

CARRIE

Written by

Lawrence D. Cohen

Based on the novel by Stephen King

Address  
Phone Number

"CARRIE"

FADE IN:

From an absolutely glistening WHITE -- an image which first appears to be a brilliantly shining glass globe, and then gradually becomes more of a piece of solid matter, less of a mystery. It's the

1 EXT. WHITE BUNGALOW (OR HOUSE) - DAY

1

FILLING THE FRAME like a picture postcard. Modest, old-fashioned, spotless -- a vision of small town normalcy and virtue.

This is the home of MARGARET WHITE and her daughter CARRIE. It seems to have been scrubbed from roof to porch; it is white. Even the lawn seems to have been washed and bleached. Antiseptic.

We hear a woman's voice:

MARGARET (O.S.)  
Carrie! Carrie!

The voice is distant but insistent. It is heard, in perspective, through the following prologue, which initially involves:

STELLA HORAN - DAY

An All-American sunbathing beauty of eighteen, getting the tan of her life with only a skimpy white bikini running interference between her skin and the sun.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PANS OVER the expanse of her body -- luxuriantly, taking it in inch for inch as she dreamily rubs in suntan lotion and licks her lips. The MUSIC is coming from a transistor radio by her side; she's on a beach blanket in the Horan back yard.

DOWNTOWARDS ANGLE - STELLA

as she senses someone standing over her, someone staring at her body through the half-grown hedge which separates the Horan yard from the White house next door.

VOICE (O.S.)  
What are those?

STELLA'S POV - CARRIE WHITE

A terribly appealing little girl, a child of indeterminate age. Pink cheeks, a halo of blonde-white hair which will darken in time. What sets her apart from other children, however, are a pair of bright button brown eyes; and it is these eyes that we notice as she peers at Stella through the hedge.

STELLA

Hiya, Carrie. Gee you gave me a  
fright.

(turning down the radio)  
How long have you been there?

CARRIE

(not smiling; pointing  
with her finger)

What are those?

Stella looks where Carrie is pointing: the top of her bikini has slipped, just barely revealing her breasts -- white against the golden tan. Stella adjusts her suit -- not out of any particular modesty of her own but as a reflex at being stared at so strangely.

STELLA

Those are my breasts, honey.

CARRIE

(a beat; then, solemnly)  
I wish I had some.

STELLA

You will. 'Course you'll have to  
wait a couple of years, but -

CARRIE

(a fact)

No I won't.

STELLA

Why, sure you will.

CARRIE

(emphatic)

No I won't.

(glancing behind her)

Momma says no... Momma says good  
girls don't.

STELIA

(at something of a loss)

Well, I'm a good girl. And besides,  
doesn't your mother have breasts?

CARRIE

glances anxiously at the mention of her mother at the White house next door. She swallows her words so that all Stella and we hear is:

CARRIE  
... dirtypillows.

STELIA  
What?

CARRIE  
Momma calls them dirtypillows. Says she's got them 'cuz she was bad when she made me.

STELLA

Incredulous. But she senses that Carrie is both perfectly serious and quite worried, and she too glances warily over at the White house Just beyond the half grown hedge.

She kneels next to Carrie and tries to laugh it off.

STELIA  
Now, honey, that's Just silly.  
Listen — you must be real hot in  
that long dress. What do you say we  
go inside and get us some lemonade,  
would you like that?

CARRIE

clearly torn -- tempted but in the clutch of some weird terror — as if she expected the earth to open and swallow her up. She shakes her head.

STELIA  
C'mon.  
(offering her hand)  
It'll be our secret.

Carrie — now really scared -- shakes her head and disappears farther into the hedge.

CARRIE  
I can't!

STELIA  
Sure you can. I make it nice and sweet, and —

And Just at that moment, a figure appears in a second-story window in the White House. Although Stella and we really can't see distinctly through the sun's glare it's unmistakably MARGARET WHITE. The moment this big woman sees her daughter with Stella, she lets out a bloodcurdling scream:

MARGARET  
CAARRIEETTAAA!!!

CARRIE, STELLA

Both frozen by this terrible sound.

STELLA'S POV - CLOSER ON CARRIE

as she sucks in her breath, quivering with fright, looking as if she might faint. She looks quickly to Stella, then back at the White house, then back to Stella. For the merest flash, she seems to smile - or is she about to cry?

And then, she's gone - running around the hedge and then up the porch stairs and into the White house as fast as her legs can carry her.

STELLA

stands there, riveted. Not knowing what's happened, what to do. It's utterly silent for a moment.

And then, an incredible CACOPHONY of strange sounds starts coming from the White house - an unearthly babble as Margaret White screams, rants, and screeches as Carrie sobs that she's sorry, that she forgot.

STELIA  
Mother!  
(louder)  
Mother!

THE HORAN HOUSE

as MRS. HORAN - in an old housedress with the hem falling down the back - rushes out in answer to her daughter's call.

-

MRS. HORAN  
What in the name of God? What's  
the matter?

STELLA  
(frantic)

I don't know... Carrie was just talking to me, and Mrs. White started screaming and...

THE WHITE HOUSE

The sun glistening brilliantly on it as in the opening shot. Again, it should appear like a huge glass globe over which we counterpoint one mother/daughter dialogue with the less distinct babble of another:

MARGARET (V.O.)  
I told you to stay away from there,  
I told you...

CARRIE (V.O.)  
I'm sorry, Momma.

MARGARET (V.O.)  
..to stay away from that girl, that whore...

CARRIE (V.O.)  
Please, Momma!

MARGARET (V.O.)  
... of Babylon!

which continues over:

TWO SHOT - STELLA AND MRS. HORAN

Their eyes riveted on the house – trying, squinting to see through the sun's terrible glare.

STELLA  
Don't you yell at her like that!  
Stop that!

MRS. HORAN  
That poor sweet child...

STELLA  
Mother, we've got to do something!

MRS. HORAN  
What?

STELLA  
Call the police? Mother, call the police!

MRS. HORAN

(not about to interfere;  
hope less)  
The-child...

At this point, the hysterical babble reaches its crescendo; we should be able to pick out phrases in this cacophony as Margaret rants at Carrie to go into her closet and pray for forgiveness; as Carrie's frightened little voice proclaims that she forgot, that she's sorry. And then suddenly, the screaming stops and it's quiet — dead quiet.

#### THE WHITE HOUSE

as it becomes more distinct, visible. There's a low WHISTLING SOUND, and then what appears to be a stone the size of a small pebble lands on the roof.

Another, slightly larger one appears a second or two later. And then another, and another, and...

#### TIGHTER TWO SHOT - STELLA AND MRS. HORAN

squinting, blinking at the pebbles which are coming down like marbles...

#### THE WHITE HOUSE

as it's pelted with what are now even larger stones — WHISTLING, SCREAMING in the air like miniature bombs.

Stones from a perfectly blue summer day.

Stones ranging in size from marbles to handballs.

One of them hits a downspout, knocking it onto the lawn. CRASHING, CRACKING SOUNDS as these pieces of granite tear into the stucco roofing, leaving holes.

The effect is that of a drum being bombarded.

#### TWO SHOT - MRS. HORAN AND STELLA

Frozen to the spot: Mrs. Horan with her hands over her ears, her screams blending with the SOUND of larger and larger stones as they pelt the house and we hear Margaret throughout screaming:

MARGARET'S VOICE  
Stop that! Stop that!

Stella is clutching Mrs. Horan like a child terrified by the freakiest of summer storms — a healthy young woman as her figure in the bikini testifies, but a child nonetheless, this nightmarish moment.

## THE HOUSE

as still larger stones hail from the sky.

And then just as suddenly and inexplicably as they began, just as incredibly as they started, they stop.

## TWO SHOT - THE WOMEN

Mrs. Horan with her hands still over her ears, her daughter standing next to her, transfixed on the lawn. Once again, it's quiet.

## THE WHITE HOUSE

as one final stone - this one the size of a mere pebble, a small mothball - falls from the roof and plops onto the lawn.

The image grows lighter and lighter. All the color seems to bleach out, turning the screen once again into an incredible, silently blazing white.

As the colors bleach out, we go directly into the

## 2 MAIN TITLES.

2

## 3 EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

3

Now some years later - and no longer glistening so whitely or mysteriously. We see the front of the house as the door flies open. Carrie, now sixteen or seventeen, appears in the doorway, carrying school books. As she comes out on the porch, the screen door bangs behind her.

She is wearing a shapeless, drab dress - much too long, not so much out of style as utterly without style.

What remains in this adolescent girl that links her with the pretty child we glimpsed in the prologue are those remarkable eyes.

As she comes down the porch stairs, we hear:

MARGARET'S VOICE

Carrie!

Carrie stops, turns to reply, into the house.

CARRIE

Yes, Momma.

MARGARET'S VOICE

You come straight home from school.

A moment of hesitation on Carrie's part, a very slight hint of rebellion. But:

CARRIE  
(sweetly)  
I always do, Momma.

Then she turns, walks to the street, gathering pace, quickening.

**4 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE**

**4**

As Carrie walks down the path from the porch and turns at the sidewalk, in the course of which she passes by where the Horans used to live. Only the Horans no longer live here. No one does. It's a vacant lot with a FOR SALE sign out front, with overgrown weeds. From the looks of them, the house vanished a long time ago.

**5 EXT. TOWN STREETS - DAY**

**5**

Carrie is walking to school, the sun shining brightly above her. The farther she gets from her house, the livelier she seems. We sense that underneath this drab dress is a girl pushing out, an altogether different creature than her appearance would suggest.

And to help persuade us about this possibility, there is MUSIC.

BOBBY ERBETER

about five, BOBBY bikes on the other side of one of the streets, keeping pace with Carrie on a twenty inch Schwinn with training wheels.

BOBBY  
Hey, fart-face! Hey, old praying  
Carrie! Praying Carrie, praying  
Carrie, praying Carrie...

Carrie favors him with a sweet tolerant smile and goes on toward the high school, in the background.

Bobby, frustrated, stops, astride his bike and screams after her.

Bobby's face -

DISSOLVE TO:

## THE FACE OF AN ADOLESCENT

or as he is known in school, THE BEAK. He is pathetically thin, myopic, weak-chinned, beak-nosed – almost a caricature of an adolescent reject. Over his face, we HEAR:

## FROMM'S VOICE

What are you going to leave for us,  
You people in your big cars Spewing  
pollution into the air?

We PAN the faces of adolescents, listening with various degrees of attention, indifference, or reluctance to:

## FROMM'S VOICE

You people with heavy feet  
Trampling down the wilderness? You  
people who peer into the back  
seats of our cars  
Hours after you come out of the  
back doors of your motels.  
Soon all we will have is each  
other, And that could be enough...

## 6 INT. CLASSROOM - FROMM - DAY

## 6

or, as he is known to his pupils, BIG BELLY FROMM, at his desk in front of the class, reading from an assignment paper.

## FROMM

... If you will let us have room  
enough  
And air enough And peace enough To  
love each other As you never could.

He sets down the paper, and looks at the class.

## FROMM'S POV - THE CLASS

We will see, among the others, Carrie.

We also see TOMMY ROSS – a mid-seventies version of the boy next door. Good-looking, clean-cut, intelligent, athletic.

## FROMM

He is nodding his head slowly, affecting a kind of puzzlement.

## FROMM

I must say -- I must confess – this  
poem displays an extraordinary  
talent...

(the knife)  
... a talent extraordinary for you,  
Tommy Ross.

THE CLASS

All eyes are on Tommy, who doesn't seem very abashed.

In fact, he turns, clasps his hands over his head, to the delight of his classmates. But you don't get the feeling he is a goof-off; he is a kid aware of his own popularity and comfortable with it.

FROMM

FROMM  
Tommy, this is slightly different  
from running for a touchdown... Any  
criticisms?

THE CLASS

The usual hesitation. Then Carrie's hand shoots up.

FROMM

He appears surprised to see Carrie, ordinarily shy,  
volunteering.

FROMM  
Carrie White?

THE CLASS - FEATURING CARRIE

Her volunteering has surprised her as well. But she's stuck with it. The eyes of the class are on her. And she has to say something. So she does.

CARRIE  
It's... beautiful.

FROMM

He leaves his desk, moving into the class area, seeming to pounce on Carrie.

FROMM  
'Beautiful.' 'Bee-t-ti-ful!' 'Oh,  
beautiful for spacious skies, for  
amber waves of grain.' Is that the  
beautiful you mean?

The class is snickering. Carrie throws a despairing glance toward Tommy. Tommy looks at her, and away, embarrassed. Carrie looks down at her desk, almost burying herself.

FROMM

That isn't exactly criticism, Miss White.

(looking around)

Anyone else?

(no one else)

Well, at least we've finally gotten Carrie White to say something!

Tommy looks toward Carrie, with something suggesting compassion. Then he looks toward Fromm, and he is muttering something. Or to be specific:

TOMMY

(muttering)

You suck.

FROMM

Tommy? You said something?

TOMMY

Yes sir.

(moment; "popular" grin)

I said... 'shucks.'

But everyone in the class knows.

CUT TO:

#### A VOLLEYBALL

arching over the net, striking the outstretched hands of CHRIS HARGENSEN, a girl of seventeen loaded with sexual dynamite (which could explode later in life into a husband, three children and numerous little affairs).

Chris skillfully passes the ball to a girl with the clean good looks of a cheerleader, SUE SNELL; she hits it back over the net. One of their teammates is Carrie, but Carrie is placed off in a corner, safely distant from the main action, awkward, tentative, wanting to get into the game, afraid of making a mistake.

The game is supervised by MISS COLLINS, about 24, wearing gym shorts which show her good legs, and a tee-shirt which shows very little. She's in her second year of teaching.

The serve goes to Carrie's team.

CHRIS

Whose serve?

SUE  
Carrie's.

CHRIS  
(groaning)  
Oh, Gawwwd!

The groan is taken up by all the girls, becoming a chorus as the ball is thrown to Carrie, who fumbles it before stepping to the service line.

RHONDA  
Don't hit it into the net!

**7 EXT - A VOLLEYBALL COURT - DAY**

**7**

Two teams of girls among them NORMA WATSON, HELEN SHYRES, CORA and RHONDA WILSON (sisters although not identical twins), CHRIS HARGENSEN and SUE SNELL. Supervising the game is MISS COLLINS wearing a warm up suit and holding a whistle awaiting the next point. Among the girls is CARRIE anxiously watching for the ball to come her way.

It has apparently been a close game the competition building steadily. When the shot begins Miss Collins has just blown her whistle to announce:

COLLINS  
Okay, now. This is game point.

This is the final point of the game and Rhonda Wilson is serving (she is on the opposite team as Carrie).

RHONDA  
(giving the score)  
Twenty - Twenty.

The ball is successfully served and remains in play for some time as the girls skillfully volley it back and forth over the net. And then, just when the tension is greatest, the ball comes over the net toward Carrie.

It's evident that the outcome of the game depends upon her success. The little boy who decided to put his finger in the dyke had it easier.

The other girls are (AD LIB) shouting cautions and admonitions to Carrie. Carrie almost trembles with tension, about to bat the ball over the net, afraid to hit it.

Carrie whacks the ball. She shacks it hard. And on a line—straight into the net.

Another chorus of groans, with remarks like "Wouldn't you know!" and "Dumbo!" reinforcing them. The game is obviously over and the girls begin to file off the court and move toward the locker room. Just as Chris passes the humiliated Carrie:

CHRIS  
(low, harsh)  
You eat shit!

CUT TO:

Steam partially obscures the girls as they whoop and holler and cavort under individual showers. They banter little barbed pleasantries, bits of sexual information, family complaints, talk of college — all of which we hear from separate stalls. One by one the showers are turned off, the girls stepping out, removing pastel bathing caps, toweling, spraying deodorant, bras hooked, underpants stepped into. Steam hangs in the air. So do words, running into one another, tumbling, drifting.

'...Tommy says he hated it on me... My sister's husband picks his nose... So does your sister... too cheap to spend a penny... we'll go after school... I'm going with Billy, we'll meet you... Friday night...'

We PICK UP Miss Collins as she steps among the girls, spies Carrie still standing under the shower. She claps her hands once, smartly.

COLLINS  
What are you waiting for, Carrie?  
(as Carrie looks at her)  
Bell in five minutes.

CARRIE  
Oh uh?

As Collins departs, and the other girls start to move toward their lockers, Carrie is left alone in her shower stall. She is soaping herself. In a virtual reverie, she begins at her shoulders, moving her hands over her breasts in small, regular, virtually erotic circles. Her hand goes out of frame, below her stomach. Slowly, it emerges back into frame — full of blood. And just as she and we see this, so do the girls.

