

THE Final Girl

By

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TITLE SEQUENCE

Credits roll over images of newspapers. All depicting mass killings. Christmas 1974, Halloween 1978, Prom 1980, Several killed in sleep 1984. At a summer camp 1980. Doll linked to several killings 1988.

INT. NIGHT

A Woman JESS sits a pen in her hand and a notebook open.

JESS (V.O)

It all started Christmas 1974. A still
unknown man murdered my sorority
sisters and tried to get me.

JESS presses the pen hard against the paper leaving a thick
blob of ink at the end of the sentence.

JESS (V.O)

I spent most of the next semester
trying to forget it ever happened. A
big mistake. That summer my few
remaining friends convinced me to take
a trip to Texas. An even bigger
mistake. In Texas a deranged family of
out of work butchers tortured me and
slaughtered my friends like cattle.

There is a loud knock at the door. Jess puts the pen down and
walks to the door her stride is graceful and confident. The
kind that only comes through years of experience. Experience
far beyond her apparent years. She opens the door. No one is
there.

JESS

Ugh.

She groans, a look of disgust on her face. She pokes out the
door and her foot lands on a piece of paper covered in cut
out letters. She tosses it to the side and returns to her
notebook.

JESS (V.O)

After Texas I dropped out of school. I
moved to a little town in Illinois and
took a job babysitting. Thought
nothing like the previous two
incidents could happen in a town that
quiet. Lo and behold that Halloween a
shape of a man with the blackest eyes

became convinced I was his long-lost sister, broke out of the nuthouse and tried to kill me. You probably know the rest. Mommy obsessed goalies, chicken fried janitors, and a weird number of guys dressed up in Santa costumes.

The phone rings. Without skipping a beat Jess picks it up without even looking. She speaks in a fake over the top manner.

JESS
Who is it?

KILLER
A secret admirer.

Jess rolls her eyes

KILLER (CONT'D)
Have you been getting my letters?

Jess glances over at a pile of letters.

JESS
Yes. They're so sweet. I'd love to put a face to those beautiful words.

The killer gulps, trying to hide his anxiety.

KILLER
I'll be there soon.

Jess hangs up the phone.

JESS
Pussy.

She picks the pen back up.

JESS (V.O)
They all talk a big game but none of them are anything special. The real inventive creeps all died off years ago. That's why all the movie's based on my life dried up. That's when I decided to write this book. I know by this point what you must be thinking. This girl is crazy. No way that all happened to one person! Well I might

be just a little bit crazy, doesn't make my story any less true.

Rustling is heard outside the house.

JESS (V.O)

It's almost time, so I have to be quick. The most important thing I've learned from all this is no matter where I live or how I change my appearance these freaks are drawn to me like a fish to a lure. So I ran with it. I hunted monsters anywhere, everywhere. I sold the rights to my stories to the next Hollywood producer looking for their big break. I put on a new name, a new face and then I move on to the next one. It's lonely but if it prevents anyone else from turning into my friends, it's worth it.

The power cuts off. Jess lights a candle.

JESS (V.O)

Well, that's my cue. Be back soon.

Jess sets down the pen and gently closes the notebook. Gets out of her chair and starts towards the noise. She puts back on the voice from before.

JESS

Hello?

No answer. Jess continues through the house. A shadow dances across the wall.

JESS

Is somebody there?

No answer.

JESS

I have a gun in the house.

Silence.

JESS (V.O)

No I don't. Gun's never seem to work on these guys. At best it slows them down. He doesn't know that though.

JESS
I'm calling the police.

Nothing.

A figure slowly stands up behind her.

JESS (V.O)
Wait.

Jess spins around quickly. The killer now behind her wearing a goofy mask. He swings a knife at her but she gives him a palm strike to the chin before he can do any damage. He slips with the knife and cuts her shirt. Dribbles of blood leak out.

JESS (V.O)
Damn I liked this shirt.

He rears back again with knife. JESS grabs him by the arm and tries to wrestle the knife away. He overpowers her the knife slowly plunging into her shoulder. JESS grits her teeth hard, and lets out a growl.

JESS (V.O)
That never gets any easier.

KILLER
Stop fighting. It'll be easier that way.

JESS
In your dreams.

JESS summons her strength and pulls the knife out of her shoulder and then she knees him in the groin. The killer drops to the floor.

Knife still in hand the killer takes a swipe at her leg drawing blood.

She kicks him in the face. He recoils in pain dropping the knife. JESS goes to pick it up but he grabs her by the leg. She comes down hard on one leg. The sound of bones crunching is heard. She yells in pain.

JESS (V.O)
Son of a bitch.

He begins to crawl toward her inch by inch.

KILLER

It wasn't supposed to go like this.
You didn't have to make it so
difficult.

JESS (V.O)

He has a point this should have been
cleaner. Definitely not my best work.
I'm out of practice.

He begins to crawl on top of her. She wiggles her fingers
inching the knife toward herself. She grabs hold of it swings
her arm and drives the knife into the small of his back.

Blood leaks out of his mouth.

JESS

Oh, gross. Get off.

She rolls him off of herself and the sound of the knife
plunging deeper is heard.

Jess stands up and looks down at the man on the floor choking
on his own blood.

JESS

A potato sack mask and a kitchen
knife. At least you nut jobs used to
be creative. No wonder no one wants to
buy these movies from me anymore.

She kicks him.

JESS

Good riddance asshole.

He sits up and tries to grab her one last time but falls down
again the knife disappearing under him.

Jess goes back to the desk opens the notebook and picks up
the pen.

JESS (V.O)

I let myself get rusty, but it worked
out ok another one is dead. No
audience is going to give two shits
but there are more important things
then money. Leg hurts like hell.

Jess picks up the notebook. Walks out of the house and into
the distance. Her leg snapping back into place on it's own

and limping less and less with each step.

CREDITS: