

**PARKSIDE**

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FADE IN ON:

A SUBURBAN HOUSE

At night. Crickets chirp. Northern California. Fall. We hear electronic TEXT WOOSHES on the soundtrack...

INT. CARPENTER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wood floors, stone counters, a built-in pizza oven no one who lives here uses. An eight burner stove on a kitchen island.

TARA CARPENTER (18) stands at said island, making ramen in a pot. Texting with her girlfriend AMBER. We see her name at the top of the text chain on Tara's cell. Amber texts:

*You should come over.*

Tara smiles. Texts back:

*Oh really? And do what?*

Amber's reply:

*Fun... stuff. :)*

Tara grins. Stirring the pasta. Types:

*My Mom said I can't leave. YOU should come over HERE.*

She pauses. Then adds:

*And do the aforementioned stuff.*

A beat. The three circles, moving. Then, the response:

*Convince me?*

On the wall, the LANDLINE RINGS. Blocked caller. Tara frowns. Ignores it. It's a landline, after all. Texts:

*No parents. Free dinner. Many binge watch options.*

Amber's response comes:

*Gotta do better.*

Tara takes the phone, puts it under her shirt, snaps a pic. On the wall, the LANDLINE stops ringing. The response text:

*SOLD!*

The LANDLINE RINGS AGAIN. Tara frowns. Before she can get a response from Amber, Tara writes:

*Fucking landline won't stop ringing. Robocalls.*

The three dots stop moving. Then move again. The response:

*I hate how they clone numbers that are close to yours to make you pick up.*

Tara writes back:

*This one is a blocked number.*

A beat. The response:

*Robocalls don't use blocked numbers anymore. Probs someone calling for your mom.*

Tara exhales. That means she should answer it. She walks over to the landline and picks it up.

TARA

Hello?

A kind (but familiar) voice on the other end.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello. Is Susan there?

TARA

Sorry, she's not available. May I take a message?

VOICE (O.S.)

Is this her daughter?

TARA

May I take a message?

VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry, yeah, I'm a friend from her... shit.

TARA

From her shit?

VOICE (O.S.)

Um, just tell her I'm from group. I'm Charlie. She has my number.

TARA

She goes to a group?

Silence.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Look, I shouldn't have... just tell  
 her Charlie called.

TARA  
 I will do exactly that, Charlie,  
 once you tell me what kind of group  
 we're talking about.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I don't think I can-

TARA  
 AA? NA? If so, it's about time-

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I'm really sorry I bothered you.

TARA  
 Does she talk about me in this  
 group?

A long beat. As she talks, she texts Amber:

*Dude I think this is Mom's new BF...*

TARA (CONT'D)  
 What does she say about me?

Amber's response:

*Seriously???*

VOICE (O.S.)  
 She loves you very much-

TARA  
 What does she love about me?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I don't-

TARA  
 You're a little bit in deep shit  
 here, Charlie, because from what I  
 understand, anonymity is kinda the  
 cornerstone of these bad boys, so  
 since you've already screwed that  
 particular pooch, I propose you  
 answer my question so I don't tell  
 Susan you blew her Alcoholics,  
 Narcotics, Gambling, and  
 Kleptomaniacs Anonymous cover,  
 deal?

Silence. The Voice takes a deep breath.

VOICE (O.S.)

She loves that you're creative.  
You love art and TV and movies-

TARA

Lots of people love movies-

VOICE (O.S.)

She says you love scary movies.  
And that you guys have that in  
common. She's proud of making a  
fan out of you.

This strikes a chord with Tara.

TARA

She is?

VOICE (O.S.)

She told me the other day she was  
wondering... what's your favorite  
scary movie?

TARA

(instantly)

*The Babadook*. It's an amazing  
meditation on motherhood and grief.

The ramen on the stove, coming to a boil.

VOICE (O.S.)

Isn't that a little fancy pants?

TARA

Well, it's elevated horror.

VOICE (O.S.)

What's that mean, elevated horror?

TARA

You know, like... scary, but with  
complex emotional and thematic  
underpinnings. Not just schlocky  
cheeseball nonsense.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sounds kind of boring to me. Have  
you ever seen *Stab*?

Tara furrows her brow.

TARA

Once, I think... at a sleepover  
when I was like 12.

VOICE (O.S.)

You live in Woodsboro and you don't  
know *Stab*?

TARA

It's not my thing. I mean talk  
about schlocky and cheeseball;  
isn't Tori Spelling the lead in  
most of them-?

VOICE (O.S.)

Your mother loves that movie. She  
talks about it all the time in  
group. How well do you remember  
the original?

Tara turns off the burner, gets a colander out of a cabinet.

TARA

I don't know, it was like super  
'90s. Really over-lit and everyone  
had weird hair.

VOICE (O.S.)

Do you remember the beginning?

TARA

Not really. It starts with a kill  
scene, right? They always start  
with a kill scene.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's right. It's a girl at home,  
alone. She answers a wrong number  
and starts talking with the killer,  
who makes her play a game.

(pause)

Would you like to play a game,  
Tara?

TARA

Fuck you, you're weird.

She slams down the phone. Spooked. Texts Amber:

*It was some psycho. I'm locking the doors.*

Tara uses the SMARTHOUSE APP on her phone to lock all the  
doors of the house. They KA-CHUNK into place as the text  
comes back:

*WTF??? You okay?*

Tara starts writing back:

*I'm fine, I just-*

CUT OFF as the LANDLINE RINGS AGAIN, making Tara jump. She stares at it. It continues to trill. Fuck that.

A text sound from her phone. From Amber:

*You should answer it.*

Tara stares at her phone. Realizing something. She texts Amber back slowly:

*How did you know my landline was ringing?*

No response. Not even the dots. A bead of sweat runs down Tara's forehead. The landline continues to ring. Tara texts again, now fully freaked out:

*Amber?*

Tara stares at the screen. The response comes back:

*This isn't Amber.*

Tara stares at it. Numb. A new text comes:

*But I enjoyed the picture you sent me.*

Tara looks ill. She hugs herself, exposed. Starts to text back when this comes in:

*ANSWER THE PHONE BITCH.*

Tara goes to her phone app, begins dialing 911...

*ANSWER THE PHONE OR AMBER DIES.*

Tara stops dialing and snatches up the landline-

TARA (CONT'D)

This isn't fucking funny, Amber-

VOICE (O.S.)

I told you, this isn't Amber.

Incoming text sound. It's a link to a SNAPCHAT. Tara clicks on it. A window opens showing a VIDEO FEED --

We're looking through a BEDROOM WINDOW. A TEENAGE GIRL sits at her desk, doing her homework, her back to us.

This is AMBER (18). A person in a GHOSTFACE costume angles the phone so he's in frame. Just outside Amber's window.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Amber's looking particularly fetching tonight. She really shouldn't leave her phone lying around for anyone to pick up.

TARA  
What do you want?

She goes back to the phone app, dialing 911 again...

VOICE (O.S.)  
I already told you, I want to play a game. *Stab* movie trivia. Three rounds. You call the cops, she dies. You get a question wrong, she dies.

911 punched in, Tara's finger hovers above the "call" icon...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Her parents aren't home. I can be in that room in 15 seconds.

We see Ghostface hold up a knife in front of the camera on the Snapchat. It glints in the moonlight.

On Tara. Her face crumples. She closes the phone app.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You want a warm up question?

TARA  
I told you, I don't know those movies! Ask me about something else, ask me about *It Follows*, or *Hereditary*, or *The Witch*-

VOICE (O.S.)  
In the first *Stab* movie, what Woodsboro native was introduced as the franchise's main character?

Tara's eyes go wide, she knows this one.

TARA  
Sidney Prescott! It's Sidney Prescott, right?

VOICE (O.S.)

Correct. See, you're gonna do great at this. Okay, Question 1-

TARA

No, that should count! I got that one right!

VOICE (O.S.)

Anyone would have gotten that one right, Sidney's in every movie but the last one. Question 1: Who wrote the original book that the *Stab* movies are based on?

TARA

That's... that's... the chick from TV...

VOICE (O.S.)

"The chick from TV" is not gonna cut it, Tara.

TARA

Gale Weathers! It's Gale Weathers, motherfucker!

VOICE (O.S.)

Correct! Amber might live to see the sunrise! Question 2: Who played the dumb bitch in the beginning of *Stab 1* who answers the phone and gets carved up by the killer?

*Fuck.* Tara doesn't know. On her face, struggling with it...

TARA

Fuck you!

VOICE (O.S.)

Is that the answer you're going with?

TARA

(near tears)

I told you, I don't know these movies! They're stupid '90s retro bullshit, nobody gives a shit about slashers anymore, *that's why they stopped making them!*

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I'm gonna need an answer. Or do  
 you want to watch me open up your  
 girlfriend's stomach?

Tara looks down at the Snapchat link to Amber, desperate...  
 And then realizes she's looking at her PHONE.

Fuck this, she's gonna cheat. Opens up Safari, googles STAB  
 IMDB. The link comes up...

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 A non-answer counts as a wrong  
 answer, Tara...

TARA  
 No, no, no, I just need a second, I  
 just need to think...

The IMDB CAST LIST comes up - a bunch of character names.  
 None of which she knows. Shit! It's probably not Sidney,  
 Gale, Dewey, Randy, Tatum, Billy, who's a big enough name...?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Time's up, Tara-

TARA  
 (best guess)  
 Heather Graham!

She's looking at an entry - *Casey Becker - Heather Graham*.

A long beat. If we don't know the movies, we don't know if  
 she's right or wrong either, but...

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Correct! You pulled that one out!  
 Now, for the Final Question: who  
 was the killer in *Stab 1*?

On Tara, as her whole demeanor brightens with victory!  
 Glances at the IMDB to confirm it, but she knows it!

TARA  
 I know this one, you fuck! It's  
 Billy Loomis! He was Sidney's  
 boyfriend and he planned the whole  
 thing and he was played by Luke  
 Wilson and I got you, asshole! I  
 got you, and I got this right!

She bursts into laughter, giddily.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Ooooooh, I'm sorry, Tara, but that's  
 just not correct.

TARA  
 What?! No, no, no, it is, it is-

VOICE (O.S.)  
 The correct answer is Billy Loomis  
*and Stu Macher*. There are two  
 killers in the original *Stab*. I'm  
 afraid someone's gotta die now.

TARA  
 No! No!

Tara snatches a knife from the island, and runs for the front door! She's gotta save Amber! Unlocks the doors with the home security app, then presses the EMERGENCY button to trigger an alert to the police!

Calling Amber as she runs, hurling open the door...

TARA (CONT'D)  
*Answer the phone, Amber!*

...to find GHOSTFACE standing right there waiting for her!

Tara SCREAMS as Ghostface BURIES A KNIFE in her stomach! On instinct she swings her hand with her phone and catches him in the jaw! He reels back, pulling the knife out of her gut!

Tara stumbles back into the house, looking down at the knife wound. Blood blooming on her shirt. Like a bad dream. Looks up - Ghostface is CHARGING HER!

She holds up her own knife but he knocks it away and slams her back into the kitchen island!

She grabs a blender and slams it into his head! He goes down, grabbing her belt, pulling her to the ground too! She claws at him, trying to get away...

They both see the fallen butcher knife. Both reaching for it. She knees him in the balls. But he scoops it up. She rolls on her back as he STABS IT DOWN right at her face...

...on instinct, she raises her right hand to protect herself and the blade goes right through it! Slicing through her palm, halting it before it reaches her face!

Tara, staring in shock at the steel blade protruding from the back of her hand, inches from her face. Blood gouts. Horrifying. She screams and kicks Ghostface off her.

She claws her way towards the still open front door. Exit. Safety. Blood pours from her wounds. Sounds in the distance. *Sirens?* Hope?

Ghostface rises behind her. Unsteady on his feet. He lurches away from her. Towards the kitchen island. *What...?* And then we realize - he's going for the knife block.

Tara, almost at the door. She can see blue and red lights down the street now. Police cherries. They are coming.

Tara opens her mouth to scream for help...

...and Ghostface stabs her in the back! Driving the knife between her shoulder blades. Tears it out, stabs her again. Pulls the bloody mess that is Tara away from the door.

Flips her over. She's crying and howling in pain. We hear the cops pulling up. Ghostface hesitates. Is he gonna deliver the final blow? Or is he gonna run?

For a moment we think he's gonna leave her, and then...

He STABS THE KNIFE DOWN straight towards camera! Slicing the screen in two and we SMASH TO OUR TITLE:

### SCREAM FOREVER

FADE IN:

EXT. COSTCO - LOADING DOCK - ESTABLISH DAY

SUPER - **Modesto, California.** Peak hours, full parking lot.

SAM CARPENTER (24) sits at the edge of a loading bay, feet dangling. She wears an employee's outfit and name tag.

In her hand, a days-of-the-week PILL CONTAINER. She cracks open Tuesday, shakes four pills into her hand, pops them in her mouth. With a swig of Monster, down they go.

RICHIE (O.S.)

Excuse me, Miss - what did you just take?

Sam whips around to find RICHIE KIRSCH (25) grinning at her. He wears the same uniform. Sam rolls her eyes.

SAM

Your boner pills. Good luck getting it up now.

RICHIE

You are my boner pills.

SAM

Uggggh.

Richie laughs at her reaction. They look around to make sure they're alone, then KISS.

RICHIE

You all right?

SAM

Yep.

RICHIE

You'd tell me, yeah?

SAM

Yes. You don't have to check on me all the time. I'm-

Her phone BUZZES. Doesn't recognize the number, sends the call to voicemail.

SAM (CONT'D)

-not breakable.

RICHIE

This, I know.

Now there's an incoming text. Sam reads it:

*Sam, it's Wes Hicks. Don't know if you remember me. I'm a friend of your sister. Please call ASAP, it's about Tara.*

SAM

Shit...

Sam immediately clicks the number that just called.

RICHIE

What's wrong?

The phone ringing on speaker and then:

WES (O.S.)

(answering)

Sam?

SAM

What happened?

WES (O.S.)

Okay. So. Tara... was attacked.

Sam involuntarily rises to her feet, panicking.

SAM  
What? Is she-

WES (O.S.)  
She's alive. But in bad shape.  
She was... stabbed. Seven times.

SAM  
Stabbed? What the fuck?

WES (O.S.)  
She made it through surgery and the  
doctors said it went well. She's  
resting. Your mom-

SAM  
I'm on my way.

WES (O.S.)  
Okay. I'll see you soon-

SAM  
Wait. Do they know who did this?

A beat.

WES (O.S.)  
It's probably better if you just  
come here-

SAM  
Wes.

WES (O.S.)  
(exhales)  
It was someone in a fucking  
Ghostface costume.

PUSH IN on Sam. Something in her face tells us that this news  
is significant. Personal.

SAM  
I'll see you in a few hours.

Sam ends the call and turns to Richie.

RICHIE  
I'm coming.

SAM  
Richie-

RICHIE  
Sam. I'm coming with you.

Sam nods, tears brimming in her eyes. He gently pulls her close, wraps his arms around her...

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH - SAME TIME

WES HICKS (17, bookish) pockets his phone. REVEAL that he's standing next to a very familiar fountain. STUDENTS mingle as they head to their bikes or cars. School's out.

AMBER FREEMAN (18, tough), whom we recognize from Ghostface's voyeuristic Snapchat, sits on the fountain's edge.

MINDY MEEKS-MARTINEZ (18, no filter) is next to her, ear buds in, watching something on her phone.

AMBER  
She's coming?

WES  
Yeah.

AMBER  
Watch everything get worse.

WES  
What were we supposed to do? You know her mom isn't gonna tell her.

AMBER  
Yeah, and you know why.

CHAD MEEKS-MARTINEZ (18), Mindy's jocky twin brother, and his pink-haired artsy girlfriend, LIV TATE (18) approach, in mid-conversation:.

CHAD  
...I'm just saying, with everything going on, I think it's time we take our relationship to the next, most intimate level.

The friends all look to Liv, confused. She exhales.

LIV  
He wants me to accept his Find My Friends request.

CHAD  
It's the safest move with a would-be killer on the loose! I know where you are, you know where I am-

LIV  
You can stalk me like a jealous  
boyfriend-

CHAD  
You can stalk *me* like a jealous  
boyfriend-

AMBER  
Is this because you two aren't  
having sex yet?

WES  
Don't do it, Liv, there's a psycho  
out there. Make yourself *harder* to  
find. Delete social media, tape  
over your phone camera, disable GPS-

CHAD  
Thank you, Edward Snowden. By the  
way, your mom just asked me if I  
was involved in Tara's attempted  
murder, so that was fun.

Wes looks over to see his mother, SHERIFF JUDY HICKS (from  
*Scream 4*) standing by her cruiser with her deputies. She  
waves at him cheerily, proud Mom. He shrinks back down.

WES  
I'm sure she's asking everybody.

AMBER  
Not just people like you, who look  
like 'roided out serial killers.

CHAD  
What about you, Amber? That  
Snapchat could have been pre-  
recorded, so what's your alibi?

AMBER  
How could it be me? Tara literally  
saw the killer and me in the same  
frame, genius.