CHRIS  
Peer-iod! Peer-iod!

Carrie stares at her dumbly.

The other girls are quick to take up the chant. Chris leads them.

GIRLS  
Peer-iod! Peer-iod! Peer-iod! Peer-  
iod!

One voice chimes in:

NORMA  
Plug it up!

Others take up this new chant. For a while, like counterpoint, the chants overlap; then the new chant emerges solely:

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

Dime-sized drops are striking the tile floor at Carrie's feet.

SUE  
For God's sake, Carrie, you got  
your period.  
(as Carrie turns toward  
her)  
Clean yourself up!

Carrie seems bewildered.

SUE  
(furiously)  
You're bleeding! You dumb pudding,  
you're bleeding!

Carrie looks down and walls; the sound is very loud.

A tampon strikes Carrie's chest, plops to her feet.

Carrie just stares at it..

NORMA  
She thinks they're for lipstick.

Behind her, another girl pretends to throw up.

Shrieks of laughter. Another tampon strikes Carrie.

Another. The girls are bombarding her with tampons and sanitary napkins, some from purses, some from the broken dispenser on the wall. As they bombard Carrie:

GIRLS  
Plug it up, plug it up, plug it up,  
plug it up...

We isolate Sue Snell at the moment she joins in the chant, and watch her beginning to be caught-up in what can only be described as a fury.

Carrie howls and begins to back away, howling louder and louder.

The door is flung open by Collins.

COLLINS  
What is this?

And she takes it in. She jerks the whistle to her mouth, blows and blows! The sound is louder than a shriek (which it resembles) or a howl (which it doesn't).

And there is sudden silence.

COLLINS  
(to girls)  
Get out! Get out!

The girls retreat, Sue last.

SUE  
It must be her first...

COLLINS  
Out!

As the girls slip out, Collins turns to Carrie, who has backed up and is whimpering. Collins slaps her face, not too hard at first, then with a flash of anger.

CARRIE  
M... M... Miss Collins...

COLLINS  
Stand up. Take care of yourself.

CARRIE  
I'm bleeding.

One blind searching hand comes up, clutches Collins' white shorts, leaving a bloody handprint.

COLLINS

Damn you!

She hurls Carrie part way across the room toward the broken sanitary napkin dispenser.

COLLINS

Get over there! And take one!

CARRIE

I don't know...

COLLINS

Never mind the coin slot... it's broken.

CARRIE

It hurts... my stomach...

COLLINS

(grabbing her)

Do it! Now.

CARRIE

I can't. I don't know how!

There's a bright flash as a light BULB POPS, fizzling out. Collins is surprised.

COLLINS

What...?

And she looks at Carrie. Her anger seems to seep away. Her voice softens.

COLLINS

Carrie, don't you know...?

(shakes her head;

realizing and wondering)

You don't.

(reaches for Carrie)

I'll show you.

DISSOLVE TO:

**8    INSERT INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY**

**8**

Carrie and Miss Finch.

**9    INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

**9**

HENRY MORTON, the principal, a decent but somewhat plodding man in his mid-forties, is tapping out his pipe as he talks to Collins.

MORTON  
Isn't she a bit old for her...

Well, he can't quite say it.

COLLINS  
Her first period?

MORTON  
Ah, yes.

COLLINS  
Morty, until a half hour ago, I  
don't think she knew there was such  
a thing.

He hesitates a moment -- noticing Carrie's bloody handprint on Collins' gym shorts.

MORTON  
It's hard to believe in this day  
and age a girl in high school  
wouldn't know... something... the  
facts.

COLLINS  
Well, knowing that mother of  
hers...

MORTON  
(cutting her off)  
Miss Collins, if you'd been with us  
longer, you'd understand we cannot  
interfere with people's beliefs. As  
for the girls -

COLLINS  
Carrie's always been their  
scapegoat. So they...

MORTON  
You'll have to do something.

COLLINS  
I will. But I understood how those  
girls felt. The whole thing just  
made me want to take the girl and  
shake her.

MORTON

Ummm.

COLLINS  
It's just her period for God's sake.

MORTON  
(cutting in;  
uncomfortable)  
We'll send her home.  
(to intercom)  
Miss Finch send in Cassie Wright.

COLLINS  
It's Carrie White.

MORTON  
(fiddling with paper  
clips on his desk)  
Oh.

The door is opened. Carrie stands in the doorway.

MORTON  
Come in, Cassie.

Collins starts to correct him, but:

MORTON  
Close the door. No, wait.  
(up)  
Miss Finch bring in a dismissal s  
lip.  
(to Carrie)  
I think you might take the rest of  
the day and go home and, uh,  
well... take care of yourself,  
Cassie.

CARRIE  
(hardly a murmur)  
Carrie.

MORTON  
We're all sorry about this  
incident.

MISS FINCH elderly, spinsterish, goggles in with the yellow  
dismissal slip, brings it to Morton, who initials it.

MORTON  
(to Fish, as she goes)  
Thank you.  
(to Carrie)

Would you like to go to the infirmary?...

Carrie is shaking her head.

MORTON  
... lie down for a while...

COLLINS  
I think Carrie can go home.

MORTON  
Would you like a ride?

Again Carrie is shaking her head.

MORTON  
We could call you a cab.

COLLINS  
I'm sure she can walk home. And  
Carrie, you're excused from gym for  
a week. Take study hall instead.

Morton picks up the dismissal slip, hands it to Carrie.

MORTON  
We are sorry about this, Cassie.

CARRIE  
(sudden fury)  
That's not my name!

Two things happen simultaneously: Morton recoils slightly and the ashtray quakes a little and then tumbles from the desk.

Then Carrie goes out.

Morton comes around the desk, stoops to pick up the ashtray, stares at it curiously for a moment, then looks at Collins.

COLLINS  
(slowly)  
That reminds me. A light blew out  
while I was trying to calm her  
down.

MORTON  
I'll send a janitor to fix it.

Okay, that's reality. He puts the ashtray back on the desk decisively, dismissing any "peculiar" thought he may have had.

DISSOLVE TO:

A RED SCREEN

PULL BACK QUICKLY to show the red circle of a traffic light.

Carrie is standing at an intersection, waiting for the light to change.

CARRIE'S POV - CHAMBERIAIN STREET

Cars are flashing by; they seem to leave blurs of light.

FLASH CUT

Carrie's tormentors.

FLASH CUT

Carrie.

LONGER CUT

the girls throwing the tampons and sanitary napkins.

LONGER CUT

Carrie, hatred showing.

THE GIRLS - FEATURING CHRIS

Suddenly their motions are ARRESTED. Their images POLARIZE; the girls DISAPPEAR, except for Chris. Her image REMAINS.

CARRIE

concentrating her hatred.

CHRIS' IMAGE

It begins to shatter. And then explodes.

THE LIGHT

turns green.

CARRIE

She walks across the street.

A quiet residential street in a lower middle-class neighborhood, Carrie is walking down the street, slowly.

ANOTHER ANGIE

There comes Bobby Erbeter again on his bike, paralleling Carrie (as before).

BOBBY

Hey, fart-face! Hey, old praying Carrie!

CARRIE

She keeps on walking, ignoring him.

BOBBY

keeping pace with Carrie, shouting across the street.

BOBBY

Fart-face, fart-face, fart-face...

CARRIE

turning toward him, her face contorted with rage.

CARRIE'S POV - ANGLE ON BOBBY

The bike wobbles on its training wheels.

And the bike topples over, on top of Bobby, who screams.

CARRIE

CLOSE now, featuring her eyes most prominently. Her face is uncertain, confused. What just happened? She thought (that's right, thought) something and it happened...

And we HEAR another SCREAM, more of an angry shriek, and then the strange sight and SOUND of:

FLASH CUT

as the stones pelt the White bungalow years ago.

CLOSER

The stone pelting the roof.

CARRIE

She is staring across the street at:

BOBBY

screaming with anger (more than anything else) as he disentangles himself. He stands up, looks toward Carrie across the street, shakes his little fist.

BOBBY  
(defiantly)  
Fart-face!

CARRIE

The boy's defiant chant can be heard as Carrie blinks, wondering. Then she opens her eyes, wider. She looks at the boy. She frowns for a moment.

FLASH CUTS

the stones.

the light bulb exploding.

the ashtray falling.

We hear:

ROBBY'S VOICE  
Fart-face, fart-face, fart-face!

CARRIE

a faint smile, partly of wonder, partly of a strange kind of joy. She knows.

DISSOLVE TO:

**11 INT. SNELL KITCHEN - ELEANOR SNELL - DAY**

**11**

Sue's mother. Out of a margarine commercial - a packaged, nice lady, neat, trim - good mother, good wife. She is preparing dinner; in her line of sight a television game show glitters.

DOORBELL.

Eleanor frowns momentarily, leave the kitchen.

**12 INT. SNELL HOUSE - TRACKING ELEANOR - DAY**

**12**

Through the middleclass, rather tasteful home, to the front door.

Eleanor opens the door.

ANGLE ON MARGARET WHITE

standing in the doorway. She is a large lady dressed in black, carrying a worn black leather sack, which we will discover is bulging with religious tracts.

ELEANOR, WITH MARGARET

Margaret White is not a welcome visitor, but Eleanor Snell is a polite lady.

ELEANOR  
Oh, Mrs. White.

MARGARET  
How have you been, Mrs. Snell?

ELEANOR  
Fine.

MARGARET  
And the doctor?

ELEANOR  
Fine.

MARGARET  
And your daughter?

ELEANOR  
Sue is ... fine.

An impasse. Finally Eleanor feels constrained to open the door wider, put a little smile on her face, and:

ELEANOR  
Won't you come in, Mrs. White?

MARGARET  
Thank you.

She steps inside, and Eleanor closes the door behind her, saying:

ELEANOR  
I think Carrie is in some of Sue's classes.

MARGARET  
Yes .

ELEANOR

Perhaps some time Carrie might  
visit...

MARGARET  
I'm here on the Lord's work.

ELEANOR  
Yes. Of course.

Margaret is fishing tracts out of her bag.

MARGARET  
These will interest the doctor and  
you.

Eleanor looks at the tracts with pretended Interest.

ELEANOR  
I'm sure they will.

MARGARET  
And your daughter.

ELEANOR  
(a smile)  
Well, I don't think Sue would be —

MARGARET  
(cutting in)  
Children are godless these days,  
Mrs. Snell.

Margaret's voice is almost toneless — now and throughout.

ELEANOR  
My Sue is a good girl.

MARGARET  
These are godless times.

. ELEANOR  
I'll drink to that.

Humor -- and she regrets it immediately.

ELEANOR  
(continuing; quietly)  
We'll all read... these.

The telephone RINGS.

ELEANOR  
(continuing; relief)  
Excuse me.

(retreating)  
Please sit down.

Margaret doesn't sit, and Eleanor flees into the kitchen.

## 13 INI. KITCHEN - DAY

13

As Eleanor reaches the phone.

ELEANOR

Hello... Betty, can I call you back. Margaret White is here... Right... right... Let me get rid of her and I'll call you back.

She hangs up, opens a drawer, takes out some hidden household money (a couple of bills), and drags her self back into the living, room.

## 14 INT. SNELL LIVING ROOM - DAY

14

Margaret is still where we left her.

ELEANOR

We'd like to contribute ten...  
(a look at Margaret)  
... twenty dollars.

MARGARET

Thank you. I'll give you a receipt.

Eleanor shifts from foot to foot while Margaret writes out the receipt, gives it to her.

ELEANOR

Thank you, Mrs. White.

MARGARET

I'll pray you find Jesus before it's too late.

What can one say? Eleanor stands there, completely exasperated but retaining her politeness like a steel, middle-class glove. She accompanies Margaret to the door and the latter leaves. Eleanor is about to close the door, stops, seeing:

## 15 EXT. SNELL HOUSE - FROM DOOR - DAY

15

Sue is coming toward the door. She passes Margaret with a quick (inaudible) greeting and hurries to the front door where her mother is waiting.

SUE  
That's Carrie White's mother...

As Eleanor nods and closes the door.

SUE  
(apprehensively)  
What did she want?

ELEANOR  
(indicating tracts)  
She gave us these —  
(conspiratorial sigh)  
— and I gave her a donation.

Sue's face betrays relief; but Eleanor notices nothing

ELEANOR  
(brightly)  
Well, how was school today?

SUE  
Today? Like always.

HOLD ON Sue, staring at the tracts on the table (or perhaps out the window as Margaret leaves). A long beat, then:

DISSOLVE TO:

CARRIE

Who is sitting in an old Boston rocker by the window in her room which overlooks the street. She is wearing Just a slip or perhaps an old terrycloth robe — her plain dress and school books on the narrow bed.

She is leafing through a teenage magazine on the order of "Seventeen" — absorbed in the mundane fantasies of models in their pantyhose and underwear; long gowns and mystery men. An escape of sorts.

And we reveal Carrie's bedroom in the low attic of the White house: tiny, plain, severe. It's decorated with Just the fewest embellishments (i.e., a high school pennant) that Margaret would allow in exchange for her own prices — a crucifix above Carrie's bed, a small bureau with an equally small mirror, a Bible and plastic glow-in-the-dark Madonna and Child, and various religious prints and plaster quotations on the wall.

## ANGLE - FEATURING CARRIE

Caught up in the magazine, in the most normal of female fantasies courtesy of the slick Madison Avenue mind. And then, with that extra sense of perception apparatus that fears it's about to be caught doing something it shouldn't, Carrie glances out the window and down to see:

16 EXT. THE STREET - MARGARET

16

as this formidable vision of black strides down the walk. Another woman dressed like this would be coming home from a funeral; Margaret actually seems to like black.

## CLOSEUP - CARRIE

her heart pounding as we glimpse that look of terror we witnessed earlier - a scared little girl now encased in the body of an adolescent.

As she hears Margaret close the front door and call out her name as she hangs up her coat, Carrie hastily stashes the magazine under the mattress. Then she begins to dress as we hear the SOUNDS of Margaret in the kitchen, starting her daily afternoon ritual of making tea.

And then the telephone RINGS - only to stop as Margaret picks up the receiver. It's just as Carrie dreaded -- it's the school - and she stands by the door, trying desperately to overhear Margaret's muffled voice. And then Margaret hangs-up, and in a deadly tone of voice - not yelling but enunciating with terrible clarity - she calls up the stairs:

MARGARET'S VOICE  
I know you're listening. Come  
downstairs.

And defeated, Carrie braces herself and goes down the:

HALLWAY, STAIRS, LIVING ROOM - FOLLOWING CARRIE

as she hurries down toward her mother and into:

17 INT. WHITE KITCHEN - DAY

17

Where Margaret is standing by the stove, her back to her in stony silence.

CARRIE  
Hello, Momma.

No response. The teakettle is just beginning to boil over the gas burner, and in this altogether strange little kitchen — a veritable arsenal of lace-tatted religious art -- Margaret is a rock.

Carrie sits down at the kitchen table, bursting with shame and the need to talk. Yet she recognizes her mother's wall of silence, knowing she won't speak until she's ready. They've been through this dance a thousand times. Finally, Carrie breaks.

CARRIE

Who was it that called?  
(no response)  
What did they say?

MARGARET

point one and some grim satisfaction. Yet she doesn't respond immediately. Then she turns from the stove.

MARGARET

(softly)  
You're a woman now.

CARRIE

Oh Momma, why didn't you tell me  
something? I was so scared...

Margaret walks over to the table and sits next to Carrie. She puts on rimless glasses, then opens the Bible and starts to read with one of those strange Kathryn Kuhlman looks on her face:

MARGARET

'And God made Eve from the rib of  
Adam. And Eve was weak and loosed  
the raven on the world, and the  
raven was called Sin - '

She pushes the Bible at Carrie, her finger on the place.

MARGARET

... and the raven was called Sin...

CARRIE

Why didn't you tell me? Oh, Momma —

MARGARET

(overriding)

... and the raven was called Sin...  
Sin!... and the first sin was  
intercourse.

CARRIE

I was so scared! And the other  
girls, they made fun of me and  
threw things and -

Margaret's hand flashes out-backhanding Carrie into the wall.  
It's a wallop of a slap, the sting of it bringing tears to  
her eyes.

CARRIE

Momma, please listen. It wasn't my  
fault.

Another backhanded blow knocks Carrie to the floor.

CARRIE

Momma!

MARGARET

And Eve was weak and... say it,  
woman!

CARRIE

No, Momma.

MARGARET

Say it!

Kick.

CARRIE

Momma, please help me.

