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# I Know What You Did Last Summer

By Kevin Williamson

1  
see the curtains  
hanging in the window  
people trying  
not alive  
a little light  
a-shining in the window  
lets me know  
everything's all right  
summer breeze.  
Makes me feel fine.  
Blowing through the Jasmine  
in my mind  
summer breeze  
makes me feel fine  
blowing through the Jasmine  
in my mind  
[chimes]  
- [Wind whistling]  
- [Crunching]  
[Rocks tumbling]  
[Birds squawking]  
[Piercing whistle]  
["Stars and stripes forever"]  
[Noisemakers blaring]  
[Crowd cheering, chattering]  
[Man on microphone]  
I tell you what.  
That's got to be the prettiest girl  
we've ever had in competition.  
I tell ya.  
Now let's welcome back  
our six finalists onstage.  
Come on back out, girls.  
[Crowd clapping, cheering]  
There they are. They're as  
pretty as they can be,  
aren't they? I'll tell you.  
We're proud of you, girls.  
You worked hard. Your mamas  
and daddies have worked hard.  
We're mighty proud of you.  
[Cheering, whistling continue]  
All right!

Whoo-hoo!  
God, look at her.  
I mean, she was born for this.  
I had no idea her  
breasts were so ample.  
[Laughs] Dude, she does these  
exercises that pump 'em up.  
Guys, hi. I'm on sexist  
overload as it is.  
Kill the commentary.  
Now, in the spirit  
of mother Teresa,  
what will be your contribution to your  
community and the world at large?  
Well, Bob, at summer's end I  
plan to move to New York City,  
where I'll pursue a career  
as a serious actress.  
It's my goal to entertain the world  
through artistic expression.  
Through art,  
I shall serve my country.  
[Crowd cheering]  
Do you feed her  
this shit?  
Work it, babe.  
Man, they're eatin' it up.  
Look, she's incredible.  
And now, this year's  
croaker queen is...  
Miss Helen shivers!  
[Crowd applauds, screams]  
["Anchors aweigh"]  
Yeah!  
Yeah, that's my girl!  
That's my girl!  
[Inaudible chattering]  
That's my girlfriend!  
Helen!  
[Laughing]  
[Squealing]  
Yeah, baby, yeah!  
My baby's got  
the strangest ways of saying

whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo  
my baby's got  
the strangest ways of saying  
whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo  
a strip of jerky  
long and lean  
serve it up  
with a side of mean  
my baby's got  
the strangest ways of saying  
whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo  
how's my hair?  
Hurricane-proof.  
Hey, it's all about the hair.  
Don't you forget that.  
Especially when you become  
some big hotshot lawyer.  
Those professional women types think  
it's all about brains and ability...  
And completely ignore  
the "do".  
So, the "do's" vital.  
Got it.  
[Both laugh]  
Hey, you ridin' with me?  
Uh, no, tell mom I'll be late.  
Uh, is little miss croaker  
getting sauteed tonight?  
Ho, a twit with a wit.  
Eat me.  
Hey, Julie.  
Brought you a shooter on the house.  
Oh, thanks, Max, but you know  
what, I have this mental block.  
I can't get past the slime.  
How 'bout I take you out  
before you leave town?  
You know, kind of  
a bon voyage thing.  
Oh, uh--  
you know what-- I-I don't,  
I don't think so, Max.  
We've been friends  
since forever.

Now, you can't just leave  
without a farewell, right?

Right.

A toast to us.

To our last summer of...

Immature, adolescent  
decadence.

[Laughter]

[Helen] Somebody's buzzed.

[Laughs]

Yo, chum bait, take a hike.

Hey! Hey!

[Grunts]

Hey, easy! Easy!

Hey! Come on, man.

Barry, they're just friends.

Man, this is tired.

Hey, ray, just taking care  
of your girl like I promised.

Thanks, buddy.

Let's blow.

Yeah, hey, let's beam down to  
Dawson's beach. Little joyride.

Good-bye.

**[The offspring:]**

[Tires screeching]

[Ray] So the boy and girl  
are making out, right,  
when they hear over the radio  
that this lunatic killer's  
escaped from an insane asylum.  
He's got this long, sharp hook  
for a hand, right?

[Barry] Dude, your tellin' it  
wrong.

[Ray] Shut up.

So the girl, she gets all scared, right?

She wants to go home.

And the boy, all hot and bothered,  
he gets pissed and peels out.

[Barry] Wait. No, no, no.

That's not the way it goes.

Okay, the boy goes for help,

and the girl stays in the car, and she  
hears this, like, scratching sound--  
it's not a scratching sound.  
It's a drip.  
Drip, drip.  
No, it's scratching  
because the guy's been hung...  
From a tree and his feet  
are scratching on the car.  
No.  
He's been decapitated, and it's the  
blood from his severed neck...  
That's dripping on the car, and  
it's going, drip, drip, drip.  
No, he wasn't decapitated.  
He was gutted with a hook.  
That's the way  
I heard it.  
Look, you're all wrong.  
They get back to the girl's  
house, and they find...  
The lunatic's bloody hook  
in the car door.  
Now, that's the original story.  
That's the way it really happened.  
Hey, hey.  
None of it really happened.  
- It's a bullshit ghost story to begin with.  
- No, it's not.  
It's true.  
[Helen] Yeah, I don't think so, ray.  
I swear it.  
Please.  
It's a fictional story  
created to warn young girls...  
Of the dangers  
of having premarital sex.  
[Ray]  
Well, actually, honey--  
and you know how terrified  
I am of your I.Q., but--  
it's an urban legend,  
American folklore.  
And they all usually originate from

some sort of real-life incident.  
[Wave breaks loudly]  
[Yelling, laughing]  
So, by that time,  
i will just be finishing my  
two-year contract on guiding light,  
coinciding with your first year as  
starting quarterback for the steelers.  
Cowboys.  
Whoever.  
Then, we can elope  
to Europe, or the Caymans,  
wherever, where I'll let you  
impregnate me...  
With the first of three children...  
[Laughs]  
[Grunts]  
Before you head off  
to rehab.  
And then we can live  
happily,  
blah, blah, blah.  
[Julie]  
Ray? Ray?  
Where'd you go?  
[Footsteps approaching quickly]  
[Ray] I'm gonna hook you!  
[Screams, laughs]  
Hey, ray, you don't really  
believe all that crap, do you?  
That's true.  
Please, the hook is  
really a phallic symbol.  
Oh, really?  
Yeah, ultimately castrated.  
[Giggles] God, I'm gonna  
miss you.  
You don't have to.  
You can always ditch this Boston thing,  
and, uh, come  
to New York with me.  
Yeah, well, we can't all sit in a  
village coffeehouse and ramble  
esoterically on our laptops.

