

Z

Written by Kevin Williamson

Revisions-In-Progress by Ehren Kruger

WHITE: 5/27/10
UNOFFICIAL WHITE (RE-ISSUE (EK)): 6/11/10

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT ©2010 THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY LLC.
NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED,
SOLD OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS, OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY
MEDIUM, INCLUDING ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT
OF THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY LLC. DISPOSAL OF THIS SCRIPT COPY DOES
NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE. THIS SCRIPT IS
WATERMARKED WITH PERSONAL IDENTIFICATION.

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A RINGING phone. A hand reaches for it.

SHERRIE

Hello?

A young girl of 17. Sweet. Innocent in that scrubbed clean way. Looks like a virgin. Probably not.

MAN'S VOICE

(from phone)

Hello.

SHERRIE

Yes?

MAN'S VOICE

Who is this?

SHERRIE

Who are you calling?

MAN'S VOICE

Who am I speaking to?

SHERRIE

Wrong number.

CLICK. Sherrie hangs up. Not very polite about it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sherrie joins TRUDIE, 16, sexy, pretty. Tells it like it is. She's TEXTING on her SIDEKICK. Two friends hanging out.

TRUDIE

Who was that?

SHERRIE

Nobody. Are you making popcorn?

TRUDIE

No, did you pick a movie?

SHERRIE

We're going scary. SAW 4.

Sherrie searches the cabinets and fridge for food.

TRUDIE

I saw it in the theater. It sucks.
And it's not scary -- it's gross. I
hate that torture porn shit.

SHERRIE

How do you really feel? I like
Jigsaw. He kills people very
creatively.

TRUDIE

But you don't give a shit who dies.
There's no character development.
Just body parts ripping and blood
spewing. Blaaaah.

SHERRIE

Who do you keep texting?

TRUDIE

I have a Facebook stalker. He keeps
leaving me messages.

SHERRIE

Like what?

TRUDIE

Just stuff. Like "Hey, what's up.
You're hot. I wanna kill you."

SHERRIE

Delete him.

TRUDIE

I did. He hacked his way back in.

SHERRIE

Report him.

TRUDIE

He's really hot. Wanna see?

Sherrie joins Trudie as she pulls up a profile. A glimpse of
a shirtless young hottie.

SHERRIE

That's Channing Tatum.

It's hard to make out on the small screen.

TRUDIE

It is not. Is it?

SHERRIE

From his Abercrombie days. You're being punked.

The PHONE RINGS again. Sherrie goes for the kitchen phone.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

Who is this?

SHERRIE

The more impatient version of the person you just spoke to.

MAN'S VOICE

I'm sorry. You don't have to be a bitch about it.

SHERRIE

Of course I don't. Eat me.

Annoyed, Sherrie starts to hang up when--

MAN'S VOICE

You hang up on me and I'll cut into your neck until I feel bone!

Sherrie stops in her tracks, stunned. Trudie looks at her.

TRUDIE

Who is it?

Sherrie's not sure what to think. So she holds out the phone.

SHERRIE

It's for you.

Trudie takes it. Hesitantly.

TRUDIE

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

Who is this?

TRUDIE

Trudie. Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE

* This is the last person you're ever going to see alive.

Trudie looks to Sherrie. WTF?

TRUDIE

What?

SHERRIE

It's a prank. Hang up.

Trudie hangs up.

TRUDIE

Why'd you hand the phone to me?

SHERRIE

You're the one with the stalker.

TRUDIE

Are the doors locked?

SHERRIE

Don't freak out.

The phone RINGS again. They stare at each other.

TRUDIE

Let it ring.

Beat. The RINGING stops. They look relieved. Then Trudie's SIDEKICK buzzes on the counter. She picks it up. Reads.

TRUDIE (CONT'D)

It's from stalker boy: "Answer the phone."

SHERRIE

Oh for God's sake. It's a joke, Trudie. I bet it's Lexi or Karen.

Trudie takes off for the living room.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

TRUDIE

To make sure the front door is locked.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

They come to the front door. Trudie checks the locks as Sherrie watches. Trudie turns back to Sherrie when...

The DOORBELL RINGS. They both SCREAM. Staring at the front door. Sherrie starts for it. Trudie stops her.

TRUDIE
Don't answer it.

SHERRIE
It's a joke, Trudie. Someone made a dummy profile and now they're trying to scare you.

TRUDIE
(calling out)
Who is it?
(no answer)
I said -- who is it?
(still no answer)
Let's call the cops.

Just then, Trudie's Sidekick BUZZES with a message. Trudie jumps out of her skin. She looks at it, reading.

TRUDIE (CONT'D)
"I dare you to open the door."

Trudie's officially terrified. Sherrie is not quite sold. She's contemplating opening the door.

TRUDIE (CONT'D)
No, Sherrie. Don't.

SHERRIE
Who emails you from the front porch?

Trudie shrugs. Has no idea.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)
One of our asshole friends, that's who. I bet it's Karen and Lexi.

Sherrie starts for the door. Trudie stops her.

TRUDIE
No, don't, I'm scared.

SHERRIE
Or Barry or Lance. It could be anyone we know. Lisa, Bailey, Wayne, or the hopeful long shot -- Channing Tatum.

Sherrie goes to the front door -- unlocks it. Trudie steps back, shaking. As the door rips open revealing--

AN EMPTY DOORWAY. No one's there. Sherrie steps outside onto the porch.

Trudie watches her as she looks around. She shrugs, turning back to Trudie.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

There's no one out here.

Sherrie stands in the doorway, facing Trudie -- her back exposed to the outside. Just then...

Trudie's SIDEKICK BUZZES in her hands. Trudie looks, opens it up.

SHERRIE (CONT'D)

What does it say?

Trudie reads her phone.

TRUDIE

It says: "I'm not outside. I'm right behind..."

TRUDIE has time to register this. She spins around to see--

A GHOSTFACE KILLER SPRINGS FROM THE DARKNESS -- LUNGING AT HER. KNIFE IN THE AIR.

Sherrie SCREAMS for her friend, watching as the GHOST FACE stabs Trudie. The knife penetrates deep. Upon its withdrawal, Trudie drops instantly. Dead.

Sherrie stands frozen. Until the GHOST FACE turns his attention to her. That's all it takes for Sherrie to flee.

She spins around. Starts out the front door when--

ANOTHER GHOSTFACE KILLER APPEARS on the porch, completely surprising her! Sherrie starts to SCREAM but the Ghostface is too fast. A flash of silver!

A KNIFE SLICES SHERRIE'S THROAT. STIFLING HER SCREAM.

She stands there a moment, clutching her neck as the blood pours from it. Unable to scream. A look of confusion and helplessness.

A beat. As she GURGLES for air. Then -- out of nowhere -- A MADDENING SCREAM.

CUT TO BLACK. SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:

STAB 6

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're fucking kidding me.

Suddenly, the CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL--

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

A TV SCREEN -- STAB 6 -- MAIN TITLES

It becomes clear the previous sequence was merely the opening scene from a movie on television.

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER REVEALING -- TWO TEEN GIRLS on a couch. In a different living room. In a different house. They are watching the horror movie STAB 6.

RACHEL and CHLOE, both 17. Best friends. Rachel grabs the remote. Shuts off the TV. She's the more outspoken one.

RACHEL
That was so fucking stupid. Pure horse shit. The death of horror. Right here. In front of us.

Chloe is more reserved. She tries to defend it.

CHLOE
I jumped. It scared me.

RACHEL
A fucking Facebook killer? You're kidding me, right?

CHLOE
It's a few years old. Now, it would be Twitter. Which would make a lot more sense.

Rachel gets up and goes to the kitchen. Opens the fridge.

RACHEL
A bunch of articulate teenagers sit around and deconstruct horror movies until a Ghostface kills them one by one. It's been done to death. The whole self-aware, post-modern meta-shit is over. Stick a fork in 1996 already.

Chloe stays in the living room. It's an open floor plan so they can see each other.

CHLOE

I like STAB movies. They're scarier. It's not torture porn or zombies or aliens or Asian ghost girls. There's something real about a guy with a knife. Who just snaps. It could really happen.

Rachel opens a soda and starts back to the couch where she plops back down next to Chloe.

RACHEL

I can't do it. These sequels don't know when to stop. They just keep recycling the same shit. Even the opening scene. Some random girl gets a call that undoubtedly ends in her getting killed. It's all so predictable, there's no element of surprise, you see everything coming...

IN A FLASH, CHLOE PULLS A BUTCHER KNIFE FROM UNDER A PILLOW AND STABS RACHEL IN THE STOMACH.

Blood spews as Rachel registers surprise. Shock. A very unpredictable moment.

Rachel looks down and stares at the knife in her stomach. Complete and insidious horror. As her friend Chloe's face turns maniacal and evil. She pulls the knife out.

CHLOE

Did that surprise you?

Rachel tries to speak, but spits up blood. Beat.

RACHEL

(barely audible)

Why...

Chloe stabs her again. Deeper this time.

CHLOE

Because you talk too much. Now shut the fuck up and watch the movie.

Rachel's body goes slack. As she sits there. On the couch. Bleeding to death. Chloe reaches for the remote. And as Rachel nears death, Chloe HITS PLAY.

A MADDENING SCREAM. CUT TO BLACK. MAIN TITLE CARD. AGAIN.

STAB 7

The CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING--

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

A TV SET. The previous scene was also another fake-out. TWO TEEN GIRLS are lounging in a family room of a large house. JENNY, 16, cute and bouncy, sits up LAUGHING uncontrollably. She hits PAUSE.

JENNY

Oh God, I love it. I've seen this movie five times. It gets me every time.

Her friend, MARNIE, 16, brainy, over-achiever.

MARNIE

You're kidding? I don't get it.

JENNY

It's like a TWILIGHT ZONE movie within a movie.

MARNIE

No, I get that. But it's illogical. It begs the question: if the beginning of STAB 7 is STAB 6? STAB 5? And, if so, what was STAB 4 about?

Jenny stares at her.

JENNY

You're over-thinking it.

MARNIE

Am I? Or did whoever made it under-think it? There's a reason I don't watch these movies.

JENNY

I can't believe you've never seen them. We live in Woodsboro.

MARNIE

This has nothing to do with Woodsboro. I thought STAB was based on true stories.

JENNY

The first three, the original trilogy, was all about Sidney Prescott and the Woodsboro Murders. After that, they just kept making lame ass sequels. Stab 5 had time travel. God, the worst.

MARNIE

Do we have to finish it? Don't we hear enough about this story every year?

*
*
*

JENNY

True. It's like growing up in Amityville, or Haddonfield--

*

MARNIE

Where are those?

JENNY

You really do hate horror movies, don't you. Hey, at least Woodsboro's known for something.

*
*

Marnie scoffs. Jenny smiles. Then looks to the hallway:

JENNY (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

MARNIE

I didn't hear anything.

Jenny rises, with the TV remote. Steps away from the couch.

JENNY

I did.

MARNIE

Don't try and scare me. I didn't hear anything.

JENNY

I'm not trying to scare you.

MARNIE

You do this all the time.

JENNY

No I don't.

MARNIE

Halloween night? When I walked into the kitchen and found you dead on the floor with blood everywhere?

JENNY

It was Halloween. Lighten up. For Christmas, it would've been weird.

Jenny puts the remote on a BOOKSHELF, moves to the hall.

MARNIE

Where are you going?

JENNY

I heard something. I'm gonna check it out.

Marnie doesn't believe her. But still...

MARNIE

I know you're trying to scare me.

JENNY

I swear I'm not.

Jenny takes off for the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark. Jenny moves down it quickly.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - HOUSE

Marnie waits and watches from the living room. Uneasy.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny enters her bedroom. Simple. Sweet. She notices an open window.

MARNIE (O.S.)

What is it?

Jenny calls out.

JENNY

I left a window open.

IN THE FAMILY ROOM

Marnie hears that. Calls out.

MARNIE
That was stupid.

IN THE BEDROOM

JENNY
I'm just gonna check it out.

IN THE FAMILY ROOM

Marnie looks around. Goes to the back patio sliding doors.
Checks to make sure they're locked. Just then, PHONE RINGS.

JENNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Will you get that?

IN THE BEDROOM

Jenny has a cell phone in her hand. She's the one who's
calling her own house.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Marnie?

IN THE FAMILY ROOM

Marnie goes to the phone. Answers it.

MARNIE
Hello?

MAN'S VOICE
Hello. Who is this?

MARNIE
Marnie. Who's this?

MAN'S VOICE
The last person you're ever going to
see alive.

MARNIE
So lame.

Just then, Jenny BURSTS out LAUGHING.

IN THE BEDROOM

JENNY
I'm sorry. I had to.

MARNIE
You bitch. So not funny.

Jenny's very amused with herself.

JENNY
Somebody falls for it every year.

MARNIE
I don't know why you get off on this
shit -- AAAHHH...

Just then, Marnie SCREAMS. It's a DEADLY SCREAM. Then the
line goes dead. Jenny pauses.

JENNY
Marnie? Marnie?

Jenny looks to the bedroom door. Is she being pranked? The
scream was very real. She starts for the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - HOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny moves down the hallway. Back to the family room.

JENNY
Marnie?

Suddenly, a CRASHING NOISE. Something is upturned. It's
followed by silence. Jenny's looking a little scared.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny enters to find the room completely dark and empty. The
back patio doors are wide open. Jenny looks around.

JENNY
Marnie? Where'd you go?

Jenny circles around the couch. Stumbles over something.
Tripping. She looks down and sees Marnie lying dead on the
floor. Her eyes COLD and LIFELESS.

Jenny SCREAMS. Just then, Marnie sits up LAUGHING
HYSTERICALLY. Jenny's been punked. Victim of her own prank. *

MARNIE
Gotcha. You should have seen your
face.

Jenny knows she can't be mad.

MARNIE (CONT'D)
I knew you were up to something.
How'd you do the voice on the phone?

JENNY

An app I downloaded. People sell everything now, the masks, the robes--

Marnie gets up. Jenny helps her.

MARNIE

Can we please stop scaring each other now? Can we just declare this stupid Anniversary Week already over?

JENNY

Okay, okay, you got me.

They both plop back down on the couch. The glass doors open behind them.

MARNIE

What now?

JENNY

Wanna watch something else?

MARNIE

We can watch the rest of the movie.

JENNY

We don't have to.

Neither sees the GHOST FACE FIGURE that enters through the sliding glass doors. It slowly approaches the couch.

MARNIE

It's okay. Now that I'm in the mood.

JENNY

Are you sure?

The GHOSTFACE moves closer behind them. Knife in hand.

MARNIE

Might as well.

Jenny looks for the remote. Sees she left it on a bookshelf beyond the TV. Marnie's closer.

JENNY

Could you grab the remote?

Marnie gets up, moves across the room, back still turned--

JENNY (CONT'D)

You like horror movies, Marnie.
You're not fooling anybody.

--and as Marnie turns with the remote, she now sees GHOSTFACE right behind Jenny, gleaming knife raised high! Marnie jumps -- just a tiny bit -- then recovers--

MARNIE

OK, assholes. Real original.

--and DOES NOTHING as Ghostface ARCS the knife down, PLUNGING it into unsuspecting Jenny's chest. Jenny SCREAMS, shocked.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

Mask off, guys. Jenny, you get one chance to scare somebody, and then the moment's lost...

*

Ghostface PINS JENNY DOWN, pressing her into the couch as he keeps STABBING REPEATEDLY while she tries to fend him off. Marnie just stands across the room, arms folded. It takes a beat or two before she can discern BLOOD NOW FLOWING--

*

MARNIE (CONT'D)

Fake blood, ooh ooh. Guys, I'm not gonna help you clean that couch--

*

Fed up, she storms over to unmask Ghostface and he SWINGS his knife in a vicious ARC, SLASHING her deep across the arm!

*

Oh yes. It's real, Marnie.

Marnie staggers, in total shock. She stumbles backwards, watches Jenny's last breaths. Then turns and flees--

*

BAM! She knocks over the TV. Ghostface leaps over the couch, bounds from coffee table off chair in pursuit--

*

AS MARNIE RUNS FOR ANOTHER ROOM

*

Grabs the phone with her good hand as she runs. She pulls shut a door, barricades it. Ghostface has to go another way. Marnie tries to dial the phone, WHIMPER-SOBING, but she can't with her injured arm. Fumbles it. Phone drops...

*

*

She looks up and Ghostface is there!

MARNIE (CONT'D)

NO! PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG--

Slashes with the knife again. Marnie DROPS LIKE A STONE, HITS SIDEWAYS. Beside the phone...

*

OPERATOR VOICE (O.S.)

* If you'd like to make a call, please hang up and try the number again...

Marnie's dying eyes stare. Uncomprehending. Welled with tears. Watching a blood pool envelop the PHONE. Ghostface crouches, hits the "OFF" button on the phone...

MARNIE
(fading into delirium)
It...it was just...a movie...

...and the KNIFE COMES DOWN ONE LAST VICIOUS TIME.

SCREEN CUTS TO BLACK. MAIN TITLES.

SCREAM 4

EXT. WOODSBORO - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

The morning sun shines bright over the quaint town of Woodsboro, California. Little moments of small town life are all around. Picture-perfect. Innocent. Quiet.

We hear an O.S. CHEERY FANFARE of a TV MORNING NEWS SHOW...

