kind of serious sometimes. She always kept it in the right balance.

CASSIE

And that's what you saw in her?

Patrick sits next to her.

PATRICK

There's no one you've ever felt that way about? Nobody you just hit a connection with one time, and it just clicked?

She looks at Patrick, wanting to say more, but-

CASSIE

No.

Patrick nods. Looks out at the party.

PATRICK

I hope you find that someday.

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

LONG SHOT: on the house party, as seen from above.

WIDER TO REVEAL

An off-screen figure, watching from the vantage point of a nearby roof.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

An UNDERCLASSMAN, nose piercings, camera phone in hand, is taking footage as he walks through a narrow hallway lined with cracked pictures of Cassie as a baby.

Two CUTE GIRLS, holding hands, walk ahead of him.

CUTE GIRL #1

Come on, Ricky.

UNDERCLASSMAN/RICKY

Just keep walking. Find her bedroom or something.

They get to a doorway leading into what obviously used to be some master bedroom. Long since used.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICKY

This is it. Gotta be it.

The girls nervously plop themselves onto the dusty old mattress and take in their surroundings. The room seems to literally breathe off-screen terror.

CUTE GIRL #1

So this is where the Lunch Lady slept...

CUTE GIRL #2

I don't know, maybe we shouldn't do this.

RICKY

Come on, Sam, you promised.

Girl #2/SAM isn't so sure. But #1 reaches out and takes her hand lightly.

CUTE GIRL #1

Don't worry. It'll be safe.

She leans forward and tenderly KISSES THE OTHER GIRL ON THE LIPS.

Ricky smiles and begins rolling as the girls begin to make out, dropping back on the bed.

RICKY

Far out...

He stands back towards the doorway to get a wider angle when we notice-

A LOOMING FIGURE

Obscured in darkness, standing behind his line of vision, blocking out all light.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Come on man, I'm trying to get focus here-

He turns to see the dark figure just as we CUT AWAY and-  
BLOOD SPRAYS OUT

All over the two girls making out on the bed.

INT. CASSIE'S VAN - NIGHT

Kyle smokes a cigarette while Vlad loads charged batteries into a chainsaw.

KYLE  
Sounds like a bad ass party.

VLAD  
Hurrmm.

KYLE  
Not something you want to check out?

VLAD  
Have to stay here.

KYLE  
What are you, afraid of crowds or something?

Vlad turns away, keeping his silence.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I guess if I looked that way I'd be pretty much a shut-in too.

Vlad keeps working on his chainsaw. We stay framed on him, sitting in front of the windshield, just as-

RAZOR

Drops down into frame, landing on top of the windshield and-

SHATTERING IT

Into several pieces. He reaches in and picks Vlad up, TOSSING HIM out into the street.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!

Kyle pushes open the doors and jumps out the back of the van just as-

EXT. CHIPPEWA FALLS HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

TWO HANDS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grab him from behind, spinning him around to see Razor's horrific face smiling at him in the moonlight.

KYLE

What the hell are you?!

Razor raises his hand, his blades glimmering in the moonlight, about to slice down when-

AN AXE

Slams into his back, throwing him sideways as Kyle drops to the ground.

Razor cartwheels across the street, the axe still lodged in his back. He can't reach it to pull it out, so instead he simply SLAMS THE HANDLE onto the curb, knocking the blade out of his back and standing to face-

VLAD.

Ready for a fight. He looks down at Kyle.

VLAD

This is between us.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

One of the cute girls, the one referred to as "Sam", crawls out from the bedroom, drenched in blood, suffering from severe knife lacerations all over her body.

Something is chasing her. Slowly and patiently.

The girl reaches the top of the stairs, trying to scream for help, but no one can hear her over the din of the music.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie stands among the dancing bodies, her eyes surveilling nervously. Waiting for something to happen.

Her walkie-talkie SCREAMS OUT. Kyle's voice. She covers one ear to try to listen to it over the pounding music...

CASSIE

Vlad?! Are you there?

