

# CARRIE

Written by

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Based on the novel by Stephen King

WRITER'S REVISED DRAFT  
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FADE UP ON:

PROLOGUE: INT/EXT. MARGARET WHITE'S HOUSE - THE PAST

A balmy August day in Maine.

A white, wooden house at the end of a country lane. Ancient, New England trees in the yard. Wind in the trees' leaves. The branches swaying. A sense of the Natural World. The Eternal. We hear VOICES SINGING.

VOICES

*"Blessed be the tie that binds/  
Our hearts in Christian love/  
The fellowship of kindred minds/  
Is like that to that above..."*

The camera pans across the house. Through its windows, we see MEMBERS OF A FUNDAMENTALIST SECT, gathered to worship, singing a hymn. An imposing woman, MARGARET WHITE, stands in front of a makeshift altar, leading them.

WORSHIPERS

*"Before our Father's throne/ We  
pour our ardent prayers/ Our fears,  
our hopes, our aims are one/ Our  
comforts and our cares..."*

EXT. MARGARET WHITE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The camera finds Margaret's five-year-old, shy daughter, CARRIE, creeping towards the fence that separates the White property from the next-door neighbor's yard. On the other side of the fence, a ripe, 18-year-old girl, ESTELLE HORAN, sunbathes on a towel, in a white bikini, dozing...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION CONFERENCE ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Bikini girl is now a conservative woman of 30, sitting at a conference table, in front of a microphone. Being interviewed by someone off-camera. Across the bottom of the screen, the words: *"WHITE COMMISSION - ESTELLE HORAN (NEIGHBOR)."*

ESTELLE HORAN

I lived next door to the Whites until I was twenty. The "incident" happened when I was eighteen, and Carrie was...four or five?

EXT. THE BACKYARDS - DAY

Estelle starts awake. Little Carrie is staring at her.

YOUNG ESTELLE  
Carrie...you scared me. Hi.

YOUNG CARRIE  
Hi.  
(pointing at Estelle)  
You have dirty pillows.

YOUNG ESTELLE  
What? You mean...my breasts?

YOUNG CARRIE  
I wish I had some.

YOUNG ESTELLE  
(laughing)  
You will. When you're older.

YOUNG CARRIE  
No, I won't. My Momma says only bad girls have dirty pillows.

YOUNG ESTELLE  
We-ell, I'm a good girl. And doesn't your mom have breasts?

YOUNG CARRIE  
My Momma was wicked when she made me with my daddy, she says, and that's how come she has them.

INT. WHITE COMMISSION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Estelle shakes her head at the memory.

ESTELLE HORAN  
I was in shock. I wanted to grab that little girl up in my arms and just run away with her. Get her away from--

EXT. THE BACKYARDS - DAY

Like a banshee, Margaret White is at her backdoor, shrieking:

MARGARET  
CAAARRIETTAAAAA!

The little girl freezes, caught. Estelle instinctively tries to cover herself. Margaret lumbers towards them--

YOUNG ESTELLE  
Mrs. White--

MARGARET  
(to Estelle)  
Whore. Strumpet.

YOUNG ESTELLE  
We were just talking--

Behind Margaret, some members of the sect have gathered in the doorway, at the windows. Margaret grabs Carrie's arm and YANKS her away from Estelle, towards their house.

MARGARET  
And you! I *told* you, Carrie, didn't I? I *warned* you about her!

YOUNG CARRIE  
I'm sorry, Momma, I, I forgot--

MARGARET  
(shaking the girl)  
She's the Whore of Babylon, Carrie, and it's a *sin*! It's a *sin* to consort with her!

YOUNG CARRIE  
Momma, please, I'm so sorry--

More worshipers have come out of Margaret's house. Estelle's MOTHER comes out of *their* house, afraid someone's being murdered.

ESTELLE'S MOTHER  
Estelle? What's happening?

MARGARET  
(accusing Estelle's Mom)  
Your daughter is a slut, and you *revel* in it!

ESTELLE'S MOTHER  
(WTF?)  
*Excuse me?*

MARGARET  
Exposing herself to the world!  
Showing her flesh! And you allow it!

YOUNG ESTELLE  
 (genuinely worried)  
 Mom, she's hurting Carrie--

ESTELLE'S MOTHER  
 Let that girl go, Margaret, or I'll  
 call the police--

MARGARET  
 You see, Carrie? You see how they  
 are? How they threaten?

YOUNG CARRIE  
 (sobbing)  
 Mo-momma...

THE CACOPHONY BUILDS, with Margaret, Estelle, and Estelle's mother all yelling; the worshippers staring; Carrie WAILING as Margaret drags her back towards the house--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ESTELLE HORAN  
 (matter-of-factly)  
 That's when they started to fall.  
 Out of the sky.

EXT. THE BACKYARDS - DAY

*Something--A PEBBLE--falls from the sky and hits the White roof, bouncing off it. Then another one. Margaret stops shaking Carrie, looks up. A third rock hits the back steps.*

ESTELLE'S MOTHER  
 (with dread)  
 Estelle, get over here--now.

Estelle races to her mother as more stones--like big pieces of hail--continue to fall, all over the White backyard. One member of the sect CROSSES himself. Margaret kneels in front of her sobbing, hysterical daughter:

MARGARET  
 Stop it, girl! You stop it right  
 now!

But Carrie can't. More stones. Estelle and her mother cower under their back porch for cover, but...the stones are *only* falling on the White property.

In a panic, Margaret takes the girl up in her arms, but their house is too far away to get to safely.

So, to shield Carrie from the falling stones, Margaret HUDDLES against one of the oak trees in the backyard, as the storm of stones continues. One smashes through the roof; another hits and dislodges the drainpipe. The members of the sect are terrified; *this* is a true sign of the devil. Margaret strokes her daughter's hair, trying to calm and comfort her.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

It's all right, it's all right,  
Carrie. *Shhh-shhh...* He forgives  
you, Jesus forgives you, *shhh-*  
*shhhh...*

But it's no use. This is an Act of God now...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Estelle's interview continues:

ESTELLE HORAN

Two things happened after that day.  
The first is, I never sunbathed in  
the backyard again. And two, those  
church people stopped coming over  
to pray and sing and...whatever. It  
was just Margaret and Carrie, then,  
in their house, doing their thing.

The interviewer asks Estelle a question.

ESTELLE HORAN (CONT'D)

Sure I've wondered, over the years.  
About what had happened to Carrie  
White and her crazy mother. Now, I  
suppose, the whole world knows...

CREDITS:

SNAPSHOTS of Chamberlain, Maine, float across the screen.  
EWEN HIGH...THE CAVALIER PUB...THE GAS STATION...THE  
FIREHOUSE...THE BOWLING ALLEY, et cetera. This place--this  
town--is *real*. It *exists*.

These images give way to PICTURES from Ewen High's latest  
yearbook. Sports teams, extra-curricular clubs, class  
portraits, and solo shots, including: Baseball star TOMMY  
ROSS, with the caption "All American" underneath his picture.  
A clique of attractive, popular girls, including CHRIS  
HARGENSON and SUE SNELL, posed in front of their lockers. The  
caption beneath them reads: "Ewen High's Fempire." The last  
picture we see is of Ewen High's CHOIR.

In the back row, a plain, homely girl. CARRIE WHITE, a teenager now, staring straight ahead. The camera pushes in on Carrie's dark, haunted eyes...

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY - THE PRESENT, LOOKING BACK

SUE SNELL, pretty, 17, sits in front of her computer. Wrestling with what she lived through.

SUE

There's one thing no one seems to understand about what happened. Not the reporters, not the people on the Commission, who are trying to tell their *own* version of this story, not even my mom and dad...

EXT. EWEN HIGH - BLACK TOP - DAY

The camera pans from BLUE SKY to...SENIOR P.E. CLASS. A chain-link fence separates THE GUYS from THE GIRLS.

SUE (V.O.)

We were kids in high school, okay?  
Carrie was, Chris was, Tommy...  
(a hitch in her voice)  
...Tommy was...

The camera finds: Sue and her boyfriend, athletic, handsome TOMMY ROSS, chatting intimately at the fence. We hear a WHISTLE. The girls' gym teacher, MISS DESJARDIN, ending a time-out, calling to:

MS. DESJARDIN

What are you waiting for, Sue,  
doomsday? Back to the game.  
Goodbye, Mr. Ross.

Smiling, Tommy trots back to the BOYS. Sue rejoins the girls' volleyball game. She, CHRIS (a haughty hottie), and CARRIE (a duck amongst swans), are on the GOLD team against BLUE.

CHRIS

(to Sue)  
Did Tightass finally ask you?

SUE

Not yet.

CHRIS

Pathetic. Come with me and Billy.

Carrie looks on, excluded, as the game resumes...

SUE (V.O.)

Try to remember that, if you can:  
That we were in high school, and  
that some of us--we made bad  
decisions. We overreacted. Or  
underestimated. But mostly, we were  
trying to do our best. We didn't  
know...

Under Sue's V-O: Team Blue serves the ball; the two teams  
keep it in play; finally, a girl on the other team (TINA)  
hits the ball towards Carrie. Chris, fearing the worst, races  
to cover Carrie, who goes after the ball, as well--

SUE (V.O.)

...that what would end in blood on  
Prom Night *began* in blood, that  
day, in the locker-room, after that  
stupid, *stupid* volleyball game...

Disaster; Chris and Carrie COLLIDE--

They miss the return; Desjardin blows her whistle--

MS. DESJARDIN

Game point! Blue wins!

The Gold Team GROANS; typical Carrie--

SUE (V.O.)

Of course, none of us realized it  
at the time. To us, that day was  
just a crueler variation on the  
same old story: Carrie White  
getting kicked in the teeth yet  
again...

Focus on: Chris, enraged, looking at Carrie, a deer staring  
down a rifle's barrel.

CHRIS

(cobra-like)

*You. Eat. Shit.*

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - DEAN MCDUFFY - DAY

A physicist, in his fifties, sits at the table. A copy of the  
book he's written in front of him. He's identified across the  
bottom of the screen: "WHITE COMMISSION - DR. DEAN L.  
MCDUFFY (AUTHOR, TELEKINESIS: A SCIENTIFIC BASIS)."



MCDUFFY

Apart from the stones, there is no other recorded instance of TK in Carrie White's childhood... Of course, since Carrie was an only child, the best witness to such manifestations would have been her mother, Margaret White...

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Amidst a sea of bodies, naked and half-clad girls, Sue and two of her girlfriends, NICKI and HEATHER, are in towels, post-showering, combing out their hair.

MCDUFFY (V.O.)

Moreover, it is entirely possible that Carrie's talent was *latent*, awakened by the trauma and stress she experienced last May...

HEATHER

...finally, I was like, "Either we're going, Brian, or I'm asking the Beak. Because I am *not* missing my prom because you can't get your shit together." And Brian was like, "Fine, Heather, buy the tickets." And I was like, "*Thank you, I will*, why was that so friggin' hard?"

NICKI

(to Sue)  
What about you guys?

SUE

Tommy hasn't asked me yet--

NICKI

He better.

SUE

Why does everyone care so much?  
It's just a dance.

Nicki and Heather look at each other.

NICKI

A) It's *prom*--

HEATHER

--and B) You care more than anyone, Sue. Why don't you just ask him?

Suddenly: A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM from the other side of the lockers.

SOMEONE (O.S.)  
*Help! Help meeeee!*

NICKI  
 Holy shit--

Sue, Nicki, and Heather dash around the lockers to discover a group of girls clumped in front of the communal shower room. Unseen, at the front of the group, we hear Chris's voice:

CHRIS (O.S.)  
*Peer-iod! Peer-iod!*

The chant is taken up by the other girls, "Peer-iod, peer-iod," over and over, as Sue grabs another classmate, EMMA.

SUE  
 What's going on, Emma?

EMMA  
 (shrugging)  
 It's Carrie.

Angle on: Chris, leading the charge:

CHRIS  
*Plug it up! Plug it up! Plug it up!*

Sue pushes her way through the girls; they've all joined Chris; it's like something out of *Lord of the Flies*.

GIRLS  
*Plug it up! Plug it up! Plug it up!*

Sue gets to the front of the group, but right before she can see what's happening, WE CUT TO--

INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY (SIMULTANEOUS)

A modest storefront at the end of Chamberlain's main drag. Behind the counter, Margaret White sits at a sewing machine, doing alterations, humming a hymn, when--*she stops suddenly*, looks up... *Something's wrong*. A beat. The feeling passes, Margaret resumes sewing, but she NICKS her finger. Looks down at the drop of blood...

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Looking at: Carrie, howling, hysterical; more animal than human. Traumatized. *Her legs and the white tiles beneath her are streaked with menstrual blood.* The girls are throwing tampons and underwear at Carrie, laughing, taunting, chanting:

GIRLS

*Plug it up! Plug it up! Plug it up!*

Sue at the front of the group. Another girl, TINA, puts a stack of tampons in Sue's hands.

GIRLS (CONT'D)

*Plug it up! Plug it up! Plug it up!*

Sue looks at the tampons, then at Carrie. Briefly, the two girls lock eyes. Then Chris catches Sue's attention; a malicious shine in Chris's smile. A moment of decision...then Sue, too, starts chanting--

SUE/GIRLS

*Plug it up! Plug it up! Plug it up!*

Sue starts throwing tampons at Carrie; Chris snap a picture of Carrie with her cell phone; the chanting continues--

GIRLS

*Plug it up! Plug it up! Plug it up!*

Ms. Desjardin, hearing the commotion, comes into the locker room from her office...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - RITA DESJARDIN - DAY

Now Rita Desjardin sits at that conference table, being interviewed. Across the bottom of the screen, the words: "*WHITE COMMISSION - RITA DESJARDIN (PHYS. ED. TEACHER).*"

MS. DESJARDIN

(doesn't mince words)

These girls, they'll do anything to be part of the pack. Chris Hargensen was the ringleader, no shock there. But they were *all* doing it. Tina, Rachel, Heather, Donna. Even Sue Snell...

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As the chanting continues:

NICKI  
 (to Heather)  
 God, you'd think she'd never had  
 her period before.

Hearing this, the penny drops for Sue. She looks at the  
 terror-stricken girl. At the blood flowing down Carrie's  
 legs. Thick and dark. Sue grabs Chris's arm.

SUE  
 Wait, Chris, I think this may be  
 the first time she's--

As Desjardin forces her way through the gaggle of girls--

MS. DESJARDIN  
 What the hell is going on here?

Desjardin stops cold when she sees Carrie--

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
 Carrie? What's wrong?

CARRIE  
 (shrieks)  
*I'm bleeding to death!*

In a corner of the locker room, a *rack of baseball bats*  
*topples over--* Sue gasps, turns back to Desjardin and Carrie--

MS. DESJARDIN  
 What? Clean yourself up. Come on.

CARRIE  
 H...help me, Miss Desjardin, *I'm*  
*dying--*

MS. DESJARDIN  
 (approaching Carrie)  
 What are you talking about? Stand  
 up.

Carrie clutches for Desjardin desperately, leaving A BLOODY  
 HANDPRINT on the teacher's shorts--

CARRIE  
*Please, I'm dying! I'm dying! I'm*  
*dying--*

Desjardin SLAPS Carrie--and a LIGHTBULB overhead explodes,  
 making everyone JUMP--

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
*I'm bleeding to death and I can't  
 make it stop!*

MS. DESJARDIN  
 What has gotten into you?

SUE  
 I don't think she knows it's her  
 period.

Dumbstruck by this, Desjardin turns to the traumatized girl:

MS. DESJARDIN  
 Carrie? Is that true?

CARRIE  
 (totally unraveled)  
 Help me... *Please...*

Desjardin orders the girls:

MS. DESJARDIN  
 Get the hell out of here. *Now. GO!*

She kneels down, next to Carrie, stroking her hair, her face.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
 It's just your period, do you know  
 that? Do you know what a period is?

CARRIE  
 (panting, still terrified)  
 P...period?

Most of the girls have started to drift away. Sue lingers.

SUE  
 (wanting to help)  
 Ms. Desjardin--

MS. DESJARDIN  
 (lashing out at her)  
*You, too, Snell! Out of my sight!*

Sue goes; Desjardin turns her attention back to Carrie.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
 It's okay, Carrie. They're gone  
 now. Here, I'll help you...

Focus on: Chris and her friend Tina, slipping out a side  
 door. Chris stops Tina.

CHRIS  
 (going to check her phone)  
 Wait, I wanna make sure--

TINA  
 Did you get it?

CHRIS  
 (smiling)  
 Oh, I got it. Perfect, love it...

They leave, as Desjardin helps Carrie from the shower room, towards the lockers...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - RITA DESJARDIN - DAY

Desjardin at the table.

MS. DESJARDIN  
 The question I'm asked, over and over: "How could Carrie not have known about her period?" To which I answer: "If you'd ever met Margaret White..." You have to understand. This is a woman who lived in a house with no television, no computer, no internet, nothing. Who forbade her daughter from having friends...

INT. WAITING ROOM OUTSIDE THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL MORTON's secretary, MISS FINCH, sits behind her desk. Carrie, clutching her books to her chest like a shield, looks down at her feet. Two delinquents, GREG DeLOIS and HARRY TRENNANT, sit nearby, waiting for their turn to be sentenced by Morton. Greg whispers to:

GREG  
 Carrie. Hey, Carrie. Look at me. Come on, *pleeease?* Look at me. Just for a second. Car-rie. *Pleeeeaase...*

Finally, Carrie looks his way. Greg mimes her giving him a blowjob. Harry SNIGGERS. Carrie, who isn't even sure what the gesture means, quickly looks away--

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside the office, PRINCIPAL MORTON is getting a cup of water for Desjardin (as they debrief) from A WATER COOLER'S HALF-FULL GLASS TANK.

MORTON

Isn't she a bit old for...?

MS. DESJARDIN

Her first period? Or the fact that she didn't even know such a thing existed until half an hour ago?

Morton goes to offer her the cup, finds himself staring at the BLOODY HANDPRINT Carrie left on Desjardin's shorts.

MORTON

Well. We can't interfere with people's beliefs, but that mother...

MS. DESJARDIN

I called to tell her what happened. She barely said two words to me. Blames me, I'm sure, and the truth is...I handled it badly, Henry.

MORTON

My last run-in with Margaret White was when she told Mrs. Bicente that the Lord was reserving a special place in hell for her.

MS. DESJARDIN

For Janice? Why?

MORTON

She'd given Cassie an article about Charles Darwin.

MS. DESJARDIN

(beat)

It's *Carrie*. We should send her home.

MORTON

Of course.