There just isn't  
enough room.  
See, nobody gets me the way you do.  
I understand your pain.  
Precisely.  
I hate this. I really hate this.  
You're gonna go off, and you're  
gonna fall for some head-shaven,  
black-wearing, tattoo-covered,  
body-piercing philosophy student.  
That sounds attractive.  
And I'll never see you again.  
Hey!  
Did you know the success rate of high  
school sweetheart relationships...  
Is higher than any other type  
of relationship?  
Yeah?  
Cite your source.  
Are you sure?  
Kings and queens  
from a fortress  
of sheets  
watch tv  
they may hear us  
in magazines  
Okay, man, but give me the keys.  
You're-you're toast.  
Whose car is this?  
N-nobody drives my car but me.  
I-I-I know, baby.  
Um, but the croaker queen  
has to get home now.  
Thank you.  
Hey, you two.  
Give me my fuckin' keys.  
You're trashed, pal.  
All right. Come on.  
Come ride in the back with me.  
I'll let you do things to me.  
Mm-hmm, mm-hmm.  
Nobody drives my car but me.  
You got that, shit smear?  
Loud and clear.

Get in the car.  
[Car radio, indistinct]  
[Laughter]  
[Helen]  
Here. Jesus!  
You can't drive for shit,  
you know that?  
- God.  
- Can you say "alcoholic"?  
How are the reasons  
pushed through  
the sound track  
All right, what the hell is this crap?  
[Presses button]  
[Raucous drumbeat, loud rock]  
[Yells]  
[Screams]  
Yeah!  
- Barry.  
- [Continues screaming]  
- Hey!  
- You asshole!  
What's wrong with you?  
Watch out!  
[Tires screeching]  
[Helen] What was that?  
[Ray] I don't know.  
[Julie] Is everybody okay?  
[Moans]  
[Ray]  
I think it was an animal.  
[Helen]  
God, you're bleeding!  
It's not mine.  
It must've been a dog or something.  
Jesus Christ,  
my fuckin' car!  
You fuck!  
Can't you see where you're goin'?  
Look, it-it came out of nowhere.  
I didn't see it!  
A dog couldn't have done that.  
Yeah, well, a fuckin' deer could.  
Look, you dropped your bottle.

I was just trying to--  
my dad is going to freak.  
Barry, it was an accident.  
Leave him alone.  
Where is it?  
If it was a deer, then where is it?  
[Ray]  
Look, m-maybe it ran off.  
[Helen] I hope so.  
I hope we didn't kill it.  
Fuck that. Let's go.  
Oh, my God!  
- [Breathing heavily]  
- No way.  
Oh, my God.  
But I thought--  
- [ray] I didn't see it.  
- No, there's no way!  
Oh, my God,  
this isn't happening!  
You check that side.  
Yeah.  
Come on.  
Helen.  
[Screams]  
No!  
I couldn't see it!  
Look, I swear!  
Is he dead?  
I don't know.  
Check his pulse.  
No way!  
You're the one who rammed him!  
Just do it!  
I think he's dead.  
Shit! Fuck!  
Who is he?  
I can't tell.  
His face is all messed up.  
What the hell was  
he doing out here?  
[Julie] We've gotta call the police  
and get an ambulance out here.  
Hey, hey, what's

your hurry?  
The guy's dead.  
You're not a doctor.  
You don't make that decision.  
Use your brain, Julie.  
We call the police, and we're fucked.  
- It was an accident.  
- Look, let's think about this a minute.  
Think about what?  
Think about what?  
He was crossing the road in the  
middle of the night, okay?  
It was an accident.  
You weren't drinking or speeding.  
There's liquor all over the car.  
But you're sober.  
- They'll never believe I was driving.  
- It's my car.  
They'll nail my ass.  
That's not true.  
Are you kidding?  
Look at me.  
I'm drunk as shit.  
I'm fucked.  
No, we'll call the police.  
We'll tell them the truth!  
- They'll believe us.  
- It's manslaughter.  
- We're gonna fry no matter  
who takes the fall.  
- Then we leave right now.  
No way.  
Are you crazy?  
- The grill's busted.  
There's blood everywhere.  
- We can clean it up. Come on.  
Listen to yourselves.  
No, we are going to the police!  
We don't have time for your shit!  
We gotta move fast!  
Hey! Now, let's try  
to stay calm.  
Focus.  
Don't you get it?

If there's some of him on the car,  
there's some of the car on him.  
They're gonna trace it back to you.  
You're looking at a hit-and-run.  
Then we dump  
the body.  
You've lost it.  
Look, just pretend we were never here.  
We could drag him to the  
water and dump him in.  
They wouldn't find  
the fucker for weeks.  
By that time all the evidence  
would be washed away.  
If they found him  
at all.  
The currents are strong.  
The undertow-- it could  
carry him out to sea.  
[Sighs disgustedly]  
I won't be any part of it.  
Look, I'm scared, Julie.  
I'm not like the rest of you.  
I don't have your family or the  
money to get me out of this.  
- Please.  
- This is your future, Julie.  
Think about it.  
College. There's  
your scholarship.  
The guy's already dead.  
If we go to the police, we're dead too.  
[Tires squealing]  
Fuck.  
What do we do?  
Help me.  
[Gasping]  
Shit, they're  
slowing down!  
- [Helen] Who is it?  
- It's Max.  
Get rid of him!  
Julie, what you got,  
car trouble?