TV HOST (V.O.)
Over the last 15 years, much has been written and filmed about the infamous Woodsboro Murders, however their central figure has -- publicly -- remained silent. Until now.

INT. TV STUDIO - BROADCAST IMAGE - MORNING

A "View from the Bay" TV HOST displays a book for camera:

TV HOST
The book is "Out of Darkness" and its author, Sidney Prescott, is with us today. So nice to have you here, Sidney.

SIDNEY
Nice to still be around.

CUT TO SIDNEY, looking strong and great. Full of resilience and inner peace. A woman who has weathered the storm.

TV HOST
Now the book is actually not so much about the killings themselves, but more about how anyone can learn to overcome adversity and conquer his or her fears.

(MORE)

TV HOST (CONT'D)

And yet, in the book you write that since the murder spree you've never been back to Woodsboro. Seems like there's one fear still to conquer for you: Going Home.

SIDNEY

Yes, a lot of readers have asked me about that, so my publisher and I decided that Woodsboro's where I'll be finishing my book tour. It's 15 years now since it all started, and you know what, people are right. It's time.

NEW ANGLE: to reveal we're watching a STREAMING VIDEO CLIP.

TV HOST

Any concerns about what it'll be like going back there?

SIDNEY

Well, I've got a lot of good memories there too. It's where I grew up, and I'd just like to hope...that everyone'll be able to make me feel--

DEWEY (O.S.)

Gale? You working already?

The IMAGE of Sidney freezes. Then CLICK -- a COMPUTER WINDOW is closed. Another WINDOW underneath: a white screen with the words "Chapter One." A KNOCK at a door--

INT. GALE & DEWEY'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - MORNING

REVEAL Gale sitting at her computer, still in PAJAMAS. Hair tousled, still beautiful, but not the same Gale. Something's missing. DEWEY leans in the doorway, Sheriff's uniform on:

GALE

Yeah. Woke up pretty inspired.

DEWEY

Great. Got your coffee on for you.

GALE

Thanks, honey.

DEWEY

Sure thing.

A beat. Domestic silence. Each waiting for the other to continue...or not. Finally:

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Well, guess I better get to work myself.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dewey grabs his gear, heads for the door. Gale passes him without a word to get coffee. But instead of pouring a cup, she takes the entire COFFEE POT, pads back for her room:

DEWEY

Gale, you know what today is, right?

Gale nods.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

You going down to the bookstore? I think it'd be nice.

GALE

I don't know, I just have so much to do. Maybe I can see her some other time...

Dewey nods. Unclear if he believes her. Another silence.

DEWEY

Well...good luck today. Love ya, hon.

GALE

Love you too.

Dewey leaves.

INT. GALE'S HOME OFFICE

Gale sits back at her desk with the whole coffee pot. Some framed photos of her days from TOP STORY. On shelves are stacks of books: THE WOODSBORO MURDERS. Based on a True Story. COLLEGE TERROR: THE WOODSBORO HORROR CONTINUES. HOLLYWOOD HORROR, The True Story of STAB 3. Etc.

Gale pops two pills from a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE, chases it with coffee and sighs deep. Waits for her muse. And waits.

She taps at her keyboard, advances her screen. A few lines beneath "Chapter One", we reveal: "Chapter 1." And then "Chapter I." And then "First Chapter."

Whatever she's working on, she hasn't gotten far. She then highlights the entire document...and hits DELETE.

EXT. RILEY HOUSE - MORNING

A nice two-story house in a nice neighborhood. Dewey exits the house and moves to an SUV in the drive.

It has the WOODSBORO SHERIFF'S DECAL on the side. Just then, a cute SPORTS CAR SPEEDS past. ROCK MUSIC BLARING.

DEWEY

Residential neighborhood! Twenty-five! Stay alive!

*

INT. SPORTS CAR - MORNING

Behind the wheel, KIRBY REED, 17, slows the car.

KIRBY

Shit, Sheriff's house, shit.

She shrinks into her seat. A cute and quirky girl. Was probably a tomboy until a year ago. Now she's alternative. Or so she wants you to believe. Either way -- she's cool.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Lined with houses, nice lawns and sidewalks. Typical small town. Kirby idles in front of an old two-story home. She TOOTS the horn several times.

From the house across the street, OLIVIA MORRIS, 17, emerges. Olivia is sexy hot. Fearless and fierce style and attitude.

OLIVIA

Late again, Kirby!

KIRBY

I know, I know, I'm sorry. And the Sheriff just saw me like flying past him. One more ticket and I'll lose my license--

*

OLIVIA

You are such a mess. You're like ADD and OCD both.

KIRBY

Whatever. I'm seventeen. These are my wasted youth years and I'm not gonna waste 'em.

Olivia reaches past and HONKS HORN. To the near house:

OLIVIA

JILL! C'MON JILL! LET'S GO!

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - SAME

JILL ROSSMORE is scrambling, battling with her computer printer, trying to get a paper printed out. Teen chaos.

AUNT KATE (O.S.) \

Jill! Your ride's here--

JILL

I know, I'm coming, be right there,
aaaggghh--!

The printer keeps jamming. Another HONK. Jill sighs...then grabs her whole desktop COMPUTER, tucks it under her arm.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Jill hustles past her mom KATE with computer and backpack--

AUNT KATE

Breakfast! Don't forget breakfast!
Have something! At least inhale some
nutritious breakfast fumes!

JILL

Love ya Mom--

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE

Jill hustles into Kirby's backseat, her desktop in tow--

OLIVIA

Way to accessorize. What is that...?

JILL

My printer broke, paper's due--

KIRBY

Oh my God, you're such a dweeb-ette.

JILL

Y'know, some of us care about getting
into a good college.

OLIVIA

Sweetie, they'll let you into the
parties. You don't have to go to the
school.

Kirby hits the gas and they take off.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD/INT. CAR - DRIVING

KIRBY

So Jill, you gotta level: what is the deal with you and Trevor?

JILL

There is no deal. He broke the deal. There's never gonna be a deal again.

OLIVIA

So why is he telling all his buddies he has a plan to win you back?

JILL

And why the hell would I want him?

KIRBY

Um, because single sucks?

OLIVIA

Because he's certified dreamy?

KIRBY

Because you haven't so much looked at a boy since?

JILL

And how 'bout when he lies and cheats and breaks my heart again?

KIRBY

Jill. He's a guy. Look, we're not saying don't force him to work for it. Make him grovel, make him suffer. But if he means it -- you two were great. Now all you do is study and read the Twilight books.

OLIVIA

It's like you're trying to re-virginize yourself.

JILL

No, I am moving on with my life.

KIRBY

Well I think it's sweet. I wish somebody thought I was their one true love.

*
*
*

OLIVIA

Put an ad on Craigslist, Kirby. I bet you'll be surprised.

*
*

Just then, a CHEESY POP RINGTONE. ^{Halloween} Jill digs in her bag:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Jill, yuck. Is that your new ringtone? If that's an American Idol winner, our friendship is over.

Jill eyes her cell phone's CALLER ID -- JENNY RANDALL.

JILL

Why is Jenny Randall calling me?

KIRBY

Who knows. For help with a midterm, probably. Oh, which actually I wanted to ask you about--

Jill answers the phone--

JILL

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

Hello.

JILL

Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE

What's your favorite scary movie?

JILL

What? Who's this? Where's Jenny?

MAN'S VOICE

I'm asking you the question, Jill.

CLICK. Jill hangs up. Looks to her friends:

JILL

This is Massacre Week, isn't it.

(shows phone)

Prank call. From Jenny Randall. She had the creepy-man voice app and asked me my favorite scary movie.

*
*

OLIVIA

Wow. So original. I got a call like that from Marnie the Carny this morning. Those two are total freaks.

KIRBY

Hey. You gotta admit. It's kinda fun to have two Halloweens.

Jill muses, regards her phone with some small worry...

JILL

Fun for who...

EXT. WOODSBORO - MORNING

A GHOSTFACE MASK hangs on a lamp post, as a CITY WORKER removes it. WIDEN to reveal a similar mask sits on every lamp post for three blocks. Another annual prank.

Deputy JUDY HICKS, 30's, oversees. Cursed with cute-ness, Hicks plays it serious at all times. She's over-compensating. But it just makes her cuter.

Sheriff's JEEP pulls up. Dewey emerges, surveying the stunt:

DEPUTY HICKS

Hey, Sheriff. Never seen this one before, have we.

DEWEY

Can't blame the kids. They didn't live through it. Or they might behave a little differently.

DEPUTY HICKS

Least it's only for a week.

(with affection)

Y'know I wish I'd been old enough to be part of the force -- when you were solving those crimes. It's those intense investigations that really bond relationships.

DEWEY

Err...yes...

DEPUTY HICKS

How is Gale, by the way?

DEWEY

She's good, she's working. On fiction.

DEPUTY HICKS

Her reality lost interest for her? Kind of a shame. I've always said she's the luckiest gal.

DEWEY

Well she's always said you're a real...pistol.

DEPUTY HICKS

Strange to think, isn't it? If not
for a bunch of teenagers getting
brutally murdered, you might still be
a single man.

An awkward beat for Dewey. He's saved by his RADIO SQUAWK:

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Sheriff? Come in Sheriff! Emergency!

DEWEY

(grabs his walkie)
Go ahead.

DISPATCHER

You need to get to the Randalls' house
on Miller Lane. It's bad, Sheriff,
real bad. And no prank.

Dewey and Hicks trade a look. Their day just changed...

EXT. JENNY RANDALL'S HOUSE - DAY

The idyllic family home is a murder site. AMBULANCES,
SHERIFF'S CARS, COUNTY CORONERS.

INT. JENNY RANDALL'S HOUSE - DAY

Blood is everywhere, streaked along the floor and
furniture...and amidst the blood...POPCORN is strewn...as
ANGLE follows to an empty tin of JIFFY POP. Blood drips.

WIDER ANGLE reveals the bodies of Jenny and Marnie. Jenny
seated in a LAWN CHAIR in the middle of the living room.
Marnie strung up from a CEILING FAN.

On the wall is written in blood: "WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SCARY
MOVIE?"

Dewey's in the doorway, his face grim, unflinching. And
angry. A FORENSICS TEAM enters, looks to him for orders:

DEWEY

Get those girls covered up as fast as
you can.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - JENNY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dewey exits, moves to the porch's edge. Alone, he lets out a
deep sigh, allows his true emotions to surface for a moment.
Despair. This is hard for him.

Hicks appears, with TWO DEPUTIES. PERKINS, 40's, a seasoned African-American, and HOSS, 20's, shades on, faux-tough.

DEPUTY HICKS

Jenny Randall's parents are on a business trip. And Marnie's folks...someone needs to notify them.

DEWEY

I'll do it. I know how.

He turns -- not letting his emotions show. He's the Sheriff. A leader. And he's good at it.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Deputy Perkins, retrace the girls' movements for the past 24 hours. Deputy Hoss, take point on physical evidence.

PERKINS

I'll have a timeline on your desk by the end of the day--

HOSS

DNA, hair and fiber, I'll vet whatever forensics comes up with--

DEPUTY HICKS

And Sheriff, maybe you and I could team together on interviewing any persons of interest--

They're all eager and raring to go. Dewey lowers his voice:

DEWEY

Deputies?

HICKS/PERKINS/HOSS

Yes Sheriff.

DEWEY

For the sake of appearances, you've got to try not to sound so excited.

Deputies nod. Dewey looks on grimly as bodybags emerge...

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Lotta things change in fifteen years. And one of 'em's technology. I want to know if either of these girls received a phone call last night.

(MORE)

DEWEY (CONT'D)

And if they did...I want to know
precisely to-the-GPS-coordinate where
the originating phone is now.

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A MALE STUDENT in a Woodsboro LETTERMAN JACKET is on a CELL
PHONE, arriving...as ANGLE picks up a crossing FEMALE TEEN on
her cell phone, passing two more STUDENTS on their cell
phones...as ANGLE WIDENS to see the full scene on the steps,
where almost every kid is on a tech device of some kind...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - FLIP-PHONE - POV ANGLE

As a BELL RINGS, and a POV parts the sea of students...

ROBBIE (O.S.)

*And we're back live on HALL PASS with
Robbie Mercer, the only real-time-
upload-video-blog hunting the halls of
Woodsboro High for News That Matters
To You!*

---as POV sees Olivia at a locker, grimacing to see us coming---

ROBBIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*I'm here with the luscious Olivia-
don't-look-at-my-breasts-I-have-a-mind-
Morris, with our topic of the week...*

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - END POV

ROBBIE MERCER, 16, is a lively, wicked smart cool-tech nerd,
working the hall with a headband-lamp-type MINI-VIDEO-CAM
HEADGEAR with a headset mic for him to narrate:

ROBBIE

For all my horror ho's out there on
the anniversary of the Woodsboro
Massacre, I have to ask: what's your
favorite scary movie?

OLIVIA

Go screw, Mercer. Nobody visits your
douchey blog. I checked it out once.
You had like forty hits.

Olivia gives Robbie's camera the finger and stalks off--

ROBBIE

Oh yes, Olivia. And she has a mind.

Just then CHARLIE WALKER, 17, messy cute appears--

CHARLIE

Wanna hear my favorite scary movie?
PSYCHO, THE EXORCIST, and anything
starring Nicole Kidman's new face.
Owwww.

*
*
*
*

ROBBIE

Charlie Walker, ladies and gentlemen,
founder of the Woodsboro Cinema Club.
Which is still seeking members.
Especially those without members--

*

CHARLIE

Dude, it's me. Can we have one
conversation without you narrating?

*

ROBBIE

Wouldn't be real. I'm here to
document.

Charlie shows a FLYER: "3RD ANNUAL WOODSBORO STAB-A-THON"--

CHARLIE

So here's the invite art I'm gonna
send out for the Stab-a-Thon. We
gotta make this the best one yet.

Robbie takes the FLYER, holds it up to his CAMERA POV:

ROBBIE

That's right, counter-culture
connoisseurs: all seven Stab movies,
shown back-to-back. Every Massacre
Week, it's the place to be...

*
*

Just then Kirby walks by. Charlie looks smitten...

*

CHARLIE

Oh -- hi, Kirby.

*
*

KIRBY

Hey Charlie.

*

She throws it off in passing. Robbie just smiles.

ROBBIE

Completely Unaware You Exist.

CHARLIE

Shut up.

ROBBIE

Has Paid More Attention to Pimples.

*
*

CHARLIE

Enough.

ROBBIE

Would Not Even Know You From A Roadie
for Hannah Montana--

CHARLIE

Are you still filming?

ROBBIE

I'm always filming--

Charlie SMACKS him hard in the face with his NOTEBOOK.

AT ANOTHER LOCKER DOWN THE HALL

Kirby arrives at a locker beside Jill...

KIRBY

What do you think of Charlie Walker?

JILL

Um, I don't know. I guess I don't.

KIRBY

He's so shy. But he's always really
nice to me. I know he's super-geeky,
but geeky can be cute, right?

JILL

Well, yeah. On Spider-Man.

Jill closes her locker to see TREVOR SHELDON standing there.
17, high school jock. Very handsome, a touch of dangerous.

TREVOR

Jill. I want to talk.

Jill shoots Kirby a look. Starts walking. The other way.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I know someone who cares about you.
Someone who made you really happy.
Who can make you happy again.
Who never should have let you go.

At this, Jill stops and spins on him:

JILL

When you're done with a phone call,
you let someone go. When they're late
for class, you let someone go. You
never let me go, Trevor.

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

You said you loved me, so I gave you everything -- and the next thing I knew it was over. The word is betrayed. Abandoned--

TREVOR

I was stupid! I was selfish! How many times do I need to say it? There's been nobody like me and you--

JILL

Well it sure took you half the yearbook to figure that out.

TREVOR

Jill. Just tell me. What do you want from me--

JILL

Let me go.

She walks off. Trevor's left there...to hear...

ROBBIE (O.S.)

Whoa. Trevor Sheldon. Denied. Live on HALL PASS!

...and turns to see Robbie, VIDEO CAMERA ON.

TREVOR

Hey Eraserhead. I'm gonna physically fuse that camera with your face.

He rushes at Robbie, who spins and flees, getting chased down the hall...right past laughing Charlie..

CHARLIE

Hey, there's some good verite, man!
Forget Blair Witch and Cloverfield!
Fear the Wrath of Trevor Sheldon!

EXT. WOODSBORO TOWN LIMITS - DAY

A sign: "Woodsboro -- A Special Little Corner of the World."
A car pulls up, idling. A WOMAN at the wheel, alone: SIDNEY PRESCOTT. She takes a deep breath. She's home.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CORNER BOOK STORE - DAY

A VIEW FROM OUTSIDE. A window display boasts copies of "Out of Darkness." A sign reads "Meet Sidney Prescott - 1 PM."
Inside, the store is crowded -- at capacity.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Sidney steps to the lectern, opens her book. A publisher's rep, REBECCA BATES and a BOOKSTORE OWNER look on... *

...as Sidney finally raises her eyes...to the audience. A whole host of hometown faces and memories.

SIDNEY

I guess I hoped...this would be like any other reading...but this store...I used to come here with my mom. She used to tell me "you can be anything. Just read a book. Try on someone else's life. And if you don't like it, try on another one. And eventually you'll figure out...who you want to be."

(beat)

So mine I've dedicated...to her...

