

THE FINAL GIRLS

"Pilot"

Written by

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"The Final Girls" - Pilot

ACT ONE

EXT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

This is idyllic suburbia under construction. A cookie cutter subdivision of McMansions, each at a different stage of completion, each depressingly similar.

It's foggy and dark out. No one actually lives here yet.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
HELP US! HELP!

This frantic voice slices through the silence. Suddenly, we see two teen girls hysterically sprint out of the fog.

This is MEGHAN HOPEWELL (17) and TIFFANY THATCH (17). Two consummate "girls-next-door" that look completely dishevelled and out of breath. Tiffany stops and just SCREAMS while Meghan tries to connect on her cell phone.

TIFFANY  
HEL--

Meghan turns and grabs Tiffany's mouth, staring her down.

MEGHAN  
The only person that'll hear you is  
him. Calm down and think.

But Tiffany isn't calming down. She stops screaming, but is now hyperventilating. Meghan tries to run again, staring at the "NO SERVICE" on her phone, but notices Tiffany frozen.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
Come on!

TIFFANY  
I can't breathe. I can't...

Meghan tries to pull her away, but Tiffany falls to the ground gasping for air.

MEGHAN  
We can't stop! We have to keep  
moving!

TIFFANY  
Stop telling me what to--

THUNK! Tiffany's eyes open wide as her body locks up. She falls forward. A large framing hammer is lodged in her back.

MEGHAN

Tiffany!

Tiffany's dead. Meghan looks up and sees a dark figure coming through the fog. She has to run.

THUNK! A large screwdriver lands in a tree right in front of her, stopping her course. She tries to run the other way, but again, THUNK! Another screwdriver flies in front of her.

She has no choice but to dart through some hanging plastic sheets and enter the large home construction before her.

Back with Tiffany, the large boots of her pursuer walk right up. His gloved hand RIPS out the bloody hammer, and he keeps right on going after Meghan.

INT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Meghan's desperate feet sprint through this darkness. A stray piece of lumber trips her and she falls hard.

She looks behind in terror. No one there... yet.

Meghan gets up, eyes racing for the hidden escape from this disorienting construction area. 2x4 walls are in place, but not much else. Stacks of drywall and plywood lie all around. Makeshift walls of plastic lining create an opaque maze.

A RUSTLE. Someone's coming through the plastic sheets. But which way does she go?

ELSEWHERE in the same development, a gloved hand pushes through one of the plastic sheets while gripping the large framing hammer. Fresh blood drips from the claw.

MEGHAN is now in the unfinished basement, hiding in the darkness, gripping a piece of rebar as a weapon. As she backs up, her foot plunges into some freshly poured cement.

As she lifts her foot, a limp hand is unearthed, caught in her laces. She freaks and tries to kick it away, which pulls up part of a dead body that was buried below the cement.

As the thick cement slowly drips away from the corpse's face, Meghan's expression plummets. Her voice breaks.

MEGHAN

D...addy?

Obviously forgetting her immediate situation for a split second, the RUSTLING of the plastic upstairs stops. Meghan grabs her mouth, trying to take back her reaction. It's completely quiet. Did her pursuer hear her?

Yes. Suddenly FOOTSTEPS approach this way. He's coming.

Meghan frantically looks for a hiding spot. There's only one option... She climbs into the wet cement.

As a heavy boot lands on the top stair, Meghan takes a deep breath and sinks below. The heavy cement settles just as the large boots of her pursuer come down the stairs.

We stay focused on the cement, watching for any motion or movement, but it appears still as we only HEAR the footsteps of this person looking for her. We catch glimpses of the boots and the gripped bloody hammer, but nothing else.

An air bubble raises. Did he see it? The suspense is thick.

Finally, just when it seems there's no way she can hold her breath any longer... The footsteps go back up the stairs.

And just in time, Meghan has to rise from the cement and silently GASP for air. She opens her eyes and sees she's safe. Wiping wet cement away, she starts to emerge.

Suddenly upstairs, there's a CRACKLE. Meghan stops.

Meghan's eyes open wide as she can see that a section of the construction above is on fire. He's going to burn her out.

She grits her teeth. She knows she has to move, and now. Still dripping cement, Meghan walks to the stairs and peeks out above them. Besides the small growing fire, there's nothing. Seconds pass heavily in this stressful silence.

She steps out from hiding, still gripping the jagged rebar in front of her. One step in front of the other.

Spinning around, there's no sign of her pursuer.

As she walks, the light from the growing fire flickers across the plastic. As it flickers brighter, a hulking figure stands right behind her. His face is covered by large safety goggles and a dust mask. This is THE CARPENTER.

Only a plastic sheet divides them, and yet, she has no idea he's there. The Carpenter just watches her.

Finally, a shaking Meghan spots the exit.

THUNK! His hammer flies through the air and sticks in the wood an inch from her head.

She swings around just as the Carpenter bursts out through the plastic. He throws her backwards; her rebar goes flying.

As she's on the ground trying to get out of the plastic, the Carpenter walks toward her choosing another weapon from his fully stocked tool belt. He SNAPS up a retractable blade.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
Get the hell away from me!

He dives down toward her with it, but surprisingly in a swift motion, Meghan actually grabs his hand and drives it down...

Right into his other hand.

The Carpenter lets out a DEEP BELLOW as he raises his injured hand up.

Looking on the ground, the blade is still stuck in the floor, along with one of the Carpenter's fingers.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
Lose something!?

Meghan looks to have a newfound blossoming fury now as the two face off amongst the growing fire.

Finally, Meghan acts first. She quickly grabs the blade and tries to attack, but the Carpenter catches her and throws her backward with immense strength.

She flies back into an air compressor, turning it on, and causing the hose to fill with air and flip around.

Dazed, Meghan turns to look through the flipping air hose. She sees the Carpenter reach in his tool belt and pull out those two massive screwdrivers.

Her blurry eyes notice a nail gun lying nearby.

The Carpenter ROARS and runs right toward her.

Meghan jumps up, and in the blink of an eye, she grabs the nailgun with one hand and the air hose with the other. She connects the two and SHOOTS a nail directly at the Carpenter.

THWAK! The kickback of the nailgun sends Meghan backward, but the large nail drives right into the Carpenter's raised hand.

It spins him around, sending him off balance.

Meghan doesn't let up. She launches a full-out nailgun attack on the Carpenter. THWAK! THWAK! THWAK! THWAK!

His right hand is pinned to a framed wall.

His left hand is pinned to a framed wall (minus a finger).

ROARING behind his mask, the Carpenter is now trapped. As much as he struggles, he's pinned and can't move.

Meghan notices the fire building on the walls around him. Her facial expression initially shows mercy, then hardens. She leans in to him.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Burn.

She drops the nailgun and runs out of the framed house.

The flames grow all around the Carpenter as he SCREAMS trying to get loose. But no use. He's stuck.

EXT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Meghan rushes out, injured and coughing from smoke. Behind her the construction site goes up in flames. SIRENS APPROACH.

EXT. BURNT DOWN SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - LATER

Meghan sits on the back of an ambulance with a blanket wrapped around her, breathing oxygen. She watches as emergency crews finish putting out the smoldering ash.

Nothing remains of the site. It's all burned down. This whole scene looks incredibly reminiscent of about 99% of all horror movie endings out there, only it doesn't stop here.

A police officer approaches Meghan. He looks distraught. This is OFFICER DEN ROBERTS (27), a true kind-heart.

OFFICER ROBERTS

Is there any family we can call?

Meghan stoically shakes her head no.

OFFICER ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Friends?

Meghan again just stoically shakes her head no.

OFFICER ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Anyone at all?

MEGHAN

They're all dead.

Meghan looks at the ash as a tear streams down her cheek.

CUT TO BLACK. TITLE UP:

**THE FINAL GIRLS**

EXT. BURNT DOWN SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - DAY

The whole area is sanctioned off with police tape. POLICE, INVESTIGATORS, and REPORTERS make this area a zoo. We scan by and catch snippets from a few reporters. First, we hear a chunk from the status quo CHANNEL 2 REPORTER.

CHANNEL 2 REPORTER  
 ...serial killer known only as The Carpenter, has finally had his reign of terror extinguished. Quite literally.

We keep moving and now catch the creepy CHANNEL 11 REPORTER.

CHANNEL 11 REPORTER  
 ...this is the third different mass murderer to leave a trail of victims across our region in the last year. All with bizarrely unique patterns or trademarks. With no explanations, people are justifiably terrified, leading many to believe we are living inside an honest-to-goodness horror movie.

Next, we actually cross Officer Roberts, standing with a fellow OFFICER. He shakes his head at the Channel 11 guy.