- Actually, um--

- [Retching noises, coughing]

It's Barry.

He's had way too much to drink.

And we're trying to keep the  
upchuck out of the new car.

- [Max] Well, it doesn't look  
so new anymore.

- Yeah, don't drink and drive.  
Daddy's gonna be mad.

[Laughs]

- What can I do for you, Max?

- You can wipe that

"my shit don't stink" grin off.

Okay, Max. Will do.

Have a good night.

Y-you almost got

that rich boy act down, ray.

We'll be seeing you,

Max.

Yep. Take care, Julie.

[Barry] Even if his body washes  
ashore in the next couple of weeks,  
it'll be eaten

by crabs and small fish.

Maybe we'll get lucky  
with a shark.

Take him to the side.

Put him down.

[Ray] Easy.

That's it.

- Let's do it.

- Wait.

What?

Should we check his wallet  
and see who he is?

- Why?

- I don't know, okay?

- Just to know.

- I don't wanna know.

Let's just pretend

he's some escaped lunatic...

With a hook for a hand, and

we're doing everybody a favor.

Ray, help me.

- I don't think I can, Barry.

- Shit! We agreed.

- Come on, Barry.

It's not too late.

- You! Shut up!

- Just shut up!

- Christ already, I'll do it!

[Julie screams]

Help! Get him off of me!

- Get him!

- [Screams]

[Helen] My crown! He's got my crown!

[Barry yells]

No!

Barry!

Barry!

[Muffled scream]

[Ray]

Over here!

[Grunting]

Ooh!

Let's get out of here.

We're going home now,  
and never ever,  
under any circumstances...

Known to God,  
speak about this again.

Is that clear?

It is now merely a future  
therapy bill, agreed?

Helen!

I'll never mention  
it again.

We make a pact, right here and now.

We take this to our grave.

Agreed.

Julie?

Don't you nod your head.

You fuckin' say it!

Yeah, okay.

We take this to our grave!

Let me hear it!

Let her go, Barry!

You fuckin' say it.  
[Panting]  
Okay, Barry, we take  
this to the grave.  
It'll be okay.  
[Exhales]  
[Door opens]  
[Door shuts]  
[Engine starts]  
[Tires squealing]  
She'd talk  
of standing  
in the rain  
no fault  
and doing it again  
some kind of happiness  
is measured out in Miles  
what makes you think you're  
something special when you smile  
Yo, it's time to go.  
Come on.  
Move your tired, ugly ass, girl.  
We're late.  
I changed my mind.  
I'm not going.  
Julie, get  
your white-as-death,  
chalky corpse  
in the car now.  
I said, "come on."  
Julie, you're going home  
for the summer,  
and you're gonna get a tan on  
that pasty-pale tail of yours.  
[Laughs]  
Let's go.  
Remember.  
Sun and fun.  
Yeah.  
Yeah.  
[Woman]  
Julie?  
Welcome home,  
dear.

I missed you.

[Mother]

How's the snapper?

I-I really wanted monkfish, but,  
uh, it's been a bad season and--  
are you  
on drugs?

What?

I just wanted to surprise you.  
I want an honest reaction.

No.

No, mom.

No drugs.

Well, then, what is wrong?

I mean, you look like death.

Yeah, well, I've had  
a rough year.

You got some mail.

A letter came today.

It's not your report card, though.

That came last week.

Mom, I know it looks bad, but the  
summer session went really well.

Well, it would have to, because according  
to the Dean, you only have one more chance.

It's not that serious.

Really.

What happened  
to my daughter?

I mean, you went away, and you  
don't call and you don't visit.

Your father must be  
turning over in his grave.

[Gasping]

Who sent this?

Uh, there's no postmark  
or return address.

Your guess is as good as mine.

Why, what does it say?

Nothing.

[Dog barking, rattling]

[Barking continues]

[Wind whistling]

[Leaves rustling]

[Metal chimes]

You start having  
a great life  
it's about living  
with inspiration  
start having  
a great life

Guys, easy.

It's called glass. It breaks.

Good morning.

Hi.

[Bell ringing]

Well, well.

Look what the cat drug in.

Elsa, hi.

You know what?

I need to talk to Helen,  
and I was wondering...

If you could give me her New York number?

Her New York number.

Yeah, I need

to talk to her.

Fact check, Julie. Helen doesn't have  
a New York number.

If you need to speak with her, I  
suggest you go to women's fragrances,  
ten feet to your left.

[Crashing]

Frightening,

isn't it?

Julie?

Wh-when did you get home?

Yesterday.

It's good to see you.

What happened to New York?

I went for a while.

It, um-- it didn't really work out.

Somebody sent this

to me.

- Oh, my God.

- Somebody knows, Helen.

How?

- I don't know.

- Julie, we were so careful.

Were we? Were we?  
What if somebody saw us?  
What if somebody else  
was there that night?  
- Who? It's been a year.  
- I don't know.  
H-has Barry seen this?  
[Helen]  
Do you ever see Barry at school?  
[Julie] It's a big campus.  
Are you sure he came back?  
I saw his car the  
other day at the gym.  
Did you guys  
break up?  
Hey!  
What are you two  
doin' here?  
Hi, bar.  
This is nothing.  
"I know what you did last summer"?  
- Ooh. What a crock of shit.  
- We need help.  
Yeah, I'll say. You know, you guys should  
check out a mirror once in a while.  
- You two look like shit run over twice.  
- You're a prick.  
We can't just ignore it.  
Come on, Julie.  
How do you know this is even related?  
You did a lot  
of things last summer.  
- Yeah, well, only one murder comes to mind.  
- You shut the hell up!  
- [Chattering]  
- We didn't murder anyone.  
He was still alive when  
we dumped him in the water.  
Do we have to rehash this?  
It was an accident.  
The guy was in the middle of the road.  
- His name was David egan.  
- Who?  
David egan.

