

Legend of Whitmoor

by

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FADE IN:

ON A BRIGHT, FULL MOON.

PAN BACK to WIDE AERIAL VIEW of picturesque, tree topped mountains illuminated by the moon.

CLOSE IN on dimly lit college campus on top of one of the mountains; the only sign of lights for miles.

EXT. FRONT GATE, WHITMOOR COLLEGE - NIGHT

The open, cast iron gate reads, "WHITMOOR COLLEGE". In the background sits an old, prestigious college.

In the distance a small LIGHT bobs as it approaches the road from the darkness.

A chubby SECURITY GUARD sits bored, reading a magazine, smoking.

MUSIC FADES IN: to low volume (White Zombie, "More Human Than Human")

As the bobbing light approaches the gate lights, it's illuminated to reveal...

JASON BEHREN

a young man jogging with a headband light on his head, wearing headphones, sweat pants and no shirt. A bodybuilder-type, wearing a large silver chain (necklace) with a dumbbell trinket dangling from it.

The guard, FRANK, a heavysset slob in his early forties, looks up from his magazine and waves his hand, smiling.

FRANK

Hello Jason.

JASON

(condescending)

What's up Frank?

Frank watches Jason with a look of envy as he runs through the gate coming towards us. He cuts right onto the exterior road that reads, "OLD MAN'S RD."; not breaking stride.

MUSIC JUMPS TO HIGH VOLUME

EXT. OLD MAN'S RD. - NIGHT

Jason runs at a good pace, very focused on his workout.

The desolate road, surrounded by thick, vegetated woods on either side, declines steeply and becomes very curvy.

The moon pops into view each time there's a break in the tree line.

Jason rounds another corner. He notices something lying in the middle of the road.

As he approaches, the BEAM from his light illuminates a deer.

Jason stops his run; then STOPS THE MUSIC and removes the headphones and places them around his neck. Cautious and out of breath, he approaches the deer.

The deer lies on its side and shakes in spasms. It's in shock.

Jason kneels down beside the deer. He reaches his hand out with caution and touches its side, then flinches his hand back.

It doesn't respond.

Jason pushes on it a little harder. It still doesn't move. He examines the body. There's no visible wound.

He notices a small puddle of blood seeping out from under its belly.

Intrigued, he grabs the deer by its legs and rolls it onto it's other side.

The deer PLOPS over and exposes a grotesque wound to the stomach, as it's insides fall out.

Jason steps back, turning his head in disgust.

SUDDENLY

there's a LOUD RUSTLING NOISE in the woods behind him.

Startled, Jason turns around to investigate; illuminating the woods wherever he looks.

SILENCE.

JASON
HA HA! Very funny.
You guys are sick bastards.

SUDDENLY

the same LOUD RUSTLING NOISE; this time directly in front of him.

Jason looks in that direction but sees nothing.

A few moments pass.

JASON
You guys wanna fuck with me. I'll
take the whole fraternity on.
Who's got the balls to face me, you
fucking pussies.

A DEEP, LOW-PITCHED GROWL echoes from the woods in front of him.

Jason looks straight ahead into the woods, but still sees nothing...now very alert, almost panic stricken; he debates what he should do.

He takes a quick look at the cliff wall behind him, on the other side of the road, then back at the thick woods in front of him.

THE BEAST'S POV

LOUD, FEROCIOUS GROWLS as we thrust out of the woods towards Jason. Jason's eyes are wide open.

JASON
Oh Jesus!

He stumbles backwards as he scurries to the cliff wall behind him.

JASON (CONT'D)
God no please!!! NOOOO...

He attempts to climb the face of the cliff wall, only to be cut short by the beast's ferocious attack.

CUT TO:

A NEW ANGLE from the corner of the road from which Jason just came; BRIGHT MOON in the background.

Just off the road, near the base of the cliff; Jason's light jerks back and forth on the ground, like a rag doll in a rabid dog's mouth. In synchrony with LOUD, FEROCIOUS GROWLS.

The light illuminates glimpses of the large, terrifying BEAST.

BLACKOUT!

BEGIN MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE - DAWN

AERIAL VIEW of beautiful, Washington State countryside; breathtaking mountains and valleys.

A MOVING SHOT of a white, POLICE BRONCO driving on a road that's interwoven amongst the natural, unpopulated beauty.

As the Bronco navigates the beautiful country, there's not another car in sight.

It crosses an enormous bridge, over a white water river that's surrounded by magnificent cliffs.

Bronco zigzags up a mountain, it rounds a corner, and slows to a stop as it comes to a roped off area in the road that's congested with police and news vehicles. An entourage of cops and investigators swarm the area as a group of journalists on-look the situation.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAWN

The Bronco arrives at the scene, parks up close to the tape. SHERIFF JOHN, fifties - a veteran on the force, steps out. He is immediately ushered into the restricted area.

A few minutes later, a patrol car drives up, but is NOT allowed to park nearby to the scene. Eventually the driver, OFFICER MARK - a rookie, finds a place and walks briskly up to the tape.

The OFFICER on duty doesn't want to let Officer Mark pass.

OFFICER

This is what you get for your first case?

The Officer shakes his head and reluctantly lets Mark through.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Your uncle's over there.

OFFICER MARK
(softly)
You mean Sheriff John?

Officer Mark eyes the journalists nervously. The officer coughs, and nods.

Officer Mark joins Sheriff John as he looks around the crime scene at the deer carcass and a trail of smeared blood that leads across the road. He walks over to a small area of dried blood on the side of the road, at the base of the cliff wall. (The area where Jason was attacked.) Officer Mark follows behind, closely analyzing the scene as well while investigators collect clues and information all around them.

They take a brief look at the area of dried blood and then follow a trail of dried, smeared blood across the road into the woods; paying close attention to where they step.

The trail leads them to a bloody tennis shoe lying in a large area of dried blood.

KARL, a 50ish forensic expert, dressed in a white lab coat is squatting near the shoe. He reaches down with tweezers and picks up a piece of non-human tooth that's stuck in the sole. He holds it up close to his face analyzing it briefly, then places it in an evidence bag.

SHERIFF JOHN
What in the hell happened here?

Karl looks up and places the evidence bag inside a black briefcase sitting beside him.

KARL
It doesn't look good. It appears that we have another Conley case on our hands.

Distressed, Sheriff John scurries to investigate the trail of blood that leads off into the woods.

OFFICER MARK
Conley? What's a Conley case?

KARL
It's a case John and I worked over twenty years ago. An eleven-year-old girl named
(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)
Laura Conley was attacked and
killed by a rabid wolf just
north of Anleran in Taney forest.

OFFICER MARK
No shit?

KARL
No shit!

OFFICER MARK
So you think a wolf attacked the
student last night?

KARL
I'm almost certain of it.

SHERIFF JOHN (O.S.)
Where's the body?

Sheriff John rejoins them.

KARL
Good question. All we know as of
now...

Karl points along the trail that leads off in the woods.

KARL (CONT'D)
...is that the body was dragged down
to the Black River. And that's
where the trail ends.

OFFICER MARK
What's up with the dead deer?

KARL
An even better question. It's
definitely not the unknowing jogger
happens upon startled wolf feeding
on road kill theory that one would
be inclined to think.

SHERIFF JOHN
Why's that?

KARL
Because the deer wasn't road kill.
I examined the body thoroughly and
its expiration was due to a wound
on its side that was caused by the
teeth of a large wolf.

SHERIFF JOHN

So the animal killed the deer
itself and the jogger came upon it
as it was feeding.

KARL

Slim chance of it actually killing
it on the road like that. But if
it did, how do explain the fact
that the wolf took the student and
left the deer.

SHERIFF JOHN

Rabid wolves do crazy things.

KARL

We don't know for sure if the wolf
is rabid, yet. But even if it is,
how do you explain the animal
attacking the student over there...

Karl points to the area of dried blood at the base of the
cliff wall.

KARL (CONT'D)

and then dragging him here, out of
sight, before delivering the fatal
wound. Then dragging him off in
the woods.

SHERIFF JOHN

What are you getting at?

KARL

I don't know. The behavior is
strange; it just doesn't make
sense.

SHERIFF JOHN

How so?

KARL

It almost appears as if the animal
used the deer as bait to lure the
student in for the attack.

INT. WHITMOOR COLLEGE, STUDENT UNION - DAY

Typical student union. Semi-crowded; normal student
activities taking place.

Enters ROBBY MORTEN.

An attractive, well-built, young man with blond hair and blue eyes; has a very trusting face.

Robby walks to the back of the room to a table of guys; four of his fraternity brothers. They're all in shock.

Robby, holding an apple in one hand, sets his book bag down on the table and then sits down himself.

ROBBY

(strong Boston accent)

What's up guys? What's the deal with all the cops? You'd think someone was murdered or something.

He takes a big, LOUD BITE out of his apple.

FRED JOHNSON, fraternity president, an equally good-looking man; portrays disbelief.

FRED

Robby, an ex-brother of ours was attacked last night.

Robby pauses momentarily from chewing his apple.

ROBBY

What, are you serious?

Fred acknowledges one of the brothers.

FRED

Chad found out earlier this morning that the police found one of Jason's shoes in a puddle of blood in the woods, just off OLD MAN'S RD.

ROBBY

Man that's messed up. Do they know who attacked him?

FRAT. BRO. #3

(half-serious)

Whitemourn.

FRED

Man, can you be serious for once?

FRAT. BRO. #3

I'm just saying, it's a pretty odd coincidence.

ROBBY
What's Whitemourn?

FRED
It's our schools legend. I'm surprised you haven't heard it.

FRAT. BRO. #3
Whitemourn, the name given to him by his Apache tribe, was a savage warrior who became infamous for murdering over 300 white men and women. His hatred for white people was so deep that on his deathbed he swore that he would return as a wolf and again take vengeance on white people. Legend has it that he is buried somewhere on this mountain.

FRED
Anyway, Chad was at...

CHAD GAYMON, a skinny prim and proper type, interrupts Fred giving a look almost as if they were quarreling lovers.

CHAD
Chad overheard a couple of the officers talking about how they think it was a wolf that attacked Jason.

ROBBY
No way.

FRAT. BRO. #3
Pretty freaky huh.

Robby nods in agreement.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Sheriff John and Officer Mark walk through the rugged, vegetated woods, following the beast's tracks.

OFFICER MARK
So what exactly happened to Laura Conley?

SHERIFF JOHN
Laura Conley was camping with her family in the northern part of Taney forest.

(MORE)

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

On the second night of their trip she was dragged from her sleeping bag as she laid asleep only a couple of feet from her brother and parents. Her father found what was left of her in the morning, not more than twenty feet from where they were sleeping.

OFFICER MARK

Man, why didn't anyone wake up?

SHERIFF JOHN

Because the wolf had grabbed her by her throat which severed her voice box.

Sheriff John and Officer Mark stop as the trail leads them to a steep decline.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

Watch your step.

They work their way down the decline, following the trail closely.

OFFICER MARK

I didn't think wolves ever attacked humans.

SHERIFF JOHN

They normally don't, unless they're rabid like this one was.

They come out of the woods at the bottom of the decline to a gushing, white water river surrounded by magnificent bluffs.

The trail ends at the rock formations alongside the river. Smearred blood caresses the rocks as if the body was dragged into the river.

OFFICER MARK

Damn man!

Sheriff John retrieves a cell phone from a clip on his belt and dials a number as Officer Mark squats down to take a closer look at the bloody rocks. Sheriff John speaks into the phone.

SHERIFF JOHN

This is Sheriff Laney, can you get me the chief.

(Pause)

Yeah chief, this is Sheriff Laney.

(MORE)

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm up here at Whitmoor. Listen, we're gonna need to organize a search party immediately. I don't care how many jurisdictions we have to cross; we need enough men by tomorrow morning to conduct a thorough search of this entire area. I'll explain the rest later. Give me a call as soon as you get this. Thanks, bye.

INT. WHITMOOR COLLEGE, VARIOUS HALLS - DAY

Skipping from classroom to classroom, students listen to an announcement made over the intercom by PRESIDENT KROGER.

PRESIDENT KROGER

(on intercom)

Due to the recent disappearance of one of our students, Jason Behren, and the circumstances surrounding his disappearance; I'm announcing an on-campus curfew for 10:00 P.M., effective immediately.

The students react, booing and protesting.

PRESIDENT KROGER (CONT'D)

Anyone caught breaking the curfew will get automatic probation. This curfew is only temporary so please bear with us, and it will all be over soon. Thank you for your cooperation.

EXT. WHITMOOR CAMPUS - DAY

CLOSE on three students walking together across the lush green, neatly trimmed grass of the campus. The campus is filled with students taking advantage of the beautiful day, participating in a variety of typical campus activities.

CHRISTINE ARMINGTON is a beautiful blonde who's as stuck up and conceited as they come.

CHRISTINE

Listen Michael, we can't forgive you for what you did, but in light of what happened to Jason; we want you to know we're here for you.

CARRIE DEXTER, a pretty blonde who puppy dog's to Christine as if she hasn't an identity of her own, joins in.

CARRIE

We know how close you and Jason were. I mean...

CHRISTINE

We all used to be really close. You, me, Carrie...

She glances over at Carrie.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Fred and Jason. This is a huge shock for all of us. We've just got to hope for the best and be here for each other. That's why we wanted to talk to you, to offer our support.

MICHAEL HILL, a wiry tougher-than-nails type, stops walking and thus so do Christine and Carrie.

MICHAEL

Thanks but Jason will show up. He's a tough kid; he's a survivor.

Christine seems unsure.

CHRISTINE

Okay.

Christine looks at her watch superficially.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Gotta go, we're running late for our Zeta meeting.

MICHAEL

Alright. Thanks girls.

Christine and Carrie turn and strut away.

Michael watches them for a few seconds and then turns and walks in the opposite direction. He's in a daze thinking, when something out of the corner of his eye catches his attention.

It's a group of GUYS talking and laughing. He takes a closer look and realizes one of the guys is cracking jokes about his friend Jason's disappearance.

GUY #1
I wonder at what point, if any, he
realized that wasn't a dog he was
petting.

The four guys standing around him laugh. Michael walks over
to the group, unnoticed by GUY #1.

GUY #1 (CONT'D)
A quick impression...

Guy #1 puffs his chest out really big like a bodybuilder,
holding his hand out as if to motion for a dog to come to
him.

GUY #1 (CONT'D)
Here puppy, puppy, puppy, puppy.
Here puppy...

Guy #1 makes a GROWLING noise and acts like a wolf is
attacking him.

The four guys laugh again but Michael interrupts them with a
real loud, sarcastic laugh.

MICHAEL
Man you are really funny.

Michael looks around at the other guys.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
This guy is really funny.

GUY #1 is a little embarrassed.

GUY #1
Who are you?

MICHAEL
Who am I? I'm the best friend of
the guy your making fun of.

GUY #2 (O.S.)
Dude, that's Michael Hill.

GUY #3 (O.S.)
Oh shit!

Guy #1 hears what they say.

GUY #1
Hey listen, I'm sorry. I was just
joking around, I didn't mean
anything by it.