Sidney opens "Out of Darkness" and starts to read... *

EXT. CORNER BOOK STORE - SAME

...and as she does, we see a FIGURE outside. It's Gale Weathers. She's come to the reading after all. Stands in the doorway, where she's unseen. But she can hear...

INT. BOOKSTORE - LATER

SIDNEY

"The thing I realized, finally, was that there are people who get struck by lightning. They don't blame the world. They don't ask if they deserved it. They just accept that for one moment, at one place on the earth, a terrible tragedy happened. And eventually they stop watching the skies. And that's what happened to me..."

Sidney closes the book. APPLAUSE from the room. It means a great deal to Sid. As it ends, a WOMAN raises her hand:

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Miss Prescott, with all due respect, most people aren't struck by lightning two and three times.

SIDNEY

That's true. The second and third I'm still incredibly upset about. *

Laughter from the audience. The pert young publisher's rep,
REBECCA stands to work the room:

REBECCA

OK, we'll start the signing line over
here, anyone with a purchased copy...

But first Sidney sees KATE ROSSMORE (40's), waiting to see
her. Sidney beams. A big smile and hug.

SIDNEY

Aunt Kate, you made it. How are you?
How's Jill?

KATE

I'm good, she's good. Sidney, it's
been too long.

SIDNEY

I know. What, four years since you
guys visited me?

KATE

Can we make time for dinner while
you're here? At our place?

Rebecca steps in -- not subtle at all.

REBECCA

Sid, we really need to keep it moving.

SIDNEY

(to Kate)

When I'm done, let me call you.

Kate gives a wink, taking off. As Sidney turns and comes
face to face...with Gale. Beat.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

It's good to see you, Gale. I was
hoping you would come.

GALE

Congratulations, Sidney. I haven't
read it yet...

SIDNEY

I know where you can get a copy.

GALE

Right. Yeah, that'd be great. I
could use some life-affirming
heartwarming I'm at peace with the
universe bullshit.

(MORE)

GALE (CONT'D)

I mean...with all due respect. Great
authors of the world unite, right?

*
*

Gale says it with a smile, but somehow tired, bittersweet. A
lingering moment. Sidney senses the change in Gale...but
it's all interrupted by the ARRIVAL OF SIRENS...

*
*

...as outside, in the town square, POLICE UNITS arrive. To
converge on the bookstore. Among them Dewey, Hicks, Perkins
and Hoss. As the audience moves toward the windows, some
filtering from the store...

EXT. CORNER BOOK STORE - CONTINUOUS

Dewey and his deputies emerge from their cars, FLASHER BARS
still swirling. Dewey takes charge:

DEWEY

We're gonna need everyone to stay in
the store! Please stay back!

But Gale's emerged...and Sidney's not far behind her...

GALE

Dewey, what's going on--

DEPUTY HICKS

Gale, this is police business, if you
could let us handle this--

GALE

Why of course, my small town hero
Deputy Judy. Dewey, could you call
off your Fan Club?

DEWEY

Sorry, Gale. We need a perimeter.
This is an investigation.

SIDNEY

Dewey -- what's wrong?

DEWEY

Hi, Sid. It's so great to see you.
I'm just -- I'm sorry. I can't tell
you. Not here.

*
*

The tone of his voice tells her everything she needs to know.
Even Gale goes quiet. Then, to the crowd:

PERKINS

If everyone could please stay
in the store!

HOSS

Let's let these officers do
their work!

DEWEY (CONT'D)

There's a phone we believe may have
been used in a pair of...crimes.
Network tracked its location to this
bookstore...we have its number...

Dewey pulls his own phone and dials. Waits a moment. And
now we hear a faint RING. Perkins & Hoss try to shush the
crowd. Dewey spins, tries to place the sound...and now turns
away from the store...to the TRUNK OF A PARKED CAR...

DEPUTY HICKS

COULD EVERYONE PLEASE MOVE BACK!

She and the others draw their guns. Dewey steps closer...

SIDNEY

Dewey?!

DEWEY

Not now, Sid!

SIDNEY

That's my car.

Dewey, Gale, Hicks -- all look alarmed. Sidney offers her
keys. Dewey opens the trunk: sees the STILL-RINGING PHONE...

...nestled with a BLOODY GHOSTFACE MASK AND ROBE AND KNIFE!
Bookstore patrons REACT from inside the store! Sidney feels
everyone's eyes now upon her. She looks to Dewey, her
strength and confidence shaken.

*
*
*

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

It's not a prank, is it, Dewey...

He gravely shakes his head. Sidney nods. Wise and weary:

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

How many victims. What were their
names.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

In the middle of class, a TEACHER's lecture is interrupted by
a CACOPHONY of buzzing cell phones. Students read text
messages, as a whisper campaign builds...

STUDENT VOICES (O.S.)

...Jenny Randall...Marnie Cooper...
Jenny Randall...Marnie Cooper...

TEACHER

What's going on?!

TREVOR

(reads from his I-Phone)

Jenny Randall and Marnie Cooper are
dead! Someone stabbed 'em to death
last night--

The room ERUPTS IN SHOCK. Suddenly, LOUD COMMOTION outside.
MEDIA TRUCKS come racing by. The class empties out:

TEACHER

Wait, class is not over! You are not
dismissed!

--but no use. The whole room is high-tailing it out. Only
Jill, Kirby and Olivia remain. Kirby staring at them both:

KIRBY

You said Jenny Randall called you --
this morning.

(to Olivia)

And you said Marnie Cooper called you.

OLIVIA

Holy shit. This just got mad creepy.
It's Massacre Week. On Massacre Week.

JILL

I think we need to go to the cops.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

MEDIA TRUCKS have descended here too. A number of HIGH
SCHOOL STUDENTS have gathered to looky-loo...

...and among them we also get the POV VIDEO of Robbie's "Hall
Pass", as he's arrived with Charlie.

ROBBIE

Oh man, this is all kinds of awesome.
New Woodsboro Murders? This could get
me international exposure. I could
end up big in Iceland! Hottest girls
on Earth! I'd settle for that!

CHARLIE

Look who's walking in with the
Sheriff...that's Sidney Prescott!
What is she doing here?

ROBBIE

No way, the real Sidney Prescott?
She's like older than the Internet!

CHARLIE

I know. For her, George Clooney was
Batman, how crazy is that?

AT THE POLICE STATION ENTRANCE

Dewey escorts Sidney in, but as Gale tries to catch up,
Deputy Hicks blocks her way--

DEPUTY HICKS

You know you can't come in here, Gale.

GALE

What are you talking about? I'm the
expert on the original murders. The
Sheriff's my husband. And Sidney's my--

DEPUTY HICKS

What? Friend? I read her book, Gale:
you used her. To get what you wanted.

(beat)

She's a lovely person. She deserves
better "friends."

Hicks enters the police station. Gale is left frustrated...

GALE

What the... who do you... I'M A
LOVELY PERSON!

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION

Dewey's talking with an upset Sidney, as Hicks joins them:

SIDNEY

It happened because I came back,
Dewey. Because I wanted to prove a
point. All I know is the first thing
we need to do is get me out of town--

DEPUTY HICKS

Afraid that's not really possible,
Sidney.

DEWEY

Look, nobody thinks you're involved--

DEPUTY HICKS

--but evidence was in your car. Which
puts the killer in contact with you.
You may be a material witness.

DEWEY

It's gonna take some time to sort things out. We'll get you out of Woodsboro as soon as we can. You'll be under police protection 24-7.

SIDNEY

Why do those words somehow fail to comfort me. No offense, Dewey--

DEWEY

None taken. The job of law enforcement is to earn the public's trust. Haven't had a homicide in Woodsboro in...fifteen years...

His look of bravado weakens a bit. Sid can't help but smile.

SIDNEY

I missed you a lot, Dewey.

Door opens: Perkins and Hoss duck in with news--

PERKINS

Sheriff, we've got a couple high school kids in here -- Olivia Morris and Jill Rossmore -- who they say they got threatening calls this morning -- from the victims' phones.

*

SIDNEY

Jill Rossmore? She's my cousin...

*

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jill and Olivia at the conference table. Kirby nearby. Kate is there in support. Dewey, Hicks enter -- with Sidney--

JILL/KATE

Sidney!

Kate gets up to embrace her. Jill stands too--

SIDNEY

Aunt Kate, God, I'm so sorry. And Jill -- wow, you're all grown up--

JILL

You missed the body morphing years.

OLIVIA

* Hopefully they're not over.
(adjusts her own cleavage)
You could use a little more morph.

AUNT KATE
We're the ones to be sorry, Sidney.
That this is happening -- for you--

SIDNEY
(to Jill and Olivia)
You girls both got phone calls?

JILL
"What's your favorite scary movie?"

DEPUTY HICKS
It was also written on the wall in
Jenny Randall's house. In, uh, ink.

OLIVIA
We just figured it was Massacre Week.
No big deal.

JILL
We both hung up without answering the
question.

DEWEY
Don't think it was a question. It's a
statement. Jenny and Marnie's bodies
were -- um, displayed -- in a manner
very reminiscent of how Casey Becker
and Steven Orth were found--

SIDNEY
The first two original victims.

DEWEY
The killer could be trying to
communicate his favorite scary movie.

KIRBY
Stab One. The real-life version. I
mean your life version. You know what
I mean. I'm Kirby. Their friend--

DEPUTY HICKS
And the killer didn't call you?

KIRBY
No. Is that bad? Does that mean I'm
not gonna live as long as these two?

DEWEY
Maybe. I mean no. Don't think that
way. But be careful.

KIRBY

Oh my God, you hear that? I'm next!

DEWEY

You'll be under police watch, Sid.
But we'll need to find a place for you
to stay tonight.

AUNT KATE

Won't need to look far. Sidney is
family. She stays with us.

*

INT. BULL PEN AREA - POLICE STATION - DAY

Sidney's publisher rep, Rebecca, has taken over a desk. She
has her iPad out, Blackberry in hand, headset in her ear.

REBECCA

(on phone, compassionate)

No comment beyond Miss Prescott's
sincere condolences to the victims'
family and friends. Thank you.

(next call)

This is Rebecca.

(instantly ecstatic)

OHMYFUCKINGGOD, Henry. Two girls were
butchered. Payday. And I was so not
feeling Woodsboro. I was like lame PR
move, right? Well, FUCKMEWOW. Best.
Idea. Ever.

Rebecca spots Gale pacing in the lobby area, denied access.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Holy E! True Hollywood Story. Hang
on, Henry. Gotta call you back.

Rebecca clicks off, exits to lobby, goes to Gale. In awe.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Gale Weathers. Sorry I didn't get a
chance earlier: I just have to geek
out. You first got me interested in
publicity. When I was a kid, I was
hooked on TOP STORY. You were my 90's.

GALE

Um, I think you mean "journalism," not
"publicity."

REBECCA

No, I mean brand-building, cross-
promotional platforms.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You were like my marketing class case study of how to do it...and also how easy it is to plummet from relevance.

GALE

Honey. I was a reporter, not a marketing campaign.

REBECCA

Um...is that what you really think? Look, anyway, I gotta go. We're gonna try to lock in Sidney to a whole new 3-book deal. This woman's like Christmas! Except she keeps happening! She's like Hanukkah!

Rebecca rushes off, as Gale now sees Dewey emerge. She hurries over as he's headed out past her--

GALE

Dewey! I need an update! You gotta let me help! I'm part of the original team!

DEWEY

Honey...that's not really a reason why you can be part of this team.

GALE

Dewey, there is no "why" in team.

DEPUTY HICKS

I think you mean there is no "I" in team.

GALE

I'm starting to feel like there is no "you" in team.

DEWEY

This isn't your job, Gale, it's mine. Go home, lock the doors, keep the phone nearby. I'll be with you as soon as I can.

He kisses her and hustles off, his radio squawking, as Hicks innocuously brushes past in pursuit...

DEPUTY HICKS

'Scuse us, Gale. Police business.

Gale's left there. All alone.

INT. DEWEY & GALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Back home, Gale stares at her laptop screen: CHAPTER ONE. *
She stares a long time. Then makes a decision. And bends to
type: "THE RETURN OF GALE WEATHERS."

QUICK SHOTS: Gale chucks her Xanax in the trash. Grabs a
digital voice recorder. The family camcorder. Opens her
closet. Grabs a flashy Top Story outfit. Then, firm-jawed:

GALE
Fiction's for suckers.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - DUSK

A PROPULSIVE SCORE kicks in as the SUN SETS ON WOODSBORO.
CRANE DOWN on Jill's house. AN UNMARKED DETECTIVE SEDAN *
pulls up outside. Perkins & Hoss are on duty: *

PERKINS
You ever see those STAB movies? Know
what happens to the cops who pull
surveillance duty on Sidney Prescott?

HOSS
They catch the killer, save the day,
and win the heart of a nubile young
girl?

Perkins grimaces, re-checks the clip in his gun.

PERKINS
Yeah. It goes something like that.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT *

Hoss and Perkins move from room to room, checking it out. *
Deputy Hicks can be seen in the kitchen, doing an official *
house "Clear." *

Meanwhile, Aunt Kate and Jill walk upstairs with Sidney-- *

AUNT KATE
Sid, I'll show you to your room. And
Jill, just because there's a bit of *
chaos doesn't excuse you from getting *
some homework done-- *

JILL
Mom, come on, are you serious--?

AUNT KATE
Killer at large or not, Stanford will
not particularly care.

Sid smiles. Jill throws up her hands. Heads to her room--

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--and as she shuts the door and turns...TREVOR is there.

TREVOR

Hey, shhh!

He grabs her, puts a hand over her mouth. She bats it away, shoves him back, ready to flee--

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hey, c'mon -- stay cool -- it's me.

JILL

What the hell are you doing here?
There's cops outside!

TREVOR

Yeah, I know. And you're inside?
With Sidney Prescott?! That is bold.
You are handling radiation. That's
like inviting Jeffrey Dahmer to be on
Top Chef.

JILL

You have no right to be in my bedroom.
Zero. Not anymore--

TREVOR

How the hell else am I supposed to
talk to you -- alone? Did you really
get a phone call from the killer?

JILL

What do you care?

TREVOR

If someone out there wants to hurt
you, I wanna know. Because I am not
about to let them.

Jill scoffs, but can't help but be touched by his sincerity.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Jill, just listen, OK? It is not my
fault I'm the one guy you ever slept
with. Go sleep with more guys. With
a whole boy-band. I will still be
here. 'Cause now I know what else is
out there. And it's not you.

JILL
It's not about that.

TREVOR
Then what's it about?

JILL
It's about ever being able to trust
you again.

TREVOR
Alright then. I'm just gonna have to
show you you can.

They're standing close, when there's a quick KNOCK on the
door. It starts to open. Trevor hustles for the window--

--but only gets halfway out as Sidney starts to enter--

SIDNEY
Oh! I didn't -- I'm sorry--

JILL
It's OK. He was just leaving. My ex.

TREVOR
Her one and only.
(to Sid)
Hey -- cool to meet you. I keep
meaning to pick up your book.

He gives her a smile, then drops from view. Jill sighs.

JILL
Gets easier as you get older, right?
There's a better gene pool of guys?

Sidney winces a little. Not really. Jill drops to her bed.
Sid looks to the open window, a moment's reverie:

JILL (CONT'D)
What? What's that look...

SIDNEY
Sometimes you remind me of me.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Sid departs Jill's room, quietly closes the door, turns and
RUNS SMAKCK into DEPUTY HICKS. Sid JUMPS.

DEPUTY HICKS
Sorry about that. Just making my
rounds before taking off.

*
*
*
*
*

SIDNEY

No, it's okay.

DEPUTY HICKS

Perkins and Hoss'll be stationed
outside all night long.

SIDNEY

Thank you.

Sid starts to her room when--

DEPUTY HICKS

You don't remember me, do ya. We went
to high school together. Judy Hicks.
We had the same home room.

Sidney studies her a moment, tries to recall.

DEPUTY HICKS (CONT'D)

And Drama Club too. We were in Peter
Pan together. I played a Lost Boy...
you were Tiger Lily.

Sidney smiles politely. She still doesn't remember. Deputy
Hicks tries to hide her disappointment.

DEPUTY HICKS (CONT'D)

It's okay. You had a lot of stuff
going on back then. And, well, I
guess I wasn't very memorable.

SIDNEY

It's nice to see you again, Judy.

Sid disappears down the hall. Hicks stares after her.
Bummed. And just a little irked too.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

The light goes off in Aunt Kate's room. Sidney surveys the
street from her own room, pulls shut the curtains. Perkins
watches from the car. Hoss starts a perimeter walk.

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jill's hanging out watching TV with Kirby...

KIRBY

So your new roommate down the hall?
Is she aware that, like, once a year --
every Massacre Week -- this town
totally hates her?

JILL

That's not true: she's a survivor.
Woodsboro loves her. In theory.
Preferably when she's at a safe
distance.

Kirby's CELL PHONE rings. They trade an unnerved look:

KIRBY

Here's a question for you. If you let
it go to voicemail, does the killer
leave a message?

She checks the CALLER ID: OLIVIA. Picks up:

KIRBY (CONT'D)

You better be Olivia.

SCENE INTERCUTS:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Olivia's car pulls up in her driveway. Into her cell:

OLIVIA

Is that your car? Are you at Jill's?

Kirby jumps up, looks out the window. Sees Olivia getting
out of her car across the street. They wave. Olivia moves
up the walk to her house. It's dark inside.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Great. My mom's not home yet. Hey --
let me speak to Jill.