(buzzing his secretary)

Miss Finch, would you send her in?

(to DESJARDIN)

What about the other girls? Do you have their names?

MS. DESJARDIN  
It was all of them, Henry.

MORTON  
These kids. After twenty years,  
their faces blur into one and all  
your remember is how awful they  
are...  
(looking at her)  
Come in, Cassie.

MS. DESJARDIN  
(whispering to him)  
Carrie.

Carrie creeps into the office. Miss Finch is in the doorway.

MORTON  
Would you prepare a dismissal slip,  
Miss Fish? Cassie White.

Carrie flinches at this a bit--and a *SPIDER-CRACK* appears in  
the water cooler.

MORTON (CONT'D)  
Ms. Desjardin and I think it best  
that you go home and...take care of  
yourself.

Carrie nods.

MORTON (CONT'D)  
Unless you'd like to go to the  
infirmary?

Carrie shakes her head.

MS. DESJARDIN  
She should go home. And Carrie,  
you're excused from P.E. for the  
rest of the week. Just take study  
hall instead. The library, okay?

Carrie nods.

MORTON  
Would you like us to call you a  
cab, Cassie?

Another CRACK in the cooler.

MS. DESJARDIN  
*Carrie can walk home--*



It's just to Carlin Street.

Miss Finch returns with a dismissal slip. Carrie takes it.

CARRIE  
(barely audible)  
They threw things at me.

MS. DESJARDIN  
It won't happen again.

CARRIE  
(finally looking up)  
They laughed at me. Why do they  
*always* laugh at me?

MORTON  
We're so sorry about this, Cassie.

CARRIE  
*That's not my name!*

The water cooler SHATTERS, spilling water all over the floor; Carrie grabs the slip from Finch and bolts from the office--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - RITA DESJARDIN - DAY

MS. DESJARDIN  
There were signs we dismissed. The  
way things were always breaking  
around Carrie. Or going wrong. As  
if bad luck followed her around...

EXT. EWEN HIGH - DAY

Eyes downcast, Carrie clops away from the school's main building. Sue, who had been waiting for Carrie, sees her walking along the school's chain-link fence (but on the other side of it). She runs up to Carrie.

SUE  
Carrie? Carrie, can I talk to you?

Ignoring her, Carrie crosses to the other side of the street.

EXT. CHAMBERLAIN STREETS - DAY

Carrie's walking home. A creepy ten-year-old kid, JERRY ERBTER, is *biking* along, on the other side of the street. iPod buds in his ears.

He sees Carrie, brightens, and cuts across the street, so that now he's *behind* Carrie, coming up on her fast. As he passes her:

JERRY  
*Crazy Carrie, Crazy Carrie, Crazy  
 Carrie--*

Close-up on Carrie. Anger flashes across her face; her brow furrows, *she flexes--*and Jerry WIPES OUT, a tangle of arms and legs and still-spinning bicycle wheels. The boy SCREAMS as Carrie hurries along, a smile blossoming on her face...

She goes around the block, stops. Realizes what she's done; the smile fades. She looks at the trees above her, branches swaying, as if pushed by God's hand...

SUE (V.O.)  
 I never set foot inside Carrie's house. None of us did, not even when we were kids...

Carrie resumes her walk...

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY - THE PRESENT, LOOKING BACK

Sue, continuing her story, into her computer's camera:

SUE  
 The only time we'd go to Carlin Street was on Halloween night. For pranks and stuff...

EXT. CARLIN STREET - CARRIE'S HOUSE - DAY

As Carrie walks up her street, towards her house, Sue's V-O continues:

SUE (V.O.)  
 It was like some fairy tale. The lonely girl trapped in the tower, with only her evil step-mother to keep her company...

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Carrie enters her severe, masculine home. (It is part church, part house of horrors.) Decorated with RELIGIOUS ART AND ARTIFACTS, all accentuating the *suffering* of the White's very private faith. The first thing you see upon entering: A GIANT, WOODEN CRUCIFIX.

Then, statues of lanced and pierced saints, many topped with crowns of thorns, portraits showcasing the anguish of Mary, etc. A tapestry depicting Abraham about to sacrifice his son Isaac.

The camera follows Carrie as she walks passed the vaulted doorway that leads from the entrance hall to the White living/dining room. Empty. Carrie hangs her sweater in the closet, walks passed the doorway again--*only Margaret White is there now*, having entered from the kitchen.

MARGARET

(stoney)

So you're a woman now.

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timidly, Carrie approaches Margaret.

CARRIE

Did...did the school call you,  
Momma?

MARGARET

They did. And can you imagine my  
shame?

CARRIE

Oh, Momma, why didn't you *tell* me?  
I was so scared, I thought I was  
dying. And the other girls, they  
laughed at me, and threw things at  
me--

MARGARET

Why were you showering with them,  
Carrie?

CARRIE

Momma, it was after gym class,  
everyone showers--

MARGARET

Not you. It's forbidden and a sin,  
Carrie. You're--

(the dirty truth)

--full of sin now.

Margaret turns from Carrie, takes a BIBLE up off the dining room table. Opens to a passage, reads:

MARGARET (CONT'D)

"And God made Eve from the rib of Adam and--" Say it, Carrie.

CARRIE

Momma, talk to me. Please--just talk to me.

MARGARET

"And God made Eve from the rib of Adam and"--*what*, Carrie? *Say it!*

CARRIE

Momma, please--

Margaret lashes out, STRIKES Carrie across the face with the bible. The girl crumbles to her knees.

MARGARET

"--and Eve was weak," say it, Woman! *Say it!*

CARRIE

I won't!

Margaret hits Carrie again. Fine, so Margaret will say it:

MARGARET

"And Eve was weak and loosed the Raven on the world, and the Raven was called Sin, and the first Sin was Intercourse--"

CARRIE

(pleading)  
I didn't *do* anything--

MARGARET

"And the Lord visited Eve with a Curse, and the Curse was the Curse of Blood--"

CARRIE

It wasn't my fault--

MARGARET

It was, Carrie, it was--  
(beat)

"And Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden and into the World, and Eve found that her belly had grown big with child"--and *that*, Carrie, *that* is the second Curse, the Curse of Childbearing--

CARRIE

Momma, you should have told me. I don't know *anything*, because of you!

Margaret drops to her knees and clutches her daughter--

MARGARET

Oh, Lord, help this sinning woman see the sin of her ways. Show her that if she'd remained sinless the Curse of Blood would *not* have come upon her as it did Eve.

CARRIE

I'm not Eve, Momma, I *didn't* sin--

MARGARET

You showered with the other girls. You have lust-filled thoughts, I know you do. You have been tempted by the Anti-Christ, Carrie, the world is wicked, and this is the Lord's *kind*, vengeful hand at work--

CARRIE

Let go of me, Momma.

MARGARET

You stink of sin, Carrie, I can *smell* it on you--

CARRIE

I mean it, Momma, let me go--

MARGARET

Eve never repented so on her the Crafty Serpent built a Kingdom of Whores and Pestilences. But you'll repent. You'll go to your closet--

CARRIE

No--

MARGARET

You'll pray--we'll pray together-- to Jesus to save our sinning souls--

CARRIE

*Let me go, Momma, or I'll make the stones come again--*

Margaret freezes. The first time Carrie's invoked the stones.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 I didn't sin, Momma. You sinned.  
 You didn't tell me and, and they  
 laughed.

For a moment, Margaret pauses; she *almost* hears this. But then, very quickly, her righteous rage returns.

MARGARET  
 Daughter of the devil--

*Margaret starts dragging a kicking and screaming Carrie into the kitchen, towards a closet--*

CARRIE  
 MOMMA, NO! NO!!

MARGARET  
 PRAY! PRAY IN SHAME! PRAY FOR  
 FORGIVENESS! THOU SHALT HONOR THY  
 MOTHER AND FATHER!!

CARRIE  
 MOMMA, WHY? WHY?

Margaret throws open the closet door; Carrie is fighting for her life--

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 Momma!!!!

Margaret drags Carrie into the closet--

MARGARET  
 Sin! Oh, Sin!

Margaret emerges from the closet, SLAMS the door shut behind her, trapping Carrie, just as Carrie shrieks--

CARRIE (O.C.)  
 MOMMA, YOU SUCK!

A GIANT CRACK APPEARS DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE DOOR, as if it has just been hit by an enormous battering ram. This stops everything. Shocks both women. Margaret covers her mouth with her hand, backs away from the closet door--

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - THE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Carrie stares at the crack, more freaked than Margaret. She kneels down, crosses herself, starts to pray.

Stops, lights a candle, illuminating THE SCARY PAINTING that looms over her: God, the Vengeful Father, sits in a throne, above the Earth, with sinners falling into Hell, where a goat-like Devil rules over the burning pits. Shadowy demons dragging the sinners down.

Carrie takes comfort in the Lord's prayer:

CARRIE

"Our Father, who art in Heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom  
come, Thy will be done, on Earth,  
as it is in...in..."

Carrie is crying now. This *can't* be her life. A moment of utter heart-break and vulnerability.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - THAT FRIDAY NIGHT

Packed. With FAMILIES, SENIOR CITIZENS, even some TEENAGERS, including Sue and Tommy. Having a perfunctory date. Tommy bowls a spare and then saunters back to a distracted Sue.

TOMMY

Your turn, babe.

She focuses on him. He looks so...perfect. Like a prince. Sue grabs Tommy's hand.

SUE

(suddenly, intensely)  
Hey, can we go?

TOMMY

Sure. Where?

SUE

Anywhere. For a drive.

Tommy smiles. He knows what *that* means.

TOMMY

Absolutely.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT OF THE CAVALIER BAR - NIGHT

We're looking at a car, parked in the lot behind a seedy bar. THE SOUND OF TWO PEOPLE GETTING HOT behind the car's steamed-up windows...

INT. THE STEAMED UP CAR - NIGHT

Inside the car: It's not Sue and Tommy, but Chris, going at it with BILLY NOLAN, a teen thug. He's practically tearing Chris's clothes off.

CHRIS  
Slow down, Billy, Jesus.

If anything, he gets more aggressive with her.

BILLY  
This is how you rich bitches like it.

CHRIS  
What's scary is, you believe that.

BILLY  
Isn't it?

He is pulling her pants off without unbuttoning them. He rips them; Chris pushes him off--

CHRIS  
Stop *mauling* me, Billy!

He doesn't; she SLAPS him.

BILLY  
The HELL, Chris!

He slaps her back--not super-violently, but *still*.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
What is your *problem*?

CHRIS  
I don't particularly like screwing in people's cars, okay?

BILLY  
As soon as Kenny comes out, we'll go up.

CHRIS  
(disgust)  
Classy.

BILLY  
Seriously, *WHAT* is the stick up your ass?



CHRIS

(beat)

I told you. That thing with Carrie White.

BILLY

What, you feel *guilty*? Worried you hurt her *feelings*?

(Chris doesn't answer)

She's used to it, right?

(Chris says nothing)

Apologize, then.

A beat. Chris *does* feel guilty, but apologizing to Carrie?

CHRIS

Like hell I will--

She POUNCES on Billy, blotting that thought (any thought) from her mind--

EXT. A FIELD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Underneath a set of elevated train tracks on the outskirts of town. A *different* car (Tommy's car) parked beneath the tracks; a TRAIN passing above it...

Tommy, half-dressed, shirtless, is rolling up a blanket. He and Sue have just had sex. She's getting dressed behind the car, slipping on some jeans. Still horny, Tommy trots over to her...

TOMMY

That was nice, huh?

Sue turns to him; she's tearing up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey, you okay? I didn't...?

Sue shakes her head.

SUE

It's not you, it's... I did...a not-very-good thing today, Tommy.

TOMMY

What? That thing with Carrie?

SUE

(surprised)

You know about that? And you didn't say anything?

TOMMY

(putting on his shirt)  
I thought it a Chris Hargenson  
special.

SUE

It was. But--  
(ashamed)  
--it was me, too.

TOMMY

(can't believe it)  
You threw tampons at Carrie White?

SUE

*Tommy...*

Disgusted with herself, Sue walks away from him, sits down on the car's hood. Tommy tries to help:

TOMMY

I kicked a kid in the ribs once.  
While he was knocked out. Danny  
Patrick. He used to beat the crap  
out of me in the sixth grade.

SUE

(incredulous)  
Someone picked on *you*?

TOMMY

I was skinny in the sixth grade.  
But yeah, pretty much every day.  
Except for the day Danny Patrick  
picks on this *other* kid, Pete  
Tauber. Who is small, but ripped,  
right? And who beats the living  
shit out of Danny Patrick.

SUE

Where?

TOMMY

Kennedy Junior High's playground.  
At the end of the fight, Danny  
Patrick hits his head on the  
concrete and is knocked-out. Like,  
utterly. To the point where we  
thought he might be dead. So  
everyone runs off. Me, too, but not  
before I...

SUE

Kicked him in the ribs.

TOMMY

Just once, but I felt like crap afterwards.

(amazed at the memory)

God. Danny Patrick. I wonder what happened with him...

Overhead, ANOTHER TRAIN rushes by. Both Sue and Tommy stare at it, wondering where the people aboard it are going.

SUE

Tommy, do you ever hate being so...popular?

TOMMY

What, like...?

SUE

Like varsity baseball and student council and...being friends with everybody.

TOMMY

It's not important enough to hate. It's just high school.

SUE

Right. "Just."

TOMMY

What happens now...doesn't matter much. Probably I'll end up working construction, at my dad's company.

SUE

You're going to college on a baseball scholarship.

TOMMY

So did my brother, and *he* works construction for my dad.

(he continues)

I'll spend my Friday nights down at the Cavalier getting hammered with George Dawson, talking about the game I got that fat pitch from Saunders and we upset Dorchester, remember?

SUE

Great game.

TOMMY

It doesn't mean anything, Sue.  
Being popular? Who cares, right?

SUE

(suddenly)

I have to do something, Tommy. To  
make this right. What I did to  
Carrie, it's not like when you  
kicked Danny Patrick. Carrie's  
never done anything bad to me, and  
I...hurt her.

TOMMY

Apologize.

SUE

(shaking her head)

Not enough.

He kisses her. He's nuts about her.

TOMMY

Hey. You're incredible. And way too  
hard on yourself. And I assume it's  
assumed, but...Sue Snell, will you  
go to prom with me?

Sue's been waiting for this...so how come it feels so wrong?

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - THE CLOSET - NIGHT

Carrie in the dark gloom, dozing. The candle has burned low.  
Margaret unlocks the door and opens it.

MARGARET

Did you finish your prayers?

Carrie blinks.

CARRIE

Yes, Momma.

MARGARET

(not a question)

Help me sew.

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Margaret goes to the corner of the living room that she's  
turned into a work area for herself.

A SEWING DUMMY, A SEWING MACHINE, ALL OF THE RELATED PARAPHERNALIA. Rows of threads, bunches of cloth, rulers, scissors, etc.

Dutifully, Carrie walks to a second sewing machine, opposite Margaret's, sits down. Quietly, before she starts working:

CARRIE  
I love you, Momma.

Pleased, Margaret nods, starts sewing. So does Carrie. Then:

MARGARET  
(singing softly)  
*"Blessed be the ties that binds..."*

CARRIE  
(after a beat:)  
*"Our hearts in Christian love..."*

MARGARET AND CARRIE  
(together)  
*"The fellowship of kindred minds/  
Is like that to that above..."*

EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark except for the YELLOW LIGHT from the living room windows while, inside, the White women work.

EXT. EWEN HIGH - MORNING (MONDAY MORNING)

Establishing: The start of another school week. STUDENTS, TEACHERS, STAFF streaming into the building.

INT. EWEN HIGH - HALLWAY - MORNING

Following: Carrie, walking down the school's locker-lined main hall, miserably uncomfortable. If she felt like an outsider before, she does *tripl*y so now...

The other kids stop as she passes them. Some whisper, some giggle, but they are *all* waiting to see what happens when she gets to her locker.

As she approaches it, Carrie sees a CUSTODIAN frantically scrubbing off some MESSAGE that's been scrawled across her locker: **CARRIE WHITE EATS SHIT**, magic-markered. Carrie slows down enough to be sucker-punched by this latest humiliation, but keeps walking, eyes on the ground...

She passes the set of double doors that lead to the gym as the First Period bell RINGS...

INT. EWEN HIGH - GYMNASIUM - MORNING

Inside, the girls (including Sue, Chris, Emma, LIZZY, Nicki, Heather, and Tina) stand in a loose cluster, dressed in their PE shorts and tees, waiting for the boom to fall. Ms. Desjardin approaches from her office. A lecture's coming, but first:

MS. DESJARDIN  
Twenty-five laps.

The girls look at each other, dumbly, not moving.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
(snapping)  
Now.

They immediately start jogging around the gym's perimeter.

INT. EWEN HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

A stack of books at her elbow, Carrie sits in front of a research computer. A LIBRARIAN shows Carrie how to, well, google something.

LIBRARIAN  
Whatever you're looking for, you type it in here, then click on this. Do you want me to do it for you?  
(carefully, kindly)  
You're not on these much, Carrie, are you?

CARRIE  
Thank you, Mrs. Walsh, I'm okay.

LIBRARIAN  
If it's an article you need for a class and it costs something, let me know and we'll have the school pay for it.

CARRIE  
Thank you.

Mrs. Walsh goes. Carrie does a quick check; no one's nearby. She looks down at the keyboard, *flexes*, and the letters M-I-R-A-C-L-E-S are pressed, seemingly by an invisible hand. Then "ENTER." 66 million results. Almost gasping:

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Oh, sugar.

Carrie starts scrolling through them...

INT. EWEN HIGH - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Post-laps. The girls are sweaty, panting.

MS. DESJARDIN

Warmed up? Good. Two lines.

They fall into two lines. Here it comes, they think, the lecture. But not yet.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)

Squats. A hundred.

Audible GROAN; Chris mutters under her breath:

CHRIS

Bitch.

MS. DESJARDIN

A hundred and fifty. You want to go for two hundred, Hargensen? Try me.

Chris and Desjardin face-off. Chris keeps her mouth shut.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)

Squats.

The girls begin the painful exercise...

INT. EWEN HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

Carrie's search leads her from "Miracles" to "Miracles of the Mind." Which leads to "Secrets of the Mind." "Mind Over Matter." Listings about clairvoyance, hypnosis, psychic phenomenon, telepathy, and...

CARRIE

Tele...ki...nesis...