He was found  
three weeks after we--  
his body was caught in a shrimp  
net not far from Miller's dock.  
It was in the paper.  
I think the police called it  
an accidental drowning.  
You can call it an accident all you want,  
but he died because of us. That's certain.  
What about ray?  
Have you shown this letter to him?  
What does he think?  
I haven't seen ray  
since last summer.  
We broke up, and last I heard  
he was working up north.  
Okay, let's suppose somebody  
was there that night.  
Why send a letter  
one year later?  
Probably some crack  
fuckin' around.  
Max.  
Max, what--  
you think?  
Who else?  
He was there.  
[Man]  
Bring that other pallet.  
You two wait here.  
What are you gonna do?  
I know what I'm doin'.  
[Man shouting, indistinct, distant]  
Well, go figure.  
You know, I was just thinking to myself,  
"whatever happened to that Barry Cox?"  
Hey, Max.  
Listen, can we talk  
a sec, in private?  
Oh, what, this isn't  
private enough for you?  
[Laughs]  
Yeah, what?  
Ow!

Look, you shit, we got your little letter.  
What the hell are you talking about?  
Don't fuck with me, Max.  
You saw us that night.  
What the fuck are you on, huh?  
Jesus!  
Listen, I'm gonna say this once.  
I'll fuckin' kill your ass.  
I got no problem with that.  
Oh, get the fuck off me.  
Get off of me.  
Understand?  
Ah! Shit.  
Motherfucker!  
Don't you test me,  
motherfucker!  
I'll call the cops on  
your college quarterback ass!  
[Helen] So, did he admit to the letter?  
He won't bother you anymore.  
What did you do?  
I took care of it, okay?  
How?  
I scared the shit out of him, all right?  
[Barry]  
Well, I'll be damned.  
[Horn blowing]  
[Man] Put another container on it!  
Hi.  
So, ray grew up to be  
a fisherman, huh?  
Yeah, almost a year now.  
I work on that one  
over there, on the end.  
That's nice.  
Have a nice life, guys.  
I'm outta here.  
You got a minute?  
I gotta get back  
to work.  
Call me.  
We can get together.  
Yeah, okay.  
W-we need to talk.

Do you think Max sent it?

Barry does.

I don't know.

Well, you know how Max  
feels about you guys.

Look, he's probably just screwing around.

He doesn't have much else to do.

Yeah, maybe.

So, how's school?

So, you're a fisherman.

Yeah, prophecy fulfilled,  
right?

I've become my father.

I thought you didn't know your dad.

Ah, he worked the boats.

That's all I do know about him.

[Horn blowing] Look, I thought  
a lot about last summer.

I know you hold me responsible  
for what happened.

I don't hold you responsible.

No, I'm responsible for my own  
actions, and I don't blame you.

But I don't want  
to know you, either.

Ah! Fuck!

[Gasps]

[Gurgling]

[Rock, indistinct]

Hush, hush she broke my heart but

I love her just the same now

early in the morning

or late in the evening

oh, I got to believe you

honey

[Grunts]

[Continues grunting]

Hush, hush I thought I heard

you calling my name now

now hush, hush

[locker clanking]

Hello?

Hello?

[Metal chimes]

Hey!  
[Locker door rattles]  
Fuck.  
My fuckin' jacket.  
Hey, Hank, who else is here?  
Anybody else working out?  
Just you and me, pal.  
[Engine revving]  
Hey, hey!  
Fucker!  
[Tires squealing]  
Max, you're  
fuckin' dead.  
[Tires squealing]  
[Panting]  
[Engine revving]  
[Grunts]  
[Screams]  
[Groans]  
[Car door closes]  
Help me!  
Help me!  
Somebody!  
What do you want?  
[Gasping, crying]  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
I swear, we didn't mean it. Please.  
Please don't.  
One moment, please, officer.  
Mm-hmm.  
[Elevator bell ringing]  
Julie.  
[Gasps]  
What happened?  
No, for the 40th fucking time,  
I couldn't see his face.  
We have no choice here, okay?  
Somebody tried to kill you last night.  
- We have to go to the police.  
- No, he wasn't trying  
to kill me last night.  
If he wanted me dead, he could've done it.  
He's just fuckin' with us.  
- Who is?

- I don't know.  
Some guy in a slicker.  
Well, that narrows it down, this being a  
quaint little fishing village and all.  
And since you  
bring it up,  
we all know  
you have a slicker.  
You are not gonna throw  
this on me.  
No, guys, please don't do this.  
This isn't getting us anywhere!  
[Sighs]  
Look, maybe we should  
just come clean.  
No. No, we made a pact,  
and we're gonna keep it.  
Yeah, but that's insane now, Barry.  
Look at us.  
This secret's killing us.  
I'm not going to the police,  
and you're not either.  
Barry, please.  
We could put an end to it...  
And maybe salvage some  
small fraction of a life.  
And how do we do that, huh?  
There was no accident, Julie.  
It was murder.  
Your words, remember?  
Murder.  
I say we find the fuck who's doing  
this and have a little one-on-one.  
- What, like last night, bar?  
- Fuck you!  
No, Barry's right.  
Whoever's doing this  
isn't going to the police.  
We could find this guy,  
talk to him.  
How do we find him?  
Well, it's gotta be a friend or a  
family member of the guy we hit.  
What was his name?

David egan.

Right.

David egan.

Look, I don't think

we should give up on Max.

I mean, it could still be him.

Then find him, ray.

Prove Barry wrong.

That's what you want, isn't it?

No. Now, what I want is for you and me

to just-- listen to me, ray, okay?

I want you to get something.

There is no "you and me".

[Woman on intercom]

Dr. brown. Dr. brown.

[Julie] Okay, I can access

the local library on-line.

