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# Shriek If You Know What I Did Last Friday the Thirteenth

By Sue Bailey

Previously in teen  
horror films...  
Hello, and welcome  
to Movie Phone !  
If you know the name of  
the movie you'd like to see,  
press one.  
To choose from a list  
of current,  
overpriced blood-splattered  
blockbusters, press two.  
For cheap flicks with  
a gay best friend, press three.  
For big studio bombs,  
press four.  
For politically correct  
buddy movies, press five.

- Dad?  
- Hello, Cindy.  
This isn't Cindy.  
I think you have  
a wrong number.  
Uh, wait a minute.  
What number did I dial?  
- Who is this?  
- The Killer.  
- Is that yours or mine?  
- Ignore it, I have voicemail.  
Do you like movies?  
Yeah, sure.  
I rented some tonight.  
What kind of movies?  
The usual-- Vaseline Alley,  
Two Guys and a Girl and a Horse,  
- A Big Black...  
- I get it! I get it!  
Do you like  
scary movies?  
You mean like  
Spike Lee movies?  
Lay off the Spikester.  
He's keeping it real.  
Let's play a game.  
Do you like games?

I guess...  
Alright, a train leaves  
Chicago doing 60 miles an hour...  
Math ! How am I supposed  
to know that?  
I'm a beautiful, popular, rich kid  
with a promising future...  
...in a lightweight sorority  
at a state college.  
I don't need to know that stuff,  
I'm gonna get married.  
Shut up!  
Shut up, you nit wit.  
Do you think this  
stalking thing is easy?  
- Whoa !  
Are you in my pool?  
Hello?  
- Collect call from...  
- The Killer.  
- Will you accept the charges?  
- Whatever.  
Go ahead.

**Killer:**

now where were we?  
- Now look, geek.  
- No, you look.  
If you don't get this next question  
right, you're dead meat.  
Who's buried in Grant's tomb?  
Ummm, Hugh Grant?  
I'm afraid not, genius.  
It was Amy Grant, wasn't it?  
I was gonna say that!  
It doesn't matter.  
You didn't answer  
in the form of a question !  
Hey, you're  
not Marilyn Melons !  
Hello.  
Yeah, hold on a minute.  
It's Stacey.  
H i.

Do you mind?  
Nothing.  
What are you doing?  
Oh my God.  
What did she say?  
She is such a bitch !  
I've got to go.  
I'll call you back.  
Oooh. Oooh.  
I'm melting.

**PA:**

students.  
Cheerleader try-outs  
will be held after school today,  
in the gym.  
You must be 1 8 and comfortable  
with partial nudity.  
- Did not.  
- Did too.  
- Did not.  
- Did too.  
Did too.  
Mom !  
Alright, Dawson.  
If you'll just sign here,  
you'll be officially registered  
at Bulemia Falls H igh School.  
Hey, new kid !  
Slab, is that the way we introduce  
ourselves to the new kid?  
Sorry, Mrs. Peacock.  
Ha !  
Two for flinchin', New Kid.  
H i, I'm Dawson.  
That's better.

**Man:**

at this school, Mister.  
And "no" means "no."  
I'm never gonna get laid.  
Dawson, I'd like to introduce  
you to Principal Interest.  
Ahem.

Oh, I'm sorry.  
"The Administrator Formerly  
Known As Principal."  
Wannabe.  
Hey, New Kid !  
Oh God !  
Looks like someone is gonna have  
to show you the ropes.  
Boner?  
It's pronounced  
Bah-ner, sir.  
The "O" is soft.  
Not according  
to Resusci-Annie.  
Just show him around.  
And for God's sakes,  
wash your hands first.  
Mary, you're next.  
H i, I'm Boner.  
It's nice to meet you.  
Yeah? "Witch?"  
Try "rhymes with..."  
Charmed my ass !  
Call me.  
Goddamn Shannon Doherty.  
Hey, New Kid !  
I'm Barbara.  
- How'd you like a Hertz Donut?  
- I'd love one. Thanks.  
Ow!  
H urts, don't it?  
Hey, guys.  
- H i Martina.  
- H i, Mrs. Peacock.  
Hey, New Kid.

**Dawson:**

Is she...?  
Did you hear the news?  
- Wrestling's fake?  
- I'm not pregnant?  
He who smelt it,  
dealt it?  
No, about Screw.

Slut. Whore.  
Do you have her number?  
Who?  
Murdered. Guttred.  
Flayed, sliced, diced,  
fried and hung.  
Jesus !  
I'm never gonna get laid.  
And it's all over  
the TV and news.  
Oh great!  
Now everybody knows !  
Do they know who did it?  
Some guy in a ghost mask.  
That doesn't sound scary.  
Store-bought?  
Ewwww!

