

FADE IN:

CITY OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

An AERIAL SHOT over the 4-0-5 where the traffic is in gridlock. A NEWS HELICOPTER hovers over the scene as we hear

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

-- if you're looking for a quiet commute then avoid the 4-0-5. A multi-vehicle, multi-injury accident has tied up traffic from Vine Street to the valley --

CUT TO:

INT. COTTON'S S-U-V - NIGHT

At a stand still. Behind the wheel, talking on a cellular telephone is

COTTON WEARY

late 20s, decked out in expensive Armani.

SARAH'S VOICE

-- I'm about to hop in the shower? How much longer do you think it'll be?

COTTON

It's a mess right now. Maybe twenty minutes. Okay. I'll see you then. Bye.

Cotton flips the phone shut...tosses it in the passenger's seat. Just that quickly, it rings again.

COTTON

Hello.

MAN

(over phone; familiar)

Hello.

COTTON

Who is this?

MAN

Who is this?

COTTON

Who're you calling?

MAN

Oh. You know what? I think I have the wrong number.

COTTON

That's okay.

MAN

Hey. Wait a second. You sound alot like that guy on T.V. You know, What's-His-Name.

COTTON

Who is this?

MAN

I think we know each other.

COTTON

Oh, yeah?

MAN

I think we met once. Maybe twice.

COTTON

Who are you trying to call?

MAN

Cotton. Cotton Weary.

COTTON

You got him. Who are you?

MAN

I thought we covered this.

COTTON

Yes, but what's your name?

MAN

I'm an old friend.

COTTON

Okay, old friend, I'm kind of stuck in traffic. I'll talk to you later, alright?

MAN

I wouldn't hang up on me if I was you. Sarah might not appreciate it.

Pause. Cotton recognizes the voice. He tenses up.

COTTON
WHO THE FUCK IS THIS?!!

MAN
Like I said, an old friend. Want to know
where I am, Cotton? I'll give you a hint --

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A computer on a desk. Lingerie, black and sexy, on the
floor. Then, the bathroom.

We hear the rush of water. It's the shower. And then, a
woman's voice humming...then, we see her silhouette...

MAN
-- Ooooh, yeah. She's in the shower. She's
got a nice little...voice. Lets go in for
a closer look.

We do.

MAN
She's very pretty. Say, why don't we play a
little game?

CUT TO:

INT. COTTON'S S-U-V - NIGHT

Resume on Cotton: he's terrified.

MAN
I'll ask a question. Answer correctly, your
girlfriend lives. Answer wrong, she dies right
now.

COTTON
Listen to me, you fucking psycho. Lay a finger
on Sarah Darling and I swear to God I'll kill
you myself.

MAN
Wrong answer --

CLICK! THE LINE GOES DEAD.

COTTON

No. Wait.

Too late. Cotton throws the phone to the side. He puts the car in reverse...

BA-BAMMM!

...rams the Mercedes behind him. He puts it into drive....

BA-BAMMM!

...rams the BMW in front. He cuts off onto the shoulder, racing to the nearest off ramp.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stepping out of the shower is

SARAH DARLING

in her 20s. An actress and model. Blonde and somewhat twitty. Her breast size gave her a career.

She notices...the BATHROOM DOOR IS OPEN.

Sarah thinks nothing of it, dries herself with a towel.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTON'S S-U-V - SERIES OF ANGLES - NIGHT

The vehicle fish-tails on Hollywood Boulevard.

INSIDE, Cotton is frantically trying to call his girlfriend's home, but
THERE IS ONLY A BUSY SIGNAL.

COTTON

Sarah, if you're there pick up the phone.
Pick up the --

WHIIIRRRRRR!!

A near accident.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah comes in. She is drying her hair. At the bed, she drops her towel. The CAMERA follows it down, resting there until the

ANGLE TIGHTENS ON

a phone line. She doesn't notice, but it HAS BEEN CUT!

CUT TO:

INT. COTTON'S S-U-V - SERIES OF ANGLES - NIGHT

He is going the wrong way down a one way street.

The other cars are swerving and weaving to avoid him.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She has put on a revealing black number. Sarah smiles, ready for her interlude, until...

A SOUND

-- MUSIC, a SONG playing somewhere else in the home. But who turned it on?

SARAH

Cotton?

(pause)

Jesus. What'd you do, take a seven-forty-seven.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah's feet, wet, move toward the source of the music.

SARAH

What is this, hide and go seek?

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - HER OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah comes in. The stereo over the desk is playing, full

volume. She turns it off; looks around.

SARAH

Cotton? Well, that was anticlimactic.

She turns. A SOUND, LIKE THE FRONT DOOR OPENING. She's alarmed, but only at first. She brushes it off.

SARAH

Cotton, I don't know what you're doing --

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She comes in. The door is open.

SARAH

-- but you just about scared me half...

A KNIFE

...GLEAMING, IN THE AIR...a GHOST MASKED FIGURE...

MAN

-- TO DEATH?!

SARAH SCREAMS!

She runs down the hallway. Her wet feet cause her to slip. The FIGURE grabs at her legs. SHE KICKS HIM, RUSHES INTO THE OFFICE!

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - HER OFFICE - NIGHT

She locks the door. Steps away. The doorknob JIGGLES.

SARAH

GET OUT OF HERE!! GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE, NOW!!

MAN

Open the door, Sarah.

SARAH

Who is that? WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!!

MAN
Don't you want to see?

Suddenly,

SLASH!

...a knife pierces through the wood. Again and again.

SARAH
OH MY GOD!!

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Cotton's S-U-V runs onto the curb. He hops out...leaving it running...and darts up the stairs into --

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cotton looks back at the open door.

COTTON
Sarah? Hon?

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The t.v. is on, we hear the voice of the NEWS REPORTER (possibly the same one as before) as Cotton checks the steam-filled bathroom --

NEWS REPORTER
-- the recent surge of road rage that has terrorized the streets of Los Angeles seems to have no end --

COTTON
Sarah? It's me. Hello.

He re-appears, grabbing a rod iron poker from the fireplace.

NEWS REPORTER
-- tomorrow on News At 9, L.A. drivers fight back. In other news, stars are turning out for tonight's premiere of --

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cotton moves slowly, with caution. He holds the poker. He is poised for an attack. But there is no sign of danger. Until he reaches the end --

COTTON'S POV

The office door. Slivers of light dart out from the knife holes.

COTTON

Oh my God.

He tries the knob. LOCKED. With a powerful thrust, Cotton breaks the door down.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - HER OFFICE - NIGHT

He stumbles inside -- THE CLOSET DOOR BURSTS OPEN, out comes Sarah, wielding a GOLF CLUB, SHE SWINGS...

...it narrowly misses Cotton's head.

COTTON

It's me, hon. What're you doing?

SARAH

Oh thank God. Thank God. Did you see them? Somebody was in my house.

COTTON

They're gone now. Everything's okay.

SARAH

Are you sure? They were at the door. Banging. Trying to kill me. Oh God, Cotton, somebody was in my house.

His eyes widen --

COTTON SEES

over her shoulder, the GHOST MASK coming down the hall --

COTTON
BEHIND YOU!!

Sarah spins. A flash of silver...and A KNIFE BURIES ITSELF
IN HER CHEST!

SARAH
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

She falls to the floor. Dead. The Figure turns his attention
to Cotton.

With a swing of the knife, Cotton is SLASHED BLOODILY ON THE
ARM!

He stumbles back. Cotton kicks the desk chair. It stuns the
FIGURE. He goes for the window. IT'S LOCKED.

Cotton managed to swing GHOST FACE into a book shelf. The
shelf falls, pinning the man to the floor.

Safe. Not quite. A sharp KICK knocks Cotton over the desk.
He lands on the floor. GHOST FACE is on top of him.

BLOOD SURGES AS THE KNIFE RIPS INTO COTTON'S BELLY!

He is mortally wounded. He coughs blood. It stains the white
of the
GHOST MASK.

MAN
This is it, Cotton...THE FINAL STAB!!

THE KNIFE COMES DOWN

piercing Cotton's heart.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

OVER-SIZED RED LETTERS BLEED ACROSS THE SCREEN, SAYING --

SCREAM 3

FADE IN:

INT. WOODSBORO - DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

CHILDREN play with jump-ropes and the like while their
parents are at work. ADULTS supervise like surrogates.
CAMERA finds

SIDNEY PRESCOTT

mid-20s, only a few months have passed since we last saw her, but all the visible wounds have healed. She works here.

ALICE, a round woman in her 40's approaches, with a start...

ALICE

Sidney, I think you'd better see this.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY CARE CENTER - OFFICE - DAY

A television is playing.

ON SCREEN

is a mild-mannered female REPORTER standing in front of a police station in Los Angeles, a microphone in her hand.

TV REPORTER

-- the brutal slayings happened just after ten o'clock last night, witnesses say. The victims --

SUPERED: A PICTURE OF COTTON WEARY

TV REPORTER

-- famed real-crime author Cotton Weary --

SUPERED: A PICTURE OF SARAH DARLING

TV REPORTER

-- and actress and model Sarah Darling --

ON SIDNEY

Her reaction: shock, this is the moment she's been dreading.

TV REPORTER

-- were both highly involved with STAB 2 resulting in a brief delay in the film's production --

BACK TO SIDNEY

After a momentary pause, she realizes all eyes are on her...then...

SIDNEY

I have to go.

ALICE

Of course. Go on home.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The house as seen in the first film. Sidney's car pulls into the driveway.

She parks and she gets out...goes inside --

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sidney dropping her keys on the coffee table.

She beelines to the telephone...notices 7 calls on her answering machine. She hits the button --

BEEP...a FEMALE VOICE...actress ANGELINA TYLER'S voice --

ANGELINA

(on the machine)

Hello, Sidney, it's me again, I was just hoping that maybe --

Sidney hits the SKIP button...next message...

ANGELINA

Hi, Sidney, me again --

Hits the SKIP button...next message...

ANGELINA

Sidney, if we could just talk --

The front door opens.

NEIL PRESCOTT

Sidney's weary-eyed father, enters with suitcases.

MR PRESCOTT

I wasn't expecting you so early. I decided

MR PRESCOTT (con't)
to cut my trip short.

He stops.

MR PRESCOTT
What's the matter?

SIDNEY
You know the day I was hoping wouldn't come?
Well --
(Gestures to her surroundings)

MR PRESCOTT
I heard. Don't jump to conclusions, Sid.
Cotton wasn't exactly loved. The man had
enemies.

SIDNEY
And what about the girl?