LIV  
But aren't there always two killers  
in *Stab* movies?

Mindy looks up from her phone.

MINDY  
Not in 3 or 8. Stay in your lane,  
Liv.

(MORE)

MINDY (CONT'D)

(to Wes)

The press still isn't saying  
Ghostface.

WES

Mom doesn't want to cause a panic.

MINDY

It'll get out. It always gets out  
by the second or third killing.

AMBER

Jesus, Mindy - there wasn't a *first*  
killing. Tara's alive.

MINDY

Hm. I mean, she could still die-

CHAD

Fuck, Mindy!

MINDY

Or the killer could come back for  
her-

LIV

(to Chad)

Can you please tell your sister to  
stop talking?

MINDY

I'm just saying, something's  
different this time.

WES

(showing them)

I'm telling you, arm up. Pepper  
spray? Check. Taser? Check-

AMBER

Girlfriend repellent? Check.

Wes reddens as Liv sits up straight.

LIV

Holy shit, is that Vince?

She's looking at a SKEEZY LOOKING DUDE hanging out in the  
parking lot. This is VINCE (22). Sleeve tattoos. Dark  
hair. Leering at Liv. A menacing presence.

CHAD

That creep you hooked up with last  
summer?

LIV

Yeah, he worked with Tara and me.  
He's been stalking my Instagram the  
last few weeks, saying creepy shit.

AMBER

He worked with Tara?

CHAD

(rolls up his sleeves)  
I think it's time to introduce him  
to Hobbs and Shaw...

LIV

Maybe not the best idea to incite  
violence in front of the Sheriff?  
Looks like he's leaving anyway.

With a lascivious air kiss, Vince gets into his truck.

LIV (CONT'D)

(squeezes Chad's bicep)  
Thanks anyway, boys.

Chad winces. Mindy eyes him.

MINDY

Hm. Tara said she fought back,  
hard. You've got bruises.

CHAD

From *practice*. And can I point out  
that suspecting your twin brother  
of attacking our mutual friend is  
like seventeen kinds of fucked up?

Amber looks up from her phone --

AMBER

Tara's awake, she just texted. I'm  
going to the hospital. You coming?

LIV

Can't, but I'll meet you later.

Chad kisses Liv goodbye and heads to his car. As she goes,  
Liv notices Vince, in the parking lot, still eyeing her...

I/E. RICHIE'S PRIUS/CALIFORNIA INTERSTATE - DAY

Richie drives his used Prius towards Woodsboro. Sam, next to  
him, crawling out of her skin.

RICHIE

So. Woodsboro. Why does that sound so familiar?

SAM

The *Stab* movies. You know, Ghostface? Based on actual events? (off his confused look) You've never seen *Stab*? Not even the one came out last year?

RICHIE

I've never seen *Gone with the Wind* either, I don't consider it like a huge hole in my cinematic education-

SAM

Most of the *Stab* movies are based on things that really happened in my hometown.

Richie looks at her, not liking where this is going.

RICHIE

Define "things."

SAM

Things like a guy named Billy Loomis and his friend carved up a bunch of high school kids while wearing this Halloween ghost mask.

RICHIE

You mean like in *Halloween*?

SAM

Not like in *Halloween*.

RICHIE

It sounds a lot like *Halloween*-

SAM

And every decade or so, some other idiot gets the bright idea to put on the mask, kill their friends, and get famous too. Last time was in 2011.

Richie stares at her.

RICHIE

So you grew up in a place that's not only famous for serial killers, but where copycats spring up every few years? And we're driving there *voluntarily*?

SAM

I gotta make sure Tara's okay.

RICHIE

And I gotta make sure we don't get sliced up by some lunatic who saw a Jason Vorhees movie and thought, "You know, this guy's got some solid ideas!"

He's trying to make her laugh. It's working.

SAM

You want a Xanax?

RICHIE

I would like all the Xanax, yes!

Sam chuckles at this. Richie looks at her.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

You know I'm down for whatever with you, right? We gotta go to serial killer central, we go to serial killer central.

SAM

You're sweet.

RICHIE

(serious)

Can I ask you one question though? You have any idea why someone wearing that mask would want to kill your sister?

Sam looks out the window at this. Not meeting his eye.

SAM

No.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - EVENING

Sam and Richie walk down a Woodsboro Hospital hallway on their way to Tara's recovery room.

Sam squeezes Richie's hand, takes a breath, and enters...

INT. HOSPITAL - TARA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam sees Tara and stops in her tracks. She isn't a pretty sight. Around the room are Amber, Mindy, Wes, and Chad. Amber glares at Sam as she goes to Tara's side.

SAM

Hey... How you feeling?

TARA

(weak)

You came.

SAM

Of course I did. Wes called me.

(off her look)

This is my boyfriend, Richie.

AMBER

You brought a date?

TARA

Don't start...

Richie squats next to Tara.

RICHIE

It's very nice to meet you and I hope I'm not intruding.

Tara smiles at him as Chad, Mindy, and Wes embrace Sam.

SAM

This is Chad and Mindy, the twins, and Wes Hicks. I used to babysit them all.

WES

Which is always how I like to be introduced.

Richie shakes their hands in turn as Sam looks back to Tara.

SAM

Where's Mom?

TARA

She was here earlier-

AMBER

For all of ten minutes. Look, Tara's really tired, and there are like a lot of people in here, so...

TARA

It's okay. I want her to stay.

Sam smiles, grateful.

SAM

I was thinking... I could sleep here tonight.

TARA

I'd like that.

Amber opens her mouth, but Wes places a hand on her shoulder.

WES

Maybe we should let them catch up.

Amber looks to Tara, who subtly nods. Amber, obviously a little hurt, but plants a kiss on Tara's forehead anyway.

AMBER

Text me if you need anything. You want this back for tonight?

She fingers a SILVER NECKLACE she wears. Sam notices.

TARA

No, you keep it. For luck.

Tara nods and goes. Wes, Mindy and Chad say their goodbyes and file out, along with Richie. Leaving the sisters alone. Not knowing what to say. Tara opens her mouth, but-

SAM

You gave her Dad's necklace?

TARA

It was mine to give.

SAM

It's the only thing he gave you-

TARA

You know, maybe Amber was right-

SAM

No. Shit, I'm sorry- I love you. Can we start over?

Tara nods. Eyes starting to fill with tears.

TARA

I was so scared...

Sam holds her sobbing sister. A rift begins to heal.

EXT. CORNER POCKET - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A pool hall where kids not old enough to drink hang out. Chad waits as Liv parks and gets out of her car. They kiss.

CHAD

So I was thinking about what Amber was saying. We've been together for awhile now, right? And I don't want to be the stereotypical jock who's trying to get into his girlfriend's pants-

LIV

Great!

She kisses him on the cheek and heads inside. Chad blinks. Not the way he saw that going.

INT. CORNER POCKET - NIGHT

SMACK! Amber breaks a new game, the balls ricochet. Some find pockets. Mindy holds a cue, frowning at the decent break. Wes nurses a Coke at a nearby table.

Chad and Liv arrive. Liv looks into the bar section at a white lady laughing hysterically as she guzzles white wine. Almost falling off her stool. SUSAN (40).

LIV

Jesus, is that Tara's Mom?

WES

Keeping it classy.

LIV

So what's she like? The sister?

CHAD

Sam's cool.

MINDY

You're just saying that because she let you wear Pokemon onesies to bed for a year.

Amber misses her shot, Mindy lines up hers. As she speaks, Amber tipples whiskey from her flask into everyone's Cokes.

AMBER

Trust me, Sam's not "cool."  
(to Liv)

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

Her Dad left her Mom, right? Walks right out when Tara's 8, Sam's 13. Tara just needs someone to lean on, to get through it, but Sam goes nuts. Starts drinking, doing drugs, getting arrested, hooking up with half the dudes in town-

CHAD

I, for one, support that kind of behavior-

Liv smacks him.

AMBER

Then Sam leaves town on her 18th birthday and ghosts them all. Abandons Tara at 13 to deal with...  
(points to Susan)  
...that. Trust me, Sam's not the good guy in all this.

Wes covers his own soda before Amber can spike it.

WES

I'd prefer to stay sharp, thanks.  
(off Amber's eye roll)  
So what, you're going to protect Tara from her own sister now?

AMBER

She's my girlfriend, so yeah.

WES

She was my girlfriend too.

AMBER

For like five minutes. Relax.

WES

It would have been a lot longer if you hadn't swooped in.

AMBER

Tara made the first move, bud. The heart wants what it wants.

Mindy takes a break from running the table. Studies Wes.

MINDY

Hm. Motive.

WES

What?

MINDY

"If I can't have her, no one can."

WES

Fuck you, Mindy-

MINDY

Nothing personal. We're all suspects. Except maybe Liv.

LIV

Thank you.

MINDY

You're way too boring to be a psycho.

Liv blinks. Points to her pink hair.

LIV

Um, hello? Wes is the boring one.

MINDY

No, Wes is the goody-goody. And you know who has pink hair? Boring people who dye their hair pink so they feel less boring.

Liv, about to retort when --

VINCE (O.S.)

Hey, Liv.

The group turns to see Vince hovering. Menacing.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Buy you a real drink? Or are you happy at the kids' table?

Liv shudders. Chad gets in his face.

CHAD

Look, Uglier Michael Myers, it was a Summer fling. You need to get the fuck over it. I'd be happy to help you with that.

VINCE

I'd be happy to open you up.

SHICK. Out comes Vince's switchblade. Chad freezes.

OVER THE SHOULDER of a SILVER-HAIRED DRUNK at the bar. Gets off his stool with effort due to a pronounced LIMP...

DRUNK

Put that thing away, Vince. You  
don't want anyone to get hurt.

Vince turns to confront the drunk and we see-

Oh shit, it's DEWEY RILEY. Worse for goddamn wear. Barely  
upright. The last decade etched deeply into his face.

DEWEY

Why don't you leave these kids  
alone and come have a drink with me-

VINCE

Fuck you, Riley.

BAM! Vince's fist collides with the side of Dewey's head.  
Dewey drops. But Vince doesn't stop there. He PUMMELS Dewey  
as Chad tries unsuccessfully to pull him off

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Cops are on their way, Vince!

Vince looks over to see the Bartender holding a phone.  
Reluctantly gets off Dewey, eye-fucking Chad the whole time.

VINCE

See you around, Liv.

EXT. CORNER POCKET - CONTINUOUS

Vince stumbles to the side of the building and takes a leak  
on the wall. Part necessity, mostly spite.

VINCE

Fuuuuuuck this barrrrrrrrrrrr!

*A shape passes behind him.*

Vince shakes it off, zips up and walks to his pick-up. Gets  
in, angrily slams the door and revs his engine.

I/E. VINCE'S TRUCK/COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Vince speeds down a country road. A THWAPPING sound. The  
truck's pulling left. What the fuck?

VINCE

Motherfucker...

He pulls over. WIDE OPEN FIELDS on both sides of the road...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Vince finds his right rear tire is FLAT. A KNIFE sticking out of it. Vince, livid

VINCE  
Riley, you piece of shit.

Vince goes to the covered truck bed, about to open the tailgate when he pauses. Vince's an idiot, but even idiots know that masked killers jump out of things like truck beds.

He girds himself... pops the latch, opens the gate... Nothing. He exhales. Takes out the spare and the jack.

TIME CUT TO Vince as he raises the truck with the jack. CRANK. CRANK. CRANK. About to tackle the first lug nut when he hears it: DRIP. DRIP. DRIP...?

Vince squats down. It's BRAKE FLUID leaking from a cut line.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

Vince retrieves his tool box from the bed and SHIMMIES UNDER THE TRUCK. Rummages for tape for an emergency temp fix...

VINCE (CONT'D)  
So fucking dead. Try and kill me?  
I will fuck you the fuck up.

And then... FOOTSTEPS crunching gravel on the shoulder of the road. But from where? There haven't been any cars. Nothing but empty space for as far as the eye can see.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Who's there?

Black, muddy boots appear in Vince's field of vision.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
You can fuck off, I got this!

But the booted individual does not fuck off. Rather, the fringes of a Ghostface robe descend into view.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
I said-

SHUNK. A butcher knife sinks into the flesh of Vince's thigh! He screams and tucks his legs under the truck!

VINCE (CONT'D)  
I'll fucking kill you, Riley!

Vince scrabbles to the other side, starts to slide out -- SLASH! A deep gash appears on his forearm. He yelps and retreats under the truck again.

WHAM! The jack is kicked out and the truck bottom nearly smashes Vince's face in.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
FUCK YOU!!

Then... the engine starts.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
No. No fucking way-

Vince rolls out on the driver's side and rises, expecting to find his attacker in the driver's seat...

But GHOSTFACE is waiting in the bed of the truck! He BURIES HIS KNIFE in Vince's face and we SMASH TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Sam's eyes shoot open and she JOLTS AWAKE! Dozed off in a chair next to Tara's bed. She looks to her sister, still asleep. Safe. Okay. Looks to the other chair...

Richie sits, airpods in, watching his phone. Moving a lot, really into whatever he's watching. Like he's ducking punches from the bad guy. He blinks, sees she's awake.

RICHIE  
You okay?

SAM  
Bad dream. I thought you were going to the hotel.

RICHIE  
*Stab's on Netflix, I got sucked in.*  
(off her look)  
What? I want to be prepared.

Sam shakes her head.

SAM  
I gotta find a bathroom.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sam pads down the hall. Very quiet. Passing an empty nurses' station. Finds a bathroom by the elevators...

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam washes her hands. Splashes cold water on her face. Looks at herself in the mirror... Sees a FIGURE standing behind her and...

It's BILLY LOOMIS. Skeet Ulrich himself, standing there, age appropriate, in our movie and *What. The Actual. Fuck?*

BILLY

How you doing, Sam? Kind of a fucked up situation, wouldn't you say?

He says it casually. And rather than jumping, Sam just dries her hands and face. Like she's ignoring someone annoying.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Gotta be tough for you, everyone talking about me again. And coming back here, opening up old wounds...

She pulls a bottle from her pocket and pops a pill.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Anti-psychotics aren't working as well as they used to, are they?

Sam exhales and finally looks at Billy in the mirror.

SAM

Fuck you.

BILLY

Booze used to keep me away, but then you had to go to pills and now who knows what it's gonna take?

Sam doesn't respond, just heads for the bathroom door...

BILLY (CONT'D)

When are you going to tell her?

This stops Sam in her tracks.

SAM

Tell who?

Billy smiles at her through the mirror.

BILLY

Your sister. When are you gonna tell her why all this is happening?

Sam's jaw works. But before she can respond, her phone rings. She looks at it, grateful for the distraction. Caller ID is *Amber Freeman*. Sam answers.

SAM

Hello?

It's not Amber, it's a Voice we know.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello, Samantha.

SAM

Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)

Someone who knows your secret.  
What's your favorite *Stab* movie,  
Sam? I'm guessing it's the one  
with Billy Loomis in it.

SAM

You're the fuck who hurt my sister-

VOICE (O.S.)

She's not the only one I'm going to  
hurt. I had to get you to come  
back here somehow, didn't I?

SAM

You want to fuck with me, asshole?  
I'm right here, come and get me.

VOICE (O.S.)

With pleasure.

And the bathroom door bursts open to reveal GHOSTFACE! Sam screams and ducks the knife slash! The blade impales itself in the stall door!

Ghostface tries to pull it out as Sam tries to run past --

WHAM! He punches her straight in the face. She goes down hard. He rips the knife out of the stall door, advancing! Sam, scrambling backwards --

SAM

*Help! Help me!*

He slashes down at her, but she kicks him in the leg! He buckles as Sam rises. Sees the door beyond Ghostface.

In one quick move she LEAPS OVER HIM as he slashes at her! Sticks the landing, barrels out the door into --

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

She bolts towards the Nurses's station.

SAM

*Help, somebody's trying to kill me!*

Rounds a corner and- WHAM! Collides with a DEPUTY who was running towards her! Stationed there to watch over Tara.

DEPUTY VINSON

What's going on-?

SAM

A man in the bathroom just tried to kill me, call the cops!

DEPUTY VINSON

I am the cops-

SAM

*Call more cops!*

The Deputy pulls his gun. Looks around the corner.

DEPUTY VINSON

That bathroom?

Sam nods.

DEPUTY VINSON (CONT'D)

Stay back.

He moves towards it. Sam watches him. Snatches a pair of scissors off the Nurse's station just in case. The Deputy reaches the door. Kicks it open...

Nothing. The bathroom's empty. Window at the other end open, wind blowing through the place. He lowers his gun...

SAM

You check the stalls?

He raises his gun again. Steps inside. Sam watches from the hall as he checks each stall. Kicking them open one by one. Comes upon the last one... She tenses... We tense...

He kicks it open. Empty. Ghostface is gone. Sam exhales.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now will you call the cops?

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - ESTABLISH

The teens' cars parked out front among the police cruisers.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Chad, Wes, Mindy and Amber sit on a bench at the front of the Sheriff's Department. Chad is speaking sotto to Wes.