OFFICER ROBERTS  
 So many damn reporters. That's the horror movie cliché right there.

After this quick (snide) comment, we now leave him and finally land on the attractive CHANNEL 4 REPORTER.

CHANNEL 4 REPORTER  
 ...the sole survivor of his heinous scene, is one Meghan Hopewell.

EXT. WEBER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The reporter's words can still be heard as we follow behind Meghan. She walks across the lawn toward the front doors of her high school. Nervous STUDENTS just stare at her, unsure.

CHANNEL 4 REPORTER (V.O.)  
 This brave 17 year old girl has gone through more in the last week than anyone should in a lifetime, having lost her remaining family and friends in brutal fashion. One only hopes she can move on with her life the best she can.

At the doors to the school, Meghan reaches out to grab the handle at the same time a MEEK GIRL is walking out.

When the meek girl sees Meghan, she can't hide her shocked reaction, dropping her books all over the ground.

MEGHAN

Here, let me help.

MEEK GIRL

No, I've got it. Thanks.

The meek girl quickly grabs her books and nervously walks off. Meghan just exhales and enters the school.

INT. WEBER HIGH SCHOOL - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Meghan sits on a chair in this office, staring at an "*It Gets Better*" poster. Across from her is a young SCHOOL COUNSELOR, whose look and demeanor does not instill confidence.

MEGHAN

No one will even talk to me. They just stare. It's like I've got a scarlet M on my chest. Never felt more alone in my life.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR

It was a scarlet A, wasn't it?

Meghan just looks at the counselor in disbelief.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Nevermind... Look Meghan, people are still adapting. It's a difficult time for them right now.

MEGHAN

For them? What about me? Everywhere I look I see visions of... him. I can't get them out of my head.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR

Are you sure you should be back at school already? You don't have to.

MEGHAN

What else would I do? I'm alone in a large empty house where my dad and stepmom once lived. I'd much rather be here, amongst people. I just wish they didn't act like I had the plague. It's messed up.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR  
You can cry if you need to, Meghan.

Meghan looks at the counselor with a steely gaze.

MEGHAN  
I know.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR  
Can I be honest with you?

MEGHAN  
I'm nervous you have to ask.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR  
People are afraid.

MEGHAN  
Of what, me?

SCHOOL COUNSELOR  
Everyone you knew, everyone around  
you... was targeted.

MEGHAN  
So was I! The only reason I'm not  
dead is because I killed him first!

SCHOOL COUNSELOR  
Yes, you are a very competitive  
person. It definitely came in  
handy here.

MEGHAN  
Handy. You are a counselor, right?

The school counselor looks increasingly uneasy.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR  
It's just that with all the  
killings lately, I think the kids  
are, well, hedging their bets.

MEGHAN  
By acting like I don't exist?

SCHOOL COUNSELOR  
By not playing with fire.

The counselor immediately regrets saying this.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR (CONT'D)  
Poor choice of words.

Meghan just looks frustrated and gets up to leave.

MEGHAN

The others didn't understand either.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR

It's not that I don't understand--

MEGHAN

How would you? You're basically a grad student. It's fine. I'll deal.

SCHOOL COUNSELOR

Meghan, please.

But she's already left the room, leaving the counselor alone. Suddenly, Meghan leans back in for a final word.

MEGHAN

By the way, I used a scarlet M instead an A because M stands for murder. I know the book. It's my favorite book. Don't ever correct a student like that. It only shows your obvious need to be right. Not a great quality for a counselor.

And with that, now she's gone.

INT. WEBER HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Amongst this bustling school hallway between classes, is a couple of BITCHY CHEERLEADERS having a conversation at a locker. While they talk, they're constantly texting as well.

BRUNETTE BITCHY CHEERLEADER

Did you see Meghan Hopewell's here today?

BLOND BITCHY CHEERLEADER

I know! Why? If my whole family was killed, I'd totally milk it.

BRUNETTE BITCHY CHEERLEADER

Check this out. I heard my mom say that they were like downside up on their house, so--

BLOND BITCHY CHEERLEADER

What's that mean?

BRUNETTE BITCHY CHEERLEADER  
I guess the bank is going to take  
it back, and she'll be homeless.

BLOND BITCHY CHEERLEADER  
No way.

BRUNETTE BITCHY CHEERLEADER  
Way. Dude, she's 17. With no  
family left, she'll have to go  
foster.

BLOND BITCHY CHEERLEADER  
Ew, like Mark Barley?

BRUNETTE BITCHY CHEERLEADER  
I know, right?

BLOND BITCHY CHEERLEADER  
No one will take her, unless they  
want to die too. Girl's cursed.

BRUNETTE BITCHY CHEERLEADER  
Tote.

The blond one shuts her locker and they walk on. As they  
leave, we move around the corner to see Meghan leaning right  
there against the wall, obviously hearing the whole thing.

She turns and walks right out the exit of the school.

EXT. WEBER HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Meghan looks emotional as she walks toward the parking lot.  
She stops when she sees a news van parked out front.

She turns and heads the opposite direction.

EXT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

This large suburban house sits amongst many others just like  
it. This area has a lot of new home construction all around.  
A police car slowly drives by out front.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Officer Roberts looks up at the house. Suddenly, a call  
comes through his radio.

DISPATCH (ON RADIO)  
Officer 219, what's your location?

OFFICER ROBERTS  
Driving by the Hopewell residence.

DISPATCH (ON RADIO)  
You're weren't dispatched there.

OFFICER ROBERTS  
I know. Just keeping news vans  
away. Also, doesn't hurt to give  
the poor girl some peace of mind  
knowing we're out here.

As he's talking, the curtains in the upper bedroom window split open and Meghan looks out. He waves up to her.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - MEGHAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Meghan softly waves back and watches the police car slowly drive away. As she turns, her eyes are puffy. She's obviously been crying.

In her arms she grips a well-worn stuffed unicorn.

Her bedroom is a mix of band posters and "princess" aspects that are a little too young for her now. She sits down on her bed where a pile of Shutterfly photo books are stacked.

She flips through numerous photos of she with her dad during various events and vacations. Strangely, no pics of her mom.

She grabs another book and looks though more recent photos. Many of them are of Meghan holding assorted trophies or ribbons. She appears to be successful at many things.

Next up are numerous outdoor and camping photos. A few are of Meghan holding up caught fish. Others show her and her dad in some wetlands holding up a shotgun and a dead duck.

QUICK FLASH - The Carpenter holds up a limp body covered in blood, similar to the picture of Meghan with her duck.

Returning from this vision in Meghan's head, she wipes away her tears and tries to shake away the fear.

MEGHAN  
No. Go away.

She refocuses and turns back to the book. Meghan both cries and laughs as she flips through these photos. They hold an interesting life within their pages.

Turning the page is a photo of Meghan's dad in a full chef outfit, holding two huge knives across his chest stoically.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
Nice Iron Chef, dad.

QUICK FLASH - The Carpenter stands with his two screwdrivers. His hulking presence is utterly foreboding.

Returning from this vision, Meghan clenches her eyes closed and pounds on her head with her stuffed unicorn.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

No, no, NO! You do not get to stay  
in there! You're dead! I killed  
you! Now go away!

SLAM!

This sound came from downstairs. Meghan looks up, alert.

She immediately focuses, exchanges the unicorn for a nearby baseball bat, and silently ventures out of her room.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

After leaving her bedroom, no other area of the house has any lights on so she's venturing into darkness. She holds the bat tightly as her socks muffle each footstep.

Looking into each darkened room, she doesn't see anything. The suspense is thick.

We follow her slowly down the stairs.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS AREA - CONTINUOUS

Following each footstep through the gaps of the arm rails, you'd swear something is going to grab her at any moment.

Reaching the base, she turns the corner and looks into the front room where a large book lies on the floor.

Oddly out of place in this impeccable room, Meghan approaches the book and bends down to pick it up.

As she rises, a SHADOWED FIGURE now stands right behind her.

Its arms raise up. Something is in the figure's hands.

SNAP! FLASH!

The flashes of a camera blind Meghan as she spins around in pure and utter terror.

SHADY REPORTER

Bingo. That's the look of fear  
people want to see. Right there!

This asshole of a reporter keeps snapping photos while backing up. As soon as Meghan realizes what's going on, something switches in her. We've seen this fury before...

Meghan rushes forward and swings the bat hard, nailing the camera and sending it crashing across the room.

MEGHAN

You broke into my house!?

The reporter quickly grabs the broken camera and rushes toward the front door.

SHADY REPORTER

I didn't break in! The back door was wide open!

MEGHAN

I locked it myself!

SHADY REPORTER

I swear!