Kirby hands Jill the phone.

KIRBY

She wants to talk to you.

JILL

(into phone)

What's up?

OLIVIA

How's it going over there? How's Miss
Final Destination? You know
everywhere she goes, she's like the
Grim Angel Reaper of Death.

JILL

Yeah, whatever. Good name for a band.

Olivia enters her house. CLICKS on a light. Locks the door.

OLIVIA

Hey, I hear Kirby's thinking about asking out Charlie Walker. That like a charity date or something?

JILL

Come on, be nice.

OLIVIA

Is it for course credit? Did she lose a bet?

JILL

Olivia.

OLIVIA

Alright, alright. I hear he's a virgin. So he'll have that cute puppy-dog grateful quality at least.

Just then, Jill's CELL PHONE RINGS. Kirby eyes it on the nightstand. READS THE CALLER ID: TREVOR.

KIRBY

Jill, it's Trevor. Should I answer it?

(Jill motions no, NO)

I'm gonna answer it.

(answers it)

What do you want?

MAN'S VOICE

Hello, Jill?

It's not Trevor -- it's the voice of Ghostface.

KIRBY

Nope, Kirby. Sorry, Trevor. Jill's screening her calls from all past relationships.

MAN'S VOICE

I'm not Trevor.

KIRBY

Then what are you doing with his phone? Huh? Mr. Ghost Face?

(to Jill)

It's Trevor being an asshole.

Jill motions for Kirby to hang up. Can't deal with him now.

MAN'S VOICE

I want to talk to Jill.

KIRBY

She doesn't want to talk to you.
C'mon, Ghostface, talk to me. Aren't
you s'posed to ask me a question?

MAN'S VOICE

Alright. How's the movie?

KIRBY

What movie?

Kirby stops. Goes silent.

MAN'S VOICE

The one you're watching right now.

KIRBY

How do you know we're watching a
movie?

MAN'S VOICE

Because I'm standing in the closet.

Kirby spins around to Jill's closed closet door.

KIRBY

Stop. You are not.

Jill sees Kirby staring at her closet door.

JILL

(to Kirby)

What's going on.

KIRBY

Trevor's being a dick.

(now occurs to her)

I mean...if it's Trevor--

MAN'S VOICE

THIS IS NOT FUCKING TREVOR!

KIRBY

Then who the fuck are you?

MAN'S VOICE

Open the closet door.

KIRBY

You do know there's cops all over this
house.

MAN'S VOICE

I think I'd have just enough time to
slice someone open.

Beat. Kirby grows cautious. Chilled.

JILL

(to Kirby)

Are you still talking to Trevor?

OLIVIA

(on cell to Jill)

What's going on over there?

JILL

(to Olivia)

I'm not sure...Kirby?

*

Kirby stares at the closet. She's hesitating.

KIRBY

There's no way you're in there.

Kirby reaches for the doorknob. Her hand shakes some.

JILL

(to Kirby)

What are you doing? Kirby? Kirby,
talk to me--

*

*

Suddenly she RIPS THE CLOSET DOOR OPEN. It's empty. Relief
floods Kirby's face.

KIRBY

Liar. I'm over this.

MAN'S VOICE

I never said I was in your closet.

SMASH CUT TO OLIVIA'S BEDROOM

Olivia is still on the phone with Jill when...

A GHOST-FACED FIGURE EXPLODES FROM HER CLOSET!

Surprised and stunned, she barely has time to react when the
GHOST FACE is upon her!

BACK IN JILL'S BEDROOM

Both Jill and Kirby HEAR OLIVIA SCREAM.

JILL

Olivia? Olivia?

KIRBY
What's happening?

They turn to each other. Olivia can be heard SCREAMING from both of their phones.

IN OLIVIA'S BEDROOM

A LARGE BUTCHER KNIFE STRIKES. It tears into Olivia's arm, slicing flesh. She SCREAMS, TUMBLES backwards. Phone drops.

ON JILL AND KIRBY -- Confused. Crazed. They race to the window and look across the street. They can make out a struggle, Ghostface...but then the light goes out.

JILL
Olivia...what's happening?

KIRBY
Olivia? Nooo... Olivia?!

IN SIDNEY'S BEDROOM

Sidney HEARS SCREAMING. She bolts from reading on her bed.

ON OLIVIA

As she tries in vain to flee. But the Ghostface cuts her off, SMASHING into her. She goes CRASHING to the floor. She crawls to her knees and tries again.

The GHOSTFACE is upon her again. KNIFE RAISED. Olivia CRIES OUT -- one last blood-curdling SCREAM.

OLIVIA
Nooooo!!!

CLICK. Both lines go dead. A moment of frozen horror.

Both girls are SCREAMING IN TERROR when Sidney comes racing into the room. They point to the window.

JILL
The house -- Olivia!

SIDNEY'S POV -- the house is now dark. Suddenly, a FLASHING LIGHT takes her eye. It comes from Olivia's upper bedroom.

CLOSE ON SIDNEY'S FACE -- OVERCOME WITH HORROR

As she stares into Olivia's window to see a GHOST FACED FIGURE holding Olivia by the neck. She's still alive -- terrified, hurt, whimpering -- but alive.

Sid watches as the GHOSTFACE picks up the LARGE KNIFE. Then, *
turns to the window and stares right back at Sidney. *

Sidney JUMPS into action. She bolts from the bedroom. *
Running, racing, nearly falling down the stairs...

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sidney BOLTS out of the house, screaming for Deputy Perkins,
who's emerging from his car, confused by the commotion--

SIDNEY
The other house! THE OTHER HOUSE!

Sidney sprints right past him. She'll get there first--

PERKINS
Miss Prescott, stay back! GET BACK!

EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sid races up the drive, to the front door. It's LOCKED. She
picks up a potted window plant and throws it through.

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Sidney can't be stopped. She races through the living room.
Hears a door BANG. She looks through the house--

--to see TWIN REAR PATIO DOORS now flapping wide open.
Deputy Perkins crashes in behind her. The house is quiet--

PERKINS
Back doors! He's running!
(into radio)
Hoss, where are you!? I need backup!
Dispatch! The killer's here!

Perkins charges through and straight out--

--while Sidney looks to the upstairs landing. It's dark.
Without hesitation, she races upstairs--

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM

--and BURSTS THROUGH to find...BLOOD EVERYWHERE. But no sign
of Olivia. Just a phone on her bed...

SIDNEY
Olivia? OLIVIA?!

Only silence. SIRENS faint in the distance. And then...as
if waiting for her, the PHONE RINGS...

She picks it up, brings it to her ear. Without hesitation:

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Listen to me: I won't tell the
police. But I want to settle this.
Just you and me--

*
*
*

Ghostface just laughs...

MAN'S VOICE

Nice to hear your voice, Sidney. I
hope you'll let me be the last to
welcome you home.

SIDNEY

It's me you want, isn't it. These
girls have done nothing--

MAN'S VOICE

No? Haven't they? Haven't they all
grown up looking up to you? The
legend of Sidney Prescott? You can
write all the "books" you want, you
little dirty whore's daughter. But
you can't ever really help anyone.

And now Sidney gets a strange look...

SIDNEY

Say it again, you fucking coward.

MAN'S VOICE

I say -- you -- can't -- help--

And while he's saying it, Sidney lowers the phone entirely--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(sounds different, fainter)

--ANYONE!

--and now Sidney pales, racing from the room--

SIDNEY

GET OUT! HE'S STILL IN THE HOUSE!

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - TOP LANDING OF STAIRS

She rounds the corner to the landing, seeing Jill ascending
the stairs to find Sid--

--JUST AS GHOSTFACE RUSHES OUT FROM ANOTHER BEDROOM, lunging
for Jill with knife raised--

--just as Sidney ACCELERATES in time to BODY-BLOCK him off course! The knife still STRIKES JILL IN THE ARM -- slices open her shirt -- as Sidney and the GHOSTFACE go TUMBLING down the stairs!

Together -- intertwined. They hit the base of the stairs. Hard. GHOSTFACE rises but Sid's disoriented. She tries to crawl away but GHOSTFACE pulls her back when-- *

Sidney KICKS the GHOSTFACE off her -- scrambles to her feet, racing for the nearest room -- the kitchen--

INT. KITCHEN

--as she races in and stops short in her tracks!-- *

--to SEE OLIVIA'S BODY lying at the back door in a blood-spattered horror-show. Her head has been pulled through a PET DOOR in the door's base. As if on display. *

Sidney SCREAMS, turns to spin back the other way-- *

--and runs right into DEPUTY PERKINS -- his gun drawn on her! Both of them SHOUT in surprise. He has the presence of mind not to pull the trigger. *

SIDNEY

Where did you GO?! He was still in the house?! And -- right behind me-- *

But Ghostface is now nowhere to be seen. Perkins stammers, thrown by the sight of Olivia's body... *

PERKINS

(into radio)

Where the hell's my BACKUP! *

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ghostface is long gone. Sidney and Perkins scramble back...

PERKINS

Well let's see him try to come back to the house again-- *

--as Deputy Hoss charges in from the back patio doors, holding a Ghostface mask high, SCARING them all--

PERKINS (CONT'D)

Hoss! Where were you!

HOSS

I was searching the woods behind the
Rossmore house! By the time I heard
screams -- I found this out back--

*
*

At the front doorway, Kirby arrives, shaking--

KIRBY

Jill?! JILL?!
(to someone outside)
She ran in here!

--as Trevor appears--

TREVOR

What happened...? Jill...?

*

The rest look up, to see Jill slumped at the top of the
stairs, her arm bleeding badly. Trevor RUSHES up the stairs
without a second thought, collects her in his arms--

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Jill, it's me, I'm here, I've got you.
You're gonna be okay. We're gonna get
you out of here--

*
*

He literally picks her up, cradling her, carrying her back
down the stairs. Surveys Sidney and the cops:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You're all protecting Sidney Prescott?
Well, who's protecting us? Who the
hell was protecting HER!

EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

More POLICE RESPONSE arriving. Aunt Kate rushing over from
Jill's house to meet Trevor carrying Jill...

...as Sidney emerges from the house, with Perkins and Hoss.
Sidney watches Trevor carry Jill to the EMT's in an arriving
ambulance. Kirby gives Sidney a rather harsh stare...

KIRBY

He's right. Who is protecting us.

Then moves to join them. As a Jeep arrives: It's Dewey.

INT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dewey surveys the gruesome scene near the pet door. Sid is
beside him, as Deputy Hicks marches in...

DEPUTY HICKS

Got here as fast as I could, Sheriff.
And -- oh my, jeepers creepers!

DEWEY

We've got sightings of kids in masks
all over town. Massacre Week: all it
is is false leads--

DEPUTY HICKS

But Sidney's alright? Oh my. If
anything happened to you...

Sidney eyes Hicks, a little too long. Hicks just smiles
sympathetically. Sid lets it go. Back to Dewey:

SIDNEY

I'm sorry you had to see this.

DEWEY

(nods)

It's Tatum, isn't it...

DEPUTY HICKS

You mean...Dewey's sister...

SIDNEY

She was the second of the original
victims.

DEWEY

Her body was found wedged in her
garage -- through a pet door.

SIDNEY

Which means Olivia wasn't random...

DEWEY

She was part of the pattern.
The plan.

(grimly)

This isn't just another batch of
killings, Sid. It's not a sequel.

(grimly)

It's a Woodsboro remake.

EXT. OLIVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AMBULANCE DOORS shut, driving off with Jill, Aunt Kate and
Trevor. Perkins and Hoss have cordoned off the scene.
LOCALS have started to congregate...and they part as Gale
comes striding through. In a flashy suit:

GALE

Gale Weathers, investigative reporter.
Could I get a statement, officers?

HOSS

Hey Gale.

PERKINS

How ya doin, Gale.

GALE

Was Olivia Morris the intended victim?
Did the killer leave another message?

PERKINS

Nice suit, Gale. Go home.

Gale grumbles. She can't get taken seriously. She surveys the townspeople watching. She sees Robbie with his HEADGEAR-CAM, taping the scene. Charlie arrives too... *

GALE

C'mon, Gale. You need a source. *

ON ROBBIE AND CHARLIE - ROBBIE'S POV-CAM

ROBBIE (O.S.)

Students of Woodsboro High, this is HALL PASS at its darkest hour, broadcasting from a real-live Massacre Week murder scene, the home of Olivia Morris, who now officially will never go out with me.

HOSS (O.S.)

Show some respect, kid. Move it back.

Deputy Hoss walks by, shoves a shoulder into Robbie, who nearly tumbles. He and Charlie glare--

CHARLIE

Yeah, how's it going, Former Failed Substitute Teacher Hoss.

ROBBIE

Easy with that firearm, Former Failed Substitute Teacher Hoss.

Hoss casts a sharp glare, keeps on walking. Charlie & Robbie turn to see Gale Weathers now beside them...

GALE

Hello, boys. What was that about?

CHARLIE

Dustin Hoss: used to work at our school as a sub. Kept failing the test for full teaching credentials, so he went police academy instead. It's pretty hard to take him seriously.

Gale notes this. Then locks her smile on Robbie...

GALE

Are you recording with that thing?

ROBBIE

Live video-blog upload. Broadcasting right now.

GALE

Would you mind turning it off? For a little old-school "off the record"?

ROBBIE

Can't. I owe it to my audience--

GALE

Turn the fucking thing off.

Robbie does.

GALE (CONT'D)

So if I logged onto your website, I'd see this scene? Your pictures of the crowd here, anyone watching?

(Robbie nods)

Are there a lot of kids at school you'd call interested in the original Woodsboro Murders?

CHARLIE

Well, not obsessed, but y'know, once a year, it's at least something different--

ROBBIE

Like, Charlie here runs the Stab-a-Thon and there's always a pretty good turnout.

CHARLIE

Robbie -- shut up--

GALE

You mean the movie marathon? You run it?

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

CHARLIE

Well, the school Cinema Club. *

ROBBIE

And he is the Cinema Club.

Charlie glares at Robbie. Him and his motormouth. *

GALE

What do you think are the chances your
Stab-a-Thon's something the killer
might attend? Or maybe could have in
the past? You keep a guest list?

CHARLIE

I just send out a viral email with
this year's location. *

ROBBIE

We have to keep it pretty secret.
Kids. Parties. You know. *

CHARLIE

Robbie. She's the Sheriff's wife. *

GALE

If I might ask you to trust me, boys:
I'm not here as any man's wife. I am
here, as you are, to get the story.

Working her charm, she leans into Robbie, seducing...

GALE (CONT'D)

What if we could catch the killer,
Robbie? Two generations of cutting-
edge journalists, commingling as one,
intertwining our passions for media.
What do you say?

ROBBIE

Um...I love you?

GALE

You guys give me your expertise on
what's happening at Woodsboro High.
And what could I give you in return.
Maybe something for your Cinema Club? *

ROBBIE

What about Sidney? *

GALE

Sidney? *

ROBBIE

Well, you know her, right? I mean,
you're friends with her.

*

GALE

Oh, I don't know. More like sisters.

ROBBIE

I mean, that'd be something for Cinema
Club.

*

*

Gale considers. Looks past the boys, to see CREDENTIALLED
JOURNALISTS have arrived, getting interviews from police...

GALE

I want to know everything about Stab-a-
Thon. I want names of your fanboys
and fangirls. You team up with me on
that and I'll deliver a meeting with
Sidney.

*

*

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jill's in a hospital room, bandaged and resting, with Aunt
Kate by her side. She indicates the door:

AUNT KATE

Trevor's still out there. Hasn't
moved since they brought you in. You
won't even see him?

*

Jill feels conflicted. Regards her bandaged arm.

JILL

Maybe for a minute.

Kate nods, goes to the door. Says something to Trevor, who
appears as Kate leaves.

AUNT KATE

I'll get some coffee and be right
back.

Once she's gone, a silence. Just Jill and Trevor.

TREVOR

Uh-oh. She said "be right back."

JILL

Trevor? Could I borrow your phone?

TREVOR

That's kind of a weird question.

JILL

Why?

TREVOR

I left my house tonight, I couldn't find it.

JILL

Before Olivia got killed, Kirby got a phone call. From the killer. She said the ID on the call was you.

TREVOR

Me?! Whoa, wait, so how -- the killer was in my house?

JILL

I don't know. That's your story.

TREVOR

So I call from my own phone. If I'm a psycho killer. That's what I do. Look me in the eyes and tell me -- after all we've been through -- that's what you believe.

Jill can't. So Trevor steps to her side, gently:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You're just never gonna forgive me, are you. Look me in the eyes and tell me. That I could live a hundred years and still...the answer'd be the same.

Jill looks down, takes a long moment.

JILL

Y'know, if Sidney can forgive all the fucked-up people in her life, I guess there's a version...

TREVOR

A version...

Trevor steps closer now, nearly touching but not quite...

TREVOR (CONT'D)

If something had happened to you...I don't know what I would've done.

JILL

You would've regretted the way we left it.

TREVOR

What's the way you wish we left it.
(even closer)
If we had to leave it now.

She just looks at him. He leans in...and kisses her. She responds. An intense moment. And they break...

JILL

I want this all to end. I don't want to be a victim. I want out of this stupid town--

TREVOR

You're not a victim, you're no one's victim. You're not Sidney, OK?
Sometimes lightning just strikes.