She clicks on "Telekinesis: Fact or Fantasy?" And reads: "THE ABILITY TO MOVE OR TO CAUSE TO MOVE OBJECTS WITH THE POWER OF ONE'S MIND." Carrie scrolls through further listings/articles like: "Telekinesis, and the Quantum Field," "Telekinesis, A Wild Talent Revealed," et cetera. She skims the entries; some are testimonials, first-person accounts...

INT. EWEN HIGH - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Post-squats. The girls are in pain. Desjardin regards them. Now that they've been tenderized, she's ready.

MS. DESJARDIN

Big week coming up. Big month. The biggest of your lives. Prom, then graduation. You must be excited--  
(catching her by surprise)  
--are you, Sue?

SUE

(huh?)  
Ms. Desjardin?

MS. DESJARDIN

You excited for Prom? Going with...Tommy Ross, I bet?

SUE

I...

MS. DESJARDIN

(moving on)  
What about you, Chris? Who'd you pick to escort you? Or do you not have a date?

CHRIS

(sullen)  
Billy Nolan.

MS. DESJARDIN

(mock impressed)  
Are you getting him a boutonniere? Or will you just pin a bloody tampon to his lapel?

CHRIS

(turning to go)  
I so don't need to hear this--

MS. DESJARDIN

*STAY PUT!*



Chris stays put. Desjardin addresses the entire group:

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
You all did a shitty thing on  
Friday. A really shitty thing.

Nervously, one of the girls, Heather, giggles.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
Did any of you stop and think  
Carrie White has feelings? Do any  
of you ever stop to think about  
her?

(no response)  
Maybe you do. Maybe you think:  
"She's ugly." "No one likes her."  
"Thank God that's not me." Well,  
guess what? You're the ugly ones.  
And cruel. All of you. Bullies.

CHRIS  
(mumbling, to Tina)  
This is such bullshit.

MS. DESJARDIN  
(calmly)  
I'm not one of the girls you  
terrorize, Chris. One more mumbled  
remark, and you'll see how *not*  
terrorized by you I am.

Chris doesn't say anything.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
Now my recommendation to Mr. Morton  
for this little stunt of yours was  
three days' suspension and no prom.

A collective GASP from the girls.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
That would've hit you were it  
hurts. And you would've deserved  
it, too. However, because the  
Disciplinary Committee is made-up  
almost entirely of men, and they,  
of course, have no idea how truly  
nasty what you did is, their  
punishment is one week's detention.

The girls, Sue included, sigh in relief. Chris smiles, tries  
to catch Sue's eye; Sue looks away.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
 Ah, but it's to be *my* detention.  
 You just got a taste. Every day  
 this week, for an hour and a half.

CHRIS  
 (mumbles)  
 I'm not coming.

MS. DESJARDIN  
 That's up to you, Chris. That's up  
 to each of you. But skipping  
 detention gets you three days'  
 suspension and no prom.

CHRIS  
 My father's a lawyer. Take away my  
 prom and he'll sue you, bitch.

The girls are shocked; not even *Chris* has ever talked to a  
 teacher like that. Desjardin strides up to the girl. A scary  
 moment: Is Desjardin going to hit Chris? But then:

MS. DESJARDIN  
 You're done. You're out of my  
 class, Hargensen, and out of the  
 prom.

Desjardin turns from Chris, starts towards her office.

CHRIS  
 You, you can't decide that.

MS. DESJARDIN  
 Goodbye. Get out of here. The rest  
 of you--laps, the rest of the  
 period, then see you on the field  
 at 3:15.

Chris calls after her:

CHRIS  
 You threatened me!

But Desjardin is in her office now. And some of the girls  
 have already resumed their laps. Chris implores them:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 You *heard* her threaten me! If we  
 stick together, we can get her  
 fired! Nicki?  
 (nothing from Nicki)  
 Heather?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 (nothing from Heather)  
 Sue?

Sue shakes her head.

SUE  
 Let it go, Chris, just--let it go.

Leaving Chris high-and-dry, Sue joins the other, already-jogging girls... Chris can't believe what's just happened.

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY

Back to Sue:

SUE  
 They, uhm. They checked some of the library computers, and found one Carrie must've been on that week, before prom. No one was surprised by what she'd been researching...

INT. EWEN HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

At the computer, Carrie's search leads her to a Youtube video entitled "Melia's Magic." Carrie clicks on the link...

EXT. A COUNTRY YARD - DAY (THE VIDEO CARRIE'S WATCHING)

A grainy, shaky home video. Day-time. We're looking at an OVERWEIGHT WOMAN IN GLASSES, who is waving an unseen cameraman over to a patch of dirt under a tree, beneath a tire-swing. The heavy woman directs our attention to a bright-eyed LITTLE GIRL (3-years-old), sitting on the ground, in front of a dozen marbles. This is MELIA.

OVERWEIGHT WOMAN  
 Now watch, just watch, it'll happen...

Focusing on the little girl. Nothing's happening.

OVERWEIGHT WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Give it a minute now, hang on...

After a moment or two...*some of the marbles RISE into the air and begin, seemingly, to dance...*

Close-up on Carrie's eyes. Widening at what she's watching.

OVERWEIGHT WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Lookit, Shawnee, what did I tell  
 you? Ain't that something? Just  
 like Gramma, 'member? With her  
 rocker? How she could make it go,  
 even when she wasn't in it?

The little girl smiles and claps. Delighted.

OVERWEIGHT WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 It's no trick, Melia just does it.  
 I was scared at first, but...

INT. EWEN HIGH - LIBRARY - DAY

Scared but exhilarated, Carrie's transfixed by the video. The  
 marbles, floating in the air like soap bubbles...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - DEAN MCDUFFY - DAY

Back to McDuffy, shaking his head.

MCDUFFY  
 A telekinesis--TK--gene *has* been  
 isolated. Like hemophilia, it  
 follows a dominant/recessive  
 pattern. Recessive in women, but  
 also *dominant* in women. (And *only*  
 in women.) In other words, this is  
 not the stuff of Quija boards and  
 poltergeists, though I understand  
 the skepticism...

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - CARRIE'S ATTIC ROOM - DAY

Carrie sits at her desk, in her Anne Frank-like attic, a lone  
 school pennant (EWEN HIGH) amongst the religious  
 paraphernalia on the walls. She reads a copy of McDuffy's  
 book.

MCDUFFY (V.O.)  
 ...because if Carrie White is the  
 Truth, then what happens to the  
 order of the Natural World? What  
 are we left with? The Divine? The  
 Satanic?

On Carrie's desk: Other books about psychic phenomena from  
 the library. She closes McDuffy's tome. Stares down at it.  
 Concentrates, *flexes, hard--and the book's cover moves just a  
 little. SNAPS open.*

From downstairs, we hear: The front door opening, Margaret calling:

MARGARET (O.C.)  
Carrie?

Carrie SLAMS her hands down on the cover, shutting the book tight as if it were a piece of smut.

CARRIE  
(calling back down)  
Yes, Momma?

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Margaret, taking off her coat, feels...STATIC ELECTRICITY, making the hair on the back of her arms stand on end.

MARGARET  
What are you doing up there?

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - CARRIE'S ATTIC ROOM - DAY

Carrie frantically gathers up the psychic phenomenon books, stuffs them into a desk drawer. (Where she also keeps her "dirty" movie magazines.)

CARRIE  
Homework, Momma.

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

At the foot of the stairs, Margaret is rubbing her arms...

MARGARET  
Come help me with dinner.

INT. EWEN HIGH - CLASSROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Carrie's English class. Tommy, Sue, and the gang (including meanies Nicki, Tina, and Lizzy, but not Chris), at their desks. Their English teacher, an officious little prick named EDWIN ULMANN, at the front of the room. Carrie in the row closest to the window, looking at the FLAGPOLE in the quad. The American flag SLACK in the breeze-less air.

A close-up on Carrie. A *tiny* flex...and the flag starts to flap, ever so slightly. Is it a breeze or--?

ULMANN

Carrie?

Startled, she turns to him.

ULMANN (CONT'D)

Your poem? Do you have it?

Almost imperceptibly, she nods.

ULMANN (CONT'D)

Well, can we hear it?

Insta-nervous, Carrie pulls out a sheet of paper and starts reading from it, inaudibly.

ULMANN (CONT'D)

Carrie, why don't you come to the front of the class? So we can all hear it?

Nicki and Lizzy trade a look, snicker; *this is gonna be good.* Sue and Tommy trade a look. *Ugh, this is gonna be miserable.*

SUE

(volunteering)

I'll read my poem, Mr. Ulmann.

ULMANN

Thank you, Sue, right now, I want to hear Carrie's.

(to Carrie)

Ms. White?

Carrie starts up the aisle, feeling every set of eyes on her. In front of the chalkboard, a wreck, she begins to mumble--

ULMANN (CONT'D)

Louder, Carrie.

Carrie turns to Ulmann, anguished, then resumes, louder, eyes glued to her page.

CARRIE

"Jesus watches from the wall, But his face is cold as stone, And if he loves me, As she tells me, Why do I feel so all alone?"

Though some of the kids GIGGLE at the Jesus reference, the camera pushes in on Sue, who actually *hears* the pain and isolation in Carrie's brief words.

ULMANN  
Is that...all, Carrie?

Nothing from the girl.

ULMANN (CONT'D)  
Who is the 'he' that loves you in  
the poem? Jesus?

A beat, Carrie nods.

ULMANN (CONT'D)  
You want *Jesus* to love you?

Carrie nods; the kids, delighting in their classmate's  
roasting. Ullmann, fueled by their giggles:

ULMANN (CONT'D)  
You want Jesus to take you to the  
prom?

Carrie shakes her head. She's mortified.

TOMMY  
(under his breath)  
Asshole.

The kids who heard that giggle some more.

ULMANN  
(half-heard the dig)  
Tommy? Did you say something?

TOMMY  
That you're being an asshole. Sir.

Carrie looks up at her defender. Sue *also* looks to Tommy,  
surprised.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Carrie's is the best poem we've  
heard.

The students brace themselves--

ULMANN  
Detention, Mr. Ross.

TOMMY  
I have baseball practice, sir. And  
my coach would have a strong  
opinion about me missing it,  
especially if I told him why.

Rather than push this conflict further, Ulmann lets it go.

ULMANN

Take your seat, Carrie.

As she does, she passes Tommy, who gives Carrie a tiny, quick WINK. Sue is *still* looking at Tommy, impressed, when:

ULMANN (CONT'D)

All right, Ms. Snell, let's hear yours...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A tense meeting. Principal Morton (fiddling with a series of paperclips) and Ms. Desjardin are facing off against Chris's father, the lawyer JOHN HARGENSEN.

JOHN HARGENSEN

My daughter's at home right now. I'll keep her there through...let's say Thursday. That's a three-day suspension. Long enough.

MS. DESJARDIN

(incredulous)

For what Chris did to Carrie? And how she *literally* disrespects everyone?

JOHN HARGENSEN

(ignoring Desjardin)

Once she's completed her suspension, I want my daughter's prom privileges re-instated. A girl's prom is extremely important to her, and Chris is very distressed to be missing hers.

MS. DESJARDIN

She had every opportunity to--

JOHN HARGENSEN

--*prom* is what I want for my daughter, Mr. Morton. What I want for me is--

(he turns to Desjardin)

--*her* dismissal.

MORTON

On what grounds?



JOHN HARGENSEN

She threatened my daughter with physical abuse and used profanity in front of her. That's verbal abuse.

MS. DESJARDIN

Oh, that's such--

MORTON

--Ms. Desjardin has been reprimanded, but Mr. Hargensen, you are aware of what your daughter did to her classmate Carrie White?

JOHN HARGENSEN

Not even remotely relevant.

MORTON

It's absolutely relevant, sir, because your daughter and her posse threw sanitary napkins at Carrie White. And chanted "Plug it up!" That's verbal abuse, too. And made obscene gestures towards the girl-- who, incidentally, believed she was bleeding to death.

JOHN HARGENSEN

If you'd rather we continue this conversation in court, Mr. Morton--

MORTON

We absolutely can, Mr. Hargensen--

Morton opens a thick file sitting on his desk--

MORTON (CONT'D)

--but first, may I show you something, sir?

JOHN HARGENSEN

Chris's file?

MORTON

(nodding)

In her four years here, she's earned...72 detentions. 48 of those are for the systematic abuse and harassing of misfit pupils.

MS. DESJARDIN

(sneaking it in)

Eileen Swope.

JOHN HARGENSEN  
(finally talking to her)  
What?

MORTON  
I believe Ms. Desjardin is referring to the girl your daughter systematically tormented for two years-- Sending her threatening e-mails, posting humiliating photos--

MS. DESJARDIN  
Because Eileen was voted Treasurer over Chris--

MORTON  
--Eileen tried to kill herself, you might recall. That case almost went to court, but you settled with her family, I believe? Is that right?

JOHN HARGENSEN  
Your teacher crossed a line, Morton; if you don't make it right, I will take you to court, and when I'm through with you, you won't be fit to get a job as a custodian.

MORTON  
(pleasantly)  
Ewen High has zero tolerance for this behavior, Mr. Hargensen. Therefore, the sanctions against your daughter stand. If you wish to pursue the matter further, that is your right. But if sued, we will counter-sue, on behalf of Carrie White, on the grounds of physical, verbal, and mental abuse. Now: I believe you know the way out, sir?

Hargensen stands, leaves without uttering another word.

MS. DESJARDIN  
Now we know where she gets it.

MORTON  
(he holds up a destroyed paperclip)  
Eighteen paperclips. A record.

INT. EWEN HIGH - CHOIR ROOM - DAY

Choir class. Thirty students, boys and girls, four rows deep, arranged by height, being led through their paces (that is, their scales) by a CHOIR TEACHER.

The camera finds Carrie, on the furthest edge of the group. As she (and the other kids) SING, the camera follows her gaze to...Tommy, in the middle of the group. He, too, is singing. He catches Carrie staring at him; she quickly looks away. Then the camera slides over to...Sue, on the other side of the group. She is looking at Tommy...then she looks towards Carrie, thinking, thinking...

INT. THE CAVALIER PUB - DAY

Close-up on Chris:

CHRIS

How was detention with Dyke Desjardin?

The Cavalier's the local dive pub. Burgers, beer, darts, a jukebox, pool tables. A mix of students and townies. Billy is playing pool with some of his goons, including: KENNY GARSON, STEVE DEIGHAN, and JACKIE TALBOT. Sue is sliding into the booth opposite Chris...

SUE

She kicked our asses.

CHRIS

Good. That's what you get.

SUE

Come on, Chris.

CHRIS

Why didn't you back me up?

SUE

I thought...we deserved it.  
(amending)  
I thought *I* deserved it.

CHRIS

Well, I'm not going to prom now.  
You think I deserve *that*?

SUE

I think...Desjardin was right. I think we did a horrible thing for no reason. (At least *I* didn't have a reason.)

The CRACK of billiard balls--

CHRIS

Fine, but guess what? I'm still going. I'll crash, I don't care.  
(turning to him:)  
Right, Billy? We're crashing prom?

Billy's eyes flicker over to Chris for half-a-second, then away; he continues his game of pool.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Carrie was *begging* for it, Sue. How long have we known her for?

SUE

Since--

CHRIS

(over-riding her)  
*Since the first-grade*, and she's been *begging* for it, *since the first-grade*.  
(moreover)  
You were throwing crap, too.  
Calling her--

SUE

I stopped. I tried to stop it.

CHRIS

Oh, you "stopped." You "tried" to stop it. You are...  
(she shakes her head)  
--God, you are *such* a hypocrite, Sue. Don't forget, I've known you since the first-grade, too, and I know *exactly* why you caved with Desjardin, and it's *not* because you felt bad for the freak.

SUE

I'll talk to you later, Chris--

She starts from the booth, Chris hot on her tail--

CHRIS

Wait--

SUE

*What?*

CHRIS

You've been dreaming about senior year, and the perfect prom, and the perfect boyfriend, and the perfect life, since we were twelve, Sue-- *That's* why you had your change of heart-- And everyone knows it, bitch--

Wow. Sue is stung. She has no comeback, because, well...Chris isn't 100% wrong.

SUE

Can I go now?

CHRIS

Just remember: Two more days of this suspension and then I'm back. And there's one more month left of school. And then, what I did to Carrie--no, what we did to her? I can do to you.

A beat. On unsteady legs, Sue pushes out the Cavalier's door.

EXT. THE CAVALIER PUB - AFTERNOON

Shaken, Sue walks to her car, the camera tight on her face. She didn't want Chris to see her cry, but now, outside, the tears start to flow...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE EWEN FIELDHOUSE - DAY (LATER)

Ewen High's VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM (including Tommy) has just finished practice; the guys are trotting off the field. Tommy sees Sue sitting on a bench, by the fieldhouse. He peels away from his teammates and goes to her. Sue's eyes are red, wet.

TOMMY

(alarmed)  
What's wrong?

SUE

Can we talk?

EXT. BEHIND THE BLEACHERS - DAY

Sue and Tommy are walking slowly...

SUE

If I asked you to do something for me, Tommy...would you?

TOMMY

Of course. Anything.

SUE

Tommy...I want you to take Carrie to prom.

Tommy LAUGHS--then realizes she's *not* kidding.

TOMMY

Carrie White? Oh, babe...

SUE

Just-- It's what's right, Tommy. It's what I want to do. What I *need* to do.

TOMMY

Baby, you're being crazy...

SUE

I'm trying to fix what I did.

TOMMY

I get that, but this is--

(beat)

It's just--

(beat)

Sue, it's *nuts!*

SUE

Why?

TOMMY

To begin with, what makes you think she'd say yes?

SUE

(oh, please)

She'd say yes.

TOMMY

We've barely spoken two words--

SUE

Doesn't matter; do you know what you look like? If you asked her, she'd say yes.

TOMMY

And we go, and...what? How would that fix anything?

SUE

It would maybe make her...feel more a part of things.

TOMMY

(dubious)  
For one night?

SUE

Why'd you defend her poem?

TOMMY

Honestly? For you. And because Ulmann was being a dick. And because...it was a good poem.

SUE

I can't just say "I'm sorry," I need to *be* sorry in a way that counts. That *means* something. To Carrie.

TOMMY

(agreeing suddenly)  
Okay, I'll do it.

SUE

You will?

TOMMY

It's important to you, so--I mean--I'll try.

SUE

Tommy--

Sue hugs him. In the embrace:

SUE (CONT'D)

--thank you.

Close-up on Tommy, hugging Sue back. His LIPS are close to her EAR. He whispers something; we don't hear what.

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY

Sue's story, continued:

SUE

People hear this story, they aren't surprised I asked Tommy to ask Carrie to the prom. What they are surprised about is that Tommy said yes, but it's like this...