KYLE (O.S.)

(on walkie-talkie)

...come... he's... out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE

I can't hear a word you're saying,  
hold on...

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Sam looks down at her reveling friends, so close yet so far away. She can't get their attention.

The attacker stands over her, raising a HUGE MEAT CLEAVER in the air, and-

BRINGS IT DOWN

Stabbing the girl in the back again and again as blood fills her screaming mouth. She gets up with all of her strength, but then the last gasp runs out of her and she-

FALLS

Through the railing, down the single story drop to the bottom of the stairs in the foyer.

Everyone below SCREAMS OUT at the sight of Sam's body splayed out gruesomely on her back.

Kids start to sprint for the exits...

...except for two people, standing still as bodies file past them: Cassie and Patrick.

Cassie stares at Sam's body and then turns her glare upwards towards-

A DARK FIGURE

Moving out of the way at the top of the stairs.

Cassie's gaze focuses. She knows exactly who this is. She opens up her backpack and pulls from it-

HER "KISS-IT" BAT.

CASSIE

Get out of here.

PATRICK

What about you?

CASSIE

This bitch is mine.

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

The partying teens are beginning to flee outside when they stop to see-

VLAD AND RAZOR FIGHTING

In the street near the front lawn. Razor waves his blades at Vlad's face and neck, but Vlad grabs him, picking him up into the air and-

SLAMMING HIM

Into the side of the van. Razor lands on the ground a few feet away from where Kyle is lying. He reaches for him, but Vlad grabs Razor's legs, swinging him sideways-

INTO ANOTHER CAR.

The windows shatter. The alarm goes off.

Vlad comes over for more, but this time Razor spins around and-

DIGS HIS FINGERS INTO VLAD'S CHEST

Breaking the skin with his sharp razors and holding him there, pulling Vlad closer. Vlad cringes in pain, never screaming out, but instead reaching to his waist and grabbing-

HIS MACHETE

Which he swings out and-

SLICES OFF RAZOR'S HAND!

It lands and flops about a few feet away. Razor, holding his forearm, opens his mouth as if to emit a guttural scream, but no sound comes out.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The music's still pounding loudly, but the revelers have cleared out.

Cassie, carrying her bat, timidly explores the empty hallways, stepping over the dead bodies of Ricky and the two cute girls.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie steps into the bedroom she grew up in. The old floorboards creak under her weight.

Assortments of moth-ridden clothes in the closet. Ratty school books. Stale, colorless make-up. Rusty, stained jewelry. A life abandoned.

ON THE WALL: a photo of Cassie and her mother, pre-massacre.

She takes a moment. No sign of her mother anywhere until-

HEAVY, STRAINED BREATHING

Sounds out behind her. Cassie doesn't turn. She's too afraid. Over her shoulder, in the pale light of the street lamps outside, we can see a FIGURE in the corner.

Cassie squeezes her bat, raising it in the air and spinning to see for the first time in full view-

DELILAH HACK. THE LUNCH LADY.

Or something that was once her. Now she's a rotting, hulking wraith. Mouth twisted into rawboned rictus. Eyes hollowed out, skin horribly burnt. Body bloated, still wearing a blood-stained kitchen apron.

DELILAH

(low moan)

My girl...

Cassie drops at the horrifying sight. She crawls backwards as the figure slowly steps out of the shadows...

...and the FLOOR GIVES OUT!

Sending Cassie and her mother plunging down to the first floor, landing-

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-on top of the counter and rolling to the ground.

The two jocks, whom we saw earlier, are running through. They see Cassie lying there.

JOCK #1

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie looks up just as the shadowed frame of her mother rises behind the jock and-

DIGS A KITCHEN KNIFE INTO HIS BACK

So hard it thrusts out through his chest and lifts his feet off the ground. The jock's eyes roll over. The Lunch Lady takes him by the neck and slides him off the blade, then discards his body.

The other jock, cowering in terror, backs into a corner.

JOCK #2

No, stop!