Meghan swings again and almost takes the reporter's head off. He finally rushes around the corner and sprints out the back door. Meghan chases him all the way out.

Meghan watches him run off into the night. She looks furious.

She checks the back door. Turning the handle, there's no sign of forced entry. And it's unlocked.

MEGHAN

What the hell?

Meghan slams and locks the door tight.

EXT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Watching Meghan's house from across the street, we can see each and every light turn on. It's now completely lit up.

The shady reporter runs by up ahead, gets into his car and speeds off. As we turn around, looking into some darkened bushes...

Someone is there, hiding. Watching.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Various bagged pieces of evidence are all over this room. Crime scene photos hang on the walls. A frustrated and surly DETECTIVE CROMWELL (47) looks across all of it.

In walks the younger, more idealistic, DETECTIVE WALSH (33). He's holding a file folder and looks a little nervous.

DETECTIVE CROWELL  
I don't like that look.

DETECTIVE WALSH  
The last of the crime scene has finally been processed and tested.

DETECTIVE CROWELL  
About damn time.

DETECTIVE WALSH  
They said when something burns at that heat, it can takes weeks to separate normal ash from--

DETECTIVE CROWELL  
Just tell me the verdict.

Detective Walsh looks apprehensive to say it.

DETECTIVE WALSH  
Except for that charred finger bone we first found, no human remains.

DETECTIVE CROWELL  
So you're telling me...

DETECTIVE WALSH  
Either one of the first responders has some kind of weird bone hoarding fetish, or--

DETECTIVE CROWELL  
He's still out there.

DETECTIVE WALSH  
Well, you keep interrupting me, but yes, or he's still out there.

Detective Crowell turns to stare at a nearby photo -- a freeze frame of a home security camera showing the Carpenter.

He looks closer right into the hulking man's covered face.

DETECTIVE CROWELL  
We really are living in a horror movie.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - MEGHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Meghan lies in bed twisting and turning. Her eyes are wide open. She can't sleep. Finally, she just gets out of bed.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Meghan fills a glass of water in the sink, looking out the window at the darkness. She shuts off the sink and turns.

The Carpenter stands right in front of her!

He SWIPES his claw hammer at her head. She barely ducks.

Meghan throws the water in his face and takes off running. He gives chase down the hallway, easily gaining on her.

He raises his blood-stained claw hammer, about to strike...

DING-DONG!

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - MEGHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Meghan wakes from this nightmare. She looks around to get her bearings, when the doorbell rings again. DING-DONG!

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - ENTRY - DAY

Groggily walking toward the front door, Meghan opens it to see a large amount of MOVERS and an older FEMALE DRIVER (50), beautiful, ethnic, dressed in an impeccable uniform.

MEGHAN

Whoa. What's going on?

FEMALE DRIVER

Ms. Hopewell, these men are here to help pack your house.

As a few of the movers try to walk in, Meghan blocks them.

MEGHAN

My house stays exactly how it is.

FEMALE DRIVER

Please, let them do their job. You knew this was coming. If you'd come with me, everything will be explained.

The driver directs her attention to the sleek towncar parked in the driveway.

MEGHAN

I'm not going anywhere.

Meghan tries to shut the door, but a YOUNG MOVER blocks it with his foot. He and Meghan lock eyes. She scowls.

FEMALE DRIVER

I'm sure you are well aware of the predicament surrounding your house, as well as your custody?

MEGHAN

I don't take threats well.

FEMALE DRIVER

This isn't a threat, rather the opposite. Please, my employer will explain everything upon arrival.

MEGHAN

Who's your employer?

FEMALE DRIVER

I think they'd rather explain--

MEGHAN

Who's. Your. Employer?

FEMALE DRIVER

Your new legal guardian. You want to stay out of foster care, come with me.

Meghan stares at this driver, mulling this over.

MEGHAN

Hold on a second.

Meghan walks back into the house for a moment, reappearing with shoes on and her baseball bat in hand.

FEMALE DRIVER

I guarantee your safety.

MEGHAN

No, I guarantee my safety. Now let's go chat with this so-called guardian.

INT. TOWNCAR - DAY

Meghan sits in the back, still in her pajama pants, watching the constant suburbia pass by her windows. Leaning forward, she engages the driver.

MEGHAN

I have 1,000 questions, but I take it you won't answer any of them.

FEMALE DRIVER

Your take is correct.

MEGHAN

At least tell me where we're going?

FEMALE DRIVER

My employer wants you to see, rather than hear. I'm sorry, I'm just following the rules.

Meghan just sits back and exhales in frustration.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - DAY

The towncar drives through this private community dotted with vast properties. Winding through the large homes, the road ends at a set of large gates that open for them.

INT. TOWNCAR - CONTINUOUS

As Meghan looks forward at the mansion they drive towards, she can't keep her jaw from hitting the ground. Finally, the car stops and the driver exits to open the door for Meghan.

EXT. EXPANSIVE MANSION - DAY

Meghan gets out, coated with a look of complete shock.

FEMALE DRIVER

Now you understand why a simple explanation wouldn't suffice.

MEGHAN

If this guardian is some Daddy Warbucks with an Annie fetish, he can forget it. I don't wear red.

FEMALE DRIVER

Please, come with me.

Still holding her baseball bat, Meghan follows the driver.

INT. EXPANSIVE MANSION - DAY

Walking in, the interior is equally incredible. There's a subtle Egyptian influence in the decoration.

Together they walk briefly through numerous of the rooms to give Meghan a small tour. Ankh's and feathers abound.

INT. EXPANSIVE MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

Finally, they end up in the dining room where a nice breakfast spread is set up across a large table.

FEMALE DRIVER  
Please. Help yourself.

The driver grabs a piece of bacon and sits down at the end of the table, munching on it.

FEMALE DRIVER (CONT'D)  
No matter how much your head is spinning right now, I guarantee the bacon will help.

MEGHAN  
I'm vegetarian.

FEMALE DRIVER  
No you're not.

Meghan just stares at the driver silently. Finally, acknowledging her bluff called, Meghan grabs some bacon.

MEGHAN  
What else do you know about me?

FEMALE DRIVER  
Pretty much everything.

Meghan sits down and the two of them just sit across the table, munching on bacon and sizing each other up.

MEGHAN  
You're not the driver are you?

FEMALE DRIVER  
Sorry about the theatrics. But people seem to trust a driver. They don't trust someone who simply says, "get in the car."

MEGHAN  
So who are you?

FEMALE DRIVER  
I told you. I'm your new legal guardian. I'm here to change your life.

MEGHAN  
I don't know how many more changes my life can take.

MA'AT

You wouldn't judge a book by the first 17 pages. Don't judge your life by the first 17 years. You have a larger role to play in this existence than you know.

MEGHAN

Okay... So do I call you Confuscious or Buddah?

MA'AT

My name is Ma'at\*. But most just call me Ma.

\*Pronounced MAH-at.

MEGHAN

Ahh, wrong culture. I should have figured Egyptian.

MA'AT

You know Egyptian mythology?

MEGHAN

Ma'at. Daughter of Ra. Goddess of truth and justice, law and order. Judges souls by weighing their heart against one of her feathers. If it balances she allows them into paradise, if not, they get eaten by a monster and die forever. Did I scratch the surface?

MA'AT

You're smart, I'll give you that. But I don't weigh people's hearts.

MEGHAN

So what do you do?

MA'AT

I keep chaos at bay.

MEGHAN

Can you tell me why we're having this discussion?

MA'AT

Because of you. Because of what you are.

MEGHAN

What am I?

MA'AT

You're a special breed. You're one of us. You're a Final Girl.

MEGHAN

A Final Girl.

MA'AT

The last one left. The sole survivor.

MEGHAN

I didn't know it had a name.

MA'AT

It's more than a name. There's a reason why you weren't killed by your attacker when everyone else was. Why you're able to fight on when other's can't. You think differently. You work differently. You are different.

MEGHAN

And because of that, I'm alone.

MA'AT

Ahh, that's where you're wrong.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - GYM - DAY

THUMP, THUMP, KICK. Punches and kicks on a heavy bag.

Ma'at and Meghan approach these sounds, seeing a very athletically fit blond kickboxing on a heavy bag. This assertive ball of fire is SALLY COX (24).

MA'AT

Meghan, this is Sally Cox, Final Girl to the Joshua ritual killings a few years back.

MEGHAN

Oh my God, yeah.

Sally turns and looks Meghan up and down, wincing at her pajama pants. Sally doesn't look pleased with the results.

SALLY

This is the new girl?

MA'AT

This is Meghan Hopewell, Final Girl to the recent Carpenter killings.

Meghan manages a small wave and a sheepish smile.