(getting choked up)

It was what I wanted, and...

EXT. BEHIND THE BLEACHERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Close-up on Tommy's lips, whispering into Sue's ear: "I love you."

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY

Wiping her eyes:

SUE

He did it because he loved me.

INT. EWEN HIGH CAFETERIA - DAY (WEDNESDAY)

Lunch-time. The camera weaves among the JOCKS, the NERDS, the CHEERLEADERS, the COOL KIDS, the MEAN GIRLS, the FREAKS, the GEEKS, etc. We land on: Tommy, unsure, standing in the middle of this jungle, holding a tray.

Sue, moral-supporting him from afar, sits at a table, catches his eye, nods: "Go ahead, you can do this." Tommy GULPS, then walks to the far corner of the cafeteria, where Carrie sits, nose buried in a book, eating alone. After the *longest* walk of Tommy's life:

TOMMY

Carrie?

Startled, she looks up--and the books sitting by her elbow fall off the table.

CARRIE

Oh! Sorry!

Grateful for the distraction, Tommy kneels to pick them up.

TOMMY

No, it's okay, I'll just-- Here--

Tommy is now holding his tray of food in one hand, Carrie's books in the other. An awkward moment, then:



TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Can I sit down?

Carrie looks around. Is she being punked? No one seems to be staring at her, so...she nods. Tommy sits, smiles.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
So, uhm. I was wondering. The prom's next week, and I was wondering, if you don't have a date yet, if maybe we--

Carrie snatches her books up and FLEES, rabbit-like. Tommy makes eye-contact with Sue, gesturing, "Go after her."

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
(resigned, following her)  
Carrie? Carrie, wait up--

INT. EWEN HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

Tommy catches up to Carrie; not many students around them.

TOMMY  
Kind of left me hanging back there...  
(nothing from Carrie)  
Will you go to prom with me? It's short notice, but I'm hoping--

CARRIE  
(dark eyes flashing)  
Stop--  
(then softer)  
Stop doing this. Stop trying to trick me.

TOMMY  
No. It's no trick. I want to go to prom with you.

CARRIE  
Why?

TOMMY  
...so we can have fun. It would be fun, don't you think?

CARRIE  
You're dating Sue Snell.

TOMMY  
Sue--knows I'm asking you.

CARRIE  
Why aren't you taking her?

TOMMY  
She has...family stuff. Plus, she hates dancing. Weird, huh?

Carrie studies him for a moment; her eyes narrow--

CARRIE  
You're lying. You all--you think you can keep tricking me.

She starts walking again; Tommy gets in front of her--

TOMMY  
No, listen, Sue knows, she *wants* me to ask you. She suggested it, and I, I thought it was a great idea.

CARRIE  
So this is for Sue?

TOMMY  
No-- No, it's for me. I'm asking you to go because *I* want to go to prom with you.

CARRIE  
I'm not a charity case.

TOMMY  
Hey, hey-- You think I would do anything I don't *want* to do?

CARRIE  
I can't go with you.

TOMMY  
Sure you can. Don't you want to?

The bell RINGS; students start pouring out of classrooms; some of them stare at Tommy and Carrie.

CARRIE  
I have class.  
(then adds:)  
I'd love to, but...

TOMMY  
Today's the last day to get tickets, so you need to say yes right now.

Chris's friend TINA passes them in the hallway, gawking. Carrie feels like she's under a microscope. Tommy gently touches her hand.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'll pick you at 7:30. We'll have fun, I promise.

CARRIE

(shaking her head)

It would be a nightmare.

(no way)

I just-- I can't.

More and more students. Tommy smiles, crosses his arms.

TOMMY

I'm gonna keep asking you till you say yes.

CARRIE

(vulnerable)

Why are you doing this really?

TOMMY

Because...I liked your poem, and I want to friends with the girl who wrote that poem.

(beat)

I'm serious. I'll get on the loudspeaker and ask you. I'll go to your house and ask you--

CARRIE

No--

(then, a decision)

All right, yes.

TOMMY

(confirming)

Yes, you'll--?

CARRIE

Yes, I'll go to prom with you.

(beat)

You knew I would.

Tommy smiles again.

TOMMY

I *didn't*, but I'm glad. Okay, so I'll pick you up at--

But Carrie's rushing off again. A few feet away from Tommy, she turns back, looks to the ground for:

CARRIE  
 (mumbles)  
 Thank you, Tommy.

Carrie goes on her way. Mission accomplished, Tommy turns. Sue's in the hallway. She smiles, goes to him; he puts his arm around her, they walk off, passing Tina, lurking around the corner, observing all this...

INT. EWEN HIGH - GIRLS' BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Carrie in a stall, leaning against one of its metal walls, having a private moment--of joy. The most handsome boy at school just asked *her*, Carrie White, to prom...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

The head of Chamberlain's police force, identified as: "*OTIS DOYLE (CHAMBERLAIN POLICE DEPARTMENT)*." Small-town, hard-working, no-nonsense. Not brilliant, but thorough. Referring to a file.

SHERIFF DOYLE  
 That afternoon, Thomas Ross purchased two tickets to Ewen High's Senior Prom; he paid seventy-five dollars for them, using a credit card. Additionally, Carrie White purchased seven yards of silk chiffon from Gifford's Fabrics; the material cost one hundred and twelve dollars, and she paid cash.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM (ABOVE THE CAVALIER) - AFTERNOON

Wearing a bra and panties, Chris sits on Billy's rumpled bed in his low-rent, beer-reeking room, painting her toenails. WITH BLOOD RED GLOSS. From the bathroom, we hear THE SOUND OF A SHOWER CUTTING OFF. Chris smiles, gets ready. Sits up on her knees, faces the bathroom door...

Billy appears in the doorway, dripping wet, wearing a towel. With a raging hard-on.

CHRIS  
 All clean?

He holds out his arms to show her. Pivots left and right, swinging his dick left and right (off-camera), naughty as hell. Delighted, Chris nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Good. Now you can fuck me.

Strutting, Billy moves towards her--just as Chris's CELL PHONE (on Billy's night-table) BUZZES--

BILLY

Don't--

But Chris *does*; she flips on to her stomach and reaches for her cell--

BILLY (CONT'D)

*Chris--*

She reads the text--

CHRIS

*Unbelievable.*

BILLY

What?

CHRIS

That bitch Carrie White's going to prom. With Tommy Ross.

BILLY

So?

CHRIS

You're a stupid shit, you know that?

Pissed now, Billy pounces on to the bed, roughly flips Chris on to her back. He pins her; her elbows under his knees.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Ow-- Fuck, Billy--

BILLY

I told you: Don't call me stupid.

CHRIS

Then stop being--  
(he puts more weight on  
her arms)  
Ow! Billy--

BILLY

You don't *want* to go.

CHRIS

It's *prom*, asshole, of course I  
want to go.

(then)

Get off me!

Billy slips off her; Chris sits up, grabs her elbows--

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Christ, you almost broke my--

BILLY

You want to go--

(she looks at him)

--we'll go.

OFF CHRIS, the wheels starting to turn in earnest.

INT. CARRIE'S BATHROOM - DUSK

Carrie, in a white, woolly bathrobe. Sitting on the lip of the old-fashioned, clawed bathtub. Filling it with STEAMING WATER. Once that's done, Carrie strips and slips into the hot tub. She dunks her head, gets comfortable, settles in...

Close-up on Carrie's face. Her closed eyes. She is dozing, day-dreaming...

A FLASH OF TOMMY ROSS, in his baseball uniform, on the field warming up, twisting at the waist, holding his bat...

Carrie smiles; her hands slip off the rim of the tub and into the soapy water...

A FLASH OF TOMMY WALKING CARRIE DOWN EWEN'S MAIN HALLWAY, a protective arm around the girl's shoulders...

Close-up on Carrie's face, eyes still closed, but she's starting to smile. We can barely see Carrie's hands disappear, between her legs...

A FLASH OF TOMMY KISSING CARRIE, sitting on the edge of the girl's virgin bed, his hand moving up her leg...

Carrie doesn't even know she's doing it, but she's touching herself (and loving it)... This, too, is a first for her. And as she's touching herself...THE WATER IN THE TUB STARTS TO DANCE INTO THE AIR... A column, a suspended tentacle. Carrie releases into her fantasy more--Tommy's shirtless now, on top of her, AS A SECOND TENTACLE OF WATER CURLS INTO THE AIR.

It's eerie. Beautiful. These two tentacles dancing...  
Carrie's about to orgasm, then:

A SHARP RAP AT THE DOOR.

MARGARET (O.S.)  
Carrie? What's taking you, girl?

Carrie's daydream shatters; the water tendrils unravel and splash back into the tub.

MARGARET (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Supper's ready.

As Carrie guiltily unplugs the tub--

CARRIE  
Coming, Momma.

INT. CARRIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Carrie is getting dressed, pulling hair back. She stands in front of a mirror, bolstering herself for what's coming next.

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A painting of "The Last Supper" looms over our version of the Last Supper: Margaret and Carrie, at opposite ends of the table. Carrie picks at her dessert with dread. Reading silently from her bible, Margaret eats heartily, drinks a big cup of tea. Without looking up:

MARGARET  
I baked mother's love into that  
pie, Carrie.

CARRIE  
It gives me pimples, Momma.

MARGARET  
Pimples are the Lord's way of  
keeping you chaste. Eat your pie.

Carrie takes a bite, puts down her fork. She *can't* eat.

CARRIE  
(diving in)  
Momma I've been asked to the prom by Tommy  
Ross and I want I really really wannago.

Margaret looks up from her bible.

MARGARET  
 (like ice)  
 Tommy Ross?

CARRIE  
 He, he's a nice boy, Momma. He says  
 he'll come meet you before.

MARGARET  
 (like death)  
 Before prom?

CARRIE  
 He, he promised to have me home by  
 eleven.

MARGARET  
 No. It's a sin, Carrie.

CARRIE  
 Not everything is a sin, Momma, and  
 I--I already accepted.  
 (Margaret's stunned)  
 We have to start trying. Or I do,  
 at least. I have to--

Margaret flings her tea across the table, into Carrie's face.  
 THE TABLE RATTLES; Carrie grips its edges and it settles. Tea  
 dripping off her face, the girl continues:

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 ...I have to be my own person. I  
 have to have my own life that's  
 different from yours. I know that  
 scares you. Me going. It scares me,  
 too, but I have to--

MARGARET  
 He'll hurt you.

CARRIE  
 No. There are bad people, but not  
 Tommy. He's good.

MARGARET  
 Your closet-- You'll go to your  
 closet and pray for forgiveness--

CARRIE  
 (not kidding)  
 No. Never again, Momma.  
 (beat)  
 The dance is Saturday night. Tommy  
 will come in and you'll meet him.



MARGARET  
And afterwards?

CARRIE  
(huh?)  
Afterwards...he'll bring me right  
back home.

MARGARET  
Afterwards, he'll take you, Carrie!

CARRIE  
Oh, Momma, please.

MARGARET  
That's what they *do*, Carrie. First  
comes the blood, then come the  
boys, *sniffing* the blood, grinning  
and slobbering like, like *dogs*--

CARRIE  
Stop it, Momma, stop being so--

MARGARET  
*He'll paw you 'til he's found where  
that BLOOD smell comes from--*

CARRIE  
(she snaps:)  
*Stop being so damn crazy!*

THE PIE PAN FLIPS and smacks against the wall. Cherry pie  
filling STREAKS down "The Last Supper"...

MARGARET  
Witch.

CARRIE  
I'm not.

A beat. Then Margaret LEAPS to her feet, accusing Carrie--

MARGARET  
*Devil's spawn, devil's child--*

Carrie flexes, FORCING Margaret back down into her chair--  
*pinning* her into it--

CARRIE  
Sit down, Momma. We're going to  
talk about this. Finally.  
(beat)  
There are no witches--

MARGARET  
Read your bible--

CARRIE  
--but there are other people like  
me. Who can do what I can do. Think  
hard enough and make things move.

MARGARET  
(hushed, terrified)  
It's from the Devil, Carrie.

Carrie presses down on Margaret, *harder--*

CARRIE  
It's not. Listen to me. I've read  
about it. It's inherited. Passed  
down. It's something that came from  
you--

MARGARET  
No--

CARRIE  
Or Daddy--

MARGARET  
*YOU SHUT YOUR FILTHY WHORE MOUTH  
ABOUT HIM!*

Losing control, CARRIE FLEXES AND FLIPS *EVERYTHING* ON THE  
TABLE. Then she lifts the table up--and lift's Margaret's  
chair up--

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
*Carrie--*

--*THEN SLAMS IT ALL DOWN WITH A CRASH!* A beat, a settling.  
Margaret's terrified, but doesn't relent.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
The Devil's got you now. Same as  
your father, carried off by Satan.

CARRIE  
Daddy ran off with another woman,  
not Satan. And I don't want to  
fight you, but you need understand  
this, Momma. I'm not like you, and  
I am *never* going to be like you.  
And things...things are going to  
change around here.

Margaret retreats into the Exorcism Prayer from Deuteronomy.

MARGARET

"I adjure you, ancient serpent, by the judge of the living and the dead, by your Creator, by the Creator of the whole universe..."

Exhausted, heart-broken (but ever the dutiful daughter), Carrie stands and starts cleaning the mess she just made.

CARRIE

Pray all you want, Momma, but I'm going, and nothing's gonna stop me.

INT. EWEN HIGH - LIBRARY - MORNING (THE NEXT DAY, THURSDAY)

Study hall. Kids doing homework. Sue and Tommy sit at a table, side-by-side, intense whispering.

TOMMY

Why didn't you tell me before?

SUE

I wasn't sure. I'm still not. It's only been two days.

TOMMY

But you told me, so something must've--

SUE

(admitting)  
Usually I'm like clockwork.

TOMMY

But--not always?

Sue bites her lip. She can't lie. She always is. Tommy runs his hand through his hair. Fuck. FuckfuckfuckfuckFUCK.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Well, God, Sue...

SUE

Please don't worry yet.

TOMMY

Well, of course I'm worried. It was stupid, we should've--  
(actually)  
I should've--

SUE

We give it two more days, just till  
after prom. If it hasn't come by  
then, I'll go see a doctor.

TOMMY

Do you want...? I mean, should we  
get you a test?

Before Sue can protest, a meek voice interrupts:

CARRIE (O.S.)

Tommy?

It's Carrie, standing there.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Hi. My Momma lives alone, so...I  
need to be home by 10:30.

TOMMY

(this is random, but:)  
10:30? S-sure.

SUE

That still gives you enough time to  
go to Sugar's, too.

CARRIE

Sugar's?

SUE

For a burger if you want.

CARRIE

(hesitating)  
You mean--before?

SUE

Afterwards. You go to Sugar's--  
(realizing Carrie would  
have no idea)  
--you go to Sugar's after the  
dance. Right, Tommy? 10:30 still  
gives you enough time?

A beat. Tommy's still processing what Sue just told him.

TOMMY

Bu-best burger in Maine...

Carrie nods, but to be clear:

CARRIE

As long as I'm home by 10:30. I  
don't want to make Momma worry.

INT. EWEN GYM - DAY

Close-up on: A RED SLASH OF PAINT across brown butcher paper. Another one. Angry, violent. Reveal: A GROUP OF HIGH SCHOOL KIDS, the Art Club, painting a mural of Venice, Italy, against one of the gym's walls.

The gym is a HIVE OF ACTIVITY, with kids setting up for prom. Building a stage, hanging lights, streamers, on ladders, hooking up electrical equipment, etc.

Sue is mixing a batch of paint with her friend Heather, mid-gossip session.

HEATHER

...but you guys *didn't* break-up?

SUE

No.

HEATHER

'Cause that's what people think.

SUE

We did *not* break-up, Heather. (For the hundredth time...)

HEATHER

And yet he's taking Carrie to the prom?

SUE

I told you: Because I asked him to.

HEATHER

Because you think you owe it to her? Because of the shower thing?

SUE

I'm not trying to be some martyr, I'm just trying to...balance things.

Sue and Heather start walking their buckets of paint over to the mural.

HEATHER

Where does that put the rest of us?

SUE

People have to make their own peace  
with it, I guess.

(beat)

Does everyone hate me?

HEATHER

Not *everyone*...

Sue stops. She sees, across the way--through the window of an office off the gym (Prom Headquarters)--Chris chatting conspiratorially with Tina Blake. Tina's laptop open in front of them.

SUE

I thought she was still suspended?

HEATHER

Tina snuck her in.

In the office: Chris looks up from Tina's laptop, meets Sue's eyes. A big, fake smile as Chris waves, "Hi, friend!" Sue, helpless, waves back.

SUE

She's pretty mad at me, I guess?

HEATHER

Sue, she hates you now.

SUE

(wincing)

She's not gonna *do* something to me,  
is she?

HEATHER

You know Chris...

Push in on Sue's face, looking at Chris and Tina, pow-wowing.

SUE (V.O.)

I can guess most of what happened  
while the rest of us were getting  
ready for prom. Who did what, and  
why...

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY

Sue's confession, continued:

SUE

Besides me, Tina Blake was Chris's best friend and Prom Committee Chair, so...she must've helped. And Billy Nolan.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

From a distance, we're looking at: BILLY'S CAR, AS IT CRUISES ALONG A LONELY DIRT ROAD. Headlights and starlight; everything else is black sky and night.

SUE (V.O.)

If you wonder why someone like Chris Hargensen was with someone like Billy Nolan, it was 'cause she could control him. Beneath all the trash-talk, Billy did whatever Chris wanted...

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Now we're inside the car. Radio blaring. Billy drives; Chris sits shotgun. Billy's three goon friends crammed in the backseat: KENNY GARSON, STEVE DEIGHAN, and JACKIE TALBOT, drinking beers. Chris, miserable with these goons.

Kenny, skinny, the youngest, sitting in the middle, leans forward:

KENNY

Hey, Billy, you sure Henty's gone? I don't wanna get arrested for some lame-ass joke.

Billy's eyes in the rear-view mirror.

BILLY

It's not a lame-ass joke, Kenny, it's a *great* joke. You wanna back out, I'll pull over right here. But yeah, Henty's at a funeral. Right, babe?

CHRIS

(get me through this)  
Yes. I told you.

EXT/INT. BILLY'S CAR - THE HENTY FARM - NIGHT

Billy pulls up to a run-down, ramshackle farmhouse. He parks, turns off the radio. Everything goes deadly quiet. The reality of what they're doing sinks in. Billy turns to Chris.

BILLY  
 (quiet)  
 Soo--  
 (loud squeal)  
 --EEE!

That breaks the mood. Chris JUMPS; the goons start guffawing.