MARGARET

And Eve was weak and loosed the  
raven on the world.

CARRIE

They threw things...

MARGARET

(overriding)

... and the raven was called Sin...  
Sin!... and the first sin was  
intercourse.

CARRIE

Momma, please listen.

A kick.

MARGARET

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

The teakettle starts to WHISTLE.

CARRIE  
You should have told, me!

Margaret clutches Carrie's wrist in a vise.

MARGARET  
(heavenward)  
O Lord, help this sinning woman see  
the sin of her days and ways. Show  
her that if she had remained  
sinless —

CARRIE  
No!

MARGARET  
— the Curse of Blood would never  
have come on her. She may have been  
tempted by the Antichrist. She may  
have committed the Sin of Lustful  
Thoughts —

The teakettle is WHISTLING louder — a high-pitched scream.

CARRIE  
No, Momma.

MARGARET  
Don't you lie to me, Carietta,  
don't you know by now I can see  
inside you? I can see your sin just  
as surely as God can.

CARRIE  
Momma, let me go.

Margaret flings open the door of the kitchen closet.

MARGARET  
We will pray. We will pray, woman,  
we will pray to Jesus for our  
woman-weak, wicked, sinning  
souls...

She switches on the light, and there is Jesus on the wall,  
rictus, crown of thorns, bathed in an ominous blue light. A  
vision of a wrathful God. Throughout the following, Carrie  
struggles desperately, but she's no match for her mother.

MARGARET

And the Lord visited Eve with a Curse, and the Curse was the Curse of Blood. And there was a Second Curse, and this was the Curse of Childbearing, and Eve brought forth Cain in sweat and blood!

She propels Carrie into the closet, slams the door behind her. Margaret's voice continues, overlapping onto:

**18 INT. CLOSET - CARRIE - DAY**

**18**

very much the little girl now as she sinks to the floor of the closet — crying, disheveled, beaten. The closet is just what every child ever dreaded about the night.

JESUS

looking down at Carrie.

CARRIE

She looks away — and inwards. With her, we see:

SPLATS OF BLOOD

falling on the shower floor.

THE GIRLS — IN THE SHOWER ROOM

surrounding Carrie, jeering her, bombarding her.

JESUS

impassive, impersonal, unconcerned — or so it seems.

CHRIS — IN THE SHOWER ROOM

in the forefront of the pack.

CARRIE — IN THE SHOWER ROOM

as the girls would see her, cowering, the bloody napkins pelting her.

JESUS — CLOSER ANGLE

the blood seems to be streaming down his face; it moves.

CARRIE — IN THE CLOSET

tears are streaming down her face. She whispers:

CARRIE  
Please!

Carrie closes her eyes. Overlapping music (perhaps David Bowie's "Changes" - the sax break) begins, and

The SCREEN GOES DARK.

DISSOLVE TO:

**19 EXT. THE HILL - NIGHT**

**19**

MOVING IN SLOWLY on Tommy Ross' 1963 Ford, which is parked in shadows on The Hill (something of a ridge which overlooks the town and is dedicated to Eros by high school students and occasional graduates).

The MUSIC swells as we MOVE IN. And finally, we PEER into the car, where we SEE:

**20 INT. TOMMY'S FORD - NIGHT**

**20**

Sue and Tommy have finished making love in the back seat. They are both putting their clothes in order, silently, slowly.

Then they climb into the front seat. Sue takes out a cigarette. Tommy lights it with the dashboard lighter. They say nothing as Sue smokes for a few moments. Then Tommy looks at her closely.

TOMMY  
Hey.

She turns away.

TOMMY  
Hey, what's the matter?

He puts his arm around her clumsily.

SUE  
Nothing.

TOMMY  
What did I do?

SUE  
Nothing. It's not you.

TOMMY

Hey, everything's all right. I love  
you, honey.  
(silence)  
Did I...?

SUE  
(blurting)  
It's Carrie.

TOMMY  
Who?

SUE  
Carrie. Carrie White.

TOMMY  
Praying Carrie?

SUE  
(sharply)  
Don't call her that.

TOMMY  
(imitating Carrie)  
It's... beautiful.  
(laughing)  
That's what she said when I read  
that poem you wrote for me.

SUE  
Tommy, please...

TOMMY  
(going on)  
And Big Belly Fromm saying...  
(imitating)  
That isn't exactly criticism, Miss  
White.  
(exploding)  
Jesus!

Sue has turned away from him.

TOMMY  
Hey, honey, it was a beautiful  
poem. I wish I could have written  
it.  
(silence)  
Honey?

SUE  
Don't call me that.

TOMMY

Don't call her that. Don't call me  
that. What the hell's the matter  
with you?

She is crying, that's what.

TOMMY  
Hey, are you crying?  
(yes, stupid)  
Are you?

He tries to turn her toward him. She struggles. Man fully, he forces her around.

TOMMY  
Jesus, Sue. What is it?

SUE  
(trying to turn away)  
I told you.

TOMMY  
Told me what?

SUE  
About Carrie.

TOMMY  
That thing in the shower?  
(she's silent)  
Hey, it was a Joke, wasn't it? I  
mean everyone was doing it.

SUE  
I'm not everyone.

TOMMY  
You're special.

SUE  
I was one of them.

TOMMY  
So you were teasing Carrie White -

SUE  
We were hurting her --

TOMMY

She's used to it. Jesus, you remember how she'd get down on her knees and say grace in the cafeteria... alone, for Christ's sake. And the way she dresses... Hey, Sue, she's asking for it.

SUE

(vehemently)

How would you like to be Carrie White?

TOMMY

How would I like to be Carrie White?

SUE

How would you like to be Carrie White? How would you like to be Carrie White instead of being Tommy Ross... big man, big jock, popular.

TOMMY

What's the big deal about being popular? I mean, one day I'll wake up and find myself working at my dad's car lot and out Friday nights and Saturdays at Uncle Billy's or the Cavalier drinking beer and maybe married with a bunch of kids...

(stops)

What's that got to do with Carrie White? Or anything?

SUE

I did something wrong and I feel bad about it.

TOMMY

I can understand that. Hey, back in seventh grade there was this kid...

SUE

(interrupting)

I've got to do something about it.

TOMMY

Like what?

SUE

I don't know yet. Apologize.

TOMMY

Okay, you tell her you're sorry.

SUE

That's not enough. That's like something my mom would do.

TOMMY

What are you going to do? Kiss her, for God's sake?

SUE

God, I hate you sometimes!

TOMMY

What the hell do you want me to do?

SUE

I want you to help me. Or are you just interested in fucking me?

TOMMY

(angrily)

Don't say that!

SUE

Fucking me, fucking me...

TOMMY

Cut it out!

SUE

Then help me!

Tommy moves back from Sue. He is looking at her, trying to figure her out. He wants to do something, he doesn't want an argument, but...

TOMMY

Okay. What can I do?

SUE

I want you to think about Carrie White.

TOMMY

(incredulously)

You want me-to sit here and think about... Jesus!

(moment)

Are you serious?

(moment)

You're serious.

(moment)

What's there to think about?

SUE  
Think ab out it.

TOMMY  
Jesus.

He stares off through the windshield. He is really-puzzled. He steals a look at Sue. He starts to put his arm around her; she moves a little, subtly but clearly. Tommy stares off into space again.

TOMMY  
I never thought about her. I mean,  
she wasn't someone you had to think  
about.

(beat)  
She was always there — keeping to  
herself in that stupid dress and  
that weird mother.

(beat)  
You know what I mean?

Sue glances toward him. Of course she knows. And he is beginning to understand.

Tommy looks straight ahead again. He is starting to think. It's not all that easy.

TOMMY  
(almost under his breath)  
Carrie White?

It does come out as a question.

DISSOLVE TO:

**21 INT. WHITE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**21**

Margaret is at the sewing machine. She is either listening to a reasonable facsimile of Kathryn Kuhlman preaching on the radio, or instead, to an old Victrola which plays Tennessee Ernie Ford's "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning." A Black Forest cuckoo clock, providing a sense of lapsed time.

Suddenly the treadle on the sewing machine depresses itself. The needle begins to dip up and down; the bobbin whirs and jerks.

Margaret turns around to see:

CARRIE

She is standing in the entrance of the living room.

Her demeanor seems more peaceful, calm, almost too calm.

MARGARET

A touch of fear in her eyes. But:

MARGARET  
Go to bed.

CARRIE

She crosses over to her mother, kisses her lightly on the (unmoving) head.

CARRIE  
Good night, Momma.

Carrie goes to the stairs.

UP THE STAIRS

with Carrie.

UPPER HALLWAY

Carrie goes into her room.

**22 INT. CARRIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**22**

Carrie turns on a light. She undresses slowly, wearily. And then she stops and looks at herself in the mirror. A close, tired inspection. Her eyes seem hollow, haunted. Carrie doesn't like what she sees; she doesn't like herself.

Flex. Slowly cracks appear in the mirror, spiderwebs.

Flex. The mirror cracks wider.

And flex: the mirror shatters, crashes to the dresser in pieces, loudly; some of the pieces fall on the floor.

MARGARET'S VOICE  
Carrie! Carrie? Carrie!

A moment of utter panic -- now what?

HALLWAY STAIRS

as Margaret strides up them, past the landing, and tries the knob on Carrie's door. It's locked. She rattles the knob. But to no avail. Then:

MARGARET

Carrie! Carrie, open this door!  
 (a beat; nothing)  
 Carrie!

Another beat; then:

CARRIE'S VOICE  
 (sweetly)  
 It's open, Momma.

Margaret tries the knob again, and it is, indeed, open.

**23 INT. CARRIE'S ROOM**

**23**

where Carrie is kneeling by her bed, now in her flannel nightgown, praying.

MARGARET  
 What was that noise?

CARRIE  
 Nothing, Momma.

Margaret peers around the room; she did hear a mirror break, no mistake about it. But there it is -- whole again as her reflection in it testifies. Margaret walks over to it, rearranges the plastic-glow-in-the-dark Madonna and child on the dresser.

MARGARET  
 Go to bed.

She leaves the doorway, and we return to Carrie who smiles sweetly. And then:

Flex.

The door slams closed.

**24 INT. THE GYM - TRACKING SHOT - DAY**

**24**

down the class of twenty-five or so girls, still in their street clothes, lined up against the gym wall under their class numbers as:

COLLINS

walks in front of them with a clipboard taking roll.

COLLINS  
 ... Shyres...

SHYRES (O.S.)  
Present.

COLLINS  
... Snell...

THE GIRLS

STILL TRACKING, FEATURING Sue.

SUE  
Here.

COLLINS (O.S.)  
Watson...

WATSON  
Present.

The CAMERA COMES to an empty space without being told, we can tell it's Carrie's.

COLLINS

hesitates, then moves right along.

COLLINS  
... and the Wilsons.

Who're identical twins.

CORA  
Here...

RHONDA  
... Miss Collins.

COLLINS  
(small smile; then,  
closing her book)  
Okay. Sit down.

All the girls - except Chris - obey.

COLLINS  
You too, Chris. And spit out that  
gum.

CHRIS  
(overly sweet)  
Where'll I put it, Miss Collins?

COLLINS

You can choke on it for all I care.  
Now sit down.

CHRIS

pausing for a second, then deciding it's better to go along without talking back. She sits down.

THE GIRLS

shifting nervously, unused to Collins' absolute no nonsense tone.

COLLINS

taking a deep breath.

COLLINS

Okay. I just want you all to know  
that you did a shitty thing  
yesterday. A really shitty thing.

HELEN SHYRES

the freckled, slightly pudgy girl sitting next to Sue -- giggles nervously. But no one joins her, and she claps her hand over her mouth, trying to stifle it.

COLLINS

glaring at Helen, silencing her.

COLLINS

Did any of you stop to think that Carrie White has feelings? Do any of you ever stop to think? No, I guess you've got your minds on your dates and the Prom. Chris, I imagine you can take your pick, who's the lucky guy?

CHRIS

(mumbling)

Billy Nolan.

COLLINS

(loudly)

Who? Speak up! I can't hear you.

Chris tries to control her anger -- is barely able to.

CHRIS

Billy Nolan.

Collins eye-to-eye with Chris now, smiles.

COLLINS

Well, isn't he the lucky one.

She walks down the line, stopping in front of Sue.

COLLINS

And what about you, Sue? Who's taking you?

SUE

Tommy Ross.

COLLINS

Right.

(beat, then)

Okay. Now my idea for this little trick you pulled was three days' suspension and refusal of your prom tickets.

THE GIRLS

as Collins' words sink in -- groans of disappointment.

SUE'S POV - COLLINS

almost seeming to single Sue out as she continues - at least that's the way it seems to Sue.

COLLINS

That would hit you where you live, now, wouldn't it? And you'd deserve it -- I don't think any of you have any idea of just how nasty what you did was. The office has decided you're to have one week's detention.

The girls sigh with relief; Chris has a particularly smug look. Collins takes in their reactions; then she reels in the line:

COLLINS

But. There's one little catch. It's to be my detention.

COLLINS

Right here in the gym. Fifty minutes every day. Get the picture?

THE GIRLS

as they realize just how they've been had -- indeed, getting the picture.

CHRIS

furious, defiant.

CHRIS  
I won't come.

COLLINS

no less determined but cool.

COLLINS  
That's up to you, Chris. That's up to all of you. Punishment for skipping detention is three days' suspension and the loss of your prom tickets. Any other thoughts?

THE GIRLS

sober, slightly frightened.

**25 INT. HALL OUTSIDE GYM - CARRIE - DAY**

**25**

She is standing in the hall, looking into the gym through the small glass window cut in the door.

**26 INT. GYM**

**26**

Collins has finished with the girls j she stands in front of them, the victor.

COLLINS  
Right. Now change up.

The girls start to turn.

**27 INT. HALL OUTSIDE GYM**

**27**

Carrie quickly pulls away from the door before she can be seen, hastens away.

**28 INT. GYM**

**28**

Collins watches the girls filing into the locker room, a small triumphant smile on her face.

29 INT. HALL OUTSIDE GYM

29

Carrie is far down the hall, a small distant figure. Now she goes out of sight around a corner. The hall is empty and stills HOLD, then:

CUT TO:

30 INT. THE LOCKER ROOM

30

as the girls change silently into their green gym out fits -- quiet, subdued, most of them resigned to their punishment. Chris, however, is about to blow up; she tosses her skirt into her locker and slams the door shut.

CUT TO:

AN INDEX CARD - SCHOOL LIBRARY

And then another, and another, and yet another flipping by us, one title following another as Carrie looms over the card catalog, searching. The title cards include POISON, POLITICS and POLTERGEISTS - on this latter card, it reads: "A ghost supposed to be responsible for table rappings and other mysterious noisy disturbances." It also contains a cross-reference - see tele - and the rest of the word is blurred.

CARRIE

her face - curious, deciding to follow it up.

A FASTER MONTAGE

as Carrie flips through the "T" card catalog - passing by everything from Talmud to Tarantula until she gets to:

TELEKINESIS - A CLOSER SHOT

on the word, and below it:

'Thought to be the ability to move or to cause changes in objects by force of the mind, perhaps a genetic-recessive in origin.'

CARRIE - CLOSE

Her mind struggling with the words on the card, pondering, thoughtful. Her heart starts to beat.

31 INT. THE GYM - TRACKING SHOT

31

on the girls, all of them in their green gym suits, being run ragged, just as Collins promised. She's pushing them extremely hard, barking orders at them, using her whistle like a drill instructor.

ANGLE - ON CHRIS

as she runs to position herself next to Sue.

CHRIS

She can't get away with this. I'm going to get her. That goddamn snerd -

SUE

Let it go, Chris.

And Sue runs on, leaving Chris red in the face, breathless, furious - behind. Chris deliberately slows down and then just halts.

COLLINS

The period's not up, Hargensen.

CHRIS

It is for me.

COLLINS

There are ten minutes left.

CHRIS

Stick them up your ass.

Chris starts to stalk past Collins who reaches out and firmly pushes her back. Chris becomes immediately hysterical.

CHRIS

You can't hit us! You'll get canned for this, you bitch! My father -

COLLINS

One more word from you and I'll throw you across the room. Want to see if I'm telling the truth?

GROUP SHOT - FEATURING CHRIS

appealing to the others now; flailing, out of control.

CHRIS

She can't get away with this! Goddammit! If we all stick together we can --

## THE GIRLS

as Chris looks to them for support, none of them quite knowing what to do.

CHRIS  
Norma... Helen... Sue!

## ANOTHER ANGLE

featuring Chris and Sue.

SUE  
(lifeless)  
Shut up, Chris. Just shut up.