Michael approaches Guy #1.

MICHAEL
Okay, as long as you didn't mean
anything by it.

With incredible speed and accuracy, Michael hits the guy with
a left hook and knocks him out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but I didn't mean
anything by it.

Suddenly, GUY #4 sucker punches Michael in the face.

Michael takes the punch and looks at the guy shaking his
head, smiling cockily.

Michael fakes a punch, the guy flinches so Michael sweeps his
legs out from under him. He proceeds to kick the guy in the
stomach and then in the face.

GUY #5, a big guy, comes up behind Michael and locks his arm
around Michael's neck. He pulls him off of Guy #4, holding
him up in the air. Michael tries to break his hold but
can't. He lifts his knees up to his head, then slams his
legs down towards the ground, causing Guy #5 to lean forward.
As Michael's feet touch the ground, he jumps up, thrusting
his head into Guy #5's face, smashing his nose. Guy #5
immediately drops his hold and cups his hands around his
bleeding nose.

Michael rubs his throat and catches his breath briefly. He
kicks the guy in the groin, causing him to lean forward, then
hits him with an upper cut knocking him to the ground.

Michael turns around in his fighting stance to find the two
guys left standing, GUY #2 and GUY #3, to be in shock.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Come on.

Michael motions them to fight.

GUY #2
Na man, we ain't got no problem.

GUY #3 agrees.

Michael relaxes his stance, looks at the guys on the ground and then back at the two standing. He shakes his head at them, and turns to walk away through the crowd of students that have gathered.

Michael stops just before the crowd that's made an opening for him and looks back at the five guys.

MICHAEL
It's not quite as funny now, is it?

Michael turns and walks away.

INT. MITCHELL HALL, HALLWAY - DAY

Fred walks the lightly congested hall. As he passes the student lounge, he notices a crowd of students around the BLARING television.

He walks over to investigate and notices a NEWS FLASH on the screen.

NEWS REPORTER
(on screen)
To recap: The wolf thought to be responsible for the disappearance of Whitmoor senior, Jason Behren, was terminated late this morning; just hours after the mysterious disappearance took place.

CLOSE UP on television set. A large, dead wolf is being carried off on a stretcher in the background behind the NEWS REPORTER.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
A couple of locals, Sam Kish and Todd Ferl, take credit for the killing. Authorities say they won't know for sure until an autopsy is done, but they speculate that the animal had rabies.

Fred expresses a bedazzled look and then exits back into the hall. He walks to the end of the hall into an empty waiting room.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fred observes the empty room, then strolls over to a desk sitting in the corner. He spots a note on it that reads...

INSERT: "Out to lunch. Be back around 1:00 p.m. Lisa Crane."

Fred looks over at a door with a nameplate that reads, "President Darrell Kroger". There's a sign on the door that reads...

INSERT: "I'm out of the office. I'll be back later this afternoon. Thank You."

Fred looks at his wristwatch and smiles deviously as he removes a key from his pocket. He quietly unlocks the door and then puts the key back into his pocket. He grabs the knob, smiling, and turns it quietly. All at once, he springs open the door.

FRED
What's up dad?

INT. PRESIDENT KROGER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

PRESIDENT KROGER, sitting at his desk, is completely caught off guard and instantaneously appears to be in pain as well. At the same time you hear a thump and a moan coming from underneath his desk.

Fred steps into the office and speaks sarcastically.

FRED
I'm sorry. Did I interrupt something?

President Kroger appears uncomfortable.

PRESIDENT KROGER
Uh, no Fred. Uh, Can I do something for you?

Fred mocks President Kroger.

FRED
Uh yeah, but uh, don't you think we should talk in private?

PRESIDENT KROGER
Oh, of course. Go ahead and shut the door.

FRED
Don't you think Lisa should get out from underneath your desk?

President Kroger is extremely embarrassed.

PRESIDENT KROGER
Uh yes, I suppose so.

President Kroger scoots his chair back a little ways from his desk. Out from underneath his desk pops, LISA CRANE, an extremely attractive brunette in her early twenties. Feeling very awkward and embarrassed she heads towards the door.

FRED
What did you have for lunch Lisa,
bratwurst?
(pause)
Or, I'm sorry...

Fred looks over at President Kroger and then back at Lisa.

FRED (CONT'D)
...perhaps a little smoky.

Lisa pauses, shaking her head, giving him a look; then fixes her hair and wipes the smeared lipstick off her face. She exits the room, closing the door behind her.

PRESIDENT KROGER
Now Fred, this isn't what it looks
like. I was just...

FRED
Cut the shit Darrell. I know
you've been fucking around on my
mom for a while now.

PRESIDENT KROGER
I have not.

FRED
I don't care, that's your business.
The only thing I care about, at
this point in my life, is getting
into the Harvard medical program.
And you're the one who's going to
secure my spot.

PRESIDENT KROGER
I've been working on it, my friend
on the Harvard board hasn't got
back with me yet.

FRED
Well you better get back with him,
because you're my ticket in. And
if you don't get me into the
program, I'll be really upset. And
when I get really upset, I do crazy
things.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Like for instance, show my mom the portfolio of pictures I have of you and Lisa taking "coffee breaks". It's amazing the snapshots one can get through the crack of a closet door.

Fred looks over at a closet door and then back at President Kroger.

President Kroger expresses a look of anger and betrayal.

FRED (CONT'D)

I don't think she'd be too happy seeing for herself how Lisa likes cream in her coffee, if you know what I mean. I'd say that would pretty much ruin any chance of you getting any of her money.

PRESIDENT KROGER

How can I be sure you won't show her the pictures anyway, even if I do get you in?

FRED

Once I'm in, the pictures are yours, negatives and all. And I don't care who or what you do from that point on.

PRESIDENT KROGER

Can I ask you a question Fred?

FRED

Shoot Darrell.

PRESIDENT KROGER

Why is it so important for you to get into Harvard's medical program?

FRED

Well Darrell, that's none of your business. But if you must know, my father and I have a wager of sorts. If I make it into the program, I don't ever have to work for any of his companies. And I get my twenty million dollar trust fund up-front.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

However, if I don't make it into the program I have to start working for him as soon as I graduate, starting out at the bottom, in one of his chicken processing plants, and working my way up from there. Now do you understand why it's so important?

PRESIDENT KROGER

Yes I do indeed. So if I get you into the program, you'll never interfere in my personal life again.

FRED

If you get me in, you'll never hear from or see me again.

PRESIDENT KROGER

Well then Fred, consider yourself Harvard's newest member.

FRED

That's what I like to hear, now get it done.

Fred exits the room, closing the door behind him.

PRESIDENT KROGER

Rich little prick.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Carrie walks through the thick, vegetated woods, innocent and unsuspecting. The sun shines as birds sing; not another person around.

She walks until she comes to a small rock plateau that's entangled with trees and vines.

She climbs up through some crevices until she reaches the top. Pushing aside densely woven vines, she moves to the center of the plateau.

On the other side of the vines, completely hidden from sight, is a beautiful hot spring. It's surrounded by a wall of brush and vines that give it seclusion from the rest of the world. Above the spring, is an openness that enables the sun to shine through and light up it's beauty.

Carrie walks up to the edge of the spring, looks at her wristwatch and then smiles.

She gets an excited look on her face and takes her clothes off; exposing her firm, naked body. Then steps down into the steaming hot water.

She sits back against a rock wall almost completely submerged in the water, tilting her head back and closing her eyes in total relaxation. A few moments pass.

SUDDENLY

all the birds in the background STOP SINGING. She opens her eyes and looks around, listening, briefly. Then goes back to relaxing.

A few moments later the silence is broken by the SOUND OF SOMETHING MOVING through the brush behind her. She turns around to investigate but sees nothing. She becomes still and quiet, looking around to see if she can see or hear anything.

CARRIE

Come on out and play.

There's no response.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Don't be shy.

Another MOVING SOUND comes from the other side of the spring, now directly behind her. She turns around to investigate but, once again, sees nothing. She expresses exaggerated fear.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Oh no, is this the big, bad wolf.
Please don't hurt me Mr. Big, Bad
Wolf that was killed this morning.

As soon as she finishes the sentence, the same noise of SOMETHING MOVING in the brush, comes from the same place directly in front of her. Carrie becomes perturbed.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

If you don't come out right now,
I'll never have sex with you ever
again.

Carrie looks around anticipating, but sees nothing.

A few moments later, out of the corner of her eye, Carrie sees some movement. She turns to look and through a puzzled opening in the vines and brush, sees a flash of the huge, hairy BEAST that appears to be a rabid-looking wolf; it's hair is black and mangy.

Carrie expresses genuine disbelief and intense fear.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Carrie jumps out of the spring in the opposite direction of the beast, crashing on through the brush and vines.

On the other side she quickly slides down the side of the plateau, barefoot and naked, scraping herself on the rock. Then picks herself up holding her right arm, whimpering.

A LOUD, DEEP PITCHED GROWL echoes from atop the small plateau.

Carrie takes off running as fast as she can. She runs down into a dry creek bed and trips and falls against the bank on the other side.

Another GROWL echoes from the woods behind her.

Carrie, breathing hard and trembling in fear, looks back and then scurries up the bank. She continues running through the woods, dodging trees and trampling through thick vegetation.

She sees another flash of the beast off to her left, about a hundred feet away. It's running in the same direction that she is. Something's unnatural and not quite right about how it runs.

She whimpers, then cuts a right and continues running as she approaches a break in the woods. She runs through it out into a narrowly, open field that resembles an alley way wedged between two buildings. She stops and looks to her left and then to her right. Double taking to her right, she notices that less than a hundred yards away is a road with an old gas station on the other side.

She gets a slightly relieved and hopeful look on her face and immediately starts running towards the station, looking all around her making sure the beast is nowhere near.

She notices an old attendant out front working on one of the gas pumps. She starts to cry tears of joy.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Help!!!

The attendant doesn't respond.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Help me!!! Helllllp me!!!

The attendant doesn't hear her as she approaches a small, inclining ditch just before the scarcely traveled road.

She looks back timidly over her left shoulder. She sees no sign of the beast, and in utter relief, continues on.

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON elderly gas attendant who's casually working on one of the gas pumps and is impervious to Carrie in the background.

Carrie's holding her injured arm close to her body and waving her other arm at the old attendant as she prepares to climb the small ditch. She yells as loud as her exhausted lungs permit her.

CARRIE

Hel...

SUDDENLY

her cry for help is cut short. With great speed and accuracy the beast springs out of the woods from her right, GROWLING FEROCIOUSLY, and tackles her down into the ditch.

Then complete silence.

The attendant turns around after hearing the noise. He sees nothing but the natural scenery he'd seen a thousand times before.

He sets his wrench down on top of the open pump and walks over to the edge of the desolate road to take a closer look. Somewhat intrigued, the old man takes a step forward preparing to cross the road.

ALL OF THE SUDDEN

the paralyzing sound of a diesel truck WHIZZING by with it's HORN BLOWING, stops him in his tracks...only missing him by a couple of feet. So close, in fact, that the wind from it pushes him back.

The old man grabs his chest with his right hand, almost in shock, as he watches the truck that nearly took his life pass on by.

He takes a few moments to catch his composure. He adjusts his hearing aids and then looks back across the road where he heard the noises.

He shakes his head kind of smirking as if he thought he was hearing things. Then goes back to working on the gas pump.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY HOUSE - DAY

Typical fraternity house; Greek letters lie in an orderly fashion above the front door.

INT. SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY HOUSE, LIVING AREA - DAY

Robby and Christine are sitting on the couch in the living room. Robby is rolling a joint.

ROBBY

Where's Fred and Chad? Weren't they planning on joining us this afternoon?

Robby licks and seals the joint. Then pops it in his mouth and lights it, taking a big toke off it.

CHRISTINE

They were planning on it, but I hope they don't show. I like it better with just you and me.

Christine places her hand on Robby's thigh. Robby flinches a little. Then exhales the smoke, choking on it...feeling a little awkward.

ROBBY

I like hanging out with you too Christine.

CHRISTINE

Do I make you nervous?

ROBBY

No.

A bead of sweat rolls down Robby's forehead and he wipes it away with his hand.

CHRISTINE

Why are you sweating then?

ROBBY

I just got done working out?

Christine takes the joint out of Robby's hand.

CHRISTINE

If I don't make you nervous,
then what's the problem?

Giving Robby a sensual look, she takes a drag.

Robby plays dumb.

ROBBY

What do you mean?

Christine exhales the smoke.

CHRISTINE

I mean it's obvious that there's an
attraction between us. But you
never try to act upon it. And the
few times that I've tried, you
always change the subject or push
me away in some childish manner.
Why is that?

ROBBY

You're right, Christine, I'm
incredibly attracted to you.

I just can't get involved with you. It would conflict with
someone I already love.

CHRISTINE

Who? I've known you for almost the
entire two semesters you've been
here at Whitmoor and I've never
seen you with anyone else, nor have
I ever heard you talk about anyone
else.

ROBBY

She's someone I've known and loved
for a long time, from back home.

CHRISTINE

You know Robby, if you don't like
me that's fine. Just don't lie to
me to spare my feelings. I don't
need your pity. I could have any
guy on this campus, or any campus
for that matter.

ROBBY

I'm not lying to you Christine.
I...

Fred and Chad enter the house, interrupting Robby.

FRED
Sorry we're late, hope you didn't
start without us.

Christine sets the joint down in an ashtray and stands up.
She grabs her book bag.

CHRISTINE
That's all right boys. You
actually timed it perfectly.
You're probably more Robby's type
anyway.

Christine struts angrily out the door. Fred and Chad watch
as she passes by them and then turn back to Robby.

CHAD
What's up with her man?

ROBBY
We had a little misunderstanding.
It's no big deal.

Robby picks up the joint, relights it, and takes a big hit.
Then puts his hand out offering it to them. Fred smiles and
gladly takes it. He takes a hit off of it as there's a knock
at the door. Fred exhales the smoke.

FRED
I knew she couldn't resist this
shit. Watch this!

Fred walks over to the door and opens it with the joint,
loosely, hanging out of his mouth.

FRED (CONT'D)
Can't we all just get along?

Fred is startled after realizing that it's not Christine,
it's Sheriff John.

FRED (CONT'D)
I'm sorry; I thought you were
someone else.

SHERIFF JOHN
I'd imagine so son.

Fred quickly removes the joint from his mouth and holds it
behind his back, motioning for Chad to take it and he does.

Chad puts the joint out in the ashtray and throws it and the other paraphernalia underneath the couch that Robby's sitting on.

FRED

Can I help you with something sir?

SHERIFF JOHN

Yes you can. My name is Sheriff John Laney.

ROBBY (O.S.)

Busted.

Robby snickers in the background, but only loud enough for Fred and Chad to hear.

Fred bites his lip to keep from laughing.

FRED

Hi Sheriff, good to meet you.

SHERIFF JOHN

I'm circulating my cards around campus and informing everyone that the wolf killed this morning wasn't the animal that attacked the student.

Sheriff John pulls a small stack of cards out from the inside of his shirt pocket.