**PA:**

**students:**

The fight between the Bloods  
and the Crips  
is postponed  
until next Friday.  
Refreshments and  
a lovely dance will follow.  
At least  
I feel safe here.  
Hi, Chuckie !  
Wanna play?  
We'll be okay  
at school.  
Nothing can happen  
to us here.  
This is the kind of thing  
you read about.  
Books are pretty.  
Oh my God, he's right.  
What's the big deal?  
Kids get killed everyday.  
This is high school.

**Slab:**

This kid was white.  
So?  
And, she was popular--  
like me.  
Ohhh.  
I hope that's  
Barbara Walters.  
What a rack.  
Hi, I'm Hagatha Utslay  
from Empty-V News.  
Kids, what do you  
think about...  
Wait, is that Dawson?  
Tape this.  
Chop, chop,  
you fat rat bastard !  
I'm Hagatha Utsley live  
from Bulemia Fall High...  
where we're surrounded here by  
a group of "innocent" students,  
most importantly,  
Dawson Deery.  
Student, drum major...  
...and inspiration for  
my best-selling book  
"Dawson Is A Murderer."  
- That book sucked.  
- Not according to Oprah.  
It was her pick  
of the month.  
So was "Chicken Soup  
for the Butt."  
That doesn't mean  
I killed anyone.  
Stay away from me.  
Isn't it true  
that your whole entire family  
was murdered under  
mysterious circumstances  
while you were supposedly  
at "camp"?  
- Huh?  
- Huh?  
- Ooh !

- Bitch went down !  
Just like home !  
Yeah that, and they didn't  
have a boxing team.  
Guys, that is no way  
to treat a lady.  
Unless she burns the toast.  
That's no lady.  
What are you doing  
here anyway, Doughy?  
You're not a real cop.  
Shouldn't you be guarding  
the Orange Julius.  
NYPD Gap,  
Sergeant Sears,  
food court police.  
How many times  
have I told you guys,  
mall security is just as  
important as real police.  
It is !  
Loitering and stealing  
pennies from the fountain  
are serious crimes that carry--  
Mom says you're a loser anyway.  
Well, Mom says you have  
a fat ass.  
Dad left because he hated you.  
No, he left because  
he hated you.  
He wasn't even your  
real dad anyway.  
You know, I read your diary,  
Miss "Boo hoo, my gym teacher  
molested me."  
- Dork.  
- Dyke.  
What?  
Excuse me, I don't mean  
to interrupt this family reunion,  
but are you actually working  
on this case, officer?  
Primessuspekt.  
Doughy Primessuspekt.



And, yes I am.  
It technically, falls under  
my jurisdiction because  
"The Killer's" costume was stolen  
from the Spencers at my mall,  
that, and some whoopee  
cushions and some fake dog shit.  
Pardon me, "canine" shit,  
who cares about that crap?  
I do.  
A cool kid was gutted  
last night.  
Come on, it's probably some  
harmless high school prank.  
Look, this is lame.  
Let's get out of here.  
Hey, you guys, I got an idea !  
Let's all make a pact  
to lose our virginities  
before graduation.  
I'm in.

**In unison:**

We're not.  
Yeah, me neither.  
Yeah !  
Little bastards.  
I could just kill 'em.  
Yeah, but you didn't,  
did you?  
I'm just kidding you.  
No really--  
You didn't kill them, did you?  
So, you're one of those  
network reporters, huh?  
Actually cable.  
But that's just as important.  
Oh, it's more important.  
Because on cable you can  
see butts and boobies,  
and you can say bullshit  
and bastard.  
So, do you actually have  
any inside dirt?

As a matter of fact, I do.  
Killer boots.  
Thanks, I like yours too.  
Thanks.  
I guess I'll see you later.  
I hope so.  
- Oh, sorry.  
- That's okay.  
Come on, lard-ass !  
I'm gonna keep  
my eye on her.  
She's got class.  
Attention students:  
The band fundraiser  
will be held next Thursday  
in the auditorium.  
Lick'er in the front,  
poker in the rear.  
I didn't do it!  
We didn't say you did it.  
Boner, you couldn't get laid  
at Lilith Fair...  
much less kill somebody.  
I could too.  
Well, kill somebody I mean.  
I could kill all of you.  
But I wouldn't.  
Oh.  
That's what I'm saying.  
I didn't do it.  
Now Slab...  
he's a killer.  
Just look at those earlobes.  
Way low.  
Really?  
H mmm. Skinny mirror.  
That guy looks really familiar.  
That's Spacey, Dawson.  
He's banging the French teacher.  
Really?  
She's from France.  
Paris, France.  
Madame La Tourneau.  
Yeah, he says