CHRIS

a mutineer without a single ally now. She realizes it and heads for the door leading to the locker room, and this time, Collins doesn't even try to stop her. At the door:

CHRIS  
This isn't over. This isn't over by  
a long shot.

The door slams shut, leaving the girls and Collins frozen by Chris's outburst. The BELL gives a shrill RING, and we:

## 32 INT. THE CAVALIER - AFTERNOON

32

The local after-school hangout. Clusters of students milling in and around booths. Pinball machines, a jukebox thumping "NO WHERE TO RUN" by Martha Reeves and the Vandellas.

Sue is sitting, reading, alone in one of the booths as Chris enters, says hello to some of her clique, and spots her.

U8

CHRIS  
Hey, Sue! Just who I've been  
looking for.

Sue looks up and tries to force her face into a smile.

Chris slides into the booth across from her and thrusts her John F. Kennedy school yearbook across the table — an action which Sue involuntarily jerks away from out of nervousness..

CHRIS  
(continuing)

I wanted you to sign my yearbook.  
Hey, where's your old man, did he  
stand you up?

SUE  
(busying herself with the  
year book)  
Still at practice.

CHRIS  
Well, I guess you've heard I'm out  
of the prom. I bet that cocksucker  
Morton loses his Job, though.  
Daddy's suing them. Hey, Billee!  
Billed I Come over and say hi to  
Sue.

Sue slides the yearbook back across the table to Chris who examines it:

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
Hey, is that it? Just Sue Snell?

Billy goons INTO FRAME next to Chris, glomming his arm around her neck.

BILLY  
Hi, Suze.

CHRIS  
I think we're going anyway, right,  
Billee?

BILLY  
Sure thing, Charlie.

Chris playfully Jabs him in the ribs.

SUE  
You mean crash?  
(UUKTINUKD)

CHRIS  
Sure, why not? Hey, listen, I've  
got a good one. 'Roses are red,  
violets are blue, sugar is sweet,  
but Carrie White eats shit!'

Billy, goon that he is, cracks up.

Sue finds it not at all funny, but doesn't know exactly what to do about what she's feeling.

SUE

Chris, I've got to go.

A new tune comes on the Juke - Shirley and Company whooping it up on "SHAME, SHAME, SHAME."

CHRIS

(oblivious; her laughter turning to fury)

That goddamn Carrie! If only the rest of you had walked out with me... Jesus, Sue, why didn't you?

SUE

I took the detention because I thought we -- earned it. It was a shitty thing to have done. End of statement.

CHRIS

Bullshit! That goddamn nerd and her batshit mother - saying we're all going to hell.

SUE

(rising)

What'd she ever do to you, Chris? Or to any of us? Why do you hate her so much?

CHRIS

Hey, hey... tell me if I'm wrong, but who was that in there pitching with the rest of us?

SUE

Me.

(it comes out a pinched nerve)

Me. But I stopped.

50,

CHRIS

(dawning on her; getting it finally)

Oh. Oh, aren't you Just it? Oh ray, yes.

(imitating, prissy)

You stopped. Hey, Billee, she stopped.

Sue is scared now — she hears it coming. There's no question about it, though; the rumbles have already begun, and there's no stopping what's coming.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
God, I'm dumb sometimes. Billee,  
hey, Billee, you want to know why  
Suze here didn't walk out?

Billy's over by the pinball machines with some of his goon squad. He boastfully struts around — much to their obvious delight — making the sound of a chicken in reply.

SUE — CLOSE

seeing this; feeling it all about to lurch out of control and turn against her. The bottom's falling out.

SUE  
I'll see you around, Chris.

TWO SHOT — SUE AND CHRIS

FEATURING Chris prominently — a bloodhound now sure of the scent:

CHRIS  
No. Wait. You stopped, remember? So  
Just stop again.  
(uglier)  
Why didn't you walk out? Why didn't  
you walk out, Sue?

SUE  
Okay, Chris. That's enough.

CHRIS  
You didn't walk out, Sue... little  
Suze... little Suzy Creamcheese...  
because you didn't want to miss a  
moment of your precious prom.

Bulls-eye. Sue fights back tears and fury, trembling now. But she tries to muster up some dignity.

SUE  
And you don't?

CHRIS  
(not about to be put off)  
You're goddamn fight, I don't. But  
we're on your case now.  
(beat)

I'll bet you've got your dress all  
picked out, too. What color is it?  
Yellowguts?

Sue's about to break, holding it in as best she can.

Chris just as quickly as she spots the weakness, shuts it off, bottling up all the rage into the cruellest stainless-steel smile she can muster.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
Okay.  
(dismissively)  
See you around, Sue.

And that's it - shut up, shut down, shut out.

Sue turns and starts to walk out of the Cavalier.

In the b.g. behind her, it's all out of focus, an incoherent babble of snickering and clucking laughter.

She's crossed the line.

DISSOLVE TO:

**33 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY**

**33**

Sue sits in the bleachers overlooking the field.

She is preoccupied, still shaken by the afternoon's confrontation with Chris. Tommy comes running over to her, still in his team uniform, and she gets up.

He gives her a kiss, and puts his arm around her.

They start to walk off together over which we hear, intermittently, the following:

SUE  
Tommy... ?  
  
TOMMY  
Mmmmm?

**34 EXT ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY**

**34**

Sue sits in the bleachers overlooking the field. She is preoccupied, till shaken by the afternoon's confrontation with Chris. The track team is moving past the bleachers (a coach in the field clocking them and shouting orders). Tommy, in his track uniform, peels away from the group and comes running up to Sue.

TOMMY

Hi!,

SUE

I want to talk to you.

TOMMY

Sure, what's up?

To avoid the noise of the cheerleaders practicing down in front of them, and the other girls sitting in the bleachers half watching their boyfriends and half eyeing Tommy and Sue, Sue beckons Tommy to follow her away from the group behind the bleachers, and as they walk off together we hear the following:

SUE

If I asked you to do something for me — something special — would you?

TOMMY

(nodding)

Uh-huh.

SUE

No matter how crazy it sounded?

TOMMY

Sure. What?

The sound is muffled, and we don't hear what she says.

But we do hear:

TOMMY

(continuing; exploding )

Are you out of your mind?

CUT TO:

**35 EXT. VAN NUYS BOULEVARD - NIGHT**

**35**

A big hangout-cruising night on the boulevard. Neon, convertibles, "Rebel Without a Cause" meets "American Graffiti" seventies-style. In other words, the works — with MUSIC.

36 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

36

As a '61 Chevy leaves a sizeable patch of rubber on the street as it GRINDS to a hard stop, Just barely halting before it almost went through a red light and collided with the traffic already in the inter section.

37INI. THE CHEVY

37

which belongs to the aforementioned BILLY NOLAN – a character whose life and brains stopped around the time he saw "Rebel" on television. He's Chris' boy friend, and a huge cross swings around his neck. Right now, he's utterly amused by his harrowing driving, and turns to Chris who ignores him, still brooding over her afternoon losses. Billy takes a huge toke from a Joint and hands it to her; she ignores that, too, and proceeds to busy herself applying makeup in the visor window. So Billy looks out his window and strikes up some banter with a fellow cruiser idling beside them at the light. The light changes, and Billy peels out – an action which throws Chris backwards onto the seat.

CHRIS  
Goddamnit, Billy!

He just laughs as he weaves through traffic.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
Slow down!  
(as he pays no heed)  
Slow down, you stupid shit!

BILLY  
Scared, Chuckle?

CHRIS  
No. You'll kill us, you stupid  
shit!

Billy lazily slaps her, speeds up.

BILLY  
Don't call me that.

CHRIS  
Stupid shit.

He slaps her again.

CHRIS  
(continuing: under her  
breath)

Stupid shit.

BILLY  
(disgustedly)  
Oh wow!

He slams on the brakes, and pulls into:

**38 EXT. CARNEY'S (SUNSET BLVD.) - DOWNWARDS ANGLE - NIGHT** **38**

LOOKING DOWN on a parking lot where cars are parked; a huge pullman's car which has been converted into a restaurant. This after-school hangout is called the Cavalier.

**39 INT. CHEVY** **39**

As Billy reaches over, very confidently, to draw Chris to him.

She lets herself be kissed, then pulls away abruptly.

He grabs at her, and she pulls away.

BILLY  
What's wrong?

CHRIS  
Can't you wait a minute?

BILLY  
What for?

CHRIS  
You're so ignorant.

BILLY  
That's what you like.

CHRIS  
Bullshit.

BILLY  
No? I'll show you what you like,  
Chuckle.

Grab.

CHRIS  
No!

BILLY  
Jesus!

Grab.

CHRIS

No!

She pushes him away.

He grabs her. She pushes; he grabs. A struggle.

Grabs at her tit. There goes the blouse; the but tons are ripped off.

BILLY

... How you... gonna... explain  
that...

CHRIS

Dumb shit!

He slaps her.

BILLY

What'd I tell you?

Silence. Then, after some time, he leans over and kisses her. She lets him. He kisses her again, and she responds. He goes at it. And she squirms away.

BILLY

(continuing)

Hell is this?

CHRIS

I want you to do something.

BILLY

What?

(eagerly)

Yeah, what?

CHRIS

I want you to do something for me.  
Something important.

BILLY

(warily)

Something important?

CHRIS

It will be very important to me. It  
will make me feel very good if you  
do it.

She moves closer to him. Her hand dips down out of FRAME. She blows in his ear. Billy is beginning to writhe; he moves on her, but she holds him off, playing him like a puppet.

CHRIS  
(continuing)  
Billy, I hate Carrie White.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN

On which we see the opening, helicopter-credit sequence from "Duel at Diablo." The television is in:

**40 INT. SNELL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**40**

Where the movie's SOUND continues uninterrupted for a bit over an incredible silence between Tommy and Sue. They are sitting on a couch. The silence is finally broken by a reluctant.

TOMMY  
Okay. I'll do it.

And we:

DISSOLVE TO:

**41 INT. WHITE HALLWAY - NIGHT**

**41**

Margaret slowly opens the door to Carrie's room and enters. Light filters in from the street. Carrie is lying in bed, motionless, asleep.

Margaret crosses the room quietly. She leans over the bed. On the table next to it is the glow-in-the-dark statue — not in its usual place on the dresser.

Carrie's face, in the soft light, seems very innocent.

MARGARET  
(low)  
Carrie, did you pray?

No answer.

Margaret bends over Carrie. And with surprising tenderness, she kisses Carrie's forehead.

Then she straightens up quickly, as though she has violated herself, and leaves the room.

Carrie opens her eyes. She pulls a book out from under the covers^ then she stares at the madonna child figurine, and as she stares at it, it begins to glow brighter and brighter, illuminating the room.

It's bright enough to read by now, and we leave Carrie expanding her education and:

DISSOLVE TO:

**42 INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY**

**42**

As Carrie examines a shelf of books with titles like "Cosmic Consciousness" and R.D. Ogilve's "Hidden Powers of the Mind." She decides on the latter Just as a voice startles her:

TOMMY'S VOICE

Carrie?

CARRIE

Huh?

She stares at him and quickly covers the binding of the book with her hand, covering the title. He looks as startled as she does.

TOMMY

How're you doing?

CARRIE

(after a beat; almost  
inaudibly)

Okay.

It's harder than he thought it would be; just trying to make small talk is agonizing. But try it he does:

TOMMY

I thought you had gym this period.

All she can do is shake her head. And a young man not easily deterred, he tries again.

TOMMY

(continuing)

What're you reading?

CARRIE

(trying to cover, and not  
very well)

It's about... um... sewing...

Right. Check and stalemate. Which brings him to:

TOMMY

Umm... if you don't have a date for  
the Prom, would you want to go with  
me?

CARRIE

What?

TOMMY

The Prom...

Without saying a word, Carrie walks down the aisle of book shelves. He follows her into the main room where students are reading, working.

TOMMY

(continuing)

... It's next Friday, and I know  
this is late notice, but they stop  
selling tickets soon, and —

The bell RINGS.

CARRIE

I don't like to be tricked.

A couple of students stare at Tommy talking to Carrie as they start leaving the library.

TOMMY

Carrie...

But it's too late — she's gone, already out the door.

CUT TO:

**43 INT. HALL - TRACKING - DAY**

**43**

As Tommy weaves through the crowd after her. Gangly GEORGE DAWSON spots him:

GEORGE

Hey, Ross!

But Tommy ignores him in his singular pursuit.

TOMMY

Hey, Carrie! Wait!

A couple of other students watch this — is this their Tommy Ross actually trying to speak with Carrie?

But he's oblivious of any looks now, any snickering - all he wants is to catch up with Carrie.

Which he does; he manages to touch her arm, and it's a weird moment, this contact. She turns around, her head painfully ducked down.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
Hey, it's no big deal.

And she looks up and stares at him with that peculiar intensity that cuts through all the clamor around them.

Quiet, quietly:

CARRIE  
Do you people think you can just go  
on tricking me forever?

A beat. Tommy stands there helpless, sensing just how much a big deal it is. Seeing that she's on the verge of tears, he's feeling even worse, and all he can say is:

TOMMY  
Sorry.

But it's too little, and too late. She's crying.

And what's more, she's gone - swallowed up into the clamor of students rushing to beat the bell.

Which RINGS as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

**44 INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON**

**44**

As Collins tidies up after one of the classes - throwing towels into huge cans, etc. Only to hear a mewing, whimpering sound and to come upon Carrie who's huddled in one of the dark corners of the room, crying. It's almost as if she created her own closet of space.

COLLINS  
Carrie?  
(on no response)  
Carrie, what's the matter?  
(on still no response)  
Was it one of the girls? Did one of  
the girls do something to you? Do  
you want a kleenex?

CARRIE

No.

COLLINS

It's all right. Just tell me,  
there's nothing to be afraid of.

CARRIE

Miss Collins...

COLLINS

That's it...

CARRIE

When can I come back to gym?

COLLINS

Not until Monday. Now what is it?  
Are you going to tell me? Come on  
Carrie, tell me.

CARRIE

I got asked to the prom.

COLLINS

That's great!

CARRIE

Tommy Ross asked me.

COLLINS

Tommy Ross — that's wonderful. He  
is cute.

CARRIE

I know who he goes around with.  
They're trying to trick me again. I  
know.

COLLINS

Maybe he really meant it. I mean,  
maybe he really did mean it. Maybe  
you should think about it. It might  
be fun. You might have a really  
good time!

CARRIE

It would be a nightmare.

COLLINS

C'mon Carrie. You should have a better image of yourself. You just think you're unattractive, but look at your hair. It's really beautiful. If you just fixed it up a little...here, I'll show you.

CUT TO:

**45 INT. FACULTY LOUNGE - DAY**

**45**

where Collins and Morton are grabbing a quick cup of coffee.

COLLINS  
Carrie's been asked to the prom.

MORTON  
Who?

COLLINS  
Carrie White.

MORTON  
By whom? The Beak?

COLLINS  
By Tommy Ross.

Morton goes into a coughing fit, accidentally knocking over his coffee in the process.

Collins watches, slightly amused by his reaction.

When he recovers:

MORTON  
What about his girlfriend? Doesn't he date the little Snell girl?

COLLINS  
I think she put him up to it.

**46 INT. OFFICE - DAY**

**46**

Where Collins is grilling a very nervous Sue - just Sue so far.

COLLINS  
Who's brainstorm was this?  
(no response)  
What 'are you trying to do?

SUE

You've got it wrong.

COLLINS

I hope so. I wouldn't have expected  
this from you, Sue. Not any of it.  
Well?

SUE

What do you want to know?

COLLINS

Why Tommy asked her to the prom.  
(after a beat)  
Well?

SUE

(reluctant; able to go  
this far)

I asked him to.

COLLINS

Why?

SUE

(swallowing)

I asked him to.

COLLINS

But, in God's name, what for? What  
could you possibly have in mind?

#### DIFFERENT ANGLE - FEATURING TOMMY

who's also in the office for this interrogation - ill-at-ease, trying to appear cool.

SUE

You mean what good would it do?  
Maybe it'll... bring her out of ...  
make her a...

COLLINS

A part of things? Oh, come on, Sue.  
None of us are that stupid. And  
neither is Carrie.

SUE

Maybe not.

COLLINS

And you're not going to go? You're  
going to stay home and miss your  
senior prom?

Just at this point, NORMA WATSON -- a prissy little pleaser with a mouth whose verbal discretion could make the telephone obsolete -- enters the room with a sheaf of attendance sheets for the next week. All conversation ceases.

COLLINS  
(continuing)  
Yes, Norma? What is it?