MR PRESCOTT
Well, he had relationships. She had relationships.
Maybe. I don't know. Maybe somebody
caught them in something. Who knows.

Sidney nods her head, hearing but not believing it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Sidney steps onto the porch as a vehicle, a Ford Ranger,
pulls up. Getting out, we see

DEWEY RILEY

He still walks with a limp, but physical therapy has helped
a bit.

SIDNEY
I take it you heard too.

DEWEY
I wanted to make sure you were okay.

SIDNEY
Have you contacted Gale?

From his body language, this is a sore subject for Dewey.

DEWEY

No.

SIDNEY

That's priority number one, I guess.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

The waiting area is bustling, as usual. A POLICE RECEPTIONIST answers a call. CAMERA FINDS...

GALE WEATHERS

sitting amongst the others, reading the latest edition of THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER.

VOICE (O.S.)

'Scuse me...

Gale stands, seeing

L.A. HOMICIDE DETECTIVE MARK KINCAID

early 30s with a boyish, trust-worthy face, approaching.

There's a sparkle in Gale's eyes, like despite the tragedy, there may be a story in it for her. (The same, old Gale Weathers that we all know and love.)

DETECTIVE KINCAID

-- I'm Detective Marcus Kincaid, L.A. Homicide. Is it Ms. Weathers or Ms. Riley or what?

Pause.

GALE

Weathers. What do you make of this whole thing, Detective? Do you have any leads?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

No. The reason I called you in today, as I'm sure you understand, is because you're one of two experts in this field. Unfortunately, the other is the victim.

GALE

Yes, I know. It's tragic. I've heard that

GALE (con't)
 there may not be a definite connection
 between this and...well, you know...

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 Uh-huh.

GALE
 Is that not the case?

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 Step into my office.

Gale grabs her purse. She follows Detective Kincaid.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - KINCAID'S OFFICE - DAY

As well as being littered with the usual WANTED sheets,
 Kincaid's walls are dotted with movie posters.

He's something of a film buff.

GALE
 Wow. CASABLANCA. Tell me, Detective,
 is this the beginning of a beautiful
 friendship?

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 No offense, Ms. Weathers, but I know your
 fondness for law enforcement officials so
 I'll get right to the point.

They both sit.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 When the star of a movie called STAB is
 stabbed to death in real life it's often nothing
 more than a coincidence. I would tend to
 assume the same about this case.

(He smiles)

But I don't.

GALE
 A real-life trilogy? But why Cotton? His
 involvement was superficial, at best.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 I can't say. I don't know any more than you

DETECTIVE KINCAID (con't)
do, but the similarities are obvious enough
for the naked eye.

GALE
Have you checked on Sidney Prescott?

DETECTIVE KINCAID
No. I haven't gotten around to that yet.

GALE
Don't you think we should?

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Yes, Ms. Weathers. We should.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - WOODSBORO - DAY

SIDNEY stands beside a water fountain. The same fountain
where two years ago, she sat discussing murders with her
friends.

HER POV

on a nearby sidewalk, Dewey is talking with

SHERIFF BURKE

Woodsboro's finest.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hi there.

Sidney spins around...IT'S GALE.

GALE
Are you going to punch me?

SIDNEY
Gale. Where'd you come from?

GALE
Hollywood, like a bat out of hell. It's strange.
Like some kind of weird deja vu.

SIDNEY
Yeah, I guess it --

Dewey walks up. He sees Gale. Gale sees him. A silence.

DEWEY

Gale. Where'd you come from?

SIDNEY

Already covered that Dewey, "From Hollywood like a bat out of hell." Maybe I should leave you guys alone.

GALE

No. We're in this together.

(To Dewey)

Unless you have some objection.

Dewey bites his tongue. DETECTIVE KINCAID appears.

He stands at Gale's side.

GALE

(re: Kincaid)

This is --

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Detective Kincaid, L.A.P.D.

DEWEY

A little out of your jurisdiction, aren't you, Detective?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I take it you're Deputy Riley.

Kincaid shakes Dewey's hand.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

And you must be Ms. Prescott.

He shakes Sidney's.

SIDNEY

Today's turning out to be another in a series of bad dreams.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

As horrible as it might be, Ms. Prescott, I can assure you it's no dream. Someone is out there murdering, and it's up to me to stop him. We were concerned with your safety.

SIDNEY
I'm fine. As for safe -- who's safe?

DEWEY
Sid --

DETECTIVE KINCAID
(To Sidney)
Can we speak? It'll be brief. I promise.

Sidney nods, going off with Detective Kincaid.

ANGLE ON DEWEY AND GALE

They look at each other. Dewey turns. Begins to walk away.
Gale pursues.

DEWEY
It never ceases to amaze me how on the
ball you are when it comes to death and
destruction.

GALE
So you think it's true? A copycat of a copycat.
That's original.

DEWEY
Incidentally, Gale, I think there's more to
it than that. Why are you following me?

GALE
Yeah. Things usually get more intense on
the third outing. And I'm not following you.

Dewey stops. She does too.

DEWEY
What do you call this?

Pause.

GALE
Standing here...?

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - ON SIDNEY AND DETECTIVE KINCAID

They shake hands.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Thanks for your co-operation.

SIDNEY
No problem.

KINCAID'S POV

Dewey and Gale amidst a full fledged argument.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
They've got sort of a complex past, don't they?

SIDNEY
Married once. It's a long and sordid story.
The details of which I'm better off not knowing.

Sidney turns -- nearly bumping right into

ANGELINA TYLER

otherwise known as the-voice-on-the-answering-machine. She's
about 23 and dark-haired. Pretty, but not in a classical
way.

ANGELINA
Hi, Sidney. I'm Angelina Tyler. I tried to
call you on the phone but, well --
(Sees Detective Kincaid)
Bad timing? I understand the strain and
stress you must be under right now, but,
in my mind, it's here and now or never and
never.

SIDNEY
Ms. Tyler --

ANGELINA
(quick)
I know. I know. You don't do interviews.
You did one for Diane Sawyer.

SIDNEY
I --

ANGELINA
(quicker)
But not for Tori Spelling. Yeah. I know.
(pause)
Let me just put it this way: I care about you.

ANGELINA (con't)

I care about your portrayal. Two minutes would be such a help.

Kincaid steps in.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I think Ms. Prescott has made her p --

SIDNEY

(butting in)

Fine. Two minutes. But just two, not sixty-two. Okay?

Angelina smiles in agreement.

Detective Kincaid hands Sid his card.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

If you remember anything, my number's on the back. Any information is better than no information.

CAMERA follows Sidney as she walks with Angelina at her side --

ANGELINA

I feel honored to be playing you on screen. I've done Shakespeare, you know? Guest spots on NYPD BLUE, ER, TOTAL REQUEST LIVE -- .

SIDNEY

...DAYS OF OUR LIVES and CALIFORNIA DREAMS and KNOTS LANDING. I saw the bio. Impressive. We're at sixty seconds and counting.

ANGELINA

Just please, please, please just tell me what it's like to be you, and not just be-be you, but really be you.

SIDNEY

I don't know what you want me to say. That I'm miserable. That I'm in pain. All that stuff's fine, but I'm real. I'm not some character in a slice 'em movie.

ANGELINA

No. You're not some character. You're my

ANGELINA (con't)
 character. You have to understand, being
 a failed actress yourself, that I --

SIDNEY
 (pause)
 Time's up.

Sidney leaves, rather abrupt.

ANGELINA
 WAIT!! What did I --
 (Realizing it;
 to herself)
 God. You're so STUPID!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - ANGLE ON DEWEY AND GALE

Having it out. Pointing at each other. Shouting. Overlapping
 one another's sentences. They were definitely a married
 couple. They are acting like it now.

They take a break. Look over. A CROWD OF SPECTATORS has
 gathered to watch...then --

GALE
 Plus, you accused me of having an affair
 with Joel -- my cameraman, for God sakes!
 How low can you go?!

Dewey holds up his hand, pointing to the wedding band.

DEWEY
 I think this says it all. Where's your ring?
 Probably threw it in the trash along with us,
 right?

Dewey walks off. Gale's busted. She lowers her head, says
 nothing...then, from nowhere --

KID #1 IN THE CROWD
 Hey! Didn't you use to be on TOP STORY?

Gale walks off, her nose in the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - ON SIDNEY'S CAR

It's parked at the curb. Sidney unlocks the door.

A SOUND

...she turns -- DEWEY IS STANDING THERE. A relief.

DEWEY

I'm sorry about all the craziness, Sid, but I guess when something like this happens the vultures can't help but close in.

SIDNEY

You look after me, Dewey. What can I say?

DEWEY

Well, you're all I got. Dad dead -- sister too. Mom iffy on good days. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times -- there was me, there was you.

(shrugs)

All of it's the same in my book.

Sidney kisses him on the cheek. Gets in the car. Drives away. As she does,

DEWEY

Need anything -- I'm a phone call away!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

- The sun going down over the sleepy town of Woodsboro. There is absolutely no panic here. Nobody thinks these murders mean anything out of the ordinary.

- Teen-agers flock to the local movie theater. The marquee says STAB - MIDNITE SHOWING TONITE ONLY!! The fans are still drooling for more.

- etc., other assorted shots...ending with SIDNEY'S CAR arriving back at her house. There are no lights on inside. Apparently, Mr Prescott is not home.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sidney comes in. Locks the front door. She drops her keys on the coffee table; the routine. She goes to the answering machine.

SIDNEY
(calls out)

Dad, I'm home.

(pause)

Dad -- ?

Turns, looking into her father's bedroom, dark. Suddenly,

THE PHONE RINGS

...Sidney jumps, sighs...answers it --

SIDNEY

Hello?

MAN

Hello, Sidney.

THAT VOICE -- IT MAKES HER BLOOD RUN COLD!

SIDNEY

Wh-...what do you want?

MAN

The thing you would least expect.

SIDNEY

DON'T CALL HERE AGAIN!!

Sidney slams the phone down, backs away.

IT BEGINS TO RING

She looks around...SEEING THE WINDOWS. Sidney hits the light switch and the living room goes dark. She looks at the phone. It's ominous.

Suddenly...THE CLOSET DOOR BURSTS OPEN BEHIND HER!

IT'S THE KILLER! He leaps out for her. They fall to the floor. Sidney looks up at the GHOST MASK looming over her...and the knife...SHE KICKS UP. Knocking him back.

Sidney scrambles for the door. Locked. No time. GHOST FACE

is coming for her...his knife STABS INTO THE DOOR! Sidney rushes upstairs...the KILLER right behind...

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

She locks the door, pulls the closet door open...placing the edge right to the door knob as...