CHAD

...I mean, she even slept with Vince, you know? Liv is not known for her conservative values. Is it me? Am I not as hot as I've been led to believe?

WES

You're a suspect in a murder, and this is what you're worried about?

CHAD

(shrugs)

We're not all single virgins, Wes.

Wes eyes Amber, who's texting with Tara.

WES

Well, maybe that'll change soon.

It takes a moment for Chad to take his meaning.

CHAD

You think- Wait, you actually think Tara- That she'd leave *that...* to come back to you?!

Wes shushes him, but Chad's escalating cackles result in the rare Dom Deluise silent laugh. Liv returns.

MINDY

Does Wes's mom think it's you? Because of the stalking? Did you use my "boring" defense?

Liv looks back towards Judy's office.

LIV

I think she has her eye on someone else, actually...

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - SHERRIF HICKS'S OFFICE - SAME

Judy looks at Dewey with pity as he holds an ice pack to his quickly-bruising face.

JUDY

Dewey. You know why you're here?

DEWEY

Your deputy told me. Vince Schneider was found murdered right after he used my skull as a piñata. Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy.

Judy, shocked.

JUDY

You used to be a nice guy, Dewey.

DEWEY

I'm still a nice guy, Judy. I'm just tired.

JUDY

Where did you go after you left the bar?

DEWEY

Home.

JUDY

Did you... drive in this condition?

DEWEY

What condition? Injured? Or drunk?

JUDY

Dammit, Dewey, I have to clear you. Just tell me-

DEWEY

I didn't do it. My neighbor saw me come home.

Judy relaxes at the mention of an alibi.

JUDY

The person who tried to kill Tara Carpenter last night was wearing a Ghostface mask.

DEWEY

I heard.

JUDY

We think this murder is connected.  
(beat)

(MORE)

JUDY (CONT'D)

No one has more experience with Ghostface killings than you.

DEWEY

I can think of a couple people.

Judy goes to him. Sincere.

JUDY

What I'm saying is, I could really use your help... Sheriff.

DEWEY

Can I go now?

Judy eyes him. Sad. Disappointed. A little pissed.

JUDY

What happened to you?

Dewey doesn't answer. Rises to leave his old office when the door flies open and another Deputy enters at a run.

DEPUTY FARNEY

There's been another Ghostface attack over at the hospital, he tried to kill the Carpenter girl's sister!

Judy looks over to Dewey who picks up his coat.

DEWEY

Good luck.

He heads out the door, wanting nothing to do with it.

INT. HOSPITAL - TARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sam sits next to Tara, who's watching her protectively. Richie and Amber next to them as Sheriff Judy questions Sam.

JUDY

He called you on your phone?

SAM

Yes.

(looks over at Amber)

It was Amber's number.

AMBER

He must've cloned my phone when he stole it and pretended to be me.

RICHIE  
Yeah. Or you did it.

Judy turns to Richie.

JUDY  
And where were you when this happened?

RICHIE  
(lamely)  
I was... watching Netflix.

AMBER  
Super solid alibi, bro.

RICHIE  
So where were *you*?

AMBER  
Me? I was at the police station *talking to the Sheriff*. But, you know, the Netflix alibi's good too-

JUDY  
Both of you, *stop it*.

SAM  
You're gonna put more cops on her room, right?

JUDY  
We're stretched really thin, the best we can do is move you to a private floor. Deputy Vinson knows what he's doing. You'll be safe.

SAM  
Like we've been so far?

JUDY  
(icy smile)  
Samantha, let's step outside.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sam follows Judy into the hall. Deputy Vinson sits by the door. Sam, regressing to her teenage "bad girl" persona.

SAM  
Really great to see you again, Deputy Hicks, so many fun memories-

JUDY

I remember you, too. You are *not* a good kid. All you ever did was hurt the people around you. You want to keep Tara safe? Maybe when the sun comes up, you hit the road.

Judy heads down the hall. Sam watches her go. Deputy Vinson just keeps thumbing his phone, pretending he didn't hear.

INT. HOSPITAL - TARA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam re-enters the room.

SAM

Well, she remains a delight.

TARA

Are you okay?

She exhales and then looks to the others, deciding.

SAM

There's something I need to talk to Tara about, can you guys give us a minute?

AMBER

(sighs, to Richie)  
Come on, Netflix, let's go.

Richie looks to Sam, she nods yes. Go. They do. Sam turns back to Tara when they close the door. Alone.

SAM

Do you remember when Dad left?

TARA

Parts, sure, I was eight. What does that have to do with-

SAM

It has to do with it.  
(deep breath)  
You remember how Mom used to keep those boxes up in the attic? Well, I was up there looking for Christmas presents once when I was thirteen and in one of those boxes she had all these old diaries that she kept from high school-

TARA

Sam, what's-

SAM

I just need to do this, okay? She had these diaries, and I knew it was wrong, but I read some. Because she got pregnant with me in high school and I thought it would be cool to find out how she and Dad got together. How romantic it must have been, right?

Tara stares at her.

SAM (CONT'D)

So I read them. And it wasn't romantic. She was dating Dad, but she slept with this other guy who got her pregnant, and she told Dad it was his and that's why he proposed senior year and-

TARA

(panic rising)

What are you *talking* about?

SAM

And I'm sitting there in the attic and I'm thirteen and I just found out my Dad isn't my Dad, so I go find Mom in the bedroom, and I'm screaming at her, and shoving the diary in her face, and I didn't even realize that Dad was standing right behind me.

Tara stares at her, stricken.

SAM (CONT'D)

He didn't know. He found out right then, from me. He left that night. I'm the reason he left.

TARA

No, no that's not-

SAM

Mom never forgave me. And she made me promise never to tell you. You were so young and-

Tara, shaking her head-

TARA

No, no, *no*-

SAM

And that's why I got distant and weird and did every drug I could get my hands on-

Tara's crying now-

TARA

*Goddammit-*

SAM

Not just because I destroyed our family, but because the diary told me who my Dad really was-

TARA

Sam, please-

Sam, crying too now, confession almost complete-

SAM

It was Billy Loomis.

Horror on Tara's face...

SAM (CONT'D)

And I think that's why you got hurt. Somebody knows. And I'm so fucking sorry that I never told you and I ran away from it and I-

TARA

Get out.

Sam blinks, shocked.

SAM

Tara-

TARA

You're gone five years and then I get stabbed and you dump this- this *shit* on me?! I- I can't-

SAM

Tara-

TARA

*Get the fuck out!*

She grabs a water cup from her bedside and hurls it at her sister. Sam, weeping, backs out the door. No other option. Confession done.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sam steps into the hall, trying to collect herself. Bumps into Richie, who was clearly listening at the door.

SAM

Were you listening at the door?

RICHIE

I would never-

(off her look)

Okay, I was listening at the door. You know you could have told me about this earlier, right?

SAM

It doesn't freak you out that my real father was a serial killer?

RICHIE

Of course it does! Very much so!

SAM

So go home. I get it. But I have to stay and figure this out.

RICHIE

I'm not leaving you here, Sam.

Sam wipes her eyes, looking at him.

SAM

You know the part in horror movies where you want to yell at the characters to be smart and get the fuck out? This is that part. You should get the fuck out.

Richie swallows.

RICHIE

I know. But I'm staying. I love you.

SAM

You're a dumbass.

RICHIE

*Such* a dumbass.

He hugs her. Kisses her. She kisses back. When they break-

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Okay. So your sister won't talk to you and the police won't help. What's our next move?

SAM

We go talk to an expert.

INT. DEWEY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Cramped, messy. Dishes piled high. Some framed photos. DEWEY and GALE's wedding day. Dewey's late sister, TATUM.

Alarm goes off. Dewey blinks awake. Head throbbing from a hangover and his injuries. Wearing last night's clothes.

Stumbles to the coffee maker. Finds a bottle of bourbon not completely drained. Pours it into a mug before the coffee.

He shambles to a ratty sofa and clicks on the TV. The clock reads 7:00 AM. The TV is already tuned to NBC. The TODAY SHOW begins with its hosts, Hoda Kotb and...

GALE

Preparations are underway this morning for Halloween in our Nation's Capitol...

...GALE WEATHERS. Strong, confident. Happy. Dewey smiles. Takes a sip of his spiked coffee. This is his sad morning ritual. Every day. Hair of the dog and a ghost from the past. He turns up the volume.

GALE (CONT'D)

It's so cold, I swear I'm going to Trick or Treat in a snuggie...

Hoda and Dewey chuckle. There's a KNOCK at the door...

DEWEY

Go away!

EXT. DEWEY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Sam and Richie, outside Dewey's door.

SAM

We're sorry to bother you, Mr. Riley, we just want to ask you a few questions-

DEWEY (O.S.)

I don't give interviews!

SAM  
We're not looking for an interview-

DEWEY (O.S.)  
Go away or I'll call the police!

SAM  
You're a suspect in a homicide, so  
go ahead, call the police!

A long pause as he processes this and then...

DEWEY (O.S.)  
You're being an A-hole!

Richie shrugs at her - "you kind of are."

DEWEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Give me one good reason why I  
should talk to you!

SAM  
I'm Billy Loomis's daughter!

Silence from inside. Then we hear a DEADBOLT TURN. Dewey  
opens the door a crack, looks Sam up and down.

DEWEY  
That's a terrible reason for me to  
talk to you.

SAM  
My sister was stabbed seven times  
by Ghostface. I know you know what  
that's like. I just want to keep  
my family safe.

Dewey's eyes flit to his photos. His sister, TATUM.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
Five minutes, that's all I'm  
asking.

Dewey looks at her, considering.

DEWEY  
You have two. I'm missing a show I  
like.

INT. DEWEY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Dewey shows them in. Reaches for the remote, but not before  
Sam and Richie see Gale on the Today Show.

RICHIE

Gale Weathers. Weren't you two-

Dewey clicks off the TV and eyes Richie warily.

DEWEY

Who's he?

SAM

My boyfriend.

DEWEY

How long have you known him?

SAM

Six months. Why?

Dewey rolls his eyes at this.

RICHIE

What?

DEWEY

(to Sam)

Did he know who your dad was when you met? Express any interest in Woodsboro or the Ghostface killings?

RICHIE

What the hell are you talking about-

DEWEY

Your killer's obsessed with the *Stab* movies, right?

(takes a drink)

Well there are certain rules to surviving a *Stab* movie, believe me, I know. Rule One, never trust the love interest. They seem sweet, they seem great, and then in the third act they try and rip your head off.

RICHIE

I was with Sam in Modesto when Tara was attacked-

DEWEY

And let me guess, you were in the next room and completely unaccounted for when she was attacked in the hospital?

Richie turns to Sam.

RICHIE

Do I really have to take this from Bourbon O'Clock here?

DEWEY

Rule Two, the killer's motive always has something to do with the past. Billy killed everyone because of Sid's Mom. Then Billy's Mom killed everyone 'cause of Billy. The point is, this stuff is always rooted in something from back in the day-

SAM

I'm related to Billy and Tara's related to me, which makes sense-

RICHIE

But then why kill that random Vince guy? It doesn't fit the profile-

DEWEY

That's your job to figure out. And Rule 3, and this is the most important, the first victim always has a friend group that the killer is a part of. Does your sister have a close-knit group of friends?

Sam and Richie exchange a look.

SAM

She does.

DEWEY

Then that's where you'll find the killer. Maybe it's the nice one, maybe the funny one, maybe the quirky one - any and all of them could be your murderer. You find out why they're doing this, you can figure out who's next.

He drains his mug. Goes to pour another. Sam follows him.

SAM

So help us. Help figure out who's behind this-

DEWEY

You're kidding, right? I've been stabbed eleven times, almost died twice. I have permanent nerve damage and a fun little limp. You think I want go through it again?

SAM

It always goes back to the past, right? If I'm in danger, you're in danger. So let's do this together.

Dewey stares at her for a moment. As if considering. Then:

DEWEY

Your time's up.

He turns on the TV again. Al Roker's doing the weather. Sam exhales. Heads for the door. Richie follows.

EXT. DEWEY'S TRAILER - MORNING

Sam and Richie step outside.

RICHIE

Yeah, he's way more fun in the movies. What's next?

SAM

The friends.

INT. DEWEY'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

Dewey takes another sip of his drink. Sees his OLD HOLSTER and GUN hang on the wall. He looks at them.

He shakes his head, drains the glass. There's something he knows he has to do. Pulls out his phone. Dialing...

EXT. SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - MORNING

A beautiful affluent suburban street, looking out on the water. We hear the phone ringing inside...

INT. SEATTLE HOME - MORNING

A FATHER helps his eight year-old and six year-old DAUGHTERS pull on their sneakers by the front door, trying to get them out the door for school. Much giggling is occurring.

Chaotic domestic bliss. The MOM picks up her cordless phone in the kitchen. And as she answers we realize it's

SIDNEY

Hello?

SIDNEY PRESCOTT. Beautiful as ever. But different somehow. At peace. The victim no more. As unkind as life has been to Dewey, it's been kind to Sid. INTERCUT:

DEWEY

Hey, Sid. It's me.

SIDNEY

Dewey? Oh my God! How long has it been? I haven't-

(to one daughter)

Hey, do you have your backpack?

(off her look)

Then you need to go get it, you have one minute before you get in the car.

(to Dewey)

Sorry, we're trying and failing to get the kids out the door for school. How are you?

Dewey looks around at his surroundings and lies.

DEWEY

Good. Really good. How's Mark?

Sidney smiles as she looks over at her husband, who is helping search for the errant backpack.

SIDNEY

Eh, I think I might keep him. How are things in the Sheriff business?

DEWEY

They're- they're okay. But Sid-

SIDNEY

Have you talked to Gale recently?

Dewey swallows.

DEWEY

Not in a few years. You?

SIDNEY

Not since her big promotion. She was supposed to be out here last year, but then they had to go cover a hurricane or something.

(exhales)

(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I know it didn't end well with you guys, but-

DEWEY

It's happening again, Sid.

Sidney goes very still at this.

SIDNEY

What are you talking about?

DEWEY

Some idiot in a Ghostface mask. Three attacks so far, one dead. But something about this one feels different-

SIDNEY

Are you okay?

DEWEY

You know me, Sid.

SIDNEY

Yeah, I do. That's why I'm asking.

DEWEY

I'm fine. I just wanted you to hear it from me and not on the news. I want you to be safe up there. Do you have a gun?

On Sidney. Looks like little Suzie Homemaker in her Nancy Myers kitchen. She smiles.

SIDNEY

Dewey, it's me. Of course I have a fucking gun.

Dewey smiles despite himself.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Does Gale know?

DEWEY

She's my next call. But Sid, promise me, no matter what happens or what you see on the news, don't come here.

SIDNEY

No offense, Dewey, but I wouldn't go back to Woodsboro if you paid me. I'm never setting foot in that town again.

DEWEY

Good. That's good.

Sidney frowns at the tremble in his voice.

SIDNEY

Whoever this killer's after, I'm glad they have you to protect them. Just make sure you stay safe.

Oof. Dewey slumps. Barely manages to respond.

DEWEY

Will do.

SIDNEY

It's good to hear your voice, Dewey.

DEWEY

Yeah, you too.

He hangs up before she can say goodbye. Too hard for him.

Then he pulls up GALE'S NUMBER. His thumb hovers over the 'call' button. Can't bring himself to do it. Instead, he presses the text button. Writes:

*Ghostface is back. Don't come here.*

He sends it. Looks at it. Seems a little dry. Adds:

*Hope you're doing well. :)*

Sends that too. Then frowns.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Probably shouldn't have sent the smiley face...

He types more.

*I still-*

He stops. Stares at the blinking cursor. Nope. Deletes it. Reaches for his drink... And catches sight of the Tatum picture, staring back at him.

He puts it face down. Doesn't want her to see him like this. But doing that reveals something behind it on the bookcase...

His tarnished old SHERIFF'S BADGE.

He picks it up. Staring at. It glints. And we CUT TO...

EXT. MEEKS-MARTINEZ HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Suburban block. Sam and Richie climb out of their Prius.

RICHIE

So this is where Mindy and Chad live?

Sam opens her mouth to respond, then sees something. Smiles.

SAM

Holy shit... he came.

Richie follows her gaze to see DEWEY step out of his car. Gun on his hip. Limping across the street to them.

DEWEY

I've decided to temporarily assist in your investigation.

SAM

Thank you.

Dewey walks past them as Richie turns to Sam.

RICHIE

Oh good, the drunk guy has a gun now.

INT. MEEKS-MARTINEZ HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Doorbell rings. Mindy answers the door to reveal Sam, Richie, and a cleaned-up Dewey. Mindy leads them inside.

SAM

Thanks for letting us come by.

MINDY

Are you kidding? The chance to talk to two Ghostface survivors and a potential future victim? I'm in.

RICHIE

Wait, am I a survivor or the victim?

MINDY

Oh, you're so cute.

She leads them down a hall.

RICHIE

So how do you know so much about  
the *Stab* movies?

DEWEY

Runs in the family.