He smiles, strokes her hair. And kisses her again. But this time she fails to respond...and when he pulls back--

JILL

You said you never read her book.

TREVOR

What?

JILL

"Lightning just strikes," that's a line from her book. But you said you hadn't read it. In my bedroom -- at the window, you said--

TREVOR

What the hell, Jill? It's just an expression! Lightning strikes! Shit happens! Whatever!

But Jill's gone tense. Her wheels are turning...

JILL

I told you we'd never get back together. And you said never say never. And now here we are--

TREVOR

Jill--!

JILL

Get out of my room.

TREVOR

What, I'm killing girls so I can get back with you?!

She reaches for the call-button wand. Trevor grabs her arm.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Jill, I love you, I want to help you--

JILL

Let GO of me--!!!

AUNT KATE (O.S.)

Hope I'm not interrupting anything!

Aunt Kate returns, bringing coffee and a smile--

JILL

No. Trevor was just leaving. He needs to get home. I'm not sure he's been there much the past couple days.

Trevor just looks at her. Shakes his head in dismay...

TREVOR

The hell's it gonna take, Jill. What the hell do I have to do...

Trevor exits. Jill looks wary. Kate merely confused...

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Sidney's in another recovery room, with DR. ORTH, while Rebecca puts a stack of papers down before her:

REBECCA

So Sidney, long story short, Random wants to lock you in to three more books now. See that blank line in the contract? You can name your price. And as soon as you're cleared in this investigation, we're on the next plane to New York. I've lined up Today, The View, Nancy Grace, MTV News--

SIDNEY

Excuse me, can I ask you a question?
Did you read my book?

REBECCA

(hesitates)

Thought I'd wait for the movie.

SIDNEY

Book tour's over.

As Dr. Orth departs, Rebecca hustles to Sidney's side:

REBECCA

Sidney, accept your situation! You're a victim! You're a victim for life! You say you want to fight but you're gonna give up just because there's a "next" battle? Is that what you want your readers to hear? That everything you wrote is just so much bullshit?

(now, to good cop)

Or do you care, really care deeply about your readers, which is what I think you do. All those little downtrodden fucks who need a light at the end of their tunnel so they don't jump off a bridge.

(combo good-cop, bad-cop for a clincher)

I think you're a hero. America will too. I'm talking a hundred percent increase in sales -- minimum. That's hundreds of thousands of sales more -- which means a million more people get your message and you get a ton more in your pocket. Win-win.

SIDNEY

Rebecca, just so I know, you haven't murdered anyone here, have you? Maybe on behalf of my publisher?

REBECCA

You mean actual killing or the more corporate kind?

SIDNEY

I won't be needing you, Rebecca.

REBECCA

Sidney!

SIDNEY

I won't be needing anyone.

From the doorway, Dewey's overheard. He smiles as Rebecca takes her contracts and rushes past in a huff...

EXT. PARKING LOT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A dimly lit lot. Rows and rows of parked cars. Rebecca appears moving through them. She looks around, unable to remember where her rental is parked. Muttering, sotto:

REBECCA

She'll come around, just give her
time, Sidney'll come around...

She presses keys. BEEP. The RENTAL CAR'S LIGHTS FLASH two
rows over. She starts for it when her CELL PHONE RINGS. She
digs into her bag. Pulls it out with her ear piece.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

This is Rebecca.

MAN'S VOICE

Sidney Prescott, please.

REBECCA

I'm handling Miss Prescott's calls and
appearances. May I take a message?

MAN'S VOICE

I was hoping you'd take a message. In
fact, I was hoping you'd be the
message.

REBECCA

I'm sorry? Who is...

Rebecca trails off. Has a sense of who it is. And thinking
she probably should have read Sidney's book.

MAN'S VOICE

There was another original Woodsboro
murder, as I'm sure you remember.
Someone who wasn't a student at all.

REBECCA

If you could just -- hang on a moment.
And I'll write the message down...

MAN'S VOICE

Oh sure, I'll hang on.

Stalling she, hustles to her car. BEEPS the door.

REBECCA

Just need to...find a pen...

MAN'S VOICE

I'll hang on if you'll hang on...

Rebecca opens it and slides in. Finally safe.

INSIDE THE CAR

REBECCA

Listen, I'm not Woodsboro, I'm not from here, this has nothing to do with me--

MAN'S VOICE

It was the principal, Rebecca. He was the other murder. But it's not the "who" that's so important. It's the why.

CLICK. The phone goes dead. It takes a second for this to register. Horror fills Rebecca's face.

She LOCKS the car doors, STARTS the ENGINE. Looks to the left and right then spins around and peers into the back seat. It's empty. She turns back when--

A KNIFE SMASHES THROUGH THE DRIVER'S WINDOW RIGHT INTO HER NECK. Rebecca's SCREAM is cut short as her CAROTID ARTERY sprays and splatters her windshield red...from within.

EXT. DEWEY & GALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A PATROL CAR pulls up. Dewey and Hicks. Sidney in back.

DEWEY

Deputy, if you'd wait here with Sid for a moment. I just want to pick her up a vest.

SIDNEY

And maybe a gun? Maybe a few?

Dewey offers a bittersweet smile. She knows he can't do that. He gets out, heads up the walk. Hicks watches him go:

DEPUTY HICKS

He's the greatest isn't he? Had a crush on him since high school. He's just such an honest man.

SIDNEY

Yeah. But still. They say everyone has a dark side.

DEPUTY HICKS

Not him. That's why he married one.

INT. DEWEY & GALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dewey enters the house, hand on his holstered weapon. Shuts the door, but before he can hit the lights -- BAM! A FIGURE SLAMS into him, presses him to the wall--

--and starts kissing him ravenously, some wild creature--

DEWEY

Gale? What the-- Gale?

GALE

You miss it, don't you miss it? The intensity, the danger, the spark? That's what we've needed all along--

She spins him the other way, backs him down to the dining table, pinning him down, still kissing him--

GALE (CONT'D)

We need to be working together. We need to be staring down death. You with law and justice. Me with deceit and treachery. And expensive shoes.

DEWEY

Gale, this is all great but I'm still on duty -- so maybe -- I guess -- if we could be really quick--

She leans over, hits a light. Illuminating wild eyes:

GALE

I know how we're gonna catch the killer.

DEWEY

We?

Gale nods.

GALE

Someone's remaking the Woodsboro Murders. Who would want to do that but a whacked-out fanboy of the first. Every year there's a Stab movie marathon and I've talked to the kids who run it. I guarantee you the killer has attended in the past. I think I can get a guest list. They're not gonna give it to the police.

*
*
*
*

DEWEY

And whaddya have to give these kids in return?

GALE

Just Sidney.

Dewey reacts. And before he can protest--

SIDNEY (O.S.)

Well, when were you gonna ask her.

In the open front doorway, Sidney and Hicks. Hicks is relaxing, re-holstering her weapon.

DEPUTY HICKS

We saw you go in the house -- the lights never came on. Sorry. I didn't want to leave Sid in the car--

DEWEY

It's alright--

SIDNEY

So did I hear you correctly, Gale?
I'm now your bargaining tool?

*
*

GALE

We'd have a thorough list of suspects.

*

DEPUTY HICKS

What's this "our" stuff, Gale.

*

GALE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Whatever. There is no "our" in team.

*
*
*

(to Sidney)

One hour alone with these kids, Sidney. They know their scary movies. You're an icon to some of 'em...so which one wants to tear you down.

*
*

SIDNEY

One hour alone?

GALE

You'll be with me.

DEPUTY HICKS

I don't like this, Sheriff.

*

Dewey looks to Sid. He'll let her decide...

SIDNEY

I'll do it.

DEWEY

You sure, Sid?

Sidney nods. Gale looks energized, her old self again:

*

GALE

Time to get you some sleep, Sidney.
Tomorrow you're going back to
Woodsboro High.

*

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

KIDS arriving at school. Three MEMORIALS now out front:
wreaths and candles. For Jenny Randall, Marnie Cooper...and
Olivia Morris.

*

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - "ROBBIE-CAM" POV

POV CRUISES DOWN THE HALL, as most students evade it--

ROBBIE (O.S.)

*HALL PASS is coming to you today in
memory of Jenny, Marnie and Olivia. I
see a lot of black in the halls, super-
tasteful. But the real news today is
we got a special celebrity guest
coming to Cinema Club! Yo! Know
who's coming to Cinema Club?*

*

*

POV accosts a perplexed FRESHMAN STUDENT--

FRESHMAN STUDENT

I didn't know we had a Cinema Club...

ON FULL SCENE - END POV

Robbie blows him off, heads down the hall, still narrating--

ROBBIE

Sidney Prescott, the one and only!
Sidney Prescott's at Woodsboro High!

--as he flies by Trevor at his locker. Trevor listens with
interest. As he stares across the aisle--

--to where Jill's at her locker, arm still bandaged. This
time, Trevor walks off without even a word. Kirby arrives...

KIRBY

I can't believe we're at school.

JILL

It's safer than home. I like crowds,
I like daylight.

*

KIRBY

Did you hear about Sidney coming in?
Wanna go down and see her?

*

JILL

Do we really want to be where she is?
After last night? Olivia was right.

*
*

KIRBY

I think Cinema Club sounds kind of
cool. And Charlie runs it...

*

JILL

You really are crushing on Charlie,
huh? So ask him out, have him over.
What's he gonna say, no?

*
*
*

Jill looks past, sees Trevor walking the hall. He eyes her,
gives a bittersweet sort of smile.

*
*

JILL (CONT'D)

I told the police about Trevor. The
call from his phone. And I don't
think he's happy about it...

*
*
*
*

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS watch, surprised and impressed, to see Sidney enter
the school, walking their hallowed halls. She's accompanied
by Gale. But no cops. Makes her look pretty brave...

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Perkins and Hoss in their car. Hoss with his shades on,
toothpick dangling, arm hanging out the window.

PERKINS

This is a bad call, man. Don't like
it. Prescott shouldn't be anywhere on
her own...

*

A CUTE GIRL walks by, spots Hoss, brightly:

CUTE GIRL

Hi there, Former Failed Substitute
Teacher Hoss!

*

Hoss flicks his toothpick, grimaces, wound tight.

*

PERKINS

Let it go, man. They're just kids.
Let it go.

*
*
*

INT. AUDIO-VISUAL LAB - WOODSBORO HIGH - DAY

HORROR MOVIES posters plaster the wall. Video equipment and
computers and filmmaking paraphernalia.

CHARLIE

OK, so Cinema Club! We're now in session. Welcome, welcome, little bit about ourselves: we are a sanctioned after-school activity. One rung below Glee Club, two rungs above Intermural Nintendo Wii Fit.

*

REVERSE to see Sidney sitting with Gale. In a few classroom seats beyond, some other "Club" STUDENTS, mostly geek guys. Kirby now slips in the back too, finds a seat.

ROBBIE

First, let us just say, Sidney Prescott, it's an honor.

CHARLIE

It's like having coffee with Jamie Lee Curtis but without the mannish hair.

SIDNEY

(to Gale, re: Robbie)
So he films his whole high school life? And posts it on the 'Net?

ROBBIE

Sid, we'll all do it someday. Intra-cranial synaptic upload. This is just the prototype -- like early IMAX.

*

CHARLIE

It's kind of the one component the killer's missing.

GALE

What do you mean?

CHARLIE

Well, to be the new-new version, y'know, true 2.0, the killer should be filming the murders.

ROBBIE

It's the natural next step in psycho slasher innovation. Film 'em all real time, then, before you're caught, you upload 'em to cyberspace.

CHARLIE

Making your art as immortal as you.

Sidney and Gale exchange a troubled look...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Not to implicate him-

ROBBIE
Not to implicate me--

BAM. The room's door opens again. This time Trevor steps in. Takes a seat at the back, near Kirby. Charlie & Robbie look a little unnerved to see him...

GALE
So who do you think is behind the murders?

CHARLIE
Well, it's a STAB fanatic, clearly. Working on less of a shriek-quel and more of a scream-make.

ROBBIE
Copyrighted term, by the way.

CHARLIE
'Cause all there is is remakes nowadays. Only horror the studios green-light. I mean, there's still rules, but the rules have changed.

ROBBIE
Gotta have a bigger bodycount, a lot more blood, and the kills have to be way more extreme.

CHARLIE
Modern audiences get savvy to the rules of the originals--

ROBBIE
--so the reversals become the new standard. The unexpected's the new cliché.

CHARLIE
Virgins can die now. Usually die now. And not last. None of which is good for us.

ROBBIE
You.

CHARLIE
I mean the black kids still die early, but Obama'll fix that. In fact, the only sure-fire way to survive a modern horror movie? You pretty much have to be gay.

*

GALE

And can you tell us why you're so sure the killer's working by the rules of a horror remake?

Trevor clears his throat. Is he sending the guys a message? Or is he just interested in the answer too?

ROBBIE

Well, the original STAB structure is pretty apparent--

CHARLIE

Two "good kids" killed in a house when the parents are away--

ROBBIE

Then the school slut savaged beyond recognition--

CHARLIE

We all know where it goes from there.

SIDNEY

(catching on)

To a party.

CHARLIE

Exactly: a party. Guaranteed third act main cast bloodbath.

ROBBIE

Fingers crossed on some nudity for a change.

Cinema Club's on a roll. Gale and Sidney trade a look:

GALE

And so when is your Stab-a-Thon thing taking place again?

ROBBIE/CHARLIE

Tonight.

SIDNEY

Tonight? You have to call it off!

CHARLIE

Uh okay, it is Friday night, I don't think we're the only party in Woodsboro--

SIDNEY

When there's a killer out there
patterning his murders after the
original movie?!

CHARLIE

I know. It's all pretty wild.

ROBBIE

Sid, does it ever get so "meta" for
you that you think Stab 4 through 7
actually happened?

GALE

So where's the Stab-a-Thon? What's
the location!

CHARLIE

Well, we're not about to tell you if
you guys want to shut it down!
(turns on Gale)
You said we were working together!

SIDNEY

But you may be putting your fellow
students in danger--

CHARLIE

Oh yeah? You! Should! Talk!

Charlie sits back, folds his arms. It's as passionate as
we've seen the kid get. Then, from the seats...

TREVOR

So people like the movies. It's not a
crime. Can't keep 'em from watching.
Even if it did all happen to you...

Sid turns to meet his gaze. It's not as friendly as before.

INT. A/V LAB - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The Cinema Club "summit" disperses. As it does, Jill prods
Kirby "Go ahead, go ahead" to approach Charlie...

KIRBY

You guys are really still doing the
Stab-A-Thon?

CHARLIE

What, we're gonna cancel just 'cause a
killer's out there? Like he's gonna
attack a whole crowd full of people?

*
*

*
*
*

ROBBIE

Yeah, safety in numbers, I say.

CHARLIE

You like horror movies, Kirby?

Charlie's hesitant, pretty uncomfortable around girls...

KIRBY

First movie I ever saw was a horror
movie. The Shining. I was seven. I
had nightmares for a month.

(bends her finger)

Redrum, redrum. I'm a talking finger.

Charlie laughs. There's chemistry between them...

KIRBY (CONT'D)

So you're the one who sends out the
invites?

(off his nod)

Send me one too.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK

Jill's sitting there, looking at her bandaged arm. A KNOCK
on the door. Sidney enters.

JILL

My mom drove me to school, picked me
up, drove me home. Hasn't done that
since, like, kindergarten. And she
says as soon as night falls, I'm
forbidden to leave the house.

SIDNEY

I'm sorry about Olivia.

(Jill nods)

You know when people say, "I know how
you feel," but you know they're saying
that and have no friggin' clue how you
feel?

(then)

I know how you feel.

JILL

So this is your life, huh. You get a
phone call from a killer. Then you
just sit around and wait.

SIDNEY

You don't wait. You go on with your
life. Best you can. Stick close to
your friends.

Sidney takes a seat across the room.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Listen, I wanted to ask you something.
The police are trying to find the
location of this Stab-a-Thon thing.
They just don't want kids getting
together for any big parties tonight.

JILL

Yeah. Not really my scene.

SIDNEY

You don't know where it's happening?

Jill shakes her head.

JILL

Hey, Sidney -- so which is it?

(beat)

Am I supposed to stay locked up in my
house? Or am I supposed to stick
close to my friends?

SIDNEY

You'll be safest here tonight.

JILL

(skeptical)

With you.

SIDNEY

The police are still right outside.

Sid goes to the door.

JILL

Y'know what I can't wait for? For
high school to be over. I just want
to get my grades, get into college and
I'm outta Woodsboro High. All these
stupid boys and games and secrets and
high school bullshit.

Sid smiles.

JILL (CONT'D)

Can I tell you something, Jill? After
high school? It doesn't really
change.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THE FINAL NIGHT FALLS on Woodsboro. Outside of town, a bit *
of movement on a quiet street. A few CLUSTERS OF KIDS...all *
converging on a shuttered warehouse. Real out of the way.

Among them we pick out Kirby...and Trevor...

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Totally stripped. Used to be a hardware store or something.
A makeshift screen's been set up, some ratty curtains, a DVD
projector. A "bar" table with a bunch of cheap liquor.

For a couple of movie geek organizers, it's not a bad turnout *
at all. A few Ghostface masks get tossed around...and now *
Robbie leaps up onto a makeshift bench "stage":

CHARLIE

Hey there, Cinema Club. Oh wait,
that's us. Hey there, friends of
Cinema Club! Welcome to the 3rd
Annual Stab-a-Thon! Massacre Week's
11 hour and thirty-four minute
celebration of the only sorta legacy
this lame town's ever had! And we
appreciate everyone coming out with
the heightened "atmosphere" this year!

