

Objective 3  
rough draft  
(some of it)

By

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EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT- NIGHT

The school's parking lot is filled up to capacity.

FOCUS ON a sign at the front door.

**Miss Movie Star Beauty Pageant**

**Tonight at 9 pm.**

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM- CONTINUOUS

The auditorium seems even more filled than the parking lot itself.

"Blue" by **La Tour** can be heard faintly heard playing in the background as the camera tracks around the auditorium.

The camera shows much of the audience appearing to be restless.

Many continue to check their watches and one or two shout things at host JACK STEWART, who continuously paces back and forth on the stage.

The camera tracks over to the clock and ZOOM IN on the time.

**9:15 P.M.**

INT. BACK STAGE- CONTINUOUS

"Blue" is playing even louder now on a boom box in the center of the room.

Five girls are all dancing to the music and are dressed as, Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz, Trinity from The Matrix, Laurie Strode from Halloween, Casey Becker from Scream, and Clear Rivers from Final Destination.

Over by a table is KRISTEN JAY; 17, brunette, and stunningly beautiful.

She is dressed as Sharon Stone's character from Basic Instinct, Catherine Tramell, during the club scene.

She is even impatiently hacking away at a block of ice with an ice pick.

DIANA

What did that ice ever do to you?

(CONTINUED)

Kristen stops stabbing the ice. She looks behind her at friend, DIANA LANG.

Dressed as Katniss Everdeen from when she enters the games, she seems significantly more tomboyish than Kristen.

KRISTEN

I don't like to be kept waiting.

Kristen stabs into the ice again.

DIANA

I'm sure whatever reason they have for not starting the pageant on time...

Kristen holds the ice pick up to Diana's neck

KRISTEN

You do not keep Catherine Tramell waiting.

Diana's eyes stare down at Kristen's weapon of choice.

DIANA

...is that a real ice pick.

KRISTEN

Maybe. Would you like to find out.

Kristen spins the ice pick in her right hand, while undoing Diana's hair clip with her left.

Diana's long blonde hair falls to her shoulders and Kristen runs her hand through it slowly.

Diana laughs and steals the ice pick right from Kristen's hand.

DIANA

Business before pleasure, Ms. Tramell.

They both laugh and Diana hands Kristen back the ice pick.

DIANA (CONT'D)

By the way. Have you seen my arrows? I've looked everywhere for them, but they...

KRISTEN

(interrupts)

You brought arrows?

DIANA

You brought an ice pick.

KRISTEN

Touche

As the women laugh again, Jack sprints backstage, slides to a stop by the boom box, shuts it off, and then falls to the floor out of breathe.

DIANA

Hey! What gives Mr. Stewart?

JACK

(out of breathe)

What gives is that we have an angry crowd outside in the auditorium. I'm almost certain that I saw several of them armed with vegetables and fruit ready to throw at me.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Well then why don't we start?

JACK

Start!? Haven't you noticed that there's a small matter of...half the contestants are missing!

DIANA

How could they be missing?

JACK

I don't know. But if they don't show up soon...

KRISTEN

(interrupts)

Don't have a conniption on us. They're probably still all changing in the bathroom. Diana and I'll go see if they're there.

With no more words the girls lock arms and head off while the girl dressed as Dorothy whistles **"We're Off to See the Wizard."**

Her friends all stare at her and she quickly stops. They then direct their gazes at Jack.

(CONTINUED)

JACK  
...what?

INT. GIRL'S RESTROOM- CONTINUOUS

DIANA  
If any of you girls are still  
getting ready...

The bathroom is entirely deserted.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Did all the girls develop a  
feminist complex and decide to  
boycott the pageant?

Kristen shrugs her shoulders and Diana turns to leave.

She puts a hand on the doorknob when Kristen's ice pick  
comes to her throat again.

KRISTEN  
(Seductively)  
We've had the business Ms.  
Lang. Now I believe it's time for  
the pleasure.

Before Diana has time to argue Kristen leans in and fiercely  
kisses her.

Diana starts to lift up Kristen's dress while Kristen shoves  
her up against one of the sinks.

As the two continue, one of the bathroom stall doors opens  
by a few inches.

An arrowhead is visibly seen sticking out from the door.

Kristen begins to pull off Diana's jacket when her eyes see  
the arrow in the mirror.

KRISTEN  
Look out!