FRED

Oh really, how do they know that wasn't the animal.

SHERIFF JOHN

I'm not at liberty to discuss any details of the case. Can you do me a favor and pass the word on and make sure each of your brothers gets one of these?

Sheriff John hands the cards over to Fred.

FRED

Yes sir I will.

SHERIFF JOHN

Make sure you tell them that if they see or hear anything out of the ordinary, to give me a call right away. I can be reached any time at that number. Okay.

FRED
Okay sir I will.

Sheriff John turns and starts to walk away.

FRED (CONT'D)
Sir.

Sheriff John pauses and turns back around.

SHERIFF JOHN
Yes.

FRED
Would you please not say anything
about, I mean am I going to get in
trouble for...

Sheriff John smiles slightly.

SHERIFF JOHN
I didn't see anything son, just
make sure you get those cards to
your brothers.

Fred expresses a look of relief.

FRED
I will. Thank you sir.

Sheriff John nods his head and turns and walks down the porch
steps towards the white Bronco where Officer Mark sits on the
passenger side, awaiting him.

Dark clouds approach in the distant background.

EXT. WOODS, ON THE RIVER - LATER THAT DAY

The wind HOWLS and trees BLOW. Dark clouds roll in as
lightning STRIKES in the nearby skies. CRACKLING of thunder
echoes in the background. It's late afternoon but because of
the distant storm it appears to be early evening.

A TATTOOED, FREE-SPIRIT TYPE yells to his two buddies, who
are of comparable stature.

FREE-SPIRIT #1
Mira this compadres!

He takes off running toward the swiftly moving river and
dives off a small rock embankment down into an area of the
river where the water is exceptionally fast. (It's a narrow
part of the river that drops down several feet.

The decline of the rock bottom is shaped in such a manner that it produces an almost perfect wave.)

He grips his boogie board tightly to his ripped body and makes a perfect landing on the surface of the rushing water; then rides the wave for a few moments before being pushed on downstream.

Free-spirit #1 swims over to the rock bank and pulls himself up onto it. He pulls his board out of the water by the safety line that's attached to his wrist...then whips his head back, flipping his long, wet hair out of his face.

FREE-SPIRIT #2 grabs his board, secures the safety line to his wrist, and steps forward towards the same spot in the river.

FREE-SPIRIT #2
Not bad compadre, but check this
shit out.

Free-spirit #2 runs and dives off the rock embankment. He spins his body around once, horizontally, pressing his board against his body but immediately wipes out as soon as his board hits the water.

His buddies scream and laugh at him. He swims over to the rock bank and free-spirit #1 is sarcastic as he helps him out of the water.

FREE-SPIRIT #1
Dude that was some pretty intense
shit.

Free-spirit #1 and FREE-SPIRIT #3 laugh and poke fun at free-spirit #2 who takes the joking well.

FREE-SPIRIT #2
Assholes.

They all laugh and then free-spirits #1 & #2 join free-spirit #3 upstream.

SUDDENLY

lightning strikes in the dark skies directly in front of them.

FREE-SPIRIT #3
I say we take off after my jump,
brothers.

FREE-SPIRIT #2

What's the matter? Are you scared of a little storm?

FREE-SPIRIT #3

No, but I am scared of flash floods; especially the ones on this river. You don't have a tick in a flushing toilet chance if you get caught up in one here.

FREE-SPIRIT #1

He's right bro. The river's already risen a couple of feet in the two hours we've been here.

FREE-SPIRIT #2

No shit Sherlock. I was just busting his balls.

Free-spirit #3 grabs his board, secures the safety line to his wrist, and walks up to the edge of the rock embankment. He looks back at his two buddies who are still conversing.

FREE-SPIRIT #3

If you two girls can take your skirts off for a minute, watch this.

Free-Spirit #1 & #2 turn their attention to Free-spirit #3 and mock him as he looks down at the river and takes a moment to get focused. He grabs his board by the nose and jumps off the embankment, holding his board underneath his feet as if he were jumping onto a skateboard.

He lands on his board, standing up, and manages to ride nearly the whole width of the river before tumbling backwards and CRASHING down into the water.

His two buddies HOOT and HOLLER. They throw their boards in the back of a topless, jacked-up JEEP WRANGLER that has huge oversized tires...and then turn and wait for their friend to join them.

A few moments' later, free-spirit #3 comes running up the rock embankment.

FREE-SPIRIT #3 (CONT'D)

How did you boys like that?

FREE-SPIRIT #2

Man, that was poetic.

FREE-SPIRIT #1
It was a combination of poetry and
big brass balls.

FREE-SPIRIT #3
Thanks brothers.

He shakes their hands, and then throws his board in the back
of the Jeep.

FREE-SPIRIT #3 (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here, before it
really starts flooding.

They all three jump up into the Jeep and then head straight
up the incredibly steep ravine, HOOTING and HOLLERING as the
Jeep fights to maintain traction.

MEANWHILE

EXT. WOODS, ON THE RIVER - SAME TIME

Several blocks upstream Michael arrives at the river from the
other side, near the area where Sheriff John and Officer Mark
were previously that day. Michael takes note of the bloody
rocks barricaded with police tape.

He climbs atop a small boulder at the edge of the river.

Michael cups his hands around his mouth and yells.

MICHAEL
Jason!

He looks around listening for a response, but hears nothing.
Then he walks downstream on the rock embankment alongside the
river, looking for clues to his friend's whereabouts. He
makes it to the top of a small bluff and stops.

He looks further downstream at the river and its beautiful
surroundings and then at the rushing water below.

SUDDENLY

something shiny on the other side catches his eye.

It's some sort of silver object lying on a ridge in about a
foot of water. He takes a closer look and it appears to be a
silver necklace.

Michael gets an excited look on his face, then looks back
upstream and walks in that direction. He passes the taped
off area and continues on, closely scanning the river.

He comes to a narrow part of the river and stops. He scans the rock embankment on the other side, thinking.

After a few moments.

MICHAEL

Fuck it.

Michael takes his shirt off, revealing an incredibly muscular and ripped physique, and throws it on the ground. He looks behind him taking several steps back away from the river, only stopping when he comes to the cliff wall behind him.

He starts jumping in place, swinging his arms back and forth, to loosen and warm up his muscles. He SLAPS himself in the face a couple of times to hype himself up. Then curls his arms up and clenches his fists, flexing all his muscles and exposing veins as he grunts.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yeah baby, whoahhh!

With natural strength and speed, he runs up to the edge of the river and jumps nearly halfway across. He lands with a big splash and instantly disappears under the surface of the rushing water. A few moments pass and there's still no sign of Michael.

SUDDENLY

about a hundred feet downstream, Michael comes SPLASHING to the surface GASPING for air. He manages to pull himself up onto the rock bank on the opposite side. With his legs still in the water, he pauses to rest and catch his breath. He looks back at the river that nearly took his life and laughs at it.

He picks himself up and walks downstream to the area where he saw the silver object. After a few moments of searching he locates the object. It's lying on a ridge a few feet off the bank. Smiling, he jumps down onto the ridge, in about a foot of water and reaches down and grabs hold of the object. He pulls it up out of the water, revealing a silver necklace.

Excited, Michael holds it up and focuses on a little silver dumbbell that's dangling from the necklace; it's Jason's necklace.

MICHAEL

I'm coming buddy.

He puts the oversized necklace around his neck. Then, looking around at the natural scenery in front of him, he cups his hands around his mouth and yells.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Jason!

He listens for a few moments and then climbs up the rock embankment to continue his search.

He walks downstream, alongside the river, until he comes to an area where the bluffs start to rise dramatically.

He starts climbing up the rocky incline, staying on the ledge alongside the river.

ALL OF THE SUDDEN

rain starts POURING DOWN. It doesn't faze Michael though. He pauses for a moment, looking down at the breathtaking scenery, and then continues on.

He reaches the top of the bluff and stands up straight. He takes a moment to catch his breath, while admiring the view. He looks further downstream at a beautiful array of bluffs separated by an equally beautiful river.

Again, he cups his hands around his mouth and yells.

MICHAEL

Jason!

He pauses briefly to listen and notices that it would be difficult to stay alongside the river, so he cuts back into the woods. He walks for awhile, periodically CALLING OUT Jason's name, until he comes to another opening in the woods that leads out to a ledge above the river.

He walks out onto the open ledge and yells as he scans the area above the river.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Jason!

He stands still, desperately trying to listen for anything over the POUNDING of the rain.

SUDDENLY

lightning STRIKES, illuminating the BEAST in the dark woods right behind him preparing to attack.

Michael senses that something is behind him so he immediately takes off running along the ledge.

FAVORING MICHAEL, as the beast GROWLS and chases after him.

Michael finds that the ledge ends pretty abruptly. Without hesitation he jumps nearly five feet from the end of the ledge over to another ledge. He doesn't look back, just keeps running alongside the bluff that dog legs to the left.

Michael soon finds that ledge ends as well. Only this time there's no place to go. A thirty-foot climb straight up that would be next to impossible in the rain, or a hundred foot drop down into the flooding river below.

To Michael's astonishment, he hears the beast GROWLS get closer as it comes around the corner of the bluff as well.

Michael looks at the beast and can't believe what he sees. He expresses intense fear and disbelief.

MICHAEL

What the fuck?

Freaked out, Michael rushes over to the edge of the cliff and prepares to jump.

As he looks down at the rapid water below, he notices the dumbbell on the necklace around his neck. He grabs it and pauses for a moment thinking in the rain.

Michael steps away from the ledge, looking back at the beast. He smiles, with a crazy, completely confident look on his face. Then reaches down beside him and picks up two softball-size rocks.

FAVORING MICHAEL

With a rock in each hand, Michael gets into a strong fighting stance. His muscles tense up as the GROWLING beast approaches for the attack.

MICHAEL

Come on you fuck. Come on!

Hyping himself up for what is sure to be the fight of his life.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

A large building in a central downtown location.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, FORENSIC LAB. - DUSK

Sheriff John enters a large, typical forensic lab that appears to be unoccupied; lights are on and various machines are running.

SHERIFF JOHN
Karl, you here?

Sheriff John takes note of a large gray wolf sprawled out on an autopsy table. (The wolf that was killed earlier that day.)

A few moments later the near silence is broken when the door to a cooler in the back swings open, startling Sheriff John.

Out comes Karl, preoccupied, carrying a tray of various petri dish samples.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)
Oh there you are.

Karl is startled as well.

KARL
John thanks for coming so quickly.
I've got something you need to see.

SHERIFF JOHN
Good, I figured you would.

Karl sets the tray down on a nearby table. Then leads Sheriff John over to another table that has two microscopes on top of it. He looks back at Sheriff John, pointing to the two microscopes.

KARL
Take a look at these, this one first.

He points to the one on the left.

Sheriff John bends over and looks through the microscope.

KARL (CONT'D)
The one you're looking at is a hair sample of our gray wolf over there.
(Pause)
Now take a look at the one on your right. It's a hair sample I got from the crime scene this morning.

Sheriff John moves to the other microscope.

KARL (CONT'D)

Do you notice anything different about the two samples?

SHERIFF JOHN

Yeah, this hair is all frayed at the end and the other one isn't.

KARL

Exactly. Do you know what this means?

Sheriff John pulls himself away from the microscope and looks at Karl.

SHERIFF JOHN

No.

KARL

The hair samples from the crime scene all have frayed ends as a result of coming in contact with a particular kind of rock. It's called kretas rock. The compounds that make up this rock, causes hair to fray terribly at the tip whenever the two come into contact. This particular kind of rock is only found on the inside walls of caves. Meaning, our wolf inhabits a cave.

SHERIFF JOHN

Interesting.

KARL

As you know, wolves are very territorial and...

SHERIFF JOHN

They're territories usually don't expand anymore than a five mile radius. I'm on it. Excellent work Karl.

KARL

Thanks. There's something else John.

SHERIFF JOHN

Yeah.

KARL

I ran some tests on the victim's blood samples and the deer's blood samples I retrieved from the crime scene and there wasn't one trace of rabies in any of them.

SHERIFF JOHN

Oh really!

KARL

Even stranger than that, I ran a protein/calcium test on the wolf's tooth to determine the approximate age of the animal. Well, the test concluded that the wolf that tooth came from is and has been deceased for a long time.

SHERIFF JOHN

Let me get this straight, your telling me that we have a corpse of a non-rabid wolf running around that's hungry for human flesh.

KARL

I don't know what I'm telling you, all I know is I ran each test three times and they all came back with the same results.

SHERIFF JOHN

Who else have you told this to?

KARL

No one.

SHERIFF JOHN

Let's keep it that way. I don't want people getting all up in a frenzy over this, when I'm sure there's a logical explanation.

KARL

I agree.

CUT TO:

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fred enters his room carrying a backpack and umbrella. The phone is RINGING.

He throws his backpack on the bed and the umbrella on the floor, then rushes over to answer the phone. He picks up the phone and speaks into it.

FRED
This is Fred.

PRESIDENT KROGER (FILTERED)
Hello Fred, this is Darrell.

FRED
Yes Darrell.

PRESIDENT KROGER (FILTERED)
I've got some good news for
you.

FRED
Already?

PRESIDENT KROGER (FILTERED)
Yes sir. Fred Johnson, you are now
a member of Harvard's most elite.

FRED
You better not be stroking my nads.

PRESIDENT KROGER (FILTERED)
I wouldn't think of it. However,
there is a catch.

FRED
What's that?

PRESIDENT KROGER (FILTERED)
You won't be officially enrolled
until the spring trimester. It was
too late to get you into the fall
trimester.

FRED
That's better yet; I'll have
another whole trimester to screw
around. It's amazing what one can
accomplish with a little
encouragement, isn't it Darrell.

PRESIDENT KROGER (FILTERED)
You're welcome Fred.

FRED
The photos are yours, just as soon
as I sign the registration papers.
(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

I think you'll find that they'll make for quite a nice personal collection.

PRESIDENT KROGER (FILTERED)

I imagine they probably will. I mean...

(he clears his throat)

Just come by the office the early part of next week and I'll fill you in on all the details, all right.

FRED

That'll work. I'll see you then.

Fred hangs up the phone. He jumps around his room, SCREAMING and celebrating the good news. He runs out into the hall.

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

FRED

I'm in.

Several of his brothers open their doors to see what the commotion is.

FRED (CONT'D)

I got into Harvard's medical program.

His brothers come out of their rooms to congratulate him and start yelling and celebrating with him.

One of his brothers, Chad, excited for Fred and caught up in the moment embraces Fred and gives him a big kiss on the lips. After which, having a brief, glossy eyed look as if he'd just been kissed for the first time.

Chad's look is noticed only by Fred then cut short by the sound of laughter and sarcastic comments coming from the other brothers in the background around them.

Chad snaps out of his daze and plays along as if he was joking, while Fred has a puzzled look on his face.

The other brothers swarm around Fred and pick him up on top of their shoulders and continue celebrating.

They carry him down the hall and then down the stairs, screaming and hollering the entire way.

Chad stands alone in the hall, watching, expressing an excited look. He takes in a deep breath and then walks into his room, smiling.