The Lunch Lady raises her knife in the air, about to bring it down on him when-

SHE IS SLAMMED SIDEWAYS

Hitting the wall, the knife clattering to the ground, and turning to see-

CASSIE

Holding her baseball bat, ready for action.

CASSIE

Mom. Leave them alone.

Her mother's hideous face BELLOWS OUT a deafening, monstrous cry, and she moves straight towards her, knocking the jock aside and-

HITTING CASSIE IN THE CHEST

Pushing her backwards through a door into the other room.

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Patrick fights through the crowds of hysterical teenagers, trying to make his way towards Vlad and Razor fighting in the street.

Vlad grabs Razor by the jaw. His hand squeezes his teeth when Razor-

BITES DOWN

Drawing blood from Vlad's hand and causing him to recoil.

Razor stands, raising his one good hand, slicing it across Vlad's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vlad turns over onto his stomach and begins to crawl away. Razor stands over him and kicks him in the stomach, forcing him to roll over just as Razor brings his good hand down and-

PLUNGES IT INTO HIS EXISTING WOUND

This time going clear through to the ground, pinning Vlad in place. Vlad tries to sit up but Razor slams him with the nub of his severed arm.

ON RAZOR'S EYES: wild with fury.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cassie sits up and shakes herself off, throwing away the splinters of the broken door.

Her mother comes at her again when Cassie reaches into the closet, wrapping her hands around a bottle of MACE tied to a stove lighter, which she turns on and-

IGNITES A LONG FLAME

That shoots out across the room and narrowly misses the Lunch Lady. She retreats backwards, but the fire reaches the other wall where it hits-

THE TISSUE PAPERS

Lighting them on fire and setting off a chain reaction that causes the entire room to pick up in flames!

CASSIE

Brilliant, Cass.

The Lunch Lady comes back at Cassie but she quickly grabs another weapon out of her bag of tricks...

AN ELECTRIC DRILL

Which she switches on as she spins around and-

DIGS IT THROUGH HER MOTHER'S REACHING HAND!

The Lunch Lady screams out, withdrawing her hand and yanking the drill out of Cassie's grip. Then she takes Cassie by the neck and presses her against the wall.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You don't even know who I am anymore, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Lunch Lady's deformed face gives a glimmer of recognition, but she-

SLAMS CASSIE'S HEAD

Onto the wall and knocks her unconscious, dropping her to the floor while the fire picks up around then.

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Patrick sees the flames pouring out through the living room window. He turns and starts to run back inside.

KYLE

Patrick, where are you going?

PATRICK

She needs help in there.

KYLE

Are you nuts?!

Patrick gives Kyle a long look, then turns and runs in.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cassie comes to, shaking off her massive headache, and looks around to see she is surrounded by flames. Picking up her "KISS IT" bat, she discovers an opening and runs through it.

INT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The whole house is beginning to burn. Cassie can barely see her way through the smoke.

DELILAH (O.C.)

*Cas-sie...*

She looks around, hearing her mother's whisper but unable to see her.

Above her, the hole that she fell in earlier, leading to her upstairs bedroom. A shadow passes by. Her mother's back upstairs.

Just then the door pushes open and in runs-

PATRICK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gasping for breath, covering his mouth. Smoke and flame rush outside, clearing some breathing room.

CASSIE

Patrick, get out-

But it's too late. Suddenly two enormous hands reach down from the opening above and-

SWOOP PATRICK UP!

His feet lift off the ground as the Lunch Lady carries him upstairs with staggering force.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

No!

Cassie runs wildly up the stairs after them.

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Vlad uses what strength he has left to lift himself upwards, picking up Razor with his hand still digging into his chest and-

SLAMMING HIM SIDEWAYS INTO A LAMP POST!

Razor cringes as his arm bends backwards and SNAPS. Then he withdraws his hands and-

KICKS VLAD BACKWARDS.

The two stand facing off. Razor reaches to his broken arm and SNAPS IT BACK INTO PLACE. Sneers again.