Dewey motions to a picture hanging next to a massive 4K TV and blu-ray collection: RANDY MEEKS, in a school photo. A plaque underneath - "RANDY MEEKS MEMORIAL HOME THEATER."

MINDY

Randy was our uncle. R.I.P.

Mindy opens the doors to the living room, where Chad, Liv, Wes and Amber sit. They don't look pleased to see Sam.

MINDY (CONT'D)

You said to bring everybody.

MARTHA MEEKS (from *Scream 3*), mother of Chad and Mindy and sister of Randy, enters with a tray of snacks.

MARTHA

Ooh. Suspects. My brother would  
be so proud.

DEWEY

Good to see you, Martha.

They hug as CARLOS MARTINEZ, Chad and Mindy's dad, pops in. Gregarious, built like a linebacker, loves his kids.

CARLOS

Hey gang! Chad, you get your  
cardio in today?

CHAD

You know it!

CARLOS

My boy's gonna be the fastest wide  
receiver on the team this year!

(to Mindy)

How 'bout you, Melinda? Make it  
through *The Dekalog* yet?

MINDY

I'm still on Part 3. It's so depressing!

CARLOS

Gotta eat your vegetables, kid! It can't all be sugar content slasher movies if you're gonna be a filmmaker one day! You have to have a well-rounded respect for world cinema of all genres!

MARTHA

Okay kids, you have fun now!

And with that, the Meeks-Martinez parents exit. TIMECUT TO:

INT. MEEKS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sam sits on the couch with Richie and Dewey, across from Mindy, Chad, Liv, and Wes, who look stunned at what they've just heard. Chad stares at Dewey.

CHAD

You really think it's one of us?

DEWEY

Historically speaking, at least one of the killers was from the friend group 75% of the time.

MINDY

Makes sense... We all know Tara, we all left the bar right after Vince did, any one of us could have killed him-

SAM

(shaking her head)  
But the killer said he knew my secret about Billy. I think he attacked Tara to lure me back here.

CHAD

So?

SAM

So why then immediately go murder some guy who was stalking Liv?

From the other side of the room:

WES

Maybe because he beat the shit out of Deputy Dewey here. Maybe he's the killer.

(to Dewey)

No offense.

DEWEY

None taken. But what's my motive?

WES

You got stabbed a billion times, got dumped by your famous wife and crawled into a bottle. I think it's safe to say you make the suspect list.

AMBER

Um... Vince is not unconnected...

Everyone turns to Amber, who's staring at her phone.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I Googled him. His Mom is Leslie Macher, Stu Macher's sister.

LIV

Who's Stu Macher?

MINDY

Billy Loomis' accomplice, Liv, try and keep up.

Liv shoots her the finger.

SAM

So the first three attacks are all on people related to the original killers. It's almost like he's taking revenge against them-

MINDY

(an epiphany)

Oh my God... he's making a *re-quel*.

The others stare at her.

SAM

A what?

MINDY

Or a *Legacy-quel*. Fans are torn on the terminology-

CHAD  
Speak. English.

MINDY  
Okay, okay, remember the *Stab* movie  
that came out last year?

Liv brightens at this.

LIV  
Oh yeah, the one the *Knives Out* guy  
directed, right? I really liked it-

MINDY  
Of course you did, you have  
terrible taste. But the hardcore  
*Stab* fans hated it. You go on  
4Chan and Dreddit, all they're  
talking about is how *Stab 8* pisses  
on their childhood, how there's no  
connection to the original films,  
how the main character's a Mary Sue-

RICHIE  
What's a Mary Sue-?

WES  
You really don't want to know.

MINDY  
There was even a petition to have  
the studio pretend *Stab 8* never  
happened and shoot a new movie "for  
the fans"-

SAM  
But it's just a movie-

MINDY  
Not to some people. To some, the  
original's their favorite thing in  
the world - the movie that made  
them love horror, that opened up a  
whole new world, that Mom or Dad  
showed them when they were ten that  
bonded them together. And God help  
anyone who slightly fucks with that  
special memory, who makes a movie  
they think disrespects it.  
(deep breath)  
It sounds like our killer's writing  
his own version of *Stab 8*, but  
doing it as a re-quel.

DEWEY

Which is?

Mindy gets to her feet, happy he asked.

MINDY

See, you can't just reboot a franchise from scratch anymore, fans won't stand for it. *Black Christmas, Child's Play, Flatliners*—that shit doesn't work. But you can't just do a straight sequel, either — you gotta build something new, but not too new, or the Internet goes bug fucking nuts. It's gotta be part of an ongoing story, even if the story shouldn't have been ongoing in the first place. New main characters, yes, but supported by and related to legacy characters. Not quite a reboot, not quite a sequel. Like the new *Halloween, Saw, Terminator, Jurassic Park, Ghostbusters*, fuck, even *Star Wars*. It always goes back to the original.

Sam stares at her, horrified.

SAM

Are you telling me I'm caught in the middle of *fan-fucking-fiction*?!

MINDY

Not just in the middle. You're the star.

AMBER

So, not to put too fine a point on it, but according to re-quel rules... who's next?

MINDY

Going by the pattern, whoever it is has to be connected to someone that came before.

Everyone slowly turns to look at Dewey.

DEWEY

I'm starting to regret coming here.

WES

My mom was a character in *Stab 4*—

MINDY

Nobody cares about the inferior  
shitty sequels, Wes, you're safe.

(to Chad)

With Randy as our Uncle, though,  
you and I are probably screwed.

CHAD

Wait, *what?*

RICHIE

Or... one or both of you are the  
killer, and this elaborate  
monologue is just bullshit to cover  
your tracks.

MINDY

(patronizing)

Please, I think it's pretty clear  
who the killer is at this point...

SAM

Who?

MINDY

You. I mean, obviously.

Sam blinks.

SAM

Excuse me?

MINDY

You're Billy Loomis's daughter!  
Who better to inherit the mantle  
and carry the series forward?  
You hurt Tara but don't kill her,  
which gives you a reason to come  
back to Woodsboro and go on your  
rampage, getting revenge on the  
town for the death of your father.  
It makes perfect sense!

CHAD

It kinda does, actually...

Liv nods too. Even Dewey's giving her the hairy eyeball.  
Sam stares at them, trying to control her emotions...

MINDY

Sorry, but I don't make the rules-

SAM

There are no rules. This isn't a game, or a joke, or a movie. Real people's lives are at stake-

MINDY

I know. And you're probably the one who's going to kill them.

Sam stands. Fists balled. Doesn't know how to respond. So she turns for the door. Leaving. Richie follows her out. Dewey glares at Mindy.

DEWEY

You know, Randy may have accused us all of being the killer too, but he was a lot nicer about it.

EXT. MEEKS-MARTINEZ HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Sam storms out of the house, Richie trailing behind.

RICHIE

Just for the record, I don't think you're the killer.

SAM

*Thanks?*

RICHIE

I just meant-

SAM

I'm gonna take a drive. Can you Uber back to the hotel?

RICHIE

Yeah, I'm sorry, I just-

SAM

It's fine. I'm fine.  
(gets in the car)  
Make sure you keep the hotel room door locked.

Starts the car. As she pulls out, Richie shouts after her-

RICHIE

That's not reassuring!

EXT. CARPENTER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tara's house from the opening scene. Crime scene tape still hangs on the porch. Sam stares at it. So many memories. So much fresh horror. She has her phone to her ear.

TARA (O.S.)  
 (through phone)  
*You've reached Tara, please leave a message.*

BEEP! Sam takes a deep breath and leaves her message-

SAM  
 Hey. I know you're mad. I know I fucked up. I know I always fuck up. But I'm not gonna leave you this time. I'm gonna figure this out, I swear. And if you never want to talk to me again after, I'll understand.

Interrupted by a CAB pulling up to the curb. Sam turns to see her mother SUSAN stumble out of it. Drunk-weaving up the driveway and it's not even 4:00.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Mom. Jesus.

Susan straightens herself up.

SUSAN  
 Don't you judge me. My daughter's in the hospital-

SAM  
 I know, I-

Susan trips. Sam moves to steady her-

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Here, let me help you-

Susan SMACKS her hand away. Staring at Sam with pure hate.

SUSAN  
 You did this to her, didn't you? Because you're like *him*. Even when you were a kid I could see it in you... and now you've gone and hurt my baby girl...

Susan begins to cry. Sam backs away from her, horrified.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
*Why did you hurt my baby girl?*

Sam turns and RUNS. Leaps into the Prius, engine on, gas pedal to the floor, peeling out...

INT. RICHIE'S PRIUS (MOVING) - DAY

Sam white-knuckles the wheel as she speeds away. Trying to control her breathing. Half-step away from a panic attack.

BILLY (O.S.)  
 So what do you think, is she right?  
 You getting into the family  
 business?

Sam looks to see BILLY in the rear-view mirror. *Fuck.*

SAM  
 I am *really* not in the mood for  
 this-

BILLY  
 Being my daughter doesn't have to  
 be a bad thing, acute psychosis  
 comes with its advantages-

SAM  
 Stop it-

BILLY  
 Someone's messing with your sister.  
 You just gonna let that slide?  
 When Sidney's mom fucked my dad, I  
 dissected her like a frog in  
 Biology class-

SAM  
 I'm not like you, I'm not a killer-

BILLY  
 How else are you going to survive?  
 Accept who you are and let's get  
 out there, find out who's doing  
 this and *cut some fucking throats!*

Sam wrenches the wheel to the left and WHAM! Smashes into a telephone pole. Not going that fast, but the airbag blows - BOOM! The impact throws her back in her seat!

The dust clears. Sam coughs, rubs her chest, then looks to the mirror. Billy's nowhere to be seen.

INT. HICKS HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

The sun, still a half hour from setting. Judy sips a glass of wine as she talks on her phone. Not in uniform anymore, yoga pants and a comfy sweat shirt. At ease.

JUDY

And extra soy. Thank you. I'll be there in ten minutes.

A CHIME precedes a WOMAN'S VOICE from a nearby ADT panel:

HOME SECURITY SYSTEM (O.S.)

*Fault, front door...*

JUDY

(calling out)

Hey, Tiger.

She moves into the living room to find a sweaty and out of breath Wes, fresh from a run.

WES

Hey, Mom.

JUDY

Are you being safe?

Wes produces a can of pepper spray and a taser.

WES

To the point that all my friends mock me, yes. What's for dinner?

JUDY

Sushi. I was just leaving to pick it up.

WES

You don't want to Postmates it?

JUDY

It's always smooshy when it gets here, I know how you hate that. Go take a shower, I'll be back soon. And remember: 7-2-5-8.

WES

7-2-5-8.

She kisses him on the cheek. He pretends to be embarrassed, but walks away smiling. Judy heads out the front door...

HOME SECURITY SYSTEM (O.S.)  
*Fault, front door...*

INT. HICKS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wes strips down and turns on the shower. Puts his cell phone by the sink. Steps inside, closes the sliding door.

I/E. JUDY'S CRUISER/RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

Judy pulls out of the driveway onto her residential street. Nothing feels ominous. Still light out.

INT. HICKS HOUSE - SAME TIME

Yet as we slowly PUSH IN on the shower door, we begin to feel uneasy. A low HUM on the soundtrack reinforces our dread.

I/E. JUDY'S CRUISER/WOODSBORO STREETS - SAME TIME

Judy eyes everyone she sees on the streets and sidewalks. Everyone's a potential suspect. NEWS VANS, CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS draw onlookers. Woodsboro's back in the spotlight.

Her PHONE RINGS. She doesn't recognize the number on the display. Answers anyway via her car's blue-tooth system.

JUDY  
 Sheriff Hicks.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hello, Sheriff Judy.

We recognize The Voice. Judy tenses.

JUDY  
 Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I think you know. I'm a fan of scary movies. And knives. What's your favorite scary movie?

JUDY  
 I prefer animated films and musicals. Why are you doing this?

She picks up her phone and begins texting her DEPUTY:

*Killer on line, need trace-*

VOICE (O.S.)  
 I'll tell you all about it. I'm calling to turn myself in.

JUDY  
I think that's a great idea.

VOICE (O.S.)  
We'll sit down at the station and  
I'll tell you about the two people  
I've killed.

JUDY  
(frowns)  
You've only killed one person.

VOICE (O.S.)  
But by time I see you, I'll have  
guttled your baby boy.

Judy PULLS A SCREECHING U-TURN in traffic and flips on her  
cherries and SIRENS! She ends the call and DIALS WES, racing  
full speed back towards the house...

INT. HICKS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Wes soaps himself up in the shower, oblivious. By the sink,  
Wes's cell phone vibrates impotently. Then we hear...

HOME SECURITY SYSTEM (O.S.)  
*Fault, front door...*

...but Wes doesn't.

I/E. JUDY'S CRUISER/WOODSBORO STREETS - SAME TIME

We hear Wes's phone ring... and ring... and ring...

JUDY  
*Come on! Pick up, Wes!*

Wes's phone goes to voicemail.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
*Fuck!*

She dials 911.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
911, what is your-

JUDY  
*This is Sheriff Hicks, I need units  
to converge on my house ASAP-*

CALL WAITING on Judy's line. Desperate, Judy clicks the  
other call.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Can't get him on the phone, can  
 you? He must be busy.

JUDY  
 How do I know you're anywhere near  
 him?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Ever seen the movie Psycho?

Judy's foot SMASHES THE ACCELERATOR. Horns blare as she  
 swerves in and out of traffic!

JUDY  
 Please... please don't hurt my boy.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Why not?

JUDY  
 (crying)  
 Because... I love him very much.  
 He's a good kid and he never hurt  
 anyone.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 That's not enough.

JUDY  
 Please... I'll do anything...

VOICE (O.S.)  
 You're not going to make it in  
 time, Sheriff Judy.

INT. HICKS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Wes washes the shampoo out of his hair. Is he done? Does he  
 have a chance? Nope. He grabs the conditioner...

EXT. HICKS HOUSE - SAME TIME

Judy's cruiser TEARS DOWN THE STREET towards her house! She  
 drives up the curb- BAM! And over her lawn, barely putting  
 the car in park before flying out of the driver's seat --

JUDY  
*WES!*

She sprints up the steps to the front door --

JUDY (CONT'D)  
*WES, I'M COMING!*

As GHOSTFACE leaps out of the bushes and stabs Judy in the chest! Then does it again! And again!

Judy falls down the stone steps onto her front lawn. Ghostface straddles her, stabbing her in the chest!

She pulls off his mask. RECOGNITION in her eyes... before the light goes out of them.

INT. HICKS HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Wes turns off the water. Steps out of the shower. Puts on a towel. Checks his phone. MISSED CALL from "MOM." He presses the screen, calling her back. Ringing. Nothing.

He frowns. Weird. Must not have been important.

HOME SECURITY SYSTEM (O.S.)  
*Fault, back door...*

Wes cocks his head. Opens the bathroom door and calls out:

WES  
I'll be down in a sec!

He continues to towel off as we hold on him... Then:

HOME SECURITY SYSTEM (O.S.)  
*Fault, master bedroom window....*

Wes, very confused. He slides on a bathrobe.

WES  
Mom?

No response. Wes ventures out of the bathroom...

INT. HICKS HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

We follow Wes downstairs, one agonizing step at a time. He passes the front door, NOW CLOSED.

Cautiously approaches his mother's bedroom. The door's open. He looks inside. The window *is* open --

WES  
Mom...?

HOME SECURITY SYSTEM (O.S.)  
*Fault, kitchen second window...*

Wes through the living room into the kitchen, grabbing his pepper spray as he goes. The kitchen window's drapes flap in the breeze --

WES  
The fuck...?

He's about to pass through the kitchen when --

HOME SECURITY SYSTEM (O.S.)  
*Fault, front door...*

Wes takes a breath. Moves back into the living room. Every muscle in his body tensing.

He creeps towards the now slightly ajar front door. Oh God, is the killer leading him to his mother's butchered body?

He reaches for the knob -- *catches a glimpse of movement in a mirror on the opposite wall* --

DUCKS as Ghostface bursts from a closet behind him! Barely misses getting stuck by the blade! Drops the pepper spray as he braces himself against the wall!

WES  
*Fuck!*

Ghostface lunges at Wes, but he rolls away. Not such an easy target. Wes hurls a decorative plate at Ghostface. It shatters on his skull, slowing him down! Wes darts into

INT. HICKS HOUSE - JUDY'S DEN - AFTERNOON

Slams the door, braces it with an office chair. Wes kneels, pulls up the chair mat, revealing a FLOOR SAFE.

WES  
*7-2-5-8, 7-2-5-8...*

Enters a combo -- 7-2-5-8 -- it opens. Inside, Judy's BACK-UP WEAPON. Wes grabs it --

CRASH! Ghostface bursts through a floor to ceiling window! Glass flies everywhere. Ghostface pins Wes to the wall and they struggle for the gun. Ghostface slowly forces the barrel under Wes's chin...

WES (CONT'D)  
No, no, no, no-

*BLAM!* Wes's head snaps back and slides down the wall. Dead.

INT. RICHIE'S PRIUS - MAGIC HOUR

Sam wrestles the blown airbag out of her sightline and restarts the car. About to pull onto the road when --

BWOOOOOOOP! Police siren. She looks in the sideview mirror - there's a cruiser coming up fast.