ROBBIE

Safety in numbers! Safety in numbers!

Whoops and cheers from those in attendance. The underage
alcohol's already flowing. Kirby's there. Trevor's there.

CHARLIE

Hey, who's ready to drink every time
someone can't get a cell phone signal?
(the crowd WHOOPS)

Who's ready to drink everytime someone
shuts a door, fridge, or bathroom
mirror suddenly revealing a harmless
character who didn't bother to
announce they were coming in the room?

(another WHOOP)

Who's ready to drink every time
somebody screams the word--

THE WHOLE CROWD

NOOOOOO!!!

CHARLIE

Then let's get this Stab-A-Thon
started!

More CHEERS, the lights DIM -- and then suddenly, POLICE SIRENS! Kids ditch their liquor and immediately scatter -- *

--as the back doors are THRUST OPEN and Dewey, Gale and Deputy Hicks lead a few PATROL OFFICERS in--

DEPUTY HICKS

Party's over! Go on home! Police orders: everybody go on home! *

Charlie & Robbie look utterly crushed. Gale & Dewey arrive: *

DEWEY

Can't do it, guys. Not this year. Sorry it had to be this way-- *

ROBBIE

You're a cocktease, Bella Swan. And I thought we had something.

GALE

Sorry. I like married men. We've been watching outside the building -- got pictures of everyone in attendance. *

DEWEY

We'll cross-check that with alibis for the last two nights, see what we come up with. *

CHARLIE

How'd you get here so fast, huh? Who sold us out? We didn't even get to start STAB ONE! *

DEWEY

Concerned citizen. Anonymous tip. *

GALE

Just not safe to be throwing a party tonight, guys... *

Dewey and Gale walk off as a team. Charlie & Robbie stare after them, all their plans for fun dashed. *

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Robbie & Charlie are packing up their DVD projector. Most of the crowd's fled, but Kirby sidles over, feels bad for them:

KIRBY

Well...guess I'll have to catch the movies with you next year. So much for the safety in numbers thing.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

ROBBIE

I'd try to move the screening to my place, but my parents are home. And no way Charlie's mom'll let him have a whole crowd over--

CHARLIE

It could still be a smaller thing. I mean. Like, just us. Not a party, y'know. Just some people over. If we had a place--

KIRBY

My parents are gone. They're in Mexico -- anniversary. They were trying to get back tomorrow--

CHARLIE

So...at your place? We could still watch the movies? A few of us?

KIRBY

You and me. I don't know...

ROBBIE

Maybe Jill?

Is he just asking? Or for a reason? Kirby shrugs.

KIRBY

Maybe.

ROBBIE

I'm just saying. Safety in numbers.

KIRBY

(eyes on Charlie)

Sounds like fun.

FROM THE SHADOWS NEARBY - MOMENTS LATER

A figure watches the three of them depart. Then steps into view. It's Trevor. He's heard every word...

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sid talks with Aunt Kate, who pours glasses of wine...

SIDNEY

How did you do it? How did you get through? Losing a sister the way you did. And then the rest--

AUNT KATE

Oh it's easy. I should write my own book about it. I drink.

Sid smiles as Kate toasts her wine glass--

AUNT KATE (CONT'D)

And it's not a drinking problem if you keep calling it "tastings."

From the stairs, Jill appears in pajamas...

JILL

Guys, I'm gonna turn in. Goodnight.

SIDNEY

Goodnight Jill.

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jill re-enters, strips her PJ's. She's fully dressed underneath. Heads for her window, where Kirby's waiting:

KIRBY

C'mon, you'll be back before morning.
They'll never even know you were gone.

*
*

JILL

Like Sidney says. Stick close to your friends.

*
*
*

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kirby and Jill drop to the ground, pressed to the shadows, so Perkins in his PATROL CAR can't see.

KIRBY

OK, you ready to run for it?

*

JILL

Who wants to be the good girl all the time...

They make a break for it, headed into the woods.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Some PATROL COPS are cleaning up, confiscating the "bar"
bottles into trash bags. Dewey's with Gale...when a PHONE
RINGS.

All the cops trade looks. No one's answering. Isn't it one
of their phones?

Then Dewey and Gale turn...following the source. It seems to
be coming from the WOODEN CRATE that served as the makeshift
stage. RING...RING...RING...

Dewey goes to the crate...and opens it--

--to reveal the BODY OF REBECCA BATES, eyes wide in death!
Gale and the cops leap back in surprise! A CELL PHONE
clutched in her hand: ID reads "Number Unavailable."

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - AT FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Insistent KNOCKING as Sidney and Aunt Kate open up...to see
Deputies Perkins and Hoss at their door:

PERKINS

Mrs. Rossmore, Miss Prescott, we just
wanted to let you know -- there's been
another murder.

AUNT KATE

Oh God no -- who?!

HOSS

They've ID'd her as Rebecca Bates.
She's not from Woodsboro.

SIDNEY

(reacts)

She worked with me. My book tour. I
thought she left town...

PERKINS

They found her body in an abandoned
warehouse. Where some kids were gonna
screen some movies.

HOSS

Just want you to know, we're not going
anywhere. We'll still be outside.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Perkins and Hoss settle back in the car:

PERKINS

Glad to hear the killer may be done
for the night. The cops guarding the
house -- they always get it. It's a
movie cop rule. Sucks to be a cop in
a movie unless you're Bruce Willis.

HOSS

Not all cops die in movies.

PERKINS

No, but if it's your last day before
retirement -- you do. Of if you're a
rookie and just found out your wife is
pregnant -- you do. Or if your
partner is better looking than you --
you do.

Beat.

HOSS/PERKINS

I win that one.

Hoss gets out of the car.

HOSS

Probably best I still do a perimeter
check. I'll be back. Oh wait, am I
supposed to say that? I won't be
back.

PERKINS

Tricky area. In this situation, when
there's a good chance you could return
and find me dead, it could go either
way.

EXT. SIDE YARD - JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoss moves around the side of the house. Sees Sidney and
Aunt Kate through the window. Everything seems OK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aunt Kate returns to the couch with a distracted Sidney.

AUNT KATE

Oh my God, Sid. Were you and this
Rebecca...close?

SIDNEY

No. I barely knew her at all...
(sits, troubled)
So why her?

Sid thinks for a moment. And then it hits her...

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

In the original murders, before the party, our principal was killed. Everyone always forgets about him. But the whole point...was to create a diversion...

EXT. FRONT YARD - JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hoss comes around the side of the house. He crosses the front yard to the driveway to the PATROL CAR.

He can see Perkins inside. Very still. Is he sleeping? The closer Hoss gets, the more worried he becomes.

HOSS

Perkins?

He comes around to the driver's side. Sees clearly that Perkins is slumped over the wheel. He races to him. Suddenly Perkins lifts up, LAUGHING UNCONTROLLABLY.

PERKINS

You're too easy.

Hoss wants to smack him but he's STABBED IN THE CHEST. It comes fast and quick. FROM BEHIND. The KNIFE PENETRATES DEEP. Hoss CRIES OUT. Drops the ground revealing...

GHOSTFACE behind him. Perkins reaches for his gun, but too slow. GHOSTFACE rushes him -- and in one swift move -- HE'S PINNED DEAD IN HIS SEAT.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sid grabs her phone, now pacing the living room--

AUNT KATE

What are you doing?

SIDNEY

Trying to warn Dewey. Rebecca's all a diversion. The killer wants the police at that movie screening...so they're not somewhere else...

Sid stabs at her phone. But she can't get a signal...

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Something's wrong with my phone, I can't get a signal.

TAT-TAT-TAT. A NOISE. Sid freezes. Looks to patio doors.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Go upstairs and get Jill.

AUNT KATE
Sidney, what's wrong--

SIDNEY
Go upstairs and get Jill!

Kate hurries off. Sidney rises and goes to the TWO LARGE GLASS doors that lead to the deck and backyard.

It's dark. She FLIPS the back porch light. JUMPS. Startled by her own reflection. *Jesus...*

She instantly sees the source of the NOISE. A WIND CHIME has tangled itself around the post of the back porch. The night breeze causes it to TAT-TAT against the post.

She OPENS the door and steps out onto the...

EXT. BACK DECK - JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sid quickly tries to untangle the chime. Very vulnerable. The yard is pitch black around her.

She pulls on the chime and ends up bringing it down on top of her. Shut. Attempts to hang it back up but it's too much trouble. She tosses it to the side of the porch.

She steps back inside. Locks the door. Turns the light out.

AUNT KATE (O.S.)
Jill? Jill! WHERE ARE YOU!

Sidney starts after her, but hears--

TAT-TAT-TAT. Sid spins back around to the back glass doors. Clicks on the porch light to reveal--

The WIND CHIME is now back hanging from the porch post! But how? Who put it back? Sid's face goes pale when--

AUNT KATE (O.S) (CONT'D)
Sidney! She's not here!

Sid spins back to see Kate rush in -- and SCREAM --

--causing Sid to spin back, right at the window -- TO SEE GHOSTFACE STANDING RIGHT OUTSIDE!

Both women turn and race back through the house. Sidney manages to grab a knife from the kitchen butcher's block--

INT. FOYER - JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kate and Sid reach the front door--

AUNT KATE
DEPUTIES! DEPUTIES! HELP!!!

--just as Kate UNLOCKS IT and RIPS IT OPEN to find...

GHOSTFACE ON THE FRONT PORCH. KNIFE RAISED. HE STRIKES, CATCHING KATE IN THE CHEST.

Sidney SCREAMS. As Kate falls back against her, Sidney stumbles back against the wall.

GHOSTFACE continues attacking, STABBING Kate repeatedly.

SIDNEY
NO!!!

Her body is a shield, protecting Sidney. Several more STRIKES. Finally, Sidney breaks free -- STRIKES with her own knife. But BLADE HITS BLADE!

The slightest pause. It's just enough for Sidney to flee the room. Suddenly, POLICE SIRENS can be heard approaching!

INT. KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM - JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sidney races back through the kitchen to the...

...back patio doors! Just as GHOSTFACE LUNGES -- BARRELS into Sidney. They both go to the ground, tumbling, rolling across the grass of the back yard.

Sidney is thrown onto her back -- GHOSTFACE atop her. KNIFE RAISED. He STRIKES down. Sid blocks it with her arm.

It slices into her -- cutting her forearm. She SCREAMS.

EXT. FRONT YARD - JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Sheriff Jeep pulls into the drive. Dewey and Gale leap from the car, racing to the house--

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Sidney is struggling underneath Ghostface. DEWEY AND GALE can be heard inside. So does Ghostface -- he looks to the house -- sees Dewey and others coming...

It's all the time Sid needs -- she WHACKS GHOSTFACE. He tumbles over. Sid manages to crawl away...she gets to her feet and turns to find...

AN EMPTY YARD. Ghostface vanished. A side gate swings ajar. From the patio doors, Dewey and Gale race to Sidney...

DEWEY

We realized Rebecca--

GALE

Diversion.

SIDNEY

Diversion.

(then fearful)

Aunt Kate, is she...

DEWEY

I'm sorry, Sid.

SIDNEY

It was supposed to be me. It's always supposed to be--

(then remembers)

Jill!

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - UPPER HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sidney, Dewey and Gale RACE through the house, searching for--

SIDNEY

Jill?! JILL?!

DEWEY

There's no blood -- no signs of struggle--

GALE

Her window's open--

They trade a look. Sid follows her new line of thought...

SIDNEY

If it's me, why kill all the others.
Unless they wanted me...to witness...

*
*

DEWEY

Their remake. Of your story.

*

SIDNEY

I suffer by watching Woodsboro suffer.
By watching her suffer. God, her
mother is dead...

It hits Sid hard.

*

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Then there's still Jill left to kill.

*

All three heroes trade a look...

CUT TO:

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC KICKS IN...as we begin the ACT THREE FINAL SEQUENCE...where students and suspects alike converge...

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THE DOORS OF MOM & DAD'S LIQUOR CABINET are thrown open:

KIRBY

Whoo-hoo! Release the Kraken!

*

Charlie & Robbie trade a look. It's unclear if they've ever been invited to a hot girl's house before.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

You guys go ahead and set up the flicks. Jill, you wanna bartend?

Jill's by a stereo, choosing an iPod player's music...

JILL

Uh, I'm seventeen, I don't really know how to do that.

KIRBY

Well Jesus. I just mean pour. No one's gonna want a fucking Manhattan.

*

CHARLIE

I hope this isn't too weird for you guys. I mean -- watching these movies. After Olivia--

JILL

Um, I'm pretty sure it will be.

(to Kirby)

This is really what you want to do tonight?

*

*

*

*

KIRBY

Well I definitely don't want to be alone.

*

*

(MORE)

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Look, my mom says the best way to handle tragedy is to utterly desensitize yourself. Same reason she got remarried right away.

ROBBIE

Safety in numbers, right, Jill? I mean us sexually frustrated honor roll students gotta stick together. 'Cause slashers tend to steer clear of the honor roll. We're just too fuckin' smart for 'em!

Jill gives Kirby a look. She shrugs:

KIRBY

I'm sorry. He came with Charlie. They're a pair.
(then to Robbie)
She's grieving! No hitting on her! And hey, could you remove your Internet camera thing? I don't want Drunk-Version-Me on You-Tube.

Robbie duly removes his headband gizmo, pockets it, Jill crosses to Kirby to get a drink. It sloshes onto her sleeve--

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Shit, sorry. Blame my ADD. I always do.

A KNOCK at the door. Everyone stops. Not expecting anyone else. As the unlocked door opens to reveal--

TREVOR

Heard this is where the Stab-a-Thon moved to. Anyone mind company?

Kirby looks to Jill...

KIRBY

Um, Jill...?

TREVOR

C'mon, I know you prefer me where you can see me.

JILL

Whatever. It's Kirby's house.

She sighs, gets up and leaves the room. Kirby likes Trevor, misses Jill being with him. And is too nice to say no:

KIRBY

Do not bother her, OK? You can hang
out, but, like--

TREVOR

(shrugs)

Safety in numbers.

(to Charlie & Robbie)

So STAB ONE, all right! Who's ready
to drink every time a character strips
down to her bra for no good reason?

Robbie and Charlie can't help but laugh. But Kirby warns:

KIRBY

Until Jill says the word.

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jill walks in, unbuttons her shirt with the stained sleeve,
strips down to her bra. She rubs it under a sink...

...then notices the window over it is open. Jill frowns.
Slams it shut. Grabs one of Kirby's shirts hanging to dry.

EXT. BACK YARD - KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Robbie steps out, slightly ominously, with a tequila bottle.
A sense of a private agenda. Surveys the property...and a
detached GUEST HOUSE beyond.

ROBBIE

OK. And once again...Robbie Mercer
becomes the odd man out.

A CREAKING NOISE takes his attention. Looks around, sees
nothing. Swigs from the bottle. Heads for the guest house.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Robbie slips in, so he can't be seen from the main house.
Retrieves his HEADBAND-CAM, holds it on himself, flips it on:

ROBBIE

So get ready for an HALL PASS "extra."
Tonight, perhaps live, I believe there
is a decent shot that Charlie Walker,
yes our Charlie Walker, will actually
Get Lucky With A Girl. Now I am
unable to divulge my exact location,
but suffice it to say that Woodsboro
High may be in store for history.

Robbie clicks off, puts the gear back on his head. Sits down, surveys the fancy guest house. Swigs tequila.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Damn Kirby. Your folks are loaded.

*

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

THE MAIN TITLES OF "STAB" (the original) appear on the TV. Kirby and Charlie are on the couch, at opposite ends.

CHARLIE

Hey, we're starting! Guys, we're starting!

No response. Still just the two of them. Kirby smiles:

KIRBY

Want to come over and sit by me?

*

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

*

Jill's in here, flipping through magazine, not really into watching the movie. Just wants to be near friends. She's killing time...as Trevor tracks her down:

*

*

*

TREVOR

Y'know I was thinking about it. Like if I was the killer. And I was doing it all to win you back. That's a pretty wild romantic notion.

*

*

*

(beat)

Which means there's romance in you yet. I didn't destroy it all.

(beat)

*

That why you invited me over?

*

Now Jill looks up.

*

JILL

*

What do you mean, invited you over.

*

TREVOR

*

You sent me a text. "Come by Kirby's. We're watching a movie." It was from your phone.

*

*

*

*

Jill narrows her eyes at him:

*

JILL

*

What do you mean it was from my phone.

*

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

AMBULANCE and COP CARS now in front of the house. Dewey's there with Sidney and Gale:

DEWEY

Where's Deputy Hicks? Who can get me
a 20 on Judy Hicks?

SIDNEY

(Jill's address book in hand)
Jill's not answering her phone!

DEWEY

Anyone know where she'd be tonight?

SIDNEY

With her friends.

GALE

OK, where? With who? Like those
Cinema Club kids? What, do we search
the whole town...?
(an idea strikes)
Holy crap, I'm Gale Weathers. I'm a
fucking genius.

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - SECONDS LATER

CLOSE ON DEWEY'S POLICE LAPTOP, as an INTERNET SITE comes on
screen: "HALL PASS! Your Window onto Woodsboro High! An
Award-Winning Filmmaker ROBBIE MERCER Production!"