SALLY  
Nice outfit.

Before Meghan has a chance to respond, Sally just exhales indignantly, looks at Ma'at, and returns to her workout.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Not impressed, Ma. Thing looks like I could snap her in half.

MEGHAN  
Try me.

SALLY  
You wouldn't last a minute.

MEGHAN  
A minute's all I'd need.

Sally stops, taken aback, and looks directly at her.

SALLY  
That's what Nancy used to say.

MEGHAN  
Who's Nancy?

SALLY  
Someone with big shoes to fill.

MA'AT  
Nevermind that right now. Get back to it, Sally. Let's move on.

As Ma'at leads Meghan away from the contention, Sally sarcastically yells after them.

SALLY  
*Super* pleased to meet you, Meghan.  
Can't *wait* to be working with you.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - DAY

As Ma'at leads Meghan away from Sally, they're alone again.

MEGHAN  
What a delight.

MA'AT  
Trust me, she's a hard shell with a soft center. It's all a defense mechanism. You'll see.

MEGHAN

What did she mean, she can't wait  
to be working with me?

MA'AT

Before that, I want you to meet one  
more person.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Fingers TYPE frantically on a keyboard.

Ma'at and Meghan approach this room filled with computers and  
screens. Sitting behind one of the terminals, bouncing her  
head to some headphones, sucking on a lollipop, is the  
pixieish ANGELA MIKHAIL (19).

MA'AT

Angela? I'd like to...  
(noticing she can't hear)  
ANGELA!

Finally, Angela turns, flips off her headphones, and sees the  
two of them. A huge smile crosses her face.

ANGELA

My new sister!

MA'AT

Angela, this is Meghan. She's--

ANGELA

I know who she is.

MEGHAN

Hey.

Angela's reaction could not be more opposite than Sally's.  
She walks up and hugs Meghan tightly.

ANGELA

I'm so sorry for what you've been  
going through.

Meghan responds to this favorably and hugs back. The two  
split apart and look at each other.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We've all been through the same  
thing. We're here for each other.  
We will help you.

Meghan just nods, confused, and completely overcome.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
 You never have to feel like a  
 victim again.

MEGHAN  
 Wow.

ANGELA  
 I'm sorry, I'm overwhelming you. I  
 have a tendency to do that.

MEGHAN  
 No, it's fine. It's nice.

Angela smells close to Meghan's mouth and smiles.

ANGELA  
 She used the bacon, didn't she? I  
 was so freaked out when she brought  
 me here, but that bacon has magical  
 properties, I swear. It calmed me  
 right down.

MA'AT  
 That's Angela, our bloodhound.  
 Okay sweetheart, I'll let you get  
 back to it.

ANGELA  
 Don't think twice, Meghan. This is  
 your home now.

Ma'at turns Meghan away and leads her out. Meghan still  
 looks extremely overcome.

MEGHAN  
 Bye.

EXT. MA'AT'S MANSION - DAY

Walking across the backyard, Meghan appears to be wiping away  
 a tear. Ma'at notices.

MA'AT  
 You haven't cried much since it  
 happened, have you?

MEGHAN  
 I choose my moments. It still  
 doesn't feel real.

MA'AT  
 Sadly, it never will. But Meghan,  
 I can help you.  
 (MORE)

MA'AT (CONT'D)

That's why I brought you here.  
Together we really can take the  
power back.

Meghan looks over and sees some training dummies, complete with blades still stuck in them.

MEGHAN

This isn't just a self-help group,  
is it?

MA'AT

In a way. We're just a bit more  
proactive. We know the pain that  
comes with being a Final Girl, and  
help each other through issues that  
only we ourselves know, but we take  
it a step further.

(looks Meghan in the eyes)

We track down and hunt these  
killers. Before they get a chance  
to create any more of us.

Meghan's initial response isn't one of shock, but rather a moment's pause, followed by a crooked smile.

MEGHAN

So this is what Sally meant by  
working together.

MA'AT

Oh honey, we kick some ass.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Back at Meghan's house, the movers are quickly doing their job, boxing everything up. We follow the same handsome young mover that locked eyes with Meghan earlier. He scans the house and heads toward the back door.

EXT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Out back, he looks around at the typical suburban backyard. Something in the distance catches his eye.

There, stuck in a tree, is the Carpenter's claw hammer.

The young mover walks up and looks at it closely. It's stained red, and the claw is buried all the way in the tree.

YOUNG MOVER

Oh boy.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - GYM - DAY

Sally sits on the floor doing crunches when her cell phone RINGS. She looks at the person calling and picks it up.

SALLY  
What'd you find?  
(listens)  
You're kidding. This soon?  
(listens)  
Okay. Leave it there.

Sally turns and looks out the window to see Ma'at and Meghan still talking out back.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
She has to find it herself.

EXT. MA'AT'S MANSION - DAY

Joining back with Ma'at and Meghan, their conversation continues. Meghan grabs a knife from the dummy and twirls it in her hands.

MEGHAN  
This is part of your training?

MA'AT  
Our lifestyle. Our mission. It is dangerous. I won't lie.

MEGHAN  
I'm not afraid of danger.

MA'AT  
Your history definitely shows a confidence, a lack of fear, that has benefitted you for sure.

Meghan looks toward the ground.

MEGHAN  
I thank my dad for that.

MA'AT  
He was a good man. Your stepmom too, even though you may not agree with that. Regardless, I am truly sorry for your loss. But you can mourn, or you can avenge. Use their untimely end as your new beginning.

MEGHAN

How do you know so much about me?

MA'AT

Sweetheart, a lady never reveals her secrets.

MEGHAN

So what can you tell me?

MA'AT

I can tell you that you'll never want for anything again. My resources will see to that. But most importantly, I can provide you with purpose.

Angela walks up and joins in their conversation.

ANGELA

She's not lying, Meghan. Ma'at turned my life around.

MA'AT

Your family was killed too?

ANGELA

Parents. Brother. Sisters. Aunts. Uncles. Cousins. You name it. A series of bombs made sure of that.

Meghan's eyes open wide as a shower of recognition hits.

MEGHAN

You're the survivor of the Gadgetman rampage.

ANGELA

I hate that the media gave him that name. Too cutesy for the pure evil he was.

MEGHAN

But you outsmarted him. Turned his final gadget against him.

ANGELA

My greatest achievement.

MA'AT

Point is, Meghan, you are just like Angela, as well as Sally.

MEGHAN  
I'm nothing like Sally.

MA'AT  
Like her or not, no one else could  
have overtaken Joshua the way she  
did. You share abilities.

Sally walks in and joins the rest.

SALLY  
Stop talking about me when I'm not  
here.

MA'AT  
Just in time. Would you like to  
share your story with Meghan?

SALLY  
No.

ANGELA  
Come on, Sally. Can we please all  
start on the right foot?

SALLY  
Cram it, Angela. Go hug a rainbow,  
or whatever you do.

ANGELA  
I forgot that if I don't live in a  
sarcastic, self-centered universe,  
we can't relate.

Sally shrugs her shoulders in agreement.

SALLY  
That's mostly true.

MA'AT  
Meghan, what Sally is trying to say  
is she would love to welcome you  
into our fold.

SALLY  
Exactly what I'm saying.  
(turns to Ma'at)  
Ma, can I talk to you for a second?

Sally walks Ma'at away and talks to her quietly, leaving  
Meghan with Angela. These two talk quietly as well.

MEGHAN  
What's her deal?

ANGELA

She's mean. She's hard to be around. But I will say, you definitely want her on your side.

MEGHAN

She lives here too?

ANGELA

We all do. You will too.

MEGHAN

How does that work?

ANGELA

I love it. Sally will say she hates it, but she'll be lying. Its her choice to be here just as much as ours. None of us ever want to be alone again.

Meghan thinks about these words. Ma'at and Sally approach.

MA'AT

Meghan, I've given you a lot to wrap your head around. I won't rush you into any decisions. Why don't you think about it and let me know. Take the car.

Ma'at tosses her the keys. Meghan just stands there and looks across all three of the women.

MEGHAN

Okay.

As Meghan turns to walk away, they just watch her leave.

SALLY

Take as long as you need. Days, months, years. It may take years.

Meghan turns and throws the knife she had in her hand. It ZOOMS right by Sally and sticks dead center into the dummy's head. She nonchalantly turns and walks off into the distance. Angela smiles. Sally talks quietly.

SALLY (CONT'D)

She has no idea the danger she's in.

MA'AT

She can't know. It's the process.

Angela looks at the knife Meghan just threw.

ANGELA

I have a feeling she'll handle  
herself just fine.