SAM

Shit.

Sam leans over to open the glove box for the registration --

WHOOOOOSH. The cruiser speeds by. Followed by another. And another. And another...? Sam slides the Prius in after the last cruiser and follows the motorcade.

EXT. HICKS HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR

Sam parks close to the house. The crime scene is chaos, police tape yet to be put up, so Sam is able to slip through the cracks and get an eyeful of

JUDY HICKS'S BODY. As they cover it with a sheet. Sam's hand goes to her mouth. Looks like she's going to be sick.

DEPUTY FARNEY

Miss? You can't be here.

SAM

Her son, Wes. Is he...?

Sam can read on Farney's face that Wes is dead too.

DEPUTY FARNEY

Please step back.

Sam backs away from the scene. Losing her grip...

SAM

It wasn't you... It wasn't you...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are you okay?

Sam turns and - holy shit - it's GALE WEATHERS in the flesh. Concerned smile on her face. Sam blinks at this celebrity.

GALE

You were kinda talking to yourself.

SAM

(dumbfounded)

You're Gale Weathers...

GALE

I am. Did you know the Sheriff?

SAM

Sort of.  
 (looks towards the body)  
 She didn't like me very much.

GALE

She didn't like me very much  
 either.

Sam shifts, suddenly uncomfortable.

SAM

Look, I'm not really interested in  
 talking to a reporter.

GALE

That's okay, I'm not really  
 interested in interviewing you. I  
 have no idea who you are.

SAM

Oh. Samantha Carpenter. Sam. My  
 sister and I were both attacked.

Gale shakes her hand.

GALE

I'm sorry to hear that. I'm  
 Gale...

She trails off as she sees a familiar face in the distance...  
 DEWEY. Getting the bad news from another deputy.

GALE (CONT'D)

...Riley.  
 (catches herself)  
 Weathers. Gale Weathers. Excuse  
 me.

Gale moves past Sam. Dewey sees her coming. The familiar  
 twang of "Dewey's Theme" plays. The real one, from *Scream 2*,  
 not the inferior imitation from 3 and 4.

The exes come together. Happy to see each other, but sad.

DEWEY

Gale? What are you-

She begins smacking him in the chest repeatedly.

GALE

A text? You tell me Ghostface is  
 back in a text?!

DEWEY

Ow! You were on the air!

GALE

How do you know?

DEWEY

A hunch.

(beat)

You look good. Are you writing?

GALE

No time.

DEWEY

You were always happiest when you were writing-

GALE

(can smell it)

Are you drunk?

DEWEY

Pretty much all the time. I told you not to come.

GALE

And when have I ever listened to you?

DEWEY

You just couldn't resist a good story, could you?

GALE

Don't be an idiot, Dewey. I came because I was worried about you.

Dewey looks past Gale. Sees her CAMERA CREW setting up. Gives her a look. Gale exhales.

GALE (CONT'D)

Okay, yes, my producer does want me to cover this for obvious reasons. But 90% of it was you.

Dewey turns and walks away.

DEWEY

I feel 90% better.

GALE

(following)

Don't be like that.

DEWEY

Didn't seem to care how I was the last couple years, did you?

GALE

That goes both ways. Don't pretend I'm the one who ended things-

DEWEY

No one's pretending, Gale. I remember what happened, despite my drinking habits.

GALE

Why aren't you in uniform?

DEWEY

I'm retired.

GALE

Since when?

Dewey stops, turns to her. It kills him to say:

DEWEY

Since I was asked to.

GALE

Oh, Dewey.

DEWEY

I don't want your pity. I made my choices. So did you.

GALE

It was a great opportunity. You said it was my turn. You said you'd try-

DEWEY

I did-

GALE

For two months.

DEWEY

If you want to make me feel worse than I already do, good luck. It's all I do, all day, every day. The mornings are okay because I get to see you. I get to pretend I'm still at our place in New York, cheering you on and supporting you like you did for me here.

(MORE)

DEWEY (CONT'D)

But somewhere between drinks three and four I remember how I couldn't hack it and freaked out and left in the middle of the night like a coward. I could face a masked killer four times, but I couldn't face a city.

Gale takes this in.

GALE

Why didn't you say all of this then? It would have mattered.

(realizing)

Because you didn't want me to follow you back here. You didn't want to screw things up for me.

DEWEY

That's not it. I already told you. I'm a coward.

GALE

Then what are you doing here? With your gun?

Dewey doesn't have an answer for that.

GALE (CONT'D)

You're a lot of things, Dewey. But you're not a coward. You were just meant to be in Woodsboro.

DEWEY

And you weren't. Promise me you'll leave. As soon as you can. The next flight-

GALE

You know I'm not promising that.

(beat)

I'm sorry about Judy.

DEWEY

Me too.

MEANWHILE. Sam is walking on the periphery of the crime scene. Dials her phone. Ringing...

INT. WOODSBORO MOTEL - EVENING

Richie, lying on the bed, eating pizza, watching *Stab* movies. He's up to *Stab 6*. He answers the phone. INTERCUT:

RICHIE  
Sam, these movies are *fucked up*.

SAM  
Richie...

RICHIE  
There are *no* black people in the first one, so they cast two famous black actors in the second one and then kill them before the opening credits-

SAM  
Richie-

RICHIE  
And apparently gay people didn't exist in this universe until *Stab 4-*

SAM  
*Richie!* He's killed two more people! Wes and his mother.

Richie sits up at this.

RICHIE  
He killed the *Sheriff*? You can do that?  
(shakes it off)  
Are you okay?

SAM  
No, I'm not fucking okay, I'm at a murder scene!

Sam spies someone standing among the lookie-loos down the sidewalk. MINDY. She frowns.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Let me call you back.

She hangs up on him and walks towards Mindy...

INT. WOODSBORO MOTEL - EVENING

Richie blinks. Looks at his phone.

RICHIE  
Two people are dead and she's calling me back...

On the TV, KRISTEN BELL stabs ANNA PAQUIN in the stomach!

EXT. HICKS HOUSE - EVENING

Sam approaches Mindy, who seems self-conscious.

SAM  
(suspicious)  
What are you doing here?

MINDY  
(equally suspicious)  
What are you doing here?

SAM  
I saw the sirens and followed them.

MINDY  
So did I.

They both eye each other, not quite believing it.

SAM  
I thought you said the killer  
didn't care about the sequels.

MINDY  
Maybe this is more of a Greatest  
Hits type of thing, where he's  
cramming in every previous movie  
connection he can find, like in  
*Halloween Kills*.

Sam, looking around at all the cops. *All the cops...*

SAM  
Or maybe it's a diversion...

MINDY  
A what?

SAM  
You know how in movies, sometimes  
the killer does something to draw  
attention away from their real  
plan, which is happening on the  
other side of town...?

MINDY  
(impressed)  
You're smarter than you look.

Sam catches sight of DEPUTY VINSON who's supposed to be on  
Tara protection duty. She runs to him.

SAM  
Who's at the hospital?

DEPUTY VINSON  
What?

SAM  
*Who's watching my sister?*

DEPUTY VINSON  
(caught)  
I heard about the Sheriff- the  
hospital has security-

*Fuck that.* Sam BOLTS runs from the crime scene towards her car, passing Dewey, who is watching Gale do a stand-up report in front of the house.

DEWEY  
Whoa, whoa, where are you going-

SAM  
*My sister's in trouble!*

INT. HOSPITAL - TARA'S ROOM - PRIVATE FLOOR - EVENING

Tara, watching TV. *I Know What You Did Last Summer* on TNT. Badly dubbed curse words. Tara clicks her call button with her good hand. Nothing. Frowns. That's odd...

She hits the call button again. Nothing. Not good.

TARA  
Hello? Deputy Vinson? Nobody's  
responding to the call button!

No response. She's on a private floor that's supposed to have police protection.

TARA (CONT'D)  
*Hello?*

A BANG from outside the room. Something falls over. A struggle? Then silence. Definitely not good.

TARA (CONT'D)  
Fuck this.

She eyes the WHEELCHAIR next to her bed. The problem is her injuries, specifically the knife wound in her hand, wrapped in gauze. And the casts on her left arm and right leg and her stitches in her stomach and back.

Slowly, painfully, Tara tries to raise herself out of the bed and into the chair. Using her good hand and her elbow. It is painfully slow.

TARA (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus... Okay...

She lowers herself into the wheelchair with great pain. Bangs her left leg. Tears in her eyes. Stifles a scream.

Stops. Listens for footsteps, anything.... Nothing.

Now she's got to move. She grips the wheelchair wheel on her good side. Tries to push herself forward with one hand.

The chair just turns towards the bed.

TARA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

She knows what she has to do. Lowers her bad hand to the other wheel. Slowly, agonizingly, she articulates her wounded hand to grasp the wheel. Now pushes with both hands.

The chair moves forward.

It's agony. But it's working. She pushes again. Moves again. Hard with her left arm in a cast. She nears the open door to her room...

A PHONE VIBRATES against wood behind her! She jumps, turns back. Her phone, sitting on her bedside table, plugged into the wall to charge. She forgot it there.

At this point, going back for it would take forever. *Fuck it.* We push in on the phone. The call is from *Sam*...

EXT. HICKS HOUSE - EVENING

Sam curses as the call goes to voicemail, leaping into Richie's car, starting it --

Dewey gets into the passenger seat. Sam looks at him.

DEWEY

What are you waiting for? Drive!

Sam does. Dewey takes out his flask. Almost takes a sip, puts it in the glove box instead. His hands are shaking. Sam makes another call...

INT. WOODSBORO MOTEL - EVENING

More bloodshed on the TV. Richie's phone rings - *Sam*. He snatches it up.

RICHIE  
Are you okay?

INT. RICHIE'S PRIUS (MOVING) - EVENING

Sam drives like a maniac. INTERCUT:

SAM  
You have to get to the hospital,  
you're closer to it than we are-

RICHIE  
We?

SAM  
I think the killer's going for  
Tara!

Richie takes a deep breath. Steels himself.

RICHIE  
Okay. Okay, I'm going.

He hangs up and runs for the door...

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE FLOOR - NIGHT

Tara wheels herself out into the hall. Nobody.

An ELEVATOR BANK sits at the end of the long corridor past the nurses's station. Feels like miles away. She begins to wheel herself towards it.

Blood on her hand gauze. Every exertion, painful. The chair creaks with each push. Her face, bathed in sweat. Blood seeps through her gown too, she's burst her stitches.

Passing a DARK DOORWAY. Anything could be in there. We wait for something to jump out...

But nothing does.

This is the slowest, scariest escape of all time.

Tara exhales. Keeps going. Coming up on the empty nurse's station. As she passes it she sees...

Something dark on the floor. POOLING BLOOD. Gouting from the slashed throat of a SECURITY GUARD. He's still alive!

Tara's eyes go wide, and she jams her hand in her mouth to not scream!

His eyes still open, mouth working like a fish... she watches in horror as the last moments of his life leak out of him...

INT. RICHIE'S PRIUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

As Sam roars through a red light and takes a hard screeching right turn! Dewey, holding on for dear life:

DEWEY

I'm beginning to see where the  
airbag came from!

Sam doesn't give a fuck, pedal mashed to the floor, she just keeps going...

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE FLOOR - NIGHT

Tara wheels herself next to the now dead security guard's body. Tries to reach down towards him. Bending at the waist takes an enormous of effort. She's going for his belt...?

No, his holster. Smart. She unbuckles it, checking it... Empty. No gun. *Fuck.*

A CRASH from somewhere else on the floor! Movement. Tara straightens up. She's gotta move, she's gotta hide.

Looks back to the dark doorway. Gives her all, wheeling towards it. Hands slippery from the guard's blood...

INT. DARK HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Lights off, room empty. Tara closes the door so it's only open a sliver. Looks around for a weapon of some kind.

Metal bedpan by the sink. It'll have to do. She grabs it with her good hand and sits there, still.

FOOTSTEPS in the corridor outside. She hears a DOOR CREAK. He's checking each room. Methodically. He's two rooms away.

On Tara. Shaking with pain and fear in the dark. Bathed in sweat. She hears the door next to her room creak. One room away now. She raises the bedpan...

Footsteps, close. He's outside the door. Pushing it open...

With all her strength, Tara swings it at his head- WHANG!

RICHIE

*Ow- Goddammit!*

Richie stumbles back, holding his head in surprise.

TARA

Richie?!

RICHIE

Sam called me at the hotel, told me  
you were in trouble-

As GHOSTFACE appears in the doorway behind Richie.

TARA

*Look out!*

Richie turns as Ghostface slashes at him- SLICING his forearm open! He falls to the floor screaming! Tara shrieks, grabs a box of used syringes from the wall flinging it Ghostface!

It whacks him in the side of the face and he goes reeling! Grabbing the hospital bed for support.

Richie tries to scramble to his feet, but Ghostface kicks him in the face, knocking him into the hallway! His head smacks the floor, out cold!

Tara tries to wheel towards the door, but is moving pathetically slow. Ghostface looks from one of them to the other. *Who to kill first?* But before he can decide....

He hears a phone ringing. Richie's. Ghostface leans over and pulls it out of Richie's pocket. Caller ID - *Sam*.

Ghostface holds up his VOICE MODULATOR to the phone. Answers-

VOICE

Hello, Samantha. Richie can't come to the phone right now due to his impending death.

Tara's only made it about ten feet down the hallway now...

SAM (O.S.)

Please, please don't kill him!

VOICE

This is what happens to people who stick their noses in business that has nothing to do with them.

(looks to Tara)

Or... should I carve up little sis again instead? Tell you what, you can choose. I'll only kill one. Who do you want to hear die?

Tara, weeping. Trying to wheel her way to the elevators. She'll never make it. Ghostface strolling behind her at a leisurely pace, taunting her with the knife...

SAM (O.S.)  
*Why are you doing this?*

VOICE  
 Oh come on, Sam. Didn't Daddy always say it was a lot scarier when there was no motive?

Ghostface grabs the wheelchair and violently dumps Tara onto the floor! She screams in pain as she lands, still crying. Ghostface looks from her to Richie, who's coming to...

VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Now choose. Or I kill them both.

SAM (O.S.)  
 I... I can't...

We hear Sam breaking down, sobbing. She can't handle this.

VOICE  
 Really? You can't save your own sister? All you have to do is say "Kill Richie."

SAM (O.S.)  
 Please, no...

Richie has managed to get to his knees, but Ghostface KICKS HIM in the head again, flipping him over on his back...

VOICE  
 Or you can save the man you love. All you have to do is say "Kill Tara" and I'll put her out of her misery.

SAM (O.S.)  
 Please, please, I'm begging you...

She's sobbing uncontrollably now.

VOICE  
 Choose now. Last chance to save one.

Tara, still trying to claw her way to the elevators which are 50 feet away. Sam, through the phone, near whispering...

SAM

*I can't...*

Ghostface looks from Richie to Tara.

VOICE

You want to know why I'm doing this, Sam? Maybe it's because you're a selfish bitch who can't even make a decision to save the life of someone you love! Maybe it's because you're too weak for this franchise!

Sam, crying uncontrollably:

SAM

Maybe... maybe you're right...

But as Ghostface steps over Tara for the kill, Sam's voice completely changes - no longer crying, now completely calm:

SAM (CONT'D)

...or maybe I'm just stalling for time, fuckhead.

DING! The elevator doors slide open, revealing SAM AND DEWEY! Ghostface looks up, a deer caught in headlights!

Dewey pulls his gun and OPENS FIRE! Ghostface dives out of the way into a dark hospital room!

Dewey fires three shots into the room and they run to Tara, who's on the floor, crying tears of joy! As Sam hoists her sister to her feet, Dewey looks to her.

DEWEY

I'll get Richie!

He runs to Richie as - CRASH! Ghostface leaps out through an observation window! Tackling Dewey! Oh no! Not Dewey!

SAM

*Dewey!*

They careen headlong into the Nurse's station! Ghostface, raising his knife...

DEWEY

Not today.

...Dewey head-butts Ghostface! Ghostface stumbles back into the desk, shakes it off, raises the knife...

But Dewey raises his gun and empties it into Ghostface's chest! Fuck yeah!

Ghostface, blown off his feet! Flies back through the air, crashing into a glass cabinet containing hospital awards! Smashing through all of them, finally lying still.

This should be *immensely* satisfying.

SAM

Let's go!

Dewey grabs Richie and pulls him to his feet. Together with Sam, they both stagger-carry Richie and Tara to the elevator.

Tara's still crying and Richie's trying to catch his breath. The arm wound is deep. Dewey keeps looking behind them to make sure Ghostface is still down. He is. But still...

DEWEY

The head...

They reach the elevator.

RICHIE

What?

DEWEY

We have to shoot him in the head...  
If we don't, they always come back.

SAM

*Who gives a fuck?!*

They load Tara and Richie in the elevator. Dewey steps in. She hits the down button... Dewey steps out. Has to make sure. On Sam, surprised, as the doors close between them.