Gale, Dewey and Sidney are crammed into the car to view it:

GALE

Crazy Facebook generation. There's no
such thing as privacy.

She taps a few keys. The "HALL PASS" LOGO goes BLINKING
"LIVE"...for a WEBCAM VIEW...of a CEILING FAN.

SIDNEY

Gale, we don't know he's with Jill--

GALE

No, but he might be with other friends
of hers. And they might know--
(frowns)

What the...what is that...where is he?

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the house, Jill charges downstairs. She storms straight out the front door.

KIRBY

Hey Jill?

JILL

I can't find my phone upstairs. I might've left it in your car.

Jill exits. A moment later, Trevor comes down:

TREVOR

Hey guys. Tell the truth. Did either of you text me from Jill's phone?

Kirby and Charlie trade a confused look.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I thought she invited me over here. And she says she didn't.

KIRBY

And we're just supposed to accept that you're telling the truth.

(then)

I thought your phone was missing.

Trevor pulls a cell phone from his pocket, glares:

TREVOR

I got a new one.

He surveys the house, suspicious.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Does anyone know we're here?

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

KIRBY

That's the whole point.

TREVOR

(narrows his eyes)

I'm gonna take a look around the house outside.

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - FRONT DRIVE - NIGHT

Jill marches to Kirby's car, glances back to see Trevor emerge. Keeps his eyes on her as he sidles around the house. Jill searches the car. Feeling his stare.

INT. KIRBY'S GUEST HOUSE - SAME

Robbie's lying on a futon beneath the same CEILING FAN, face-down, passed out, tequila bottle still in hand. His HEADBAND-CAM is turned around, on the back of his head, unbeknownst to him. Another CREAK in the house finally gets him to stir--

--and then a BANG! Door slam. Robbie sits up straight.

ROBBIE

Hello? Is somebody there?

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - SAME

STILL WATCHING LIVE VIDEO, the group now sees a wall of the guest house. Still no real identifying features...

DEWEY

Robbie? Robbie! He said hello!

GALE

It's a webcam for one-way broadcast. He can't hear you. Where is he? We need him moving around--

INT. KIRBY'S GUEST HOUSE - SAME

Robbie regards his near-empty tequila bottle. Whoa. How long was he out? He wanders for the door, opens it--

--and behind him, a GHOSTFACE FIGURE steps out of the shadows. Approaching him slowly from behind!

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - SAME

Gale, Dewey, Sidney all react with shock--

SIDNEY

Killer's coming right at him!

GALE

RUN! HE'S RIGHT THERE! WHY ISN'T HE RUNNING?!

INT./EXT. KIRBY'S GUEST HOUSE

Robbie scratches his headband-cam, still not realizing it's on backwards...as Ghostface SPEEDS UP, COMING AT HIM--

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP

SIDNEY/GALE/DEWEY
WATCH OUT, WATCH OUT, AAAAHHH!

INT./EXT. KIRBY'S GUEST HOUSE

--just as Robbie steps out, reaches back to pull the Guest House door shut, cutting Ghostface off from view!

ROBBIE
Hey guys! Are you still on STAB ONE?!

No response. Robbie starts for the main house.

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP

DEWEY
He doesn't know the killer's there!
The thing's on backwards or something!

SIDNEY
OK, there's a house, small house, in a yard -- it's a guest house. Suburban neighborhood--

GALE
Know the house? Recognize the house?

SIDNEY
I haven't lived here in 15 years!

GALE
Dewey, just start DRIVING!

He guns the engine, speeding off. He grabs his RADIO:

DEWEY
Attention all units, this is the Sheriff! We have the killer's location! And it's -- it's -- A HOUSE!

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - SAME

Kirby and Charlie are still on the couch, watching the movie. They're now alone.

KIRBY
Hey Charlie.

CHARLIE
Yeah.

*
*
*
*
*

KIRBY

I'm kinda waiting for you to make the first move.

CHARLIE

You want me to make a move?

Kirby nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Couldn't you make a move?

KIRBY

I just made it.

Now Kirby leans in close, for a kiss. But then--

CHARLIE

Hey, if Jill can't find her phone, can't we just call it?

Kirby takes the phone from him, dials Jill's number. Frowns. Keeps trying to dial.

KIRBY

Something's wrong with this. I can't get through.

Kirby gives Charlie his phone back, tries her own...

KIRBY (CONT'D)

I can't get a signal on my phone either.

CHARLIE

Does that happen a lot...in your house?

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kirby and Charlie are walking through different rooms, trying to get a signal on their cell phones. Having no luck.

KIRBY

Keep trying different rooms. This is so weird...this is not good-weird...

They split up, with Charlie headed upstairs, Kirby down.

CHARLIE

Meet you back in a minute.

Kirby passes the door to a LAUNDRY ROOM, which she notices is ajar.

She goes to the door, opens it...and sees a STRANGE BLACK BOX *
on an upper shelf. Too high for her to reach. A RED LIGHT *
is on. Beside the label: "Cellular Signal Jammer." *

EXT. BACK PATIO - SAME

Robbie drunkenly stumbles back up the deck, tries the rear door. No luck. Must have locked it behind him. He KNOCKS on it, peers in, sees no one--

ROBBIE

Helloooo? Come out, come out, wherever
you are. I'm a little locked out!

--and doesn't see GHOSTFACE WHISK from behind the Guest House, now moving for cover of the deck--

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - DRIVING - SAME

But on the laptop's live "HALL PASS" feed, we do--

SIDNEY

The killer! There! Right there!

GALE

GO TO THE FRONT DOOR, YOU TECHNICAL
IDIOT! FRONT DOOR! WE NEED TO SEE
HOUSE NUMBERS!

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - AROUND THE SIDE

Amazingly, Robbie has the same idea. Heads around the house, as behind him, GHOSTFACE keeps up a shadow pursuit--

ROBBIE

I can't believe Charlie's gonna get a
girl tonight. Charlie. Tomorrow
morning he'll probably disband Cinema
Club, take up guitar or some shit--

--then Robbie thinks, feels his headband-cam. Is it still on? Whoa. Backwards. The switch? On. Uh-oh. So he spins it around the correct way--

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - DRIVING - SAME

ON LAPTOP: Where Ghostface gets ROTATED clear out of view--

DEWEY/GALE/SIDNEY

No! NO!

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - TOWARD THE FRONT

ROBBIE

Whoa, Hall Pass fans. Did I just
broadcast that? I meant I'm rooting
for Charlie. Go for it, Charlie. Me
and Charlie -- friends for life--

Now Robbie hears FOOTSTEPS. Spins around. Sees no one. But
his tequila buzz is clearing. A sense of fear is setting in.
It's dark out. He's alone. On Massacre Week--

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

OK, going back inside now, going in
the house now. Can't believe I almost
locked myself out of my own freakin'
Stab-A-Thon--

--and as he rounds the front of the house, reaching the door,
GHOSTFACE COMES CHARGING AROUND THE OTHER SIDE! The knife
strikes Robbie in the chest! STAB-STAB-STAB--!

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - DRIVING

Seeing this, Dewey nearly loses control of the vehicle--

SIDNEY/GALE/DEWEY

WATCH OUT! NO! OH MY GOD!

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Robbie goes down, badly wounded, holds up hands, pleading--

ROBBIE

NO! Don't do it! Please -- there's
rules, I swear, you can't! YOU CAN'T!
(then, desperation)
I'M GAY!!!

GHOSTFACE cocks his head oddly--

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP

Everyone reacts -- huh?

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

And in the second's hesitation, Robbie unadvisedly adds--

ROBBIE

...I mean...if it helps--

--and GHOSTFACE brings the knife down -- STAB-STAB-STAB! A CRY cut short. Robbie's finished off. Then Ghostface sees the HEADBAND-CAM on -- and reaches down a gloved hand for it--

INT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - DRIVING

ON LAPTOP: Robbie's fallen POV, looking up -- sees Ghostface's hand closing in, and beyond him...the numbers 329 on the siding beside the front door!

GALE

329! 329! HOUSE NUMBER!

DEWEY

Sheriff to Dispatch! Come in, Hicks!
WHERE'S DEPUTY HICKS?! I need to
cross-check Woodsboro students with
the house number "329!"

SIDNEY

(flips Jill's address book)
Here, here, already got it! 329
Whispering Lane! It's KIRBY'S!

An answer! Dewey turns the Jeep into a SKID...

INT. KIRBY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kirby races back in from the laundry room--

KIRBY

Charlie? CHARLIE, WHERE ARE YOU?! I
found something in the laundry room--

--and BOOM! The front door blows open. GHOSTFACE! He charges in! Kirby SCREAMS. She runs headlong upstairs--

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL/BEDROOM

--and SLAMS INTO JILL, hurrying out of Kirby's bedroom. Jill holds her cell phone--

JILL

I found it but I can't get a--

--to now see Ghostface sprinting the hall for them!!!--

KIRBY

Other way, other way, other way!
CHARLIE-TREVOR, WHAT THE FUCK?!

JILL

GO, GO, GO, GO!

--as they BLAST through another bedroom, through a bathroom, to an adjoining bedroom, and they're back into the hall--

--having done a run-around on Ghostface! They CHARGE back down the stairs, headed for the back of the house-- *

EXT. BACK OF KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kirby and Jill come RACING OUT the patio doors--

KIRBY

Guest house, guest house! My dad's got a rifle inside! *

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Jill and Kirby CRASH IN. Kirby locks the door. Jill reaches for the light, but Kirby slaps her hand away--

KIRBY

No, lights off, OFF!

JILL

Where's the rifle! Find the rifle!

Kirby hustles to a closet--

KIRBY

Pick me up, lift me up--

--and Jill awkwardly helps hoist her, to search the boxes of a top shelf. Glancing back out the window, she can see GHOSTFACE visible inside the main house, searching for them--

--as Kirby slaps her hand around the top shelf, too high to see, sending BOXES FALLING TO CLATTER around Jill--

JILL

Shh, Kirby, SHHH!

KIRBY

Where is this fucking thing?!

--and now Kirby's hand reaches it! A long RIFLE CASE! She grabs it, loses her balance, comes tumbling down onto Jill. She YELPS and Jill COVERS HER MOUTH, points outside--

--where they see GHOSTFACE now emerging from the patio doors, making his way for the Guest House--

JILL

Hurry! Get it out of the case!

--and Kirby does -- a gleaming HUNTING RIFLE. Kirby snatches it up...and when they both look back out the window...

...GHOSTFACE IS GONE.

Kirby leaps to her feet, moves immediately for the door--

JILL (CONT'D)

Where are you going?!

KIRBY

Ever bring a gun to a knife fight?
You fucking win. You don't know how
to use this. I do.

JILL

You're going out there?!

KIRBY

Charlie and Trevor are still inside!

JILL

But it could be one of them!

KIRBY

Well then one it's still not!

JILL

(beat, thinks)

Do we know that?

KIRBY

Don't worry -- two shots to the head.
I've seen enough horror movies. Keep
the lights out and lock it behind me.
I'll be...well, y'know what I'm gonna
say.

JILL

Kirby--

KIRBY

Stay safe--

*

With that, Kirby slips out the door into the backyard shadows. Jill hustles to the door, locks it, stays crouched. And then looks back at the RIFLE CASE...

...to see its FOAM AMMO HOLDERS are full of RIFLE SHELLS.
And the words: "Keep Weapon Unloaded While In Its Case."

Jill looks back as Kirby disappears from view. Incredulous:

JILL
You and your freaking ADD...

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rifle ready, but no clue it's unloaded, Kirby CREEPS back into the house from the open patio doors. The LIGHTS have all been turned out inside...

...except for a FLICKERING LIGHT from the living room...

With great trepidation, Kirby steps closer, rifle aimed--

INT. LIVING ROOM

--and rounds the corner to see the TV is on, FRITZING WITH FULL-SCREEN STATIC, VOLUME RISING AND RISING, as if getting turned ever-higher by an unseen remote--

--until Kirby rushes over and rips its PLUG from the wall! Sudden silence. And now Kirby looks to the front door--

--and sees it's ajar.

She creeps closer to it, closer, closer, and opens--

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD

--AS FLOOD LIGHTS go on to illuminate the front of the house. Robbie's body still lies there, as does Deputy Perkins--

--but now, directly facing the house, a bloodied CHARLIE sits prisoner in a patio chair. Bound by electrical tape. Covers his mouth, arms and legs. He STRUGGLES to free himself, RIPPING and PULLING -- but it's impossible.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Kirby CRIES OUT. Terrified for him.

KIRBY
No...oh God, no, please...

A RINGING PHONE cuts the night. Makes her jump. It's right in front of her, on the Welcome Mat. It's Kirby's phone...and the CALLER ID reads: CHARLIE.

Kirby grabs it, leaps back to door's shadows. Answers hard:

KIRBY (CONT'D)
I have a gun!

MAN'S VOICE

That may be. But I'm much closer to him. He'll be dead long before you can fire. If you want to save him... you'll have to do it my way.

(beat)

And since you were watching STAB ONE tonight, I think you know how this game is played.

Kirby now realizes where this is going...

KIRBY

No -- wait, no -- he's the horror movie expert...not me--

MAN'S VOICE

Oh come on, you've seen a few in your day. Warm-up question: name the iconic horror weapon...for Jason--

KIRBY

Uh...machete--

MAN'S VOICE

Michael Myers--

KIRBY

Um, um, butcher knife--

MAN'S VOICE

Leatherface--

KIRBY

Chainsaw--

MAN'S VOICE

Freddy Krueger--

KIRBY

Razor hands--

MAN'S VOICE

Ghostface--

KIRBY

Who?

MAN'S VOICE

Ghostface. From STAB.

KIRBY

Uh...knife, I don't know, big knife!

MAN'S VOICE

I'm sorry Kirby. I can't accept that answer. The correct answer is phone.

Charlie CRIES OUT IN TERROR from the chair. He clearly sees something she doesn't--

KIRBY

NO! ONE MORE QUESTION! YOU SAID WARM-
UP QUESTION! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID!

MAN'S VOICE

Alright, Kirby. Then it's time for your Last Chance Question. Name the ground-breaking horror movie in which--

KIRBY

HALLOWEEN, TEXAS CHAINSAW, DAWN OF THE DEAD, THE HILLS HAVE EYES, AMITYVILLE HORROR, LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, FRIDAY THE 13TH, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET, MY BLOODY VALENTINE, WHEN A STRANGER CALLS, PROM NIGHT, BLACK CHRISTMAS, HOUSE OF WAX, THE FOG, PIRANHA -- I got it, right? It was one of those?

A long pause.

MAN'S VOICE

It was.

KIRBY

Then fuck you. Hear me? FUCK YOU.

MAN'S VOICE

I thought you didn't know horror movies--

KIRBY

I know enough! I still go see 'em! I see a lot!

MAN'S VOICE

You mean like...at the theater?

KIRBY

Hell yeah. Now let Charlie go.

MAN'S VOICE

Then Kirby...I have to ask you. When you named all those movies, were you referring to the remakes?

KIRBY

What's it matter? What's the difference?

MAN'S VOICE

WERE YOU REFERRING TO THE REMAKES?!

KIRBY

I don't know, whatever! The newest ones! Whatever I saw!

MAN'S VOICE

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHICH YOU FUCKING SAW?!

KIRBY

A HORROR MOVIE IS A HORROR MOVIE!

MAN'S VOICE

No-ho! I'm sorry Kirby! We're going to have to declare a do-over!

KIRBY

NO!

MAN'S VOICE

Get this one right and Charlie survives, since you have such fucking respect for the genre!

KIRBY

No! I answered! I ANSWERED!

MAN'S VOICE

Name one major studio horror movie from the last ten years that wasn't a remake! Go ahead! Name one!

KIRBY

(panicked, to herself)

Um...The Ring, no, The Grudge, The Eye, I'm not sure...Mirrors, maybe?...uhh, The Omen, no way--

MAN'S VOICE

You're almost out of time, Kirby!

KIRBY

BUT I DON'T KNOW IF THEY WERE REMAKES!

MAN'S VOICE

Then you don't deserve to live--

KIRBY

No! I'll name one! I'LL NAME ONE!

MAN'S VOICE

Just One - Original - Horror Movie--

KIRBY

FUCK YOU! SEX AND THE CITY!

And she BOLTS, charging bravely out the front door, aiming her rifle in all directions -- but no attack comes--

*

She collapses beside Charlie, rips at the tape around his arms. All the while, searching the shadows of the yard--

KIRBY (CONT'D)

I won, Charlie, I won. He tried to cheat me, but I fucking won--

She rips the tape off his mouth, then arms--

CHARLIE

Kirby God hurry, Kirby, Kirby--

--and finally he's freed, as she rips the tape off his legs. She pulls him out of the chair, starts to turn--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Kirby!

--then turns back--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now I'm making a move.

*

--as he's pulled a HIDDEN KNIFE from beneath the seat of the chair and STABS IT RIGHT INTO HER STOMACH.

Kirby gasps, wide-eyed, stumbles back. Her eyes well with innocent tears. Then the pain and shock come. She absently clutches the rifle to her belly, as if it'll stop the flow--

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's OK. Take your time.

He STABS her again. She COUGHS UP, unable to speak -- a look of stunned horror. She staggers into his arms...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It doesn't happen as fast as it does in the movies.

...and he hurls her aside, sprawling into yard's shadows.