INT. TOWNCAR - DAY

Meghan sits in the towncar, still in the driveway of Ma'at's place. She hasn't left yet. Just thinking.

Finally, she puts the keys in, starts the car and adjusts the mirror.

Looking in the mirror, the Carpenter is in the backseat!

Meghan quickly flips around... but he's not there. Another of her visions. She closes her eyes and shakes her head.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The towncar is parked in the lot. We see Meghan walking across the cemetery in the distance.

EXT. CEMETERY - MR. HOPEWELL'S GRAVESITE - DAY

Meghan approaches two freshly dug graves. One grave says, "RIP Ernest Hopewell" the other says "RIP Carol Walters."

MEGHAN

Hey Dad.  
(glances over to Carol's)  
Carol.

She sits down and faces his grave. Tears reflexively form, but Meghan makes a point to not only wipe them, but also changes her demeanor to stay focused and strong.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I need your help here, dad.  
Bigtime. I'm sure you heard all of that, right? I mean, you are kind of everywhere now, so no need to repeat it. What do I do? On one hand I figure you'd say no. Too dangerous. But after long deliberation, you'd end up saying you just want me to be happy. Or maybe you'd know right off that I'd want it and nothing you'd say could change my mind. And you'd already have me focused on training. But this is crazy, right? So why do I feel like it's my only choice?

Meghan just traces her fingers across the breaks in the freshly covered sod. She lifts a piece of the sod and touches the fresh dirt beneath. She quickly lifts her hand.

Instead she lays down on her back across his grave site, just staring up into the sky.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I'd rather look up at you. Let's figure this out together.

Meghan lies here, looking content.

FURTHER AWAY, from another point of view, someone hides behind a tree. Watching her.

EXT. CEMETERY - SUNSET

The sun peacefully goes down across this serene cemetery. Many of the graves are now seen in silhouette.

EXT. CEMETERY - MR. HOPEWELL'S GRAVESITE - SUNSET

Meghan lies asleep across this grave.

QUICK FLASH - The Carpenter stands above her, driving down his bloody claw hammer.

Meghan wakes up from this vision, and looks around her. She sees the sun going down and gets her wits about her. She looks to her dad's grave.

MEGHAN

I always did love sleeping in your lap. Thanks for the talk, dad.

She stands up and walks away.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Meghan closes her front door and locks it. She tries to flip on the lights, but no dice. No switches work.

MEGHAN

You're kidding.

Meghan clenches her baseball bat and looks ready. Using her cell phone for light, she gets her first look at the front room.

It's completely boxed up.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

That was quick.

Her footsteps creak as she walks through stacks of boxes that tower all around her like a maze. In fact, they're almost foreboding. New corners and places to hide everywhere.

Only the minimal light from her cell phone guides her.

Looking at the writing on the boxes, some say, "BOOKS." Others read, "BOARD GAMES" or "MOVIES." Meghan looks extremely sad.

A nearby box reads, "FRONT CLOSET". This is the one she was searching for. She digs through and finds a flashlight.

Flipping around with her flashlight, Meghan sees...

Nothing. But you constantly think someone will be there.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - MEGHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scanning her room with the flashlight is quite a shock. The walls are empty. Her closet is empty. Everything is boxed. Only her bed remains.

Walking across the room, the flashlight causes shadows and fearful shapes all around. Meghan looks nervous.

Finally making it to the box that reads, "STUFFED ANIMALS", she opens it and finds her unicorn.

MEGHAN

You and me, Corny. I could never  
leave you. Now let's get out of  
here.

She looks over to her bed.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

No way we're staying here tonight.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

As Meghan's leaving, led by her flashlight, surrounded by shadows, she hears a dog BARKING out back.

She looks out a window into the backyard. She sees something and reacts.

EXT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Walking into the backyard, Meghan walks toward the bloody hammer. Still stuck in the tree.

MEGHAN

No. Way.

Examining the hammer, she tries to pull it out, but it's too far embedded. Completely stuck. She leaves it and scans her surroundings.

Suddenly, she looks threatened.

Quickly heading back toward the house she pulls out her cell phone. She sets down Corny and the baseball bat to dial.

As she's dialing, behind her we see a figure walk out from the darkness. She's completely unaware.

It walks right up to the hammer and RIPS it out of the tree.

Meghan hears this, whips around and is face-to-face with The Carpenter himself.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

HOW!?

In a blink, the Carpenter throws the hammer directly at her, SMASHING the cell phone in her hand.

He sprints directly toward her to attack.

Her only choice is to dart back into the house. She SLAMS and locks the back door just as he RAMS into it.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Meghan backs away from the door and the constant RAMMING to get in, she rushes to the wall phone. She picks it up, but it's dead.

MEGHAN

NO!

She throws the receiver against the wall just as the RAMMING at the back stops.

She stares at the door. Not knowing what to do.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sneaking into the kitchen, Meghan scans all the boxes finally finding one labeled, "UTENSILS." Scouring inside, she pulls out a large cleaver.

With this cleaver in front of her, she scans all the windows. No idea where the Carpenter is at this moment.

Sneaking toward the front, Meghan tries to move quietly.

INT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the front, Meghan peeks out the window, but sees nothing.

She quickly looks behind her, but there's nothing there either. She's cautious from all angles.

Finally, she approaches the front door.

Her hand is about to unlock it when, the claw of the hammer BURSTS through the door.

Meghan jumps back and holds the cleaver in front of her.

SMASH after SMASH of the clawed hammer rams into the door as Meghan grips the cleaver tighter. She's ready for this last stand. \*If you hadn't noticed, this is very much an homage to the ax scene in The Shining.

Finally, the clawed hammer SMASHES into the door one last time, and sticks there.

A SLAM against the door, followed for the sound of a fight. THUDS and GRUNTS continue as Meghan just stares at the still embedded claw of the hammer in the door.

Finally, she gets the courage to approach.

She grabs the handle, throws open the door, and raises her cleaver to strike!

But the bloody and beaten man lying there isn't the Carpenter. It's actually the young mover from earlier that found the hammer. He flinches.

YOUNG MOVER

Stop!

Meghan looks up at her surroundings and sees no sign of the Carpenter anymore.

MEGHAN

Where is he!?

YOUNG MOVER

Gone.

MEGHAN

How?

The young mover gingerly holds up a Tazer.

YOUNG MOVER

Carpenters hate electricians.

Meghan, still unsure, keeps her cleaver at bay as she watches her beaten hero gingerly stand up.

MEGHAN

I recognize you. You were one of the movers.

PITT

Good sight memory. I'm Pitt. Put the knife away. I'm on your side.

This man, now known as PITT LYELLS (19), is completely dressed in black from head to toe. Meghan looks him over, still shaken, and looking everywhere for The Carpenter.

PITT (CONT'D)

Seriously. He's gone.

MEGHAN

Why were you out here?

PITT

It was my job to watch you. Keep an eye out from a distance.

A thought seems to strike Meghan.

MEGHAN

You work for Ma'at?

PITT

Surprise, there is such a thing as a Final Guy.

Pitt walks up, rips out the hammer, and hands it to Meghan. She finally lowers the cleaver. She twists the hammer around in her hand.

PITT (CONT'D)

Lucky for you.

Meghan squints at him and shakes her head.

MEGHAN

If I had gotten to him, he wouldn't have gotten away.

PITT

Yeah, you're welcome.

Pitt grins, which actually causes Meghan to grin as well. Even after this, you can't escape an immediate attraction.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. MEGHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Meghan and Pitt sit on the porch. Meghan looks a bit calmer. Some time has passed. Meghan still scans all around.

PITT

He's definitely gone. For now.  
That's how the big hulking guys  
work. They need to regroup.

MEGHAN

So The Carpenter is still alive.

Pitt just nods his head.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

How is that possible?

PITT

The killers we deal with have that  
pesky skill. Forget normal logic.  
You have to use bad guy logic now.  
No matter how much you think you  
put them down, they find a way to  
come back. You need to be 100%  
sure they're dead.

MEGHAN

Being nailed to a wall in the  
middle of a fire doesn't cut it?

PITT

You have to watch them die.

MEGHAN

Good to know.

PITT

One of many rules. You'll see.

Meghan looks over to Pitt, visually sizing him up.

MEGHAN

So what's your deal? You've just  
been out here the whole time?

PITT

It's what I do. I stay in the  
shadows. Or blend into the scene.

MEGHAN

You're like the undercover guy?

PITT

Sometimes.

MEGHAN

Let me guess. You hate your own identity, so you like to pretend to be others.

PITT

Profile much?

MEGHAN

Am I right?

Pitt just shakes his head in disbelief.

PITT

I hate you Final Girls sometimes.