the sex is awesome.  
Lucky dog.  
Au revoir, Spacey.  
Call me later.  
Say bye-bye to Pa-pa.  
Bye-bye.  
- Hey, Martina.  
- No, Boner.  
Hey, Dawson, do you have  
any lotion I can borrow?  
It's for my rash.  
I've got to go to class.  
Okay.  
Okay, settle down, class.  
Settle down. Settle down.  
That's it. That's it.  
I'm your substitute,  
Mrs. Tingle.  
Today we're going  
to be studying  
about the perse cution  
of the Jewish people.  
Who can tell me what the verb  
is in this sentence?  
Sabrina? Moesha? Daria?  
Ooh? Eeh? Ooh ah ah?  
Who can tell me if Frankenstein  
was circumcised?  
Martina? Don't forget to give  
Grandma her laxative.  
I won't.  
Slab, I think you've had enough.  
Why?  
Be cause you won't have  
any room for beer.  
Whew, that was close.  
Man, if I wre cked,  
my dad would kill me.  
Hand me a beer.  
Guys, I think our senior year  
is going to be the best ever.  
I'm the new Kielbasa queen.  
I just got accepted to  
Harv ard Law School, baby.

I just got a foreign exchange student living in my house.  
She's Swedish !  
- And I just got a D in math !  
- Yeah !  
Slab! Look out!  
I think I hit something.  
I think I'm going to be sick.  
Yup, I've got a fever.  
Slab, you've got blood all over you.  
Oh, that's no problem.  
It comes out with a little tequila.  
Old scout trick.  
Slab, give me a hand.  
Wasn't that trophy enough?  
Yes, but we have to dump this deer.  
Alright, sweetie.  
Can everybody keep a secret?  
Mar-teen-ahhhhhhhhhhh.  
Yes.  
This never happened.  
Who can tell me how to conjugate the verb "expire"?  
" Doughy."  
That's an interesting name.  
Thanks.  
It's my dad's name.  
He's a baker.  
Hagatha.  
Now that's a beautiful name.  
Thanks.  
My friends calls me Hag.  
Oh, do they?  
That's so cute.  
Dammit! She's flat!  
Actually, they're C cups.  
I guess I got to get these things redone.  
Doughy.  
Doughy...  
I was wondering, how did you get

into this line of work?

Well, I got too fat  
for the ballet,  
and I could never  
get my bulge right,  
so I figured,  
"What the hell?"

Hagatha...

Do you have a boyfriend?

Well, not yet.

Mail order, huh?

I tried that a few times myself.

If it doesn't work out,  
would you let me know?

I sure will.

- Thank you.

- Yeah.

Okay, Tiffany, Amber,  
into the chair.

Come on, shake it!

Ladies...

Now, I need a volunteer.

Boner, you look like a victim.

You're up.

B-But, Mr. Hasselhof,

I-I can't swim...

- Perfect.

- No!

Parko!

I want to live.

Oh yeah, I want to live...

Yeah, right now, please !

Yeah.

Not so much tongue, Amber.

Now this is a textbook example  
of mouth to mouth resus citation.

Some of you may want  
to practice this at home.

Or, if you'd like  
to stay after class,

- I'd be more than happy to...

- Ewwwww!

Boner!

It's Bah-ner, sir!

Not at the moment...  
You have to make sure  
this gets to the governor  
as soon as possible.  
It's my last chance,  
little brother.  
Otherwise, I'll fry.  
Don't worry, Jimmy.  
You can count on me.  
Time's up, Boner!  
It's Bah-ner, ma'am.  
Not for long.  
Dead Boner Walking.  
I hope you guys don't mind,  
I may have to get home early.  
Me and Milli,  
my Swedish exchange student,  
are about halfway  
through the Kama Sutra.  
Awww, Boner.  
I don't want to share you.  
Yeah, what's she got  
that we don't have?  
A twin sister.  
Slab!  
Look out!  
Can everybody keep a se cret?  
I'll fry.  
Yes.  
This never happened.  
I'm never going to get laid.  
Slab, I think you've had enough.  
Really, darling?  
Your concern is admirable,  
but completely without merit.  
I'm doing splendidly.  
Anyone read that article in the  
Times Science se ction last week?  
Seems gene splicing  
is all the rage.  
Slab! Look out!  
Can everybody keep a se cret?  
Slab, I'm looking  
for your Uncle Lou's urn.

We're scattering his ashes  
today. Have you seen it?  
No.  
Yes.  
This never happened.  
Shan... Shan... Shan... ah...  
Shan... Shan... ah... kah.  
Shanakah. Chachi...  
Barbara, I'm afraid  
it's worse than we feared.  
- Nurse Kevorkian, you mean...  
- Yes, Barbara.  
You have chlamydia...  
and gonorrhea...  
and syphilis...  
and crabs...  
Whew, I thought you were going  
to say that I have herpes.  
Oh yes, and herpes.  
Damn those Starbucks  
toilet seats.  
Now young lady,  
isn't there somebody special  
you wish to make aware  
of your condition?  
You mean a teacher?  
Or, my dad?  
Well, I was thinking more  
like a boyfriend...  
Oh.  
Do you have a yearbook?  
Barbara, Barbara,  
please take some advice  
from a woman who's had some  
experience in this area.  
I wish to explain something  
that we in the health profession  
refer to as "hitting skins,"  
"knocking boots,"  
"doing the nasty,"  
"bumping uglies..."  
I'm talking about sex, dear.  
Sex can be a beautiful,  
sensuous experience