Dewey limps back towards the fallen Ghostface. Through the broken glass and spilled blood. He reloads his gun. Like an Old West Sheriff. Glass crunches under his boots.

He reaches Ghostface's fallen form. Still not moving. Almost assuredly dead. But still. Dewey raises his gun...

Then Dewey's phone rings. He blinks, looks at it, just for a moment. *Gale*. His ex-wife, calling him. He smiles.

And that's when Ghostface stabs him in the stomach.

Dewey gasps as Ghostface stands and yanks the knife upwards through his guts. It's gonna be okay, though, it has to be, we've seen Dewey stabbed before...

That's when Ghostface takes a second knife in his other hand and stabs Dewey in the back. Pulling upwards on both knives, opening him up on both sides.

Dewey's legs buckle. Ghostface lowers him down to his knees. They are face to face. Ghostface raises the voice modulator.

VOICE

Yes. Today.

Dewey tries to speak. All that comes out is blood. Ghostface watching him. Almost studying him in this moment. Dewey's face, white from blood loss...

VOICE (CONT'D)

It's an honor.

Dewey stares at him, uncomprehending. Then looks to the floor, past Ghostface's now exposed bulletproof vest. Dewey's phone, still ringing, among all the blood.

The picture of Gale still on it. Dewey smiles at it.

Ghostface rips the front knife all the way up into his chest. Blood fountains. Then, mercifully, it's over.

Ghostface pushes Dewey's body off his knife. THUMP. It lands unceremoniously on the floor.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Everything is SILENT, impressionistic. The parking lot bathed in the blue and red of police lights.

Gale gets out of her camera crew's van. Knows something is terribly wrong. Her eyes are drawn across the lot to

A BODYBAG

Being loaded into the back of a coroner's wagon. She moves towards it, pace quickening with each step. Sam and Richie step into her path... and she knows. She tries to get past them. They hold her back. She shouldn't see this.

Gale SCREAMS. Collapses to her knees. There will never be a chance to say all the things she should have said.

The door of the wagon slams shut and we

SMASH TO BLACK.

After a beat, we FADE IN on a time lapse shot of the hospital. Night turns to dawn turns to midday...

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Late afternoon now. A cup of coffee on a side table grows cold, ignored. Ugly gray light creeps in through the blinds.

Gale sits alone. The small lobby empty out of respect for the mourner. She stares at nothing. Numb.

Sam tentatively enters. Works up the nerve to speak.

SAM

I'm sorry. I didn't know him well.  
But he helped me.

For a moment, it's unclear whether Gale even heard her. Then:

GALE

That's what he did. He helped  
people.

(turns to Sam)

I should have stopped him.

SAM

If you had, my sister would be  
dead.

Gale looks up at her. Honestly:

GALE

I don't care.

NURSE (O.S.)

Samantha?

Sam turns to see a nurse in the entryway.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Your sister's awake.

Sam rises. Wants to say more, but doesn't know what. She goes with the nurse. We stay with Gale until we hear...

SIDNEY (O.S.)

Gale?

Gale looks up, expecting to see Sam again. But it's SIDNEY PRESCOTT. Standing in the doorway. Gale can't believe it.

GALE

Sid...?

Gale rises as Sidney goes to her. They embrace.

GALE (CONT'D)  
You shouldn't be here.

SIDNEY  
You shouldn't be here either.  
(beat)  
Gale... I am so sorry.

They hold each other more tightly as the tears flow.

ON SAM in the hallway. Witnessing the reunion.  
Understanding what was lost. DING. The elevator's here.

INT. HOSPITAL - TARA'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Sam sits at her sister's bedside. Tara, still hazy.

SAM  
How you feeling?

TARA  
Every time I get attacked they give  
me better painkillers. So there's  
that.

The sisters share a smile.

SAM  
I'm sorry.

TARA  
For what? You saved me.

SAM  
For not telling you sooner. For  
being the reason Dad left.

TARA  
You're not the reason Dad left.  
You didn't choose where you came  
from. Or who you came from. I  
don't blame you for that. I blamed  
you for leaving me too.

Sam finally understands what she needs to apologize for.

SAM  
I'm sorry. That's not going to  
happen again.

TARA  
 (means it)  
 I know. You knew I was in trouble  
 last night and you came. When it  
 mattered most.

A line of tears spills out of Tara's eye.

SAM  
 You're super high right now, aren't  
 you?

TARA  
 So high.

SAM  
 I love you.

TARA  
 I love you too.

The sisters hug.

TARA (CONT'D)  
 So what are we gonna do?

SAM  
 What nobody ever does in these  
 situations.  
 (smiles)  
 We're gonna get the fuck out of  
 Woodsboro.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - EVENING

Sidney sits with Gale. They see Sam and Richie wheeling Tara  
 towards the front entrance, crutches across her lap.

SIDNEY  
 That's her?

GALE  
 Yeah.

Sidney rises and meets the trio at the main doors.

SIDNEY  
 Samantha?

SAM  
 Sam.

SIDNEY  
 I'm-

SAM  
I know who you are. Listen-

SIDNEY  
You're Billy's daughter?

Sam eyes her. Turns to Richie.

SAM  
Can you go get the car?

RICHIE  
You sure?

SAM  
We'll be out in a minute.

Richie nods, heads out.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I'm his daughter. Sorry if  
that's weird for you.

Sid's studying Sam. Maybe looking for signs of her old  
boyfriend/nemesis.

SIDNEY  
No, it's... I know you're not  
looking for my advice, but I've  
been through this. A lot. If you  
want to talk-

SAM  
I don't. I appreciate it. And I'm  
really sorry about Dewey. But I'm  
getting my sister away from all  
this.

Sam wheels Tara outside. Sidney follows.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Sam wheels Tara up to the curb.

SIDNEY  
I tried that too. But it follows  
you. If you run from it, it always  
follows you.

SAM  
All due respect, that's your life,  
not mine.

SIDNEY

I wish that were true, but-

Sam spins on her, fed up.

SAM

What do you want from me, lady?

SIDNEY

(evenly)

Your help. Because you're right, this time it isn't about me. It's about you. Which means he's going to be coming for you.

SAM

So?

SIDNEY

So I want you to help Gale and me kill him.

Sam stares at her.

SAM

You want me to help you and the co-host of the Today Show commit murder?

SIDNEY

Correct.

SAM

And I'm what in this scenario, the bait? The helpless victim?

SIDNEY

It's what they always tried to make me, until I took it and used it against them. *You can too.* He killed your friend. He killed mine. So let's go end him.

Sam sees Gale coming out of the hospital to join them.

SAM

Look, I'm sorry about what all this did to your life.

(nods to Gale)

And hers. And Dewey's. But no matter what you, or the killer, or anyone thinks, this isn't my story.

Before Sidney or Gale can respond, Richie pulls up to the curb in his Prius, cheerily:

RICHIE  
Let's get the fuck out of town!

SAM  
This is my boyfriend, Richie.

RICHIE  
Nice to meet you, now please get in the car so we can never see these people again!

Sam opens the door.

SIDNEY  
Sam-

SAM  
No. We're leaving. Whatever you're here to do, we're not gonna be part of it.

Sidney exhales as Sam moves to pick up Tara.

SIDNEY  
Here, let me help.

Sidney helps Sam get Tara and her crutches into the back seat. Sam opens the passenger door.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
Good luck.

SAM  
You too.

Sidney and Gale watch as Richie's Prius drives away.

GALE  
So how'd that go?

SIDNEY  
Better than I expected, actually.  
Let's get a cup of coffee?

Sidney walks away like a woman with a plan. Gale, a little confused, follows...

INT. RICHIE'S PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

Sam exhales as they drive away from the hospital.

TARA  
We have to stop at Amber's.

SAM  
You can call her once we're out of town-

TARA  
It's not that. I have things at her house-

SAM  
We'll buy you new things, Tara-

TARA  
Dad's necklace.

Sam closes her eyes, lightly slams her head into the headrest. Then:

SAM  
Five minutes, in and out.

RICHIE  
Wait, what?

SAM  
What's the address?

RICHIE  
123 No Fucking Way Lane!

SAM  
(to Richie)  
It's important.

RICHIE  
So is not getting killed! It's really right up there!

Sam gives him a look. He slumps. Reluctantly taps on his console's GPS.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
What's the address?

PRELAP - LOUD, THUMPING MUSIC...

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A big sprawling two-story Northern California in the wilderness. Cars parked on the lawn. Night has fallen. A high school rager in full-swing...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - SAME TIME

We track Amber as she wades through a crowd of HIGH SCHOOLERS congesting her home. Weed is smoked. Beer is bonged. But Amber looks stressed. Swings into the

KITCHEN

Where a makeshift banner hangs that says "FOR WES". Chad is raising a shot glass with a group of JOCKS.

CHAD

To Wes!

"To Wes!" shout the other jocks. Down goes the tequila.

AMBER

Shots? Really? This is supposed to be a memorial.

CHAD

This is how I mourn. And distract myself from the looming spectre of Death.

AMBER

Come on. Nothing's going to happen here.

CHAD

The Sheriff got murdered outside her own house.

(beat, louder)

*The Sheriff got murdered outside her own house.*

Chad pours and takes another shot. Amber moves into the

LIVING ROOM

To find Mindy sitting watching the TV. Amber makes a face.

AMBER

Why are you watching this?

MINDY

It calms me down.

We see Mindy is watching *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Leatherface shrieks as he chases Sally. Liv approaches.

LIV

Have you seen Chad?

AMBER

He's in the kitchen getting right  
with his God.

LIV

Again?

Liv goes to find him, exasperated.

MINDY

We're low on beer.

AMBER

There's more in the basement. I'll  
get it.

Amber moves to the door to the basement. Mindy eyes her.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Amber stands at the top of the basement stairs. DARKNESS  
BELOW. She flicks the light switch. Nothing. Flips it up  
and down. Bulb must be out.

Amber takes out her cell phone to light her way. Heads down  
the rickety stairs to the fridge. CREAK. A noise behind  
her. The door? She spins, shines the light at the door. No  
one there.

Amber makes it to the fridge. A little freaked out. She  
opens it, grabs a case of beer, closes the fridge door --

Mindy is standing right there. Amber jumps!

AMBER

*Fuck!* What the hell, Mindy?

MINDY

That was a test. And you failed.  
You *never* go off on your own when  
there's a masked killer around!

AMBER

You're the one who said we were out  
of beer!

MINDY

And you should have asked me to  
come down here with you.

Amber cocks her head.

AMBER

You know what you *also* shouldn't do  
when there's a masked killer  
around? Follow someone into a  
dark, creepy basement alone.

(smiles)

I mean...

Amber steps to her.

AMBER (CONT'D)

...how do you know I'm not the  
killer?

Mindy narrows her eyes...

MINDY

Because *I am*.

Oh shit! Amber takes a step back, scared. But Mindy smiles.

MINDY (CONT'D)

I'm not, actually. But let that be  
a lesson - don't trust anyone.

AMBER

Then... how can I trust you when  
you say you're not the killer?

MINDY

Exactly. You're learning. Let's  
go back upstairs.

Amber starts back, but then...

AMBER

You first.

Mindy nods, proud.

MINDY

Very good.

They head back upstairs...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY OFF THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Back upstairs, Liv has managed to pull Chad away from his  
buddies. They are now MAKING OUT by the downstairs bathroom.

LIV

Sorry- I think- I'm just very  
emotional-

CHAD  
 (into it)  
 Me too. Super emotional.

Hot and heavy. Teenage hormones in full effect. Softly:

LIV  
 I think- I'm ready. Baby, I think  
 we should. Like now. You want to  
 go upstairs?

Chad blinks. All he's wanted, but...

CHAD  
 Upstairs?

LIV  
 (kissing him)  
 Right now...

CHAD  
 Um... Don't take this the wrong  
 way, but I think I have to pass.

LIV  
 What- why?

CHAD  
 (delicately)  
 Because I'm not *entirely* sure  
 you're not the killer...?

Liv stares at him in disbelief.

LIV  
 Don't take this the *wrong way*?!

CHAD  
 I mean, I'm almost *positive* you're  
 not, baby, but it's a big risk! I  
 think the best move is to stay  
 downstairs with everyone else and-

LIV  
 Fuck you!

She spins on him and storms out! Chad exhales. Feels like a  
 douche. Then looks across the room to see Mindy watching  
 from the couch. She gives him a thumbs up - *Well played.*

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We follow Liv as she storms out the front. A few other kids, driving off and leaving. She came here with Chad. She pulls up the UBER app on her phone. UBER X - 40 minutes wait time.

LIV  
Goddammit.

UBER Pool - Unavailable. She clicks on UBER Black... 55 Minutes. Liv exhales.

LIV (CONT'D)  
I can't have sex and I can't get a ride home. Great.

It's gotten quiet outside. A SOUND from around the side of the house. Almost like a hurt animal. Liv frowns.

LIV (CONT'D)  
Hello?

No response. Liv shakes her head. Orders the Uber X. 40 fucking minutes. That sound again. Like a whining....

LIV (CONT'D)  
Hello?

It's dark back there. But something sounds hurt. She takes a step towards the dark side of the house... Stops.

Reaches into her purse. Pulls out a KNIFE. Six inch blade. Gnarly weapon. "Precious" bedazzled on the handle.

Brandishing the knife, she moves around the house, following the sound, stepping into the dark...

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Sidney and Gale sit across from each other in a booth. Coffees untouched. Sidney keeps checking her phone. A clock on the wall TICKS.

GALE  
This is all my fault.

Sidney looks up at her, surprised.

GALE (CONT'D)  
If I hadn't written that book about your mother, none of this would have happened. We would all have had normal lives. Dewey wouldn't have... All the people, Sidney.  
(MORE)

GALE (CONT'D)  
 Everyone we lost...  
 (softly)  
 I started all of this.

SIDNEY  
 No. Billy Loomis started this.  
 And we're going to finish it. No  
 more books. No more movies. No  
 more reboots or sequels or  
 anything. This ends tonight.

Her phone beeps and she checks it.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
 They're moving. We gotta go.

GALE  
 Moving?

SIDNEY  
 I put a tracker on her car.

Gale smiles despite herself.

GALE  
 Are you shitting me?

Sidney smiles back.

SIDNEY  
 I learned from the best.

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The party has thinned out in the living room. Chad stares at his phone. He's texted Liv five times with no response.

*Don't be mad.*

*Please don't be mad?*

*I'm sorry come back let's do it lol*

*R U still mad?*

*Getting worried pls text back*

He exhales. He's had enough. He stands...

MINDY (O.S.)  
 Don't do it.

He sees Mindy nearby on the couch, staring at him.

MINDY (CONT'D)  
Don't go after her.

CHAD  
She's not texting me back.

MINDY  
Because she's probably dead.

CHAD  
Fuck, Mindy! That's my girlfriend!

MINDY  
*Was your girlfriend.*

Chad looks at the TV screen. *Stab* is now playing.

CHAD  
You're really just gonna sit there  
and watch a movie about how our  
uncle got stabbed?

MINDY  
Yep, and stay alive. I'm also  
going to smoke some weed and  
possibly hook up with Francis.

A kid in the corner, FRANCIS (17, clearly a virgin),  
overhears this and lights up like it's Christmas morning.

Chad shakes his head and moves towards the front door...

MINDY (CONT'D)  
At least take some kind of weapon!

Chad absently grabs a heavy silver candlestick.

MINDY (CONT'D)  
(to Francis)  
Better than nothing.

She beckons him over with a jerk of her head.

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Chad exits the house and descends from the porch. It's  
getting late. Chad looks around. No Liv. Texts her again:

*You're scaring me. Pls let me know ur ok.*

Finally, the three dots appear. Liv writing back...

*Come find me and make it up to me.*

Chad frowns. About to text back when a notification pops up.

*LIV HAS ACCEPTED YOUR FIND MY FRIENDS REQUEST*

*SHARE LOCATION?*

Chad smiles. Opens the Find My Friends app and clicks ACCEPT. According to this, Liv is 110 feet away.

CHAD

All right, let's go sexually make it up to her...

He steps towards the road, scanning for Liv. The map on his phone re-oriens, he was moving the wrong way. He steps back towards the house. 80 feet away now.

Chad moves to the right. Approaching the corner of the house that we saw Liv go around. 60 feet.

Chad heads around the SIDE OF THE HOUSE. Darker here. Trips over a garden hose. 30 feet. 20. 10...

He comes upon a strange sight - a PILE OF LEAVES with A BOOT peeking out. He looks at the phone. 2 feet away.

Chad starts clearing away the leaves. We just know he's going to find Liv's butchered corpse under there...

CHAD (CONT'D)

Um... Liv?

Closer to the body beneath... closer...

OH FUCK it's Ghostface! He STABS Chad in the stomach! CRACK! Chad clocks him in the head with the candlestick. Ghostface falls back, dazed!

In spite of his wound, Chad WAILS on Ghostface, using his midsection as a punching bag! Turns and bolts back towards the house, towards safety, bleeding like a stuck pig...

CHAD (CONT'D)

Hey! Help!