CHRIS  
 Jesus, you shit!

Chris smacks Billy; the goons crack up some more--

STEVE  
 (snorting)  
 Hey, hey--who died, anyway? Whose funeral?

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - IRWIN HENTY - DAY

Straight out of "American Gothic," the farmer IRWIN HENTY sits at the conference table.

IRWIN HENTY  
 My wife had passed away the Tuesday before--cancer--so I took her up to Bangor for burial, where the rest of her people are...

EXT. THE HENTY'S FARM - THE PIGPEN - NIGHT

Chris, Billy, and the three trogs are climbing over the fence that encloses Henty's muddy pig-pen, holding TWO GENTLE, LOLLING SOWS. Jackie carries a sledge-hammer; Steve a butcher knife; Kenny a metal bucket. Chris illuminates the way with a flashlight.

HENTY (V.O.)  
 My son had been after me to install some kind of security system for years, but having seen my place... Why would anyone in their right mind want to break into my farm?



STEVE

That Henty bastard is gonna *shit* himself when he gets home.

BILLY

(almost a chant)

Here, piggie, piggie, piggie,  
piggie... Here, piggie, piggie,  
piggie...

When the group reaches the dumb, motionless pigs:

BILLY (CONT'D)

Pick one, Chris.

She shines her flashlight on one of the sows. It turns to them, snorts curiously.

CHRIS

That one. Looks like her.

Steve makes eye-contact with Billy. *Harsh bitch.*

BILLY

The goal is to do it in one swing,  
Jackie--right?

JACKIE

Yeah. Okay...

Jackie lifts the sledge into the air, Kenny looks away, Chris's eyes dance in the moonlight...but Jackie *can't* do it. He looks sick, lowers the sledge.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

S-sorry, Billy...

Kenny looks back, relieved.

CHRIS

(meaning, "fix this")

*Billy--*

Billy takes the sledge from Jackie--

BILLY

*Pussy--*

Armed with the sledge, Billy starts stroking one of the pigs, almost tenderly. Cooing to it.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, little piggy, Uncle Billy's gonna take *gooooood* care of you... Yes, li'l piggy, you're not gonna feel a thing--

Lightning-fast, BILLY BRINGS THE SLEDGE DOWN ON THE SOW'S HEAD, killing the pig instantly, though it TWITCHES in its death spasms. The second pig scampers away, squealing. The guys are frozen, in shock.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Its throat, Stevie, like I showed you--  
(no one moves)  
Steve--

STEVE

I...

BILLY

Hurry up--

STEVE

Bu-Billy...

BILLY

Oh, Jesus H. Christ--

Billy goes to take the knife from Steve, but then, the flashlight's beam hits him in the face--

CHRIS

I'll do it.

A beat, then Billy nods, "Okay." Chris trades flashlight for knife. Billy pulls BACK the dead sow's head, so its neck is nice and stretched-out...

BILLY

The bucket, Kenny--or are you gonna pussy-out, too?

Scared as shit, Kenny positions the tin bucket under the pig's exposed neck; Chris puts the knife up against its throat--

BILLY (CONT'D)

You got this. One quick--

CHRIS SLICES, AND WE HARD-CUT TO:

BILLY'S CAR, looking into its open trunk, lined with plastic garbage bags, filled with ice. A BUCKET OF BLOOD packed into it.

REVERSE THE SHOT: So we're looking UP at Billy and Chris, who are staring DOWN at the trunk. (The goons behind them, ashen-faced, keep their distance.) Both Chris and Billy are smeared with the red stuff.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Pig's blood for a pig.

A beat. Then, Billy reaches up and SLAMS the trunk closed--

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - MORNING (THE NEXT DAY, FRIDAY)

Desjardin is picking up equipment, discarded clothes. Then she hears...*someone crying?* She rounds a set of lockers, discovers--Carrie, on a bench, distraught.

MS. DESJARDIN  
Carrie?

Carrie turns from Desjardin, who sits down next to her.

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
What's wrong? Was it one of the girls?  
(no answer)  
Carrie? Did one of the girls do something?

Carrie shakes her head "no."

MS. DESJARDIN (CONT'D)  
What, then?

CARRIE  
I...got invited to prom.

MS. DESJARDIN  
(breaking into a smile)  
But that's *great* news! Who asked you?

CARRIE  
Tommy Ross.

Desjardin tenses, for the tiniest beat, then covers.

MS. DESJARDIN  
He's the cutest, don't you think?

CARRIE

Y-yes, but...

Desjardin brushes the hair off of Carrie's face.

MS. DESJARDIN

What is it?

The girl finally looks up, cheeks wet with tears.

CARRIE

Ms. Desjardin, I don't know how to dance!

Desjardin's heart goes out to the girl; she hugs her.

MS. DESJARDIN

Oh, Carrie, that's nothing to worry about; I didn't, either. That's the least of it, you'll see. It's easy. I'll show you--

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Desjardin and Morton sit with Sue and Tommy, dragged into the Principal's office. Desjardin in the middle of grilling Sue, defensively defending herself.

SUE

--*what* is the big deal?

MS. DESJARDIN

It is a very big deal to Carrie White, and you know that, Sue.

(beat)

And you're what, going by yourself?

SUE

No. I'm not going.

MS. DESJARDIN

You're just staying at home?  
Missing your senior prom?

SUE

Is that so hard to believe?

MS. DESJARDIN

I'm not stupid, Sue, and neither is Carrie.

TOMMY

Ms. Desjardin, I have class--

MS. DESJARDIN

You're best friends with Chris. If the two of you--

(taking Tommy in)

--the *three* of you are planning something--

SUE

This has nothing to do with Chris.

(beat)

Or you, Ms. Desjardin. This is something Tommy and I decided.

MS. DESJARDIN

But *why*?

Sue and Tommy are a wall of silence. Desjardin looks at Principal Morton. *Help, please.*

MORTON

Tommy, what happens when the University of Maine hears about this?

Tommy looks at Sue. Was that a question or a threat?

TOMMY

Why would the University of Maine care who I take to prom?

MORTON

You're willing to risk a baseball scholarship just to...to...

MS. DESJARDIN

(impassioned)

To pull a prank on a poor, lonely girl whose only sin is that she's different from you?

TOMMY

Due respect, Ms. Desjardin, Mr. Morton...like Sue said, this is between Sue and I, a private thing--

Desjardin interrupts the boy:

MS. DESJARDIN

Tommy. When you show up to prom, with Carrie White on your arm, don't you think you're going to look the *tiniest* bit ridiculous?

Tommy doesn't have a response. Sue takes his hand.

SUE

Tommy doesn't care *how* he looks--do you?

TOMMY

(a micro-beat)

No.

INT. EWEN HIGH GYM - THE NIGHT BEFORE PROM

Two flashlights cut the darkness. One high, one low. Chris on the ground, shining her flashlight up at Billy, on a ladder, above the stage, in the rafters, positioning the tin bucket.

A FAT DROP OF RED FALLS, landing on Chris's cheek. It takes a second for her to realize what it is...then she starts to *freak-the-shit-OUT*. She tries to wipe the blood off, only succeeds in *smearing* it--

CHRIS

Oh, my God... Oh, my God, *Billy*--

BILLY

Hold the damn light still--

CHRIS

You're dripping all over me, it's *disgusting*--

BILLY

Calm your ass down.

CHRIS

Hurry up! I wanna go home!

Billy threads a length of rope through a pulley...

BILLY

Keep your tits on, and when the time comes, I'll let you pull the rope.

This mollifies Chris, *a little*. As they continue to work, the camera slides from them to one of the gym's far corners. Up in the darkness, we see A TINY RED LIGHT BLINKING, indicating a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, seeing--and recording--everything...

MONTAGE - THE MORNING OF PROM NIGHT

SNAPSHOTS OF CHAMBERLAIN, echoing the Opening Credits. A shot of Ewen High, in dawn's light, morning mist. Then: A shot of TOWN HALL. A shot of THE CAVALIER BAR AND GRILL.

The GAS STATION. A shot of Chamberlain's VOLUNTEER FIREHOUSE. The EMERGENCY SIREN atop it. Everyone, everything, still asleep. The streets are empty; the day is full of potential...

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Sue at the counter; she's just bought something. Mortified, she takes the white paper bag from a PERVY MALE CASHIER, crumples it up, stuffs it into her shoulder bag.

CASHIER

Have a good one.

Dying inside, Sue turns, starts down the aisle, glances to the cosmetics section, sees...Carrie, hopeless in front of the millions of lipsticks. Tentatively, Sue approaches her.

SUE

Hi...

Carrie looks scared for a moment, then settles.

CARRIE

Hi.

SUE

(meaning the lipsticks)

Looking for something for tonight?

CARRIE

(nods, but:)

I'm not sure what to get.

SUE

I can help.

CARRIE

Thanks.

SUE

It's no problem.

CARRIE

For everything. Thank you...for everything.

A moment of understanding between the two girls, then:

SUE

What color's your dress?

PULL BACK ON THE GIRLS as they start going through possible lipsticks. Looking at them from a distance, they could be best friends...

SUE (V.O.)

People are gonna believe whatever they want to believe about Carrie, but I can tell you who she really was: The girl who agonized over what lipstick to buy so she would look pretty for her first date...

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY

Sue's confession, con't:

SUE

The girl who wanted to be brought home early so her mother wouldn't worry...

INT. CARRIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING (PROM NIGHT)

Carrie, admiring herself in her mirror. Her hair is done up, she's got a little make-up on, she's wearing her PINK PROM DRESS, and she looks...*stunning*. A different person, in fact.

SUE (V.O.)

She wasn't some...monster, she was just a girl...*who hurt*. In ways most of us (if we were lucky) could never imagine, she hurt...

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY

Sue, right to us, to the camera. Somehow, to Carrie, too:

SUE

(after a moment)

So, if you can hear this, Carrie, I'm sorry... And I hope that prom night was good for you. Until it turned into what it turned into, I hope it was *good*, and *wonderful*, and *magic*...

INT. CARRIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Carrie picks up a corsage from her dresser and goes to pin it on herself;



when she looks back into the mirror, Margaret is there, in the doorway. A *deep* moment between mother and daughter, separated by...so much. Carrie turns to Margaret, holds out the corsage, an olive branch.

CARRIE

Tommy dropped it off earlier. Will you pin it on me, Momma?

For a moment, it seems as if Margaret's wavering--as if she *might* help Carrie--but then...the stone wall goes up again.

MARGARET

Red. I might've known it would be red.

Carrie's face crumples; her dress is *pink*. Carrie starts to pin the corsage on herself.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

And I can see your dirty pillows. Everyone will.

Carrie is struggling with the corsage, the pin.

CARRIE

They're called breasts, Momma, you have them, every woman has them.

Carrie pricks herself on the pin--

CARRIE (CONT'D)

(sucks her finger)  
Shoot.

MARGARET

"And the dogs came and licked up the blood." Burn that whore's dress and pray for absolution.

CARRIE

Momma, it's modest. If you knew.

MARGARET

Oh, I know--  
(beat)  
Call him. Call that boy and say you changed your mind. Or say you're sick.

Carrie is applying lipstick now--

CARRIE

You mean lie, Momma?

MARGARET

Lying for the Lord, Carrie. I can do it.

CARRIE

Or you could be happy for me.

Unraveling, terrified for her daughter, Margaret PULLS at her hair, CLAWS at her face, PUNCHES herself in the mouth. Disturbing, but Carrie's seen this before--

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Stop hurting yourself, Momma, it's not gonna make me stay home.

A CAR HONKS out front; Carrie goes to the window; it's just two cars passing each other. Carrie's brow creases; Margaret sees an opening:

MARGARET

He's not going to come. It's a put-on. A trick, same as always!

Carrie shakes her head, but she's suddenly unsure.

CARRIE

He's coming.

Margaret grabs her arm:

MARGARET

Then he'll trick you there!

CARRIE

Momma, stop it, I'm nervous enough as it is.

They hear *another* car outside. Carrie goes to the window; this one *is* stopping in front of their house.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

It's him.

(turning to Margaret)

You see? It's all gonna be okay.

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Looking down on: Carrie, as she hurries from her room, along the hall, down the stairs, Margaret hot on her tail.

MARGARET

Your sin will find you out, Carrie!  
Repent!

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 It's not too late to repent and  
 atone! We'll pray together!  
 Remember your commandments!

Carrie looks up at Margaret, imploring her:

CARRIE  
 Please don't ruin this for me,  
 Momma. I'll be home early--

Margaret pursues her daughter:

MARGARET  
 As Jezebel fell from the tower, so  
 you, too, will fall!

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie is pulling on a shawl, but Margaret's not letting up:

MARGARET  
 I knew it! When you were growing  
 inside me, *I knew!* I should have  
 killed myself!

CARRIE  
*Momma, that's AWFUL--*

Carrie looks out the front window, sees--Tommy. Opening his  
 car door, climbing out...

MARGARET  
 I'll tell that boy the truth,  
 Carrie! That your father took me,  
 and that it was a sin, and that  
 from that original sin was born  
*another sin! The worst sin!*

Panicking, Carrie *flexes...*and the closet--*her* closet--door  
 SPRINGS OPEN--

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 The devil's hand!

Carrie flexes again...and Margaret--as if invisible hands  
 were pushing her--starts to SLIDE towards Carrie's closet...

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 (terrified)  
*Whatareyoudoing? Carrie! Stop that!*

CARRIE  
 You're gonna be quiet, Momma.  
 You're not going to say a word,  
 until I'm gone.

Carrie *flex-pushes* her mother into the closet, *flex-slams* the door shut on her--

MARGARET (O.C.)  
*Carrietta!*

A close-up on the lock as Carrie FLEX-LOCKS the door. Margaret starts HAMMERING from within as we hear KNOCKING at the front door--

INT. CARRIE'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Margaret, POUNDING--

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie, warning her mom through the door--

CARRIE  
 Be still, Momma, or I will bring  
 this whole house down on you, and I  
 can do it, too--  
 (Margaret pounding away)  
 MOMMA--!!

INT. CARRIE'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Margaret stops, offers one last admonishment:

MARGARET  
 There will be a judgment, Carrie, a  
 terrible burning...

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KNOCKING at the front door again. Echoing. It's like "The Monkey's Paw" when the dead son comes home. Carrie is torn for a moment, between the devil she knows and the devil she doesn't. She goes to the closet, whispers:

CARRIE  
 I'm sorry, Momma, I'll be home  
 early.

Then moves to answer the door...

EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - EVENING

Tommy stands there, in a white jacket and black tuxedo pants. In his way, as nervous as Carrie. The door starts to open--

TOMMY

Sorry I'm a little--

Then they're facing each other, Carrie and Tommy, and both of them...take each other's breath away.

CARRIE

Do I look okay?

TOMMY

(half-stunned)

You're beautiful.

INT. SUE'S HOUSE - SUE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sue, at her desk, on her computer, surfing. It's gonna be a loooooong night. A gentle knock at the door. It's SUE'S MOM. Put-together and pretty, like her daughter.

SUE'S MOM

You sure you don't want to come with?

SUE

(shaking her head)

I'm just gonna stay home.

Sue's mom (who has *some* idea of what's happening) comes into the room a bit.

SUE'S MOM

A little weird not to be going?

SUE

(yes)

I'm okay.

SUE'S MOM

(proud of her daughter)

We won't be too late.

EXT. EWEN HIGH - PARKING LOT - PROM NIGHT

Panning across: THE SCHOOL, LIT UP LIKE TIMES SQUARE. The gym THROBBING with music and colored lights. Kids in tuxes and prom dresses, coming and going, clustered in front of the gym's doors, by their cars. We find...

INT/EXT. TOMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tommy and Carrie, in the front seat of Tommy's car. Carrie's taking this Cinderella moment in...

CARRIE  
Can we wait a minute?

TOMMY  
As long as you want.

Outside the car, students move around them... They looks so handsome and beautiful, and for the first time in her life, Carrie's one of them.

CARRIE  
(whispers in awe)  
What am I doing here...?

TOMMY  
(laughs)  
Making me look good. Ready?

CARRIE  
I'm so nervous. I want them to like me.

TOMMY  
They will.

Carrie is looking at Tommy, melting--*then a sharp rap on Tommy's car window! A threatening face appears on the other side of the glass.* Keyed-up, Carrie GASPS, tenses, but--

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
*Dawson--*

Tommy's lowers his window, greets his pal, GEORGE DAWSON (also on the baseball team)--

GEORGE  
*Ross--*

TOMMY  
Carrie, this is my best friend,  
George Dawson. George, this is--

George's delightful date, ERIKA, pops her head in the window--

ERIKA  
Hi, Tommy!  
(then)  
Carrie! Hi!

A deer-in-headlights (but in a good way), Carrie waves back.

CARRIE

Hi.

EXT. TOMMY'S CAR - EVENING

Tommy goes around to Carrie's side of the car, opens the door for her, helps her out.

CARRIE

Thank you. You didn't have to.

TOMMY

First-class for you tonight.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LEADING TO THE GYM - EVENING

Tommy and Carrie walk with George and Erika, towards the lights, the music. Though many students (including some girls we recognize from the locker room) gape at Tommy and Carrie, Erika's doing everything to put Carrie at ease.

ERIKA

I love your dress. Where'd you get it?

CARRIE

I made it.

ERIKA

No kidding, *really?* That's amazing.

CARRIE

It's an easy pattern, I could--  
(she stops herself, then:)  
...I could show you.

ERIKA

I'd love that!

As they reach the double-doors that lead into the gymnasium proper, Tommy takes Carrie's arm and sweeps her into...

INT. EWEN HIGH'S GYM - NIGHT

From Carrie's POV: The gym has been *completely* transformed. In a cheesy (but great) way, it *does* look like 18th-century Venice. The streamers, the colored lights, the mural, the decorations, the table-clothes, the dresses, the tuxedos, *everything*...it's *all* magical. A true fairy-tale.

NOTE: Two BIG SCREENS on either side of the stage display a sort of VIDEO YEARBOOK, a slideshow of photographs from the entire school year. Students, clubs, memories--appearing for a moment, then dissolving into the next slide. THE BAND is playing, a few students are dancing. Everyone's having a blast.

The camera sweeps across the gym, then back to find...Carrie and Tommy, still at those double-doors, drinking it all in...

TOMMY

The decorations look nice. The mural and all...

Carrie stares at Tommy, realizes:

CARRIE

You have no idea...

TOMMY

About what?

Chris's lackey, Tina, swoops down on them, raptor-like

TINA

Carrie! That dress is *INCREDIBLE!* Where*EVER* did you get it?