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, CHAD'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Chad closes the door behind him. Then lies back on his bed with his arms folded and fingers interlaced behind his head.

He lies there for a moment, looking up at the ceiling, smiling.

SUDDENLY

the door swings open, startling Chad. It's Fred. He lets himself in and quickly closes the door behind him.

Chad rises up to a seated position as Fred walks over and sits on the bed beside him.

FRED

Is there something you want to tell me Chad?

Chad's caught off guard and feeling uncomfortable.

CHAD

About what?

FRED

Oh I don't know, maybe the fact that you're hot for me.

Chad's embarrassed.

CHAD

Yeah okay, whatever. I was just kidding around.

FRED

Don't be embarrassed Chad. I've known about your little crush for a while now.

CHAD

What are you talking about Fred?

FRED

It's okay Chad, you can tell me how you feel.

Fred places his hand on the back of Chad's neck and rubs it sensually. Chad looks at Fred cautiously and says nothing.

Fred leans in slowly to kiss Chad, lightly tugging on his neck as he continues to rub it sensually. Chad, very excited, slowly licks his lips and shuts his eyes in preparation to kiss Fred. Just as their lips get ready to touch, Fred jumps up off the bed.

FRED (CONT'D)

I knew it. You're a dick sucking, flame toting, Hershey eating queer. I had my assumptions about you but I never cared to pursue it until now, when you kissed me. You went way over the line with that little escapade. I came up here because I wanted to know for sure if what I thought was true. And now that I know, you stay the hell away from me you sick bastard.

Chad's eyes water up as if he's about to cry.

FRED (CONT'D)

I won't reveal your secret. But you make damn sure you don't come near me.

Fred shakes his head and looks down upon Chad.

FRED (CONT'D)

Man I've lost all respect for you. You're a disgrace; you don't deserve to be a Sigma Chi brother.

Fred turns and walks out the door closing it behind him. Chad stares angrily at the door, trembling as a tear rolls down his face.

EXT. DELTA ZETA HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a single bedroom light on upstairs, the whole lower level is lit up. The sorority letters stand proudly pronounced underneath a flood light in the front yard. The storm has subsided.

INT. DELTA ZETA HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

A group of Zeta sisters sit in a semi-circle drinking. Empty pizza boxes cover the coffee table. One of the sister's, ERIKA, has the close attention of the rest of the group.

ZETA SISTER# 2

But why did Whitemourn hate white people so much? Was it because they were taking his land?

ERIKA

No, not at all. Your not going to believe this, but Whitemourn went on a rampage for seven years, savagely murdering over 300 men and women; all because as a boy he witnessed two drunken cowboys murder his inseparable companion, a wolf.

All the sisters react in astonishment.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

Obviously those cowboys were his first two victims. As with all his victims, he bit chunks of flesh out of them in honor of his murdered wolf.

Several of the sisters make comments as if to say how gross that is.

ERIKA (CONT'D)

He loved that wolf so much that went against his Apache beliefs and insisted on being buried in the ground with it. Legend has it, that on his deathbed he swore that his spirit would return one day to again take vengeance on white people, only this time in the body of his wolf. I know what your thinking, the wolf's body would have disintegrated by now. But as the legend goes, Whitemourn used some type of Indian concoction to preserve the wolf's body until he returned.

ZETA SISTER# 3

Where are they buried?

ERIKA

Somewhere on this mountain, no one knows for sure. But I can tell you for sure where his original burial site was.

ZETA SISTER# 3

Where's that?

ERIKA

You're sitting on it. In 1904 our school was built on top of his original burial site. They supposedly moved his site to another location on this mountain, but somehow no one seems to know where. To add insult to injury they told the Apache ancestors that they would name the school after him. Well, of course they shortened it to Whitmoor.

MEANWHILE

INT. DELTA ZETA HOUSE, CHRISTINE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Christine is alone upstairs in her room sitting at her desk with the computer on. She's putting the final touches on a letter. She signs it and dates it; then places the letter in plain view on the desk.

Christine hits the enter button on her computer, and instantly "READ ME" starts flashing on the screen. She stands up leaving only the small desk lamp on, then walks over to the door and opens it. She peeks out looking both ways, then quietly sneaks out into the hall, shutting the door behind her.

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

A full-blown party is in progress. All of the brothers are drinking and having a good time. Some are dancing to the BLARING MUSIC, while others are playing drinking games.

A few moments pass.

Chad, who is drunk, BANGS two empty beer bottles together to get everyone's attention. THE MUSIC IS TURNED DOWN and he has all of his brother's attention.

CHAD

A toast to Fred: Fred you are without a doubt one of the luckiest sons of bitches I know. How you ever made it into Harvard is still beyond me.

A few of the brothers chuckle. Fred portrays a look of apprehension.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I've got to hand it to you bro., you've really got your shit together. Either that or some damn good connections. Personally I'd bet my money on the latter of the two, but that's beside the point.

Fred starts to get a little pissed off as his brothers laugh.

CHAD (CONT'D)

But seriously Fred, your leaving behind a legacy that most of us could only dream about. The number of women that you've been with during your four years here at Whitmoor has been legendary.

The brothers yell and applaud and Fred starts to calm down as a result of the compliment.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Granted, some of them weren't exactly willing if you know what I mean.

All the brothers become SILENT, as Chad obviously hit upon a very sensitive subject.

FRED

Fuck you, you fucking queer.

Fred charges Chad but is restrained by a couple BROTHERS that are standing near by.

Fred looks around at his brothers.

FRED (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Chad is a faggot. He's had a crush on me for a while now. And when I...

CHAD

The only thing that's queer around here is your ego; it's unusually large.

Some of the brothers jeer and hiss to provoke the situation.

CHAD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you misinterpreted that kiss. I was just kidding around.

Some of the brothers laugh. Fred becomes very angry and motions Chad to a fight.

FRED
Come on! Let's go, you and me.

CHAD
The way your talking I'd be afraid
to go anywhere with you.

Chad bends his hand down and makes a gesture as if to say that Fred is gay.

Some brothers jeer and hiss again.

Fred loses it and jumps at Chad but, again, is restrained by a couple of his brothers.

BROTHER #1
Calm down Fred, he's drunk; he
doesn't know what he's saying.

BROTHER #1 turns to a couple of brothers standing near Chad.

BROTHER #1 (CONT'D)
Get him out of here; take him in
the kitchen.

The two brothers take Chad in the kitchen. Brother #1 turns back to Fred.

BROTHER #1 (CONT'D)
Just let it go, man. We're here
to...

Fred pushes Brother #1 away from him.

FRED
All right, whatever, just get the
fuck off me.

Brother #1, feeling a little foolish, brushes it off as Fred walks across the room and then disappears up the stairs. Robby follows closely behind grabbing a couple bottles of beer out of a cooler near the stairs and turns around as he reaches the foot of the stairs.

ROBBY
Just give him a little time to cool
off. I'll go talk to him.

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Robby reaches the top of the stairs in time to notice Fred going into the bathroom.

Just as Fred enters into the bathroom, the MUSIC starts up again downstairs.

Robby quickly sneaks over into his own room.

A few moments later Fred exits the bathroom and heads back down the hall towards the stairs.

SUDDENLY

Robby jumps out of his room, startling Fred. He's holding the two unopened beers that now have strange looking huggies around them; they look like clear, rubber grips. He's holding the beers by their necks.

FRED

Robby, what the hell are you doing?

Robby gives him a strange look for a moment and then holds one of the beers out to Fred.

ROBBY

Here you go.

FRED

I don't want a beer.

Robby sets the other beer on the floor and retrieves a camera from his back pocket, still holding the beer out to Fred.

ROBBY

At least hold it, I want to get a picture to remember the night that you conquered Harvard.

FRED

Not now Robby, I'm not in the mood.

ROBBY

Come on, it'll just take a second.

Fred pauses for a moment, thinking. Then, halfheartedly, takes the beer grasping the clear, rubber grip.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

That a boy.

Robby holds the camera up prepares to take the picture, then pauses. He reaches down and grabs the other beer on the floor and hands it to Fred, holding it by its neck.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Here, you need to double fist it
for this picture.

FRED
Man just take the damn picture!

ROBBY
Come on act like you're proud of
your accomplishment. I guarantee
this is a Kodak moment you won't
soon forget.

Fred grabs the other beer by the clear, rubber grip as well. Then, holding the two beers out in front of him, gives an over-exaggerated smile.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
There you go.

Robby aims the camera and snaps the picture. Fred relieves his stance and then hands the beers back to Robby. Robby quickly puts the camera back into his pocket. Then takes the beers from Fred, making sure not to touch the grips but being fairly discreet about it.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
I just want to say, again,
congratulations Fred.

Fred puts his hand on Robby's muscular shoulder.

FRED
Thanks man I appreciate it.

Fred starts to walk over to the stairs, then stops and turns around, slightly smiling.

FRED (CONT'D)
Don't forget to give me a copy of
that picture?

Robby smiles back.

ROBBY
I won't.

Fred walks over to the stairs, looks at his watch, and then quickly disappears down them.

Robby continues smiling as he watches Fred exit down the stairs.

EXT. WHITMOOR CAMPUS - NIGHT

The storm is over but it left behind several fallen tree branches and a water soaked campus. The moonlit campus appears to be abandoned because of the curfew.

Christine comes out from behind a tree and runs over to the dark, vacant library and then hides behind the corner of the building. She glances around the corner and then quickly sneaks behind the bushes in front of the library.

After hearing a strange NOISE, she peaks over the top of the bushes to investigate. She sees the security guard, Frank, driving by on a golf cart no more than a hundred feet away.

Frank shines a flashlight in her direction and she freezes momentarily as the beam of light passes over her. She watches him, cautiously, as he drives by; until his light and the sound from his cart eventually fade away in the distance.

Relieved, Christine backs up to the corner of the wall behind her. She holds out her watch and looks at it in what little bit of light she can find.

With a frustrated look, she looks back along the front wall of the library up to the steps and then to where the guard just disappeared. She shakes her head in frustration and then turns to sneak back around the corner from which she just came.

SUDDENLY, something comes thrusting up towards her from the ground making a LOUD GROWLING NOISE.

Christine jumps back and SCREAMS.

FRED (O.S.)

Christine Shhhhhh! I'm sorry it's just me.

Christine notices that it's just Fred, who's quietly laughing and apologizing. She hits Fred on his chest.

CHRISTINE

That's not funny Fred; you scared the hell out of me.

FRED

I didn't mean to scare you that bad. You seem a little jumpy.

CHRISTINE

Yeah, well I am. Where have you been anyway? You're fifteen minutes late.

FRED

I got caught up, the brothers were...

SUDDENLY

a DEEP GROWL comes from the woods behind the library, interrupting Fred and breaking the silence of the quiet campus. They both look in the direction from where it came but don't see anything.

The growl gets louder like it's getting closer. They notice a faint shadow coming from behind the library. It continues to get larger as the growl gets louder.

FRED

Let's get out of here.

Fred takes off running but trips and falls. Christine grabs Fred's hand and tries to help him up.

Christine freezes as her jaw drops because the beast is now right behind Fred. Fred freezes as well, having seen Christine's face.

Christine shakes and whimpers as the beast GROWLS. Fred whimpers also.

Suddenly, Fred pulls Christine down towards him and flips her over backwards with his feet, right into the beast.

Christine SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY but is silenced immediately by the beast's attack.

Fred, stricken with fear, crawls over to the nearby chapel without ever looking back at the beast. He manages to pull open the chapel door and crawl inside, as the beast ravages on Christine's unconscious body.

INT. CHAPEL - SAME TIME

Fred, shaking and trembling in fear, takes a moment to gather himself. He starts to crawl away from the door when he hears Christine's voice, muffled and weak.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Helllllppp.

Fred turns toward the door and pauses for a moment thinking, then turns and continues crawling down the aisle away from the door.

CHRISTINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Help Fred, help me.

Fred thinks for a moment and then forces himself to turn around and crawl back to the door. He slowly and cautiously cracks open the door a couple of inches only to find an ungodly site.

It's Christine lying on her back, bloody, with her head turned to the side facing the chapel door. She's trembling and crying, almost in shock. She vaguely notices Fred peeking through the door. She raises her bloody arm up as if to ask for his help.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Help me.

Fred, cautiously, pushes the door open a little more to scan the area. He looks to his left and then back at Christine.

He pauses for a moment, listening for any signs of the beast. Silence. There's no sign of the beast.

Christine, again, pleads for him to help her.

Fred crawls further out the door towards Christine.

SUDDENLY

Fred is PARALYZED WITH FEAR. In further opening the door, he sees the beast to his right out of the corner of his eye, not more than a couple feet away.

Trembling in fear, Fred slowly and quietly starts to back track his crawl into the chapel.

Christine, still distant, pleads for him to come back and help her.

CHRISTINE
Please help me Fred.

In an explosive fury the beast springs towards him.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Fred quickly pulls his head in as the beast slams up against the door.

The impact from the weight of the beast causes the door to push inward some, hitting Fred in the head and knocking him out.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Somebody's shaking Fred's unconscious body, the beam of a flashlight shining down upon him.

Fred awakens screaming and flailing his arms.

FRANK (O.S.)
Calm down, you're safe now.

Fred looks up to find Frank, the security guard, leaning down over him.

Relieved, Fred sits up on the floor near the chapel door. He moans as he lightly caresses a lump on the side of his forehead.

Fred brings his squinting eyes into focus and looks around the chapel as if he didn't remember where he was. The chapel is dimly lit due to the moonlight coming in through the stained glass atrium above.

Fred pulls himself to his feet with the help of Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What happened? Are you all right?

Fred looks as if he just woke from a daze.

FRED
Oh fuck, where's Christine?

Before Frank can respond Fred pushes open the chapel door. He's shocked to find that Christine's body is gone. There's no sign of her anywhere. Just a pool of blood and a trail of smeared blood that leads over to the woods, all lit up from the headlights of Frank's golf cart.

Fred looks around at all the blood and turns back to Frank.

FRED (CONT'D)
Where the fuck were you?

FRANK
I...I only make my rounds every couple of hours.

FRED

Well hurry up call the police!

FRANK

I already did, I called the Sheriff; they're on their way.

Fred shakes his head in frustration.

FRED

I can't believe it. You have one lousy job to do, and you can't even do it right. I swear you're worthless. Because of you, Christine is probably dead.

FRANK

But I...I didn't...

FRED

Save it, I don't want to hear it.

Fred exits the chapel, and the door swings shut behind him. Frank stands there for a few moments, lightly illuminated by his flashlight that now shines to the ground. He has a very distant and sad look on his face.

SUDDENLY the door swings open, its Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Let's go!

Fred lets the door shut again.

Frank's awoken from his daze feeling awkward. Hesitating, he pushes open the door and exits the chapel; the door swings shut behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHAPEL - DAWN

The whole area in front of the chapel is taped off with police tape. There's a crowd of students on-looking the situation from behind the tape as several investigators work the hectic crime scene.

Sheriff John comes walking out from behind the library, examining tracks that were left by the beast. He follows the tracks to the corner of the library; briefly examining some shoe prints and a large area of blood.