THE FIGURE POUNDS AGAINST THE DOOR...

ramming it, but the closet door catches...it jams it shut...saving her for the moment...

Sidney grabs the desk phone...it's dead, off the hook downstairs. Deja vu --

...the knife slashes through the crack of the door wildly... Sidney is at her computer, punching at the keypad madly...

CLOSE ON SCREEN AS WORDS APPEAR:

9-1-1 SEND
KILLER IN THE HOUSE

Then -- there's quiet. The killer has vanished. Again.

Sidney rises. She goes to the bedside table to retrieve something from a drawer. A small .22 handgun.

Armed and ready, Sidney walks over, shuts the closet door and swings her bedroom door open --

THE FIGURE LEAPS FOR HER!

Sidney is thrown backwards, over the bed. She lands hard. The .22 escapes her grasp. Nearly unconscious, Sidney looks up...

SEEING THE GHOST MASK LOOMING OVER HER!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Police cars, their blue and red lights flashing, are parked outside the isolated country home --

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

Neil Prescott is leaning against the railing, staring out blankly, into the night's sky...

DEWEY JOINS HIM.

MR PRESCOTT

They took her. They took my little girl.

DEWEY

I'll find her, Neil. I promise you. Whatever I have to do. Okay?

MR PRESCOTT

Thanks, Dewey. I'm sure you will.

ANGLE ON DEWEY

between tears and anger. Raw determination. He WILL bring Sidney home.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRAMAX STUDIOS - REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

The cast and crew of STAB 2 are gathered around a table for a read-through. We meet each of them individually. The first we see is

JOHN MILTON

the film's producer, 59, an old-school Hollywood guy with a commanding voice.

MILTON

While we're waiting for our director, this is the time to ask any questions about anything.

JENNIFER JOLIE

30s playing younger is the epitome of the cocky drama queen. She is the actress playing Gale. She raises her hand.

JENNIFER

Who's bright idea was it to print the script on paper you can't read?

MILTON

Yeah, but you can't Xerox it.

JENNIFER

Like anybody cares. We're making a horror movie not curing cancer.

Someone else speaks up...

ROMAN BRIDGER

he's the pretty boy of the cast. The guy all the teen-age girls buy posters of. He's playing Derek.

ROMAN

Derek -- page 43 -- "I hope that was an off-the-cuff remark which holds no subtext whatsoever?" I can't say that line. Who the hell talks like that?

MILTON

Derek does.

ROMAN

God. Where have all the good writers gone?

Beside him sits...

TOM PRINZE

a goofy-looking guy. So, naturally, he was the first choice to replace David Schwimmer as Deputy Dewey.

TOM

Two people involved with this film are dead. Why do I feel like Schwimmer was a genius for dropping out?

MILTON

Think about it this way, if he hadn't you'd still be unemployed, Deputy Dewey.

And finally, there's...

TYSON FOX

an African-American actor, Joel in STAB 2, who seems the most humble and relaxed at the table.

TYSON

I don't understand why Joel and Gale don't get it on. Can't we change that? The sexual tension's flowing like water.

JENNIFER

Aw, Tyson. Gale would never screw around with her cameraman. Besides, you're black!

MILTON

AH! Here's the general now!

IT'S GALE. She's the director. Following her is...

STEVEN STONE

a mountain of a man who also happens to be one of L.A.'s finest celebrity bodyguards.

GALE

Sorry I'm late. Had a long drive. Lets get this show on the road.

MILTON

(re: Stone)

Who's this guy?

GALE

My bodyguard. The police hired him. He won't get in the way.

(Looks around)

Where's Angelina?

JENNIFER

Come on! She's a bit player. She dies on page 56. I've got a massage this afternoon.

GALE

Alright. Whatever. "Fade in -- exterior -- movie theater -- night..."

CUT TO:

EXT. MIRAMAX STUDIOS - PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

Angelina's BMW pulls up...passing guys rolling a phony backdrop onto a soundstage...and parks...she goes inside --

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

STAB 2 is stenciled on the door that Angelina comes through. She is mumbling aimless to herself...

ANGELINA

"Read through today. It's very important."
Don't even tell me where the hell it is. Oh,
no. It's not like I'm not the fucking star
of this thing.

(calls out)

Hello? Gale -- Milton?

She looks around. Sees the prototype of the poster on the wall...a ghost-masked killer slashing through the title.

ANGELINA

I've got to get a better agent.

She goes to Gale's office door. Looks inside. EMPTY.

ANGELINA

Is someone, anyone, here? Dammit to hell.
Enough to make a preacher cuss. I should
be kicking some ass. Throwing some clout
around. Something.

GALE'S DESK PHONE RINGS.

ANGELINA

What am I now, the secretary?

She scoffs.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S OFFICE - DAY

Angelina pushes the button for the speaker phone.

ANGELINA

Director's office.

MAN

(over phone)

I've been looking for you.

IT'S HIM!

Angelina does not recognize the voice.

ANGELINA
Milton? Where're you guys?

MAN
Guess.

Angelina pulls her script out of her purse and sits at the desk --

ANGELINA
Beats the hell out of me. Listen, I'm not happy. I mean, I'm Sidney -- a major participant in this endeavor and...and -- well, I want some respect!

MAN
Oh, really.

Pause.

ANGELINA
Yeah. And I...I...

MAN
You don't want to be just another victim.

Pause.

ANGELINA
Right. I have some demands. I...well -- I DON'T WANT ANYMORE FUCKING REWRITES!! It's hard enough to remember lines as it is.

MAN
I bet I know another thing you want:

ANGELINA
You probably do.

MAN
A bigger death scene.

ANGELINA
That's another thing. I don't think I should die. Sidney should survive just in case there's a part three.

(SINGS)
Money
Money

ANGELINA (con't)

Money -- you know.

MAN

I couldn't agree with you more. Sidney
shouldn't die -- BUT YOU SHOULD!!

CLICK!

HUM OF AN OPEN LINE.

Angelina is scared. She stands.

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY

Angelina stumbles from Gale's office. She looks around the
hall.

IT'S SAFE, NO KILLERS --

...then, she turns to the door...stops in her tracks --
there's a SILHOUETTE MOVING BEHIND THE GLASS!

Angelina muffles a scream with her hand. Looks around.
There's a door. It's unlocked. She ducks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES - PROPS ROOM

She finds herself face to face with

A GHOST MASK!

Angelina GASPS...pulls away and swings...she knocks the mask
off a rack -- it falls harmlessly to the floor.

She realizes this was just one of many costumes hanging in
the props room. They are on racks.

A SOUND

Quickly, Angelina ducks onto the nearest rack, taking cover
under one of the black robes. She dials a number on her cell
phone.

VOICE ON THE OTHER END

--thank you for calling MIRAMAX STUDIOS.

VOICE ON THE OTHER END (con't)
 If you'd like today's commissary menu, PRESS
 ONE --

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES - ANGLE ON

A SECURITY GUARD

he was the silhouette behind the glass. He's checking the
 place. Making sure it's empty. If only Angelina knew this.

CUT TO:

INT. PROPS ROOM - ANGLE ON ANGELINA

waiting, cell phone in hand.

VOICE ON THE OTHER END
 -- if you'd like to hear previews of upcoming
 MIRAMAX releases, PRESS FOUR; if you'd
 like information on a MIRAMAX internship,
 PRESS FIVE --

She doesn't know this

BUT ONE OF THE GHOST MASKS IS MOVING!

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES - ON THE SECURITY GUARD

as he locks the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. PROPS ROOM - ANGLE ON ANGELINA

hearing something, looking over...

THE KILLER'S FEET LAND ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HER!

The costumes rack begins to roll...through a set of
 doors...THROWING THEM OPEN --

ANGELINA

flies off the cart, landing and rolling across the floor.
 She gets to her feet. GHOST FACE is coming for her. She sees

A KNIFE

grabbing it. The blade bends. It's fake. Then, she grabs

A SWORD

like in a Conan movie. SWINGS IT at her attacker -- no effect. It's another prop.

She's helpless. HE STRIKES ANGELINA ACROSS THE FACE!
She goes through a glass door. The knife goes up -- STABS
INTO HER
BACK -- AGAIN AND AGAIN! --

She is dead.

CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICES - DAY - LATER

As the body bag is wheeled away...ANGLE WIDENS -- Officers are combing the scene. Dusting for prints. The usual.

Detective Kincaid appears. He jots down some notes. Hears a slight scuffle, turns as Gale forces her way past a crime scene investigator.

GALE
It's my goddamn office!
(to Kincaid)
Is she dead?

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Yes. And this officially shuts down your film. It could have been prevented. I blame myself.

GALE
I blame the killer.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
We're not going to catch him this way. Not unless we can somehow anticipate his next move. He leaves no evidence.

VOICE (O.S.)
-- we have to look at the rules!

Gale and Kincaid turn, seeing Dewey held behind the yellow

police tape by an Officer.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 (Gesturing him thru)
 Deputy Riley. I'm glad you could make it.

Dewey comes over.

DEWEY
 Anything for Sidney.

GALE
 Sidney? What's she got to do with this? I mean, besides the indirect obvious. She's safe in Woodsboro.

DEWEY
 Not anymore.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 Ms. Prescott was taken from her home last night.

GALE
 Kidnapped?!

DEWEY
 By the killer.

Gale looks at Kincaid.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 (-- who nods)
 It would appear so, yes.

GALE
 Okay, the rules. Lets think. I got it -- third movies are always darker.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 And they tie around. You know, connect to something from the past. The trilogy cycle.

GALE
 Don't forget Third Film Syndrome.

DEWEY
 What's that?

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 It's the immortal curse. ALIEN, GODFATHER,

DETECTIVE KINCAID (con't)
 NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET -- second
 sequels are always lackluster.

GALE
 In other words they suck ass. That's why I
 decided to kill off Sidney in STAB 2. Kill the
 main character, kill the franchise.

DEWEY
 Ah.
 (suddenly)
 Wait a second! Think. What else happens
 in those movies?

Gale and Kincaid look at one another. Baffled.

DEWEY
 Michael Corleone...Nancy Thompson...
 SIGOURNEY -- !

GALE
 They all die.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 Rule number two -- nobody's safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - IN BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

A splendid view of Los Angeles from the hills.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

John Milton sits on the expensive leather sofa being
 questioned by Detective Kincaid. Gale stands off to the
 side.

MILTON
 I've had my share of scandals. I'm a film
 producer. This is Hollywood.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
 I appreciate your assistance, Mr. Milton.
 Let me know if anything else occurs to you.