I think we can cross-reference

and pull up all we need to know.

Egan, David.

- [Helen] All these articles

are about David egan?

- Yeah, or at least mention him.

It should pull up anything with his name.

[Computer beeps]

Wait, July 5.

Two years ago.

What's this?

[Julie]

"Susie Willis died of drowning.

"She was trapped in a car after  
it skidded out of control...

"In the reefs

near Dawson's beach.

The driver, David egan, was

unharmd." I remember that wreck.

[Julie] "Susie was engaged to David.

They were going to be married."

Wait a second.

I remember he had her name

tattooed on his arm. I saw it.

"Survived by his mother Claire and

sister Melissa egan of maribel county."

They live in the sticks.

What do you think?  
What have we got  
to lose?  
[Helen] Turn right.  
Where?  
Back there.  
A melancholy  
butterfly just cries  
tears that sting  
what exactly  
is the plan?  
Are we gonna ring the doorbell  
and say, "we killed your son,  
we're in the neighborhood, so--"  
look, I thought we'd scope  
it out, then play it by ear.  
Don't you think we should have  
some sort of a plan?  
Angela lansbury always  
had a plan.  
What if they're  
waiting for us?  
What if they recognize us?  
They could have a gun, shoot us dead.  
It's been a year, Helen.  
They could've done that already.  
Jodie foster tried this, and a  
serial killer answered the door.  
Well, it was  
a good try.  
[Birds chirping]  
Adding breaking and entering  
to our crime spree?  
Can I help you?  
Oh, um, hi.  
Our car stalled down the road,  
and we were just wondering if  
maybe we could use your phone?  
Phone's over there.  
Oh, thanks.  
Um, Jody,  
will you call  
triple a?  
You got it, Angela.

[Gasps]

[Laughs]

My name is missy egan.

Are you girls from maribel?

Oh, southport.

Uh, I went to southport high.

Yeah, I-I knew you looked familiar.

Wh-what year?

- Uh, class of '88.

- Your name, egan, sounds very familiar.

Did you have a brother or something?

I did, but he was younger.

David. Younger.

- What class was he?

- Uh, '92, but he's dead.

He died last July.

I'm-I'm so sorry.

- Thanks.

- D-do you, uh, do you live alone?

Yeah, I do.

Uh, well, my daddy died a long time ago, and my mama, she's...

In a home in aurora, because she didn't take too well to what happened to David.

Things just haven't been the same since he died.

They're on their way.

I could, uh-- I could make you guys a cup of tea while you're waitin'.

- Thanks.

- Yeah, thanks. That-that's nice of you.

[Helen] You know, I

think I remember David.

He had a friend, right?

What was his name?

Who?

Didn't he hang out with this guy?

And they were really close.

- God, what was his name? Um.

- Oh, I-I-I don't know.

I didn't-- I didn't know too many of David's friends.

Oh.

But there was

one guy, one guy.  
He-he stopped by not too long  
after David's death,  
and-and he came  
to pay his respects.  
- Really?  
- Oh, yeah.  
He was a really nice guy.  
He was cute and smart and--  
well, we were-- we were  
sweet on each other...  
For about two minutes,  
but it didn't work out.  
You know, he did-- he never really said it,  
but I think it hurt him to be around me.  
Where is  
this old friend now?  
Oh, I-- I don't know.  
Do you remember his name?  
Billy.  
Did he have a last name?  
Blue. Billy blue.  
Well, you know what?  
We should probably wait back at the car.  
No, don't be ridiculous.  
Why don't-- uh, stay.  
No, I-I don't, I don't want  
to miss triple a.  
We appreciate the phone.  
Anytime, you know.  
I-I don't get too many knocks  
on my door nowadays.  
You okay?  
I wiggled out.  
I'm sorry.  
But being in his house  
and seeing his sister--  
God. Do you see  
what we've done?  
It was an accident.  
Helen, we killed a man, and then  
ruined the lives of everyone he knew.  
I don't think we're that powerful, Julie.  
You're giving us too much credit.

Hey!  
You forgot your cigarettes.  
Thank you.  
Well, I see you've got this  
car started, didn't you?  
Yeah, damndest thing.  
It started right up.  
Funny how that happens.  
So, what now?  
Now we try and locate  
this Billy blue.  
Maybe he wanted  
to die.  
What?  
David Egan.  
His girlfriend was killed on that  
same road July 4, one year earlier.  
Maybe he blamed himself.  
Maybe he was sitting in the road  
waiting for us to hit him.  
Yeah, if that will help you  
sleep at night.  
What happened between us?  
We used to be  
best friends.  
We used to be  
a lot of things.  
I miss you.  
Yeah, well.  
[TV commentator #1]  
Low in the dirt, ball two.  
[Commentator #2] Garrett doesn't seem  
to have his typical control today, Greg.  
In fact, this is as wild as we've  
ever seen him in the season.  
[Greg] That's right, Dave. In  
fact, over the last three games,  
he's only allowed three bases on balls,  
not one of those runners ever scoring.  
Pretty remarkable indeed as  
neale steps back into the box--  
hey, dad.  
One to nothing here in the third.  
Garrett taking his time.

Here's the pitch.

Strike one.

[Dave] Wicked cut. Neale  
seemed fooled by that pitch.

In fact, in addition  
to the split-fingered fastball--  
[continues, indistinct]

[Greg] Ready now with the  
sign and the pitch. Fouled off.  
Strike two.

Last year, neale would've  
been sending that pitch...  
Over to the next county.

[Dave] It's true.

[Commentary continues, indistinct]

[Greg] And the pitch.

Very high and very inside.

[Dave]

I don't know what it is.

[Greg] I couldn't agree more, as the  
count is full now at three and two.

Garrett settling himself,  
looking at the sign.

Here's the windup.

There's a smash up the middle!

[Continues, indistinct]

They got him!

[Dave] Nice play at second.

Wow, what a play.