between a man and a women  
who truly love each other  
and want to share eternity  
laying in each other's  
gentle embrace.  
Or it can be a dirty,  
filthy spankfest  
in a bus station bathroom  
shared by two anonymous  
consenting adults  
on a layover in Detroit,  
and nobody ever need know.  
I think you got my point.  
Now, should we go and look  
at your x-rays?  
X-rays with a pap smear?  
Oh, we're very thorough here.  
I just can't figure out  
what this white spot is.  
You know, a pair of tube socks  
works ever so much better.  
Why, when I was your age...  
I had this experience  
I'll never forget.  
There were three of us,  
three of us in one bed...  
Barbara, honey?  
I'm expecting Reverend Johnson  
today, did he come yet?  
Almost.  
Barbara, I could never  
be as beautiful as you.  
Or swallow as much sausage.  
Can I have your autograph?  
Will you marry me?  
- No me !  
- No me !  
Relax, there's plenty  
of Barbara to go around.  
Today Ms. Kielbasa Queen,  
tomorrow the world.  
Carmen Elektra,  
watch your back!  
Slab! Look out!



Can everybody keep a secret?

Yes.

This never happened.

...and that's how I knew

I wasn't a lesbian.

Now, Barbara...

I think you need to take this  
safe sex kit with you.

You never know when  
you may need it.

I gotta go.

Alright, but it may not  
be here when you come back.

Hi, Doughy.

- Hi, baby.

- Chicken?

A little, but it's my job.

Do you have any  
new suspects yet?

Well, we're checking out  
everyone in town.

Any new developments?

Yeah, my vacation pictures.

Who's that, your grandmother?

With the bong?

Yeah.

Glaucoma?

Spring break.

That's me.

Ooh, no tan lines.

- I feel like a hot dog.

- Footlong?

- At least.

- I'm buying.

I've got a weird feeling,

Dawson.

Wait till you eat

the tuna tacos.

No, I mean Screw being killed.

Oh, that.

There's crazed a killer

on the loose, Dawson.

That dead popular kid

could have been any one of us.

But it wasn't.  
So what do you care?  
What about next time he attacks?  
And you know he will.  
Do you have a reservation sir?  
- Dawson?  
- Party of five?  
- Wrong network.  
- Yes, of course.  
Right this way, sir.  
I wouldn't worry about  
it so much if I were you.  
Why?  
Because you are with me.  
Didn't your whole family  
get chopped up  
and fed to a fish farm?  
Allegedly.  
And what makes you think  
you're so special  
he'd want to kill you, anyway?  
Well, because I got this.  
And how do you know it's a he?  
Because serial killers  
and dentists are always men.  
I say rufies are bullshit.  
I take them before every date  
and I never get laid.  
Maybe you're not taking enough.  
You got one too?  
If that's what I think it is,  
I got one.  
A prescription for  
gyno-lotrimin?  
Oh, wrong paper.  
What does this mean?  
I think I got one too.  
What does yours say, Slab?  
- Chanu...chanu...ah...kah...  
- Give me that.  
That's it.  
We're all targets.  
Oh, God, I knew my beauty  
would be a curse.

The bottom line is, everybody  
got a note. We're all in danger.  
Not everybody.  
Fine ! Happy now?  
You may already be a victim !  
Bad ! Bad Deer!  
Bad, bad, bad !  
No more salt lick.  
Deers don't talk!  
What's that?  
Slab! Lookout!  
No!  
I just ate.  
Yes, this never happened.  
Wow! What did you win?  
Duh, Einstein.  
It means Dawson's the first  
one on the chopping block.  
What a relief.  
Big deal.  
Notes.  
It's probably just some  
kid playing a joke?  
I mean, after all,  
it is Halloween.  
And Friday the 13 th.  
On the same day?  
Impossible.  
Slab's dyslexic.  
Besides, a kid couldn't  
write that.  
At least not a kid  
in public school.  
Unless he was Japanese.  
But they're not historically  
serial killers.  
No, what about Godzilla?  
Not technically Japanese.  
He was born  
in international waters.  
Ahhhh-so,  
what are we gonna do?  
"We" nothing, dipshit.  
How do I know it's not

one of you guys?

Well, we could all make  
handwriting samples.

Slab's out.

Woo-hoo! Not a killer.

Right here. Not a killer.

Wait a se cond,  
just be cause he can't read  
doesn't mean  
he's not the killer.

- Yeah, look at the Clintons.

- What?

No, this is stupid--  
and you're stupid.

Why would we want  
to kill each other?

Yeah, so what if Slab  
lost my term paper  
after he copied it  
and turned it in as his own  
and got an A?