MILTON

It was my pleasure. I'm not heartless. I want this guy caught as much as anyone else.

Milton walks to the door. He stops, turns to Gale.

MILTON

I know it's in bad taste, but the party's still on. Feel free to drop by.

He leaves.

GALE

Can you believe that guy. Tactful, huh?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

What was that all about?

GALE

His 60th birthday party. It was supposed to be for cast-only. No point in going now.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I don't know. A big, dark mansion. Third act celebration. Could be the perfect setting for a good, old fashion sting.

GALE

So you think the killer's someone involved with the movie.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I think anything is possible. I think it's highly likely. I also think you and Deputy Riley are still on my list of suspects. I will think anything I need to think to catch this maniac.

GALE

That's reasonable.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

That's my job.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALE'S HOUSE - DAY

At the gate. Dewey is checking out the intercom speaker. He notices

SEVERAL OF THE WIRES HAVE BEEN CUT.

Steven Stone approaches. Stone walks with a swagger. Highly confident in his abilities. Dewey gives him a friendly smile.

STONE

Howdy. I wanted to get something straight. That is, if you were under the impression we're going to be working together. I'm a solo job. I don't do the partner thing.

DEWEY

Whatever you say. We need to fix this speaker and I suggest a search of the grounds.

STONE

Apparently I wasn't clear. I'm the professional celebrity bodyguard. My resume includes Julia Roberts, Posh Spice, David Letterman. You are the Hollywood-hang-a-rounder. Now, I was hired --

DEWEY

By the police.

STONE

-- I WAS HIRED to protect Gale Weathers and that's what I'm going to do. My past clients are alive whereas your resume reads like the obituaries. How about you take suggestions from me. Alright?

DEWEY

Whatever you say.

A CAR APPROACHES

DEWEY

Who's that?

HONK!-HONK!

ANGLE ON

the person behind the wheel. It's Jennifer Jolie.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jennifer lights a cigarette.

JENNIFER

I haven't had one of these in three years.
Now I'm probably being stalked. It's all
because of you.

Gale rolls her eyes. Detective Kincaid steps in.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

If you think Gale's the next target then
why come here?

JENNIFER

Because you L.A.P.Dumb jarheads decided
she deserved protection and I didn't. I have
an ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATION. She
has blood on her hands. Where's the justice
in that? Shouldn't you people be following
some kind of pattern or something?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

There were nearly two years between the
Woodsboro and Windsor killings.

Dewey and Stone come in from outside.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

(To Dewey)

How long has it been since the last murders?

DEWEY

Four months.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Bingo.

(To Jennifer)

Do you see the pattern?

She says nothing.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I didn't think so. Anyway, this is as good a
reason as any for us to have a little talk.

JENNIFER

You want to question me?

GALE
He's questioning everybody.

JENNIFER
But me? I'm an innocent by-stander.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Then you have nothing to worry about.

JENNIFER
Fine.

Jennifer and Kincaid go into the kitchen. Dewey approaches Gale.

DEWEY
All seems well outside.

GALE
Thanks.

DEWEY
Don't mention it.

GALE
Dewey, could we just --

DEWEY
Excuse me. I need a drink of water.

He walks away.

GALE
(To Stone)
Can you believe him?

STONE
I can't believe you. Married to a guy like that.
(scoffs)
Crime in Italy.

DING-DONG!

The door bell. Stone opens it. There stands Tyson Fox and Tom Prinze.

TYSON
How y'all doing.

STONE

The gang's all here.

Pause.

GALE

I really need to get that speaker fixed.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - IN THE KITCHEN

Dewey fills a glass with tap water. As he takes a drink, Gale and Stone enter. They beeline to the window.

STONE

I noticed the tin can out back.

GALE

It's maid's quarters. Of course it's empty now. They high-tailed it.

STONE

Smart Mexicans. May I?

GALE

By all means.

Stone exits through back door to check it out.

GALE

turns, looking at Dewey for a moment.

DEWEY

looks back at her.

DEWEY

It's quite a little life you've made for yourself.

GALE

I never meant to shut you out of it.

DEWEY

So it's off to Paris for a week. London for a month. Los Angeles FOREVER!!

GALE

You knew I couldn't stay in Woodsboro.

GALE (con't)
It's like dog years. One year there is ten
years everywhere else.

DEWEY
Yeah, but --

Then,

TOM (O.S.)
(butting in)
GALE!! Where do you keep the bourbon?

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Detective Kincaid enters.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
What is this, a slumber party?

DEWEY
Think of it this way, Detective: all of your
suspects are in one house.

GALE
(To Dewey)
We'll talk later.

DEWEY
I'm sure we will.

Dewey leaves.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
I sense some tension.

GALE
Solve the murders. That's fine. When you
start playing DR. RUTH, that's where I
have to draw the line.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
(Holding up his hands)
Didn't mean to interfere.

GALE
You didn't. I'm on edge.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Where's Stone?

She gestures to the back door.

GALE

He'll be back in a minute.

Gale goes into the living room. Kincaid stands at the window, pulling back the curtain ever-so slightly.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I sincerely hope so. I need to speak with him next.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALE'S HOUSE - ON THE TRAILER OUT BACK - DUSK

Stone looks around. He notices --

THE LOCK HAS BEEN BROKEN.

He tries the door. It opens effortlessly.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER

Stone steps in. The trailer is empty and dark. Furnishings are clean. Hanging beads guard the doorway into a small kitchen area. Then, he notices something,

A PHOTO ON THE FLOOR

dropped here by accident, no doubt. He picks it up, examining the picture more closely.

INSERT - PHOTO

it's of Sidney, as a teen-ager, hugging Dewey with one arm, her father Mr. Prescott with the other.

STONE

Dewey's girlfriend. Nice little piece of tail.

Stone chuckles. Then, out of the blue...

THE GHOST MASK APPEARS

right behind him. A LONG, SHARP BLADE IS THRUST INTO HIS BACK -- Stone YELLS in pain, turning, using his sheer body

weight to pin the FIGURE against the wall...

GHOST FACE KICKS OUT, knocking Stone into the fridge, plunging the knife deeper -- then, the killer grabs an unwashed frying pan from the sink, STRIKING STONE, HARD --

It knocks him down. Stone struggles. Gets to his hands and knees. The FIGURE BEATS HIM OVER THE HEAD UNTIL STONE'S BODY SUBMITS...he falls, unconscious...or dead --

The GHOST MASK retreats back into the shadows from which it came --

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyson downs a glass of straight whiskey.

TYSON

I'm up for seconds. Who else, raise you hands?

Tom does. Tyson gives him a refill.

JENNIFER

I was supposed to be on SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE next week, but no. Instead I get a night of terror with you dead-beats.

TYSON

I didn't invite you. Get the hell out.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I think y'all should just calm down.

Kincaid takes the bottle from Tyson.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

And cool it with the Jim Beam.

TYSON

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. That's all I'm hearing.

(To Tom)

What about you?

TOM

It's all I'm hearing, my brother.

They bump fists.

JENNIFER

What is that? Some sort of BOYZ N THE HOOD, JUICE, BIG JACK CITY-street lingo?

GALE

If all of you don't shut up, I'm going to go out of my mind.

TYSON

Chances are, you already have.

TOM

Yeah, Gale. Where were you this morning? You showed up mighty late for that read through.

JENNIFER

They have a point. So. What's your excuse?

GALE

I told you -- traffic.
(To Kincaid)
Tell 'em.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Ms. Weathers is on the bottom of my suspects list. Her alibi checks out.

Jennifer points to Tyson. He notices.

TYSON

Lower that finger, MARY POPPINS. What's with the...
(Points at her in an exaggerated fashion)
-- as if you think I had something to do with this bullshit. I could've cared less about Cotton Weary.

JENNIFER

All the more reason to kill him.

TYSON

How's that?

JENNIFER

People don't often kill those they care about. They do?

TOM

I need some tylenol. Would everybody just please leave the detective-work to the detective.

(To Jennifer)

That part on THE PRACTICE really went to your head.

JENNIFER

Pardon the hell out of me. I'm not doing this for shits and giggles. I too would like to live in peace again.

GALE

(a scoff)

Oh, give me a break --

Tom holds up his script of STAB 2.

TOM

Lets get this script-burning party going, shall we? This is in honor of all the brave souls who gave their lives just so they could be played badly in movies called STAB.

Tom pulls out his cigarette lighter.

GALE

Burn that in my house and I'll show you a homicide victim.

TOM

(To Kincaid)

OOOOOH!! OOOOOH!! I demand an arrest, Officer. That woman just threatened me!

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I'm going to help her if you don't shut up.

TOM

No reason to put it to the mattresses, Sheriff. I was only making a funny.

JENNIFER

(re: Tyson)

I think what's funny is how this one here coincidentally excuses him from a scheduled rehearsal so that he could "make a very important meeting." Next thing you know, his co-star dies.

TYSON

I had a session with my producer. I'm cutting an album.

JENNIFER

Let me guess -- rap, right? Tell me, Tyson, is the album all you're cutting?

TYSON

You really are the queen bee bitch of the west, you know that? I hate breathing the same air. It's contaminated.

TOM

You know, Angelina was stabbed in the back. Suspicious.

JENNIFER

You can kiss my ass. Both of you.

Jennifer stands and leaves.

TOM

(To Tyson)

Some people just can't handle the truth.

TYSON

All I know is I can't handle her. Conniving little bitch.

Then,

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Okay, okay. Everybody hates everybody. I think that's been thoroughly established. Can we move on?

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Jennifer comes in. She wipes a tear from her cheek, sits on the bed. She turns on the t.v. by remote control.

TV ANNOUNCER

-- on the next HARD COPY, political advisors to the stars speak out --

A SOUND

Jennifer turns...seeing Dewey emerging from the bathroom.

DEWEY

Hi. Pardon me.

JENNIFER

Wait! It's alright. Come over and sit with me. I could use some cheering up.

Dewey does.

DEWEY

What's the matter?

JENNIFER

I guess it's hard to be the person everybody hates.

DEWEY

I think you're too deep in your character.

JENNIFER

Huh?

DEWEY

Gale's the one everybody hates. Not you.

JENNIFER

Neither one of us is going to win a popularity contest any time soon.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Detective Kincaid kneels beside Gale.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Maybe you should go check on her.

GALE

What do you think I am, a good host?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

She was upset.

GALE
It's the night from hell.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Gale get as far as her hand on the knob before stopping. She hears voices from inside. Dewey and Jennifer talking about her.

DEWEY (O.S.)
Gale wants the whole world to love her.
One person could never be enough. She's
a dreamer.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
She's a narcissistic, psycho bitch.