MEGHAN

Knew it. So is this you I'm talking to? Or a character?

Pitt smiles and shrugs his shoulders.

PITT

By the way, sorry for letting that reporter in earlier. I was testing your locks and accidentally left that door open. Bush league mistake.

Meghan actually laughs. A slightly flirtatious laugh.

MEGHAN

I almost killed that g--

Pitt suddenly looks up alert.

PITT

Don't say a word to them.

MEGHAN

What?

PITT

Trust me.

Meghan and Pitt meet eyes. Pitt has a seriousness that rings true. Suddenly, a police car drives by in front of the house. Officer Roberts pulls up and rolls down his window.

OFFICER ROBERTS

Are you okay?

MEGHAN

Yeah, we were just...

Meghan looks over and notices that Pitt has disappeared. She's sitting alone with the hammer in her hand, and a heavily beaten front door behind her. After thinking for a few moments, she covers herself.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. If the bank's going to take it, I figured I'd leave my mark.

OFFICER ROBERTS

No one's been here?

Meghan thinks about this for a moment.

MEGHAN

...Nope.

OFFICER ROBERTS

Nothing out of the ordinary?

MEGHAN

No, why?

Officer Roberts is not very good at keeping things hidden.

OFFICER ROBERTS

Look, do you want to ride along or something? You don't have to be alone right now.

MEGHAN

Thanks, but I'm good.

OFFICER ROBERTS

Fine. But I'm going to be patrolling this area more and keeping an eye out, okay?

MEGHAN

Okay. Thanks, Officer Roberts.

OFFICER ROBERTS

You know how to reach me.

Officer Roberts drives off. Meghan waves and watches him leave.

PITT (O.S.)

They know he's not dead.

Pitt's sudden reappearance next to her surprises Meghan.

MEGHAN

Whoa. You should be a magician.

PITT

You can't tell the police anything.  
They complicate things. We work  
outside the law.

Pitt looks dead serious as he says this. Meghan stares at his serious face.

MEGHAN

Do you have any idea how intense  
you just sounded?

He cracks a smile. As does she. There's definitely a spark.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Meghan and Pitt walk in with Ma'at and Angela. Pitt throws the wad of his dirty mover clothes onto a chair.

MA'AT

Pitt, watch the mess.

Pitt sheepishly picks them back up. Ma'at really has that motherly vibe. Angela immediately gets behind a computer.

ANGELA

Where did you put it?

PITT

On his shoe.

ANGELA

How'd you manage that?

PITT

Painfully.

Noticing Meghan's confusion, Angela holds up what looks like a sheet of black stickers.

ANGELA

Found these babies online. They're  
tiny stickers that give GPS  
coordinates.

MEGHAN

Do they really work?

ANGELA

How do you think Pitt found you at  
the cemetery?

Meghan looks at Pitt. He just nods.

MA'AT  
You're wasting your time.

ANGELA  
How? We find out where The  
Carpenter is and we take him out.  
End of story.

MA'AT  
You won't find him that way. You  
know this.

Angela ignores Ma'at and just scans the computer looking for  
the GPS signal. Ma'at shakes her head and turns to Meghan.

MA'AT (CONT'D)  
Are you okay, dear?

MEGHAN  
Yes.

MA'AT  
I feel an explanation is necessary.

MEGHAN  
No. It's not. You knew he was out  
there. You used me as bait.

MA'AT  
Yes, but--

MEGHAN  
And it was exactly the right move.

Ma'at is pleasantly surprised by this insight.

MA'AT  
Using ourselves as bait is the only  
thing that draws many of these  
killers out.

Sally enters the room eating an energy bar.

SALLY  
And we needed to make sure you were  
up to the task. Which, Pitt here  
ruined. Now we'll never know if  
you can handle yourself.

PITT  
Kiss my ass, Sally.

SALLY

No means no. Stop asking.

MA'AT

Does this mean you've decided to join us?

MEGHAN

(grins)

I'm a Final Girl whether I like it or not. Count me in.

MA'AT

I couldn't be more pleased.

SALLY

Yeah, super.

ANGELA

Got him. He's at Gibson's Lumber.

MEGHAN

Then let's go.

Meghan immediately turns to leave.

MA'AT

Meghan, wait. There are some basics tenets you need to know.

MEGHAN

I'll learn on the job.

Sally steps ahead of Meghan and flips up a jewel encrusted, opulent-looking blade. She twists it around right in front of her.

SALLY

You sure you know what you're getting into, missy? We're not here to apprehend. We're not cops. We're exterminators.

MEGHAN

Do you have the matching blinged-out gun too?

Sally laughs.

SALLY

Gun? Oh God.

MA'AT

We don't use guns, Meghan. Guns don't work against this type of villain. Never have, never will.

PITT

Remember what I told you about bad guy logic?

ANGELA

There kinda are some things you need to learn, Meghan.

SALLY

Forget it. She's staying here.

MEGHAN

No. The Carpenter's mine.

Meghan raises up The Carpenter's hammer.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I've got something to return to him. Internally.

Angela looks at Meghan and nods her approval.

ANGELA

Nice line.

SALLY

Fine. Your funeral. Let's go.

EXT. GIBSON'S LUMBER YARD - NIGHT

Dark shadows hop a fence into this large outdoor lumber yard.

Sally leads Meghan, Angela, and Pitt sneaking quietly through while Angela looks on her smartphone for the location tag. It's just ahead of them. She points quietly. Pitt nods and runs off to the side to flank.

Sally flips up her custom blade. Angela puts on a pair of gloves with long spikes on them. Meghan grips the hammer.

Meghan looks over and notices Angela's deadly spiked gloves.

MEGHAN

Whoa. Really?

Angela just smiles. A glimmer in her eye.

ANGELA

You don't take the power back with  
lollipops.

The girls all sneak forward sidestepping large stacks of  
lumber. Everywhere around them are places to hide.

Sally walks stealthily with her knife as her guide. She  
approaches a tall stack, whips around, but sees nothing.

Angela walks in a boxer pose with her spiked gloves poised.  
She also cautiously checks every nook and cranny.

Meghan stops and scans the area, seeing the girls' shadows  
canvass the area. But she can't see anything.

Finally, she sees movement of some kind. A shadow.

It disappears into a larger pile of scrap lumber. The other  
girls don't see it so she walks that way. Approaching what  
looks like a dug out hole in the scrap. It looks like the  
entrance to a makeshift hovel. Meghan looks into the  
darkness. Her hammer is poised and ready.

She tries to wave to the other girls, but they don't see her.  
Not knowing what to do, Meghan grabs a small piece of scrap  
wood, and throws it in.

As it THUNKS inside, Meghan gets in a fighting stance.

But nothing returns. Finally, she walks inside the darkness,  
just going for it.

She's pulled in! A hand over her mouth muffles her scream.

WHISPERING VOICE

You just died.

Escorting her out of the darkness, is Pitt. Meghan looks at  
him, pissed.

MEGHAN

What was that!?

PITT

You don't just jump into something.  
If I was The Carpenter, you'd be  
dead. Think.

SALLY

Psst.

They turn to see Sally motioning to them as she and Angela cautiously approach a small tool shed. Pitt and Meghan sneak up behind them.

Standing on either side of the entrance, Sally and Angela peek into the dark shed. They can't see anything.

Meghan looks like she wants to just run in, but Pitt grabs her and shakes his head.

Sally pulls out a small ball and looks at Angela. They both nod in silent agreement.

Sally pushes a button on the ball and it illuminates like a little light. She tosses it in the shed, and they all rush in after it, poised and ready.

As the ball continues to roll, illuminating the tool shed along the way, shadows and tools are seen everywhere.

Finally, it stops against the far wall... in some blood.

The group approaches the light with a look of complete shock.

ANGELA

Oh no.

Meghan walks up with a severely distraught face.

Turning to see what they're looking at, we start at the puddle of blood and follow the drips upward.

First, we see some boots.

Followed by a police uniform.

And ultimately to The Carpenter's goggles and dust mask, covering the face.

This body is pinned against the wall with nails. The exact way that The Carpenter was in the beginning.

Sally walks up and takes off the mask.

It's Officer Roberts.

Stuck in the center of his forehead, is the black sticker.

MEGHAN

Dammit.

Meghan looks away.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - NIGHT

They storm into the house with Sally leading the way holding the goggles and the mask. Pitt turns off and runs up the stairs. He's always splitting off from the group.

MEGHAN

Could someone answer me? Why did you take that? That's evidence!

SALLY

The cops will take care of the body. But this was meant for us. For you.

ANGELA

Why is this guy so set on you?

MEGHAN

I have no idea!

Sally shoves the goggles and mask into Meghan's chest.