Yeah, and so what  
if Barbara told everyone  
I got a small s chwantz?  
Even though I don't.

Exactly.

So what if Boner's dad  
was cheating with my mom  
leading to her downward  
spiral into alcoholism?

My dad is what?

And you know what's  
really strange?

Somehow The Killer always  
knows where we are.

You know what we've got to do?

We've got to get out of here.

To some place safe.

Yeah, in the middle  
of nowhere.

In the dark woods  
and pouring rain...

Without any adult  
supervision...

or police protection  
anywhere in the near vicinity.  
And I know just the place.  
It's totally deserted  
ever since  
those dorky kids  
were dismembered.  
Are you talking  
about band camp?  
Wait a second--  
This is stupid.  
Let's just all go  
to one of your houses.  
Hey, that's cool.  
My parents are out of town.  
They won't bother us.  
No, let's go to my house.  
My parents are locked  
in the basement.  
They'll totally  
leave us alone.  
No, my house.  
My parents are divorced  
and I spend the weekends  
with my dad, but he tries  
to make up for lost time  
by letting me get  
away with murder.  
Well, you know what I mean.  
Let's go to my house.  
My parents are dead !  
Alright!  
Alright, so we'll stay there  
the night, and we'll be safe.  
Until then, watch your backs.  
Would the following  
students please report  
to the principal's office:  
Lou Sur, and Heywood Jablome.  
Your reading scores  
are average, Jimmy,  
but, you're killing  
on a 12th grade level !  
Congratulations, you're going

to do just fine at the seminary.  
How about that Michael Dunne?  
Now there's an ass  
that won't quit.  
You're telling me.  
He's in my third period class.  
I'd like to jump his bones.  
Hey, did you finish grading  
your term papers?  
I was too hung over.  
Did you read any of yours?  
I never read them.  
Who does?  
Do you know where I could get  
an unregistered handgun?  
You got 50 bucks?  
I can get it by Friday.  
I'll see what I can do.  
## You'll have a fresh attitude ##  
## When you're holding  
your knife ##  
## With Mentals, fresh can be  
your knight ##  
## Lady Luck will lift you up, ##  
## When you're sporting  
fresh breath. ##  
## Before you strike ##  
## Death goes better  
with Mentals freshness ##  
## Death goes better  
with Mentals freshness ##  
## Death goes better ##  
## With you and  
all you do with your knife ##  
Attention students:  
Tonight's PTA meeting  
will be held at the Hooter's  
Restaurant in Glendale.  
Please remind your parents.  
Also, whoever put real meat  
in todays lunch,  
please remove it.  
Man, this car sucks.  
What a pie ce of shit.

Hey, guys.  
What are you talking about?  
Don't you see what I see?  
Why, this car's automatic !  
Systematic !  
It's hydromatic !  
Why it's Greased Frightening !  
## I used to call you up  
on the phone ##  
## Just to give you a s care ##  
## Yeah, keep on talkin'  
Oh, just keep on talkin' ##  
## You know you bought  
the farm but good ##  
## When you're askin'  
who's there ##  
## I want my mommy.  
Oh, I want my mommy ##  
## With the four-speed  
on the floor ##  
## You're just waiting  
at the door ##  
## ...Greased Frightening. ##  
What a fag.  
Let's go paint  
it on his locker.  
Of course it's stupid  
if no one else sings.  
Dicks.  
Mr. Andretti?  
No!  
No!  
No!  
Great.  
What the s cratch?  
Whew!  
License and active warrants.  
There you go.  
May I have your  
attention for the results  
of yesterday's pregnancy tests.  
Susan Savinsky - negative;  
Melissa Blake - positive.  
Jonathan Weiner - negative.

Did you know  
that most serial killers  
have an extra chromosome?  
Really?  
Yeah, trust me.  
I'm from Wisconsin.  
That's a really nice gun.  
Thanks, my mom bought it for me.  
I'm saving up for my bullets.  
- Nine millimeter?  
- When it's cold.  
You know a lot about this stuff.  
Well, I have to.  
My demos show  
that I'm most popular  
with felons and bed wetters.  
Perfect.  
Then I'm your man.  
You do like to watch?  
Who doesn't?  
"Sieg Heil ! Sieg Heil ! "  
Attention students:  
Flight 916 for Tuscon  
will be boarding at Gate 14A.  
The white zone is for loading  
and unloading  
of passengers only.  
No parking.  
Also, today's happy hour will  
be held in the biology lab.  
Remember, wings are free  
when you buy a pitcher.  
And now we're  
in the final turn...  
it's Martina and the Killer...  
the Killer making his move...  
Now it's the Killer  
and Martina.  
Martina now making her move...  
Now it's Martina  
and the Killer.  
Attention students: There will  
be a fire drill at 3:05 today.  
Please bring your own matches



and lighter fluid.

Ah-hh !

Oh.

Two minutes to "show time."