DEWEY (O.S.)
She's got a good heart.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Dewey and Jennifer on the bed.

DEWEY
She just hides it away. She thinks people
see that as weak.

JENNIFER
You talk like you're still in love with her.

DEWEY
Yeah, well. I left out the part about her
being cruel and selfish and obsessive and
annoying.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN

they are startled by Gale.

GALE
"Cruel and selfish and annoying?"

JENNIFER
You forgot "obsessive."

GALE
No. You forgot! You both did!

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Tom and Tyson hear the commotion. They smile and head down the hall, expecting a cat-fight.

Kincaid follows.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S CAR - BEDROOM

DETECTIVE KINCAID
What's the matter?

GALE
Nothing. Besides me telling Ginger and Gilligan here to get the hell out of my house.

Jennifer walks over to Gale, confronting her face to face.

JENNIFER
You just can't stand it.

GALE
Get out of my face, Jennifer. I'm warning you.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
(Getting between them)
Okay, ladies, lets jus --

JENNIFER
No. I want to hear this. Say what you gotta say, Gale.

GALE
I think I have.

Dewey helps Kincaid.

DEWEY
(To Tom and Tyson)
Can we get a hand here?

TOM

Not 'til I see some hair-pulling.

ANGLE ON GALE AND JENNIFER

still at a good striking distance. They're fuming.

JENNIFER

You're jealous.

GALE

About what, your boob job? Sorry, honey. Somebody should have told you. They don't get more lop-sided.

JENNIFER

About my acting.

GALE

Your what?

JENNIFER

I play Gale Weathers better than you could ever have.

GALE

I am Gale Weathers!

JENNIFER

But I'm better.

GALE

What a joke.

THE PHONE RINGS!

Everyone freezes. Terrified.

After a long silence.

TYSON

Maybe somebody should get that.

JENNIFER

It's Gale's house. Let her answer it.

GALE

I'm not answering it. Are you crazy?

DEWEY

Well I'm not answering it.

Detective Kincaid is the brave one. He goes over, picking up the receiver.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Yes?

MAN

(over phone)

Is Gale around?

IT'S THE PHONE VOICE!

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Who may I say is calling?

MAN

It's Milton.

Kincaid turns to Gale.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

The soon-to-be birthday boy. Do you want to talk to him?

Gale nods and takes the phone from the detective.

GALE

John --

MAN

ARE YOU READY TO DIE TONIGHT?

CLICK! LINE'S DEAD.

Gale's eyes are like saucers. The others notice.

GALE

It was him.

DING!-DONG!

AAHHHHHH!!! They all jump, and SCREAM in unison. Kincaid reaches for his belt holster. A .38 Automatic awaits.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Follow me. Stay close.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Detective Kincaid crosses to the door, looking out through the peephole.

Only Dewey and Gale and Jennifer have decided to follow him.

ANGLE THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

at the distorted front porch

IT'S EMPTY.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Okay. This how it's gonna work. We're all gonna stay calm. I'm going out to car. I have a .22 in the dashboard for Deputy Riley.

DEWEY

Maybe I should come with you.

JENNIFER

Leaving us alone? Think about that.

DEWEY

Point taken.

Kincaid opens the door. HE DISAPPEARS OUTSIDE --

ANGLE ON DEWEY AND GALE AND JENNIFER

holding each other for safety. Staring, transfixed, out the opened front door...INTO THE DARKNESS -- then, there is a movement --

IT'S STEVEN STONE

he lumbers, like a zombie, to the porch. Stopping. Looking and pointing at Dewey accusingly.

DEWEY AND GALE AND JENNIFER

don't know what to say. They stand there, noticing blood.

STONE

drops to his knees. He chokes on his blood and falls forward

REVEALING

THE KNIFE IN HIS BACK!

Dewey rushes to his aid, taking Stone's purse.

TYSON AND TOM

appear beside Gale and Jennifer in the doorway.

TYSON
Holy shit. Is he dead?

DEWEY
He ain't sleeping.

Dewey finds Stone's gun. A .38. Then --

A NOISE

in the bushes. They freak out.

DEWEY
Everybody back inside!

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Gale and Jennifer and Tyson and Tom all panic in synch.
Dewey speaks up,

DEWEY
SHUT UP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Instant silence.

DEWEY
Stay calm. I got to think.

TYSON
What's there to think about, RUNNING?!

GALE
He's right. We have to use our heads.
Out smart this fucker.

Suddenly

THE HOUSE GOES BLACK!

Someone has shut off the power. Everyone SCREAMS -- after a pause, Dewey leads them all out the back door to the SWIMMING POOL AREA --

DEWEY

Okay, guys. Out of the house. QUICK!!

RII-RIING! RII-RIING!

Each of them grab their individual cell phones.

JENNIFER

Sounds like --

GALE

...the fax!

They all rush back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

and gather around the fax machine as a sheet of paper slides out --

GALE

"Interior -- Gale's house -- living room -- night." It's a script.

JENNIFER

WHAT DOES IT SAY?!!

GALE

"With the bodyguard stabbed to death the five stand trapped -- "

TOM

He's rewriting the movie.

GALE

" -- as the killer waits outside, suddenly, the fax machine sends news of their fate -- "

DEWEY

IT'S A TRAP!! EVERYBODY OUTSIDE!!

TYSON

Yeah, outside where he can slice us up one

TYSON (con't)
by one! Smart move, Dewey!

GALE
" -- the killer is prepared to grant mercy to
only one of them -- "

DEWEY
DON'T YOU GET IT?!! The killer's telling
us he's outside because he wants us inside!

Dewey grabs Gale's arm, pulling her outside.

RII-RIIING!! RII-RIIING!!

Another fax is coming through. Jennifer grabs it.

GALE
I HAVE TO SEE!!

DEWEY
Gale! Lets get out of here!

JENNIFER
"Who will survive? Is it Jennifer? Tyson?
Tom? Dewey? Gale? The killer will grant
mercy to -- "

DEWEY
COME ON!! EVERYONE OUTSIDE!! OUTSIDE!!

They all run back to the swimming pool.

JENNIFER
" -- will grant mercy to -- " I WANT TO
KNOW WHAT HAPPENS!!

RII-RIIING!! RII-RIIING!!

Gale holds Jennifer. The final fax is arriving just inside
the door.

TOM
ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT!! I HAVE TO KNOW!!

Tom goes back into the house.

JENNIFER
WHAT DOES IT SAY?!!

ANGLE ON TOM

at the fax.

TOM

"And the killer will grant mercy to whoever -- "

It's too dark to see.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALE'S HOUSE - OUT BY THE SWIMMING POOL

GALE

WHOEVER WHAT?!!

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOUSE - IN THE KITCHEN

Tom is desperately looking for light. It occurs to him...his cigarette lighter. He uses it to illuminate the script page.

TOM

" -- whoever smells the -- "

INSERT - THE SCRIPT PAGE

WHOEVER SMELLS THE GAS

TOM EXPLODES IN A BALL OF FIRE -- the windows of the house blow out...in little more than a few seconds Gale's entire home is BLOWN STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY!!

Dewey and Gale and Jennifer and Tyson jump for cover as flames and flying debris SHOWER DOWN OVER THEM --

...they land in the dirt...rolling endlessly down a steep embankment -- getting seperated --

-- when the initial explosion is over, a HUGE BLACK CLOUD OF SMOKE RISES TOWARD THE FULL MOON -- and there is a strange, eerie silence --

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - ANGLE ON DEWEY

recovering from the fall. He looks around, realizing

HE'S ALONE.

DEWEY

Gale -- ?

There's a

SOUND

Dewey spins around...IT'S JENNIFER.

JENNIFER

So much for safety in numbers.

DEWEY

Where's Gale?

JENNIFER

Oh, gimme a break.

Another

SOUND

Dewey and Jennifer spin around...IT'S TYSON.

TYSON

I can't believe I'm still alive.

JENNIFER

Where's the killer?

And then, a final

SOUND

They all spin around...IT'S GALE.

DEWEY

Are you okay?

GALE

Yeah. I think so. My house has seen better days.

DEWEY

Come on. Lets stay together.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE

Dewey and Gale and Jennifer and Tyson appear on the roadside.

HEADLIGHTS APPROACH

they get scared. Who Is This? THE CAR STOPS -- someone gets out...IT'S DETECTIVE KINCAID.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Is everyone all right?

Pause.

A relief.

GALE

Kincaid --

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - KINCAID'S OFFICE - DAY

The sun shines in. Gale confronts Kincaid. Jennifer lights a cigarette. Dewey is getting treated for a scrape on his forehead.

GALE

-- where the hell were you? Stone is dead. Tom got exploded. Me and Dewey and Jennifer and Tyson were in the house. Where were you?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I can read between the lines, Ms. Weathers. You think I'm the killer.

GALE

You said everybody's a suspect.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

And I meant it.

DEWEY

I think Gale's just being cautious, Detective. You have to admit it's an odd coincidence that you miraculously survived.

Gale snatches the pack of cigarettes from Jennifer.

GALE

Give me one of those. Got a light?

Jennifer lights it for her.

GALE

Thanks.

(To Kincaid)

There's one last chance -- Milton's party.
It starts at seven.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I'll be there.

DEWEY

So will I.

JENNIFER

Count me out. The hell if I'm going.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

You'll be safe.

JENNIFER

Where have I heard that before?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

There'll be heavy surveillance.

Office door opens...

IT'S TYSON.

TYSON

Did I hear something about a party?
Everybody in this whole fucking room
must be crazy.

GALE

Not a party, Tyson. A trap.

JENNIFER

And we're the bait.

TYSON

Sounds like an enchanting evening.

Off this, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JOHN MILTON'S HOUSE - IN BEL AIR - NIGHT

An old, gothic palace which looks even creepier than usual amidst the shadows and seclusion.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The inside is even more magnificent.

ROMAN

sits on the sofa with Jennifer. They drink champagne.

DEWEY

hangs out by the french windows, keeping an eye on the grounds. Tyson walks over.

TYSON

Dewey. I just wanted to let you know. If I die tonight, I'm going to kill you.

DEWEY

Fair enough.

MILTON

enters, leading Gale and Kincaid on a tour.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Your house is very impressive, Mr. Milton. Like an embodiment of "Old Hollywood."

MILTON

I'm glad you think so.

From the sofa,

ROMAN

(SINGS)

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday dear Milton
Happy birthday to you

MILTON

More champagne all around. I'll be right back. Feel free. Explore.

Milton goes to the kitchen.

ROMAN

Don't mind if I do.