[Commentary continues, indistinct]

[Sighs]

[Faint breathing]

[Gasps] Hey, is the washed-up,  
dried-out has-been having a moment?

What do you want?

We're doing inventory  
at the store tomorrow.

I need you there by 10:00.

I can't.

I'm in the parade tomorrow.

Well, dad put me in charge of the  
store, and I want you there by 10:00.

The outgoing queen has to ride in  
the parade prior to the pageant.

It's tradition.  
There's nothing I can do about it.  
You and your hair.  
It is so pathetic.  
You can leave now.  
So very pathetic.  
[Sighs]  
[Whimpering]  
[Gasping]  
[Breathing heavily, whimpering]  
[Crying]  
[Screams]  
No!  
No! No! No!  
[Telephone rings]  
Hello?  
What?  
Oh, my God.  
[Scratching, shuffling]  
[Shuffling, scratching resume]  
[Screaming]  
Max!  
[Crying, hyperventilating]  
[Horn honking]  
[Breathing heavily]  
You sure he was dead?  
Don't ask me that again!  
He was dead, okay?  
I saw him with-- with these crabs.  
You do it.  
No, don't even-- he was there, goddamn it!  
And he was wearing your jacket, Barry.  
Well, where'd he go?  
Did the crabs carry him away?  
I swear to God.  
I believe you, Julie.  
He took the body.  
He came and he took the body.  
- Why would he do that?  
- I don't know, Barry. Okay?  
Why would he try to run you over?  
Why did he make coleslaw on Helen's head?  
- He's fucking with us!  
- Come on, Julie.

Let's go back to the house.  
Where's your jacket, Barry?  
Don't you see?  
He's got us now.  
This is exactly what he wants.  
We can't go to the police. Not  
now. He's made sure of that.  
He's just out there and  
he's watching us and waiting.  
What are you waiting for, huh?  
[Screaming]  
What are you waiting for?  
What are you  
doin' here?  
Hey, I've been lookin' everywhere for you guys.  
You're gonna die.  
Hey, stop it!  
What are you doin'?  
Stop it! Stop!  
I didn't do anything!  
You're fuckin' lyin'.  
He's lying!  
Leave him alone. Get a grip.  
No, wake up, Julie!  
He's behind this.  
How many fucked-up  
fishermen are out there?  
Look, he's after me too.  
I got a letter.  
Oh, you got a letter.  
I got run over, Helen gets  
her hair chopped off,  
Julie gets a body in a trunk  
and you get a letter?  
That's balanced.  
What body?  
What are you talking--  
drop the act.  
You killed Max.  
You took my jacket.  
Max is dead?  
What is it with you, ray?  
You were doggin' us  
from the start, weren't you?

Always wantin' to be our friend,  
but you were too fuckin'  
jealous to handle it.  
Look, fuck you!  
[Julie] Stop it!  
Look, we have to stick  
together, all right?  
We have to help each other.  
Okay, so if it's not fisher boy here,  
who is it and how do we find him?  
We think his name  
is Billy blue.  
How do you know that?  
Missy said there was  
a friend named Billy blue.  
Who probably went to school  
with David egan.  
So, according to sis,  
that would make him  
class of '92.  
Elsa was class of '92.  
Maybe there's something  
in her yearbook.  
That's him, huh?  
It's hard to believe that's the guy.  
Yeah, his face isn't splattered  
all over the road, dumb ass.  
Maybe blue's not  
his real name.  
That's right. I mean, he could've  
easily lied to missy. We did.  
We should bring the yearbook to missy.  
If she had it-- she could point him out.  
I'm not goin' anywhere.  
Wh-- high school  
mug shots? Wh--  
I'll go. You've got  
that parade today.  
Forget it.  
No! No, you need to be  
there in case he shows up.  
I don't want him to show up!  
Look, Helen, this could be our chance.  
Okay, we could

catch him.

I'll go to missy's. Barry, go to  
the parade with Helen  
and don't let her out of your sight.

If he shows up--

I'll pound his ass.

Listen to yourselves. You sound  
like a bunch of vigilantes.

It's July 4, ray.

Okay? This is his day.

Whatever he has planned is gonna  
happen today unless we stop him.

Look, come on, Julie.

Don't you see?

It's that moment where we  
have to make a decision.

Let's make the right one  
this time.

I'm not interested in  
what's right anymore, ray.

I wanna do what's smart.

Then let's get the hell out of here.

We can leave town, disappear.

I've already disappeared.

Okay, now I want my life back.

Look,

we have to face this.

What's it gonna be,

ray?

["You're a grand old flag"]

[Crowd cheering]

[Stops]

[Whistle blowing]

[Marching band resumes]

[Cheering continues]

Barry? Barry!

Over there!

Move!

Move it!

[Grunts]

[Shuddering]

Oh, shit!

Where the hell is he?

["Where did you sleep last night"]

I'm goin' where  
the cold wind blows  
[Knocking]  
Missy?  
Where the sun  
don't ever shine  
Hello?  
My girl, my girl  
don't you lie to me  
tell me where did you  
sleep last night  
[continues, faintly]  
Hello?  
Hello?  
[Rooster crows]  
Please. Please.  
Missy?  
Missy, do you remember me  
from the other day?  
You know, the car trouble?  
What are you doin' here?  
[Chattering]  
Please,  
we need to talk.  
Hmm.  
I need to find your  
brother's friend Billy blue.  
I need to talk to him.  
I was thinking maybe you could  
look through this yearbook.  
What-- what's this  
all about?  
Well, it's too crazy to explain, but it has  
to do with your brother and last July 4.  
What about it?  
What happened to your brother  
wasn't an accident.  
There's more to it than that.  
I know.  
You know what?  
Well, he killed himself.  
He what?  
He, uh-- he went up there  
to die that night.

