

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

DAYNA

As the heir to the legacy you've left behind at the Woodsboro High school paper, I have to say, your speech really made me think. You went from that sweet and curious high school girl to the fierce and feisty woman you are now, which makes me think I've already made more progress than you have.

Clearly uninterested, Marnie continues putting her papers together, packing up stuff. Her eyes widen, annoyed.

MARNIE

Do ya, now?

DAYNA

(giddy)

Uh-huh. I think it's perfect. Instead of building my way up to super-bitch mode, I'm already there. Very Gale Weathers of me, wouldn't you say?

Marnie spins around, putting her folders close to her chest. She gets close to Dayna.

MARNIE

Look, I know you think you're better than me, but what I've come to figure out is that wannabes like you and me never make it too far. Let's face it, I never got to the level of success Gale Weathers ever did, what makes you think you'll be any different? I mean, Gale was off making all the dough, got her own show, made money off of all those books. Here I am, all washed up, no more material left to write, stuck in my hometown delivering motivational speeches for cheap cash at my alma mater. If you happen to move on at all from your place at the throne of the Woodsboro High paper after graduation, you'll be lucky to have a job writing obituaries for this shitty-ass town's local paper.

Dayna's eyes go wide. She's a bit in shock.

DAYNA

Ohmygod...

Marnie looks at her, waiting, almost amused, for the girl's reaction. Dayna just suddenly BEAMS, spinning round to face Clover at the edge of the stage.

DAYNA (CONT'D)

...I just got verbally bitch
slapped by my idol.

Clover rolls her eyes as Dayna continues gawking at Marnie. She steps on stage, taking Dayna by the arm.

CLOVER

I'm... SO sorry about my friend.
She's a little starstruck.

Marnie begins walking away, placing her stuff in a packing box back-stage.

MARNIE

Really? Didn't notice.

Clover starts dragging Dayna off.

CLOVER

C'mon Dayna. She's already verbally
murdered you, I don't think you
want to add physical assault to
that list.

Clover sends an embarrassed-almost-apologizing-for-her-friend's-actions smile to Marnie, Marnie returns it politely as the two girls leave.

Garrett steps back on-stage, all the chairs having been cleared out. He looks amused as he watches Dayna and Clover go.

GARRETT

Knowing her, she might actually
want to add it to her 'list'.

MARNIE

Oh yeah, definitely. I have my very
own 'Debbie Salt', it seems...

Garrett smirks.

GARRETT

You're such a natural at this. The
kids love you, I don't get how you
do it.

MARNIE
(soft smile)
I barely understand it myself.

She takes a handkerchief from her suit pocket, and wipes Garrett's brow with it, with a scoff.

MARNIE (CONT'D)
You're sweating like crazy. The
speech is over, buddy.

Garrett laughs.

GARRETT
Yet the fear lasts forever.

He smiles.

GARRETT (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go to the cafeteria and
get some water. Want somethin'?

MARNIE
Nah, I'm good.

Garrett nods and makes his way off the stage, and into the hallway. Marnie puts some duct tape over a box. She jumps as her phone SUDDENLY rings out in a high-pitched 'bling!'.

She answers.

MARNIE (CONT'D)
Marnie Johnson.

MAN'S VOICE
Oh, Marnie, I KNOW who YOU are.

Marnie freezes. She raises an eyebrow.

MARNIE
How did you get this number?

MAN'S VOICE
I'm resourceful. Sorta like you,
Marnie.

MARNIE
You and me -- we've got nothing in
common. Call someone who likes this
bullshit, not ME.

She goes to hang up --

MAN'S VOICE

Four people are already dead,
Marnie. It's only the beginning. Do
you wanna seriously go down the
sixth victim?! How embarrassing. I
mean, to survive three massacres
and be 'Randy'd' in the fourth?

MARNIE

(interjecting)

You said four are dead. If I'm the
sixth victim, who the hell's ifth?

MAN'S VOICE

Someone's losing a lot of blood
here. Someone in this school. The
last person to die in this school
was found by you, Marnie. And so
will the next. So fitting isn't it?
Everything comes full circle... The
big question here, though, Marnie
isn't who's next. But who will find
YOU, hmm?

Marnie goes QUIET. She looks around her -- it's completely
quiet. The auditorium is empty and the hallways around her
deserted.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You've got nothing to say? Save the
silence for when you're dead
Marnie, hanging on the goal post,
choked to death on your own
eyeballs. Don't worry, it won't be
much longer. But in the meantime?
Let's have a little fun.