ROMAN

begins to leave the room. Kincaid stops him.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

As I said, it's probably not a good idea to separate yourself from the group. Tonight is not supposed to be about fun.

ROMAN

Everything's 'spose to be about gun...

DETECTIVE KINCAID

You mean "fun?"

ROMAN

Fun-gun. What the hell ever. Who's coming with me.

Roman gestures to Tyson.

TYSON

Think again, my friend.

ROMAN

Jennifer. Come on. You've always been the life of the party. Come with me so I'll be safe.

GALE

puts her hand on Jennifer's shoulder.

GALE

Don't be stupid, Roman. She's not going anywhere with you.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

(To Roman)

Sit down. Finish your drink.

ROMAN

Bunch of fucking...fucking -- I don't even know what. Fine. Stay here. I'm INDIANA JONES.

Roman wanders off. Jennifer gets up and follows.

JENNIFER

(Calls out)

Wait. I'm coming with you.

(To the others)

We'll be right back.

Jennifer leaves.

TYSON

You couldn't pay me to wander around this place at night when a killer wasn't on the loose. Be damned if I'm doing it now.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Better safe than sorry.

GALE

Got that right.

Tyson turns.

TYSON

(To Gale)

"Better safe than sorry?" When the hell have you ever followed that mantra, Madame Hypocrisy?

Gale shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR

Roman and Jennifer hold hands.

ROMAN

Could this guy be any more rich?

JENNIFER

Doubtful.

ROMAN

You know, legend was Milton had this secret

ROMAN (con't)
screening room that was THE hot spot back
in the '70s. Drugs and alcohol and girls and
movies and shit.

JENNIFER
Wonder where it is.

ROMAN
Big old screening room shouldn't be too
hard to find. I'm feeling up to a treasure
hunt. What about you?

JENNIFER
Wouldn't know the first place to look.

ROMAN
I would.

Roman opens a door.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

It's dark. Roman hits a switch. A lightbulb flickers
overhead, two seconds from dying out.

There are stairs leading down.

ROMAN
Basement.

JENNIFER
I don't like basements.

ROMAN
I'm strapping. I'll protect you.

JENNIFER
Who's gonna protect you.

ROMAN
Come on.

Roman goes down the stairs.

JENNIFER

isn't going anywhere. She waits at the top.

He turns.

ROMAN
Oh my God. You've got to see this.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Milton fills Tyson's glass.

TYSON
I'd kill to get drunk.

KINCAID

looks over, raising an eyebrow.

TYSON
It's a figure of speech.

MILTON
Tell me something, Detective. Do you really think he'll show?

DEWEY
He, or she...or they.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
I imagine it'd be hard to resist.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Jennifer reaches the bottom of the stairs. Roman is exploring. The place is full of movie props, mannequins wearing costumes, etc.

JENNIFER
What is all this stuff?

ROMAN
Milton's produced hundreds of movies. This stuff's probably his left-overs.

JENNIFER
Can I ask you a question, Roman?

ROMAN

Shoot.

JENNIFER

Where were you last night?

ROMAN

At home. Tom called me. Wanted me to go to Gale's. I'm not like him. I can handle myself. I'm a black-belt. Did you know that?

JENNIFER

Learn something new every day.

ROMAN

Now. Can I ask you a question?

JENNIFER

Go ahead.

ROMAN

What's your real name? "Jennifer Jolie."
That's too original.

JENNIFER

Stacy Matuschanskayasky.

ROMAN

Are you serious?

JENNIFER

Swear to God.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

MILTON

Detective, would you like to see something rare?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

It's according to what it is, I guess.

MILTON

An original publicity print from GONE WITH THE WIND. Come with me. It's even signed.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Wow.

He turns to Dewey and Gale.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Okay with you?

GALE
Yeah. Go ahead.

TYSON
Wait for me! I gotta see this!

Milton leads Kincaid and Tyson out.

DEWEY

notices something. A book on a shelf. MOBY DICK.

DEWEY
(jokes)
I wonder if this is an original.

Dewey pulls it out. Something

CLICKS

the bookshelf slides open, revealing

A HIDDEN ROOM!

He and Gale step inside.

DEWEY
Look at this.

GALE
Look at THIS!

She finds a ghost mask, the black costume, a cell phone...

GALE
Dewey...it's Milton.

DEWEY
We've got to get out of here. KINCAID!!

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Roman and Jennifer.

ROMAN

I got another question for you.

JENNIFER

What?

ROMAN

Do you like doing the STAB movies? Seems like sort of a gyp to me. The whole thing.

JENNIFER

How so?

ROMAN

I mean did Sidney Prescott always come off to you like a kid who was a-glutton for punishment? Maybe it's just me.

JENNIFER

Trust me, Roman. It's not just you.

ROMAN

That's reassuring. Hey. Check this out.

He has found a coffin. A prop. He opens it. Inside is a disformed plastic alien. Jennifer comes over.

JENNIFER

Bizarre.

ROMAN

This place is like a circus.

JENNIFER

Yeah, or at least the sideshow part.

ROMAN

Shall we join the others?

Jennifer looks up at Roman. She kisses him.

Pause.

He pulls away.

ROMAN

What was that all about?

JENNIFER

Come on. I know why you brought me down here. Lets go. Right here on top of this coffin.

ROMAN

Stacy-Jennifer, whatever your name is. I have no desire to mount you in John Milton's basement.

JENNIFER

You're right. Lets find a bedroom.

ROMAN

Or there.

JENNIFER

What?

ROMAN

I don't sleep my way to the top.

JENNIFER

(angry)

Oh, and I do?!

ROMAN

How else would you have gotten that ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATION? You weren't very good in the movie.

JENNIFER

You unholy beast.

ROMAN

At least I'm not a slut.

Jennifer turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Dewey hands Gale the .38.

DEWEY

Here. Take Stone's gun. I still have the

DEWEY (con't)
.22 Kincaid gave me. Find Roman and
Jennifer. I'll get the others.

GALE
Be careful.

DEWEY
You too.

They split up. Gale goes down the corridor.

GALE
Roman -- ?

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Dewey comes in. He turns, bumping into

TYSON

who looks spooked.

DEWEY
Where's Kincaid?

TYSON
I don't know. This place is like a fucking
maze. What's going on?

DEWEY
It looks like STAB 2's back in production.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Gale appears at the top of the stairs, gun in hand.

GALE
Roman -- ? Jennifer -- ?

GALE'S POV

down the darkened stairwell.

GALE
Risking my neck for people I don't even

GALE (con't)
like. I must be crazy.

With that, she begins down the stairs. She is slow,
cautious.
At the bottom, Gale looks around. Dark. Dreary.

GALE
Roman -- ? Jennifer -- ?

She sees the coffin. Approaches. She reaches for the lid.
Throws it open, finding

ROMAN INSIDE

a bloody knife stabbed in his chest...his face forever
frozen in a terrified scream...then,

A HAND LANDS ON GALE'S SHOULDER!

She spins around...sighs, it's

JENNIFER

JENNIFER
Is he dead?

GALE
Very.

JENNIFER
I was just with him.

GALE
Which means the killer's not far behind.

JENNIFER
He's probably in the room with us.

GALE
Lets not find out.

They run.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR

Gale and Jennifer are running. They stop.

GALE

Dewey -- ?

Suddenly, a door swings open behind them...they turn
IT'S MILTON.

GALE

Stay back.

MILTON

What the hell's the matter with you.

JENNIFER

Gale --

GALE

(To Jennifer)

It's him. Milton's the killer.

MILTON

(Laughs)

What reason would I have to kill anybody?

GALE

I don't know. Where's Kincaid and Tyson?

MILTON

I left them to explore.

GALE

That's a lie.

JENNIFER

I don't understand. WHAT'S HAPPENING?!!

MILTON

I'd like to know the same thing.

GALE

Roman's dead.

MILTON

My God --

GALE

Don't act so surprised. You killed him.

MILTON

Like hell I did.

GALE

We found the mask and the costume in
your hidden room.

MILTON

That's insane.

JENNIFER

Gale -- maybe he's telling the truth. Why
would he invite us over here to kill us?

GALE

He invited us over here to kill us.

JENNIFER

Oh. I get it.

(To Milton)

Leave us alone.

MILTON

Listen, you can believe me or not. I don't
care. But I know the quickest way out of
the house and if you're smart you'll follow me.

Milton turns and hurries away. He rounds a corner and comes
face to face with

THE GHOST MASK

-- a knife STABS INTO HIS CHEST -- Milton SCREAMS, blood
spurting everywhere...his arms flail, he falls to the floor,
dead --

Gale and Jennifer aren't sticking around. They run away.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Gale and Jennifer find Dewey.

GALE

It wasn't Milton.

DEWEY

How do you know?

JENNIFER

'Cos the killer killed him.

Suddenly

GHOST FACE leaps from the shadows -- PUNCHING DEWEY ACROSS THE FACE!! He falls...Gale and Jennifer run into the bedroom being closely pursued --

TYSON

sees what is happening.

TYSON

Oh, shit!

The FIGURE pushes Tyson into the wall. Dewey APPEARS...grabbing the KILLER, wrestling with him. GHOST FACE gets the upper hand...SLASHES DEWEY'S ARM, PUNCHING HIM --

Tyson throws himself into the FIGURE, pinning him for a moment...Jennifer races into the closet, shuts the door -- Tyson is STABBED IN THE BELLY...he falls, alive but injured --

The KILLER KICKS DEWEY WHILE HE'S DOWN -- Gale SMASHES a vase over his head, he turns, SLASHING THE AIR WHERE GALE WAS, NARROWLY MISSING HER --

Tyson gets to his feet, runs. GHOST FACE pursues him --

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - IN THE CLOSET

Jennifer leans against the wall. It moves. She falls out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR

Tyson sees the killer coming for him --

TYSON

Oh, you motherfucker!

He stumbles into a wall. Smears blood. Looks at his stomach wound. He's hurt bad. He tries to run faster --

GHOST FACE grabs the rug...yanks it out from under Tyson,

who does a gigantic mid-air flip, before landing face first on the hardwood floor --

He is dazed. The FIGURE grabs him, pulls Tyson to his feet...runs him through the room...toward a window...and THROWS HIM THROUGH THE GLASS --

Tyson falls two stories, landing with a THUD! beside the lighted pool --

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Gale cradles Dewey's body.

GALE
Hang on. God. There's so much blood.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - SECRET PASSAGE

between the walls.

JENNIFER

stands into frame. The closet wall was a turn-table and now she's in this secret space. She is safe. She looks around.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Gale and Dewey.

DEWEY
I may not make it, Gale. You have to get out of here.