Then he follows the beasts tracks on over to the chapel. The chapel door is wedged open; an investigator comes walking out it. The exterior of the door is a little beat up about half way down.

With his eyes, Sheriff John follows a trail of smeared blood and beast tracks that lead away from the scene over to the edge of the woods.

Suddenly, a voice BLARES out from Sheriff John's radio.

OFFICER MARK (FILTERED)
Sheriff, you there?

Sheriff John retrieves his radio from his belt and puts it up to his mouth.

SHERIFF JOHN
Yeah I'm here Mark.

EXT. EDGE OF RIVER, WHERE THE BEAST'S TRACKS ENDED - DAWN

Officer Mark and another uniformed officer, OFFICER STEVE, stand at the place near the rushing river where Sheriff John and Officer Mark were the day before. Officer Mark raises a radio to his mouth.

OFFICER MARK
You were right; the tracks led us to the exact same place on the river as before.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

SHERIFF JOHN
Just as I suspected, the animal must have taken both bodies to the same place.

OFFICER MARK
Do you want us to join the search party on the other side?

Sheriff John thinks for a moment.

SHERIFF JOHN
Negative Mark, we've already got every direction covered. I've got a special job for you. I need you guys to search downstream on this side of the river alongside the base of the bluff.

OFFICER MARK

Pardon my ignorance, but didn't the animal cross the river.

SHERIFF JOHN

We don't know that for sure. I spent a good portion of the day yesterday looking alongside the river on the other side. And I couldn't find any clues to indicate that the animal came out on that side. We're assuming it did. But I've also got a hunch that the animal might have taken the bodies downstream a ways and then came back out on the same side. I think there's a chance that you'll find the cave somewhere downstream on this side.

OFFICER MARK

Interesting theory sir, we'll get started immediately.

SHERIFF JOHN

Oh and Mark, if you do find a cave be sure and call me right away. And don't, I repeat, don't enter the cave until I get there. Okay.

OFFICER MARK

Okay.

SHERIFF JOHN

One other thing Mark; you guys be careful, all right.

OFFICER MARK

We will, talk to you soon.

Officer Mark places his radio back on his belt, and then looks over at Officer Steve.

OFFICER MARK (CONT'D)

Well you heard the man, let's get started.

Officer Mark and Officer Steve walk downstream searching along the rocky edge of the river.

OFFICER STEVE

Man, this is a waste of time. We should be on the other side where all the action is.

OFFICER MARK

I don't know, I think we've got a good chance of finding the cave on this side.

OFFICER STEVE

I doubt it.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Sheriff John is squatting down examining the damage to the bottom of the chapel door when Karl comes walking up behind him.

KARL

What do we know so far?

SHERIFF JOHN

Well, obviously, there was another attack last night. This time we have a witness, one of the two students managed to escape.

KARL

And the other?

SHERIFF JOHN

Same thing as before.

Sheriff John points down at all the blood.

KARL

I see, go on.

SHERIFF JOHN

According to our witness, he met the victim over there around 11:00 p.m. last night and...

Sheriff John glances at his watch as he points over to the corner of the library.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

...Oh shit I have to go. RONNIE'S taking me up in the chopper.

KARL

Okay John, I'll finish up here with what I need to do.

Sheriff John turns and scurries away. Investigators are all around him.

EXT. RIVER, ALONGSIDE THE ROCKY EDGE - DAY

Officer Mark and Officer Steve search along the base of the rock bluff. The sun is shining bright.

Officer Mark is about thirty feet ahead of Officer Steve. He walks around a small waterfall that's flowing out from a crevice in the cliff wall. A stream of water flows down the slightly declined rock face into the river.

As he passes the waterfall, looking back at it he notices a little crack of darkness that seeps out from behind the waterfall.

Intrigued, he walks up to it to take a closer look.

He retrieves a flashlight from his belt and turns it on. Then shines it through the inch crack between the waterfall and cliff wall. This illuminates a small cave entrance hidden almost perfectly behind the waterfall.

OFFICER MARK

Hey Steve, I think I might have found something.

Officer Steve stops his search and comes running over to Officer Mark.

OFFICER STEVE

What'd you find?

Officer Mark points behind the waterfall.

OFFICER MARK

There's a cave entrance hidden behind this waterfall.

Officer Steve looks and sees what he's talking about.

OFFICER STEVE

Oh yeah.

OFFICER MARK

I'm going in.

OFFICER STEVE
Aren't you supposed to call the
Sheriff?

OFFICER MARK
I will, I just want to make sure
it's even a cave before I alert
him.

Officer Steve doesn't approve.

OFFICER STEVE
Okay.

With flashlight in hand, Officer Mark draws his gun and
disappears behind the waterfall.

INT. WATERFALL - SAME TIME

Officer Mark shines his light, illuminating an opening and
then cautiously steps up into it. He shines his light down a
tunnel that leads back about a hundred feet to what appears
to be a larger cavern.

Suddenly, Officer Mark cringes and almost gags as he whiffs
an awfully potent odor. He runs back out from where he came.

EXT. WATERFALL - SAME TIME

Officer Mark comes SPLASHING through the waterfall startling
Officer Steve.

He leans forward and dry heaves a couple of times.

OFFICER STEVE
What's wrong?

Officer Mark gains his composure.

OFFICER MARK
There's a god-awful smell of
decomposition in there. We
definitely found the right place.

Officer Mark retrieves the radio from its holster on his belt
and then puts it up to his mouth.

OFFICER MARK (CONT'D)
Sheriff, you there?

A few moments of silence.

SHERIFF JOHN (FILTERED)
Yeah I'm here Mark.

OFFICER MARK
I think we found the cave. It's hidden behind a small waterfall. I peeked my head inside the entrance and was overwhelmed with the smell of decomposition.

OFFICER STEVE
To say the least.

Officer Mark gives him a look.

INT. BRONCO MOVING - SIMULTANEOUS

Sheriff John, driving, puts his radio up to his mouth.

SHERIFF JOHN
Are you sure?

OFFICER MARK (FILTERED)
Yes I am. I've only smelled rotting corpse two times in my life but I can assure you that's one odor I'll never forget.

SHERIFF JOHN
What's your location?

OFFICER MARK (FILTERED)
We're about three quarters of a mile downstream from the spot where the beast's tracks ended.

SHERIFF JOHN
Okay hold tight. I'll be right there. Don't enter the cave or do anything until I get there. And be very alert, just in case the animal is in there or if it returns.

OFFICER MARK (FILTERED)
Yes sir.

Sheriff John slows down and makes a U-turn in the middle of the road, slightly going off it in order to get the large Bronco turned around.

He heads back in the direction from which he came.

EXT. WATERFALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Officer Mark places the radio back in it's holster on his belt not realizing that the speak button is engaged as the radio awkwardly pushes up against the holster.

OFFICER MARK
I'm going in. You wait out here
and be on the lookout.

OFFICER STEVE
I wouldn't do that, you heard the
Sheriff.

OFFICER MARK
He's just trying to protect us. I
want to show him...

INT. BRONCO MOVING - SIMULTANEOUS

OFFICER MARK (FILTERED)
...that we're perfectly capable of
handling the situation.

Sheriff John hears everything they're saying. Angry, he picks up his radio and brings it to his mouth.

SHERIFF JOHN
Mark, pick up Mark.

Sheriff John holds the radio, waiting for a response.

OFFICER MARK (FILTERED)
Try to stay awake out here...

Sheriff John throws the radio in the passenger seat then punches on the gas.

SHERIFF JOHN
Fucking fool!

EXT. WATERFALL - SIMULTANEOUS

OFFICER MARK
(cont'd)
...just in case the animal is
around.

Officer Mark has his engaged flashlight in one hand and his handgun in the other. Once again he disappears behind the waterfall.

Officer Steve looks around; a little scared, he retrieves his handgun from its holster.

INT. CAVE - SAME TIME

Officer Mark, cautiously and quietly, works his way back in the cave in a marksman's stance. His flashlight illuminates a couple small channels that lead off from the main tunnel, all of which end pretty abruptly.

He comes to the end of the hallway-sized tunnel. It opens up into a cavern.

From where he's at he can only see the back of the cavern; he can't see either side.

He puts his forearm up to his nose as if the smell is disgustingly overwhelming.

He puts his back up to the right side of the cave, contemplates for a few brief seconds, and then springs into the cavern illuminating the left side.

Immediately, he's shocked to find not two, but four mutilated corpses of Jason, Christine, Carrie and Michael propped up against each other and the cavern wall.

The horrifying sight breaks his concentration only briefly. He quickly regains his composure and turns to illuminate the other side of the cavern.

SUDDENLY

he comes face to face with the HUGE BEAST.

Officer Mark, instantly, springs backwards trying to get away from the beast. He FIRES his gun rabidly at the beast as he falls back to the cavern floor.

INT. BRONCO MOVING - SIMULTANEOUS

Sheriff John hears the shots fired over the radio and then the reception goes dead.

He expresses a look of worry. Then immediately makes a sharp left turn going off the road down a small ravine into the woods.

The white Bronco bounces around, dodging trees, as it goes over bumps and tramples down small trees and bushes.

INT. CAVE - SIMULTANEOUS

Officer Mark, scared out of his wits, continues pulling the trigger even after the clip is empty.

His flashlight illuminates the beast in the exact same position, it hasn't moved at all. Its face hasn't even changed its expression.

Suddenly, a sparkle of light above the beast catches his eye. He shines the light up there and sees a couple of thin wires running from the beasts' back up to the cavern ceiling.

In a panic, he shines the light down at its legs and feet that suspend a couple of inches off the ground, slightly swinging back and forth.

He lets out a slight gasp of relief.

ALL OF THE SUDDEN

he's overcome with the HEEBEE JEEBEE'S realizing that he's laying in the lap of the mutilated corpse of Jason Behren.

Quickly, he jumps to his feet to get away from the corpse, briefly looking back at it; but not breaking focus on the beast.

He quickly releases the clip from his gun and nervously replaces it with a new one from inside his jacket.

Cautiously, he moves around to the side of the beast; briefly taking note of some OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS hanging on the wall opposite of the corpses.

With his flashlight aimed at the beast, he cautiously pushes his gun up against the side of the beast. It swings easily, back and forth on the thin wires.

He lets out a gasp of relief.

Then, suddenly realizing that it's a costume, Officer Mark expresses a look of astonishment.

OFFICER MARK
Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

Officer Mark places his handgun in its holster. He examines the exterior of the costume, feeling the real wolf hair. He takes a closer look at the amazing detail of the beast's face. It's a real wolf that has been preserved and made into a costume.

He pulls up one of the legs and looks at the bottom of it's paw. There's an inch tread of a large paw that extrudes out from it.

Officer Mark feels around on the real hair of the beast costume, looking for an opening.

After a few moments, he finds a zipper hidden deep in the hair. He retrieves a white surgical glove from one of his pockets and slips it on. He then unzips the costume, revealing a hollow internal cavity inside a plastic mold that fills out the shape of the beast.

The cavity is perfect size and shape to house a person, comfortably on all fours, to resemble identically a large ferocious wolf. (However, it's obvious that the costume is meant for running on two legs, not four.)

Officer Mark notes two clear, rubber grips in the cavities of the front legs.

In the upper half of the cavity of the left leg is a system of gears, pulleys and wires that run down to the front paws of the beast.

Officer Mark reaches his hand down into that arm. He grabs hold of the grip and twists it.

Razor-sharp, steel claws SPRING out from the front paws. He twists the grip the other direction and the claws retract back into the paws. He ACTIVATES it a few more times.

In the upper half of the cavity of the right leg is a system of gears, pulleys and wires that appear to run up to the jaw of the beast.

Officer Mark reaches his hand down into that arm. He grabs hold of the grip and twists it.

The beast's teeth come CRASHING together, startling Officer Mark. It must be spring loaded or something to produce that much force.

Officer Mark ACTIVATES it a few more times, and then examines the helmet inside the beast's head. The helmet has support rods that connect to the body, that appear to give it extra strength but still allows it to have mobility. There's a small microphone attached to the helmet, where a person's mouth would be.

He puts his head inside the costume to test the microphone. It works. Whatever he says, it echoes out in a LOUD WOLF'S GROWL.

SUDDENLY

a SPLASHING NOISE of someone entering into the cave, underneath the waterfall.

Startled at first, Officer Mark thinks for a moment and then yells.

OFFICER MARK

It's all right, I'm fine. I just got a little spooked. You're never going to believe what I found though.

Officer Mark stands in awe for a few moments, looking at the enormity and incredibly life-like detail of the costume.

He's interrupted by a thought and yells.

OFFICER MARK (CONT'D)

I'm glad I really wasn't in trouble. I'd be dead and gone by the time you made it in here.

Officer Mark smiles to himself.

He retrieves his radio from his belt but is surprised to find that it's smashed.

OFFICER MARK (CONT'D)

Damn man.

He places the useless radio back in its holster.

Then, all at once, the old newspaper clippings on the wall to his left spark his interest.

INT. BRONCO - SAME TIME

Sheriff John is driving through the woods like a madman...his Bronco bouncing all over the place, trampling down anything that's in it's path.

EXT. BRONCO - SAME TIME

AERIAL VIEW as the Bronco comes near the edge of the cliff, way above the river. Without hesitation it makes a right and continues on, staying dangerously close to the edge of the cliff.

INT. CAVE - SAME TIME

Officer Mark is investigating old newspaper clippings on the wall.

INSERT NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS...

Headlines read: "Little Girl Is Eaten By Rabid Wolf."; "Rabid Wolf Is On The Loose: Terrorizing Community."; "Young Officer Finds And Disposes Of Rabid Wolf."

Just below the third headline is a faded picture of Sheriff John as a young officer, with his name underneath it.

Officer Mark hears someone enter into the cavern behind him. He's busy reading the article. He doesn't even look back; he just motions for the person to come forward.

NEW ANGLE from behind the shoulder of ANONYMOUS FIGURE dressed in a police uniform and hat.

Anonymous Figure steps forward, behind Officer Mark.

Officer Mark, excited about what he found, steps over to the beast costume not even looking over at Anonymous Figure.

OFFICER MARK

It's no wonder the wolf was thought to be so strong and intelligent, because it's not even a wolf at all. Just a suit that some deranged psycho wore to make it look like one.

As he finishes the statement, he looks at Anonymous Figure in passing and then does a double take.

OFFICER MARK (CONT'D)

Who are you?

PAN BACK

to include full view of Anonymous Figure's backside. It's not Officer Steve; it's an unidentifiable man wearing Officer Steve's uniform and hat. The hat is pulled down so Officer Mark can't see his face. He's concealing a shiny knife behind his back that's soaked in fresh blood. His hand is covered with a couple layers of white, surgical gloves also soaked in fresh blood.

Suddenly, Officer Mark expresses intense fear as he realizes that the Anonymous Figure in the uniform is the KILLER. Nervously and clumsily, he reaches for his gun.

It's too late; the Anonymous Figure/Killer is upon him, viciously and savagely stabbing him.

Officer Mark falls to the ground expressing a look of PURE TERROR.