NORMA  
Just the attendance sheets, Miss Collins.

COLLINS  
Just leave them on the desk.  
(to Sue)  
You understand, you can't come without a date?

Sue understands perfectly well, but with Norma there, she's not about to say a word. And Collins finally picks up on this:

COLLINS  
(continuing)  
Is there something else, Norma?

NORMA  
(butter could melt)  
No, Miss Collins.

And she exits as slowly as she can -- trying to hear the last possible word. Then:

COLLINS  
(to Tommy)  
Which brings us to you.

TOMMY  
Miss Collins, I have to get to practice.

COLLINS  
That's too bad.

TOMMY  
Look, this is between Sue and me.  
If you don't mind...

COLLINS  
Oh, but I do. Or would you rather we continue this discussion in Mr. Morton's office.

TOMMY

(bluffed; then off  
handedly — like we first  
saw him in Morton's  
class)

What's the big deal?

COLLINS

Because it's a very big deal for  
Carrie White. And you know it.

TOMMY

Anyway, she's already said no.

SUE

You can make her change her mind.

TOMMY

Don't overrate me.

COLLINS

Just don't try.

TOMMY

Okay.

SUE

It's not okay.

(to Collins)

You can't order anyone not to take  
someone to the prom.

COLLINS

I can make sure you don't hurt  
Carrie.

SUE

We're not trying to hurt her. We're  
trying to help her.

COLLINS

How?

Silence.

COLLINS

(continuing)

Tommy, when you come to the prom  
with Carrie White, don't you think,  
you'll look a little ridiculous?

TOMMY

Well....

SUE  
We don't care how we look-

Sue looks over to Tommy.

SUE  
(continuing)  
Do we ?

Tommy says nothing; he's caught between a rock and a hard place.

DISSOLVE TO:

**47 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY**

**47**

As Tommy's Volks parks across the street; Tommy gets out and approaches the White house.

**48 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - PORCH - DAY**

**48**

Carrie is inside, watching him come up the stairs.

She remains on the hall side of the screen door.

TOMMY  
So this is where you live.

CARRIE  
What... what're you doing here?

TOMMY  
(laughs)  
Aren't you going to ask me in?

She shakes her head; he laughs again, a little nervously. Throughout this scene in which he remains on the porch side of the screen door, he catches glimpses of the weird house within.

TOMMY  
(continuing)  
Why not?

CARRIE  
Momma's resting. What do you want?

TOMMY  
Right to the point, huh? Okay,  
about the prom.

CARRIE

I already told you.

TOMMY  
(a little charm)  
Nothing to stop you changing your  
mind. Girls do it all the time.

CARRIE  
Why are you doing this?

TOMMY  
Hey, I'm asking you because I want  
to.

CARRIE  
No.

TOMMY  
Look, I don't do anything I don't  
want to.

CARRIE  
I can't.

TOMMY  
Sure you can.

In the b.g. — in the kitchen, perhaps — Margaret calls out Carrie's name.

Carrie glances nervously behind her; then back at Tommy.

CARRIE  
You better go.

MARGARET'S VOICE  
Carrie! Who are you talking to?

TOMMY  
Don't you think you better answer?

CARRIE  
No one, Momma.

TOMMY  
You're going with me.

CARRIE  
I can't.

TOMMY  
You're going.

CARRIE

They'll laugh.

TOMMY  
No one'll laugh. We'll see to it.

CARRIE  
Please. Please go.

TOMMY  
Not 'til you say yes.

Carrie swipes at her eyes with the back of her hand; helpless, honest, confused. She'd really like to go at this point, but that extra sense in her is resisting.

CARRIE  
Why? Why is it so important to you?

TOMMY  
I don't know. Maybe it's because you liked my poem.

MARGARET (O.S.)  
Carietta!!!

And in just these split seconds, she decides; had he not "liked" her poem, had Margaret not called, perhaps she could have held back.

CARRIE  
Yes.  
(beat)  
Okay.

TOMMY  
I'll pick you up at eight.

CARRIE  
(whispering)  
Fine.  
(then)  
Thank you.

Tommy smiles at her, and turning to leave, touches her hand against the screen door. A goodbye, nothing more. He goes down the walk toward his car.

CARRIE

watching him. She takes the hand he "touched" and brushes the hair back from her face. A little beautiful? You bet.

MARGARET'S VOICE  
Carrie? Did you hear me?

CARRIE  
Coming, Momma. Coming.

And as she turns away from the door, we:

CUT TO:

**49 INT. GYM - AFTERNOON**

**49**

where the girls on the Decoration Committee are hard at work preparing for the prom. Sue and Helen Shyres are off to themselves.

SUE  
Why not?

HELEN  
Why did you do it? God, everyone's talking.

We PULL BACK to see the gym. The entire back wall has been devoted to a giant mural of stars and planets — it seems the prom is to have a celestial theme, and the gymnasium is in the process of being hung with a great deal of crepe paper, moons, etc.

SUE  
I asked Tommy to take Carrie. I thought I owed her that much.

HELEN  
Where does that put the rest of us?

SUE  
You have to make up your own mind.

HELEN  
And Tommy went along with it?

SUE  
Uh-huh.  
(pause)  
I guess the other kids think I'm stuck-up.

HELEN  
Well... they're all talking about it. But most of them still think you're okay.

HELeNs'S POV - THE GYM - CHRIS AND NORMA WATSON

as thick as thieves, off in the corner, whispering.

TWO SHOT - SUE AND HELEN

HELEN  
There is...  
(giggles)  
... a small dissenting faction.

SUE  
I guess she's having a field day  
with this.

HELEN  
Susie, she hates your guts.

Sue nods - she knew it, now she hears it.

DISSOLVE TO:

**50 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - EVENING**

**50**

FULL FRONTAL VIEW of the bungalow IN the FRAME.

The lights are on downstairs; there's a slight drizzle and haze. HOLD, then:

CUT TO:

**51 INT. WHITE KITCHEN**

**51**

As Carrie and Margaret finish dinner. Silence - punctuated only by the slight DRIZZLE outside and occasional flashes of THUNDER and lightning. Then:

MARGARET  
You haven't touched your pie,  
Carrie.

CARRIE  
It makes me have pimples, Momma.

MARGARET  
Your pimples are the Lord's way of  
chastising you.

CARRIE  
Momma?

MARGARET  
Yes?

CARRIE

Momma, please see that I have to start to get... to try and get along with people.

MARGARET  
Whatever are you going on about?  
Have you been showering with the other girls again?

CARRIE  
I... I've been invited to the prom.

MARGARET  
(a foreign language)  
Prom?

CARRIE  
It's next Friday, and -

MARGARET  
It's that teacher, the one that called. She'll be sorry.

CARRIE  
Momma, please see that I'm not like you. I'm funny, I mean, the kids think I'm funny. I don't want to be. I want to try and be a whole person before it's too late to -

Margaret throws her cup of tea in Carrie's face. It's cold, wet, sticky. But Carrie holds herself in, she's going to be in charge this time. She takes a deep swallow and continues:

CARRIE  
(continuing)  
His name is Tommy Ross, and he's a very nice boy. He's -

MARGARET  
No!

CARRIE  
- promised to stop in and meet you before, and -

MARGARET  
(overlapping)  
- I said no!

CARRIE  
- have me in by midnight. I've -

MARGARET

(shaking her head now;  
uncontrollable)  
No, no, no —

CARRIE  
— accepted.

Pause.

Margaret's shaking with fury, trembling.

Carrie wipes the stringy wet hair from her forehead.

CARRIE  
(continuing)  
I've accepted, Momma. I have  
accepted.

MARGARET  
The closet.

CARRIE  
No.

MARGARET  
After all you've been taught --

CARRIE  
Everyone isn't bad, Momma, every  
thing isn't sinful.

MARGARET  
Go to your closet and pray. Ask to  
be forgiven!

CARRIE  
You'll like this boy, he...

And Margaret at this word shifts gears and winds up — in the  
grip of a weird babble.

MARGARET  
Boys. Yes, boys come next. After  
the blood the boys come. Like  
sniffing dogs...

CARRIE  
Momma —

MARGARET  
... grinning and slobbering, trying  
to find out where the smell comes  
from, where the smell is. That...  
smell!!

CARRIE

Please stop...

MARGARET

Yes, in cars. Yes. I know where  
they take you in their cars.  
Roadhouses. Music. Whiskey. I've  
seen it, all right. Oh, yes.

CARRIE

Momma, you better stop.

MARGARET

You're not going.

CARRIE

I've already said I would, Momma.

MARGARET

Then say no. Say no. Or we'll move.

CARRIE

No.

MARGARET

We'll move away from here, and  
you'll never see that boy again.

A gust of wind causes the window to blow open.

Margaret gets up and starts toward the window.

Carrie is silent, watching herself being shut out.

MARGARET

(continuing)

The rain's coming in.

CARRIE

Momma, sit down.

MARGARET

I'm going to close the windows.

CARRIE

I'll get them. Please sit and talk  
to me.

MARGARET

No.

Margaret continues toward the kitchen window to close it.

Carrie knits her brow, and flex: the window closes.

Margaret whips around, facing Carrie.

CARRIE  
I'm going, Momma. And things are  
going to change around here.

Flex.

The SOUND of a window shutting in another room.

MARGARET  
Witch!

Flex.

Another window.

MARGARET  
(continuing)  
It's Satan's power. First he  
entered your father, carried him  
off...

CARRIE  
He ran away, Momma. Everyone knows  
that.

Flex.

A couple of windows.

MARGARET  
The devil tempted him.

CARRIE  
He ran away with a woman, Momma.

MARGARET  
All men are the same. That boy,  
he's like all the rest, he doesn't  
—

Flex.

The rest of the windows in the house THUNDER shut.

CARRIE  
I don't care. He asked me to go.  
And I'm going. I'm going, Momma,  
You can't stop me.

HOLD --

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

52 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

52

leading to Henty's farm. A slight drizzle; or, the ground still wet. A little more than a crescent moon silhouettes a group of five: Billy and Chris in front, and Billy's twitchy zoo — a completely wrecked KENNY GARSON, a very nervous FREDDY DE LOIS, and an occasionally giggling, goggled HENRY TRENNANT -- trailing behind. De Lois is swinging a nine-pound sledge hammer in the air; the other two goons are struggling with an ice-chest and steel pails. Henty's farmhouse and barn are in the distance.

DE LOIS

Hell of a risk for a joke.

Trennant giggles inanely. Billy stops and glares at De Lois.

BILLY

You want out?

DE LOIS

(hastily)

No, uh-uh.

(then)

It's a good joke, Billy.

A long beat. Billy resumes walking.

DE LOIS

(continuing)

A good joke.

Trennant giggles again.

Garson is stoned silly — zonked, deadpan. He greedily sucks the last remnants of a joint into oblivion before our eyes.

De Lois angrily snatches the roach out of Garson's fingers.

DE LOIS

(continuing)

Hey, piggie...

Trennant just giggles inanely.

Another long beat, then:

DE LOIS

(continuing)

You sure Old Man Henty won't be around ?

CHRIS

I told you. He's at a funeral.

Tennant explodes into a fit of high-pitched laughter.

BILLY  
Shut up, Henry.

DE LOIS  
Whose funeral did he go to?

BILLY  
His mother's.

DE LOIS  
His mother's? Jesus Christ, she  
musta been older'n God!

Tennant lurches into another cackle. And in spite of themselves, Billy and Chris start laughing, too.

Even De Lois starts laughing.

The group passes a "No Trespassing" sign, prompting:

DE LOIS  
(continuing)  
That bastard is going to shit where  
he stands when he comes back and  
gets a look.

Garson drops one of the pails on the ground.

BILLY  
Asshole.

The sound of Tennant's high-pitched giggle:

DISSOLVE TO:

CHRIS' POV - THE HOG PEN

and OVERLAPS INTO the harmonic chanting of De Lois, Tennant and Garson;

THE BOYS  
Soo-ee, soo-ee, Pig-pig-pig... Soo-  
ee, soo-ee, Pig-pig-pig...

And an old sleeping boar and two sows are GRADUALLY REVEALED.

FULL SHOT - PANNING

the face of the five - COMING TO REST on De Lois.

DE LOIS

Doan worry, piggies, doan worry.  
 I'm gonna bash your fuckin' heads  
 in, and you woan have to worry  
 'bout the bomb no more.

BILLY  
 Shut up and do it already.

DE LOIS  
 I will, I will. I'm not gonna even  
 give 'em time to burp.

BILLY  
 The throat.

But it's too late. De Lois has lost all conviction.

DE LOIS  
 I... can't.  
 (then)  
 You.

He hands the sledge hammer to Billy.

Chris, chilled to the bone, rubs herself to keep warm.

CHRIS  
 Do it, Billy.

Billy touches the ball of his thumb to the edge of the sledge hammer.

CHRIS  
 (continuing)  
 Do it quick.

And Billy smiles. Yes, he actually smiles. As he raises the sledge hammer, we GO TO:

BLACK:

FADE IN:

**53 EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

**53**

The sun shining – perhaps the next day, a day later.

The house is a picture postcard – under it. we hear the sweet, muffled sound of "Amazing Grace." It's Just loud enough for us to hear it – Joyous, triumphant.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. WHITE LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

54

Margaret sits beneath the plaster crucifix.

The sampler, however, sits in her lap - unfinished, unminded. She's virtually catatonic.

"Amazing Grace" - a sweet, contemporary rendition - is on the Webcor. A pleasure after Kathryn Kuhlman.

Carrie sits at the sewing machine, finishing work on the pattern for her prom dress. She removes the material from the sewing machine, which we now see is a lush crushed velvet.

MARGARET

Red. I might have known it would be red.

The cuckoo clock is TICKING, TICKING.

Carrie stares at Margaret, then turns the sewing machine off. She looks back at Margaret, then turns her attention to the machine, her eyes sparkling.

Courtesy of Carrie, the treadle on the machine de presses itself.

The needle starts to bob up and down, up and down, up and down... WHIRRING, jerking.

The side wheel spins. And then stops.

CARRIE

(softly)

Only clearing the thread, Momma.

She smiles. Then rises and goes to start up the stairs to her room.

Margaret looks after her. Hate. And fear.

MARGARET

(abruptly)

It's Satan.

Carrie pauses.

CARRIE

(wearily; pitying)

Oh, Momma.

MARGARET

He has given you a power.

CARRIE

Momma, it doesn't have anything to do with Satan. It's me. If I concentrate hard enough, I can make things move.

MARGARET

Satan is clever.

CARRIE

Momma, there are other people... people with the power... It's a part of me...

MARGARET

Satan...

CARRIE

If it were, I'd know it.

MARGARET

You poor child. He doesn't let you know he's working through you.

CARRIE

Momma, I'd know,

MARGARET

You are to renounce that power. You must give it up. You must never use it.

CARRIE

I'm going to do my homework, Momma.

Another step up the stairs, stopping as Margaret hurls after her:

MARGARET

There's going to be a judgement!

There's nothing more to say. Carrie walks up to the stairs, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

**55 INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT**

**55**

very dark, shadowy, deserted. The night before the prom. Silence, then a SCRAPING sound of a:

WINDOW

being jimmied open. Behind the thick glass, we see a face — just whose isn't clear yet. The slip-lock comes free, the sill is pushed up, and Billy's head appears. Chris is right behind him.

LONG SHOT - THE GYM

as a flashlight is shined upwards — at criss-crossing girders sheathed in crepe paper; at banks of lights which will later be used to shine down and highlight two areas in particular — the huge wall mural, and the chalked-in spot where the King and Queen of the Prom will be crowned.

TWO SHOT - BILLY AND CHRIS

DOLLYING right behind them as they proceed toward the stage area -- past the numerous tables set up for the prom-goers, past the twin bandstands. Billy is carrying the ice chest, Chris the flashlight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as they arrive behind the stage. Billy puts the chest down and takes out a pair of Playtex rubber gloves, snaps them on. Then he takes out two small pulleys and a coil of twine.

CHRIS' POV - BILLY

looking somewhat like a bizarre mountaineer, climbing a ladder which takes him up to a narrow platform over looking the stage area.

CLOSEUP - CHRIS

shining the flashlight to guide Billy, her face flushed with excitement.

BILLY

as he disappears behind a short draw curtain which obscures the girders over the stage.

CHRIS

unable to see him, suddenly feeling very alone.

CHRIS

What's it like up there?

(no response)

Billee?

(no answer; genuinely  
scared)

Billy!

And just at that moment, a piece of crepe paper floats into the FRAME and lands in Chris' hair. She jumps, utterly unnerved. She looks up to see Billy staring down at her from the platform, grinning.

