

"THE FACE OF FEAR"

Screenplay by:

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Daft 2

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**FOR
WES CRAVEN**

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKEHOUSE - NIGHT

Medium-sized. Spacious yard, succumbed to lush vegetation. A lake behind. Woods surround the property. Its driveway leads into a connecting road. All new, yet hauntingly nostalgic.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Decorated with a knack for 'mid-century modern' sensibilities, the interior is sleek with a touch of absurdity : neon pink couch, neon green arm chairs, and a high quality vinyl player stand out.

SCARY MOVIE is playing on the TV - the first one.

In the current scene, the Ghostface mock-up is clasping Buffy's severed head.

Making his appearance in the room is JASON BRYANT (18). Your average highschool jock; black curly hair with a dreamy, if analytical look in his eyes. Judging by his outfit - shorts and undershirt - it must be a steamy summer night.

He is texting, annoyed in his look. Plopping down on the couch, he throws his smartphone aside. Clutches a bowl of popcorn off the coffee table. The phone vibrates.

It shows Unknown. Jason does not seem impressed.

JASON
(to himself)
Not in the mood.

Taking another look at the TV, he fakes a sleepy snort. He appears to be even less impressed by what is happening in the cinematic endeavor. Pauses it.

He eventually picks the other alternative, answering the call.

JASON (CONT'D)
Heh-yo.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello.

JASON

(bad imitation)

Hello, Ghostie. How ya doin'? How are the kids?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Kids? Where'd that come from?

JASON

Well ya know - you're ancient, so...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ahh. Good one.

(sudden change of tone)

You know - the fact that I get to decide how you die tonight, and you are mocking me, sure makes me less sympathetic.

Jason is mildly spooked. Then he resumes his natural state.

JASON

Woah, that was the best attempt yet.

The teenager gets up to check the window bay up front. He investigates the yard. We get an outer view of this, like we are stalking in real time.

JASON (CONT'D)

Who is it now? Freddie, Chandler? or Monica for a change!

(sighs)

Guys. I know i get Casey Becker on every What STAB character Are You Quiz that Buzzfeed shits out, but really - this is getting stale.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Is that so? What would you suggest to spice things up.

JASON

Oooh - be ballsy. Knock on my front door. Burst through the window. Or, shape shift into a ghost child and start whispering ghost things from upstairs.

(beat)

Actually the latter would just be ripping off THE GRUDGE. Fuck all that anyway.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Not a fan of ghost stories.

JASON

I loathe them. By association, miss me with found footage shit-ola. Ill just stick to my slashers... but I am getting tired of the same formula.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I take it you're just dying for something new from me.

JASON

(playing along)

Don't think it's about time, Mr. Ghostface? Break the rules for once.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I agree. A re-imagining is long overdue.

JASON

Exactly! I'd be down for that with the next STAB movie. Whenever it will happen, with those mounting lawsuits.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You have my attention. What would it entail?

JASON

Aight. Here's my pitch.

He lightens up, teeming with ideas.

JASON (CONT'D)

Obviously, the Sydney Prescott is untouchable. Dragging her back yet again would be a creative dead-end.

He proceeds to the kitchen area to get a refill --

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Just as he closes the luminous refrigerated door, a FIGURE passes by the window in the entry hall. Jason is undisturbed without a clue.

JASON

So, go for it - make up a separate story for once. No connections to the OGs. Let. Woodsboro. Burn.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Didn't they try that with the MTV series.

JASON

(rolls eyes)

Keyword, ' tried '.

(beat)

No, you have to keep the basics- original mask and people who deconstruct horror movies, til Ghostface kills them one by one.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I got that reference.

Jason grins lightly. Open a can of soda.

JASON

But twist it up. Be less derivative. You can only do the party bloodbath finale so many times.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Noted. You're very insightful on this stuff.

JASON

I'm not gonna be a film student for nothing! But yeah, a return to form is needed. I mean, A24 Almost Killed the mainstream slasher with their pseudo-intellectual movies that are just the same shit the genre has been doing for decades...Only repackaged for film snobs who run their Letter boxed like the navy.

(fake-gags)

Thank fuck for the new HALLOWEENS.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Which Halloween is your go-to?

JASON

You know it's 2018. Controversial, but that's on brand for me.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

So you prefer the shiny stuff. Does the extreme gore do it for you?

JASON

Partially. Modern audiences are desensitized, after all.

He takes a swig.