That's where susie died.  
See, the whole town  
blamed him for her death.  
So, he blamed himself.  
But how do you know  
it was a suicide?  
He left a note.  
I had to keep this hidden from the  
insurance company 'cause they wouldn't--  
they wouldn't pay me the money,  
you know, if it was suicide.  
Uh,  
yeah, that don't much matter  
anymore because, uh,  
money's been spent.  
That's it.  
This isn't a suicide note.  
This is a death threat.  
What are you ta-- what are you--  
what are you talking about?  
Your brother didn't  
kill himself, missy.  
I saw him. I was there.  
And whoever sent this was there too.  
What do you mean?  
Where did you see him?  
He was crossing the road.  
We hit him.  
It was an accident.  
No!  
- My brother drowned.  
- I saw him. He had "susie"  
tattooed on his arm.  
He doesn't have a tattoo.  
I saw it on his right forearm.  
You didn't see anything!  
Get outta here.  
Get out of my house.  
Oh, my God.  
It wasn't your brother.  
[Man over microphone] Testing.  
One, two, three, four.  
Leon, pull it up a little bit.  
There's gonna be a lot of people

in here who can't hear it.  
Pull it up just--  
one, two, three--  
now that's got it.  
Don't nobody mess with it.  
Leave it right there.  
[Dance rock]  
Cut 'em.  
Stay calm.  
I'll be up in the balcony.  
He had a hook, Barry.  
I saw it. It was a big, huge hook.  
Everything's gonna  
be all right.  
I'm not gonna let  
anything happen to you.  
[Polite applause]  
Very nicely done, ladies.  
Now, let's meet last year's  
winner, miss Helen shivers.  
[Man] Way to go, Helen!  
["Beautiful girl"]  
You'rful girl  
you're a gorgeous mixture  
of all that lies  
under those baby blue eyes  
[emcee] Now as we continue with our  
pageant, we move into the talent competition.  
All right, ladies.  
[Dance rock]  
[Ook at me  
and tell me  
what you see  
you ain't seen  
the best of me yet  
give me time and I'll  
make you forget the rest  
- I've got more to give.  
- Jesus.  
And you can set it free.  
I can touch the moon  
with my hand  
don't you know who I am  
remember my name

fame  
Barry!  
- No-o-o-o!  
- [Grunts]  
Somebody help him, please!  
Somebody help him!  
The balcony!  
- [Groans]  
- Barry-y-y!  
- [Barry moans]  
- Help him! Barry!  
Help him! Barry, no!  
- [Groans]  
Help him!  
Please don't!  
Excuse me.  
Someone listen to me!  
He's got him-- hey, hey, hey!  
What's the problem?  
Help him! He's gonna kill him!  
Who? Who's killin' who?  
- Up in the balcony.  
- [Officer] All right,  
everybody, stay calm.  
Get off of me!  
[Emcee] You people just move back in your  
seats. Everything's under control here.  
Go back in your seats now, please.  
Thank you.  
Everybody move back.  
Ma'am, stay behind me,  
okay?  
[Pageant official] All right,  
ladies, places please. Places.  
There's nobody up here.  
I gotta tell you, this is really  
not my idea of a funny joke.  
He was here.  
Who was here?  
The fisherman. He killed Barry!  
Barry who? Who?  
Who we talkin' about?  
There's nobody up here.  
Come on. Let's go downstairs.

Come on.  
There's nobody up here.  
Watch your step.  
[Emcee] Ladies and gentlemen,  
if you'll take your seats.  
It was a false alarm.  
We're gonna resume in a few minutes.  
Ma'am, I'm gonna  
take you home.  
Your parents are really worried about you.  
[Crowd clapping]  
You have to believe me.  
Why don't you let me  
take you home, okay?  
[Sniffles]  
Uh, excuse me.  
We'll be needing this.  
Oh, come on.  
Hurry, hurry, hurry.  
[Officer] So, then he  
killed him with a fishhook.  
[Helen] Yes.  
Did this fisherman use the same  
hook that cut your hair off?  
[Chuckles]  
No, he used scissors,  
asshole.  
Look, okay, I know I sound  
delusional, but it's true.  
You know, I've heard  
this story before,  
except the way I heard it it  
wasn't a fisherman, it was  
an escaped mental patient...  
And he had a hook  
for a hand.  
Well, we're gonna have to  
take the alley.  
Look, you little shit-stick,  
mayberry-ass reject,  
there's been a murder, and you're  
gonna fry in hell if you ignore it.  
All right, I'll tell you  
what I'll do, okay?

I'll contact Barry's parents and we'll  
put out a search for him, all right?  
He was probably just  
playin' a prank on you.  
Oh, Jesus.  
Listen, I'm just gonna be a minute, all right?  
I'm gonna see if this fella needs help.  
[Woman over police radio, indistinct]  
[Softly]  
It's-- it's him.  
What's the trouble?  
That's him! Behind you!  
Behind you!  
- [Groans]  
- No-o-o-o!  
[Gurgling]  
[Panting]  
No! No!  
[Screams, panting continues]  
[Whimpers]  
[Grunting]  
[Tapping on keyboard]  
"Susie Willis killed.  
Trapped in car.  
"Driver unharmed.  
Survived by her father, Benjamin,  
a local fisherman."  
[Whimpers]  
Elsa. Elsa!  
Elsa! Elsa!  
Elsa, open the door!  
Elsa!  
Elsa!  
Elsa, open the door, please!  
Elsa, Jesus Christ, hurry!  
Please!  
Please! Elsa!  
What are you doing?  
Elsa! Please, Elsa!  
Open the door!  
Jesus Christ, hurry, please!  
Elsa, open the door now!  
Please, let me in!  
Oh, God! Hurry, please, Elsa!