INT. BRONCO - SAME TIME

Sheriff John is driving aggressively, staying alongside the bluff's edge as best as possible.

Suddenly, something down at the edge of the river catches his eye. He focuses in on the object and sees that it's Officer Steve lying on his back, bloodied, wearing only his undergarments.

Sheriff John slams on the brakes, sliding a little on the moist ground. With a confused look on his face, he jumps out of the Bronco grabbing a flashlight from underneath the seat and the radio that's sitting on the passenger seat.

He stuffs the flashlight in a pocket on the inside of his jacket and the radio into its holster. He retrieves his gun from its holster, checks it to make sure it's loaded, then cocks it and places it back in its holster.

He SLAMS the Bronco door and then hurries over to the edge of the bluff. After a few moments of scanning the area, he finds the best way down possible and then starts to scurry down the steep decline.

Without warning his boot slips on a loose rock, sending him sliding down the steep decline. He slides over a hundred feet down the decline and barely stops himself where it ends abruptly at a cliffs edge.

His momentum causes him to fall forward, losing his balance. Frantically, he waves his arms backwards and is able to regain his balance, falling back against the face of the steep decline.

Shaken up and dismayed, Sheriff John leans forward and looks over the edge that drops straight down another fifty feet. Officer Steve is almost directly below him.

Sheriff John looks around at the bluff on either side of him, looking for a way down. But there is no way down. He looks back down at the river below, trying to judge its depth.

He steps up to the edge, takes a few moments to gather up enough nerve, and then jumps out away from the bluff as far as he can.

EXT. RIVER, NEAR THE WATERFALL - SAME TIME

Sheriff John comes CRASHING down into the deep, rushing river. He surfaces after a few moments, moaning and expressing a look as if he's in pain and then swims over to the rock embankment.

He pulls himself out of the water and limps over to Officer Steve, who's incoherent. He reaches down to check for a pulse, observing nasty knife wounds to the upper chest.

After feeling for a pulse, he immediately takes his flashlight out of his jacket and places it on the ground next to him. He quickly removes his jacket, wads it up into a ball, and places it under Officer Steve's head. He rips his shirt off, revealing a well-preserved body for a man of his age. Then places his shirt on the wound, devising a sort of tourniquet to stop the bleeding.

SHERIFF JOHN

Hang in there son.

Sheriff John grabs the flashlight and rises up, looking back towards the waterfall. He quickly retrieves his gun from its holster. Then limps up the slight rock incline to the base of the cliff wall, just in front of the waterfall.

He turns the flashlight on and, with his gun positioned out in front of him, cautiously disappears underneath the waterfall.

INT. CAVE, BEHIND WATERFALL - SAME TIME

Sheriff John, limping, works his way back in the cave in much the same manner that Officer Mark did; only much more skillfully and professionally. He's much more experienced.

He checks the little channels that lead off of the main tunnel and then continues on. He makes it to the end of the tunnel just before it opens up into the cavern and expresses a funny look as he catches a whiff of the decomposition.

Very calculated and sure of himself, he springs into the room illuminating all around him.

First thing he sees is the beast costume, but almost instantly notices the wires above it. Behind that, off to the left, he sees Officer Mark lying in a puddle of his own blood with his head and shoulders propped up against the cavern wall. He's out cold.

Sheriff John immediately swings around to light up the other half of the cavern, observing the mutilated corpses.

After thoroughly checking the cavern he rushes over to the side of Officer Mark.

Sheriff John sets the flashlight down on its end to where the light shines up to the ceiling, slightly illuminating the cavern. Then he places his gun in its holster. He gently shakes Officer Mark.

Officer Mark awakens in a daze and looks up weakly at Sheriff John.

Sheriff John places his hand on Officer Mark's shoulder.

SHERIFF JOHN

Hold on Mark, you're gonna be alright.

Officer Mark starts trembling in fear. He expresses a look of panic and terror.

Sheriff John tries to comfort him.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

Mark, it's me.

Looking straight at Sheriff John in a complete panic, Officer Mark starts grunting like he's even more afraid.

OFFICER MARK'S POV

Directly behind Sheriff John, in the dimly lit background, is the Anonymous Figure/Killer. Unnoticed by Sheriff John, he's quietly sneaking down from a small cranny near the top of the cavern; the police hat pulled down so his identity can't be revealed.

ALL AT ONCE

Sheriff John realizes that it's not him that Officer Mark is afraid of; it's something behind him.

In a flash, Sheriff John grabs his gun and swings around with it extended. Just before he gets turned all the way around, the Anonymous Figure/Killer jumps down kicking him up against the wall.

Sheriff John bounces hard off the cavern wall, causing him to drop his gun and kick over the flashlight to where is pointing towards him. He lands forward on his hands and knees, shaking his head as if to keep himself from passing out.

His gun is lying right next to him. He quickly retrieves it and FIRES several shots into the darkness. The FLASH from his shots show, in increments, the back of the Anonymous Figure/Killer quickly exiting the cavern.

Sheriff John grabs the flashlight and pulls himself to his feet. Still hurting, he limps over to the cavern exit. He cautiously peeks down the cave tunnel and then enters into it. He limps through the cave in much the same manner that he came in, very skillfully and cautiously.

He exits the dark cave, passing under the waterfall out into the ILLUMINATING SUNSHINE.

EXT. WATERFALL - SAME TIME

Sheriff John rubs his eyes vigorously to adjust them to the BRIGHTNESS of the outdoors. Then, looking all around him, he sees no sign of the Anonymous Figure/Killer anywhere.

He quickly limps passed Officer Steve, over to the edge of the river and closely examines it downstream.

Nothing.

Then with his gun extended, he swings around taking a quick overview of the area all around him. Still he sees nothing.

Frustrated, he lowers his gun and reaches for his radio but can't find it. He looks down at his side to find an empty holster where the radio used to be.

Puzzled, he thinks for a moment and then looks over at the river realizing he must have lost it when he jumped into the river.

His face boils with anger and frustration as he lets out a YELL.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

ANGLE ON a woman's hands pouring cream into a steaming cup of coffee. One hand stirs the coffee, and then places the stirrer on the counter near a coffee maker and other condiments.

Then both hands pick up the cup of coffee and carry it past several office cubicles, where officers and detectives are busy at work.

The coffee is carried down a hallway to a private door at the end. One of the lady's hands opens the door, revealing a typical interrogation room.

A YOUNG MAN is sitting at a table with his back to the door. On either side of him sit two DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN, also with their backs to the door.

Sitting opposite from the young man is an extremely upset Sheriff John. He's in the process of interrogating the young man.

The cup of coffee is handed to an OFFICER standing near the door. The officer thanks her quietly as he shuts the door and she removes herself from the scene.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Another OFFICER stands in the opposite corner of the room.

ANGLE ON Sheriff John.

SHERIFF JOHN

I do have to hand it to you though; you had us completely fooled. Playing off the wolf attack that took place some twenty years ago was ingenious. Hell the wolf costume itself is ingenious. Talk about the perfect disguise. There's just one thing I don't understand: Everything was calculated and executed so perfectly, but yet you neglected to lay any tracks on the other side of the river. Had you done that, we probably never would have found that cave.

Sheriff John's POV reveals that the young man is Fred Johnson. The distinguished gentlemen at his side are his LAWYERS.

FRED

It's like I told you earlier, I DIDN'T FUCKING DO IT! Why in the hell would I murder my own friends?

SHERIFF JOHN

I'm glad you asked.

Sheriff John pulls a letter out from inside a folder that's sitting on the desk in front of him. Then sets it down in front of Fred.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

This is a copy of a letter we found in Christine's room. She wrote it just before she was murdered a couple nights ago. This would definitely explain your motive.

One of Fred's lawyers snatches up the letter and glances over it. Then places it back in front of Fred.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

Go ahead, read it.

Fred looks over at his lawyer for approval and the lawyer gives him a slight nod.

Fred wearily reads the letter to himself.

After a few moments Fred places the letter on the table and looks up at Sheriff John. Fred's a little spacey from taking in so much information.

FRED JOHNSON

It's true. I did get accepted into Harvard's medical program, I found out two days ago. And I will receive my trust fund. But I never told Carrie to meet me at our "secret" place. Yeah we did have a secluded spring that we met at to have sex. But I didn't ask her to meet me that day. We hadn't met at that place for months. And as far as me telling Christine to meet me at the library that night...it's like I told you before, I got the exact same e-mail from her to meet her. Someone set us up, and that same someone is trying to frame the murders on me.

SHERIFF JOHN

Then how do explain the fact that your fingerprints, and only your fingerprints, are in the interior of the beast suit.

FRED JOHNSON

I don't know. I know it sounds crazy. But there's something I didn't tell you before because I feared that it might jeopardize my acceptance into Harvard.

(MORE)

FRED JOHNSON (CONT'D)

But now that Christine mentioned it in her letter and the fact that I'm looking more guilty by the minute; I will tell you the whole story about what happened three years ago.

LAWYER #1

Fred, I advise that you not say anything.

Fred looks at his lawyer.

FRED JOHNSON

I have to. I have to explain why this guy murdered my friends and is trying to frame the murders on me.

LAWYER #1 gives him a look as he doesn't approve.

Fred turns back to Sheriff John, takes in a deep breath and releases it.

FRED JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Every year around this time the Sigma Chi Fraternity throws a big "Swing into Spring" party. We didn't have one this year because, well you know. But it's been a tradition going way back. The Sigma Chi brothers and the Delta Zeta sisters get together to welcome spring. Well three years ago at this party, my freshman year, something happened that I'm not the least bit proud of.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, LIVING AREA, "SWING INTO SPRING" PARTY - THREE YEARS AGO (NIGHT)

Music booms. Young, attractive men and women are drinking and dancing and having a good time. Several couples are making out in various places.

The front door opens to reveal...

RACHEL MOCHEZCKY, an incredibly sexy brunette wearing high heels and a silky flowered mini dress.

Drunk and slightly awkward, she struts across the room to Fred Johnson who's having a conversation with a couple of his BROTHERS.

She taps him on the shoulder to get his attention.

RACHEL
Can I talk to you for a minute?

Fred turns around, pleasantly surprised.

FRED
Absolutely.

Fred turns to the two brothers.

FRED (CONT'D)
I'll catch up with you guys later.

Fred turns back to Rachel as the two brothers walk off.

FRED (CONT'D)
What's up?

Rachel leans in and whispers sensually in his ear.

RACHEL
Do you want your wettest dreams of
me to become reality tonight?

Absolutely flabbergasted, Fred expresses a look as if he'd just won the lottery.

FRED
I'd give my left nut; I mean, I'd
love too.

Rachel smiles sensually.

RACHEL
Why don't you go make us a couple
of drinks and meet me back here.

FRED
I'm all over it.

Fred turns and walks towards the kitchen.

RACHEL
Oh and Fred, don't make me wait.

FRED
Don't you worry, I won't.

Fred scrambles off to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Fred enters the kitchen to find Jason Behren and Michael Hill exchanging blows to each other's stomachs.

FRED
What's up guys?

JASON
What's up man?

MICHAEL
Wzup?

Fred grabs two cups of ice and starts preparing the alcoholic drinks as Jason and Michael continue to punch each other in the stomach.

FRED
You'll never guess who I'm getting ready to hook up with.

Jason and Michael stop their tests of manhood.

MICHAEL
Who, Jason's mom?

Jason laughs sarcastically.

FRED
No man, I had her last night.
That shit was good but man did it stink.

Michael laughs as he slaps hands with Fred.

Again, Jason laughs sarcastically, not having an immediate comeback.

FRED (CONT'D)
Tonight it's none other than the previously unattainable Rachel Mochezcky.

MICHAEL
Whatever.

FRED
Take a peek for yourselves boys.

Michael and Jason scurry over to the swinging door and crack it open just enough to see Rachel waiting impatiently.

Jason runs over to Fred and puts his massive arm around Fred's neck.

JASON
Dude you lucky dog.

Michael walks over to them, thinking.

MICHAEL
If we play our cards right, we can
all three be lucky dogs.

FRED
What?

MICHAEL
Don't get mad, I'm just
saying...you've heard the stories,
you know she likes to party.

FRED
Michael, don't take this the wrong
way but fuck off.

Michael's nostrils flare as his jaw muscles flex.

Fred picks up the drinks and prepares to head towards the door.

Jason stops him.

JASON
Come on Fred, you know she'd be
game and besides, it's not like
she's going to want to have
anything to do with you after
tonight anyway.

Jason holds his two fingers up pinching an inch and looks down at Fred's private area.

JASON (CONT'D)
Especially after she finds out
about little Fred.

Michael laughs. Fred smiles.

MICHAEL
A night like tonight is how Sigma
legends are made. Let's make this
our night.

Fred thinks for a moment and then looks at his two brothers, smiling.

FRED
Let's do it.

Jason and Michael cheer with excitement.

FRED (CONT'D)
Take the back stairs to my room and hide in the closet. Don't come out until I give you the cue. And I'm only going to give you a cue if I think she's feeling it, all right.

MICHAEL
Fair enough.

Michael and Jason scurry up the back stairs.

INT. LIVING AREA

Fred rejoins Rachel in the front room.

RACHEL
You almost lost your chance.

FRED
I'm sorry, it won't happen again.

RACHEL
Your right, it probably won't.

They share a smile. Rachel grabs his hand and leads him up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY, SECOND FLOOR

They exit the stairway. She leads him over to one of the brother's rooms but Fred stops her.

FRED
Let's go to my room.

Rachel smiles as he leads her into his room.

INT. FRED'S ROOM

Fred shuts the door and DIMS the light. He takes a big swig of his drink and then sets it down on the dresser as Rachel looks around the room.

Fred walks up behind Rachel and starts to kiss her on the side of the neck.

Rachel pulls away.

RACHEL

Stand at the foot of the bed and
take all your clothes off.

Fred obliges.

Rachel takes a swig of her drink and sets it down on the dresser as well. She scans his naked body as she pulls a CD out of her purse, and then plays the CD in the stereo.

She takes another big swig of her drink, placing it back on the dresser. Then rushes over to Fred at the foot of the bed.

MUSIC FADES IN: (MONIFAH, "TOUCH IT")

Rachel embraces Fred by the shoulders and sensually places him in a seated position at the foot of the bed.

INT. FRED'S CLOSET

Complete darkness; muffled sound of the music.

Suddenly, light breaks the darkness and music gets louder as Michael cracks open the closet door.

Michael's POV through the cracked opening reveals the back of Fred sitting naked at the foot of the bed. Rachel is in front of Fred performing a sexy striptease perfectly choreographed to the song.

MICHAEL

Dude check this out!

Jason quietly works his way over to the opening and, kneeling down in front of Michael, peeks through the crack as well.

JASON

She's not wasting any time is she?

ANOTHER ANGLE from behind Rachel reveals the closet slightly cracked open in the background. Rachel removes her bra from underneath her dress and throws it off to the side. She turns around, with her back to Fred, and slowly pushes her silky white panties down from underneath her mini dress. She reaches her ankles and briefly holds that position, exposing her naked buttocks and precious jewel to Fred and unannounced guests.