BILLY  
Boo.

CHRIS  
You stupid shit.

BILLY  
(still in good humor)  
Nice talk.

CHRIS  
Hurry up. Do you hear me, just hurry up!

BILLY  
(blackface)  
Yes'um, yes'um. Weeze doing the best we can.

CHRIS  
I want to go home.

BILLY  
Just keep your tits on and I'll let you pull it when the time comes.

CHRIS  
I plan to.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SCENES - LEADING TO THE PROM

CUTTING between the final arrangements for the Prom itself and Carrie's preparations as the night approaches.

The emphasis is on these two paralleling elements, al though this montage - scored throughout with happier and happier MUSIC - will also feature some of our lesser characters.

Among other things, we will see:

- A) THE GYM -- as last-minute arrangements are made -- more crepe-paper hung, party favors put on tables, etc.;
- B) CARRIE - in a town store as she shops for makeup;

- C) NORMA WATSON -- under a hair dryer, her mouth going a mile a minute as a manicurist does her nails and looks utterly exhausted;
- D) TOMMY -- picking out Carrie's corsage at the florist;
- E) CARRIE -- at the sewing machine, finishing her dress (which we still don't see), a happy look on her face;
- F) THE GYM -- as a bank of lights suddenly illuminate the mural on the stage wall;
- G) SUE -- having dinner with her parents;
- H) THE TWINS -- in front of their dressing tables; both of them putting on enormous fake eyelashes simultaneously;
- I) ERNEST -- the class president -- making sure the microphone on the stage works;
- J) THE BAND -- among them, the Beak, setting up;
- K) SANDRA STENCHFELD, practicing her fabulous twirling baton act;
- L) A DOOR -- which opens to reveal The Twins in their high heels, both of them several inches taller than their depressed-looking dates;
- M) GEORGE AND FRIEDA -- he in his tuxedo, she in her prom dress; a flash as Frieda's parents take a Polaroid of this night to remember;
- N) THE GYM -- with the adult chaperones -- teachers, administrators -- standing around looking for something to do.

It is now the night of the Prom -- just minutes before it officially begins, and we end this montage and

DISSOLVE TO:

**56 INT. CARRIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**56**

Carrie sits in front of that same mirror, but this time, there's a different attitude.

And a different girl, which pleases her. She looks different, very different, from before. She's dressed in her lush red crushed velvet prom dress, but the SHOT is ANGLED in such a way that we don't see it.

In any case, it is not prim. She is wearing some makeup. She looks... well, there has been a transformation.

In the b.g., the door is opened by Margaret.

CARRIE  
Come in, Momma.

Margaret advances into the room.

Carries opens a florist box and takes out a lovely corsage of tiny tea roses.

CARRIE  
Do you want to pin it on, Momma?

MARGARET  
I can see your dirty pillows.  
Everyone will.

CARRIE  
Breasts, Momma, breasts. Every woman has them.

Carrie's voice is calm; nothing, not even Margaret, will spoil tonight, and ever so slightly, this scene — and all that follow for a considerable period of time — has an edge of unreality to it. It's all been diffused a bit — a fairy tale through Carrie's eyes.

What would look bad or tacky looks acceptable; what looked good before how looks spectacular.

MARGARET  
Take off that dress.

CARRIE  
No.

MARGARET  
We'll burn it together, we'll pray for forgiveness.

CARRIE  
No, Momma.

The Black Forest CUCKOO CLOCK sings out downstairs.

It's eight o'clock.

MARGARET  
He's not coming.

CARRIE  
Stop it, Momma. I'm nervous enough.

Margaret reaches up and pinches her cheek hard, leaving a red mark. She looks toward Carrie.

Carrie is pinning the tea roses on herself.

Margaret hooks her right hand into a claw, rips at her cheek, leaving a thin line of blood.

CARRIE

Stop hurting yourself, Momma.  
That's not going to stop me either.

Margaret strikes herself in the mouth with her fist.

CARRIE

Go away, Momma.

MARGARET

You know I'm right. He'll laugh at you. They'll all laugh at you.

CARRIE

No. It'll be okay.

But she's rattled, and nervously starts moving around a series of objects in the room. Cosmetics on the bureau, the florist box, the glow-in-the-dark statue.

But it's sheer will at this point. It's after eight, and there's no sign of Tommy.

MARGARET

It's not too late. You can stay here with me.

CARRIE

No.

MARGARET

I'll answer the door and say you're sick, I'll say -

CARRIE

Momma, sit on the bed.

Flex.

Margaret is pushed back on the bed. Horrified, she rises again.

MARGARET

I'll say you changed your mind,  
I'll say --

Flex.

Margaret is thrust back on the bed.

MARGARET  
'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to  
live.'

The words stop. But Margaret's eyes are fixed on Carrie, as Carrie leans toward her. Carrie's voice is soft and compassionate.

CARRIE  
You'll say nothing, Momma. You are  
going to have to learn that I'm not  
like you, not anymore.

The BUZZER downstairs sounds. Carrie goes to her window and sees-

CARRIE'S POV - TOMMY

at the front door, the overhead light shining on his hair, making it glisten. He looks very handsome.

CARRIE

She goes back to the bed and picks up her wrap; then, to Margaret:

CARRIE  
I'll be home early, Momma.

The BUZZER downstairs sounds again.

MARGARET  
There's going to be a judgment!

CARRIE  
Momma, you will be quiet until I'm  
gone.  
(beat; then, at the door)  
I love you, Momma.

And she's gone, down the

STAIRS, LIVING ROOM, TO THE FRONT DOOR - TRACKING

Carrie who opens the door.

ANGLE ON TOMMY

Well, we know he's beautiful. And he's looking at Carrie. He didn't know:

CARRIE - TOMMY'S POV

He didn't know she could be beautiful. And she is.

TOMMY AND CARRIE

He reaches out his hand.

TOMMY

Hi.

Carrie takes his hand.

57 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

57

Hand in hand Carrie and Tommy walk down the path toward his car.

They are observed by:

MARGARET

at the window of Carrie's room.

58 INT. CARRIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

58

Margaret leaves the window as we HEAR Tommy's car drive off.

She goes out of the room.

TRACKING MARGARET

Down the stairs, through the dining room, into the kitchen. Almost the same path that Carrie trod, but trod so differently. While Carrie's pace had been light, nervously expectant, Margaret's is slow and heavy.

59 INT. WHITE KITCHEN - NIGHT

59

Margaret crosses to one of the drawers.

She reaches in and takes out a long carving knife; it gleams in the light.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

60

The school gymnasium is lit up brightly for the Prom; cars are pulling in, among them Tommy's Ford.

61 INT. TOMMY'S CAR

61

as Tommy turns off the ignition. Carrie's staring at the other couples getting out of their cars. Tommy •watches her taking it all in.

CARRIE  
It's like a dream.

TOMMY  
You can still change your mind, you know.

She turns to him and realizes he's teasing her.

CARRIE  
Easier said than done.

TOMMY  
(grinning)  
C'mon.

CARRIE  
No. Please — not yet.

TOMMY  
Scared?

CARRIE  
Yes.  
(beat)  
Can we sit here another minute?

Tommy laughs and nods. A moment of silence. Carrie is miserable — she's happy to be with Tommy, she's trying to have a good time, but it's hard. It's like getting up to dance the first time. Perhaps it would be better to sit this one out.

CARRIE  
Tommy...  
(and then out it comes)  
Maybe... maybe this was a mistake.

TOMMY  
Hey, it won't be so bad.

She tries to smile at him. It's not very persuasive.

TOMMY  
Really, I mean it. They're okay,  
you'll see.  
(beat; she's trying to  
believe him)

Don't be nervous. Besides...  
 (a little self-mocking)  
 I'd look awfully silly dancing by  
 myself.

And that's enough -- he's taken her mind off her own fear  
 just enough to make her laugh.

CUT TO:

**62 INT. GYM**

**62**

where the Prom is already under way, the band PLAYING an energetic version of "Harlem Nocturne." From CARRIE'S POV it's all magic -- explosions of pastel color, everyone looking like they stepped out of an advertisement for happiness.

Carrie just stands at the double doors which are the main entrances to the gym, taking it all in as Tommy hands their tickets to ushers at the door. As Carrie stares at the giant mural on the stage wall -- full of celestial moon, stars and rockets -- a VOICE bellows out behind her.

VOICE  
 Hey, Ross. Gawd, you look queer.

GEORGE DAWSON

the source of the salutation and Tommy's best friend.

He bounds INTO FRAME, wearing a T-shirt with a painted black tie under his dinner jacket. His girl friend, Frieda Jason, tags behind.

TOMMY  
 When did you cone out of the  
 treetops, Bomba?

GEORGE  
 Ross, if I'd known you were going  
 to look this good, I'd have asked  
 you instead of Frieda.

The two boys immediately go into a mock fight. Frieda comes up to Carrie.

FRIEDA  
 Don't let it bother you. If they  
 destroy each other, I'll dance with  
 you.

Carrie smiles back at her nervously; there's an awkward silence.

FRIEDA

Hey, where'd you buy your dress? I  
love it.

CARRIE

(shyly)

I made it.

FRIEDA

(unaffected surprise)

Made it? No shit.

Carrie hesitates; realizes Frieda is quite sincere.

CARRIE

No shit.

Frieda laughs; so does Carrie, and the tension eases up.  
Behind them, Tommy keeps one eye on Carrie. He shrugs -- it's  
working, goddammit -- and he stuffs his hands in his dinner  
jacket.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE - THE GYM

Carrie and Frieda, Tommy and George right behind them, head  
for their tables.

FRIEDA

The mural's nice.

CARRIE

Yes.

(confiding)

I'm really nervous.

FRIEDA

S'okay. We're sitting together.

And she takes Carrie's arm.

Norma Watson rushes over to them -- all breathy taffeta and  
green chiffon.

NORMA

Carrie!

(looking her up and down)

That's a lovely dress, Carrie.

Wherever did you get it?

CARRIE

I made it.

NORMA

Well, of course you did. I can't get over it, you look so different. You're positively glowing. What's your secret?

CARRIE  
I'm Don MacLean's secret lover.

NORMA  
(a half-beat late,  
getting it, tittering)  
Don MacLean's secret... How funny you are.  
(cutting her)  
Why, hello Tommy. Aren't you excited?

TOMMY  
Cold sweat is running down my thighs in rivers.

NORMA  
(smile slipping a full notch now)  
Well, I have to hurry back. Stan'll think I got lost.

GEORGE  
(King Kong; right on top of her)  
Bom-ba!

NORMA  
(tittering, moving away smack, into Frieda)  
And, Frieda, don't you look nice.

FRIEDA  
(toothpaste smile)  
Get douched, Norma.

And the four of them march off like musketeers. Norma is left standing there in her chiffon - looking... well, douched.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

as the Prom gets underway:

A) JOSIE AND THE MOONGLOWS - THE BAND -- make like Lawrence Welk and launch into an oldie-but-goodie. On drums - The Beak himself.

B) THE TWINS — CORA AND RHONDA — dressed identically, dancing with

C) ERNEST PETERSON, the black class president, is wonderfully officious as he gets the evening's first entertainment organized. It (or she) is —

D) SANDRA STENCHFELD and her fabulous twirling baton

act, a phenomenon to the lilting STRAINS of "Raindrops Are Falling on My Head."

E) NORMA is off in a corner, bending another girl's ear; STAN is standing by idly, pretending to be invisible.

F) MORTON, FROMM, and the other chaperones including Miss Fish look for something to do, for someone who's stepping out of line. And find it. In the person of BILLY DE LOIS who's guzzling the punch.

G) TOMMY and CARRIE sit at their table next to George and Frieda. Tommy lights a chandle.

### **63 ANGLE - TOMMY AND CARRIE'S TABLE**

**63**

as Josie and the Moonglows launch into a new NUMBER. George suddenly comes to life.

GEORGE

Viiibes!

He grabs Frieda, and they make their way out onto the dance floor, Frieda shrugging helplessly at Carrie.

CARRIE

They're nice. George is funny.

TOMMY

He's a good guy.

(beat)

See, didn't I tell you?

(beat)

Sure you don't want to dance?

CARRIE

Could we just sit here for a minute?

Tommy nods — it's okay with him.

VOICE

Carrie?

Carrie turns around and finds herself facing Collins -- dressed up, looking more like one of the students than a teacher.

CARRIE  
You look very pretty, Miss Collins.

COLLINS  
Thank you.  
(beat)  
You, too. Beautiful.

CARRIE  
It's awfully nice of you to say so.  
I know I'm not... not really ...  
but thank you anyway.

Tommy -- feeling like a fifth wheel -- clears his throat and stands up.

TOMMY  
'Scuse me.  
(to Carrie)  
Be right back, okay?

He goes off into the crowd.

COLLINS  
(gesturing to his seat)  
May I?

Carrie nods, and she sits down, pulling the chair next to her. They're virtually alone at this moment; every one else is dancing or occupied.

COLLINS  
Carrie, anything that happened  
before... well, it's all forgotten.  
I wanted you to know that.

CARRIE  
I can't forget it.  
(beat)  
But it's over with. It's over.

Collins smiles; she looks at the dance floor and Carrie's eyes follow hers. At this particular moment, the band is PLAYING a quiet number -- slow, romantic.

COLLINS

I remember my own prom. I was two inches taller than the boy I went with when I was in my heels. He gave me a corsage that clashed with my gown. But it was magic. I don't know why. But I've never had a date like it, ever since. Is it like that - for you?

CARRIE  
It's very... nice.

COLLINS  
(smiling)  
Just nice?

CARRIE  
No. There's more. I don't know...  
(hesitating; then)  
... it's like being on Mars.

COLLINS  
You'll never forget it.

CARRIE  
I think you're right.

And then, on sheer impulse, Carrie reaches out and hugs her, hugs her tightly.

CARRIE  
Thank you.

COLLINS  
Have a lovely time, Carrie.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Hey, what's going on here?

There is Tommy, looking "stern."

'TOMMY  
(to Collins)  
What are you doing with my date?

COLLINS  
Girl secrets.

A smile at Carrie, and she goes off.

TOMMY  
Don't let me catch you hugging any guys.

CARRIE

You won't.

TOMMY

Better not. Hey, listen, do you  
really have to be back so early?

CARRIE

I promised.

TOMMY

Okay. I understand.

CARRIE

I'm sorry.

TOMMY

No, it's okay. Listen, the other  
kids are going over to Lewiston  
after the Prom —

CARRIE

(breaking in)

That's okay.

TOMMY

What is?

CARRIE

You want to go with your friends. I  
don't want to spoil anything...

TOMMY

Hey, let me finish. What I was  
going to say, I mean if it'd be all  
right with you, what do you say we  
go to the Cavalier?

CARRIE

(surprised; she'd love  
to)

I've never been there.

TOMMY

Hey, great. We'll have the place  
all to ourselves. Great!

(he means it)

Then it's settled.

He takes her arm, turns her toward the dance floor.

CARRIE

(holding back)

Tommy...

TOMMY

C'mon...

CARRIE

I don't... I can't... I...

TOMMY

You can.

He has his arms around her and half-spins, half tugs her out onto the floor. He is a young man of considerable confidence – the best part of his popularity – and it's a contagious trait. Gradually, Carrie gets caught up in the (slow) dancing, begins to follow him less and less awkwardly, begins to get less and less self-conscious, and, in short, starts to glide into her freedom.

A CORNER OF THE GYM

Tommy and Carrie dance into this corner; Carrie is a bit breathless and very happy. For some moments, Tommy keeps his arms around Carrie, looking at her.

And then he leans forward, about to kiss her, impulsively. And impulsively and instinctively, she draws back. And is immediately embarrassed.

TOMMY

Hey...

CARRIE

I'm sorry.

TOMMY

I. . .

CARRIE

It's just...

TOMMY

No harm, no foul.

They stand there for a couple of seconds.

And suddenly and swiftly, Carrie kisses Tommy. It's a quick, awkward, frightened kiss. A bird peck.

And again they stand there, until:

CARRIE

I don't know... anything. I can't  
dance...

TOMMY

You danced.

CARRIE  
I don't even know how to...

TOMMY  
It's easy.

And he kisses her. She breaks, looking up at him.

CARRIE  
Tommy... why?

TOMMY  
Why what?

CARRIE  
Why am I here?

TOMMY  
It's the Prom.

CARRIE  
With you.

TOMMY  
Because I asked you. And...

CARRIE  
Why? Why did you?

TOMMY  
Because I wanted to.

CARRIE  
Why?