SALLY

I'll talk to Ma. Take these to the prop room.

Meghan drops them to the ground.

MEGHAN

I'm not your slave.

Sally stops and faces her.

SALLY

No, but you are as green as a sour apple. You need to learn the procedures, the rules, just about everything. Including respect.

MEGHAN

Respect? You?

SALLY

You're not an only child anymore, sunshine. Yes. Me. All of us.

MEGHAN

Another friend of mine just died!

SALLY

Get used to it!

ANGELA

I'll take her. Come on.

Angela jumps in and leads Meghan away. Meghan and Sally keep eye contact on each other until they leave the room.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Meghan looks hot and bothered.

MEGHAN

Ugh. How do you work with her!?

ANGELA

Don't hate me if I say something?  
But she's right.

MEGHAN

What?

ANGELA

What we do is pretty crazy.  
Everyone deals with it in their own  
way. And until you find out how  
you're going to handle it, you  
should listen more, and act less.

Meghan just looks forward, scowling.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'm speaking from experience.  
Trust me, there is A LOT to learn.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - PROP ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Angela opens this door, she and Meghan walk in to see the craziest room you could imagine. Meghan's in awe.

ANGELA

We're just small pieces in a big  
puzzle.

This room is filled with paraphernalia. All kinds of masks hang on the walls. Blood stained shirts, jumpsuits, and every kind of clothing imaginable hang on rods. Weapons of all kinds are in one area, while toys and other trinkets fill another. This is like one large warehouse of horrors.

Angela sets the Carpenter's goggles and mask on a small table by the door that reads, "To Be Logged."

And with that, they leave and shut the door.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Meghan still looks flummoxed. Angela just smiles.

ANGELA

I know. I felt the same way first time I saw it.

MEGHAN

How..? Why..?

ANGELA

Exactly.

MEGHAN

Some of that stuff was old. Like, another time period, old.

ANGELA

I know. Ma's been doing this for a very long time.

MEGHAN

So how does...

ANGELA

Honestly, I don't even know the answers. Ma keeps most of that close to the vest. How she gets her information. How she knows certain things. It's all part of the fun mystery.

MEGHAN

I don't do well with mysteries.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Meghan and Angela walk in to this room, which looks like a large meeting room with couches and tables. Large pictures of Egyptian hieroglyphics line the walls. For our purposes we'll call it the Situation Room.

Ma'at is in her robe sitting on a couch. Sally paces in front of her.

MA'AT

I tried to tell you.

SALLY

I can see you didn't lose much sleep over it.

MA'AT

You girls can handle yourselves.

SALLY

There was another victim.

MA'AT

We knew that would happen.

MEGHAN

How are you so nonchalant about this? I knew him.

MA'AT

Meghan, my dear. I am sorry. But don't mistake being nonchalant with being focused. Sometimes in order to achieve this focus, you need to push emotion aside.

MEGHAN

That's impossible.

MA'AT

Eventually you'll understand.

MEGHAN

Fine. I get it. I have a lot to learn. So why not start by telling me how you knew it wouldn't work? That we wouldn't find him?

MA'AT

The type of killers we deal with aren't normal killers. You can't track them and deal with them in normal fashion. That's what the police do, and you've seen how well their methods work against them.

ANGELA

Yeah, but we have to do some of that, or else we're blind.

MA'AT

We're never blind. We just have to look for the patterns.

Sally walks to a map on the wall with markings on it.

SALLY

There is no pattern. We've looked.

MA'AT

There's always a pattern. You're Final Girls, think like one. You have to use your instincts. They are what make you unique.

SALLY

But look at the map. It's all over the place. Other than striking in construction areas, there is no--

MEGHAN

I'm the pattern.

Ma'at smiles.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

He appears where I do. We can't track him. He has to track me.

MA'AT

Now you get it.

MEGHAN

I have to be the bait again.

EXT. NEW HOME CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

This under-construction house sits silent in the darkness. A gentle breeze moves some of the plastic sheets.

Moving out, Sally and Angela watch this house from a distance. All is still. Sally touches a small Bluetooth earpiece and whispers quietly.

SALLY

Anything from your side?

PITT (ON EARPIECE)

All quiet on the western front.

Sally whispers to Angela.

SALLY

Third house and still nothing.

ANGELA

He's out there. Somewhere.

SALLY

Well, duh.

ANGELA  
She's really brave to be doing  
this.

SALLY  
She's got balls. I'll give her  
that. But let's see if she knows  
how to use them.

Angela yawns, which causes Sally to yawn as well.

ANGELA  
Sorry.

SALLY  
Damn your contagious yawn. But  
it's right. We need rest. We'll  
try again tomorrow. Bring her out.

Angela taps on her Bluetooth.

ANGELA  
We're calling it, Meghan.

MEGHAN (ON EARPIECE)  
Just one more place. He'll come.

ANGELA  
We're falling asleep out here.

MEGHAN (ON EARPIECE)  
Come on!

ANGELA  
Sorry. Patience is a virtue.

In the distance, we see Meghan exit the construction in a huff. She slams the wood with her hammer on the way out. She does not look happy.

SALLY  
That appears to be a virtue she's  
lacking.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - MEGHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Meghan writhes in her bed. She can't sleep. Visions of her fight with The Carpenter FLASH through her head.

QUICK FLASH - The Carpenter throws Meghan across the room.

QUICK FLASH - Meghan drives the blade into his finger, cutting it off.

QUICK FLASH - The Carpenter is pinned against the wall with nails. Meghan leans in.

MEGHAN

Burn.

QUICK FLASH - Bloody nails now line the walls as the flames close in. But The Carpenter is no longer connected to them.

Finally, Meghan sits up and grips her stuffed unicorn. She takes some deep breaths and tries to calm herself.

Outside her door, she hears some quiet talking. She gets up to check it out.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Meghan walks down the hall and the voice gets a little more clear, but we still can't make out who it is or what she's saying. Finally, Meghan gets to a cracked open door.

Looking in, we see Sally sitting on her bed looking at a photograph of she and a another GIRL. A few tears are welled up in her eyes.

Meghan just watches, Sally is unaware she's peeking in.

SALLY

If you can hear me, just tell me  
where you are. Dammit, Nancy. I  
will come find you.

The house CRACKS. Sally looks up.

Sally gets up and Meghan rushes off. Opening her door, Sally looks out into the hallway.

But no one's there. Looking down the hall, Meghan hides around the corner. Sally never saw her.

She shuts the door.

EXT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Sally and Angela are poised outside watching this housing development. Numerous house, all under construction. Tonight is extremely foggy.

Up ahead, we barely see Meghan walking toward the homes. She starts to disappear in the fog.

ANGELA

We should move closer, we can  
barely see her.

SALLY

There is nowhere closer. They  
haven't landscaped. He'll see us.

Sally taps on her Bluetooth.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Can you still see her?

(no answer)

Pitt? Do you have a visual?

(still no answer)

Hello?

Sally looks at Angela with a frightened look. Angela immediately taps her Bluetooth.

ANGELA

Meghan, stay aware. We lost  
communication with Pitt.

INT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Meghan walks through this darkened house cautiously. Angela's voice CRACKLES in her ear. The service is breaking up and is a little too loud. Meghan whispers.

MEGHAN

Okay, got it. Shh.

She then takes off her Bluetooth, switches it off, and puts it in her pocket.

She continues to sneak through the unfinished house with The Carpenter's hammer held out in front of her.

Each board she steps on CREAKS.

Moving from room to room, she checks each nook and cranny. Because of the fog outside, not even any moonlight shines in, creating an extreme darkness.

Suddenly, a figure rushes by in front of her.

Meghan freezes and poises to strike, waiting for any next move. But it never comes.

She follows the figure. The suspense is thick as she moves. Any second something could jump out and strike.

Finally, she enters a room and sees the dark shadow against the far wall. As she approaches, it disappears into the dark once again.

Meghan walks up and turns to see the figure duck away again.

Meghan looks fed up.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Pitt. I got it the first time, okay? Get out of here. This is mine.

Stepping forward, Meghan is surrounded by walls on all sides. This room has no cut out holes for windows or anything.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a tiny flashlight.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Pitt?

She turns it on.

The Carpenter stands right behind her.

He grabs Meghan from behind, his hand over her mouth.

Her eyes open wide, she tries to whip around and hit him with the hammer, but he's ready.

The Carpenter catches it, rips it from her hand, and SLAMS her head into the wood.

Meghan drops, hazy, and out of it. She tries desperately to cling on to her awareness, but it's no use.

The Carpenter grabs her by the legs, his own hammer now back in hand, and drags her away.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NIGHT

Sally tries to scan the series of houses, but the fog is too thick. She can't see much of anything.