Vlad, injured, looks at him wearily. He just can't bring this guy down. Razor comes at him again when suddenly-

WHAM!

Cassie's van suddenly broadsides him and throws him several feet, rolling onto the concrete. The front door opens and out steps KYLE.

KYLE

Try getting up now, fucker.

Razor rolls himself over on the pavement and brings himself to his feet yet again. Glares at Kyle, more enraged than ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASSIE (CONT'D)

They were just being kids.  
 (staring into  
 Patrick's eyes)  
 And maybe there's nothing wrong  
 with that.

She drops the bat to the ground, her hands extended at her sides. Takes another step closer.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

If you want to take anyone from  
 this world, you better take me.  
 I've got nothing left to prove.  
 I'm not angry over things I can't  
 change.  
 (pauses)  
 Not like you.

The Lunch Lady raises the knife just as Cassie suddenly runs towards her and-

DIVES IN

Knocking Patrick sideways and out of harm's way. She grabs her mother's wrist, stopping the knife and holding it there, jut inches from her own throat.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You're not my mother. You're just  
 the dead part that's left over.

The Lunch Lady stares at her, suddenly afraid, when-

CRASH!

A lumbering form leaps in through the window behind her, knocking into the Lunch Lady and slamming her into the wall. Cassie turns to see-

VLAD

Injured badly from his tussle with Razor, but still with enough juice left to give the Lunch Lady the fight of her undead life.

She's got a lot of strength in her too, shoving him aside and flipping herself around to gain the upper hand. She knocks off his filtration mask and grabs his face, squeezing as hard as she can, cracking bone until-

CASSIE'S BAT LODGES IN HER HEAD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Lunch Lady twists around, but Cassie forces her head down by guiding the bat. She plants her neck on the ground and-

SWINGS

Multiple times, beating the monster savagely until there's little left.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Vlad?

He tosses her the machete, which she grabs mid-air and-

CUTS DOWN

On her neck, slicing off her mother's head entirely. It goes plummeting through the gap in the floor towards the raging fire below. Cassie kicks the rest of the Lunch Lady's motionless body and it rolls over the ledge also.

ON THE CORPSE: burning in the fire until there's nothing left.

Cassie looks down at Vlad and Patrick.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I don't know about you, but I'm about done with this homecoming.

Vlad just smiles through broken teeth.

Patrick watches the flames as they rise through the hole. The whole house is coming down around them.

PATRICK

Maybe this would be a good time to make our exit.

CASSIE

Right on.

She extends a hand to Vlad as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CASSIE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - EARLY MORNING

Fire trucks and ambulances are pulled up outside the house. On-lookers are being held off in a wide circle. And at the center of attention...

THE CHARRED REMAINS OF CASSIE'S HOUSE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's nothing left to really stare at. Just a few outlines of buttresses that have yet to fall. Charred furniture. Cassie's past, her entire childhood, reduced to a smoking ruin.

ON THE CORNER OF THE BLOCK

Away from the pandemonium, Cassie's van is parked.

Kyle and Vlad are in the back, wrapping each other in ace bandages, taking care of their wounds.

KYLE

You got so messed up it almost looks good now. Kind of bad ass.

VLAD

Bad ass...?

Vlad looks at Kyle and smiles.

Standing a little ways off, Cassie watches her house, lost in her thoughts. Patrick comes up next to her.

PATRICK

End of an era.

CASSIE

Should have ended a long time ago.

PATRICK

Should have, could have... doesn't matter. Point is, it's over now.

Cassie nods slowly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It is over, right?

CASSIE

Cremation's a tough break to bounce back from.

PATRICK

No. I mean, with you.

Cassie looks at him. Begins to understand what he's saying.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Senior year just started. You could always stick around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASSIE

Some folks might have a problem  
with me making a curtain call.

PATRICK

Fuck 'em. They don't know.

They make eye contact and smile. A new camaraderie.

Cassie turns back to the crowds of on-lookers. The  
locals of Chippewa Falls. And then...