JASON (CONT'D)

As much as I adore dissecting horror with you guys - I gotta sign out. See you in the morning.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Wait. Don't hang up yet.

Jason sighs. He knows where this is going.

JASON

Why, is there a another question you want to ask me?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah. **Whats your favorite scary movie?**

Jason peeks at the TV, image still stuck on Buffy's talking head.

JASON

(faking excitement)

The first one! Also, isn't it sad how the general public can't tell between a parody of STAB and the real thing nowadays? Though can you blame them - Ghostface was a fire - yielding hunk in the reboot.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ha. You're funny. But I don't mean the movie you're watching right now.

Jason chokes on his soda.

JASON

Okay, cute 'gotcha' moment. Olivia, since when are you into STAB? I thought you only liked comedies and romance flicks.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh you're gonna wish this was
Olivia.

JASON

If you're testing out a new form of
foreplay, I have to admit - I'm
kinda into it.

(pauses)

By the way... I'm sorry about
earlier. Wish you were here, still.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Aww. This lovers quarrel you have
going on is cute. But this isn't
your fucking girlfriend.

Jason feels a shiver down his spine.

JASON

Then... Who are you?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm someone who is standing at
your doorway with a knife in hand,
waiting to gut you like a fish.

Distress seeps in. Jason looks around the ground floor--

He is all alone, or so it seems.

JASON

Go to hell, you creep.

Jason hangs up the phone.

A KNOCK breaks out! The front door.

It get persistent fast.

JASON (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

The fu-Did I lock it?

He heads for the entrance--

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As he reaches to check the lock, he fails to react to the door creaking open --

Letting a clothed arm to protrude! It SWINGS a sharpened BUCK-120 HUNTING KNIFE at him! The blade pierces Jason's torso.

Jason yelps in agony! Blood dribblets pour out of the gash.

He forces the door shut and locks it with one hand, his other still holding onto the phone. He shoots a panic glance at a nearby window . Nothing but the silent night.

He then starts to call 9-1-1.

Right as he starts to press 9-1-1 -- a text pop-up stalls him on the spot:

DON'T.

JASON'S PHONE rings, making him jump.

He answers as he retreats from the door.

JASON

Who the fuck are you?!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Your fantasy come true. Only you're not getting a happy ending.

Jason squirms at the caller's perverse audacity.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S) (CONT'D)

I'm curious. How does it feel knowing that one of you're closets friend's is going to cut you up?

JASON

What did you just say?!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Come on, we both seen STAB. It has to be someone you know.

(beat)

Or I could be a total stranger. Maybe that's the less derivative part about me. Maybe, I am a guy with a knife who just snapped.

Jason is wide-eyed. He runs back to the kitchen area --

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He grabs a butcher knife from the wooden fodder. It quakes in his bloody palm. His tough facade perishes.

JASON

(panting)

Why me?!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Why not?

The caller gives out a spine-chilling LAUGHTER.

JASON

Fuck you! I'm big and I play Football, and I'M GOING TO KICK THE SHIT OUT OF YOU!

MAN'S VOICE

Oooh, I'm so scared. Here's an offer: you get three questions, which should be you a few extra minutes before I get in there and slit you're throat.

JASON

I-I'm not playing you're freaking
game!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

In that case I suppose we'll have to
cut your part short.

Glass loudly splinters in the background!

It came from the window that Jason was looking at moments
before.

In a horrifyingly casual move -- a GHOST-FACED STRANGER
leansits upper body inside over the window frame, its head
tilted. Stands still, its masked eyes throwing daggers at
Jason.

JASON

What the fuck!?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Last chance. And don't even
dare running either.

JASON

(trying to get a grip)
How-Fuck! Okay, okay... I'll play!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Good boy. Warm up question just for
you: who is Laurie Strode's
daughter in David Gordon Green's
HALLOWEEN trilogy?

JASON

Karen, Karen Nelson! Played by Judy
Greer!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Correct. Now, onto the real deal.

The Ghost limps out of sight.

Now aware the front door is an unsafe route, Jason sneaks toward the staircase.

Blood continues to drip under his every step as he makes his way to the second floor.--

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - HALLWAY - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Just as he reaches the top of the stairs --

The lights go out.

The Moonlight shine through, casting a glow on Jason's ghastly expression. Blue hues bathe the domestic interior, recalling a famous color pallet.

The voice returns.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ambience is key for a good opening scene.