ERIKA

She made it, Tina.

TINA

Well--I can't get over how *DIFFERENT* you look, you're positively *GLOWING*, what's your secret?

CARRIE

(not missing a beat)  
I can do magic.

Tina frowns, focuses her attention on Tommy:

TINA

Isn't it *EXCITING?* Too bad *SUE* couldn't be--

TOMMY

(interrupting her)  
Yeah, I'm *SO* excited, Tina, *RIVERS* of cold sweat are *RACING* down my thighs, now if you'll excuse us, I have to show my date off--



Tina puckers her face and leaves; Tommy leads Carrie to their table... The camera finds: Emma, standing there, one of the few survivors of "Black Prom," observing...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - EMMA GOGAN - DAY

Emma sits at the table, eyes red, being interviewed. She's identified: "WHITE COMMISSION: EMMA GOGAN (AUTHOR, "BLACK PROM.")"

EMMA

Surreal is the only word. There were Tommy and Carrie, and she looked so happy and...*normal*, you had to wonder: "Is that *all* she needed? One night? To fix everything?"

INT. EWEN HIGH'S GYM - NIGHT

Back to: THE PROM, IN FULL SWING. George leads Erika from the table where they were sitting with Tommy and Carrie...

TOMMY

Want to dance?

Carrie looks at the kids, rocking out to a fast-paced song.

CARRIE

Uhhhhm...

TOMMY

Or we can wait for a slow song.

CARRIE

Yes.

TOMMY

Okay, but--  
(suddenly noticing)  
Hey, look--

Tommy's pointing to the stage, where TWO THRONES, for King and Queen of the Prom are being positioned, under Tina's supervision--

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We're nominated, you know.

CARRIE

You're nominated. I'm just...with you.

(MORE)

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 (entranced by the thrones)  
 They look beautiful, though. Like  
 from a...

TOMMY  
 What?

CARRIE  
 (shakes her head, smiles)  
 No. I don't want to say.

TOMMY  
 Want some punch?  
 (goofy joke)  
 I'm sure it's *awesome*.

Carrie nods; he goes, just as Ms. Desjardin (dressed-up, a chaperon) approaches Carrie, whose eyes brighten...

CARRIE  
 Ms. Desjardin! You look so pretty!

MS. DESJARDIN  
 (joining her at the table)  
 You're beautiful, Carrie.

CARRIE  
 Thank you. I know it's not true,  
 not really, but thank you for  
 saying it.

Desjardin reaches across the table, puts her hand on one of Carrie's. Deeply heartfelt:

MS. DESJARDIN  
 Carrie...anything that happened  
 before tonight...well, I hope you  
 can forget it.

Carrie looks the teacher right in the eyes--

CARRIE  
 I can't.

Desjardin sees a flicker of coldness there--

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 But it's over with now. Tonight,  
 it's over and done with.

Desjardin nods; she gets it. Both teacher and student turn to gaze out at the students dancing...

Angle on: Tommy, at the punch table, slipping his cell phone back into his pocket...

INT. SUE'S HOUSE - SUE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Sue, still at her desk, killing time. Her phone buzzes. It's a text from Tommy: **allswell. shes great, actu. miss you.** Sue smiles, but there's an undercurrent, too. Close-up on: **shes great, actu.** Sue frowns, the tiniest bit unsettled...

INT. EWEN HIGH'S GYM - NIGHT

Back at the dance, Desjardin and Carrie:

MS. DESJARDIN

...went with a basketball player, who was, oh, a foot taller than me, so I wore these heels, and we were driving to the dance, and of course his car broke down...

CARRIE

Oh, no...

MS. DESJARDIN

We had to walk two miles--me in those heels--so by the time we got to the school, I couldn't stand, let alone dance, but still...it was magic.

(she gets lost in the memory, then:)

I've never had a night like it since. Is that what it's feeling like to you?

CARRIE

It's...very nice.

MS. DESJARDIN

Is that all?

Carrie looks down at her lap.

CARRIE

No, there's more, but I don't think you would understand. I don't think anyone would.

Desjardin squeezes Carrie's hand--

MS. DESJARDIN  
 Enjoy yourself tonight, okay?  
 You'll never forget it.

The teacher moves on, to the chaperones' table, as Tommy returns, with two cups of punch. As he sits back down--

TOMMY  
 What did she want?

Carrie looks across at Desjardin, sitting by Principal Morton.

CARRIE  
 (realizing)  
 I think she wanted to say she was  
 sorry.

INT. BILLY'S ROOM (ABOVE THE CAVALIER) - NIGHT

Chris and Billy, in bed. The window's open, letting in the spring night. Billy's sitting up, drinking a beer. Chris's head is on his chest; she traces her hand up and down his body.

CHRIS  
 Maybe it's a bad idea. Maybe we  
 should just stay here tonight.

Billy looks at her; *what's going on in her head, now?*

BILLY  
 It's too late for that.  
 (then)  
 You fixed it, right?  
 (silence, then:)  
 Chris? You fixed it?

CHRIS  
 (did she?)  
 Yeah. It's all set.

INT. EWEN'S HIGH GYM - NIGHT

A slow song like Chris Isaak's "Wicked Game" starts to play. Tommy and Carrie sit at their table. While Carrie gazes out at the dance-floor, Tommy notices A PICTURE OF HIM AND SUE on the video screens flanking the stage. To keep Carrie from seeing it (and feeling weird), he grabs her hand--

TOMMY  
 Slow song.

CARRIE  
Tommy, I can't.

TOMMY  
You can. One dance, no regrets  
tonight.

Tommy leads Carrie, nervously, to the middle of the gym. There, under a galaxy of cut-out stars, they dance, Tommy's arms around her protectively.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Easy, right?

Carrie can't help herself, she leans up and KISSES Tommy, on the lips. *A peck, but she did it!* They're both surprised, Carrie immediately retreats--

CARRIE  
I'm so sorry. I didn't mean--

TOMMY  
Hey, hey...

And *he* leans down and kisses her, longer this time.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
It's okay. You're fine. It's prom  
night.

Carrie clutches him happily--

CARRIE  
I don't want this to ever end.

She puts her head against his shoulder. Remembering what this is all supposed to be about (helping Carrie), Tommy asks:

TOMMY  
Carrie...what are you gonna do  
after graduation?

CARRIE  
...work, I guess.

TOMMY  
Here in Chamberlain?

CARRIE  
I don't want to. I want to go  
somewhere.

TOMMY  
You mean college?

CARRIE

I didn't apply. That's sad, isn't it?

TOMMY

It's too late for the fall, but maybe you could apply for winter term.

CARRIE

I'd go anywhere.  
(gazing at the mural)  
Italy....

TOMMY

Do you have any...family who could help?

CARRIE

(expression clouding)  
Just my momma.

Tommy feels her shrink a bit; he pulls her closer.

TOMMY

You know...I really like being here with you.

CARRIE

You do?

TOMMY

(smiles, nods)  
So maybe we'll dance a little bit longer, see which poor fools they crown king and queen, and then go to Sugar's? And I'll have you home by 10:30? Does that sound good to you?

CARRIE

Or...maybe 11's okay?

TOMMY

(bigger smile)  
Whatever you want...

CARRIE

11.

Carrie closes her eyes, fairly dissolves into Tommy, wishing that tonight would, indeed, go on forever...

INT. CARRIE'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Looking at: That frightening painting of God, from Margaret's POV. A FLICKERING CANDLE casts gruesome shadows across her face. Hands clasped, Margaret is praying a mile-a-minute--for guidance, deliverance, *clarity*.

Tight on her face, eyes closed, as she remembers...

INT. CARRIE'S ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Looking at: Margaret, seventeen years younger (and *softer*). She has just come into the room and stopped dead in her tracks. Holding a glass baby's bottle of milk, which she lets fall from grip, in shock. The milk bottle SHATTERS; Margaret covers her mouth to keep from screaming.

The camera reveals...her baby daughter's crib. Above it, a mobile of little pink plastic animals, DANCING IN THE AIR, off their strings! While underneath them, Baby Carrie coos in delight...

INT. CARRIE'S CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Margaret, in torment. Face hidden behind clasped hands.

MARGARET

*First the blood, then the power...*

She lowers her hands, looks up at the painted image of God:

MARGARET (CONT'D)

If thine Eye offends you, cut it out! Did You not ask Abraham to take his son Isaac up to the mountain? Only blood expiates blood! Expiation, Lord...

Margaret crosses herself.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
Sacrifice.

Margaret stands, sets about working on the closet's lock with her fingers...

INT. EWEN HIGH GYM - NIGHT

Tina on the stage, at a microphone, in front of the thrones.

TINA

...everyone, take your seats, it's time to vote for YOUR King and Queen! Ballots on the tables, but FIRST, I want to thank a few people for helping me make this year's prom a night we'll NEVER forget. Especially my BEST friend *Nicki Watson*--

Tina gestures to Nicki, standing behind a table, off to the side. Nicki's working a laptop. At the shout-out, she waves to Tina, who continues her speech...

TINA (CONT'D)

...Nicki put together the AMAZING slide-show of memories we've been enjoying all night long, thank you, Nicki, we're OBSESSED with you!!

The kids--including Tommy and Carrie--APPLAUD. Tina resumes her speech, giving instructions on the voting, but we stay with Nicki, who slips away from her table, creeps along the gym's wall until she's--

BEHIND THE STAGE/SCREENS: Nicki opens a set of double-doors, so that Chris and Billy can slip into the gym, unseen, and take *their* place underneath the built-up stage. As they disappear, we CUT BACK TO:

Tommy and Carrie, contemplating the ballot.

TOMMY

Do you want to decline?

CARRIE

Do you?

TOMMY

If we win, the only thing that happens is they make us sit up there on the thrones, wave a scepter around during the school song, then dance and get our picture taken for the yearbook...

CARRIE

This year's yearbook?

TOMMY

They're saving a blank page in the back.



CARRIE

Who should we vote for? They're more your crowd than mine.

TOMMY

For ourselves, right? To hell with false modesty.

Carrie laughs; *is this all really happening?* She takes a golf pencil stamped EWEN, scans the list of names, CHECKS THE BOX next to hers and Tommy's.

CARRIE

To hell with false modesty...

As Carrie checks their ballot, A QUICK MONTAGE OF OTHER KIDS VOTING. Some checking boxes without thinking; others debating something, *then* checking their ballots. THEN, WE'RE LOOKING AT TOMMY AND CARRIE THROUGH A HAND-HELD, SHAKY VIDEO-CAMERA.

Reveal: One of the AV kids, Freddy "the Beak" Holt, playing videographer.

THE BEAK

Tommy, Carrie-- Look this way.

They do. THROUGH THE HAND-HELD:

THE BEAK (CONT'D)

This is for a DVD we're giving out at graduation-- Any last words, Ross?

TOMMY

Yeah, special shout-out to...the Senior Class, all of it. To my boy George Dawson, to the Fearsome Four, Mike Hitchcock, Matt Hodgson, Brian Maxwell, and Brad Cohen, I'm gonna miss you guys--well, not George, we're rooming together next year...

THE BEAK

Anyone else?

Tommy hesitates; Carrie touches his elbow.

CARRIE

It's okay. You can.

TOMMY

(back to the Beak's camera)

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 ...a big thank you to Sue Snell.  
 For everything. I love you, Sue.

THE BEAK  
 (turning to)  
 Annd Carrie? Anyone you want to  
 thank?

CARRIE  
 Uhm...Ms. Desjardin, I guess,  
 and...  
 (how could she not?)  
 Tommy Ross and Sue Snell. For  
 including me.

At which point, Tina SWOOPS down on Carrie and Tommy; the  
 Beak's still filming--

TINA  
 All set?

Throughout the gym, Tina's worker-bees are collecting  
 ballots. Tommy hands theirs to Tina.

TINA (CONT'D)  
 Good LUCK, kids.  
 (hand on Carrie's  
 shoulder)  
 You've got MY vote.

Tina wafts off, grabbing some more ballots as she goes.  
 Carrie's eyes follow Tina as she walks the stack of ballots  
 over to the chaperones' table for counting...

THE IMAGE (BEING TAKEN WITH THE BEAK'S CAMERA) FREEZES ON  
 CARRIE AND TOMMY--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

The return of Sheriff Doyle. A TV has been set-up on the  
 table next to him. On its screen: The image of Carrie and  
 Tommy we just landed on, PAUSED.

SHERIFF DOYLE  
 No one wants to use the word  
 conspiracy because kids are  
 involved, but there was forethought  
 here. There was malice. How deep  
 the conspiracy ran...we don't know.

INT. EWEN HIGH GYM - UNDER THE STAGE - NIGHT

Chris, peering out at the kids through crepe streamers. Billy checking the piece of rope that runs along the length of the stage, just above their heads--

BILLY

When you pull the rope, pull it hard. As soon as the bucket goes, we run. We don't stick around for the laughs or the screams or anything.

Chris's POV, looking at Carrie and Tommy at their table.

CHRIS

What if she doesn't win?

BILLY

You said you fixed it.

CHRIS

(turning to him)  
I called in some favors, yeah, but if Carrie *doesn't* win, we can come back later, after prom, and--  
(off his look)  
What?

BILLY

(can't believe this)  
Chris...whoever the fuck wins, you're pulling that goddamn rope.

CHRIS

Not if it's not Carrie. If she doesn't win, it doesn't matter--

Billy grabs her by the shoulders and SLAMS her against one of the stage's wooden beams--

BILLY

You crazy bitch. You think this is a joke? You are fucking pulling that rope, and when that bucket goes, we're running--

From above the stage, we hear TINA, GETTING EVERYONE'S ATTENTION, ASKING THEM TO TAKE THEIR SEATS--

CHRIS

Will you shut up so we can hear--

BILLY

When I get to my car, I'm driving away. If you're there, great. If not, I'll leave you--

CHRIS

(trying to wiggle free)  
Billy--

BILLY

If you get caught, and say *anything* about what we did, I will kill you, I swear to God I'll kill you. This isn't what you bitches did in the showers, this is criminal *assault*. This is jail time, if we're caught--

CHRIS

(glaring hatred)  
I get it--

Satisfied, Billy releases her--

BILLY

Okay. This is gonna be good.

INT. EWEN HIGH GYM - NIGHT

All the kids at their respective tables, waiting for the big announcement. Tommy whispers to Carrie:

TOMMY

Whatever happens tonight, you're Queen, okay?

Carrie smiles at him, but quickly focuses on Tina, at the mike. She wants to win now.

TINA

Everyone, everyone... The results are in, and it was very, VERY close...

Carrie grips one of Tommy's hands. Hard.

TOMMY

(a joke, but not really)  
Ouch.

INT. EWEN HIGH - UNDER THE STAGE - NIGHT

A close-up on Chris--does she want Carrie to win? Or lose? We can't tell, and, in fact, maybe even *she* doesn't know--

INT. EWEN HIGH GYM - NIGHT

Tina, relishing the tension before she announces:

TINA  
 ...by ONE VOTE, our winners are  
 Tommy Ross and CARRIE WHITE!

EVERYTHING STOPS. The camera is on Carrie's shocked face. *Did she mishear...?* A moment of frozen time that stretches out like taffy...then, *CLINKK!* The glass candle sitting on the table in front of Carrie CRACKS; Tommy frowns for a split-second as time re-starts...

INT. EWEN HIGH - UNDER THE GYM - NIGHT

Panic flashes across Chris's face, and we see the truth: That she *doesn't* want to do this--

INT. EWEN HIGH - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

All around the golden couple, kids are jumping to their feet, WHISTLING AND APPLAUDING. Baffling Carrie.

CARRIE  
 (whispering to Tommy)  
 Who are they applauding for?

He takes her hand, grins--

TOMMY  
 For you.

Then he's up and waving, and *she's* up and waving--

Tina NODS to Nicki, who nods back, hits a key on her laptop, starts THE SCHOOL SONG PLAYING; KIDS TAKE UP THE SONG...

KIDS  
 "All rise up for Thomas Ewen  
 Hiiiigh..."

As Tommy leads Carrie to the stage, her eyes sweep the crowd; there's the Beak, filming, and George, and Erika, everyone truly, genuinely happy for her--

TOMMY  
 (sotto, to Carrie)  
 Aren't you glad you voted for us?

--at which point, for one terrible moment, CARRIES SEES HER MOTHER, STANDING IN THE CROWD, SCOWLING--

MARGARET  
 Pride. The sin of pride--

--but then, of course, it's *not* Margaret, it's Ms. Desjardin, overjoyed, like everyone else. (Though Carrie pulls her shawl tight around her shoulders, suddenly feeling horribly exposed.)

As our couple climbs the stairs up to the stage, we catch A GLIMPSE OF CHRIS peering through the slats--even as Carrie clocks that the screens (*they're huge!*) on either side of the thrones, display A PICTURE OF HER (THE OLD CARRIE) AND TOMMY, SPLICED TOGETHER.

KIDS  
*"We'll raise your banner to the  
 skyyyyy..."*

Carrie and Tommy are standing in front of their thrones; one of Tina's HELPERS crowns them, then hands Tommy a SCEPTER and Carrie some ROSES. They look ridiculously wonderful.

Tina, who has moved the mike off to the side of the stage, is applauding. Makes quick eye-contact with Nicki, who nods back, "*Ready when you are.*" Tina nods back, announces, loud and proud:

TINA  
*Ewen High, I give you your newly  
 crowned King and Queen of the Prom,  
 Tommy Ross and Carrie White--*

Both of them grinning and waving and just *radiating*. CLOSE-UP ON CARRIE'S FEET; she is standing on a circled star, *exactly* where she needs to be...

INT. EWEN HIGH GYM - UNDER THE STAGE - NIGHT

Stricken, Chris holds the rope, *not* pulling it.

BILLY  
 That was it, right? That was the  
 signal? Chris?

Chris is trembling; she's paralyzed.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 Pull it. I won't pull it for you,  
 it *has* to be you.

Chris tightens her grip, but still there's no yank.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 That bucket will sit up there until  
 hell freezes--

CHRIS  
*SHUT UP, BILLEEEEEEE--*

QUICK CUT TO: Sue, on her couch, in the living room, legs curled beneath her, absently watching TV--

QUICK CUT TO: Carrie's house; the closet door yawns open like a gate to hell; Margaret, in the kitchen, at the sink, washing the blood off her raw fingers--

QUICK CUT TO: Carrie and Tommy, taking Carrie's hand--

And then we're back with Billy and Chris--

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
*--BILLEEEEEEEEEEEEE--*

Finally, after an eternity, CHRIS PULLS THE ROPE.