TOMMY  
Because...

He pauses; he's on the edge. And steps back.

TOMMY  
... You liked my poem. Only I  
didn't write it. Someone else did.

CARRIE  
Oh.

She's puzzled. And she's about to ask something else.

TOMMY  
(quickly)

Look, Carrie, we're here, we're  
together... and I like it, you know  
... I mean, I...

CARRIE  
But...

A commotion from the floor.

Tommy turns.

TOMMY  
Hey, look!

Carrie looks off, following his glance, at:

STAGE AREA - POV

as the head Custodian supervises the sliding of two thrones  
from the wings onto pre--set marks on the stage apron.  
They're sheathed in white - strewn with crepe papers and  
flowers to match the prom's celestial theme.

CARRIE AND TOMMY

CARRIE  
(uneasily)  
It's a fairy tale.

TOMMY  
(Learning; taking her  
arm)  
C'mon.

He starts to lead her towards their table while:

CUT TO:

**64 EXT. SCHOOL - STREET - NIGHT**

**64**

Sue Snell -- unable to contain hex\* curiosity about how all  
this has worked out - pulls up in one of her parents' cars,  
parks, and deliberates coming in. The lights of the gymnasium  
are glowing. While inside:

**65 INT. GYM - STAGE AREA**

**65**

Class President Ernest Peterson makes his way to the  
microphone. He takes all this quite seriously.

ERNEST

All right, ladies and gentlemen.  
Take your seats, please - it's time  
for the voting.

NORMA  
This contest is an insult to women!

A couple of CHEERS, scattered APPLAUSE.

GEORGE  
It insults men, too!

Louder CLAPPING, foot STOMPING, WHISTLES.

ERNEST  
(over the noise)  
Please take your seats. It's time  
to vote for the King and Queen.

Several ushers go up and down the aisles, passing out  
ballots.

ANGLE - TOMMY AND CARRIE'S TABLE

as Norma Watson haughtily drops a ballot on their table in  
front of Tommy, another in front of George.

Carrie examines the paper.

CARRIE  
Tommy...  
(looking up to see him  
smiling at her)  
... we're on here!

TOMMY  
I know.  
(seeing her concern)  
Want to decline?

CARRIE  
Do you want to?

TOMMY  
Hell, no. If you win, all you do is  
sit up there for the school song  
and one dance. And they put our  
picture in the yearbook so everyone  
can see we looked like idiots.  
Besides, it's the last year.

Carrie looks up at the stage --at the massive thrones all in  
white.

CARRIE  
They're beautiful.

TOMMY  
You're beautiful.

Carrie meets his eyes and blushes; it's all overwhelming her, and she has to look away — at the tiny party favor boat on the table in front of her, at the tiny pencil next to it.

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

TOMMY  
Whatever you like.

CARRIE  
(small laugh)  
In fact, I don't really have a  
crowd.

TOMMY  
Let's vote for ourselves. To the  
devil with false modesty.

She laughs aloud -- the sound of her own laughter is so foreign to her that she claps a hand over her mouth, at her own daring. She takes the pencil and quickly circles their names -- so quickly that the pencil breaks, bringing a small drop of blood to her finger.

She gasps.

TOMMY  
Hurt yourself?

CARRIE  
No.  
(trying to smile)  
But I broke it and it was a  
souvenir.

TOMMY  
There's still your boat.  
(he pushes it gently  
toward her)  
Toot, toot.

as Sue -- hardly in formal attire stares through the same small window in the gym door that Carrie stared through earlier -- stares inside as:

67 INT. GYM - STAGE AREA

67

The ballots are being counted, Morton and Fish helping Ernest separate them into piles. We ought to notice either De Lois or Trennant hanging around the voting tables -- perhaps Norma Watson as well.

ANGLE - TOMMY AND CARRIE'S TABLE

Carrie is holding Tommy's hand tightly -- too tightly.

TOMMY

Hey, hey.

CARRIE

Sorry.

TOMMY

Don't know your own strength. Whew.

He sees she's taking him seriously. Sensitive to her reaction, he smiles at her.

TOMMY

Hey, it's okay.

In the b.g. Josie and the Moonglows provide a flourish of DRUMS.

THE STAGE

as Ernest walks up to the microphone and almost drops the ballots in the process.

ERNEST

We've sort of hit a snag. Mr. Morton says this is the first time in the history of the Spring Prom that -

VOICE

How far does he go back? 1800?

LAUGHTER, CATCALLS.

ERNEST

We've got a tie.

GEORGE

Polka dot or striped?

ERNEST

Sixty-three votes for Frank Grier  
and Cora Wilson, and sixty-three  
votes for Tommy Ross and Carrie  
White.

Silence, then the APPLAUSE begins and starts to swell as  
we...

CUT TO:

TOMMY'S POV - CARRIE

an island in the APPLAUSE around her, her head lowered...

TOMMY

watching her intently, his mouth slightly open...

THE STAGE - ERNEST

vainly trying to speak over the APPLAUSE.

ERNEST

Attention! If I could have your  
attention, please...

TOMMY AND CARRIE

Tommy staring at her

ERNEST (O.S.)

We're going to have a run-off  
ballot. When you get yours, please  
write the couple you favor on it.

CARRIE

slowly looking up, seeing Tommy.

CARRIE

They're not applauding for us. It  
can't be for us.

TOMMY

Maybe it's for you.

CUT TO:

CHRIS AND BILLY

Just exactly where they are isn't clear yet, nor should it be. But we do hear the Prom noises.

BILLY

I thought you said they'd win.

CHRIS

They will. They will. Won't even be close.

BILLY

If you screwed up...

CHRIS

Don't worry. I called in a few favors.

CUT TO:

**68 INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT**

**68**

The black cuckoo clock — STRIKING TEN.

CUT TO:

**69 INT. WHITE KITCHEN**

**69**

as Margaret, mumbling to herself, with the fixated attention of the damned, continues to scrub a sliver of whetstone along the gleaming edge of the knife's blade.

CUT TO:

**70 INT. GYM - CARRIE AND TOMMY'S TABLE**

**70**

as new ballots arrive courtesy of Norma, who leans over them and whispers breathily:

NORMA

Good luck!

As Tommy picks up the pencil, Carrie puts her hand on his:

CARRIE

Don't.

TOMMY

What?

CARRIE

Don't vote for us.

TOMMY

In for a penny, in for a pound.  
That's what my grandmother used to  
say.

CARRIE

(swallowing)

Don't. Please.

Tommy hesitates for a second, seeing her face so full of premonition. Then he overcomes it, and scrawls their names on the slip of paper, folding it.

TOMMY

For you.

He hands it to Norma Watson, and it's off — spirited away, gone.

TOMMY

Tonight you go first-class.

Carrie stares at the receding figure of Norma as if she were the messenger of doom.

CUT TO:

## 71 INT. GYM - VOTING TABLES

## 71

Where we get a sense of exactly what Chris meant by favors — as De Lois, Trennant, and a once again completely wrecked Kenny Garson plus Norma bring over more ballots. It's not exactly what one would call an honest ballot.

GYM DOOR - POV

as Sue manages to slip by Fromm who's still lazily monitoring the door. She starts heading for the back-stage area, trying to be as unobtrusive as possible.

NORMA

At the voting table; she spies Sue coming in and finding it irresistible, blurts out the news whispering to:

MORTON

who's just finishing the ballot counting. He looks in the direction that Norma's pointing, seeing:

SUE

going backstage, heading into the wings to watch:

## 72 INT. GYM - THE STAGE

72

as Ernest returns to the microphone.

The BAND plays another FANFARE OF DRUMS. Ernest sees this as his big moment; he almost drops the ballots.

He pauses for a moment, surveying the gym floor and the anxious prom-goers. An actor savoring the tension.

Then he smiles, white teeth grinning:

ERNEST  
Tomray and Carrie win. By one vote.

Begin SLOW MOTION.

Silence -- everything a half-beat exaggerated, slowed.

Carrie gasps inwardly; the candle in front of her blows out.

Tommy grins, amused. He shrugs his shoulders at Carrie.

And the APPLAUSE begins -- some of it, most of it, genuine, but some of it mocking, too.

The band launches into a rock version of "Pomp and Circumstance."

Ushers appear at Tommy and Carrie's table. George is pounding Tommy's back. An aluminum-foil scepter is thrust into Tommy's hand; a robe with a fur collar is thrust over Carrie's shoulders.

SUE - STAGE WINGS

peering out farther to get a good look. Unseen at first by her, there's a cord on the edge of the FRAME.

MORTON

Blocked by the clamor of students, he's unable to make a straight bee-line for Sue in the wings. So he takes the long way around -- back behind the stage...

TOMMY AND CARRIE

DOLLYING as they're led down the center aisle; past a blur of smiling faces, the APPLAUSE SWELLING. They're being led toward the stage area the thrones waiting for them. The lights get brighter; the MUSIC gets louder.

THE BANDSTAND

as they pass by. The Beak winks conspiratorially at Carrie.

THE STAGE

as Tommy gives Carrie his hand, helping her up the steps, over tangles of black power cables.

BENEATH THE STAGE

where we finally reveal just where Chris and Billy have been hiding all this time. Chris listens to the foot steps (of Carrie and Tommy) coming overhead; grasping the cord that Billy has hooked up, holding it very tightly...

CARRIE AND TOMMY

as they're helped into the massive thrones; behind them is the huge mural of stars and ships...

ERNEST

the showman now, P. T. Barnum in all of his expansive ness.

SUE

In the wings, watching this action. In the corner of the FRAME, the cord we glimpsed earlier -- the same one which Chris clutched beneath the stage -- jiggles, and Sue notices it move. She traces its path with her eyes, seeing that it goes up to:

A BANK OF LIGHTS

concealing a single silver bucket; meanwhile:

CARRIE

staring down at the gym floor; the lights are searing -- so hot and bright that it's impossible to see clearly, and a new set of spotlights being shone on Tommy and her only makes it harder.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CARRIE

as a piece of crepe paper lands in her hair...

THE STUDENTS

A sea of faces, the spectrum of reactions.

ERNEST

spreading his arms; a politician

ERNEST

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you  
the King and Queen of the Spring  
Prom — TOMMY ROSS AND CARRIE WHITE!

The Band starts playing the school SONG, and we...

CUT TO:

SUE IN THE WINGS

The implications of the cord and tucket positioned over the thrones just starting to dawn on her as every one begins singing the school song:

ALL (O.S.)  
All rise for John F. Kennedy  
Hiyyyyh...

And a hand comes into FRAME, clutching Sue's wrist.

It belongs to:

MORTON  
What're you doing here, young lady?

SUE  
(trying to head for cord  
under stage)  
Something's wrong!

ALL (O.S.)  
We'll raise your banner to the  
skyyyyh...

But Morton has no interest in what Sue is trying to tell him:

MORTON  
I'll say there is.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CARRIE'S POV

From the throne, she sees Sue -- and Morton as he pulls her toward the back exit.

BENEATH STAGE

Chris is almost hyperventilating as the school song continues.

BILLY  
What's the matter with you? Pull it  
I

Chris is frozen -- immobilized, terrified.

CARRIE'S POV - SUE

as Morton firmly pushes Sue out the rear gym door. The door shuts, and as it closes:

CARRIE

confused, wondering what's happening in the glare of lights and noise...

73 EXT. BACK OF GYM - SUE

73

locked out by Morton, trying to get back in. The door won't open. She debates going to try another door.

UNDER STAGE - CHRIS AND BILLY

as the song reaches its crescendo:

ALL (O.S.)  
With pride we wear the red and  
whyytye...

BILLY  
(leering)  
It can stay there until hell  
freezes over, Chuckle.

Chris shudders involuntarily at the mention of this nickname. She violently jerks the cord with both hands, yanking it. A sound half-scream, half-moan -- comes from her mouth, overlapping into:

CARRIE

sitting on the throne next to Tommy; above her, some thing flashes -- a glint of metal reflected by the lights...

THE STEEL BUCKET

high above the stage, slowly tipping over, the blood pouring from it.

LONG SHOT - THE STAGE

almost proscenium-like in this FRAMING, from all the way in the back of the gym.

Carrie and Tommy sit on their huge thrones as the buckets above them deposit their contents on top of them.

CLOSER

The blood splashing down...

THE MURAL

some of it splattering on the celestial cyclorama, running downwards, streaking...

THE BAND

as more blood splatters them in their white dinner jackets, the MUSIC halting.

THE STAGE

End SLOW MOTION.

Tommy and Carrie, drenched with blood.

CHRIS AND BILLY - UNDER THE STAGE

Preparing to leave now that their mission has been accomplished, just about to crawl out as they spot:

MORTON - CHRIS AND BILLY'S POV

standing guard at the rear exit door, blocking their path.

CHRIS AND BILLY

realizing they'll have to stay oat -- trapped now.

CHRIS  
(panicky)  
Billee!!!

BILLY  
(nervous too; hissing)  
Shut up!

They crawl back under the stage, out of sight.

**74 INT. GYM - THE STUDENTS**

**74**

as the singing stops, the students staring at the stage.

CARRIE

her eyes tightly clenched shut, looking as if she's been dipped in a bucket of red paint. She's gotten the worst of it.

THE BUCKET

dangling on the pulleys over the throne, clanging back and forth. A high-pitched GIRL'S VOICE SCREAMS.

TOMMY

splattered with blood. Below them, the sounds of hysteria begin ("My God, that's blood!"). Tommy starts toward Carrie just as:

ANOTHER ANGLE - STAGE - FEATURING TOMMY

as the bucket falls and hits Tommy on the head; it knocks him unconscious, and he slumps to the floor.

THE STUDENTS - FEATURING HELEN SHYRES

watching this in pure horror. She starts to giggle uncontrollably, the kind of hysterical laugh that comes out of pure terror. It overlaps onto:

STUDENTS - ANOTHER ANGLE (S) - SIWSH PANS

as the hysteria begins to spread.

CARRIE

as she starts toward the unconscious Tommy.

THE STUDENTS

as more of them start laughing... the sound of it becoming contagious.

CARRIE

hearing the dreaded laughter.

CARRIE'S POV - THE STUDENTS

through the harsh glare of the lights -- laughing, pointing (see Norma Watson), doubling up in hysteria, utterly out of control.

FACES, FACES, FACES

laughing...

BILLY AND CHRIS

reacting to their "success."

CARRIE

Putting her hands to her blood-covered face, slowly getting to her feet.

THE STAGE

as Carrie makes her way to the stairs, tripping over the black power cords. A horrified Collins is on her way up the stairs.

COLLINS

Oh, Carrie -- let me help you.

Carrie hesitates at the sight of the teacher. But it's too late for help, and in the fastest flex we've seen to date, she jerks her head and Collins bounces back ward -- down the stairs, slamming into a wall.

THE STUDENTS

laughing even harder now, unable to stop.

THE GYM - ANOTHER ANGLE

where all is pandemonium.

Morton makes his way to Collins, giving her his hand kerchief; she has a bloody nose.

COLLINS

(to Morton)

Call the police!

CARRIE

tears streaming down her face, the blood streaking, as she takes in the sight of her tormentors.

THE GYM - YET ANOTHER ANGLE

Helen Shyres is still laughing so hard that she's about to throw up or go into shock.

George Dawson has climbed on the stage and is hunched over the slumped figure of Tommy Ross, examining him.

GEORGE

Call a doctor! Hey, call a doctor quick!

He tries to pick Tommy up, and in the process the throne topples over on the stage.

Frantic, rushing back into the school and down the hall toward the prom doors.

CARRIE

takes a deep breath, mustering her energy. She closes her eyes and sees:

THE GYM DOORS - THREE SETS OF DOUBLE DOORS

all of them open, a few students milling around them as...

CARRIE

closes her eyes even tighter, and flexes. And -- in SWISH PANS:

THE DOORS

slam shut. In the process, several things are accomplished at once. The prom-goers are trapped inside, and one or two of them get their hands or legs caught in the doors as they close, screaming with surprise and pain. •

76 INT. HALL - SUE

76

who once again was just a little late, arriving just as the DOORS SLAMMED SHUT; she sees the screaming prom goers unlucky enough to have been caught in the doors.

77 INT. GYM

77

Utter pandemonium as students rush toward the doors.

THE BEAK

near the bandstand area, looking up at the stage and realizing that it's Carrie who's responsible for closing the doors.

THE BEAK  
It's Carrie! It's Carrie!

Fromm starts heading toward the stage to get control of the microphone, to stop the panic.

The kids continue rushing toward the closed doors.

CARRIE

A small smile at being recognized by the Beak as the one responsible the one with the power now. It's not what she wanted, but it no longer matters. They're going to know her now and never forget her.