Ghostface springs up behind Chad and tackles him to the ground... and in one swift motion SLICES Chad's throat!

Chad's hands grip his gushing throat, trying to stop the flow. Crawling on his belly, he's still trying to get to the front of the house.

HEADLIGHTS appear as a car approaches. RICHIE'S PRIUS. Chad tries to scream, but can only manage a strangled gurgle.

CHAD (CONT'D)

...help...

Ghostface watches until Chad stops moving.

INT. RICHIE'S PRIUS - SAME TIME

Richie puts the car in park. No idea that Chad is bleeding out 50 feet away. Sam turns to him.

SAM

I'll go in with her, we'll be back in five.

RICHIE

No thank you. I just watched all of the *Stab* movies, and in 7 out of the 8, people get killed in or around motor vehicles.

(counting them off)

*Stab 1*, the cameraman in the van.  
*Stab 2*, the FBI guy. *Stab 3*, dude from *Seinfeld* in a motorhome. *Stab 4*, the deputies in the police car-

TARA

Will you stop listing dead people if we let you come in?

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Richie help Tara out of the car and give her the crutches. As they head for the house...

SAM

Do me a favor, don't tell Amber we're leaving town.

TARA

You don't trust her?

SAM

I don't trust anyone at this point. Just get your stuff and talk to as few people as possible.

They walk into the house...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

...where the remaining PARTYGOERS see who the newcomers are, and roar in delight!

THE CROWD  
 (various)  
 TARA! Hey! What's up?

Sam rolls her eyes as Tara is immediately swarmed by well-wishers, asking if she's okay, how she's feeling, etc. Sam and Richie try to help Tara through the crowds.

SAM  
 We don't have time for this...

AMBER (O.S.)  
 Can everyone get away from my girlfriend, please? Make a hole!

A surprised Amber is coming down the stairs, shooing people away from Tara. She reaches her and they embrace.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 What are you doing out of the hospital? Should you even be up and around?

TARA  
 I needed to come get my necklace.

AMBER  
 Why? Are you going somewhere?

Tara looks at her, agonized. She promised she wouldn't say.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 No, you know what, don't tell me. I get it. Be safe. It's in my room. I just want to talk to you alone for a sec before you go-

SAM  
 Absolutely not.

Amber turns to her.

AMBER  
 I'm glad you finally decided to take your sisterly duties seriously, but we've been together for over a year-

SAM  
 Congratulations, I'll buy you a cake. We gotta go.

TARA  
 Sam, please...

Sam exhales.

SAM  
Okay, but I'm coming with you.  
Where's your bedroom?

AMBER  
Back there.

She looks around at the party-goers.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
Thanks for coming, but the party's  
over! Time for everyone to go!

The party-goers BOOOOOO this profusely. They're not going  
anywhere. Sam looks to Richie.

SAM  
Could you...?

Richie clears his throat.

RICHIE  
Attention teenagers! Sam and Tara  
have been attacked by the killer  
twice and now they're here, which  
makes this house a huge target! So  
y'all should get the fuck out!

General mumbling amongst the teenagers, Richie's made a solid  
point. They begin to move towards the exits.

Sam looks to Richie, who mimes tipping his hat. She follows  
Tara and Amber towards the back of the house...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mindy, alone now, lying on the couch. Francis has departed.  
She's drunk. Still watching *Stab*. Richie pokes his head in.

RICHIE  
Do you know if there's any beer  
left? There's none in the kitchen.

MINDY  
There's some in the basement.

RICHIE  
(hopeful)  
You wanna come with me?

MINDY  
No, but you were right to ask.

Richie weighs his fear with his need for beer. Beer wins. He grabs the other candlestick off the mantle.

RICHIE  
I'll be right bac-

As soon as he realizes, he winces. Hefts the weapon and heads towards the basement. Mindy shakes her head.

MINDY  
Well, *he's* dead...

She settles back into the movie when we see A FIGURE move behind her! She spins to see it's --

LIV. Surprisingly very much alive. And pissed.

LIV  
Goddamn Uber cancelled on me...  
Could this night get any shittier?

Mindy sits up, looking at her strangely.

MINDY  
Where's my brother?

LIV  
I don't know, probably off accusing everyone of being the killer.

MINDY  
He went looking for you...

LIV  
I didn't see him, okay? Why are you looking at me like that?

MINDY  
Just revising my suspect list.

Liv steps towards her, suddenly menacing.

LIV  
You afraid of me, Mindy? You think I did something to your brother? You think I'm going to cut you up?

MINDY  
(shrinking from her)  
A little now, yeah...

LIV  
You said I was too boring to be the killer.

(MORE)

LIV (CONT'D)

But maybe that's the twist, right?  
What do you think? You're the  
expert. And you know what  
eventually happens to the expert?

She draws her finger across the throat. On Mindy, terrified.  
Liv smiles. Looks to the TV.

LIV (CONT'D)

Enjoy your stupid movie.

She turns and heads out. To settle her nerves, Mindy takes a  
big swig of tequila and turns up the movie's VOLUME...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Amber leads Sam and Tara to her room. Pauses in the doorway.

AMBER

I just want to talk to her alone  
for two minutes.

SAM

Why?

AMBER

Because I love her and you're  
clearly taking her away from me.

TARA

Sam, please...

On Sam. Hates this.

SAM

Fine. Two minutes, I'll be  
standing right outside this door.  
If anything happens, scream.

AMBER

Thanks. We will.

Amber closes the door, leaving Sam in the hallway...

INT. SIDNEY'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Gale, driving. Sidney, tracking Sam's car on her phone.

SIDNEY

Take a left up here...

Gale takes a left. On country roads now. Sidney frowns.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
They've stopped.

GALE  
Gas station?

SIDNEY  
No.

GALE  
I thought they were headed out of town.

SIDNEY  
So did I. I- *oh shit*.

GALE  
What?

She shows the phone to Gale, who pales and then STOMPS THE ACCELERATOR. Roaring down the road!

GALE (CONT'D)  
How far away are we?

SIDNEY  
Too far.

And Sidney's dialing her phone...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam, standing there. Quiet. She checks her watch.

SAM  
Come on Tara, we gotta go!

No response from inside. In fact, she can't hear any talking at all... Interrupted as her PHONE RINGS. Caller ID - *Unknown (Maybe: Sidney Prescott)* Sam answers it.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hello?

INT. SIDNEY'S RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

As Gale tears around a corner, Sidney INTERCUT:

SIDNEY  
You have to get out of that house right now!

SAM  
How do you know where I-

SIDNEY

*You're at Stu Macher's house, where  
your dad and Stu killed everyone!*

CAMERA SPINS around Sam as all of this lands. Sidney's voice, still in her head:

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

*Someone planned to get you there,  
you have to get the fuck out!*

Sam drops her phone in shock. Tries the doorknob to Amber's room - LOCKED.

SAM

Tara, open the door! Get out of there! *Tara!*

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mindy might hear this if the TV wasn't turned up so far. *Stab*, still playing.

ON TV - The scene where RANDY (a 1997 Seth Green) is drunk on the couch, watching *Halloween*. In the movie, Jamie Lee Curtis sneaks through the house, menaced by Michael Myers...

MOVIE RANDY (ON TV)

No, Jamie. Watch out. Watch out, Jamie, you know he's around. You know- there he is. I told you.

ON TV - Behind Randy, Ghostface emerges. Moving closer...

MOVIE RANDY (ON TV) (CONT'D)

I told you, he's right around the corner. Jamie. Jamie. Jamie. Look behind you.

Mindy, on the couch, chuckles. Loves this fucking scene.

MINDY

Look behind you, Randy... Turn around, dude. Turn around...

Silently behind Mindy, the real GHOSTFACE emerges.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Uncle Randy, come on...

MOVIE RANDY (ON TV)

Look behind you. Turn around. Behind you. *Behind you, Jamie.*

Ghostface approaches Mindy on the couch...

MINDY

Behind *you*, Randy. Turn around, man. You can do it. They're your rules, dude, own that shit. *Look behind you.*

Ghostface is right behind Mindy now. He raises his knife above her head to drive it down into her skull...

MINDY (CONT'D)

*Look. Behind. You.*

That's when she realizes: *she's in that scene right now.*

MINDY (CONT'D)

Wait-

Mindy turns just as Ghostface lunges and BURIES THE KNIFE in her shoulder! Mindy screams as Ghostface rips it out and jumps over the couch towards her!

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam, banging on Amber's door when she hears Mindy's blood-curdling scream!

MINDY (O.S.)

*Oh God, help me!*

Sam abandons the door, running for the Living Room...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mindy, stumbling for the door, bleeding badly, but Ghostface clotheslines her and slams her into a wall!

Mindy claws at his mask, but Ghostface stabs her in the stomach! She shrieks!

Sam enters from the other door, picks a lamp and HURLS IT at Ghostface's head - SMASH! He whirls, seeing her there! Rather than charge her, he flees through the side door!

Sam runs to Mindy, who's slid down the wall, in shock.

MINDY

That's a lot of blood...

SAM

I'm calling the police.

MINDY  
...great idea...

She slumps over. Unconscious? Dead?

SAM  
No, no, no, stay awake!

A SCREAM from behind her! Sam whirls to see Tara and Amber!

AMBER  
*What did you do to her?*

SAM  
I didn't do anything! Why did you lock the door?!

TARA  
We were saying goodbye- we were making out!

Amber runs to Mindy, trying to wake her up.

AMBER  
Oh my God, oh my God, she's dying-

RICHIE (O.S.)  
*What the fuck?!*

Richie appears in the near doorway. He drops his beer bottle, it shatters.

AMBER  
Stay back!

SAM  
Where the fuck were you?

RICHIE  
I went to the basement for beer-

AMBER  
You went to the basement alone?

RICHIE  
(points to Mindy)  
I asked her to come with me, she said no!

BAM! The front door SLAMS and they all jump! Turning to see Liv enter at a dead run!

LIV  
You guys, we have to- *Oh God!*

Seeing Mindy, she moves towards her.

AMBER  
Stay the fuck back!

LIV  
(weeping)  
Oh Jesus, oh Jesus Christ...

AMBER  
I was with Tara, but the rest of  
you were off wandering somewhere-  
One of you is the fucking killer!

LIV  
Fuck you, Amber!

SAM  
(noticing)  
Why do you have blood on your  
hands?

It's true - Liv has smears of BLOOD ON HER HANDS. Tara and  
Amber back away from her.

LIV  
I- I found Chad dead... I slipped  
in it...

AMBER  
You're fucking lying!

RICHIE  
(backing away)  
You're the killer...

LIV  
No! No! We have to call the  
police!

Liv pulls her phone out, but her hands are slippery with  
blood so she drops it.

AMBER  
Liv-

Liv snatches it up, trying to dial.

LIV  
We have to call them, so they can  
come here and you'll see-

AMBER  
Liv, just stop-

LIV  
*Fuck you, Amber, I'm not the  
 fucking killer!*

AMBER  
 I know.

And Amber pulls a GUN from her pocket and SHOTS LIV THROUGH THE HEAD! Her brains paint the bookcase!

Her body crashes to the ground! As this registers to our stunned characters, Amber smiles.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 Welcome to Act Three.

She swings the gun around towards Sam...

RICHIE  
*Run!*

Richie grabs Sam and pulls her through the door to the kitchen-

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

-as BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bullets punch through the wall after them, and Sam grabs a KNIFE from the knife block on the island and Richie pulls her into

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The garage. Sam's freaking the fuck out.

SAM  
 I have to go back- I have to get  
 Tara-

RICHIE  
 Sam, you can't, she has a gun-

SAM  
*Richie-*

RICHIE  
 And there are always two killers!

Sam eyes Richie, looking at him in a new light.

SAM  
 You're right...

Sam raises her knife and backs away from her boyfriend.

RICHIE  
Sam, no! Think, the other killer  
might be Tara! You've been  
estranged for years! How well do  
you really know her?

Richie sees that his words are having an effect. He reaches  
for her - but she pulls back.

SAM  
Better than I know you.

RICHIE  
I'm trying to save your life!

SAM  
So am I.

Sam slips back into the house. Richie calls after her:

RICHIE  
*Sam!*

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

We track Sam as she stealthily moves through the house.  
Inching back towards the living room bloodbath.

Potential danger around every corner. Every creak in the  
floor threatens to give away her position.

Finally, she arrives at the entrance to the living room. She  
steels herself, steps inside --

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's empty. Bloodstains everywhere. Sam moves to where Tara  
was standing, sees a smeared blood trail leading down another  
hallway.

SAM  
Oh no...

Sam follows the blood trail.

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sidney and Gale pull up and park behind Richie's Prius. They  
get out and Gale moves for the house-

SIDNEY  
Wait.

She walks to the back of the car and opens the trunk. Pulls out TWO PISTOLS. Checks that they're loaded, hands one to Gale. A SCREAM comes from inside the house.

GALE

That sounds about right.

They look at each other.

SIDNEY

You ready?

GALE

For this? Never. But here we go.

They turn and face the house. Walk towards it. But before they've made it two steps--

AMBER stumbles out of the house. She's clutching what looks like a bleeding wound in her side.

AMBER

Help me... he- he stabbed me...

Amber crumples to her knees, screaming in pain. Gale starts forward, but Sidney grabs her arm, stopping her.

SIDNEY

It's a trap.

Amber abruptly stops screaming and raises something in her hand. DEWEY'S GUN.

AMBER

Fuck it.

BLAM! *Gale takes a bullet to the stomach!* She falls.

Sidney dives behind Gale's car and returns fire! Amber retreats, shooting wildly. A big sloppy gunfight. Windows shatter. Wood splinters.

Amber makes it inside, slams the door --

Sidney keeps her eyes on the door as she crouch-walks to Gale, who's pressing on her bullet wound.

GALE

Is it any wonder I moved out of  
this *fucking town?*

SIDNEY

Let me see.

(Gale does)

We should get you to the hospital-

GALE

No. You said we're gonna finish it. So finish it, Sidney.

Gale grabs Sidney's hand and squeezes it.

GALE (CONT'D)

Go get her.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam follows the blood trail into the master bedroom, to A CLOSET on the far side of the room. Sam creeps to it.

Puts one hand on the door, raises her knife with the other...

Flings the door open. Tara is on the floor, BOUND AND GAGGED. Eyes wide with fear.

SAM

Tara...

Sam kneels. Tara raises her tied wrists for Sam to cut the rope. Sam prepares to slice through it...

Then stops. Uncertainty on her face. Could her sister really be the other killer?

Tara looks up at Sam, pleading...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - SAME TIME

Sidney enters the house. Surveys the scene. The room looks different than it did when she was last here fighting for her life against Billy and Stu.

She sees the closet where she hid. The door is closed. Without opening it, Sidney puts a bullet through it.

Not fucking around today. She moves through the ground floor and fires through every closed door like clockwork.

She stalks up the stairs, reloading. Her phone rings. She answers. The Voice that used to haunt her dreams:

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello, Sidney.

SIDNEY  
Hello. This the girl from outside?

VOICE (O.S.)  
No, I'm not Amber. I'm the other one.

SIDNEY  
Ah, there are two of you. Again. Not very original. I've seen this movie before.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Not this movie, Sidney.

SIDNEY  
Wrong. I've seen them all, and you know what? They're all just pale imitations of the original. You're just another dipshit copycat of Billy Loomis. And guess what? I killed them all.

VOICE (O.S.)  
New decade. New rules.

SIDNEY  
You said that last decade.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Maybe so, but you forgot the first rule of surviving a *Stab* movie.

SIDNEY  
Yeah? What's that?

VOICE (O.S.)  
*Never answer the phone.*

Sidney shoots another closet door- BLAM! A SCREAM from inside, she hit someone! Sidney flings the door open, gun still raised --

It's Richie! Wounded. The bullet grazed his leg.

RICHIE  
What the *fuck!*?

SIDNEY  
*Hands, show me your hands!*

Richie does. No phone. No mask. No nothing.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing in there?

RICHIE  
*Hiding!*

AS GHOSTFACE BURSTS OUT of the room behind Sidney and tackles her to the floor! Sid's gun goes flying, lands at the bottom of the stairs.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
HOLY SHIT IT'S GHOSTFACE!

Sidney and Ghostface wrestle for dominance. It's a street brawl, but Sid knows plenty of moves. She drops and uses Ghostface's momentum to fling him into the railing --

CRASH! Ghostface smashes through the barrier and GOES OVER THE EDGE! Disappearing from view.

Sidney cautiously approaches the hole in the railing --

And is grabbed by Ghostface, who's hanging on the ledge! He topples, *dragging Sidney with him* --

WHAM! Both of them hit the floor of the front hall! Losing their wind. Sidney gasps and struggles to speak.

SIDNEY  
*Richie... Gun... Get the gun...*

Richie hobbles as fast as he can to the stairs...

RICHIE  
Kinda hard since you *shot me in the leg!*

Richie hobble-sprints down the stairs. Ghostface crawls towards the gun. It's a race. Richie almost there, but...

A third person gets there first! SAM! She snatches up the gun as Richie arrives behind her!

SIDNEY  
Shoot him...