Then, at the sound of a SIREN, he storms for the house.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Sheriff's Jeep comes SCREAMING up the street. Dewey,
Gale and Sidney inside--

They leap out of the cars, rushing up the drive. They see
Robbie's body at the front steps. Gale and Dewey pause to
check on him, while Hicks and Sidney race past--

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sidney and Hicks storm in together, splitting up--

DEPUTY HICKS
JILL?! Hello?! Anyone?!

Hicks is headed upstairs, while Sidney stops short mid-room--

--and now turns to see Dewey and Gale RUSH RIGHT THROUGH THE
DOORWAY, and stop short at Sid's look--

SIDNEY
WATCH OUT!

--but can't turn in time to spot Charlie now right behind
them on the porch, SWINGING THE STOCK OF THE RIFLE--

BAM! It CRACKS OPEN Dewey's skull, knocking him out! Then
BAM! Does the same to Gale. They both fall in a heap--

CHARLIE
I'd kill you, you stupid bastards.
But I need someone to write the book.

And now he looks up...at Sidney. And she BOLTS.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She sprints for the back of the house, slams into the
kitchen, shuts the door -- no lock. She looks for something
to wedge it, sees there's a CLOSET DOOR adjacent, so she
opens it to see if she can jam the knobs, but can't--

--as CHARLIE BANGS his way in. Gleaming knife now in hand.
He's stalking her, taking his time--

CHARLIE
Now it may not all make sense just
yet, Sidney...but y'know, you learn a
thing or two when you watch seven
movies over and over and the plot of
every one is about trying to kill YOU.

EXT. BACK OF KIRBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Now Sidney comes CHARGING out the back--

--and TRIPS over the bound-and-gagged BODY OF TREVOR on the park porch! Wounded, prisoner, but alive. Sidney SCREAMS in surprise, scrambles up, backs away--

--then spots the Guest House and goes racing toward. There's no way Charlie will catch her, as she grabs the knob and hurls the door open--

TO SEE GHOSTFACE STANDING THERE

--as he PLUNGES A KNIFE INTO SIDNEY'S STOMACH. It wedges there as Sidney backs away...with Charlie on the porch behind her...and Ghostface stepping from the guest house--

--to remove the mask at last, revealing Jill underneath.

She wears a wicked smile as she lets the rest of the costume fall. Sidney's face can't comprehend it...

JILL

Yep, like I said, Sidney. I don't want to be you.

(ice-cold)

I want to be a lot more.

Charlie rushes up behind her, grabs her by the neck, drags her back into the house. Sidney chokes a cry--

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

BAM! Sidney's hurled back into the room. The knife is still lodged in her stomach. Her hands shake -- she can't remove--

Jill saunters in, now LOADING THE RIFLE. Charlie drags Trevor's body to the stairs, hoists him up. A lot of work--

CHARLIE

C'mon, you hot shit tough guy. How'd the Sheriff get here tonight?

JILL

I don't know! That was the whole fucking point of luring the cops to the Stab-a-Thon. They should still be busy with what's-her-name! C'mon! We've gotta hurry!

--but he manages to drag poor Trevor up to the landing--

JILL (CONT'D)

You think you had a shitty boyfriend, Sidney? I'll show you a shitty boyfriend. That's one that fucks you, then he dumps you...and he doesn't even make you famous.

Charlie gives Trevor a SHOVE right over the edge of the landing. He lands on a SIDE TABLE with a violent THUD -- SMASH -- CRACK. Something broke. He cries out in pain--

CHARLIE

Looks like you broke your leg. That sucks.

Jill presses down on it. Trevor SCREAMS IN AGONY.

TREVOR

Jill?! Are you insane?!

CHARLIE

Can we do him yet? Go! With DNA testing, we're good with time line.

JILL

(shrugs)

Why not. After all, he did me.

She turns the rifle to Trevor without flinching. BANG! He drops dead. Jill holds the gun back on Sidney.

CHARLIE

You got it figured out yet, Sidney? In keeping with our remake theme, Trevor's this generation's Billy Loomis--

JILL

And we're the innocent victims.

CHARLIE

We're Sidney and Randy. And we get to go to college and have a sequel. But this time -- Randy gets the girl.

Charlie comes over to Jill's side, and Jill takes his hand. Pulls him closer...into a PASSIONATE KISS. Charlie looks at her like she's the sun, moon and stars.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You were amazing. You're the perfect victim.

JILL

I was so believable today. I told so many lies I actually believed them. I really think I was born for this!

Jill's true colors start to take shape. She's a deeply troubled sociopath. She looks to Sidney:

JILL (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's face it. I've had enough practice. Do you know what it was like growing up in this family? In this town? Charlie was s'posed to kill you with mom, over at my house. But you know what? This worked out better. Now it gets to be me.

SIDNEY

You crazy fucks...

Just then the PHONE RINGS.

JILL

Watch this.

Jill races for it. Grabs it haphazardly and sinks into a MASTER PERFORMANCE OF HYSTERIA AND FEAR.

JILL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Oh my God, help me. He's trying to kill me. He killed Sidney...help!

She hangs up. Back to calm and poise. To Charlie:

JILL (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's get on with it. They'll be here soon. Gimme that blade outta Sidney, lover.

Charlie stalks right over, Sid tries to back up -- but he PULLS IT OUT OF HER. Fast. Sid SHRIEKS, blood spurts. Charlie brings the knife back to Jill. He raises his arms. He's going to let her stab him--

JILL (CONT'D)

I'm going to do this hard. It can't be tentative. You have to be strong.

CHARLIE

For you, I'll be anything. Let's do this old school, like Billy and Stu. It's a remake, baby.

(ala Chinatown)

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

No, it's a sequel. It's a remake, sequel, remake, sequel, sister, daughter, remake, sequel...

Jill stabs him. She gets him DIRECTLY in the heart. He drops to his knees. Instant pain. But his face registers confusion too.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

That's not the way we rehearsed it...

SIDNEY

(weak, but gets it)

You said it yourself, Charlie. Billy and Stu. That's Trevor...and you.

★
★

He doubles over, bleeding. Jill takes the opportunity -- STRIKES him again. And, in this moment, he realizes he's been played and betrayed.

CHARLIE

But Trevor...we're not even friends...

★

JILL

It's called social networking, baby. Acquaintances are the new friends. The problem with you, Charlie: it's always been about killing Sidney Prescott. My plan is a little bigger. I'm going to become her.

And with that, Jill stabs him again. Charlie can't believe it. He's stunned and shocked. He falls back, crumbling to the floor. Still. Jill looks down with diabolical glee:

JILL (CONT'D)

Books, movies, fame. I don't know what you're always bitching about. Seems like a pretty sweet deal to me. You know what it's like growing up related to you? All you hear is Sidney this, Sidney that, Sidney, Sidney, Sidney...you were always so fucking special.

(with contempt)

Well, not everyone gets "struck by lightning." Most of us have to make our own.

In the distance, we start to hear MORE ONCOMING SIRENS...

JILL (CONT'D)

You have to die, Sid. Those are the rules.

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

There's only room for one lead. And let's face it, your ingenue days are over.

...as Jill stalks to Sidney's side, turns up her chin:

JILL (CONT'D)

Besides, you know what they say...

She smiles.

JILL (CONT'D)

Fourth time's the charm.

And she PLUNGES the knife into Sidney again. Sid GASPS in pain, tries to fight her off with some last strength. But she's too far gone, can't get any balance--

--as Jill STABS her again quickly. This one WRACKS Sid's body. She drops to her knees again. Sid's eyes ROLL BACK. Everything goes slow-motion...

SIRENS WAILING NEARER. Jill now has to hurry up. She drops Sid to the floor, glances back to see her draw her last breath. Sad. Tragic. Epic. All at once.

Then Jill springs into action. She's well rehearsed.

She kneels next to Trevor's body, takes his limp hand and claws at her own face, securing her DNA under his nails. Then PUNCHES herself hard with his hand's CLASS RING.

She takes his other hand and clamps it down atop her hair. She takes a beat to prepare herself, then yanks away, ripping a large CLUMP OF HAIR from her head...

...as, by the front door, she sees Gale and Dewey now starting to stir...

So Jill now paces. She stands up, quickly moves backwards and lets herself free-fall into--

--A GLASS COFFEE TABLE, which SHATTERS to pieces. She lays there engulfed by the table's frame. GLASS is everywhere. She attempts to rise -- it's genuine agony now.

*

JILL (CONT'D)

Help me...somebody help me...

Glass shards stick out of her arm, back and shoulders. Blood streaks her arms. Jill tries to get up, but can't...

She lays there crying and whimpering, her face full of helpless innocence. And as SIRENS RISE and the REFLECTIONS OF POLICE LIGHTS now begin to cross the door...

Jill reaches over for Sidney's hand. She clutches it.
Cousins united in seeming death...as Jill's eyes close...

...and the SIRENS GROW DEAFENING, as we watch Dewey and Gale struggle to consciousness, then help each other up...

...and now see Jill and Sidney. And as they rush to Jill and Sidney's side, collapsing beside them we--

CUT TO BLACK.

And then...

A BARRAGE OF BRIGHT LIGHTS -- FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

The sense of CAMERAS everywhere, FLASHES filling the night.

A SERIES OF TIGHT SHOTS: Jill's eyes OPEN.

Medics wheel her on a stretcher. Into an ambulance.

SOUND and VISUALS are distorted. Unreal. Like a dream...

More CAMERA FLASHES. A MEDIA FRENZY o.s.

Jill stares skyward, at peace, beatific. She's secretly eating it up. And as her eyes shut again, with a smile on her face, the ENTIRE SCREEN WASHES TO A HEAVENLY--

WHITE.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

WHITE FLUORESCENTS FADE IN. A POV stares skyward.

CLOSE ON JILL'S FACE -- as she comes to. She looks up...to see both Dewey and Gale by her side.

DEWEY

Jill. You made it.

Jill tries to sit up, pained by her wounds. She falls back as the memories flood her face. The tears come next.

JILL

Oh my God... Trevor... Charlie... they
tried to kill me... I saw them kill
Robbie and Kirby... and...

She plays the victim to the hilt.

GALE

Shh. Lay back and rest.

JILL

Sidney...she told me...never look
back. Look to tomorrow. Be who you
want to be. Not anyone else...

(grieving)

The rest of my life, that's what I'm
gonna do. In memory of Mom. And in
memory of her...

(struggling)

I miss them -- so much...

Gale and Dewey trade a look. A respectful pause...

DEWEY

Jill...we want you to know...

JILL

Yes?

GALE

They were able to save Kirby.

JILL

Really? But -- I saw Charlie stab
her! She's gonna make it? Oh thank
God!

DEWEY

Yes, and...they're not sure yet, it's
still touch and go--

GALE

She's still in the ICU--

DEWEY

--but they think Sidney might just
make it too.

Jill's face freezes. It takes all her strength to blink.

JILL

But...but I saw... I saw Trevor...

GALE

Look, we don't know yet. They rushed
you both out of there--

DEWEY

--but they were able to get a pulse.
Right now she's just hanging on.

Jill stares beyond them. A long beat.

JILL
I want to see her.

DEWEY
Oh no, not yet.

GALE
You will -- just rest.

JILL
No, I need to.

Jill tries to get up. Gale and Dewey prevent it.

DEWEY
She hasn't woken up. She may not even
remember anything. You may have to
help her. All in time.

Jill nods. Settles back. Glances to the WINDOW, senses a
commotion outside. MEDIA LIGHTS. Faint REPORTERS.

JILL
Are they all here...for me?

GALE
All in time.

Jill tries a faint smile, then lets her eyes close. Dewey
squeezes Gale's hand. They depart the room.

A long beat. And then Jill's eyes SNAP OPEN.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jill's door slowly opens. She leans out, sees a NURSE and
SECURITY GUARD depart view either end of the hall. So Jill
steps out, barefoot...wrapping tight -- SNAP -- her robe.

INT. ICU UNIT - NIGHT

A much darker room. The WHIRS and BEEPS of monitors.

Sidney Prescott lies in a bed, oxygen mask on, hooked to
heart and O2 monitors. She looks peaceful, sleeping.

A SHADOW falls over her. Her face twitches, sleep disturbed.
She manages to flutter open her eyes, disoriented--

--to see Jill standing over her, face cold as death.

JILL

Y'know, in all the movies, it's the
killers who keep coming back. But
you...you just won't die.

Jill RIPS off Sid's oxygen mask and FORCES A PILLOW down over
her face. Pressing with all her might.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dewey and Gale walk toward the lobby, hands now held. Gale
leans her head on Dewey's shoulder.

DEWEY

Strong kid. Real strong.

GALE

Yeah. That was brave what she said.
About not looking back. In memory of
Sid...and her mom...

DEWEY

Yeah.

A few more steps...and then Dewey stops short.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Gale? Who told Jill that her mother
was dead?

INT. ICU ROOM - NIGHT

Jill forces the pillow down with both hands, as Sidney tries
to weakly struggle. Sid's HEART MONITOR starts beeping
faster, so Jill rips a hand to snatch it off -- and attach it
to her own skin instead. She does the same with Sid's
rapidly declining OXYGEN MONITOR--

--as Sid's struggling gets weaker...and weaker...and then
ends. Her arms fall to her sides.

Jill steps back, exhausted. She composes herself, casts the
pillow aside...and then pulls the monitors off.

An emergency BEEPING sounds. A FLATLINE alarm.

And Jill swiftly turns for the door, opens it--

SIDNEY (O.S.)

Hey bitch.

--and spins in her tracks -- to see Sidney take a GASP--

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

No one plays "victim" better than me.

Sidney SLAMS a hand to the "Call Alarm." Jill RUSHES her --
and Sid leaps off the bed. Jill SNATCHES AN IV STAND, flails
it to block Sid's escape, then SMASHES it through Sid's
window! Huge SHARDS OF GLASS fall--

--and Jill GRABS ONE! She rushes Sidney with it--

--but Sid manages to push the bed and drive her back. Jill
goes sprawling beside the door--

--just as Gale and Dewey rush in--

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Watch out!

They don't see Jill in the shadows. She lashes out! Dewey
gets STABBED with the glass shard. His gun FALLS! Jill
GRABS IT -- takes two SHOTS at Sidney -- who dives--

--and then Jill SPINS on Gale, who's defenseless in the
doorway. Jill pulls the trigger----just as Gale goes flying out of frame, TACKLED ASIDE by
Deputy Hicks! The BULLETS hit the wall beyond them--

--as Gale hits the floor, saved by Hicks' selflessness--

GALE

Judy--?

DEPUTY HICKS

It's my job.

--she draws her GUN, but another BULLET drives her back! She
keeps Gale safe, but can't get back into the room--

--as the IV TUBE gets wrapped around Jill's neck! By Sidney!
Right behind her -- with the very last reserves of strength
Sid can muster. Jill tries to fire BACKWARDS with the gun,
but can't. The gun falls! Sid grabs it!

Jill snatches up the glass shard -- they're ten feet apart--

SIDNEY

Sorry, Jill. You forgot the first
rule of remakes.

(beat)

Don't fuck with the originals.

Enraged, Jill blindly charges--

---and Sid FIRES. BANG. A single headshot takes Jill down. *

In the doorway, Gale and Hicks rush to Dewey's side. As Sid drops to her knees. Lets the gun fall. Exhausted. *

SIDNEY (CONT'D) *

I don't know about you guys... but I
feel a lot better. *

EXT. WOODSBORO HOSPITAL - NIGHT *

ANGLE PANS the row of REPORTERS, all with cameras ready,
SATELLITE TRUCKS, MEDIA LIGHTS... *

VARIOUS REPORTERS *

...we're live from Woodsboro Hospital,
awaiting the first public statement
from Jill Rossmore, survivor of this
latest round of murders... dubbed by
some the Woodsboro Massacre Remake... *

(past ANOTHER) *

...Jill Rossmore is her name, and it's
a name the whole world will soon know.
A smart, brave young girl who single-
handedly stopped her classmates from
completing a maniacal murder spree... *

(past ANOTHER) *

...Jill Rossmore of Woodsboro. A girl
who's lifted all our spirits tonight.
A true American hero... *

The REPORTERS don't notice, as the sound of NEW SIRENS rise. *

INT. HOSPITAL - UPPER FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT *

The area's been cleared of staff, just POLICE OFFICERS now
mill about. Sidney, Gale, Dewey have been moved here.
Wrapped in blankets, sitting rather dazed. The toll of the
past few days on their faces. Hicks sits beside them. *

A BODYBAG rolls past. COPS come and go. Our heroic trio
just stares ahead. They've been through this before. *

And hopefully never again. *

Hicks watches them, marvelling a little. And then: *

DEPUTY HICKS *

Hey, Sidney. *

Sidney looks over. Hicks gives that Tiger Lily smile: *

DEPUTY HICKS (CONT'D) *

Glad you came back to Woodsboro. *

Beat. And now Gale and Dewey look over too.

GALE

Are you out of your fucking mind?

DEPUTY HICKS

What? Am I? No.

(offended)

What. What's wrong with that?

(bothered)

Stop looking at me. Come on. I'm

just saying. I missed Sidney!

(exasperated)

Guys. Forget it. Fine. Whatever.

But the three just keep staring at her. Feeling like the odd woman out, Hicks pouts, makes a sour little face at them:

DEPUTY HICKS (CONT'D)

Boo.

CUT TO BLACK.