CARRIE'S POV - GYM WALL

Between two sets of double-doors, FEATURING a huge firehose installed in case of an emergency.

CARRIE

seeing the hose, getting the idea... NOTE: SPLIT SCREENS begin here.

CLOSER

as her eyes narrow and focus on the hose, zeroing on it.

THE HOSE

as it starts to unwind, to unspiral into the air, starting to spray a burst of water.

THE HOSE - ANOTHER ANGLE

as it becomes snake-like, water springing from the nozzle.

THE STUDENTS

Cries of surprise as it begins to spray water on them, ruining their clothes.

THE HOSE

as the velocity of water increases, stronger and stronger.

CARRIE

eyes gleaming, a glimmer of triumph as she concentrates and surveys --

THE STUDENTS

like rats in a maze -- a slapstick chaos as they try to get away from the animated hose. The water forces the students back from the doors, backwards toward the stage.

CHRIS AND BILLY - UNDER THE STAGE

as they see students propelled toward them by the hose.

CARRIE

A smile of satisfaction. For the first time, she's showing them -- they're the ones being made to look foolish. He's standing on one side of the stage.

THE STAGE AREA

as the hose now starts to rain water on the thrones, on the place where the blood fell, washing it away.

ERNEST

level-headed to the end, making his way through the pandemonium toward the stage area and the bandstand as fast as he can...

CARRIE

Still controlling the hose, she spots Ernest, seeing him move toward the stage area.

TRACKING - ERNEST

knowing somehow -- with some sixth sense -- that Carrie's watching him. He feverishly hurries toward the area where the band equipment is plugged in... where the high voltage cables are hooked up to the electrical current.

Behind him, Fromm has reached the microphone and is trying to be heard, telling everyone to remain calm.

CARRIE

realizing just what Ernest plans to do:

CARRIE  
(gently; determined)  
No.

And she mentally fixes on him, jerking her head just so... so --

ERNEST

is flung invisibly and forcibly away from the area by Carrie's will.

FROMM

Big belly and all, trying to steady the mike. He puts his hand on it. The water, however, has reached him, and just as he touches the mike, he's electrocuted --

his arm bursting into flame, unable to let go as his body goes into an electric dance, his mouth gaping open like a fish on land.

CARRIE

watching this; another flex, and:

FROMM

is propelled backwards from the microphone; he falls backward into the eye, his flaming arm igniting it.

A celestial fantasy immediately bursts into flames.

It prevents any of the students from using the back exit.

THE STUDENTS

watching, riveted with horror, some of them screaming, others frozen to the spot as the eye CRACKLES. Utter pandemonium.

CARRIE

her face flushed, a vein in her forehead throbs, her heart pounding. She spots:

THE LIGHTING T-BAR

hanging over the bandstand.

THE DOORS

as the prom-goers press against the opaque glass, straining to get out. Fish in an aquarium.

COLLINS

moving toward the dazed Ernest, who's recuperating from his bout with Carrie.

CARRIE

her heart pounding like an anvil. She's staring at:

THE LIGHTING BAR

CARRIE

She flexes.

CEILING POV

Collins and Ernest directly below the path of the lighting bar. We see the flaming eye on the stage collapse forward. The-light bar begins to shake.

Plaster drops, and the light bar DROPS -- just short of Collins' head - as far as its wires carry it.

CARRIE

watching all this - a giggle (or is it a sob?) emerging from deep within her.

Another flex:

THE LIGHT BAR

starts to swing recklessly around the gym. Back and forth, back and forth -- it hits the ceiling, igniting it and the decorations. Flaming stars and planets begin dropping from the ceiling.

BENEATH THE STAGE - BILLY AND CHRIS

seeing their chance to escape while Carrie is busy with the light bar.

The back door (which Sue couldn't enter from the out side, and which the eye flames prevented any of the students on the gym floor from getting to) is now free, and Billy and Chris see their chance to escape. They burst out from under the stage as:

CARRIE

spots them. In the instant it takes her to wonder what they're doing there, it's too late. They're out the door, and there's absolutely nothing she can do.

THE GYM - FEATURING THE LIGHT BAR

as it swings, catching Norma Watson in its path, casually whipping this screaming girl in her green chiffon dress back into a wall.

Helen Shyres is backed into a corner, giggling with horror, in shock, utterly hysterical.

Students have climbed onto the back bleachers, trying in vain to pry off the screens on the windows so they can escape.

Morton has grabbed a chair and is trying to smash it through another of the windows. All this to no avail.

End SPLIT SCREEN.

## CARRIE

as she makes her way down the stage stairs and out onto the floor. She spots the cord going under the stage first, and realizes just how the trick was engineered... that Billy and Chris did it.

## THE STUDENTS

moving aside as Carrie walks through them -- an endless series of blurred, hysterical faces.

## WIDE SHOT - THE GYM

as Carrie makes it to one set of double doors, flexes them open, and exits.

## 78 EXT. GYM - HALLWAY

78

as Carrie exits, the doors swing shut. Behind her, through the windows, we see a wall of fire collapse behind her.

She passes Sue in the hall who's sobbing hysterically.

And as Carrie exits, Sue runs into this inferno of fire to find Tommy. And then the town WHISTLE BLOWS ... and BLOWS. It overlaps onto:

DISSOLVE TO:

## 79 EXT. TOWN STREETS - NIGHT

79

Carrie's on her way home. At this point, she looks less like a girl than the survivor of a grisly car accident; wet, caked with blood, eyes glistening madly, almost shapeless. She goes down a hill, and then, from:

## ANOTHER ANGLE - THE HILL - NIGHT

as a fire truck rushes toward the school, past Carrie.

And then shortly afterwards, out of nowhere, Billy's Chevy -- its headlights gleaming, lurches forward; it's headed right for her.

## CARRIE

turns around and sees it coming toward her.

## 80 INT. THE CHEVY

80

Chris screaming "Get her! Get her!" at the top of her lungs, Billy grinning madly behind the wheel.

CARRIE

as the Chevy heads right for her, standing in the head lights in its oath, bloated, swaying back and forth, her arms thrown out.

THE CHEVY

almost right on top of her...

CARRIE

flexing, averting the car just as it almost smacks into her. It just misses her.

**81 INT. THE CHEVY**

**81**

Billy is livid, turning around to see Carrie in the back window.

BILLY

Goddamnit!

CHRIS

Billy!!!

BILLY

Shut up! Just shut up!

But the car is headed for an embankment. Billy realizes this and starts pumping the brakes. But the car's accelerating, not responding to Billy's efforts to slow it down.

CARRIE

her head pounding, flexing...

**82 INT. CHEVY**

**82**

as Billy attempts to turn the wheel; it, too, has turned traitor --- it won't turn.

They're heading right for the embankment. Billy's eyes are bugging out, Chris is screaming as:

THE CHEVY

plows smack into the embankment and rolls over several times. It then bursts into a sheet of flames.

CARRIE

watching this explosion turn into a conflagration.

We see the fire reflected in her puffy, exhausted face -- brighter and brighter and brighter as we HEAR the sound of the WHISTLE merging with the SOUND OF SIRENS, and:

DISSOLVE TO:

**83 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT**

**83**

The house is totally dark. Not even a porch light.

In the distance, perhaps, the glow from the burning gymnasium.

A figure is moving toward the house.

It is Carrie.

AT DOOR

Carrie tries the front door. It is unlocked. She opens it partially.

CARRIE  
(small voice)  
Momma? Momma?

She opens the door wider.

CARRIE  
(louder)  
Momma?

Silence. Carrie steps inside.

CARRIE  
(louder)  
Momma, I'm home.

Silence.

Carrie closes the front door.

**84 INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT**

**84**

With the closing of the door, Carrie turns on a light.

She looks around. The house is ominously empty, ominously still.

CARRIE  
MOMMA!

Silence floods back in.

Carrie moves to the foot of the stairs, turning on lights as she goes. She mounts the stairs, goes along the narrow hallway to her room.

**85 INT. CARRIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**85**

Carrie turns on the lights, closes the door.

She stares at the madonna-child figurine on the bureau.

Then, slowly, she removes her bloodstained clothing, letting it lie in a heap.

Clutching a robe, she goes into the bathroom.

**86 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

**86**

Carrie turns on the shower, waits for it to get hot.

It is almost steaming as she steps in.

Very carefully, Carrie scrubs herself clean.

Then she steps out of the shower, dries herself briefly, puts on her robe, and turns off the bathroom light.

What's important here is this gives us time to breathe, to focus on Carrie.

**87 INT. CARRIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

**87**

Carrie returns to her room. She is clean now; her wet hair hangs. A feeling of despair about her; or perhaps she is emptied out.

Carrie almost mouths:

CARRIE  
Momma...

It is a little child's voice, and there is no answer.

She goes out into the hallway.

**88 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

**88**

Carrie goes to the head of the stairs. Once again, she mouths the words:

CARRIE  
Momma...

Something -- a movement? an instinct? -- makes her turn. She sees:

MARGARET  
coming toward her.

CARRIE  
She flings out her arms and cries out:

CARRIE  
Oh, Momma!

And throws herself against her mother, holds her. A movement from Margaret, a quick movement hard to define. And Carrie recoils, her hands clutching her stomach.

Briefly we see the knife in Margaret's hand.

Then Carrie tumbles down, the stairs.

ANGLE DOWN STAIRS

on Carrie, lying like a broken doll, huddled at the foot of the stairs.

MARGARET  
Carrying the knife, she stares down the stairs.

MARGARET  
It says in the Lord's Book: 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.'

CARRIE  
Dazed, she sees her mother coming, dimly, everything distorted. She begins to crawl backwards, her eyes always on her mother, who is slowly but inexorably coming down the stairs.

MARGARET  
And now the devil has come here.

CARRIE  
(whimpering)  
Momma, it's not right.

Carrie starts crawling to the kitchen.

89 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

89

Carrie crawls farther and farther from the door, until she reaches the far end of the kitchen, just as Margaret, the knife gleaming in her hand, point toward Carrie, reaches the bottom of the stairs and turns toward the kitchen, mumbling all the while.

Carrie flexes: the kitchen door swings shut.

Margaret is coming toward the kitchen.

Carrie flexes again -- to hold the door shut.

But it's no use -- Margaret is relentless now, and the door opens. She raises the knife and starts toward Carrie, the door swinging behind her.

MARGARET

I should have killed you when you  
were born.

CARRIE

Momma, I love you. Please help me!

MARGARET

Sin never dies.

There's nothing else to be done; Carrie flexes, and a serving fork -- dangling from a hook on wall - suddenly hurtles through the air, piercing Margaret.

It is followed by another and another as a rain of instruments strikes Margaret.

Margaret collapses.

Carrie, horrified by what she's done, starts toward her mother.

And then she and we see Sue standing in the doorway, clasping her hands to her mouth, stifling her screams.

CARRIE

You. You tricked me.

SUE

No.

CARRIE

Get out.

SUE  
We were just trying...

CARRIE  
Get out.

And then something hits the roof, rattling. A small sound. A stone.

Then another.

Then a third.

CARRIE  
Get out! Get out!

The stones are beginning to rain on the roof, like hail.

Sue is rooted to the spot, terrified.

CARRIE  
Get out, get out, get out!

The stones are coming down harder. All sound as one or two of them break through the roof, rattle on the floor above.

CARRIE  
GET OUT!

A stone of fairly small size crashes through into the kitchen.

Carrie flexes.

And Sue stumbles backwards, toward the door.

Flex.

Sue is whipped around, as though by a great wind.

**90 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT**

**90**

Stones are crashing on the house.

Sue is hurtled out of the house.

**91 INT. KITCHEN**

**91**

as a couple of larger stones crash into the room, Carrie heads for the closet.

**92 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT****92**

Sue, rising from the ground, sees stones crashing into the house.

She begins to run away.

**93 INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT****93**

Carrie walks toward the closet; the figure of Jesus is illuminated welcoming her<sup>9</sup> She goes into the closet.

She closes the door.

Stones crash down, obliterating the scene.

**94 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT****94**

Sue stops running. She turns to look at the White house.

WHITE HOUSE - SUE'S POV

The stones are flattening the house. The house is being pounded into the ground.

SUE

Terror and disbelief. Nightmare.

THE WHITE HOUSE

The rain of stones stops.

Silence.

Then the house begins to sink -- slowly, slowly, slowly -- into the ground.

And the ground is swallowing up the house.

And covering it over until -- nothing remains.

DISSOLVE TO:

**95 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY****95**

where the Horan house used to stand, where now only a FOR SALE sign remains.

We PAN OVER next door, to where the White house used to be. This lot, too, is vacant — overgrown with grass and weeds and maybe wildflowers. It is also strewn with beer cans.

And there is another FOR SALE sign. We come in closer and realize that there's some writing on the sign, some hastily written graffiti. Which reads:

CARRIE WHITE IS BURNING FOR HER SINS

And underneath:

JESUS NEVER FAILS

HOLD for a long beat, then:

FADE OUT.

THE END

THE WHITE HOUSE

The rain of stones stops.

Silence.

Then the house begins to sink -- slowly, slowly — into the ground.

And the ground swallows up the house.

And covers it over until nothing remains. Not a trace.

DISSOLVE TO:

**96 EXT. SNELL HOUSE - DAY**

**96**

Some time later — a week, perhaps two weeks after the night mares of Prom Night.

**97 INT. SNELL HOUSE**

**97**

A home in the course of losing its family. White sheets over furniture. Boxes in the midst of being packed.

Eleanor Snell, looking incredibly tired, is attending to the last minute details of moving. She sorts through magazines and books, discarding some, putting others in cartons. And she comes across the religious tracts left behind by Margaret White, forgotten until now. They have a momentary hypnotic effect on her.

The phone RINGS, startling her. She rushes to answer it in the kitchen, catching it on the first or second ring.

ELEANOR  
(hushed voice)

Hello? Oh, thank God it's you,  
Betty. I don't think I could have  
handled one more reporter.  
(she appears to hear a  
noise upstairs)  
Just a sec, dear.  
(she comes into the  
living room and looks  
toward the upstairs)  
Sue?  
(a little louder)  
Sue?  
(no answer^ she returns  
to the phone)  
Sorry, Betty, I just wanted to make  
sure the phone didn't wake her.  
We're all a bit edgy.  
(beat)  
Better. Sleeping too much, I guess,  
but Schneider says that's to be  
expected after what she's gone  
through. He says she's young enough  
to forget it in time.

As Eleanor's side of the conversation continues, the camera conveys her tension. Half of her is listening and talking to Betty; the rest of her mind is on Sue upstairs. With good cause. Because:

**98 EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY**

**98**

Where the Horan house used to stand, now vacant. Strewn with beer cans, overgrown with grass and weeds and wild flowers. And a FOR SALE sign.

We PAN over next door where the White house used to stand.

It, too, is vacant but utterly bald — there's been no time for anything to grow here. There is another FOR SALE sign put up by Born Realty.

SUE SNELL —

Looking utterly haggard and perhaps a bit on the looney side from a lack of sleep stands staring at the lot.

She's standing there in her white nightgown, barefoot.

## THE WHITE LOT - SUE'S POV

As she slowly walks toward it. Underwater, almost floating. We come in closer on the sign which now starts appearing a bit odder - less like a simple FOR SALE sign and more like a grave marker.

And when we get close enough, we see that some graffiti has been hastily scrawled in chalk on the sign:

CARRIE WHITE IS BURNING FOR HER SINS

And below it, in a second vandal's handwriting, some idiot's notion of one final joke:

JESUS NEVER FAILS

SUE -

As she kneels down, putting the wreath she's carring next to the marker. She proceeds to try to wipe off the red chalk with the palm of her hand; it smudges badly.

She stares at he hand, fixating on it, remembering Carrie in the shower. Suddenly, a second hand thrusts into the frame, onto her nightgown.

A bloody hand.

A hand from the earth itself.

Carrie's hand.

It clutches a horrified Sue by the wrist. Tightly. A vise.

Sue begins screaming uncontrollably. The hand is trying to pull her into the ground. Her screams turn into howling.

CUT TO:

SUE --

Still screaming. But now in her room, 'waking up from what is, indeed, a bad nightmare. Upright in bed, screaming her head off, her face covered with perspiration.

Eleanor Snell rushes into the room to the bed, embraces her hysterical daughter.

ELEANOR  
It's all right, it's all right  
darling.

SUE

Mother?

And we come in close on Sue's stricken face as her mother holds her, calming her, cradling her. Closer still on Sue's eyes. She closes them, and we go to

BLACK.