CASSIE

It's not mine anymore. The  
memories, the girl they used to  
know... she's gone now. Burned  
down with the house.

PATRICK

So what's left?

CASSIE

(after a beat)  
A lot of pissed off slashers.

Patrick looks at her. The friend he could have had. And  
then he sticks out his hand.

PATRICK

Kick some ass, Cassie Hack.

They hold hands for maybe a moment too long... until  
Cassie finally lets go and turns back to the van.

Kyle and Vlad climb out, freshly bandaged.

CASSIE

Look at you two. Matching "his"  
and "hers". Adorable.

(to Vlad)

Ready to get on the road?

VLAD

Thought you'd never ask.

Cassie smiles. Together with Vlad she begins walking  
around to the front of the van.

VLAD (CONT'D)

I'll drive.

CASSIE

You don't know your way around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VLAD

They call me the Human Compass.

CASSIE

Who calls you that?

VLAD

People.

CASSIE

What people? You don't know anyone besides me.

Vlad shrugs and gets into the passenger seat. Cassie closes the door behind him.

KYLE

Cassie.

She stops. Looks back at Patrick and Kyle.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You're not a freak, you know that?

She stops a beat, as if this was the one thing she's wanted to hear this whole time... except-

CASSIE

Maybe I am. Maybe that's okay.

Then she gets into the van and together with Vlad she-  
DRIVES OFF INTO THE RISING SUN.

FADE TO BLACK.

For a moment we think the movie's over. Until...

SOUNDS OF TERRIFIED SCREAMING. Footsteps crunching through dirt. Stocks of leaves being slammed out of one's way as they run for their life.

SLAM PICTURE:

EXT. IOWA CORNFIELDS - NIGHT

A TERRIFIED BRUNETTE (20), trucker's cap and t-shirt, sprints through rows of a cornfield, desperately trying to stay away from whatever's pursuing her.

GLIMPSES OF MOVEMENT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In parallel rows, tracking her path, keeping pace at breakneck speed.

INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The brunette pushes her way through a huge set of double doors and slams them shut behind her, bringing down a LATCH to make sure it's secure.

She backs up against the opposite wall, through a pile of haystacks, grabbing a PITCHFORK off a rack and clinging to it like it's her sole chance of survival.

SOUNDS OF MOANING

All around her. Grunting. People banging up against the walls of the shack. Finally-

A HAND

Bursts through a weak ply in the wall, reaching around and grabbing her. The girl screams out as-

A BURNT FACE

A mixture of sun and some chemical disfigurement, snarls at her through broken teeth.

BURNT FACE

(snarling)

Get off of our land!

The girl screams hysterically, tears pouring down her cheeks, running towards the opposite side of the barn and shouldering through a rear door...

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

...as she lands at the feet of a HULKING FIGURE.

She looks up, raising the pitchfork towards-

VLAD. Wearing his filtration mask, carrying a machete in each hand. He looks down at her with a mixture of curiosity and amusement.

CASSIE (O.C.)

You heard the man.

Cassie steps out from behind him. Decked out in a hot new outfit. Sexy, confident, but most of all at peace with herself. She knows what she was put here to do...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cassie Hack, the Slasher Killer, has finally arrived.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Better high-tail it for the highlands.

The brunette gapes at Cassie and Vlad, not knowing what to make of them. Behind her-

SIX NASTY CREATURES

Emerge from behind the barn. They look like migrant workers who were exposed to some kind of chemical infection and have since turned slasher.

The girl discards the pitchfork and runs away.

Cassie and Vlad square off against the creatures.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

They never get prettier, do they?

VLAD

I take the big one.

CASSIE

Fine...

She draws her "KISS IT" bat. Filled with more notches.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

...leave the rest to me.

Cassie fearlessly charges the slashers, leaping in the air with incredible confidence and swinging her bat down as we-

CUT TO BLACK.

SMASH CREDITS.

\* \* \* THE END \* \* \*