Or should I say "shower time"?

Oh yeah !

Come to papa.

Slab?

Dawson?

Martina?

Eureka !

Alright!

Wait a minute...

What the--

Okay, okay. Okay.

Faculty coming through.

Hello!

Aren't any of you

on the Internet?

Put a leash on it, Tarzan.

Hello, gang !

Welcome to Sex Education.

If you aren't registered

for this course,

or are a Southern Baptist,

you're in the wrong room.

Ta ta.

A churching we go.

Okay, let's get started by  
reviewing the basics, shall we?

Who remembers my two friends

Peter Longfellow

and Virginia Tulips?

Hey, baby, you smell like beer.

Oh Peter, please--

I've always relied

on the kindness of strangers.

Eat my stranger!

Oooh ! Ow! Daddy! Daddy!

Yes?

Mr. Buchanan,

may I please be excused?

Couldn't wait till prom,

Ms. Delgado?

Go.  
Go go go go.  
Alright, let's move on to  
our film, shall we?  
I just need a volunteer to put  
some fueler in the proje ctor.  
Anyone?...  
Fueler?...  
Fueler?...  
Yes.  
I'll do it.  
Sugar bugger.  
There you go.  
Knock yourself out.  
There you go, killer.  
You won't have any trouble  
with those deltoids.  
Alright, where was I?  
The following motion picture  
has been rated "X."  
It contains adult situations,  
adult language and nudity,  
lots of nudity.  
Extensive pausing or rewinding  
will damage film.  
Parental absence is suggested.  
And now for our feature  
presentation...  
Hallmark Hall of Fame  
proudly presents...

**Motley Screw:**

The Pam and Tommy Story.  
Look, I'm driving the boat.  
Look, I'm measuring the couch !  
You look like a tripod.  
Oh, would you look at that  
choice of wallpaper!  
Who is your de corator?  
Mussolini?  
Hey, no one is going  
to see this, right baby?  
Do you mind practicing  
somewhere else?

Ow, this isn't going to help  
my sore throat any, is it?  
Scissors cut paper.  
You lose !  
Look, I'm polev aulting.  
Ah, that's why I don't  
wear underwear.  
That was amazing  
wasn't it, baby?  
I just love playing  
naughty Killer  
and Prison Psy chiatrist  
with you...  
but next time, don't pull  
so tight...  
that's my good s carf.  
Let's see what  
the kids is up to.  
That's what I'm talking about.  
Oh, I'm sorry, lover...  
Did I leave you hangin?  
I know what we need.  
Margaritas !  
That's what I'm talking about.  
See, it's me and you girl.  
Alright!  
Hey, you kids,  
knock off the grab ass.  
It's a good thing Principal  
Winkler left that futon behind.  
Come on, I want to show  
you a trick.  
Hey, what I just tell you?  
Let's go, man.  
I didn't see you come in.  
Well, what do we have here?  
I was just boning up on my CPR,  
and I have a sore hip,  
so we was in...  
Hey, don't make me  
come down there.  
Alright, that's it.  
Damn !  
Wannabe.

Cherry v an, man.  
Thanks, I bought it from Jewel.  
It still smells  
like peanut butter.  
Oh, my God !  
We saw him !  
We all did.  
Dawson's being interviewed  
by the cops right now.  
Yeah, but working  
with William Kevinson  
was a really great  
experience for me.  
He's a brilliant guy.  
Got it?  
You're a very attractive man.  
Now s cram !  
I want to take that home.  
...two, one, and-- Welcome back  
to Bulemia Falls H igh,  
home of Empty-V's  
"Spring Break Massacre,"  
where we have live coverage  
of the coolest murders  
in the country...  
and hot new videos  
from the Backstreet Boys.  
- So, Doughy.  
- Hey, baby.  
Officer Primessuspekt,  
is it true that all  
the students got notes  
from the Killer?  
U h-huh.  
Well, what does it mean?  
Are they in danger?  
Well, I don't want  
to s care anybody...  
but I'd say they are all  
strong candidates  
for a good old fashioned  
ax in the head.  
Are we on live?  
Hey, dickhead,

get a shot of them.  
Officer Primessuspekt, are you taking any extra pre cautions?  
Don't touch me !  
And also we'll send a unit out to whatever deserted location these kids are going to--  
Where is that place, kids?  
Rock and roll !  
Hey, watch the ceiling fan.  
So, I grabbed the bastard by his cheap costume and threw him up against the wall and said to him, "You want the truth."  
"You can't handle the truth."  
So, do you want to go upstairs?  
H i, Doughy.  
Hey, baby.  
Are you all ready for tonight?  
Let's just say I've got an itchy trigger finger.  
- Poison ivy?  
- I showered at the Y.  
Bad soap?  
Yeah, I guess it's only supposed to be used externally.  
So, how come you have a rash on your finger then?  
Well, I had to get it out.  
So, do think the killer's going to show up?  
It's Halloween isn't it?  
Colle cting for the U nlucky Fisherman's Association?  
Sorry, Dude.  
I gave at the pier.  
Okay, so what do you guys want to watch?  
How about Teletubbies?  
Nah, we don't have any pot.  
Okay, we got Hot Shots, The Naked Gun.  
Ooh, Airplane?