Fred's face lights up with excitement and extreme desire.

Rachel slowly removes her panties from her ankles and turns around as she stands up. She holds her panties up, dangling them in front of Fred.

Fred smiles with excitement.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND RACHEL

as she throws her panties off to the side. She pulls the front of her dress up, again revealing her precious jewel to Fred and unannounced guests; pointing at it and lip syncing as the song asks, "Do You Really Wanna Touch It."

Fred excitedly nods his head.

Rachel gently pushes Fred to lie back on the bed, and he does.

She straddles his legs and works her way up his naked body, stopping briefly around his private area. She teases him for a moment underneath her dress and then moves on, rubbing her jewel against his body until she reaches his neck. She looks down at Fred, licking her lips and giving him a fiery, sensual look.

Fred gives her an excited and obliging look as she drapes her dress over his head and moves into position.

Almost instantly she starts whimpering with pleasure, slowly rotating her hips.

She moans with pleasure as she performs little pelvic thrusts that slowly start to turn into bigger thrusts.

Before long she's practically bouncing up and down on his face, SCREAMING IN ECSTASY.

She grabs one of the pillows and leans forward, burying her face into it; screaming in absolute pleasure.

After a few moments, she sits back up and starts bouncing again.

Then she leans forward, burying her face in the pillow once again.

When she rises back up this time, Jason and Michael are standing alongside the bed, naked.

Rachel doesn't notice them. She continues bouncing for a few seconds before, suddenly, being SPOOKED by their presence.

She hops off of Fred's head and off the bed on the opposite side.

RACHEL
What the fuck's going on here?

Fred realizes what happened so he works his way down to the foot of the bed and stands up, giving Jason and Michael a dirty look. He STOPS THE MUSIC, revealing LOUD MUSIC downstairs.

FRED
Rachel let me...

MICHAEL
We thought you might be up for a foursome.

RACHEL
Well you fucking thought wrong.

MICHAEL
We've heard all those stories how you really like to party.

RACHEL
Fuck off!

Rachel reaches down and gathers her undergarments, then grabs her purse off the dresser.

Fred stops her by grabbing her arm.

FRED
Rachel I'm sorry. Don't leave;
I'll make them leave.

RACHEL
Let go of me.

She pulls her arm free and takes her CD, slipping it into her purse. Then walks over to the door.

Michael steps in front of her, impeding her progress.

MICHAEL
You'd do Fred but not us. Why?

Rachel shakes her head at the idiocy of the question and moves to walk around him, but he cuts her off.

Fred and Jason just on-look the situation.

RACHEL
Get out of my way.

MICHAEL
I want to know why I'm not good
enough for a loose bitch like
yourself.

RACHEL
FUCK YOU!!!

Michael smiles cockily.

MICHAEL
Fuck me? All right if you insist,
fuck me bitch.

Michael throws her across the room onto the bed. She SCREAMS
as she hits the bed and drops her purse and undergarments.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hold her Jason; keep her quiet.

Jason halfheartedly holds her and cups his hand around her
mouth. She desperately tries to release his hold.

Fred gets up in Michael's face.

FRED
What the hell are you doing man?

MICHAEL
Move out of my way Fred.

FRED
Or what?

MICHAEL
Or I will hurt you.

They stare at each other for a moment.

Fred steps off to the side and holds his hand out as if to
say, "go ahead."

Michael smiles arrogantly and focuses back on Rachel and
Jason who watch their every move. Rachel tries to free
herself frantically.

Suddenly, Fred lays into Michael; hitting him solidly with a
right cross, square on his jaw. Michael's legs become wobbly
as he eventually falls to the floor.

Fred has a look of astonishment on his face. Jason and Rachel have similar expressions.

SUDDENLY, Michael jumps to his feet very alert and smiling arrogantly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yeah right, that was pathetic. Is that all you got Fred?

FRED

Pretty much.

Fred takes another swing at Michael but this time Michael ducks the punch.

Michael hits Fred in the face with an array of lightning quick punches. Fred is instantly stunned and bleeding.

Michael looks at him for a second and then whips around hitting him with a roundhouse punch to the face, knocking him to the ground.

Michael smiles briefly at his conquest, then walks over towards Rachel and Jason. Rachel screams but Jason quickly covers her mouth again.

Suddenly, Fred charges Michael and swings at the back of his head with absolutely everything he has.

Michael instinctively dodges the punch and immediately gets Fred into a headlock. He immobilizes Fred's arms behind his back and proceeds to knee him on the left side of his ribs.

Fred makes a feeble attempt to block the kicks with his legs, but it doesn't work.

Michael goes crazy and keeps kneeling Fred in the same place, BREAKING all six ribs on that side.

Finally, he stops and releases his hold on Fred. Fred drops to the floor, whimpering.

Michael goes over to Rachel and proceeds to rape her while Jason holds her down. Rachel fights and tries to scream but it does no good.

Fred can't move. All he can do is just lie there and watch.

After Michael finishes he provokes Jason into raping her as well.

Rachel is crying and screaming in pain but is drowned out by the LOUD MUSIC downstairs and Michael's hand cuffed over her mouth.

SUDDENLY, the door swings open. It's Christine and Carrie. They're laughing and giggling, but instantly become silent as they realize what they accidentally walked in on.

Rachel runs past them crying and embarrassed, wearing only her flowered mini-dress. Christine holds out her hand to try and console her but Rachel runs on by.

Before they can say anything Michael approaches them.

MICHAEL

You girls didn't see anything okay!

CHRISTINE

FUCK YOU!!!

She turns to go find Rachel while Carrie follows closely behind.

Michael slams the door angrily. He appears to be worried as he paces the room mumbling to himself.

JASON

What are we going to do man?

MICHAEL

Shut up. I'm thinking.

A few moments pass. Michael stops pacing and looks over at Fred.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I've got it. Fred your going to go talk to Christine and Carrie and tell them to not say a word about tonight or you'll have your step dad kick them out of school.

Fred becomes infuriated.

FRED

FUCK YOU, YOU SICK FUCKS!!!

He takes short, quick breaths to try to keep the pain to a minimum.

MICHAEL

Fred, if you don't, I will personally give your step dad and every member of the school board a copy of the tape that so eloquently shows you snorting blow on school property. Yeah, you remember that party don't you? That would get you kicked out of school for sure. Are you willing to sacrifice your future for a girl? Especially a girl that could give a shit less about you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT (DAY)

FRED

So I went and told Christine and Carrie to keep their mouths shut and they did. They had no choice just as I had no choice.

SHERIFF JOHN

What in the hell does this have to do with the murders other than the fact that it reinforces your motive?

FRED

I'm getting to it. Anyway, the next day I was sitting in my room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, FRED'S ROOM - THE DAY AFTER THE "SWING INTO SPRING" PARTY THREE YEARS AGO

Fred hears a commotion outside so he gets up from his desk and walks over to the open window to investigate.

He looks down and sees Michael and Jason arguing with some GUY, so he goes downstairs to see what's going on.

EXT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE - SAME TIME

As he opens the front porch door he sees Michael roundhouse kick the guy, knocking him to the ground.

Fred waddles down the stairs, as best as he can for a man with six broken ribs, and gets in between Michael and this guy who's back up to his feet. The guy is a chubby Gothic type with long, jet-black hair.

FRED
What the hell are you guys doing?

MICHAEL
Fuck off Fred.

The guy, who is back up on his feet and rubbing his jaw, pulls his hair out of his face and screams hysterically.

GUY
You raped my sister you bastards.

MICHAEL
She wanted it and I gave it to her good.

Michael makes thrusting movements with his hips.

The guy jumps at Michael, knocking Fred down in the process. He grabs Michael around the neck and starts choking him.

Michael breaks his hold and punches him in the stomach. Then kicks him in the knee causing him to drop to the ground. He proceeds to kick the guy in the face.

Jason grabs Michael.

JASON
Stop man, you're gonna kill him.

Fred gets up holding his side while watching the guy lying on the ground.

They're all watching the guy to see what he does.

After a few seconds, the guy wobbles to his feet. He pulls back his hair, revealing a bloody, battered face.

He stares at all three of them; serious and calculated, almost psychotic.

GUY
All of you just remember this:
When you play with the devil, you
always invite his friends.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT (DAY)

FRED

That exact same quote was flashing on my computer screen when I got back to my room the morning after Christine's murder.

SHERIFF JOHN

That's pretty slim son; you ain't got shit to go on do you?

FRED

Check into it! Confirm my story about Rachel Mochescky. She has a brother that went to this school at that time. You need to bring him in for questioning; he's your killer.

SHERIFF JOHN

We'll check into it.

FRED

Well, what are you waiting for? Go check into it!

Sheriff John jumps up, kicking his chair back against the wall. He leans down on the table GLARING at Fred.

SHERIFF JOHN

Listen here son; I've got two good men lying up in a hospital and four dead students on my hands. And all the evidence is pointing back to you. So don't fuck with me all right.

Sheriff John stares angrily into Fred's eyes.

Fred's lawyers appear uncomfortable by the situation.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me for a moment.

Sheriff John exits the room.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Sheriff John enters into a neighboring room.

INT. POLICE STATION, NEIGHBORING ROOM - SAME TIME

Sheriff John walks over to a two-way mirror that looks into the interrogation room. Standing in front of the window is...

DR. KIM BRONES, an attractive psychologist in her late 40's. She's observing Fred with a notebook in her hand.

Sheriff John and Kim continue to observe Fred conversing with his lawyers throughout their conversation.

SHERIFF JOHN

So what do you think Kim, is he lying?

DR. KIM

Well, he passed the lie detector test this morning. And based on what I saw just now and the information I gathered earlier this morning; I feel confident in saying that he's telling the truth about the rape. However, I also believe that he doesn't know a thing about the murders.

SHERIFF JOHN

Really?

DR. KIM

Yes, I believe Fred suffers from multiple personality disorder. I think another personality of his committed the murders. You see, as a result of the enormous stress stemming from the possibility that the rape incident could come between Fred and his trust fund; something that obviously means everything to him. I believe he subconsciously created another personality to guard and protect his best interest.

SHERIFF JOHN

I considered that. It makes perfect sense, but almost too perfect.

DR. KIM

Meaning?

SHERIFF JOHN

Meaning it seems too cut and dry,
almost as if he were set up.

DR. KIM

Anything's possible. But if you
want my professional opinion John,
I think you're dealing with a
multiple personality.

SHERIFF JOHN

That may be the case, but I need to
be sure.

CLOSE on Fred's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE - DUSK

MUSIC FADES IN: (SANTANA AND EVERLAST "PUT YOUR LIGHTS ON")

CLOSE ON rear corner of the house; Fred's room.

A single window reveals that the room is lit up, but the
interior is hidden behind a closed curtain.

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, FRED'S ROOM - DUSK

Fred is frantically moving about his room, packing his
clothes and belongings into a couple of large suitcases
spread out on the bed.

A few moments later there's a KNOCK at the door.

FRED

I told you guys I don't want to be
bothered.

Fred continues packing.

Another KNOCK.

FRED (CONT'D)

Go away.

Another KNOCK.

MUSIC FADES OUT as Fred ascends angrily to the door and opens
it to find Chad on the other side.

FRED (CONT'D)

What?

CHAD

I'm sorry; I just wanted to talk to you for a minute.

FRED

You've got one minute.

Fred goes back to packing.

Chad lets himself in and shuts the door behind him.

CHAD

So, where are you heading in such a hurry Fred?

FRED

That's none of your business Chad?

Chad casually saunters over to the dresser, passively examining an ornament that sits atop it.

CHAD

You know its funny Fred; how can the prime suspect of multiple murders get out on bond? I guess if your name's Fred Johnson you can.

Fred pauses for a moment, glaring at Chad.

FRED

Fuck off Chad!

Fred continues packing.

CHAD

I knew you were a rapist, but I never thought you were a murderer too.

Fred stops what he's doing. He looks at Chad very angrily and backs him up to the door, on the verge of losing it.

FRED

Chad, your really starting to fucking piss me off.

Fred glares at him, clenching his fists and flexing his jaw muscles.

SUDDENLY

the tension is broken by a KNOCK at the door.

The door opens and Robby peaks in.

ROBBY

Am I interrupting anything guys?

Fred eases up and backs off a little.

FRED

No.

CHAD

Yes you are. We're having a private conversation.

ROBBY

Which is it?

FRED

Chad was just leaving.

CHAD

No, Chad isn't leaving. Robby's leaving.

Chad, rudely, pushes on the door; slowly pushing Robby out into the hall.

All of a sudden, there's no longer any resistance on the door. Chad awkwardly falls forward towards the door. He tries to catch his balance when suddenly the door springs back towards him, THUMPING him hard on the nose.

Chad instantly cups his hands around his nose as it bleeds profusely.

Robby steps in confidently.

ROBBY

Oh, I'm sorry. I guess you'll be leaving after all.

He lightly assists Chad out the door, closing it behind him. He pauses momentarily with his back to Fred.

FRED

Well, thanks Robby.

Robby turns around.

ROBBY
No problem. He's been getting on
my nerves lately.

FRED
Yeah I know the feeling.

An awkward moment of silence. Fred moves back to packing his
things. He's weary.

FRED (CONT'D)
So what's up?

ROBBY
Nothing. I just came by to see if
there's anything I can do for you.

FRED
No, not unless you want to confess
to the murders.

ROBBY
Is there anything else I could do
for you?

Robby smiles while Fred smiles only slightly.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Do they have any other suspects?

FRED
Just one. You're looking at him.

ROBBY
Do you have any idea who could be
trying to frame you?

FRED
Yes. I know who it is.

ROBBY
Who?

Fred stops packing for a moment and looks over at Robby.

FRED
Look, cut the shit Robby. I know
you think I did it, just like
everyone else does. You all think
I'm fucking nuts.

ROBBY
No, I don't...

FRED

It doesn't matter anyway. There's nothing you can do for me, so just leave all right.

ROBBY

Whatever, I was just trying to help.

Robby turns toward the door.

FRED

Wait Robby. I'm sorry.

Robby pauses at the door with his back to Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

I'm just so scared and confused; I don't know what to do. That was wrong of me to go off on you. It's not your fault; you didn't have anything to do with this.

Robby's still facing the door with his back to Fred.

ROBBY

You're damn right it's not my fault. However, I did have something to do with it.

FRED

What do you mean?

Robby shakes his head back and forth, making a CLACKING noise with his tongue.

ROBBY

Freddy, Freddy, Freddy; you're not the most intuitive guy are you. So wrapped up in thinking about yourself and your future, you don't notice what's going on around you. I thought I warned you before.

Robby's whole demeanor changes as he turns around with a completely (deranged) psychotic look on his face. He continues without the fake, Boston accent.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

When you play with the devil, you always invite his friends.

Fred expresses a look of absolute shock and disbelief as he nearly COLLAPSES WITH FEAR.

FRED
How could that be?

ROBBY
Yeah I know. It's amazing what some colored contacts, a hair cut and die, and a whole lot of working out can do for a man.