RICHIE  
(to Sam)  
Thank God you're okay...

Sam aims the gun at Ghostface's head, pulls back the hammer--  
*And that's when Richie STABS her in the side.*

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
 Because I really wanted to be the  
 one to kill you.

Sam stares at him in disbelief. Sinks to her knees.  
 Ghostface pulls off the mask revealing Amber. *Bravo.*

Richie leans down next Sam. Takes the gun from her, gently,  
 and hands it to Amber.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
 I know. It's a bummer it's me.  
 (holds up Ghostface  
 verbalizer)  
 But it's really the best twist for  
 the movie.

She stares in horror at the man she loved.

SAM  
 No...

RICHIE  
 Yeah. Sorry.

SAM  
 This isn't... a fucking movie...

Richie considers this.

RICHIE  
 No. But it will be. And that's  
 the point, right Amber?

AMBER  
 Right, hon.  
 (looking around)  
 Third Act bloodbath, check.  
 Killers revealed, check... Time  
 for the big finale. Let's get 'em  
 into the kitchen.

She forces Sidney to her feet, pushing her with the gun as  
 Richie carries a bleeding Sam into

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

RICHIE  
 See, no one's made a good *Stab*  
 movie since the first one, not  
 really, and this latest one? Jesus  
 Christ. Talk about a "fuck you" to  
 the fans.

Sidney slumps into a chair while Amber holds a gun on her.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

After all we've given this franchise, they're gonna do *three* killers? No legacy characters? A fucking Mary Sue who can apparently whip a 200-pound guy's ass with no training? We deserve better-

AMBER

(exploding)

*It's like Rian Johnson didn't even try!*

RICHIE

Exactly, babe. You wanna go get her?

Amber hands Richie the gun and exits. Richie turns to Sidney, suddenly shy.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I know you probably get this a lot, but I'm a big fan.

SIDNEY

Go fuck yourself.

RICHIE

Ouch. Well, you know what they say: "never meet your heroes." You see the last *Stab* movie?

SIDNEY

Not really a fan of scary movies...

Richie chuckles.

RICHIE

That's fair. Anyways, it sucked balls. I mean the whole online StabHead community was in an uproar about this piece of shit. Some of those 4Chan losers tried writing petitions, doing a Kickstarter to reshoot the movie...

(getting worked up)

But Amber and I knew petitions weren't gonna get it done. Nobody takes the true fans seriously anymore, not really. They just laugh at us, and why? Because we love something.

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

We're just a *joke* to them! I mean how can fandom be toxic? It's about love! They don't fucking understand! *These movies are important to people!*

SAM

Richie-

RICHIE

Hollywood's totally fucking out of ideas, so we realized we needed to give them some new source material to follow, to bring it back to basics! *That's* how you make a great *Stab* movie, Sam! *Based! On Actual! Events!*

Amber re-enters, grinning and dragging a wounded Gale.

AMBER

(to Gale)

Too bad no one reads books anymore.

She practically throws Gale into a chair, sneering at her.

AMBER (CONT'D)

They'll have to option the listicle about this for the movie. BuzzFeed's "15 Fun Facts About the House They Found Gale Weathers Dead In."

Sidney rushes to Gale, protective.

SIDNEY

Are you okay?

Gale's not okay. She's pale, bleeding out. Her eyes can barely focus. Amber grabs Sidney roughly, waving the knife.

AMBER

Excuse me, Sidney, but we were in the middle explaining our awesome fucking plan. We worked really hard on this!

Amber **SHOVES** Sidney back against the island. Sam, clutching her knife wound by the sink, stares daggers at Richie.

SAM

You did all this... just to make me the hero of your fucked up movie?

RICHIE

Oh, sweetie. You're not the hero. You're the *villain*. The daughter of Billy Loomis who sees fucked up visions of her dead dad?

(points to Sid)

Sidney Prescott killed your father *and* your grandmother. You did all this just to get her back to Woodsboro.

Sam and Sidney look at each other. Amber laughs. Sam signals to Sidney with her eyes - knife block on the island.

AMBER

See, you know what the biggest problem with the *Stab* movies is?

She holds up the Ghostface mask.

AMBER (CONT'D)

There's no Michael Myers or Jason Voorhees, no bad guy to keep coming back. Every time it's gotta be some new idiot in a Ghostface mask with increasingly ludicrous reasons to commit an anonymous string of grizzly killings. But the illegitimate daughter of the original mastermind? Now that's a fucking villain!

RICHIE

It was so perfect it almost felt like a real-life retcon!

(to Sidney)

And to think: if you'd only opened your legs for Billy earlier, like he wanted, Sam wouldn't even exist!

Richie mimes his head exploding.

SAM

How did you know...?

With Richie and Amber's attention turned back to Sam, Sidney inches closer to the island. The women, working together.

AMBER

About your father? It's a small town. My uncle went to school with all of them, he knew Billy was banging your mom behind Sid's back.

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)

You do a little math that adds up to nine months... bingo.

(smiles at Richie)

I met Richie on Reddit. StabHead fan sub. I've been obsessed since my parents bought this house. We realized pretty quickly we had similar ideas.

Richie smiles at Sam.

RICHIE

Wasn't that hard for me to find you in Modesto. Wasn't that hard to fuck you, either. But I guess being a sexually available woman is supposed to be empowering these days-

SAM

Fuck you.

RICHIE

(smiles)

Now you're just quoting the original.

Sidney's closer to the island. Amber and Richie don't seem to have noticed. Sidney tenses, preparing to make her move.

AMBER

But it wouldn't work with just you, Sam. See, you gotta bring the legacy characters back to make it *matter*. Can't have a bona fide *Halloween* without Jamie Lee. Dewey had to die to make it real, to show this wasn't some bullshit cash-in run of the mill sequel. Our movie has *fucking stakes*.

(smiles)

Cause anyone can die in a re-quel.

And just as Sidney springs up to grab a knife, Amber turns and STABS SIDNEY IN THE STOMACH!

GALE AND SAM

*No!*

Sam lunges to help Sidney, but Richie pistol-whips her back with the gun!

Sidney falls to her knees. Hands filling with blood as she tries to hold them to the wound. Richie looks down at her, almost like he's breaking bad news to a child.

RICHIE

I'm so sorry... but we can't let you live either, Sid. Surviving this many times would just be ridiculous. This time, the *fans* are gonna be the ones who win.

(to Tara)

That about cover it?

AMBER

Nailed it, baby.

RICHIE

Go get Tara out of the closet. We have to stage the bodies.

Amber goes. Gale, breathing shallow, crawls to Sidney.

GALE

Stay with me Sid, stay with me...

Neither woman looks like she's going to be with us much longer. Richie turns to Sam.

RICHIE

You should have listened to Dewey. Always look at the love interests.

And that's when Sam lunges for the knife block! Getting her hand on the nearest one- THWACK! Richie pistol-whips her again, knocking her back into the wall.

Sam groans, clutching her knife wound. Richie thumbs back the hammer, pissed.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Nice try. But the villain's gotta die at the end, Sam. There are rules. Jesus, I even had you convinced it could be your sister...

He smiles at the thought. From down the hall:

AMBER (O.S.)

She's not here!

Richie blinks at this. Shouts back:

RICHIE

The fuck do you mean she's not there?

He stares at Sam, who smiles.

SAM

I untied her.

(off his surprise)

Guess you're not as persuasive as you thought.

The LANDLINE rings. Sam chuckles. Richie's eyes stare at the phone. BLOCKED CALLER. Gotta be Tara. He ignores it.

RICHIE

Like your gimpy sister's gonna make a difference? She's our fucking pincushion at this point. *Amber?*

Amber returns as they continue to ignore the ringing phone. Richie moves to the opposite side of the kitchen, points Amber back the way she came.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Fan out. She can't have gotten far-

Amber turns to go search, and- WHANG! Tara steps into the door and bludgeons Amber in the face with a fireplace poker!

AMBER

*Fuck!*

Richie SHOTS at her and misses. Sam hurls herself into him, knocking him to the floor!

Tara wails on Amber with the poker. Amber shields her face with her forearms. Desperate to stop the blows, she kicks Tara in her broken leg. Tara screams --

Amber bodychecks Tara through the floor-to-ceiling bay window, sending her out into the yard!

SAM

*Tara!*

Sam tries to wrestle the gun away from Richie, but he's too strong. He turns the barrel towards her... presses it to her forehead, just like with Wes -- PULLS THE TRIGGER --

CLICK. Clip's empty. Sam scrambles to her feet and bolts out of the kitchen.

RICHIE  
 (from the floor)  
 Saaaaaaam! Where you going? *Your  
 big scene's coming up!*

Richie springs up and gives chase, reloading as he goes.  
 Amber goes for Dewey's gun on the center island --

When SIDNEY grabs her from behind and SLAMS her forehead into  
 the island! Amber's flailing hand knocks the gun to the  
 floor!

Amber counters by whipping her head backwards into Sid's  
 face. Blood squirts out of Sid's nose as she staggers back --  
 Amber grabs a KNIFE out of the block, shrieks as she  
 advances, knife raised --

AMBER  
 FUCKING KILL YOU!

Gale's hand catches Amber's arm.

GALE  
 I don't think so.

WHAM! Gale winds Amber with a punch to her stomach! Amber  
 doubles over and Sidney knees her in the face!

Amber rears back as Sidney grabs a glass bottle from the  
 counter and smashes it across her face! Amber screams,  
 trying to wipe the stinging goopy contents from her eyes--

AMBER  
*Fuck, is that hand sanitizer?!*

She drops the knife, howling, trying to get it out of her  
 eyes! Gale knocks Amber to the floor! She and Sidney stand  
 over Amber.

SIDNEY  
 I'm really gonna enjoy this.

GALE  
 Not as much as I will.

Sidney and Gale proceed to assault Amber with fucking De Niro  
 kicks! No mercy!

AMBER  
 STOP STOP STOP! It's not my fault!

SIDNEY  
 Let me guess - the movies made you  
 do it.

AMBER

No! The message boards! I was radicalized!

GALE

Radicalized. By movie fans.

AMBER

Yes! They're so... MAD. Please. I'm just a dumb kid. I just wanted to be a part of something-

GALE

A part of something?! YOU KILLED MY BEST FRIEND!

A hint of a smile on Amber's face.

AMBER

Yeah, and he died like a pussy.

Amber jams a fallen fork into Sidney's foot. Sid screams, kneels to pull it out -- Amber SLAMS her head into a cabinet. Sid crumples, dazed.

As Gale stabs downward, Amber shoves her thumb into Gale's bullet hole -- the knife sinks into Amber's shoulder -- both women scream --

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - SAME TIME

And we're back with Richie as he limps through the house, searching for Sam. He finds a blood trail leading up the stairs, but...

RICHIE

That's the thing about slashers, Sam - so many blood trails. Is this one yours? Mindy's? Tara's? Only one way to find out.

Richie continues taunting Sam as he ascends the stairs.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

You know what the best part of fucking Billy Loomis's damaged daughter was? Making her feel loved, just so I could take it away from her. Pretty fucked up, huh?

Richie blindly shoots through the closed door of the same closet he was hiding in earlier.

He passes the closet door -- which FLIES OPEN BEHIND HIM!  
 Sam was inside after all! She leaps onto his back and cuts  
 off his air supply with a choke hold! He drops to one knee --

Punches Sam's face over his shoulder, over and over.

RICHIE (CONT'D)  
 Stop. Fucking. Up. My. ENDING!

Sam falls to the floor and sprints away...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Downstairs, Amber has the upper hand over Gale. She's got  
 her down on the floor, hands wrapped around her throat.

AMBER  
 I was the last thing Dewey saw  
 before he died, too. I can't  
 believe I get to do you both.

Gale looks to Sidney, who's still on the floor, half-  
 conscious.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 No last minute saves this time.  
 Your story's over. Time to pass  
 the torch...

GALE  
 (croaking out)  
 It's all yours, bitch.

Gale YANKS Amber's face towards hers and butts her forehead  
 into Amber's nose. Amber, knocked back against the stove,  
 turns, her hip flipping on the burners.

GALE (CONT'D)  
 (calling out)  
 You want to do the honors?

She's talking to Sidney, who has fully come to. Sidney  
 retrieves the gun, throws it to Gale.

SIDNEY  
 No. This one's yours.

AMBER  
 Wait wait wait wait I'm sorry I'm  
 sorry about Dewey-

GALE  
 Fuck you.

Gale shoots Amber in the chest three times, blowing her back onto the lit stove --

-- and the hand sanitizer covering her arms and face IGNITES! She screams as the FLAMES ENFULF HER! She thrashes back and forth! Slowly, finally, her legs stop kicking.

Sidney and Gale watch as she burns.

SIDNEY  
Enjoy that torch.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - SAME TIME

Sam careens down the stairs, heading to the front door. As soon as she hits the ground floor...

*...Richie LEAPS from the second floor through the hole in the railing and tackles her.*

They both land hard. Sam's knee and ankle - fucked up. She can't stand. Richie rises, groaning from his new injuries. Sam crawls on her belly towards the door. Richie lazily follows, in no hurry.

RICHIE  
What are you gonna do now? Make a scary call to me? Pop out of a closet in a Ghostface mask? No, because you're not Sidney. You're Billy. And the villain's gotta die at the end. Those are the rules.

Sam looks up and sees BILLY reflected in a mirror. He motions with his head to A KNIFE on the floor, obstructed from Richie's view. She spits blood, crawling for it...

SAM  
I'm introducing a new rule...

RICHIE  
Oh yeah? What's that?

Sam inches forward. Gets her fingers on the knife...

SAM  
Come here and I'll tell you...

Richie kneels, grabs the hair on the back of her head, wrenching her face to his.

RICHIE  
Well?

SAM  
 (whispers)  
*Never fuck with the daughter of a  
 serial killer.*

Sam STABS Richie in the face. The blade goes through his  
 cheek into his mouth!

She doesn't stop there. Sam continues to stab the fuck out  
 of his chest and stomach. Richie falls backwards, gouting  
 blood, stunned. Sam straddles him. None of this makes sense  
 to him. He looks hurt, cheated.

RICHIE  
 But... I can't die... Who's gonna  
 be the villain in the sequel...?

SAM  
 That's the sequel's problem.

Sam SLICES HIS THROAT. Rises unsteadily on her injured  
 ankle. Drops the knife. Sidney and Gale appear from the  
 kitchen.

SIDNEY  
 Be careful, they always come back-

Sam grabs Sidney's gun from Richie's waistband and EMPTIES  
 THE ENTIRE CLIP into Richie! The last bullet a HEAD SHOT!

A beat. Sidney and Gale exchange a look.

GALE  
 Okay then.

AMBER (O.S.)  
 AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

A charred AMBER pops up behind Gale! Knife raised, skin  
 crisped black and red, the devil herself-

BLAM! Amber's brains fly out of her face. She drops like a  
 marionette.

Behind her: Tara, with Gale's discarded gun from the lawn.  
 She looks down at Amber's corpse.

TARA  
 You were a shitty girlfriend.

Sam stumbles to her sister. They embrace. Their shared  
 nightmare finally over.

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - DAWN

The sun crests over the horizon. Police cars and ambulances line the street. Sam and Tara are being treated at the back of an ambulance.

MINDY is wheeled past them on a stretcher. Alive, but barely. Seeing Sam and Tara, she tears up. Sam squeezes her hand and looks to the EMT.

EMT

She's gonna be okay.

Sam nods and the EMT wheels Mindy away.

TARA

(to her EMT)

Can you take us to a different hospital this time?

Sam sees Sidney and being treated at another ambulance, Gale on a gurney inside it. Sam hobbles to them with a single crutch. Sidney takes in her injuries. Cracks a smile.

SIDNEY

You were right. You should've run.

SAM

I was literally running away with the killer in his own car. So no. You were right.

(to Gale)

How're you doing?

GALE

Ask me in a few days. But at least I know what I'm gonna write about.

SAM

What?

Gale smiles.

GALE

Not this. Those fuckers can die in anonymity.

(looks to Sidney)

But maybe something about a good man who was once the Sheriff here.

Sidney smiles at this.

SIDNEY

I'd like to read that story.

Sam looks at both of them.

SAM  
Can I ask you a weird question?

SIDNEY  
Sure.

SAM  
Am I going to be okay?

They exchange a look. Sidney considers. Answers honestly.

SIDNEY  
Eventually.

Gale nods in agreement. Sam looks past Sidney to see Billy reflected in a cop car mirror. He nods to Sam. A proud father's expression on his face. *"You did good, kid."*

Sam pulls her pills out of her pocket. Takes one. This particular struggle, ongoing.

Sam hobbles back to Tara as she's being helped into the ambulance. Sam climbs in after her.

SAM  
Don't worry, I'll hold your hand  
all the way there.

The doors are shut. The ambulance turns on its sirens and pulls away from the property.

We CRANE SHOT up as a REPORTER on the lawn begins her live coverage.

REPORTER  
Twenty five years ago, almost to  
the day, in this very house, a  
tragic story ended. Tonight, a new  
chapter came to a close...

ROLL CREDITS

FADE OUT