Kristen throws herself and Diana to the floor and the arrow  
smashes the mirror above them.

Glass shards fall to the floor and Kristen shields Diana as  
they rain onto her back.

A woman dressed in a RED JUMPSUIT and helmet similar to the  
one outfit by The Bride in Kill Bill kicks open the stall  
door.

(CONTINUED)

She steps out with her bow already reloaded and takes aim. Kristen throws her ice pick, but Red Jumpsuit blocks it with her bow.

Kristen and Diana rush for the door and Red Jumpsuit unleashes another arrow.

It sails cleanly through Kristen's leg. She loses her footing and Diana barely manages to catch her.

They quickly move down the hallway back to the stage while Red Jumpsuit idly observes them escape.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a walkie talkie.

RED JUMPSUIT

Think we've kept the audience waiting long enough.

INT. BACK STAGE- CONTINUOUS

KRISTEN

Someone call 911! There's a killer...

There's nobody backstage either; except for one solitary body.

DIANA

Jack? Mr. Stewart?

He doesn't respond and the girls move closer. They kneel beside his body and Diana turns him over onto his back.

His throat has been slit and the number one has been CARVED into his forehead.

DIANA

What the fuck!?

RED JUMPSUIT

Watch your mouth.

Kristen gasps as her ice pick literally flies into her chest right over her heart.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Kristen!

RED JUMPSUIT

Figured she'd want her ice pick back.

(CONTINUED)

KRISTEN  
(weakly)

Run.

Diana jumps to her feet and runs for it. An arrow sails just by her left leg making her stop.

Red Jumpsuit runs forward and kicks the ice pick forcing it further into Kristen's chest.

She then restrains Diana's arms behind her. Footsteps can be heard as a yellow clad individual walks backstage towards Diana.

YELLOW JUMPSUIT stops with barely only a few inches worth of space between her and Diana and lightly caresses her cheek.

She speaks in a voice similar to Uma Thurman's.

YELLOW JUMPSUIT  
Pleasure before pain.

Yellow Jumpsuit pulls off her helmet and then roughly kisses Diana on the mouth.

Diana pulls back while the viewer is shown Yellow Jumpsuit's wide smile.

She puts her helmet back on and then pulls out a small remote.

YELLOW JUMPSUIT (CONT'D)  
Enjoy the show.

She presses a button on the remote and a trap door opens up underneath Diana's feet.

Red Jumpsuit lets go and Diana falls screaming.

INT. BASEMENT- CONTINUOUS

Diana drops into a barely lit room in the school's basement.

She sees a small T.V. at the end of the room and a message above it written in blood.

**Turn it on.**

Diana swallows and obeys the message. She picks up a remote control and powers on the T.V.

INT. BACK STAGE- CONTINUOUS

Yellow Jumpsuit looks to her right. Standing off stage near the curtain control are three more individuals dressed in RED, WHITE, and BLUE JUMPSUITS.

Yellow Jumpsuit nods and the girls start to pull open the curtain.

A surprisingly thunderous applause can be heard as the curtains are drawn.

Kristen groans and pulls herself closer to the audience on her hands.

KRISTEN  
(quiet and weak)  
Help...me...help...

Yellow Jumpsuit slices Kristen's head clean off with a kitana. and it roles to the edge of the stage.

The audience ceases their applause immediately.

Yellow Jumpsuit casually wipes the blood off her helmet, looks to the audience, and then bows.

The audience recommences their applause. White Jumpsuit looks over at Red Jumpsuit.

WHITE JUMPSUIT  
They think it's part of the show.

RED JUMPSUIT  
Yellow put in all this work. She  
at least deserves a legit applause.

WHITE JUMPSUIT  
You got me there.

The girls decide to join in the unsuspecting audience's applause for the grisly act that just took place before them.

Yellow Jumpsuit stands and catches a microphone thrown to her from Blue Jumpsuit.

YELLOW JUMPSUIT  
Good evening ladies and  
gentlemen. My sincerest apologies  
for making you wait so long. To  
reward you for such patience we'll  
cut directly to the best part of  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



YELLOW JUMPSUIT (cont'd)  
our show. The talent  
portion. What's my talent you may  
ask? Film. A little unorthodox  
for a beauty pageant, but this is  
pageant is meant to be something  
fresh, new, and entertaining for  
once...for me that is.