Close-up on: The bucket, looking down into AN IMPOSSIBLY RED VAT OF BLOOD; the rope tied to the bucket's handle goes TAUT; the bucket starts to tip forward--

From the edge the stage, Tina gives one last signal to Nicki, who hits a key on her computer's keyboard--

Back to: A smiling, waving Tommy and Carrie, as...a SHEET OF RED BLOOD FALLS, mostly on Carrie, but SPLATTERING Tommy, as well. It seems to take FOREVER. A range of emotions contort Carrie's face. Shock. Incomprehension. Fear.

Carrie's POV: The kids, the chaperons, the collective crowd, slowing down with the applause, the cheers, as they take in what's just happened. First Desjardin stops, then Erika, then Emma, all of them in shock...

EXT. EWEN HIGH - THE BACK OF THE SCHOOL - NIGHT

On an adrenalin high, laughing and gasping for breath, Chris and Billy are *screaming* down the hill, towards Billy's car. True to their oath, they didn't stick around for anything...

INT. EWEN HIGH - GYM - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Carrie's eyes are closed. She opens them to see first her blood-soaked hands, then...the crowd, stunned into silence.

EMMA

Oh, my God, that's blood!

Indeed, Carrie looks like something out of Roman Polanski's "Macbeth." Violent and violated; bloody and blood-curdling.

TOMMY

(confused, outraged)  
What the *hell*--?

Another girl, SARAH, gasps and points to the screen on Carrie's RIGHT. Heather points to the one on Carrie's LEFT. Carrie turns to see--a projected photo of herself naked, cowering in the shower room, menstrual blood running down her legs. Underwear and tampons strewn about her. The picture Chris Hargensen snapped, revealed. The final *coup de grace*.

Focus on: The STEEL BUCKET, swinging above Carrie and Tommy...

Then: One of the kids in the audience starts to LAUGH. Carrie finds him in the crowd, that creepy GREG from outside Morton's office. Then she spots the Beak, still video-taping... Carrie's mind races to put it all together.

CARRIE

(to Tommy)  
You tricked me.

THE STEEL BUCKET IS FALLING, ROPE TRAILING BEHIND IT--

TOMMY

What? No, Carrie, this is--

Through the POV of the Beak's camera, we see: The bucket hitting Tommy in the head, in *exactly* the wrong way, knocking him unconscious--

THE BEAK (O.C.)

Oh, shit--

Tommy crumples to a heap, at Carrie's feet, clawing at her dress as he goes down--

THE BEAK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

OH, SHIT--



NO LONGER THROUGH THE BEAK'S CAMERA, we see--Carrie, reeling, turn back to the crowd. More kids laughing. Tina. Nicki. Some of it's nervous laughter, some malicious--

Close-up on Carrie's blood-face. Hearing, in her mind, the girls' chants: "*Plug it up! Plug it up! Plug it up!*" And her mother's shrieks: "*The first curse is the curse of blood!*"

The Beak, collecting himself, resumes filming. THROUGH HIS CAMERA, we see: Carrie, covering her ears, trying to blot out the laughter and jeering-- She SHAMBLES off stage, looking for the doors, for escape--

Ms. Desjardin tries to get to Carrie, to comfort her--

MS. DESJARDIN

Oh, Carrie, let me help you, I'm--

Carrie doesn't break her stride-- But the traumatized girl seems to glance at Desjardin-- AND THEN THE GYM TEACHER GOES FLYING, into the blob-like crowd--

THE BEAK (O.C.)

(recording this)

*Holy fuck-- What the hell--? WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?! Did you see that??*

NO LONGER FROM THE BEAK'S POV: The kids are backing away from Carrie, but then someone (Lizzy) sticks out a foot, and Carrie, careening, trips over it and wipes out, leaving a bloody smear beneath her-- (The Beak resumes filming--)

More laughter; more confusion. Carrie scrambles to her feet and barrels through the same double doors she and Tommy had entered, not even two hours ago...

INT. THE WHITE COMMISSION - EMMA GOGAN

EMMA

The blood smell. That's what I can't get out of my head. Like a slaughter-house in the middle of summer. Also her face. The way she looked--

A QUICK CUT/FLASH back to Carrie. Close on her blood-covered face, everything red except for her raccoon eyes. Her face fills the screen, and, just as Emma described, it looks like it has been cleaved in two--

EMMA (V.O.)  
 Like something had broken inside  
 her. Like her soul had been...

Back in the conference room, Emma clarifies:

EMMA  
 It all happened so fast, no one  
 really registered *what* was  
 happening. So if some of us were  
 laughing, it wasn't because we  
 thought it was funny, it was  
 because we didn't know how to  
 react. I mean, again, it was all so  
 surreal...

INT. EWEN HIGH GYM - NIGHT

After Carrie's fled. Students milling around, processing.  
 Dread and unease fill the gym. Some girls are crying, being  
 comforted by their boyfriends.

THROUGH THE BEAK'S CAMERA, WE SEE: George and Erika, on the  
 stage, kneeling beside Tommy's inert body; Desjardin pushing  
 through the crowd, calling to Principal Morton--

MS. DESJARDIN  
 Henry! Somebody! Call a doctor--

Erika is on her cell phone--

ERIKA  
 They're sending someone--

GEORGE  
 (yelling)  
 Beak, turn that fucking camera off--

The Beak lowers his camera just as the gym lights FLICKER,  
*something* disrupting them... Sarah rushes up to Emma, in the  
 middle of all this--

SARAH  
 Hey, look, Carrie's back.

The Beak, hearing this, flips open his camera and turns to  
 the gym's double doors-- THROUGH THE BEAK'S SHAKY, JITTERING  
 CAMERA, WE SEE: Carrie, a terrifying vision, still drenched  
 in blood, like some biblical avenging angel, stride back into  
 the gym. The heavy steel doors *slamming* shut behind her--

THE VIDEO IMAGE CUTS OUT ABRUPTLY, REPLACED BY STATIC--

INT. THE WHITE COMMISSION - EMMA GOGAN

EMMA

And I said to Sarah, "Of course she's back, she's not finished yet," because that's what it felt like. That Carrie had something to finish.

(beat)

I wondered how far she'd gotten before she changed her mind.

INT. EWEN HIGH - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

From Carrie's POV, racing from the gym, humiliated, hyperventilating. Students recoiling as if she were a plague victim--

Carrie reaches the doors to the outside world; they BLAST OPEN, forced by Carrie's TK like a battering ram--

EXT. EWEN HIGH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Carrie STREAKS across the school's lawn, loses one prom shoe, then the other. The grass is wet with spring dew; she slips and falls, face-first--

A beat. Everything's still. All we hear is Carrie, panting, then crying. She rolls on to her back, looks up at sky. Against the black velvet--lots of stars up there--Carrie sees the branches of an oak tree, limbs full of green leaves. Motionless in the still night.

Looking down on Carrie, weeping, shaking her head--

CARRIE

No. NonononononononononoNO--

Carrie wipes at her tears, streaking her face. She looks up at the tree again, flexes...and the oak's limbs start to SWAY.

Calmer now, she sits up, feels the power surging through her. Slowly, Carrie turns to face the gym. A moment passes, a second. Then she rises to her bare feet, starts towards the gym...

MCDUFFY (V.O.)

TK is about control. And Carrie White had been--traumatized. Had had, I believe, a psychic break.

(MORE)

MCDUFFY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 So that what walked back into the  
 gym that night...

Carrie disappears, swallowed by the gym--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - DEAN MCDUFFY

Back to our telekinesis scholar/writer, Dean McDuffy.

MCDUFFY  
 That wasn't a girl controlling her  
 power. That was a girl at the *mercy*  
 of her power...

INT. EWEN HIGH GYM - NIGHT

Back in the gym, Sarah standing next to Emma.

SARAH  
 Hey, look, Carrie's back.

EMMA  
 Of course she's back--

They see: Carrie, striding back into the gym, steel doors  
 SLAMMING shut behind her--

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 --she's not finished yet.

Most of the students aren't even aware that Carrie is now  
 stalking the perimeter of the gym, looking up at the lights,  
 hung all along the gym's ceiling.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 (eyes glued to Carrie)  
 We need to go, Sarah. We need to  
 go, *right--now*.

Emma starts to pull Sarah towards one of the gym's doors--

Carrie *flexes*--and, one by one, A SERIES OF GIANT SPOTLIGHTS  
 SHATTER AND EXPLODE-- (It sounds like a gun being fired--)  
 Shards of glass rain down on the STUDENTS, sending some of  
 them (but not all, not yet) towards the gym's various doors--

The gym is now ALL RED AND PURPLE (lit by the few remaining,  
 intact spots). Carrie's studying the grid of water pipes  
 bolted to the ceiling. She *flexes*--the sprinklers activate--  
 IT BEGINS TO RAIN IN THE GYM...

Angle on: Greg and his equally creepy cohort Harry, looking up at the sprinklers--

GREG

The hell? Now the basketball court's ruined--

The kids, freaking-out more and more, with each second that passes, are now RUSHING the doors, pushing people aside to escape. This catches Carrie's attention...

...so she flexes, and all four sets of gym doors START SLAMMING shut, handles snapping off in the process. *SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!* On the fourth set of doors, Carrie's a little late. One BOY is pulling at the door's edge, holding it open for people (including Emma and Sarah) to slip through. So Carrie flexes again, banging it shut, too, CUTTING OFF TWO OF THE BOY'S FINGERS-- He starts to SHRIEK--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

With the television next to him. Frozen on an image. Doyle's explaining:

SHERIFF DOYLE

After that big fight broke out 'bout five, six years ago--when Ewen's basketball team lost against Fairfax--the school had a security camera installed in the gym. Basic, but it gives you an idea...

He plays BLACK-AND-WHITE FOOTAGE on the TV screen, and we see: *Masses of kids crowding the exits, trapped, pushing against each other, panic rising--*

INT. EWEN HIGH - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Adding to the chaos, Carrie flexes, knocking over a metal tree of spotlights, on to a group of students--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

ON THE TV SCREEN: We hear more SCREAMS-- And see another stand of lamps topple over like a chopped-down tree, smashing against the gym floor--

INT. EWEN HIGH - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Another *flex* as Carrie, moving like an automaton now, rips the gym's electronic scoreboard down; more sparks; streamers of crepe paper catch fire and immediately start to burn...

Meanwhile, Desjardin and three students are cradling Tommy's body, carrying him across the gym floor-- Carrie *flexes*, knocks them down, like bowling pins--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

ON THE TV SCREEN: Craziiness. Tables seemingly FLIPPING INTO THE AIR; chairs ZIPPING THROUGH THE AIR--

ONE CHAIR STREAKS RIGHT AT THE CAMERA, LIKE A MISSILE-- IT SMASHES INTO THE CAMERA, CRACKING IT--

--and the TV screen goes to STATIC.

SHERIFF DOYLE

That's the last of what we saw from  
inside the gym.

INT. EWEN HIGH - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Through all this insanity and destruction, Carrie's eyes land on--Tina, who is looking right back at her.

TINA

...you're doing this?

Carrie *flexes*--and SMACKS Tina in the face with blows of TK, over and over, forcing the girl to back into the ever-spreading blaze. TINA'S DRESS CATCHES FIRE; she starts spinning like a top, trying to beat out the flames, to no avail...

Angle on: Those assholes Greg and Harry, along with Nicki and Lizzy, scrambling up a set of open bleachers, towards the gym's upper windows. Carrie focuses on them, *flexes*...and the bleachers start to collapse--to flatten and shut--with Greg, Harry, Nicki and Lizzy still on them--

Meanwhile: The painted backdrop of Venice is burning; smoke is filling the gym as the fire spreads, up one entire side of the gym, across the ceiling, over the sprinklers-- Lighting instruments and flaming decorations are FALLING from the ceiling--

Carrie's attention turns back to the stage. Principal MORTON and English Teacher ULMANN are at the microphone, stupidly fighting for control of it. Carrie looks at them--

Hears, in her memory, Ulmann mocking her: "You want *Jesus* to take you to the prom?" Hears Morton, in her mind: "We're all so sorry about this, *Cassie*--"

Carrie focuses on the place where the microphone's electrical cord plugs into its base...and *flexes*. The cord RIPS free, sparking, sending a current of electricity into the pool of water both men are standing in, and--ZZZITTTT!

Their electrocution is gruesome, horrific...and it gives Carrie an idea.

She looks up, into the rafters. At the thick electrical cords bunched-up and affixed to the rigging, the trusses. She *flexes*...and one by one, like octopus tentacles, they whip free (sending down showers of sparks) and start snaking their way towards the gym floor, under an inch of water...

VOICE (O.S.)

*Carrie, no! Don't!*

Carrie turns to--Miss Desjardin, standing across from her. The shot reverses, so that we're looking at Carrie from Desjardin's POV. Behind the girl, the flames are spreading; the gym's turning into an inferno; and those live wires are *almost* touching the inundated floor...

MS. DESJARDIN

*Please--*

Carrie (feeling mercy?) *flexes*--and Desjardin is LIFTED into the air, and HURLED across the gym, through a set of double doors that spring open for a moment, then slam shut again--

That done, Carrie turns back to the live wires. She DROPS them into the water covering the entire gym floor--

And suddenly *all* the students are doing that horrible *danse macabre*, but very quickly we're on Carrie's face, surveying everything she has wrought... *Enough*, she thinks. (More than enough, actually; the gym now looks like that image of hell from the painting in Carrie closet.)

Pull back to reveal: Carrie, in silhouette against the terrible burning, *walking off the gym floor, wading OVER this apocalypse*, like something out of a nightmarish opera, levitating herself towards a set of doors, flexing them open, and passing from the gym, out into the waiting night...

INT. SUE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sue at the kitchen table, staring at the crumpled bag from the drugstore, waiting for a tea kettle on the stove to start boiling. An anxious beat, she sends Tommy a text: **WHERE'D U GO?** She puts down her phone, opens the bag, pulls out...A PREGNANCY STICK. The kettle starts to WHISTLE. Sue goes to the stove, takes it off the burner, but, strangely...she *still* hears the whistling.

QUICK SHOT OF: Chamberlain's EMERGENCY SIREN, atop the firehouse, blaring at an ear-splitting decibel--

Back with Sue as she turns towards the kitchen's big picture window. In the distance, A SMOKY, ORANGE GLOW. A *fire?* Coming from the direction of the school? Sue CLICKS on the TV set in the kitchen. An EMERGENCY NEWS REPORT flashes on the screen for a split-second (whatwasthat?), before it goes to STATIC--

Sue's brow furrows. Then: The lights in her house FLICKER off, then back on. A *brownout?* Just as Sue realizes what the whistling is, the *first* explosion of the night (coming from the direction of that glow) ROCKS Chamberlain awake--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

Sheriff Doyle, explaining to the Commission:

SHERIFF DOYLE

It was the school's oil tanks, in the boiler-room behind the gymnasium, exploding. Once they went up at--

(He checks his notebook--)

--10:25 p.m., it was impossible to contain the fire, especially since there was no water-pressure by the time the fire trucks got to the school--

EXT. GRASS PLAZA - NIGHT

Close-up on: An old, weathered, rusty FIRE HYDRANT. As if an invisible wrench were doing it, *the hydrant's three lug nuts are UNSCREWING.*

SHERIFF DOYLE (V.O.)

--owing to the fact that the all of the hydrants in the vicinity of the high school had been vandalized...



Reveal: Bloody Carrie, standing in front of the hydrant, staring down at it, *flexing...*

SHERIFF DOYLE (V.O.)

No idea why or by whom.

Suddenly, the lugs FLY OFF, letting loose a TORRENT of water, shooting into the air, forming a sort of...T-CROSS OF WATER. Carrie stands there, enjoying the geyser. She opens her arms, lets the water baptize her.

Behind Carrie, in the BG, Ewen High continues to burn. A symphony of fire and water in this shot. After a few moments, Carrie continues her slow, steady march...

INT/EXT. SUE'S MOM'S CAR/THE STREETS OF CHAMBERLAIN - NIGHT

Fighting panic, Sue DRIVES HELTER-SKELTER through the streets of Chamberlain. On her cell phone--

SUE

*Tommy? Tommy, what the HELL is going on? Call me, call me back--*

Sue's car CLIPS a mailbox post, shredding it--

INT. SUGAR'S DINER - NIGHT

We're in a well-lit, 1950s-style diner. A skinny kid, MARTIN QUINLAN, dressed in waiter whites, pours coffee for AN ELDERLY COUPLE. (NOTE: From the angle the kid's being shot, we don't get a really good look at him.)

MARTIN QUINLAN (V.O.)

I was working the night-shift at Sugar's, that's how come I didn't go to prom. Also, I couldn't get a date, 'cause of my...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - MARTIN QUINLAN

Quinlan at the conference table. We see now: He has *terrible* acne. He gestures to his complexion:

MARTIN QUINLAN

I never thought I'd be grateful to have a pizza face, but in a way, it saved my life. Anyway...

EXT. SUGAR'S DINER - NIGHT

Quinlan's V-O continued:

MARTIN QUINLAN (V.O.)  
I heard the explosion and came out  
to see what had, well--exploded...

Quinlan comes out of Sugar's and sees another fire hydrant across the intersection, SPEWING water into the air. Behind him, the diner's lights FLICKER on and off, as if something were short-circuiting them.

Quinlan's POV: A glimpse of a red, SCARECROW-LIKE FIGURE seemingly *gliding* from the hydrant towards the pumps of an Amoco Station (with five gas pumps), also across the street. Only a quick glimpse, however, because then a fire engine ZOOMS PAST, sirens blaring, lights flashing, obscuring Quinlan's (and our) view--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - MARTIN QUINLAN

Quinlan's testimony, continued:

MARTIN QUINLAN  
I only saw her for a second, but it  
was *definitely* Carrie White. And  
it's crazy, but I swear--*I swear*--  
it looked like she was floating...

EXT. BILL HAPSCOMB'S AMOCO STATION - NIGHT

UNFOCUSED, GRAINY, SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE: Looking DOWN on the gas station's pumps. Wraith-like, Carrie enters the frame, advancing *towards* the pumps. A few yards from them, she stops, begins to stare...THEN, AGAIN, SUDDENLY, THE FOOTAGE CUTS OUT, GOES TO SNOW--

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

Doyle, next to the TV set-up on the table, PLAYING SNOW ON ITS SCREEN.

SHERIFF DOYLE  
Apart from the footage Freddie Holt recorded at the event, and what we got from the security camera in the gym, that's the only tape we have of Carrie White from Prom Night...

EXT. SUGAR'S DINER - NIGHT

SHERIFF DOYLE (V.O.)  
Cameras all over Chamberlain, so  
you'd think we'd have lots, but--  
only glimpses.