I hear if you pause  
it just right you can see  
Leslie Nielsen's penis.  
Ew!  
Parodies are lame.  
I'm gonna get some more beer.  
I'll be back.  
What are you crazy?  
You can't talk like that.  
We are in a parody situation.  
What are you talking about?  
A parody.  
A killer in a The Killer costume  
slaughtering a bunch  
of good looking, horny students  
at a ridiculously  
named high school?  
Okay, had anybody seen "Scream"?  
Yeah, great flick!  
For Christ's sakes guys,  
"EMPTY-V"?  
That's the worst pun  
I ever heard.  
It's so easy.  
I mean, hello!  
We all got notes--  
"I Know What You  
Did Last Summer" !?  
That's not what mine said.  
- Chan...kah...Chan...  
- Give me that!  
God, I haven't been so scared  
since I tried out for the WN BA.  
Whatever. I'm not scared.  
Oh, Cheap Shot!  
There you are.  
Oooh, Cheap Shot.  
Now, I really need more beer.  
Come on guys,  
look around you...  
Dawson !  
What? It's a family name.  
Are we gonna be tested on this?  
2 4 hour pizza--

If we're not here in 2 4 hours,  
we're not coming.  
Who ordered the large?  
I got it.  
No, no, no.  
Hagatha, allow me.  
No really, I got it.  
- No, I got it.  
- No really, I got it.  
- Hagatha, allow me.  
- I'll flip you for it...  
You're on !  
Best two-out-of-three?  
Okay.  
Alright listen.  
There are certain rules  
you have to follow  
in a parody situation  
if you want to survive.  
Okay, number one:  
Exaggerate everything.

**N umber 88:**

Accept the ridiculous  
as logical.  
Don't worry,  
I know how to please a woman.  
Sexual sight gags--  
always funny.  
We're almost there.  
Almost there.  
Come on baby, yeah !  
Yes ! Yes !  
Yes ! I got it!  
Oh yeah ! Oh.  
And along with wacky  
sound effe cts...  
Here's Boner.  
and unlimited absurdity...  
Remember, nothing is s cared.  
Damn it!  
Just perfe ct.  
You're forgetting  
"Point out the obvious."

And finally, perpetuate  
painful stereotypes.  
That's ridiculous !  
See, now that's Orion...  
and that's his penis.  
No, that's the Big Dipper.  
Really? I call mine  
"Thor's Hammer."  
I can't see shit.  
Bottom line is,  
parodies come from the truth.  
It's observ ation.  
So if something  
looks familiar, heads up.  
Ha-ha, Boner.  
Boner?  
Stay back, asshole !  
Damn these fake tits.  
This surveillance work  
is really interesting.  
Yeah.  
It must be really hard trying to  
be so inconspicuous and quiet.  
Right, well not everybody  
is cut out for it, you know.  
Hey, have you ever heard  
me play the drums?  
Damn !  
Hey, not bad.  
Here it comes.  
"And don't call me Shirley! "  
Hey, hey guys.  
They just found the  
Administrator Formerly  
Known as Principal,  
bound and gagged, dead.  
Let's go down there before  
the coroner does...  
and play "Weekend at Bernie's"  
with him.  
And I never got  
a chance to know him.  
I'll get it.  
It could be my accountant.



So, here we are all alone.  
Right?  
I have something for you,  
Dawson.  
Oh, yeah?  
I want you, Dawson.  
You want me to wear that?  
No, this is for me.  
But this is for you.  
Oh.  
Wait, wait.  
Wait a se cond.  
I thought you were a lesbian !  
A lesbian?  
Why?  
Hello?  
You play softball.  
You watch Ally McBeal.  
The WN BA?  
No Dawson, I'm not gay.  
Barbara's gay.  
Barbara?  
Big Rosie fan.  
- But, you are a witch, right?  
- Oh, yeah.  
Lame Gag !  
You s cared the crap out of us.  
What is it, boy?  
I'm sorry.  
What is it, girl?  
Slab's in trouble?  
Steroids?  
In the bathroom?  
Burt Reynolds wears a rug?  
O.J. was framed?  
Khaki's aren't cool?  
I have to disagree with you.  
I think you're completely...  
Well, fuck you too!  
Come on, let's go.  
- Slab!  
- Oh my gosh !  
I think I used too much.  
Oh, this is horrible.