Robby takes a moment to admire his new look and then looks back at Fred.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Tell me something Fred, how does it feel to be deceived and violated. Not too good I'd imagine. Now you have a little glimpse of how my sister Rachel felt. God rest her soul.

FRED
God rest her soul?

ROBBY
Oh that's right, how could you know? Six months after we left Whitmoor, Rachel killed herself by overdose because she couldn't handle the shame anymore.

FRED
I'm very sorry but why are you doing this to me? I didn't rape your sister. I got six broken ribs because I tried to stop them from raping her.

ROBBY
You got six broken ribs because you and Michael were fighting over who was going to rape her first.

Fred coughs and casually puts his hand over his chest.

FRED
OK, you got me. But can you blame me? Your sister was one hot piece of ass.

Robby's face fills with anger as Fred casually removes his hand from his chest.

FRED (CONT'D)

Why are you trying to pin the murders on me? Why not just kill me?

ROBBY

I want you to suffer a lifetime in prison because you denied that the rape happened, even after Rachel brought up accusations against Jason and Michael.

FRED

I had no choice...

ROBBY

You had a choice. And now you must pay for making the wrong one.

Surprisingly, Fred takes a step forward.

FRED

Why did you attack the officers?

ROBBY

Oh that, simple miscalculation. I counted on Sheriff John finding the cave, just not that soon. I hadn't even had a chance to exchange the hand grips in the suit with the grips that had your fingerprints all over them. I had to get in, exchange the grips, and then back out without being recognized. So I demobilized them. Don't worry they'll live.

(pause)

That reminds me; do you still want a copy of your 'Conquering Harvard' picture?

Robby laughs madly as Fred's face turns red with anger.

FRED

So you murdered Jason and Michael because they raped your sister. And murdered Christine and Carrie because they witnessed it but didn't come forward.

ROBBY
Your catching on Fred.

FRED
Isn't that a bit extreme?

ROBBY
You've heard of the saying, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Well, my granddaddy always used to tell me that it's, "A head for an eye, and a jaw for a tooth."

Fred smiles confidently like he knows something that Robby doesn't.

FRED
Did your granddaddy ever tell you not to brag about crimes you committed, because you never know who could be listening?

Fred rips open his button down shirt, revealing a wire neatly taped to his chest and stomach.

FRED (CONT'D)
Your busted bitch; now who's laughing?

He rips the small microphone off his chest and pulls it up to his mouth.

FRED (CONT'D)
Did you get all that boys? We found our guy.

A few moments of silence.

FRED (CONT'D)
Guys, did you get it?

Silence.

EXT. OLD MANS RD, UNMARKED VAN - SIMULTANEOUS (NIGHT)

An unmarked van sits all by it's lonesome on the side of OLD MAN'S RD. A couple blocks down from the Whitmoor entrance.

INT. UNMARKED VAN - SIMULTANEOUS

The van is loaded with surveillance equipment.

CLOSE ON large recorder and speaker...recorder IS NOT RECORDING.

Fred's voice BLARES out from the speaker.

FRED (FILTERED)
Are you there Sheriff?

PAN BACK

to reveal Sheriff John and another OFFICER out cold on the floor. The interior is a mess; knocked over things, scattered papers, etc.

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, FRED'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Robby starts laughing madly as he shakes his head back and forth with that familiar psychotic look.

ROBBY
Oh Fred. You really underestimate me. Do you really think that after three years of premeditation and preparation for this moment, that I wouldn't have every angle covered?

Robby walks over to the stereo near the door, opposite the dresser. Fred expresses a look of bafflement.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
You know Fred, in a way it's kind of ironic. Though I'm sure it's not what you had in mind, you're definitely going to be a legend here at Whitmoor that won't soon be forgotten.

FRED
Fuck you!

Robby smiles and laughs madly.

ROBBY
Wanna listen to some tunes? I kind of feel like listening to some tunes.

He turns the stereo on, BLASTING THE MUSIC.

He retrieves a handkerchief and a small bottle of chlorophyll from his pocket. Then soaks the handkerchief with the chlorophyll and sets the bottle down on the stereo.

Realizing that he's trapped, Fred starts panicking.

FRED
Help Me!!! Help Me!!!

It's pointless; the MUSIC drowns out his cries for help.

Robby starts dancing madly around the room.

Fred sees his chance so he sprints around Robby to the door, but it's locked. And he can't unlock it because there's a dried substance covering the lock knob.

Fred turns around to find Robby dancing and smiling madly, holding up an empty tube of super glue.

Robby puts the tube of super glue in his pocket and dances over towards Fred, with handkerchief ready in hand.

In a panic, Fred grabs a glass sculpture off the dresser and breaks it over the corner, forming a sharp little dagger of sort.

Fred prepares to defend himself as Robby closes in dancing madly and confidently undaunted to Fred's newfound weapon.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Frank, the security guard, is hiding in the woods surveilling the Sigma Chi House from a distance.

Frank's POV of Fred's room. The lights on but we can't see in; there's closed curtains on the window.

He turns around and unzips his pants as he takes a leak.

FRANK
Damn coffee.

He finishes whizzing and zips his pants up, then retrieves a cigarette from an open pack in his shirt pocket and pops it in his mouth. The cigarette hits the edge of his mouth and falls to the ground, in the area where he just urinated.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Shit.

He reaches down to pick up the cigarette and the rest of his cigarettes from the open pack fall out onto the urine soaked weeds.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Son of a...

He squats down and gathers up all the loose cigarettes; blowing on their lightly, urine blotched bodies as he puts them back in the pack. He keeps one out as he turns the pack sideways in his pocket to prevent any more accidents.

He stands up and briefly examines the cigarette, thinking for a moment...then shrugs his shoulders and pops it in his mouth.

He retrieves a lighter from his pocket and turns back around to look at the house as he prepares to light it.

ALL AT ONCE, we see that Fred's window is WIDE OPEN; curtains blowing gently in the wind. A rope dangles out it, down the side of the house. MUSIC is no longer playing in his room.

Frank does a double take as his cigarette fumbles out of his mouth.

SUDDENLY

BANG, BANG, BANG...three gunshots echo off in the distance.

Frank looks in the direction of Old Mans Road, from which it came. He looks back at the open window, thinking.

He drops the lighter and grabs his flashlight and turns it on, then takes off running towards Old Mans Road. Almost instantly he trips, clumsily falling flat on his face; knocking his glasses off and dropping the flashlight.

He lies there for a moment, shaking it off. Then, awkwardly, recovers the flashlight and feels for his glasses in the weeds until he finds them; placing them back on his face.

He stands to his feet and then scampers off in the woods in the direction of the gunshots.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Frank lopes through the woods as fast as his obese body will allow him. He's closing in on the end of the woods that opens up to Old Mans Road.

He pauses at the edge of the woods, breathing hard, hiding behind a tree. He looks at the unmarked van which sits less than twenty feet away and notices one of the back doors is ajar but from this angle he can't see in it.

He retrieves his pistol from his holster, examining the situation he talks to himself.

FRANK

You can do it Frank. This is your big chance; now don't screw it up.

Very determined but just as awkward he scurries over to the side of the van; his pants slightly drooping as his tight shirt exposes the crack of his ass. He pauses briefly, then moves to the rear of the van with his gun and flashlight extended and shaking.

The light reveals that the interior of the van is a mess; knocked over things, scattered paper, etc. Sheriff John and the other Officer lie on the floor, out cold. Both of them have bloody wounds to the chest area. Sheriff John has his gun in his hand.

Fred Johnson is out cold as well, lying on top of the Officer. Fred has a wound on the side of his stomach, possibly gunshot. He's gripping a large knife that's stuck in the officer's thigh. (The same knife that the anonymous figure/killer used on Officer Mark.)

A black stocking cap lies, loosely gripped, in the Officer's hand; just off the top of Fred's head.

Frank notices two bullet holes in the rear door that's ajar.

Very nervous, almost panic-stricken, Frank grabs his cell phone off his belt, dials 911, and speaks into the phone nervously.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I need backup, sting operation backfired, two officers down. I mean...I need help; there's been a couple of stabbings.

(pause)

Whitmoor College.

(pause)

This is Frank Laymo, Whitmoor security.

(pause)

Yeah that's right, two officers have been stabbed.

(pause)

I don't know, I can't tell. I'm holding the assailant at gunpoint. Please hurry!

INT. SIGMA CHI HOUSE, HALLWAY (OUTSIDE FRED'S ROOM) - SAME TIME

The hallway is empty.

MUSIC is no longer playing in Fred's room.

Everything seems pretty quiet.

SUDDENLY

BANG, a loud noise extrudes from inside Fred's room.

CLOSE IN

on the door knob of Fred's door. It shakes in synchrony as more BANGS sound out from the other side.

A couple more BANGS, then the door swings open.

Robby falls up against the corner of the doorway. He looks very weak and exhausted; pale faced.

He slides around to the hallway wall, revealing a trail of smeared blood that he leaves behind.

He stumbles weakly down the hall, sliding against the wall, painting a stripe of blood on it.

ROBBY

(Boston accent, weak tone)

Help! Help me!

A door opens at the end of the hall. Chad peeks out, immediately noticing Robby. He has tissue stuffed in both nostrils of his swollen, freshly bruised nose.

Chad glares at Robby angrily. Then, suddenly, notices the blood on Robby's shoulder and on the wall behind him.

He rushes over to Robby's side, catching him as he collapses.

CHAD

What happened Robby? Did Fred do this to you?

ROBBY

Yes.

CHAD

HELP ME!!!

Brothers start appearing from various places: downstairs, their bedrooms, etc.

PAN BACK to Fred's room to reveal an open window, curtains blowing gently in the wind. A rope, that's tied to the bedpost, hangs out the windowsill.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD MANS ROAD, CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS everywhere. An entourage of cops and investigators scour the area around the unmarked van. A couple ambulances sit nearby.

A crowd of students have gathered around the crime scene.

Fred Johnson, now semi-conscious, is being strapped and handcuffed to a stretcher.

STUDENT #1 (O.S.)
Apparently he just snapped and went berserk.

STUDENT #2 (O.S.)
He didn't snap; he planned it all out.

STUDENT #3 (O.S.)
Weren't they his good friends?

STUDENT #2 (O.S.)
Yeah.

STUDENT #3 (O.S.)
Why'd he do it?

STUDENT #2 (O.S.)
Who knows?

STUDENT #1 (O.S.)
That's messed up!

STUDENT #2 (O.S.)
Tell me about it.

CLOSE on Fred's face, as he's being taken away, very lonely and distraught.

Sheriff John, weary-eyed with his shoulder all bandaged up, is sitting up on a stretcher. He's listening to a heavysset man, the CHIEF OF POLICE, bitch him out.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Don't you ever go behind my back!
You weren't authorized for any of
this. I'm going to do everything
that I can to see that your
suspended. You need some time off,
some serious time off.

Chief of Police walks away from Sheriff John.

Sheriff John appears tired and agitated. He notices the
Officer that was in the van with him being carried on a
stretcher. He walks over and stops the stretcher.

The Officer has bandages on his chest and thigh.

The two lock eyes for a second.

SHERIFF JOHN

You're going to be just fine.

The Officer gives a slight smile as they shake hands, then
the PARAMEDIC pushes him away.

Sheriff John staggers over to Frank who's leaning on the back
of a squad car. He's a little shaken up.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

When you asked us earlier this
evening how you could help; I put
you on lookout in the woods to keep
you out of the way. And so you
wouldn't get hurt, just in case
something did happen. But you know
something, I owe you an apology.
If it weren't for you, I and that
other officer might not be alive
right now. Thank you. Excellent
work Frank.

Sheriff John extends his hand.

Frank raises up, standing straight and proud with a glimmer
in his eye, and shakes his hand.

FRANK

Thank you sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITMOOR CAMPUS - DAY

The sun is shining, it's a beautiful day.

The campus is filled with students leaving with their bags packed; some with the help of their parents, some without. Due to the murders, school is let out early.

CLOSE on Robby who's walking across the lawn of the campus. He's carrying a suitcase in his left hand and keeping his injured right arm stiff to keep the pain to a minimum. His right shoulder is bandaged underneath his shirt.

SHERIFF JOHN (O.S.)

Robby!

Robby stops and turns around to find Sheriff John, with his arm in a sling, limping to catch up with him.

Sheriff John reaches Robby.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

I didn't get a chance last night to thank you.

ROBBY

(using Boston accent)

Thank me for what?

SHERIFF JOHN

For trying to stop Fred from coming after us.

ROBBY

I wish I could say that were my intention, but the truth is I was just trying to defend myself. Fred went crazy and started accusing me of committing the murders. Then he stabbed me in the shoulder and climbed out the window. Haven't you read the report?

SHERIFF JOHN

I haven't had a chance yet.

Robby continues walking as Sheriff John walks alongside him.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

I still don't understand why he didn't kill us. He could have, but he didn't.

ROBBY

Maybe he didn't kill you or the other officers because there was no reason for him to.

(MORE)

ROBBY (CONT'D)

Maybe he just demobilized you all
in order to complete his goal.

SHERIFF JOHN

I respect that. And I also
understand why HE would be angry.
But a man can't just go around
committing murders in retaliation
for a crime that was committed to
his sister.

Robby smirks as he studies Sheriff John's face.

SHERIFF JOHN (CONT'D)

I received some discerning
information this morning. Our
attempts to contact Rachel
Mochezcky have fallen short as a
result of her being deceased. We
haven't been able to locate her
brother either. It doesn't matter
though, because any chance of
corroborating Fred's story died
with Rachel.

They arrive at a TAXI parked near a curb in front of the
college. Robby looks at Sheriff John. They look at each
other, both knowing that Sheriff John knows that Robby
committed the murders.

Robby smiles. He hands his suitcase to the TAXI DRIVER who's
been waiting patiently.

The taxi driver puts the suitcase in the open trunk with the
rest of his stuff and then closes the trunk.

TAXI DRIVER

Whenever your ready sir.

The taxi driver enters the cab and waits.

Robby casually looks around to make sure nobody's near, and
then gives Sheriff John a very serious look.

ROBBY

(without fake, Boston
accent)

(MORE)

ROBBY (CONT'D)

What would you do if your only daughter took her own life because she couldn't cope with the fact that she was brutally raped and the perpetrators were just continuing on with their lives as if nothing happened? What would you do? You think about that one.

Sheriff John is shocked to hear the sudden change of accent.

A moment of staring at each other.

Robby eases up a little.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

(continues with
Boston accent)

Now, with all due respect sir, this conversation is over. I have a plane to catch.

Robby opens the back door and sits down in the cab.

ROBBY (CONT'D)

You have a good day.

Robby smiles madly as he closes the door and the cab drives away. Sheriff John stands there watching, as it drives off; realizing the killer's getting away, but there's nothing he can do about it.

EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY

The cab approaches, from the college, up the driveway to the front gate that reads, "Whitmoor College". The cab is wedged between a couple other cars that are leaving as well.

The guard's post is empty.

The cab cuts a right onto "OLD MAN'S RD.", following a car.

We watch as the cab, followed by a couple of cars, slowly disappears from sight.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END