The fire engine finishes its shriek through the intersection. Quinlan looks for the mysterious figure in red (Carrie), but she's nowhere to be seen. More bizarrely, all of the gas station's nozzles are off their pumps, spewing gas across the Amoco's tarmac...

MARTIN QUINLAN  
Oh, shit.

Quinlan's eyes follow the pooling gas as it spreads towards...a live wire (somehow pulled down from an electricity pole) that is SPARKING, next to the gas station...

MARTIN QUINLAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, *sh--*

EXT. EWEN HIGH - NIGHT

Driving like a lunatic, Sue pulls into the parking lot across from the burning school-- SLAMS HER MOM'S CAR INTO A LAMP POST-- Sue stumbles from the car, totally losing it--

SUE  
Oh, my God, *Tommy--*  
(starts screaming)  
*TOMMY? TOMMY?!*

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Sue...

It's Desjardin, hobbling towards Sue, shell-shocked, with a broken arm.

SUE  
Miss Desjardin?! Oh, my God, Miss  
Desjardin, what happened?

Sue is fumbling her cell phone out of her pocket--

MS. DESJARDIN  
Carrie... They dumped blood on her  
and Tommy...

SUE  
 On Tommy--?!  
 (into phone)  
 Hello, yes, this is Sue Snell-- I'm  
 at Ewen High-- And there's a fire,  
 and, and-- *We need an ambulance!*  
 Please--

MS. DESJARDIN  
 (reeling from the truth)  
 She spared me, but everyone else...

A beat as Sue realizes what Desjardin *can't* finish saying:  
*"Everyone else is dead."*

SUE  
 (forgetting her call)  
 ...Tommy? Was Tommy inside when--  
 when--

Behind Sue, from the center of town, a *second* explosion sends  
 fire into the sky. The Amoco Station on Grass Plaza...

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - REVEREND GEORGE WHITFIELD

A grim, humorless man. In black. Identified as: *"George  
 Whitfield, Pastor of Chamberlain Methodist Church."*

REVERND WHITFIELD  
 It was biblical, what happened to  
 our town. It was the Lord's Angel  
 of Vengeance, delivering--  
 retribution. The sins of the  
 children visited upon the place  
 that made them...

EXT. SUGAR'S DINER - NIGHT

Riot-like. The Amoco station is burning; FIREMEN are  
 struggling to keep the inferno from spreading (and not having  
 much luck). POLICE CARS, AMBULANCES, GAWKERS. Sheriff Doyle  
 is interviewing Martin Quinlan, trying to get the story  
 straight--

MARTIN QUINLAN  
 (freaking-out)  
 --no, I didn't see her do it, but  
 it was her, it was the girl, she  
 was covered in blood--

SHERIFF DOYLE  
 What girl?

VOICE (O.C.)

Tommy's dead. They're all dead--

--says Sue, who has stumbled into town from the high school. Like Desjardin, she's in shock.

SUE

The ambulance came for Miss Desjardin, I walked...

SHERIFF DOYLE

From the high school? You were at the dance?

SUE

(shakes head "no")  
Have you caught Carrie yet?

SHERIFF DOYLE

Who?

MARTIN QUINLAN

I was trying to tell you! It was Carrie! Carrie White did this!

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

Doyle has a map of Chamberlain he's marked-up.

DOYLE

The school is here...

(he points)

And here's the gas station...

(he points)

And here's where she ended up. A straight line, except for this detour here...

(he points)

Now folks knew Hargensen had shacked-up with Nolan. (The kids did, at least.) And they knew Nolan lived over the Cavalier, so...

Pre-lap: Heavy, insistent KNOCKING--

INT. BILLY'S ROOM (ABOVE THE CAVALIER) - NIGHT

Billy, shirtless, opens the door, revealing Jackie, one of his goons, freaking out:

JACKIE  
The whole town's burning and they're  
saying it's Carrie White doing it!

BILLY  
(groggy, was he asleep?)  
Jackie...what time is it?

Jackie forces his way into the room. Chris is on the bed, in her underwear.

JACKIE  
They're saying it all started at  
prom!

CHRIS  
Bil-lee, get rid of him--

JACKIE  
First the school exploded, then the  
Amoco, now the fire's spreading,  
and it's all Carrie! People saw  
her, Billy, covered in blood!

BILLY  
(a beat, uh-oh)  
Who saw her?

JACKIE  
Is it that pig's blood? Is that why  
you made us go to Henty's?

CHRIS  
What do you mean, "the school  
exploded"?

BILLY  
(turning to her)  
Shut up and let me think--  
(then to Jackie: )  
Go home. Don't talk to anyone, I'll  
take care of everything.

JACKIE  
I'm on *probation*, Billy, I can't go  
to jail again over some bullshit  
grudge your psycho girlfriend has  
with Carrie-goddamn-White--

BILLY  
(dead serious)  
Get out, Jackie, or I will break  
your fucking arm.

Jackie backs out the door, into the hallway--then RUNS. Billy shuts the door, rubs his hands through his hair. *Whatnowwhatnowwhatnow?* Chris is stunned.

CHRIS  
What should we do, Billy?

BILLY  
(a beat; he decides)  
Get dressed. We're gonna go look at the fires.

Chris starts pulling her clothes on--

CHRIS  
And then?

BILLY  
We leave and never come back.

EXT. THE CAVALIER - NIGHT

There is ORANGE LIGHT in the night sky. The sound of SIRENS in the distance. Chris and Billy, carrying a duffle-bag, racing down the stairs that lead from the second floor of the Cavalier to the parking lot. Climbing into Billy's car:

BILLY  
Chamberlain sucks, anyway.

EXT./INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Once behind the wheel, Billy starts the car, flicks on the lights--*and there's Carrie!* At the far end of the parking lot, looking right at them. Straight out of a horror movie. Her grasping arms extended towards them. Billy JUMPS, Chris SCREAMS, starts to panic--

CHRIS  
*Billleee! OHMYGOD, BILLY-- BILLY!*  
*BILLYBILLYBILLEEEEEEE--*

BILLY  
*SHUTTHEFUCKUP!!!*

Billy floors it; they're speeding towards Carrie; she's swelling in the windshield; Carrie flexes--

--and Billy's car is no longer racing towards Carrie, but HOVERING A FOOT OFF THE GROUND, tires spinning uselessly...

Carrie looks at Billy for a quick second, *flexes*, and BILLY'S HEAD TWISTS AROUND, HIS NECK SNAPPING LIKE A TWIG--

Then it's just Carrie and Chris, the two girls staring into each others' faces, echoing that moment on the blacktop, when they crashed into each other during the volleyball game-- Chris opens the car door, tries to jump out, but Carrie *flexes*--and the door slams shut, trapping Chris--

Carrie flexes again, and the seatbelt SLAPS across Chris's chest, CLICKING into place-- Carrie *flexes* some more--and the seatbelt TIGHTENS, crushing Chris, until we hear the sickening sound of her clavicle bone SNAP--

CHRIS  
(crying out)  
YOU--AARRRGHHH--  
(bravado)  
--you still eat shit.

CARRIE  
You're still the whore of Babylon.

Carrie *flexes*; Billy's car hovers suspended in mid-air a moment longer, then SLAMS into the brick side of the Cavalier, so that the car's top CRUMPLES like tinfoil. Chris SCREAMS (she's still not dead)--

Carrie flexes *again*, swings the car out towards the left, then (like a wrecking ball) SLAMS it back into the Cavalier, brutally crushing it (and Chris) *completely* this time, smashing *through* the brick wall, demolishing the bar--

Her last tormentor dead, Carrie resumes her march, ever homewards... We CROSSFADE to:

EXT. CARRIE'S STREET - NIGHT

Carrie White finally turns on to the tree-lined lane that leads to her Momma's house... CROSSFADE to:

EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Carrie walks up the path towards her house, numbly...

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carrie enters her house, is greeted by that giant, wooden crucifix. Facing it, she implores Jesus:



CARRIE  
Why did you make me like this?

A close-up on the crucified Jesus's silent, anguished face.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Am I Yours or his?

No answer, of course, so Carrie continues on, into the living room, where she discovers--her closet's door clawed open. Blood on the door's jamb. BLOODY FINGERPRINTS. Uh-oh.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
Momma?  
(quietly)  
Momma?

Unseen by Carrie, Margaret appears in the kitchen's doorway. One look at her daughter, a bloody wreck, and Margaret GASPS.

MARGARET  
Carrietta?

Carrie holds out her arms, plaintive.

CARRIE  
Help me, Momma... Please, *please*--

Margaret rushes to Carrie, HUGS HER FEROCIOUSLY. While in the tight embrace:

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
You were right, Momma... It was...all a trick...

MARGARET  
*Shhh-shhhhh*... And did you...?

CARRIE  
Oh, Momma... I couldn't stop...  
I...couldn't...sto-op...

Utter anguish on Margaret's face; she *must* do this now.

CARRIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Momma. I'm so, so...

MARGARET  
*Shhh-shhhh*. Go upstairs, Carrie.  
(she releases the girl)  
And wash yourself.  
(Carrie nods)  
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 And afterwards, we'll pray  
 together, for forgiveness.

CARRIE  
 Y-yes, Momma.

Carrie goes upstairs, but we stay on Margaret, churning...

INT. CARRIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Behind the shower curtain, using a bar of plain soap, Carrie washes the blood out of her hair, off her face. During this, Margaret comes into the bathroom...and leaves a simple cotton nightgown on the sink.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Margaret in her chair, reading her bible. Carrie, in the nightgown, looking more like a little girl than we've ever seen her, comes into the room. Margaret puts the bible aside.

MARGARET  
 All clean?

Carrie nods, kneels by her mother's feet. Margaret touches her daughter's face.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 We'll pray, now.

CARRIE  
 (grateful, relieved)  
 Yes.

Together, they begin the recitation:

MARGARET/CARRIE  
 "Our Father, who art in heaven,  
 hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom  
 come, Thy will be done..."

As they pray, Carrie's head bowed, Margaret takes a butcher knife hidden behind her back--

MARGARET/CARRIE (CONT'D)  
 "...on earth as it is in heaven.  
 Give us this day, our daily  
 bread..."

She lifts it high over Carrie's head, and brings it down, STABBING CARRIE IN THE BACK. The girl's eyes go wide; she immediately, instinctually, pushes away from--

CARRIE

*Momma--*

Reeling from the shock and pain, Carrie tries to grasp the knife handle sticking in her back--

CARRIE (CONT'D)

*Momma, WHY--?*

The girl is crawling/scrambling away from her mother, who follows her, step by agonizing, bleeding step.

MARGARET

Oh, Carrie, I have wrestled with devil over your soul, the way Jacob wrestled the Angel of the Lord... Since the stones...since *before* the stones...I've *tried* to fill you with goodness, I've *tried* to fill you with grace...

As Carrie and then Margaret pass the doorway to the kitchen, Margaret picks up ANOTHER KNIFE--

MARGARET (CONT'D)

But I lost, Carrie, time and again, I lost, and I knew, I *knew* what I had to do, but I was weak and, and backsliding, but not tonight--

Margaret has Carrie cornered. The girl is weakened, bleeding profusely. Margaret looms over her daughter.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Tonight, the devil has come home, and *I will not be weak--*

Margaret start to bring the second knife down on her cowering daughter, but Carrie *flexes--*and STOPS Margaret's arm in mid-swing. Mother and daughter lock eyes.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

It's better this way. They'll come for you, after what you did. They'll hurt you--

CARRIE

Momma, I'm sorry... And I forgive you...

Margaret's eyes go wide at that--as the camera pulls back to reveal: Behind Margaret, hovering in mid-air, the tools of Margaret's sewing trade: SCISSORS, SHEARS, KNITTING NEEDLES, ET CETERA. Waiting instruction from Carrie, who finishes their prayer.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

"...and forgive us our trespasses,  
now and at the hour of our death."

MARGARET

(pleading with her eyes)  
Carrie...

CARRIE

Amen.

With that, Carrie *flexes*, IMPALING MARGARET WITH THE SCISSORS AND SHEARS, THE NEEDLES, THE RAZOR-SHARP STEEL RULER, *ET AL.* So that Margaret DIES, feeling pain, yes, but also a mad kind of ecstasy, because at long last she's going to the Lord...

EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stricken, bleeding, knife sticking out her back, Carrie emerges from her tomb-like house, staggers down the steps, hears--

VOICE

Carrie?

--Sue, terror-struck, moving up the walk.

CARRIE

(barely conscious)  
Wh-who...?

SUE

It's me. S-sue Snell.

Seeing the knife, the blood, the condition Carrie's in, Sue reaches for her--

SUE (CONT'D)

Carrie. Let me help--

Carrie flinches backwards--

CARRIE

(mumbles)  
T-tricked me.

SUE

(shaking her head)  
No, Carrie, I have no idea what happened... What happened to you tonight? After the prom, why did you--?

Carrie lifts a hand, *flexes*, and Sue's throat tightens--

CARRIE

Show you. Show you all...what I can do...

Carrie is CHOKING the life out of Sue--

CARRIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
Dirty trick. Always a dirty trick...

Carrie flexes harder, *lifts Sue into the air*. Sue barely manages:

SUE

N-no, Carrie... I'm sorry... *I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry...*

Sue is begging for *forgiveness*, for her complicity...and somehow, Carrie, in her final moments, *sees that...*and releases Sue, who gasps, drawing deep breaths into her lungs.

SUE (CONT'D)

*Oh, God-- Oh...God...*

Carrie sways on her feet for a moment--

CARRIE

I'm...sor--

--then COLLAPSES into a heap. Sue rushes to the dying girl.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

(crying)  
Momma. I want my Momma...

Sue holds Carrie in her arms--

--*as something hits the roof of the White house*. Then a *second* something. Then a *third*, landing on the front steps. A STORM OF STONES, Sue sees, falling from the smoky night sky.

SUE

Carrie, are you doing this?

Another stone falls, just missing them. Sue, mustering all her strength, takes Carrie up in her arms and moves them so they're underneath the tree in Carrie's front yard, as the stones keep falling from the sky, smashing Carrie's house, its roof, its porch, its windows.

Sue's looking into Carrie's face, watching the power within the girl flicker, determined to comfort Carrie in her last moments--

SUE (CONT'D)

It's all right. It's all right,  
Carrie, I've got you... I'm holding  
you...

Close-up on Carrie as, finally, the power within her goes out completely. The stones stop falling, though the White house is wrecked by this point. Sue is weeping, for Carrie, for herself, for all her friends, as we...FADE TO BLACK.

Against the blackness, the following words appear:

**Carrie White, b. November 15, 1995, d. May 23, 2012**

Those words FADE, are replaced with:

**Thomas Ross, b. April 25, 1995, d. May 23, 2012**

Then those words FADE, are replaced by the DOZENS AND DOZENS OF NAMES (and dates) of the people who died on Prom Night. Most of them teenagers, kids we got to know, even a little. A sobering sight. A cautionary tale of what happened and what *might* happen again...

INT. THE WHITE COMMISSION - SHERIFF OTIS DOYLE

The end of Doyle's testimony:

SHERIFF DOYLE

We had a memorial service for everyone, on June third, in Bennett Park, to...heal, I suppose, but something like that takes the guts right out of a town. Especially when it's so many of your own children you're burying...

INT. THE WHITE COMMISSION - SUE SNELL

Sue sits at that conference table, a rather hostile witness:

SUE

You don't *want* to believe. You're looking for a scapegoat--me, if I let you--to hide from the truth: That it was Carrie White. We all pushed her to it--me, included--but it was Carrie White who dreamed of blood and fire...and then made it happen...

INT. THE WHITE COMMISSION - RITA DESJARDIN

The end of Rita Desjardin's testimony:

MS. DESJARDIN

Go back to teaching? No. Never. I couldn't stand in front of another group of kids, knowing that there was *one* I couldn't reach, one I couldn't...

(breaks down, starts crying)

...I don't sleep anymore. Late at night, all I can think is, "If only...if only..."

INT. WHITE COMMISSION - DEAN MCDUFFY - DAY

McDuffy, our TK scholar, finishing his testimony:

MCDUFFY

TK exists. Carrie White was *not* an isolated phenomenon. Do not put her in a box; do not dismiss it as a hoax. If we are not vigilant, it *will* happen again. In all likelihood, it already *is* happening again. There is another Carrie, somewhere, unlocking her power...

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - VIDEO DIARY

Sue, finishing her diary.

SUE

It's been four months. We're leaving now. No one wants to live in Chamberlain, anymore. Not in the town where all the children died. We just have one stop to make, to say goodbye...

Sue looks down for a beat, resumes:

SUE (CONT'D)

I'm sending this...confession,  
whatever it is, out there, so that  
people never forget Carrie White,  
and what she did to us, and more  
importantly, what we did to her.  
Maybe, hopefully, people can learn  
something from it... I hope so.

EXT. CHAMBERLAIN'S CEMETERY - DAY

Sue, dressed in a fall coat, kneels in front of a headstone, sets a bouquet of flowers down on Tommy's grave. Her eyes are tear-filled. She stands, revealing that she is, in fact, FOUR MONTHS PREGNANT. Which means...Tommy lives on, in some way, at least.

Sue starts walking towards her parents' car, waiting in the cemetery's driveway. The trees surrounding Sue are ablaze with YELLOW AND RED LEAVES, leaves the color of fire, swaying in the breeze, gently rocked by the invisible hand of God.

MOVEMENT on the fringes of the cemetery catches Sue's attention. THREE PUNKISH TEENAGE BOYS loiter around a pair of matching, simple headstones. MARGARET AND CARRIE WHITE'S GRAVES. Sue stops. One of the boys has a spray can; they're vandalizing the gravestones. Sue's about to say something, warn them, but then she hears (and turns to)--

Her MOM, standing next to the car, waving to her. Sue half-smiles, waves, then turns back to the boys, only...*they're lying on the ground now, unmoving.* Confusion gives way to horror. Heart thumping, Sue turns to head back to her mom's car--

--AND COMES FACE-TO-FACE WITH CARRIE WHITE! Still in her prom dress. Still covered in dried blood, but now, also, mud and filth. Like she's pushed herself out of a grave.

CARRIE

(rasps)

Sue-ue--

--JOLTS AWAKE. In the passenger seat of her parents' car, packed full with boxes. Sue had been dreaming. Her father's driving them away, out of Chamberlain. Her mother turns around, to look at her.

SUE'S MOM

(worried)

Sue? Bad dream?



Instinctively, Sue touches her stomach--

A close-up on her haunted face--

END

\*