I know.  
Who is gonna clean this up?  
Dawson, no.  
There's no point  
in beating Dead Horse.  
Okay, Dawson, I'm going to ...  
Dawson, Dawson !  
I was just checking for clues.  
Would you?  
Mmmmm, beefy!  
You're too late.  
Alright.  
Alright, pepperoni boy,  
let's see 'em.  
We made it!  
Hold on,  
I'll take care of this.  
You mean big bully!  
You bad, bad, bad killer.  
I'm going to scratch  
your eyes out, big bully.  
Whoa !  
Alright!  
Yeah, kick his ass !  
Jerry! Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!  
You sure you're not a lesbian?  
Well, once, at camp.  
Cool.  
Let's find out  
who this asshole is.  
Who is that?  
Abe Lincoln.  
Abe?  
Okay, come on now.  
Take them off.  
But, they're company property.  
Nice.  
Sh-hh.  
Did you hear that?  
- Oh, excuse me.  
- No, not that.  
Let's roll.  
Hey, wide load, you and pizza dork  
gotta hoof it.

Get off!  
We're going in !  
Come on.  
Hey, I think this  
is the last one.  
You !  
Who were you expecting,  
Billy Loomis' mother?  
Of course !  
Rule Number 101 :  
You can't have  
a successful parody  
without mocking, contrived,  
confusing endings.  
But why, Doughy?  
I'm not Doughy, dumbass.  
That's not even real.  
But it is dastardly.  
So if you're not Doughy,  
that makes you...  
Yes !  
Doughy's evil twin cousin,  
Harding !  
Wow, good twist.  
So what's your motive?  
In the Millennium--  
motives are accidental.  
Do you mean "incidental"?  
I should have killed you first.  
Hey. Hey! Now--  
I suppose this is what you  
used to disguise your voice.  
Helloooo, Cindy!  
No, I mean this !  
Hello, Martina.  
What's your favorite movie?  
I am your father, Luke.  
Freeze !  
Don't shoot, I give up.  
- Hardy!  
- Yo, Dough !  
Doughy, what's going on?  
They're identical.  
Yeah, one good,

one evil.  
Wow, just like the Olsons.  
Except where as Harding  
enjoys a minuet,  
ballet ruses  
and crepe suzette...  
Doughy likes to rock and roll,  
a hot dog makes  
him lose control.  
What a wild duet.  
Still, they're cousins.  
Identical cousins.  
They laugh alike.  
They walk alike.  
At times  
they even talk alike.  
And, you can lose your mind.  
Shut up everybody!  
For God's sakes,  
how many times do you think  
we've heard that in our lives?  
A little respect!  
Harding !  
You're a disgrace and an  
embarrassment to our family!  
Because of the stain  
on grandma's dress?  
No...  
Oh, that.  
Yeah.  
Listen, I'm really sorry.  
Is there any way I can  
make it up to you, Doughy?  
Well, first of all,  
you can take that costume back  
to its rightful owners  
at the mall.  
I don't have the receipt.  
I'll make some calls.  
But don't forget  
about the fake dogshit.  
I didn't take any dogshit.  
Alright, you knucklehead,  
give me a hug.

Ow.  
Nice shot!  
Huh?  
Oops.  
You guys all saw that--  
I mean, that was an accident.  
Yeah, it happens.  
I really need  
to get a new shade.  
Here, try mine.  
Perfect.  
Well, I've got my scoop.  
See ya, Doughy.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Wait a minute.  
What about dinner  
at the Wiener Puff?  
Or maybe a snack  
at the Pretzel Shack?  
- Did you bring your bike?  
- Uh-huh.  
What about us?  
Pizza guys get all the pussy.  
Don't worry, Doughy,  
we've got it all under control.  
Yeah, except for  
all those dead people.  
Yeah. Well.  
Let's go, kids.  
Alright guys--  
bag 'em, tag 'em,  
let's wrap this up.  
We'll take it from here.  
Wow, Doughy.  
A twin cousin.  
Yeah, the resemblance  
was remarkable.  
People say we look  
like Tom Cruise.  
Hey, catering.  
Martina.  
Dawson.  
Boner, you're alive.  
God bless Viagra !

It saved my life.  
I ate a whole bottle...  
And when I had my heart attack,  
the blood kept pumping anyway.  
I can take this from here.  
Yes !  
We are so lucky  
to have survived.  
Now we can be together forever.  
Well, at least until the sequel.  
The End... as if.  
Aren't you gay?  
Not on my watch, punk.  
Well, I guess  
that about does it.  
I killed my cousin.  
My heart's broken  
and my sister's dead.  
Dammit, I love this job.  
Well, now we're safe,  
thank God.  
Hey, you want to go for a walk  
in the dark, s cary woods?  
Sure.  
Hey, Dawson !  
Everybody! I did it!  
I'm not a virgin anymore !  
- Hello, Sydney.  
- What?  
I'm sorry-- I'm losing you.  
I said-- hello, Sydney.  
You're breaking up--  
hello?  
Who was it?  
I don't know,  
but if it's important,  
they'll call back.  
Damned cell phones.