JASON

This isn't fair.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Not supposed to be. Ready for the first round?

Jason puts the call on speaker. Activates the flashlight function, then inches toward a door. Quietly bumps it open.--

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - JASON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is decked with posters of sports legends and some sport-related accolades.

The flashlight passes by a quartet of slasher themed posters hung above his desk:

HALLOWEEN (2018), Original STAB, HAPPY DEATH DAY, and NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2.

A keen eye will also spot pieces of horror memorabilia on the desk, from PENNYWISE Funko pops to a CHUCKY: THE TV SERIES BLUE-RAY.

Jason quickly checks his closet in a hurry to confirm that the room is completely empty.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I consider myself quick-tempered.

JASON

(keeping his voice down)

Ready.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't keep me waiting again.

(beat)

Where was Charles Lee Ray born?

JASON

Hackensack, New Jersey.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Round two. Who was the first victim in STAB 1.

JASON

Cas-NO!-Ste-

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Uh-uh. No retries.

JASON

WAIT!-J

The line cuts off.

It's quiet for a second and then-

BLAM! The Ghostface attacker DASHES inside the room.

Jason flutters the butcher knife but Ghostface doges it with ease! He cuts into Jason's shoulder with ease. The attacker grabs onto Jason and hastily pushes him onto the bed!

He goes for a quick stab but Jason rolls off. Frantically searching the slightly messy room he sees it: A sturdy desk chair.

Gripping it with ease, he slams it into the masked persons chest. The hit knocks him cold. Leaving him on the floor unconscious. Now's his chance.

Snatching his phone off the carpet and hastily putting it back in his pocket, he approaches the sole window - cue exterior POV as it is flung open. He looks down at the humid lawn.

He is about to make the jump -- but remembers something: the butcher knife, his defense. Makes a turn to stretch for it -- the figure scares him.

He falls on his back crying out. Hits the roofing below, then the ground--

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He is alive.

The height of the fall wasn't enough to turn things fatal, but he is internally injured. Coughs out.

Adrenaline pumping in override, he goes for the crook of the house. Dials the emergency service.

JASON

Help-

The figure makes their re-apparition from the corner!

It plunges the knife into Jason's right shoulder and retracts it just as fast! Next it ruthlessly kicks him back with a foot. The series of hits destabilize Jason. Grits teeth in pain.

He flees from the opposite corner of the house. The ghost stalks it's prey.

Jason sees the tool shed that is right ahead. He makes it to the other corner but a knife rips into his left shoulder! He gasps for air.

He has come face to face with a secondary attacker!

Turning around, he confronts the realization that he is being hunted down by two masked individuals simultaneously. Both carry on at a mellow pace.

In a state of hysteria, Jason accepts his last choice: the meadow up front, where the surface of a lake glistens under the sky. A boat is there.

He trips. Looks back.

The two Ghost faces are getting closer and closer. They both like toying with their prey.

Jason struggles to get back on his feet -- succeeds. Limping now, but still trying. The lake gets nearer.

JASON (CONT'D)
(panting heavily)
C'mon, c'mon...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Just as he is about reach the boat, the figures sprint forward without warning!

Jason wails as he gets stabbed by each Ghost once, both of his quadriceps wounded! He collapses. A burning ache absorbs his remaining strength. Saddening cries exit his vocal chords.

His hair is violently grabbed. With a brutal push, his head submerged! Then he is pulled out. He fights to catch a breath, hyperventilating.

JASON
W-why?

Jason's head is again sunk back in the grimy water. More bubbles arise. Then out.

JASON (CONT'D)

Please stop -

Over and over. To the point of exhaustion.

He is pulled out one last time, his gaze begging for salvation.

One of the Ghostfaces brings a finger to the side of its mask, pressing a clear button. It glows red.

The resounding voice comes fourth.

GHOSTFACE #1

For the third and final round...
name the boy who infamously drowns
in a lake.

The jock acts perplexed at first--

JASON

He didn't drown!

GHOSTFACE #1

Like I said, Jason!

GHOSTFACE #2 unveils his knife, thirst for blood seeping out of those hollowed dark eyes. The knife glimmers in the twilight.

GHOSTFACE #1 (CONT'D)

This is a re-imagining.

Jason is dragged back into the water, just enough to leave his throat exposed--

The blade SLITS it with a merciless swipe!

TITLE CARD **THE FACE OF FEAR** pops up over Jason's gurgles.

FADE TO BLACK.