GALE
I'm not leaving you.

DEWEY
(weak)
Gale --

GALE
I'm here. I'm right here, Dewey.

DEWEY

I have to tell you something. Those six weeks. They were the happiest days of my life. I just wanted you to know that.

GALE

I thought you hated me.

DEWEY

I could never hate you. I love you.

GALE

I love you too.

DEWEY

I'll always love you.

GALE

Hang in there. I'm not losing you this late in the game.

DEWEY

I don't know if I can.

GALE

Dewey --

DEWEY

I don't...I --

GALE

Dewey --

She notices something.

GALE
(light)

Dewey. This is a flesh wound.

DEWEY

Huh?

GALE

You were cut on the arm. It's a flesh wound.

DEWEY

Are you sure? There's alot of blood there.

GALE

Pretty sure. You're going to make it.

DEWEY

Thank God. I thought I was a goner there
for a second.

GALE

Yeah. Me too.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - SECRET PASSAGE

Jennifer finds

A SET OF SPIRALING STEPS

leading down, like into a dungeon. She goes down them. At
the bottom

A DOOR OPENS!

IT'S THE KILLER

he chases her back up the steps.

She goes to the turn-table...IT WON'T MOVE! Then,

SHE SEES

a window into the bedroom. Actually a wall of one-way glass.
There's Dewey and Gale.

Jennifer bangs on the glass.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Gale helps Dewey up.

He hears something.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - SECRET PASSAGE

Jennifer sees the KILLER, he's closing in --

JENNIFER
GET AWAY FROM ME!!! DEWEY,
HEEEELLLLPPPP!!!

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Dewey notices

THE MIRRORS ARE MOVING!

DEWEY
Look, Gale! The mirrors!

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - SECRET PASSAGE

Jennifer is cornered -- GHOST FACE raises the knife, BRINGS
IT DOWN HARD INTO HER STOMACH, she groans...he responds by
STABBING
HER AGAIN --

JENNIFER
...no, please -- NOOOOOO!!!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Dewey and Gale raise their pistols.

DEWEY
SHOOT 'EM OUT!!

BAM!

Dewey blows out the first mirror

BAM!

Gale blows out the second.

BAM!

Dewey takes care of the third mirror.

BAM!

Gale's shot SHATTERS THE FINAL MIRROR -- Jennifer's BODY TUMBLES TO THE FLOOR, it's covered in glass and blood...

-- she's dead.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR

Dewey and Gale emerge from the bedroom. They look around.

DEWEY

Kincaid -- ?

GALE

Sort of narrows it down, doesn't it?

DEWEY

You think it's him?

GALE

Who else could it be?

DEWEY

We still haven't found Sidney.

GALE

She's here?

DEWEY

Everyone else is.

GALE

But where?

DEWEY

I don't know.

GALE

(Calls out)

Kincaid -- ? Sidney -- ?

Dewey checks a door. IT'S UNLOCKED. He goes in to investigate.

DEWEY

Stay right here. I'll be back in two seconds.

Gale is alone. A door opens behind her...then...

GHOST FACE APPEARS

grabbing Gale around the waist, pulling her forcefully into his arms, muffling her screams with his gloved hand. Gale struggles -- the KNIFE IS SO CLOSE TO HER CHEST! --

Her foot grips the wall. SHE KICKS BACK...sending herself and the KILLER through the basement door -- they ROLL DOWN THE STAIRS, coming to a rest at the bottom --

Gale is bruised, but conscious. The FIGURE does not move. He lies on the cement. Gale is trapped. The door to the basement has closed itself --

She grabs her cell phone.

ANGLE ON DEWEY

coming out of the room. He looks around. Where's Gale?

HIS CELL PHONE RINGS!

DEWEY

Who is this?

GALE

(over the phone)

Dewey, It's me.

DEWEY

Gale. Where are you?

GALE

I'm in the basement. I'm trapped.

DEWEY

Where?

GALE

There's a door in the hallway.

Dewey walks over. FINDS THE DOOR. He grabs the knob.

DEWEY

I'm coming.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Gale sitting there when

THE KILLER SPRINGS TO LIFE! -- KNIFE in the air, coming for her...SHE SCREAMS...suddenly

BA-BAMMM!

BA-BAMMM!

BA-BAMMM!

but not from the top of the stairs. From the basement. The FIGURE drops to the floor, dead. Gale turns.

IT'S SIDNEY.

standing a few feet away, holding Gale's dropped .38.

GALE

What the hell?

DEWEY

at the basement door. He sees her.

DEWEY

Sid. You're alive.

SIDNEY

Barely. He kept me tied up, gagged. I don't know why he didn't kill me.

GALE

Who?

Sidney gestures to the body in the ghost suit. Dewey joins them. He hugs Sidney.

DEWEY

I never thought I'd see you again.

SIDNEY

Ditto.

DEWEY

Who is he?

SIDNEY

One way to find out. You game?

They approach the body. It's motionless. Dewey bends...grasping the ghost mask, building courage...then...he rips it off --

IT'S KINCAID

and he's dead.

SIDNEY

Detective Kincaid -- ?

GALE

I knew it.

SIDNEY

Some policeman.

GALE

(To Dewey)

Make sure he's dead.

Dewey checks for a pulse. He's dead.

DEWEY

Good shooting, Sid.

SIDNEY

Thanks. Now maybe you can tell me where the hell we are.

GALE

That can wait. Lets get the hell out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - ANGLE ON SIDNEY

looking down at

TYSON'S BODY

lying in a pool of blood. Dewey joins her.

SIDNEY

Poor man.

DEWEY

Lets get you home.

SIDNEY

Dad's probably freaking out.

DEWEY

I couldn't get Neil on the phone, but I sent a few of Woodsboro's finest over to tell him personally.

SIDNEY

Thanks, Dewey.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE - ANGLE ON GALE

watching as they roll Kincaid's body away.

GALE

It doesn't make sense.

She walks to Dewey.

GALE

Why didn't he just kill Sidney. I mean, if she was his target then why the fuss? Why all the other victims?

Dewey gestures to

SIDNEY

sitting in his car, listening to this.

GALE

So. I guess I'll see you later?

DEWEY

Yeah. Bye, Gale.

Dewey gets in. He drives away.

HOLD ON GALE. Off her, we

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sidney sits, her face glued to the computer monitor in front of her. Her fingers are at work, typing feverishly, when suddenly...

CRASH-BOOM

A noise behind her. She turns abruptly, eyeing an open window across the room. A SCRATCHING sound. She stands and moves toward it.

SIDNEY'S POV

out the window, there's

NOTHING THERE

She turns...shrieks, seeing a MAN in her door, it's only

MR PRESCOTT

SIDNEY

Daddy, you scared me.

They embrace.

MR PRESCOTT

I was worried about you.

SIDNEY

What'd you do all that time? If it were my child, I probably would've gone crazy.

MR PRESCOTT

I kept myself busy. Any way I could.

SIDNEY

So many people have died...

MR PRESCOTT

(off)

I wanted to tell you goodnight.

SIDNEY

Goodnight Dad. I love you.

MR PRESCOTT

Right back at you, beautiful.

He leaves. Sidney turns off her computer, switches off the bedside lamp and climbs into her bed.

ANGLE ON SIDNEY

lying under the covers, in the darkness, her eyes open, thinking...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Dewey sits at his desk, in uniform, when SHERIFF BURKE approaches --

SHERIFF BURKE

How's it going, Dewey.

DEWEY

Slow.

SHERIFF BURKE

I just thank my lucky stars everything's back to normal.

DEWEY

Yeah. Right.

Then, Dewey SEES

GALE

walk in. She comes over as Sheriff Burke leaves.

DEWEY

Gale, what're you doing here? I thought you were an L.A. girl now.

GALE

My house burn down, remember?

She sits.

GALE

Truth is, I can't get everything that's happened off my mind.

DEWEY

Neither can I.

GALE
So you've been looking into it?

DEWEY
I got Kincaid's autopsy report back from the L.A. Coroner. He had been stabbed three times prior the bullet wound. Gale, what exactly happened in that basement?

GALE
I don't know, Dewey. We fell down the stairs. I was trapped so I got my cell phone and called you.

DEWEY
At any time did you turn your back on the killer.

GALE
Yeah. To talk to you. He was out-cold. I didn't want to --

DEWEY
For how long?

GALE
As long as it took to tell you where I was. You don't think he was the killer, do you?

DEWEY
Red herring all the way.

Gale nods. She notices

SIDNEY

coming this way.

DEWEY
Sid, what're you doing here?

SIDNEY
I couldn't sleep.

GALE
You snuck out?

SIDNEY
I didn't want to worry my dad. He's been through enough.

GALE
Dewey and I think there're bigger concerns.

DEWEY
It looks like the killer's still out there.

SIDNEY
What? How?

GALE'S CELL PHONE RINGS!

GALE
(answering it)
Hello?

MAN
(over phone)
This is it, Gale. Are you ready...FOR THE
FINAL ACT?

Gale mouths the words "It's him" to Dewey and Sid.

GALE
Who are you?

MAN
Catch me if you can.

CLICK!

GALE
Dammit! He hung up!

SIDNEY
Do you have caller I.D. on your cell phone?

GALE
Yeah. I think so.

SIDNEY
Press *69 and send.

Gale does.

GALE
555-0724.

SIDNEY
Oh my God, that's --

DEWEY
...Stu Macher's house.

CUT TO:

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gale's car appears, headlights blaring in the pitch black country night, and pulls up outside the Macher farm...

CUT TO:

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Gale gets out of her car. Walks to the door. The house is dark, long since abandoned. She looks in the windows.

She is alone.

Gale smashes the glass, reaches in and unlocked the door. She goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - FOYER

Gale looks through the darkness and cobwebs...

She goes upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

The door slides open. Gale enters. The sheets on the bed have not been changed. Dried corn syrup still stain them as well as patches of the wallpaper.

There is a sound. Like a

PHONE OFF THE HOOK!

Gale finds the bedside phone and sits the receiver back on the cradle. As soon as she does,

IT RINGS!

GALE
Yes?

MAN
 (over phone)
 Haven't you figured it out yet, Gale? I don't
 want Sidney...I WANT YOU!!

Suddenly

THE GHOST MASK

bursts out of the closet, Gale screams...begins to run --

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Gale tears out of the bedroom and down the hall.

ANGLE ON THE GHOST

as he catches up with her, grabbing hold of her collar. She
 pulls away from him...her shirt ripping down the back.

Then,

DEWEY

appears at the bottom of the stairs, his gun aimed squarely
 at the killer --

GALE
 Shoot, Dewey, SHOOT!!