- I'm coming.  
- Elsa!  
Elsa! Please!  
You could have walked around.  
The broad street entrance is open.  
I'm being attacked!  
[Panting]  
You're what?  
Lock the other door.  
I'll call the police.  
What is going on?  
Just do what I say,  
goddamn it!  
[Soft rock, faintly]  
[Exhales]  
Come on. Come on.  
[Screaming]  
Elsa?  
[Continues faintly]  
Elsa?  
[Shouting]  
Elsa, where are you?  
[Stops]  
[Electrical switch clicks]  
[Screaming]  
[Grunts]  
No!  
[Screaming]  
No!  
No!  
[Grunts]  
[Screams]  
[Screaming]  
[Groans]  
[Coughing]  
[Panting]  
[Fireworks exploding]  
[Marching drums]  
[Fireworks continue exploding]  
[Gasps]  
[Screams, grunts]  
No!  
No!  
[Grunts, screams]

[Screams stop]

[Trumpet playing "charge"]

Ray.

Ray! Ray!

Ray!

Julie, what are you doing here?

We didn't kill David Egan.

It was someone else

on the road that night.

What are you talking about?

- But they found David's body

in the water. Susie's father,

- yeah, I know. 'S a fisherman

- but I think Ben Willis killed David Egan.

- Wait a second.

You think Willis killed David,

then we killed him?

What if he didn't die, Ray?

What if he's still alive?

- This is crazy.

- [Panting]

Come aboard. Come inside.

No, we've gotta find Helen and Barry.

We will. We will.

[Gasps]

You.

Oh, my God. It's you.

What are you talkin' about?

Billy Blue.

You went to Missy's.

You're-- you're the friend.

You're the fisherman.

Wha-- I-I-I can explain.

Julie, wait!

Julie!

Oh, shit!

Julie!

Stop it!

- [Groans]

- [Screams]

[Panting] Oh. Oh, please help me.

Please.

- Easy, child.

- Please, I need to call the police.

- [Coughs]  
- On the boat. Inside. Hurry!  
- [Jiggling doorknob]  
- Are you in some kind of trouble, child?  
Yes. Yeah.  
I'm in a lot of trouble.  
[Chimes]  
That's a shame...  
Being it's fourth of July  
and all.  
Kids like you should  
be out having fun:  
Drinking, partying,  
running people over,  
getting away with murder;  
Things like that.  
You.  
Ben Willis.  
Good.  
I see you've been doing  
your homework too.  
Shit.  
[Clattering]  
[Gasps]  
[Motor starts]  
[Screaming]  
[Grunts, screams]  
Welcome aboard, ray.  
[Panting]  
[Grunting]  
[Groans]  
Julie!  
Ray!  
- [Loud groan]  
- [Screaming]  
[Gasps]  
[Grunting]  
[Heavy footsteps approaching]  
[Pounding on door]  
No-o-o-o!  
[Screams]  
[Pounding continues]  
[Willis]  
Open the door, Julie.

You got no place to hide.

[Pounding continues]

[Grunting]

[Hatch opening]

[Screaming]

[Whimpers]

No. No.

[Screaming]

[Screaming]

[Screams]

Come on, Julie!

Ray!

- [Screaming]

- [Groans]

E.

Please, it was an accident.

I know all about accidents.

And let me give you some advice:

When you leave a man for dead,  
make sure he's really dead!

[Screaming]

[Screaming]

[Woman over police radio, indistinct]

[Man muttering]

We never killed anyone.

This whole year was for--

I know.

The guilt

was killin' me.

And I had to know

who he was.

That's why I went

to see missy.

I'm sorry I didn't tell you,

but... I wanted you back.

I couldn't lose you again.

I love you, Julie.

No one gets me

the way you do.

I understand

your pain.

Do you have any idea why

this man would want you dead?

None.

No.  
[Officer]  
Here it comes!  
[Sheriff]  
Well, don't worry.  
The body'll turn up.  
They usually do.  
[Rock]  
Yeah, well,  
I made the Dean's list.  
Thank you very much.  
[Giggles]  
No, I know. I miss you too.  
But I'm gonna see you  
in a couple of weeks.  
God, I cannot wait.  
I love New York.  
No, of course  
I love you more.  
Yes, I do. I love you  
and you know that.  
But you know what?  
I've gotta take a shower.  
I'm running really late.  
[Girl] Hey, Julie,  
you got some mail.  
Oh, thanks, Deb.  
A towel.  
Ray, don't you start with me.  
Look, you, mister,  
can ravage me in two weeks.  
Yes, I love you too.  
'Kay, yes, I love you.  
[Laughs]  
[Screams]  
[scatting lyrics]  
[Scatting lyrics]  
Well, I got a certain little girl  
she's on my mind  
no doubt about it  
she looks so fine  
she's the best girl  
that I ever had  
except that's the girl

that made me feel so sad  
Ade me feel so sad  
[scatting lyrics]  
Whoa  
[Scatting lyrics]  
Hey, now hush, hush thought I  
heard her calling my name now  
now hush, hush she broke my heart  
but I love her just the same now  
now hush, hush I thought I  
heard her call my name now  
now hush, hush you broke my  
heart but I'm not to blame now  
early in the morning  
or late in the evening  
ah, gotta believe me, honey  
hush, hush thought I heard  
her calling my name now  
now hush, hush she broke my heart  
but I love her just the same now  
now hush, hush I thought I  
heard you call my name now  
hush, hush you broke my heart  
but I'm not to blame now  
early in the morning  
or late in the evening  
[screams]  
Ow  
oh  
[Scatting lyrics]  
[Scatting lyrics]  
Well, I got a certain little  
girl she's on my mind  
no doubt about it  
she looks so fine  
she's the best girl  
that I ever had  
except that's the girl  
that made me feel so sad  
[scatting lyrics]  
Oh  
[Scatting lyrics]  
Hey, now hush, hush I thought I  
heard her calling my name now

hush, hush you broke my heart but  
I love her just the same now  
hush, hu  
call my name now  
hush, hush you broke my heart  
but I'm not to blame now  
early in the morning  
or late in the evening  
[screams]  
Ow  
oh  
[Scatting lyrics]  
Oh, yeah  
[Scatting lyrics]  
Na, na-na-na  
na-na-na  
na-na  
whoa-oh