

INT. REED RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kirby is in a trance, she looks out the window of the kitchen. She stares at the neighborhood outside, the place she spent her childhood...

RITA
(O.S.)
Kirby...?

Kirby snaps out - looking up at her mother Rita.

KIRBY
Huh?

RITA
You've been weird ever since you've gotten home. Something wrong?

KIRBY
No. Nothing at all. It's just weird to be back you know? So many... memories.

RITA
Well if you need to talk to anyone, Lucas and I are here for you. Where is he anyway...?

Rita frowns. There's a ding from the other room.

RITA (CONT'D)
That would be my laundry. Be right back.

The phone rings. Kirby's alone in the kitchen.
She looks over at the phone.

RITA (CONT'D)
(O.S.)
Could ya get that?

Kirby hesitates - before picking it up.

KIRBY
Hello?

MAN'S VOICE
Yes, Kirby. I'd have to agree.
Woodsboro holds so many memories...
(sinister chuckle)
But there's no place like home,
right?

This voice tears RIGHT through Kirby's soul. Her face FALLS -- she's troubled for a moment. But she composes herself quickly, giving a cocky smirk.

KIRBY

Who is this? You think people have never pranked called me? You're hardly original.

MAN'S VOICE

Irony you say that.

(beat)

Did I just hear Mommy Dearest say "Be right back"? Ooo, not smart of her. That's a *death wish*.

Kirby is bothered now. She peeks down the hall, and sees her mother, safe and sound, folding up laundry in the next room.

KIRBY

I'll call the police.

MAN'S VOICE

The police have never helped you before, what makes you think it'll be any different now?

KIRBY

Is there any sort of point to this call?

MAN'S VOICE

Do you want to die tonight, Kirby? Because, honestly, honey, it seems like things have been pretty rough for you lately.

KIRBY

You can't think of anything more original than that? That's so STAB 2. Cici, hello. And I'm hardly Cici Cooper.

MAN'S VOICE

No, you're Tatum rehashed. Nothing but a wannabe.

KIRBY

I'm hanging up now. And I advise you not to call back.

MAN'S VOICE

I'll just call dearest Rita next time. Or maybe Lucas?

KIRBY
Nice try, buddy...

MAN'S VOICE
It is a little odd isn't it? That
Lucas is gone? Where has he gone
off to?

Kirby looks around the house -- Rita notices her as she walks
out of the kitchen --

INT. REED RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

KIRBY moves toward the stairs. Rita watches as she shuts the
drier.

RITA
Kirby, who is that?

Kirby holds up a hand, signaling 'one minute'. Kirby peeks up
the stairs.

KIRBY
If you lay a hand on him, I swear
to God...

MAN'S VOICE
Who's to say I already haven't?

Pissed, Kirby hangs up. She rears around -- faces her mother.

KIRBY
Get the hell out of here, Mom.

RITA
What's wrong?

KIRBY
Someone called, he's threatening
Lucas.

RITA
He gets calls like this all the
time, honey...

KIRBY
Not like this. Someone's listening
Mom.
(beat)
Someone's *in the house*.

Rita looks creeped out.

RITA
Lucas! Lucas!

No response.

KIRBY
I'm going up there. Go outside.
Start the car.

Kirby takes a gun out from the back of her pants. Rita jumps, surprised.

RITA
Oh my God, Kirby, you brought a GUN
in my HOUSE - ?!

Ignoring this, Kirby hands it in her direction.

KIRBY
Take this. If anyone suspicious
comes up, don't be scared to shoot.
Okay?

Rita hesitates, but she takes it. Worriedly;

RITA
Well what about you?

KIRBY
Just GO, Mom. Don't worry about me.