Dewey pulls the trigger...click, click...THE GUN IS JAMMED!
 He tries to fix it, not quickly enough, the FIGURE THROWS
 HIS LONG, SHARP BLADE --

The knife flies through the air, end over end (EFX)...and
 WHACKS DEWEY IN THE HEAD, the handle of it...Dewey falls
 forward --

He and Gale are at the mercy of the killer, who now pulls a
 second knife from inside his cloak --

ANGLE ON DEWEY

seeing this and shouting

DEWEY
 SIIIIIIIDNEYYYYYYYYYY ---

CUT TO:

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - THE BACK YARD

DEWEY (O.S.)
 -- RRRRRRUUUUNNNNNN!!!

ON SIDNEY

hearing it. Freaking out. Not know whether to do as told or stay and help. She makes her decision. She runs.

CUT TO:

INT. DEWEY'S POLICE CAR

Sidney gets inside, locking the doors. She grabs the C.B.

SIDNEY
 Help us! There's an officer down at Stu Macher's house on Turner Lane! HE'S GONNA KILL THEM!

Sidney stops. Grows silent. She's been here before. She looks up at the house.

Pauses.

She's not going to go through this again.

SIDNEY
 (into C.B.)
 Send a hearse.

With that, Sidney stands out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. STU'S HOUSE - THE BACK YARD

Sidney walks to the back door, looking inside

SHE SEES

Dewey and Gale, tied to a chair, their mouths gagged with duct-tape. Sidney goes in.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

The door swings shut behind her. Sidney spins, tries the knob. IT'S LOCKED. She turns back to Dewey and Gale, now seeing

THE GHOST

standing beside them, knife in hand.

MAN

You shouldn't have come here, Sidney. It wasn't you I was after.

SIDNEY

Let them go!

MAN

Think about it. I could have killed you at any time. Why didn't I? Because I can't, that's why. Because she's the one who deserves to die, Gale Weathers, the woman who's ruined so many lives. Your life. My life. Our life...

The killer removes his mask

IT'S NEIL PRESCOTT!

Sidney's father.

SIDNEY

Daddy -- ?

MR PRESCOTT

I'm sorry, beautiful. This couldn't be helped.

SIDNEY

Why?

MR PRESCOTT

Because she fucked me. She fucked us both. When those two little shits killed my wife, she decided she was going to defend the man who had been side-fucking Maureen for years. Then she writes that book. Makes that movie. She promised me my just desserts. She promised she would help me take care of you by giving me the money I deserved. After all, she was making a living off your life story.

Gale tries to talk. Mr Prescott rips the duct-tape from her mouth, painfully --

MR PRESCOTT

What was that, Gale?

GALE

Money? This is all about money?

MR PRESCOTT

The root of all evil...and revenge.

He replaces the gag.

MR PRESCOTT

Sidney, my key concern was always your happiness. I didn't want it to come to this, but when the shit hit the fan I just couldn't let by-gones be by-gones. You needed money for college.

Sidney wipes away a tear.

MR PRESCOTT

Then all of that mess happened. Mickey and Debbie Salt-or Loomis-or whatever the fuck her name was. And you quit school. But we still had to get by, didn't we?

(anger)

And then...and then, to add insult to injury what does Gale Weathers decide to do? She makes a movie about THAT TOO!! As if one STAB wasn't enough!! SHE DECIDES TO EXPLOIT MY LIFE, AND MY CHILD'S LIFE, EVEN MORE!! And who got fat? Not me. Her. Her and that fucking Cotton Weary. That Angelina Tyler, the real fucking stalker. And Jennifer. And Milton. AND THE LIST GOES ON AND ON AND ON AND ON! EVERYBODY...EVERYBODY except who deserved it. Who lived through it. Who still feels the pain from it...US!!

SIDNEY

So you caused more pain.

MR PRESCOTT

I never meant to. It got out of hand. There were too many witnesses. I couldn't let

MR PRESCOTT (con't)
the trail lead back to me. It'd ruin our lives.

SIDNEY
So you framed Detective Kincaid.

MR PRESCOTT
He was going to die anyway. I had stabbed
him too deep. What difference did it make?
I thought that would be the end. I thought
they would be satisfied and close the case.
(To Dewey)
Why couldn't you let it lie.

He puts the knife to Dewey's throat.

MR PRESCOTT
Let me kill them. Then it's over. We can
be at peace.

Sidney says nothing.

MR PRESCOTT
Sidney -- ?

SIDNEY
No.

MR PRESCOTT
What?

SIDNEY
No more death. Not them. Not me.
(pause)
No more death.

GALE'S HANDS

wiggling free of her bounds.

SIDNEY

sees this.

MR PRESCOTT
We're so close. We can get away. You're
apart of this now, Sidney. I didn't want that,
but it's up to me and you. Like always. We
can survive this thing. We can move on and
make our future better.

SIDNEY

I said --

GALE

...NOOOOO!!

Gale LUNGES FOR THE KNIFE...knocking Mr Prescott backward, into a wall -- Sidney goes to free Dewey, seeing this, Mr Prescott PUNCHES HER, KNOCKING SID OUT --

MR PRESCOTT

(To Sidney)

I'm sorry it had to be this way.

He turns to Gale. She's trapped. Unarmed.

DEWEY

RRRRUUNNNNN!!!!

Gale does...and Mr Prescott pursues her --

DEWEY

Sid, wake up! Sid!

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Gale enters...looks around, slams the door between the foyer and the KITCHEN, locking it...the killer bangs against the other side -- Gale sees...

Another door...she hurries to it, only to come face to face with

MR. PRESCOTT

he swings the knife, missing her, but Gale tumbles over the sofa and lands beside the busted television set...she gets to her feet --

Mr Prescott fumbles with Dewey's gun, which is in his belt, and DROP IT TO THE FLOOR! Gale goes for it, gets PUNCHED ACROSS THE FLOOR, and SLASHED ON THE ARM --

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Sidney is slowly coming around.

Dewey struggles, but is tied too tightly to get free.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Gale and Mr Prescott are fighting to the death...he HITS HER IN THE FACE...she HITS him back, angered by this, Neil full tilt BACK HANDS GALE, KNOCKING HER DOWN --

She goes for the gun, he grabs her by the hair...Gale ELBOWS HIM IN THE FACE, SCRATCHES his eyes...he knocks her back, readies the knife and STABS --

It lodges in the wall beside Gale's head...

...That Was A Close Call...

...she manages to KICK HIM AWAY! He's back, unphased, PUNCHES HER OVER AND OVER AGAIN...violent, letting it all out --

Gale falls to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Sidney cuts Dewey loose.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Gale gets the knife from the wall as blood pours from her mouth. She is dazed, staggering...she turns...

GALE
Lose something, asshole.

Neil smiles...raising Dewey's gun...

MR PRESCOTT
Found something.

BAM!

Gale is shot in the chest. She falls.

Mr Prescott goes to her, towering over her body. She's still alive. He aims.

BAM!

point-blank through the heart

He smiles, mission accomplished. We hear Dewey and Sidney banging on the door from the foyer, which is still locked...

SIDNEY (O.S.)

GAAALLLEEE!!

DEWEY (O.S.)

IF YOU HURT HER, I SWEAR I'LL KILL YOU!!

Mr Prescott looks toward the voices...then, back...

GALE'S GONE!

Her body is not where he shot her. He panics. Looks around.

GALE'S HAND

comes into frame, grabbing a letter opener.

MR PRESCOTT

is just about to lose his mind...again...when his

CELL PHONE RINGS!

MR PRESCOTT
(answering it)

Hello?

Suddenly -- GALE SPRINGS UP BEHIND HIM, STABBING HIM TWICE IN THE BACK WITH THE LETTER OPENER...Neil yells in pain, falls onto his back --

Gale kneels over him. She kicks his gun away. Now the killer is defenseless --

MR PRESCOTT

I shot you.

Gale reaches down, drawing up her shirt, revealing

A BULLET PROOF VEST

with the words

WOODSBORO POLICE DEPARTMENT

written across it.

GALE

I guess it's my killer instincts.

Gale brings up the letter opener, STABBING HIM THROUGH THE HEART...Mr Prescott convulses, then dies --

SIDNEY AND DEWEY

find the other door. They enter.

GALE

(To Sidney)

I'm sorry.

SIDNEY

He was going to kill you.

GALE

Yeah, but...I'm sorry.

Sidney nods. She understands. Goes over and sits beside her father. Taking his hand one last time.

DEWEY

Sidney, be careful. You know they always come back.

Sidney picks up the gun. She stands. As she's about to leave the room --

...NEIL PRESCOTT SPRINGS TO LIFE...

...coming after all of them, his KNIFE IN THE AIR --

Sidney pivots around, FIRES --

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

Mr Prescott drops. He is dead (for real this time).

SIDNEY

with Gale and Dewey at her side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sidney comes in. Drops her keys on the coffee table. She goes to the phone...but she doesn't use it. Instead, she opens the top drawer, pulling out a picture frame.

INSERT - THE PHOTO

is of her and her mother back in the good, old days.

SIDNEY

smiles. Places the picture on the table-top. She takes the phone off the hook.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - WOODSBORO - DAY

Gale in the gazebo. Dewey approaches, holding something.

GALE

Hiya.

DEWEY

Hiya.

He is nervous.

GALE

So, what's been going on?

DEWEY

The usual.

GALE

Dog years, huh?

DEWEY

Yeah. I was wondering, would you autograph this?

Gale sees that he is holding a copy of

THE WOODSBORO MURDERS

She scoffs, rolling her eyes.

GALE

That's the past, Dewey.

DEWEY

For me?

GALE

Okay.

Gale takes the book. She opens it. There is a sparkle from inside. It's an engagement ring.

DEWEY

Gale...

GALE

...Dewey --

DEWEY

I know it didn't work out before. I'm one kind of guy. You're another kind of girl. A real other kind of girl.

They laugh.

DEWEY

But what I was hoping, I guess, is that there's still something there. I know I feel it.

Pause.

GALE

(smiles)

I feel it too.

Pause.

GALE

You're a brave man Dewey Riley.

DEWEY
I'm really scared right now.

They kiss.

DEWEY
I take it...that's a "yes?"

GALE
Yes.

They hold each other and look out...IT'S A NEW BEGINNING!

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINDSOR COLLEGE - DAY

ANGLE ON SIDNEY, she is also looking out over a new day. She turns, begins to walk away from us. As the

CAMERA CRANES BACK

we see that she's moving on with her life. Starting over. And she's stronger than ever. HOLD, and then we

FADE OUT:

THE END.