SALLY

I'm blind.

ANGELA

She's not replying. Do we go in?

Sally takes a moment to think.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I have a bad feeling about this.  
I'm going in.

Angela gets up to rush toward the homes, but Sally stops her.

SALLY

I'll go for Meghan. You circle  
around and look for Pitt.

INT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Meghan's haziness starts to dissolve as she looks around to her new surroundings. She's in some kind of home construction, but not exactly sure where.

She's tied to a chair in the center of numerous stacks of scrap lumber.

She looks up and sees The Carpenter staring at her.

He doesn't move. He just stares. His grip on his hammer clenches tighter.

The two just stare at each other. No sound. No movement.

Meghan opens her mouth to speak and The Carpenter BOLTS forward with the hammer.

MEGHAN

I won't scream.

The Carpenter stops. Meghan looks astonishingly calm as she talks. The Carpenter listens.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

You can kill me. I just want to  
know something first. Why me?

The Carpenter doesn't move. He just stares at her vacantly from behind his emotionless mask. Meghan continues.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
Why did you kill my family? My friends? If I was your target, why not just kill me first? Why save me for last? Why torture me?

The Carpenter still holds frozen, just staring at her. But Meghan doesn't turn her stare away. She holds strong.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
At least give me that.

Finally, some motion. The Carpenter simply points to her.

Then slowly points to himself.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
What?

But before anything else can be conveyed, something SNAPS inside him and he flips out. He SLAMS the head of the hammer into the wall, driving it all the way in.

He leaves the buried hammer there, just sticking in the wall, as he leaves the room.

Taking this brief moment, Meghan tries to get out of her bindings, but they're tight. She's fastened to the chair. She stands and the chair stands with her.

Footsteps.

The Carpenter's returning. Meghan quickly sets her chair back down.

In his hand is a gas tank. He holds a large screwdriver out, holding her in place, while he pours gas on all the scraps of lumber stacked around her.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
Oh God.

EXT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Angela looks all around out here in the fog. Finally, she sees Pitt lying on the ground near a tree. She rushes up and tries to wake him. He has blood on his head.

ANGELA  
Pitt. Pitt, wake up.

Finally, Pitt's eyes flutter open. Angela sighs relief.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
What happened?

PITT  
I got blindsided.

ANGELA  
He's here?

PITT  
Yeah. But... he didn't kill me.

Angela looks all around to the surrounding homes.

ANGELA  
He didn't want you.

INT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Sally walks through this house construction. She walks carefully with her jeweled blade held in check.

Creaking through, she looks all around but there's no sign of Meghan anywhere.

SALLY  
Dammit, where did you go?

INT. UNFINISHED SUBURBAN HOUSE CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

As The Carpenter continues to dump gasoline all over the wood, Meghan doesn't look scared, but rather angry.

MEGHAN  
Not going to tell me? Too much of  
a coward!

The Carpenter walks up and dumps gasoline all over her shirt.

She stands up with her chair, but he pushes her back down.

As she's close to him, she grabs a framing blade from his tool belt and quickly slices through her bindings.

But as soon as she turns to face him, he SLAMS her in the head with the gas can. She whips back around with the blade, but he simply holds up his lighter. Meghan freezes.

She drops the blade and shows both of her hands.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
Fine. You win.

He just stands there holding the lighter, staring at her. Meghan looks at him curiously, noticing something.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Wait a minute...

Looking at his hand where he previously lost a finger, she notices he now has all five fingers intact.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

I took that finger.

In a fury, The Carpenter throws the lighter at Meghan.

Moving in an almost slow-motion, we see the lighter fly through the air.

In one fluid motion, Meghan rips off her gas-soaked shirt, catches the lighter in it, causing it to immediately burst into flames, and throws it right back at The Carpenter.

Back in normal time, the flaming shirt wraps right across The Carpenter's face.

He flails about blindly, getting the shirt off, but now his mask and goggles are on fire.

Before he has a chance to do anything, Meghan grabs one of the scraps of lumber and SLAMS him in the head with it.

It immediately bursts into flames, but Meghan still holds on.

She SMACKS him again. And again. The flames tickle her hands as now all the rest of the lumber is catching fire as well, surrounding them.

The Carpenter tries one last ditch effort, reaching for his mask, whipping the screwdriver, but before he can get the mask off...

Meghan SMACKS him as hard as she can.

He flies backward.

SQUICK!

And sticks there.

The back of his head impales right into the claw of the hammer still stuck in the wall.

One half of the goggles has burned off, showing his eye.

Meghan looks right into it and watches him die.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
No coming back this time.

Just as his mask is burning away, Meghan leans in to see who this is once and for all...

But the fire suddenly bursts up between them.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)  
No! Who are you!?

As she's trying to fight through the flames, it's no use. Her smoke inhalation is getting the best of her. She falls to the ground.

Faltering on the ground, a flame catches her shoe on fire.

But it's immediately put out by Pitt. He pushes away the flaming lumber as Sally and Angela rush in and grab Meghan.

As they all run out, we stay with The Carpenter.

Flames have no consumed him. There's no way he's surviving this one.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MA'AT'S MANSION - MEGHAN'S ROOM - DAY

Meghan wakes up and looks around. Sitting up, it looks exactly like she's in her original bedroom. All her furniture is there, and even her posters are hung up in the exact same places.

Cuddled up next to her is her stuffed Unicorn. She squeezes it and smiles.

MEGHAN  
Hey Corny.

Feeling her forehead, it's covered in bandages, as are her arms and legs. She moves to get up and grimaces at the movement.

EXT. MA'AT'S MANSION - DAY

Ma'at sits at an outdoor table enjoying a cup of tea. She reads the headlines on an iPad while Pitt, Angela and Sally all do yoga in the background.

He reads a website headline that reads, "*Carpenter Mystery Builds as Body Found in Eerily Similar House Fire.*"

Meghan walks up. Ma'at notices her and smiles.

MA'AT  
Hello there, sweetheart. How are  
you feeling?

MEGHAN  
Toasted.

MA'AT  
How do you like your room?

Meghan just gets right to business.

MEGHAN  
That wasn't the same Carpenter.

MA'AT  
Yes, I know.

MEGHAN  
So who was it?

MA'AT  
His brother. There were always two  
of them.

MEGHAN  
I killed this one.

MA'AT  
Thank you.

MEGHAN  
So where's nine fingers?

Ma'at just exhales and looks at her sadly.

MA'AT  
I don't know.

Meghan does not look happy.

MEGHAN  
How can he just disappear!?

Sally looks over from her yoga.

SALLY  
Hey, real happy that you're up and  
about, but could you keep it down?  
You're killing our flow.

Pitt stops his yoga and walks over to meet Meghan. As does  
Angela. Sally looks annoyed, and looks to the sky.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Sorry sun. No more salutations for you.

As Pitt approaches, he has a large bandage on his head.

MEGHAN

He got you too?

PITT

Another bush league mistake.

MEGHAN

Good to know none of us are perfect.

They smile at each other. Angela walks up and interrupts with a big hug. Meghan grimaces.

ANGELA

Oh sorry. Did that hurt?

MEGHAN

It's fine.

ANGELA

You rocked out there. I can't wait to hear what happened.

Finally Sally approaches.

SALLY

You didn't suck.

MEGHAN

No. Stick with insults.

SALLY

Your hair looks like shit.

MEGHAN

Better.

MA'AT

Well, recover quickly. You have a lot to learn before our next scenario, my dear.

MEGHAN

And when is that?

MA'AT

Never can tell. But it'll be soon.

MEGHAN

Why?

MA'AT

Things are building. There's a reason why all these killers are coming out of the woodwork. Someone's making them. And we need to find out who.

MEGHAN

Well, I'll be ready.

MA'AT

I know you will. All I ask in the meantime, is to please keep your room clean.

Meghan grins.

MEGHAN

Yes, Ma.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM

This mysterious dark room is filled with a huge map of the area. All across this maps are different colored push pins, writing, drawings, and cut out photos.

Some of the drawings appear to be symbols of some kind.

Also, surrounding this map are countless clipped newspaper articles stuck to the wall. Each of these articles are about the different murder sprees that have taken place.

Amongst these clippings, there is an area of photocopied pages of archaic books.

The copies are of different hieroglyphics.

Next to each hieroglyphic are a few news articles, with lines connecting them. It's as if whoever manages this room is trying to figure something out.

Moving in closer, amongst these news clippings are articles about The Carpenter, and Meghan Hopewell.

A shadow covers the articles. Someone approaches.

This figure stands unseen. And rips down Meghan's article.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT